

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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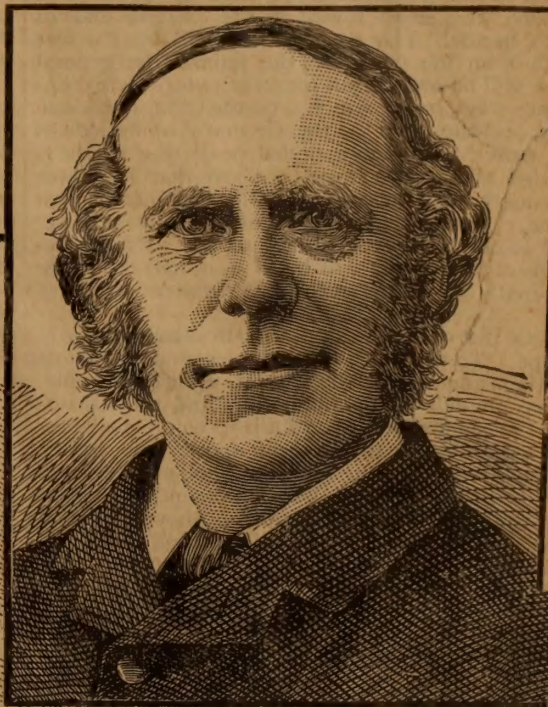
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AGE, D. D.—

LYN TABERNACLE.

THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

A PICTURE of the new edifice now in process of construction in Brooklyn for the use of Dr. Talmage's Church, prepared from the plans of the architects, Messrs. John B. Snook & Sons, with a portrait of the pastor, appropriately forms the frontispiece of the new volume of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The new Tabernacle is to be

The Most Imposing Church Edifice

in the City of Churches, and is to cost \$150,000, exclusive of the site. The style is Norman, but not of the conventional ecclesiastical type. The material is a species of granite, with dark-red veins running through it, which is found in Connecticut. The facings will be of Lake Superior brown. The striking characteristics of the exterior will be a high tower at the corner, and two large gables on each facade, with small towers at the extreme ends of each facade. The corner tower will be 160 feet high from the ground to the finials. Its general form will be square, but over the two principal entrance-ways, one of which is on the Clinton Avenue side, and the other on the Greene Avenue side of the tower, there is a rounded projection which is carried up for two stories. Above that the tower is square, but the corners will be treated with slender round turrets, each of a different size, and somewhat different in treatment. The framework of the steeple will be of iron, and it will be covered with Spanish tiles. The general shape of

The Interior

will be that of a large amphitheatre, semicircular in shape. There will be two galleries, and the whole seating capacity will be about five thousand people, about one-half on the main floor, and the remainder in the galleries. The roof is to be open-timbered, with all the beams in sight, and its apex will be seventy feet above the ground. One good feature will be that there will be no steps except those leading to the galleries. The floors, both upstairs and down, will be what builders call "dished"—that is, there will be a gentle slope from the rear toward the rostrum, so that everybody can see and hear. The ground floor is to be so arranged as to utilize every foot of space for an audience room, except where staircases and retiring rooms are absolutely required.

There will be a lecture room on the Waverly Avenue side and reading room, Bible class rooms and lavatories on each side of the main auditorium; but the lecture and class rooms will be separated from the main room by great sliding doors that can easily be pushed aside, so as to throw the whole floor into one room.

One new feature will be two large reception rooms near the outer lobbies for the especial use of strangers visiting the church. The lobbies and passageways will be roomy, and the stairways wide, none being narrower than eight feet, and there will not be a winding stairway in the building.

On either side the rostrum, continued up for two stories, will be other small rooms, with windows on the Waverly Avenue wall, and also on the side toward the auditorium, so that they will be something like boxes in a theatre.

The whole building will be lighted with clusters of incandescent electric lamps. All the windows in the building will be of cathedral glass richly stained. The large rose windows in the gables will be particularly handsome.

All the interior furnishing, such as the upholstery in the pews, will be in warm, cheerful colors, and the prevailing effect, in harmony with the fine roof timbers, in their natural colors, will be of orange and subdued neutral tints.

The Corner-Stone

for the magnificent building is being cut from the historic locality of Mars' Hill, in Athens, from which the Apostle Paul preached his wonderful sermon. A recent letter from a companion of Dr. Talmage relates how this arrangement was made. It says: It was in his mail that Dr. Talmage found the first suggestion of that stroke of enterprise which will make the new Brooklyn Tabernacle a point of interest to the wandering antiquarian, as well as to the great multitude hungering for the sound doctrine to be thereat dispensed. He opened his mail at breakfast time, and finding in it an excellent drawing of the Tabernacle to be erected for him on Clinton Avenue, he remarked: "What a grand thing it would be to have the corner-stone for this magnificent-looking church from Mars' Hill! I shall write M. Tricoupis, and tell him just what I want, perhaps he will help me." Suiting the action to the word, he sat down, and penned a letter

to the Prime Minister, who responded that he should have great pleasure in attending to the request made. Nothing could have been more satisfactory. Highly gratified at his success, Dr. Talmage immediately made arrangements to have the stone cut and shipped to Brooklyn, where it will arrive in good season for the time of corner-stone laying, which will be shortly after his return from his trip.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

IN a letter from a member of Dr. Talmage's party dated Alexandria, Egypt, November 25, the following account of the Brooklyn preacher's tour is given:

We did some sight-seeing at Corinth, but not much. That noble, natural fortress, the mighty Acrocorinthus which looms up grandly two thousand feet above the surrounding plain, well rewards the tourist who climbs its ascent. We saw ruins of the theatre, some temples, and the racetrack where runners contended for the corruptible crowns given to the victors in the struggle, to which the apostle Paul refers. It strikes one oddly on arriving at Athens to be entertained in a modern hotel, and with a French name, "Hotel de la Grande Bretagne," which ingeniously appeals to the patriotism of the universally wandering Briton. As the modern capital of Greece, Athens dates only from 1827, after a death of two thousand years. In recent years its inhabitants have shown considerable go. Our party arrived in time to share the rejoicing of the people in the splendid alliance made by the recent marriage of the Duke of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece, to a sister of the German Emperor. This is regarded as giving the affairs of the little kingdom, in their relation of family interest to those of the greatest military power of Europe, a considerable "boost." The king of Greece is a brother of the Princess of Wales, and the heir-apparent is a brother-in-law of the German Emperor. These are truly splendid connections, and the Greeks have just reason to contrast with increased self-respect and patriotic pleasure their present condition with that when they were at the mercy of the unspeakable Turk.

We arrived in Athens on November 20. The next morning

Dr. Talmage Preached On Mars' Hill

to a gathering of Americans, Englishmen, and Greeks reading as the lesson of the day St. Paul's address to the Athenians of his time. (Acts 17.) The day was not Sunday, and preaching was not in order according to our prearranged programme, but the doctor was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion that he took out his Bible and began to read. As he read he made interesting remarks on the passage he was reading. When he first began to read there were but few persons present, but as soon as he was fairly started they congregated fast and faster until a good-sized audience had assembled. Those who understood English listened eagerly to the preacher's words, taking such places and attitudes as enabled them to catch every word he said. The congregation sang: "All hail the power of Jesus' name," in which Dr. Talmage joined with enthusiasm. He then took his text from the address on which he had commented, and began to preach. It was fortunate that the weather was very fair, and his sermon was listened to in comfort. I think I have never heard him speak with greater fluency and impressiveness than he did on this occasion. The day following, Dr. Talmage visited

M. Tricoupis, Premier of Greece.

an honor which resulted in this way: The sister of the statesman, who, like him, is unmarried, presides at his mansion. She entertained Mrs. Talmage in the morning when she suggested that the Brooklyn preacher visit her brother, who, she added, would be delighted to see him. Accordingly in the afternoon Dr. Talmage and the writer paid their respects to the Prime Minister at the War Department. Although a very busy man, holding two portfolios and crowded with important matters, the Greek Assembly being in session, M. Tricoupis received us very courteously. The Greek Premier is a man whose appearance impresses one that he possesses great mental power. He has a strikingly intellectual countenance, and is very polished in his manners. His countrymen honor and revere him to an extraordinary degree, and recent events have increased the hold he has upon their confidence. I learn that his reputation is of the highest for purity in his official conduct. M. Tricoupis would show little mercy in his dealings with "oodle" politicians.

This "modern Aristocrat," as he has been aptly called, speaks English with fluency. He is accurately informed on American affairs, and highly eulogized several of our statesmen. In his early days, while Secretary of the Greek Legation at London, he made the acquaintance of Edward Everett, who was then American Minister to England. He now asked Dr. Talmage concerning Mr. Everett's son, who, he had heard, filled creditably a professorship at one of the leading colleges. On bidding Dr. Talmage good-bye, M. Tricoupis assured him that he would cheerfully do all in his power to render his stay in Athens as attractive and agreeable as possible.

The United States Minister, Mr. A. M. Snowden, being absent at Bucharest, and our stay in Athens but brief, it was apparently not within the range of possibilities for Dr. Talmage and party to be

Presented to the Queen.

A week or ten days' notice being required to secure an introduction to royalty, we had given up the expectation of seeing the amiable Queen, when, the morning after the interview with M. Tricoupis, Dr. Talmage was informed by that gentleman that he desired to present him and party to the Queen. When we arrived at the palace, we found that the ex-Empress Victoria, widow of the Emperor Frederick III., was just about to leave Athens, where she had attended the marriage of her daughter Sophie to the crown Prince of Greece. She bowed and smiled very sweetly as she passed us, although her eyes were filled with tears on her parting with the Queen. M. Tricoupis presented Dr. Talmage, wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Klopsch. Queen Olga shook hands with all in the right royal-democratic American fashion, and then engaged Dr. Talmage in conversation. Queen Olga said she had heard Dr. Talmage was on his way to Palestine, and hoped sincerely that he and his party would enjoy a safe and pleasant journey. We were all charmed with the simplicity of the Queen, and the cordial manner in which she received us. Our interview with her was one of the most delightful incidents of the trip, and Dr. Talmage insisted that the eulogies that he had heard concerning the gracious lady fell short of doing her justice. We did not meet the King of Greece at Athens, but saw him the day we were at Corinth, where he is about to embark with his father, the King of Denmark, and to accompany him as far as Corfu. He is very accessible to visitors, and M. Tricoupis seemed to regret his absence very much.

Dr. Irving J. Manz, Consul of the United States of America, at Athens, paid Dr. Talmage marked attention, and did a in his power to be of service to him. The Consul is a highly educated gentleman, a very eminent Greek scholar, and until recently he filled very acceptably the position of Chancellor of the Nebraska State University. He called at our hotel quite frequently. In one of his several interviews with Dr. Talmage, the preacher of the Brooklyn Tabernacle said that on his return to the United States he should recommend to wealthy people, where desirous of aiding deserving theological students to secure an education, to send them out in groups of ten or twenty on a tour such as he is now taking. "This is one of the grandest cures for sermonizing. Young men thirsting for knowledge would willingly dispense with luxury, and live together could by practicing ordinary economy, save over the same territory for about \$250 each. What an inspiration it would be to them." The same amount of money could be spent nowhere else to equal advantage.

In Athens, which is yet as you know only of small size, Dr. Talmage became quite well known to the citizens, many of whom learned to recognize him as he wandered around sight-seeing. He showed enthusiasm in his work, reading up for every day's observations. Speaking of

The Modern Greeks

he said to me: "With their political freedom and artistic traditions, with the source of inspiration at their very doors, and we not expect that they, with all the rest of the world, but in a higher degree, will develop a capacity for art and literature, which may yet astonish the world? Their language does not differ greatly from classical Greek, they live in the same picturesque and sunny land as their fathers, and the materials out of which were raised the buildings which in their ruins we wonder at, are still theirs in the greatest profusion. These words were spoken among the ruins of the Parthenon, one of the wonders of the world."

There is much that is attractive in modern Athens. It has good buildings and well-kept streets, and its stores appear to be well stocked. My observation is that the majority of its population dress very much as we do. Of course houses of Oriental architecture still exist, and one sees many people dressed in the quaint attire of the East. Now and then a mountaineer of huge stature, angular and powerful, garbed somewhat like the Highland Scot, and armed heavily, stalks proudly by. As, I suppose, in all cities newly arisen from the dead, so to speak, contrasts are very striking, as the slow old Turk at his stall in the costume of centuries ago, and the pert young lady fresh from boarding-school, with all the furbelows of the most advanced fashion on her figure; and the modern policeman and the fierce warrior from the distant mountain region.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Pious Servant.*

"PHARAOH said unto his servants, Can we find such an one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is?" (Gen. 12:38.) One would have thought the fact would have been a disqualification in the eyes of Pharaoh. Pharaoh was a worldlyling; how could he respect that which was unworldly? All his motives were guided by the interests of the hour, how could he welcome a man who belonged to the immensities and eternities? It is because eternity includes the present hour, and he who has the spirit of eternity has also the spirit of the time. Think you that an atheist master would consent to have an atheist servant? Nay he would know that the temporal work would not be well done. He who would do well the temporal work must be beyond the time. No man can steer his way through the ocean of life whose eye is not on the stars.

Wouldst thou be fit for thy service? Then must thou be higher than thy service. Life would be too much for thee if thou didst not see ahead of it; thou art saved by hope. Thou canst not be a man of the world without a balanced mind, and a balanced mind is a mind at peace. God's peace is not something to die with; it is something to live by. Without it thou art but half a man—unfit for Egypt, unfit for Pharaoh, unfit for the coming famine. With it thou art more a man of the time than those who call themselves abreast of the age; he who would be abreast of the age must already have outrun it, for the world that now is, is lighted by the world to come.

The Use of Wealth.

"Join thyself to this chariot." (Acts 8:29.) It is not every chariot that can be joined by the prompting of the Spirit. There are forms of worldly riches which eat out the divine life. Yet the evil is not in the chariots, but their drivers. The Spirit does not wish to destroy the chariot but to get hold of the reins. It wants to turn the heads of the horses into a new direction—the direction of humanity. So far from despising the wealth of the world, it is the wealth of the world that the Spirit needs. It seeks to make friends with that which is now the Mammon of unrighteousness. It wants men of influence, men of power, men of resources, men who can afford to spend. It knows the power of the mountains over the valleys, and therefore it prays to the mountains. It says, "Come down ye rich and help the poor; come down ye strong and support the weak; come down ye great and make lighter the work of the lowly. Come and lift the toiling missionary, come and clothe the ragged school, come and heal the myriad sick, come and feed the starving millions. Bring your gold and silver to the feet of the child-Christ—to the door of that humanity which lies still in the manger of Bethlehem.

The Mentor.

The word of wisdom is equivalent to the wise word—the word spoken at the right time. Paul says Cor. 12:8, that the power to do this can only come through the spirit of Christ, in other words, through the sacrifice of my thought of self. How this is! How many of the most splendid addresses have failed in their effect just because, before they were spoken, I forgot to bury myself. Perhaps I was angry; perhaps I was indignant; perhaps I was ambitious; perhaps I was secretly gratified with my being a mentor. And so I failed to be a mentor—failed for want of the spirit. My word

was not wise because it was spoken at the wrong time, and it was spoken at the wrong time because I did not put myself in the place of my brother. I was thinking of myself—not of him; therefore I lost the blessedness of the man who "bringeth forth his fruit in its season." I brought out my fruit of correction in winter when my brother was cold; it added to his bitterness and he rejected it with scorn. The Spirit would have taught me to create the springtime first around him, and to speak my word of wisdom when the singing of birds had come.

A TERRIBLE MESSAGE.

SPEAKING recently at the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, Miss Frances E. Willard said that a fisherman on the Bay of Fundy was one day watching his son out on the water fishing. The boy was accustomed to the work, and his father was not concerned for his safety. But while the boy was intent on his occupation the father grew anxious. From the shore he could see what escaped the boy's notice—storm-clouds gathering far out to sea. They gathered rapidly, and a low moaning wind ruffled the water. Then the boy saw and understood. But it was too late then. Though he struggled manfully to bring the boat in, the sea was too rough for him, and the boat capsized. It was not long before the agonized father was bearing his lifeless body to the bereaved home. His neighbors condoled with him, and spoke of God's inscrutable providences, but the fisherman's cry as he took his son's lifeless body in his arms had told the story. It was a bitter and a sorrowful cry, "O God, I see Thou art bound to have my heart!" He evidently knew what that bereavement meant. It was a call to him. Probably many had gone before it, and had not been obeyed, but now the old fisherman was hearing at last, and doubtless his heart broke as he thought that it had needed the death of his beloved son to bring him to Christ.

CHRISTIAN GIRLS BUYING A SLAVE.

In a letter to the *Missionary Link*, from Dr. Adeline Kelsey, who is laboring in Japan, she relates an interesting incident in connection with the death of Miné, one of the pupils in the Home. She says: In a very peculiar sense she was a child of the Home. When she was a little girl she attended Miss Fletcher's ragged School down on the bank of the canal, at the foot of the Bluff. Miné's parents were very poor, and when her father died, her mother married again. Her mother next died, and her step-father took another wife. They did not want Miné, and one day she was missing from the school. Miss Fletcher inquired, and searched, but could find no trace of her. After many anxious weeks of seeking and waiting and praying, she was rejoiced one day to learn that one of the older girls had seen Miné on the street. Miss Fletcher soon learned the sad facts connected with her disappearance. Her step-father had sold her for four dollars to be a little slave girl. Miss Fletcher lost no time in trying to rescue her from a life most terrible. *The pupils in the Home raised the money to buy her* from her bad master, and paid him seven dollars for her. He would have asked more, only he found she was physically weak, and would not be of much service to him. She has been for seven years truly "the child of the Home," owned and loved by the pupils and her teachers. She was a good scholar, and had a most remarkable memory. Our Miné had given her heart to the Lord Jesus long ago, before she was taken ill.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

THE following is a description of a Christmas ceremony in the Syrian village, where He was born, whose birth we have just been celebrating. It is an extract from Robert H. Beattie's narrative in the *Interior*. He says, at this season visitors to Jerusalem "find one road very much used. It is a broad carriage road, and you go down into the valley from the Joppa gate, then up past the Bishop Gobat School, on southward toward a village that covers the summit of a high hill, and the houses cling to each other about its sides. There are all sorts of people on the road. Many walk; some lead donkeys, on which their children ride in two great baskets; and some spur on their horses and almost ride down the weary foot passengers. But the Russian noble and the tall, lithe Abyssinian jostle each other along the road to Bethlehem.

"Up through the narrow streets into the great square, the city market-place, they go, and disappear through a low, heavy door that opens in the

great wall opposite. Then, under some arches below the convent, they find the way that leads them into the church. Perhaps it is only sunset now, but people are gathering, and long before midnight the church is filled with a tired but eager audience. The priests move to and fro silently in their long gowns, sweeping about here and there, placing candles, changing lights, bringing fresh incense. But, near midnight, they commence to light the candles, hundreds and hundreds of them, and then the monks from the convent come and begin to sing the Christmas service. Soon the priests, with glittering, gold-embroidered robes, come in and the midnight service is begun. Prayer follows hymns and reading again and again. The sacraments are blessed, and this goes on before the waiting crowd for four hours. Then they disperse, having only seen a service and joined in the responses of a few prayers and hymns.

"But down in the crypt is the richest show of gold and silver. Here, in the little chapel of the nativity, the fragrant oil sends forth its light, and incense sweetens the air. Beneath the gold and silver lamps, is a stone manger, and this they say is the spot where Jesus was born. 'Is this true?' you ask, and I take you upstairs again and ask you whether Jesus ever commanded such a show. Whether His mantle of love appears? Is there a cup of cold water here for any little one? Are hearts made glad by these lavish outlays? The Spirit of Christ has fled from this Eastern Church, and formalism and tradition only remain."

A MISSIONARY LETTER FROM GUATEMALA.

AN interesting letter was read a few days ago at the meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in Chicago from Mrs. D. Y. Iddings, who, with her husband, sailed for Central America in July and wrote from its capital, November 6. She writes: "Our journey was pleasant though it had its disagreeable features. The ocean was very rough where the water is rough on account of the shallowness of the ocean. Though we were repeatedly told it was smooth as a mill-pond we could neither see nor feel it to be so. Often we were told that when on the Pacific we would find smooth water, which we did, the water being smooth as glass all the time we were on that ocean. All the waves we saw were caused by the ship. Our landing was rather novel, as we were hoisted up in an iron cage, while the waves dashed our little bark against the pier very roughly, and the sharks were swimming in the water beneath. We also suffered much from heat both before and after landing, until we began ascending the mountains. We arrived here on the 9th of August, having been a month on the way. Mr. Haymaker was at the pier in the port of San Jose to meet us and the train was waiting to bring us to Guatemala, which is eighty miles from the coast, and five thousand feet high.

"This is the most beautiful country I ever saw; with high mountains and deep valleys, warm at mid-day in the sun, but cool in the shade, while the evenings and mornings are always cool. The whole land is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; almost all varieties of flowers grow wild and all things grow with little attention. We plant our flowers and water them and that is all they need. Hedges are made of century-plants and geraniums. We have all the benefits of a tropical country, while, living in the mountains, it is very comfortable. We are hedged in upon all sides by high mountains. Three volcanoes are visible from our window, but only one is active, and it only smokes.

"But you desired to know something of the religious condition of this country. The Roman Catholic religion, which here takes the form of ignorance and idolatry, hangs over it as a cloud. All the people have many saints in their houses, and pray to them in turn, as the occasion demands. For instance, they cannot sleep unless a certain saint is under their pillows, and there are many other superstitions in which they are steeped. The saints are nothing but very ugly little dolls. A church in sight of our house has two large images of Christ screened with a wire net, and this net is completely covered with little threads and rags, taken from the clothing of the sick, and tied there because in so doing they think they will be healed. This same church has also a silver image of Christ, life size, which is carried about the streets on feast days with the feet out for the people to kiss. Also indulgences are sold, which permit the holder to commit certain sins for a specified time."

Voices of the Spirit, by George Matheson, M. A., a spiritual work which may be profitably used in the home. Pp. 241; price \$1.25; published by A. C. Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

THE SKY ANTHEM.

Dr. Talmage's Christmas Eve Sermon at Beyrout, Syria.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14.

The December Christ—The Preacher's Visit to Bethlehem—Old Testament Associations—Joseph and Mary Coming There for the Census—The Birth in the Stable—The Announcement to the Shepherds—I. Indigence not Always Significant of Degradation—The World's Best Servants Obscurely Born—II. Divine Manifestations Come to the Usefully Employed—The Time of God's Visits to Men—III. The Christian Religion One of Song—IV. Glorious Endings from Humble Beginnings—V. The Effect of Christ's Mission—The March of the World's Armies—A Dying Girl's Vision.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas Eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look through these Christmas skies, and I see no lone star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they neal at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, now enthroned forever. Fresh from

A Visit to Bethlehem,

full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that city. You know that whole region of Bethlehem famous in Bible story. There were the waving vests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard-of self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more as they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers had come up by the command of government to register their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. I have seen some of those large stone buildings, the centre of which the camels were kept, while running out from this centre in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the field

The Shepherds,

with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and blessing to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

When Princes are Born,

heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it and flags wave it and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor, and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature, and of nations, were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his weak light from the wilderness until all nations

and generations have seen it, and off his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry and science and literature and commerce and laws and constitutions and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger.

Manger Births.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscarots who betrayed them, and rabble that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant that grows fast in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's sceptre, and Peter from the fishing-net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

The Time or Vision.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem, and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and, standing there, God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom-house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing-floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses

When He Found the Crown

of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul, penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief-infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross-bearing and war-wagging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is

Not a Groan, but a Song.

In a world of sin and sick-bed and sepulchre, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as

much at home on the play-ground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm-book. It sings just as well in Surrey Gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting-point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What

An Humble Beginning!

But look at that same man when he has entered heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No sceptre able to express his power and his dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said, Anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at

The Consummation,

when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave-cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding-board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their sceptres. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with

The Effect of Christ's Mission

upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man! When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self-denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on his throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph, and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together? The gospel bridge over the distance. It brings God to us. It is a revelation to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a source this word of peace had in the Roman Empire, which boasted of the number of people it had massacred that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica, and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had been brought to her sword, and crouched at the cry of her eagles. She gave her chief honor to Seneca, Fabius and Caesar—all men of blood. What a temptation they must have had there for the

unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see

The March of the World's Armies.

What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red Seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell, rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle-gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the tablelands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave-trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But

Brighter than the Light

which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon, now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth?

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few, compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited, and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications

When Continents Begin to Pray!

Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake-infested jungles of Africa, Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere, and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed; there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm-lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!"

On this Christmas Eve I bring you tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble, and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mount-

ains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest sense a merry Christmas.

A Dying Girl's Vision.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child, and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in his strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.

(See illustration on page 12.)

ONE of the most remarkable evidences of the drift of public feeling in England is the establishment of Mansfield College, Oxford. It is distinctively a Congregational College, established with the avowed object of training young men to occupy the pulpits of the Congregational churches. That the ancient University of Oxford should number among its colleges an institution with that object would two or three generations ago have horrified the university dignitaries. Theological students at Oxford were required to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England before receiving the *imprimatur* of the University. From time to time men have abjured them after leaving the University, and have united with other churches, or with no church, but Oxford has remained pre-eminently the training-school for clergymen of the Established Church. But now, after a long and arduous struggle, young men intending to preach in Congregational pulpits can receive their college training in the historic university.

The institution now located at Oxford was originally known as Spring Hill College. Its home some forty years ago was in the manufacturing town of Birmingham. Professor Rogers, the author of *The Eclipse of Faith*, was its shining light, and John Angell James, the author of *The Anxious Inquirer*, was one of its warm friends and zealous overseers. About thirty-five years ago the institution was located in a more salubrious neighborhood about ten miles away from the big smoky town, and it has grown and flourished there with new life. But there was urgent need for a college at Oxford in which the tests of the Church of England were not enforced, where young men belonging to families of other communions could find a congenial home while studying for the legal and other professions, and where students for the Congregational ministry could receive theological training.

As soon as it became possible to establish such an institution under the wing of the University of Oxford, Spring Hill College availed itself of the opportunity. A suitable plot of land was purchased from Merton College, wealthy Congregationalist individuals and churches subscribed to erect buildings, and legal sanction was obtained for the transfer of endowments from the old institution to the new one. Four years have been occupied by these arrangements and in the erection and furnishing of the college. All is now complete, and recently the institution was opened with much jubilation by appropriate ceremonies.

The building is sixteenth-century Gothic. Its various departments are so grouped as to form three sides of a quadrangle. The block in the centre contains the tower, a lecture-room and dining-hall; the west wing contains a residence for the Principal, the library and another lecture-room; and the east wing is devoted to the chapel. The character of the college is indicated in its adornments. The statue of John Milton is conspicuous, and with it the statue of John Bunyan. In the chapel there are

other statues in honor of men to whom Oxford has not been accustomed to render honor. Wycliffe, Whitefield, Wesley, Knox, Luther, Baxter, Watts, Owen, and others, whose names are an abomination to High Church and Broad Church, are here represented. It may be hoped that this will be no empty honor, but that the piety, zeal, and courage which distinguished those men will distinguish the young men who will go forth from that college to preach the everlasting Gospel to the world.

DR. FAIRBAIRN.

Principal of Mansfield College.

THE little vignette accompanying the picture of Mansfield College on page 12 is a portrait of its principal, Dr. Fairbairn. He is a man of profound learning, conspicuous ability, and excellent tact—all qualities much needed in the difficult and delicate position he has been called to occupy. He is a Scotchman, and is fifty-two years old. He received his university education at the University of Edinburgh, subsequently taking a theological course at Glasgow. Afterward, he went to Berlin, where he studied under the famous professors Trendelenberg, Dörner, and Hengstenberg. In spite of all his learning and attainments he settled quietly down, on his return to his native country, to an obscure little church in West Lothian. It was, however, only for a time. A large congregation in Aberdeen sent him an invitation to become its pastor. He accepted, and remained with them until 1877. In that year he was made principal of Airedale College, and his peculiar adaptation for the work of training young men was soon proved.

The establishment of Mansfield College, Oxford, was a matter of national concern to the Congregational denomination. The new college would, by its propinquity to the ancient and wealthy institutions of Oxford, invite comparison with them. Its success or failure would thus be conspicuous to the whole nation, and would affect Congregational interests to an important degree. Like "a city set on a hill," the college would be watched narrowly by friends and foes, and the standing of its students in the University class lists would be jealously scrutinized. The selection of a President was therefore a momentous matter, and when the choice fell on Dr. Fairbairn it was unanimously approved.

Dr. Fairbairn was chairman of the Congregational Union in 1883. Among his published works may be mentioned *The City of God*, *Studies on the Philosophy of Religion*, *Studies on the Life of Christ*, and *Lectures to Working Men on Religion in History and the Life of To-day*. He has also, since 1877 been a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*.

An Answer to a Prayer for Rain is Described in a letter home by Miss Whitechurch, a missionary at Hiao-i, in China. She states that the need for rain was very urgent, and at the regular Sunday meeting, when special requests for prayer were invited, there was a general desire expressed that prayer should be offered for rain. She continues: "We knelt in prayer, many offered audible petitions for this much-needed blessing, and while we were yet pleading the answer came. Drops were falling as we began the second preaching service, and the clouds gathered so quickly that we had to stop the meeting in order to send all the women and children home, and all reached their homes without getting wet, except the villagers, who got a soaking, but they were so grateful for the rain that they did not mind that. The rain poured down hour after hour in torrents.

A Man Saved on the Eve of a Journey to South Africa is an incident of the work of Dr. George F. Pentecost in Scotland. A fine-looking man, evidently a man of business, was at one of the Dundee meetings. He was seen to be greatly agitated, and with bowed head sat weeping in the body of the hall. During the evangelist's appeal a Christian gentleman went and spoke to him. Presently he arose and came forward to the front seat, weeping and shaking with emotion, fell on his knees, and was heard to cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He afterward made a confession of faith in Christ. He said in the hearing of some of those around him: "I am a stranger in Dundee. I came into the city on Saturday to attend to some business, and I am sailing for South Africa to-morrow. I had not the least thought of doing anything of this kind, but resolved to come and hear Dr. Pentecost. I am a great sinner, but I have accepted Christ, and shall go to Africa a new man. Will you all pray for me? for my business will carry me among the most godless and reckless men in the colony."

SECOND ADVENT CONFERENCE AT ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.

A GATHERING of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who are looking for His second and glorious appearing, has been held in Bentham Street Chapel, Adelaide. The proceedings of the day commenced with a prayer-meeting, presided over by Pastor T. Lees, in which several brethren took part: and the fervent prayers and hearty singing showed that those who had gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus had come sincerely seeking a blessing.

At the conference the venerable *Pastor Abbott* presided, and gave an address on "The Lordship of Jesus Christ," in the course of which he contrasted the lowliness of Jesus at His first advent, when He was despised and rejected of men, with the high and honorable place He now occupies, and the still more important position He will assume at His second and

Glorious Appearing.

Several passages of Scripture were quoted speaking of the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and, when these were fulfilled in their entirety, it would be seen that the honor in store for Him would more than compensate Him for all He had to bear when He undertook the great work of Redemption. The speaker urged upon all present to accord to the Lord Jesus all the glory and honor that was due to Him now, and pointed out the universal homage that would be given to Him by saints and angels in the age to come.

Pastor R. K. Finlayson gave an address on "The National, Social, and Religious Conditions of Life, between the Rapture of the Saints and the Revelation of Christ to the World." This was a large subject, and the brother to whom it was assigned evidently realized this fact, as it embraced Israel, the ten confederate kingdoms, Babylonianism, and the Gentile nations. The return of the Jews to Palestine with their silver and their gold, the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem, and gathering of the armies of Antichrist against that city, the final destruction of Babylon, and the preaching of the "everlasting Gospel" to the nations, were respectively touched upon in the course of his address. As to the social condition of life

After the Removal of the Church

the speaker considered that there would be a repetition of the state of things existing in the days of Noah immediately before the Deluge, which was predicted by the Lord Jesus while on earth. In the midst of the luxury, revelry, and licentiousness that will prevail just before the coming of the Lord to the earth, there will be a state of false security, and hence all classes of society will be plunged by that event into sudden confusion and dismay. With respect to religion, the speaker appeared to be of opinion that formal and sensuous worship would be in a flourishing condition after the rapture of the saints, and that Popery in particular will succeed better than it does now, until such time as it meets with a deathblow from the Antichrist, who will "hate her and burn her with fire."

Mr. W. Neill presided at the evening meeting, and made a few appropriate remarks, pointing out the necessity that existed for holding conferences of this kind. He stated that as the truth concerning the pre-millennial Advent of Christ was much neglected by many, and rejected by others, it behooved those who saw it to be a part of revealed truth, to bear their testimony to the fact.

Pastor H. Hussey, the editor of *The Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, gave a report of the proceedings of the conference since the last annual meeting, from which it appeared that two conferences had been held, one at Mitcham, and one at the Semaphore, both of which were well attended. It was stated that the committee had held monthly conferences for some time past, and at a recent meeting a resolution was passed affirming the desirability of employing an agent to visit the churches, and extend the knowledge of the Lord's coming, wherever and whenever an opportunity occurred to do so.

Pastor A. E. Green gave an address on "Israel, Its Present Condition, and Testimony," setting out with the fact of their unconditional election as God's witnesses, the superlative favor God had granted them, their exalted national position among the nations, and, notwithstanding all this, their unfaithfulness, idolatry, rejection of the Christ, and of the Holy Spirit. The present position of Israel was said to be their rejection by God for the rejection of His Son, and

they are now "without a king, and without a prince," without their temple worship, without the shekinah (the symbol of God's presence), and without their appointed sacrifices and feasts. The kingdom has been taken from them and given to another nation, and they are now scattered among the nations, numbering only about 8,000,000 out of the 1,510,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants.

The speaker considered that the present condition of Israel is a testimony to God's judgment of idolatry, and is a sad instance of man's moral depravity. Their condition is also a striking testimony to the truth of God's Word, and what has already been fulfilled is a proof that all that is written will yet be accomplished. The speaker in making a practical application of his subject, pointed out the effect the condition of Israel should have upon the Church, for if God spared not the natural branches, the branch that has been grafted on the ancient stock will, if unfaithful, also be cut off. The Church might at present be considered in the midnight period of her separation, but the dawn will arise, and "He that shall come will come and will not tarry." The Bridegroom will surely come, and His chariot wheels may now be heard on the distant hills. The long-suffering of God is for salvation, but wrath is being treasured up for those who have been often reprov'd and have not profited by the invitation of the gospel. God will as faithfully keep His word as regards His warnings as He will concerning His exceeding great and precious promises.

Pastor R. Woolcock was next called to deal with

"Second Advent Testimony:

Objections considered," and, in opening up the subject he mentioned the objections he entertained at one time to this doctrine, but which he was happy to say did not now exist. The leading objection he considered was *the erroneous idea that the world would be converted by the preaching of the gospel before the coming of the Lord*—an idea for which there was no warrant in the Scriptures of truth. It is quite true that the gospel of the kingdom is to be preached to all nations for a witness unto them, but there is no intimation that this witness will be accepted by all nations. The speaker pointed out that other objections to the pre-millennial advent of Christ are as groundless as the one adverted to, and as those that once existed in his own mind had been removed, he felt that it only required a mind to be open to conviction, and all objections would disappear with the entrance of light from the living oracles. The last, but by no means least objection to the reception of second advent truth, was stated by the speaker to be an unwillingness to accept this doctrine on account of what its acceptance involved. It would run counter to many plans that had been devised, and many existing practices would have to be discontinued in view of the advent of the Lord Jesus at any moment.

The last subject for the evening was

"Christendom—Its Present and Future,"

and in dealing with this topic *Pastor T. A. Fieldwick* showed how unfaithful the Church had proved to the trust committed to her. If weighed in the balances of God's truth, she would be found sadly wanting; and the errors that are now taught, though fulfilling the prophecies concerning her, are at the same time an evidence that we are living in the "last days" of this dispensation. The present condition of Christendom when contrasted with the unostentatious simplicity of the early Christians is painful to contemplate. The plans and methods adopted to raise money, the coquetting with the world, and the assumptions of certain religious organizations were touched upon by the speaker in a faithful manner. The ominous word "Ichabod" might now be written concerning much that bears the name of "Christian" or "Christianity," and still further departures from primitive purity and simplicity may be expected in the not distant future. The future of Christendom, according to the Scriptures, leads to the conclusion that it will culminate in a huge system of apostasy, characterized by formality, sensuality, and infidelity. The speaker concluded with a solemn warning to Christians to be on their watch-tower with reference to present and coming evils, also as regards the sudden and unexpected coming of Christ.

Appropriate selections from *Mr. Ira D. Sankey's* Songs and Solos were sung throughout the services of the day, and it is pleasing to find that in this popular collection there are so many pieces of an inspiring character setting forth the doctrine of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. The attendance at each of the services, and the close at-

tention given to the subjects introduced, could not be otherwise than gratifying to all concerned.

A REPENTANT KING.

THE barbarous King Mwanga, of Uganda in Africa, who murdered Bishop Hannington, and kept Mr. Mackay in daily expectation of death, has lost in his exile his haughty spirit, and appears ready to make any promises if the missionaries whom he persecuted will help him to drive out Kalem, the usurper whom the Arabs have set on his throne, and reinstate him in Uganda. Mr. Mackay sends the following translation of a letter he has received from the exiled king:

"BULINGUYE, June 25, 1889.

"TO MR. MACKAY,

"I send very many compliments to you and to Mr. Gordon.

"After compliments, I, Mwanga, beg of you to help me. Do not remember bygone matters. We are now in a miserable plight, but if you, my fathers, are willing to come and help to restore me to my kingdom, you will be at liberty to do whatever you like.

"Formerly I did not know God, but now I know the religion of Jesus Christ. Consider how Kalem has killed all my brothers and sisters; he has killed my children, too, and now there remain only we two princes [Kalem and himself]. Mr. Mackay, do help me; I have no strength, but if you are with me I shall be strong. Sir, do not imagine that if you restore Mwanga to Buganda, he will become bad again. If you find me become bad, then you may drive me from the throne; but I have given up my former ways, and I only wish now to follow your advice.—I am your friend,

(Signed) "MWANGA."

Mr. Mackay, on hearing that Mwanga meditated an attempt to recover his kingdom and had obtained the help of Mr. Stokes, an English missionary, who is now a trader, says: "We sent to warn Mwanga of the risk he was about to run, while we sent a message to our friends in Busagala, advising them not to join in an enterprise which would have all the appearance of a religious war, and which might prove disastrous to themselves. We counselled patience, as we felt sure the Baganda would soon tire of Arab rule, while Kalem himself would not long submit to be dictated to by the Arabs.

"The Baganda refugees, however, who were at Bukumbi, rejected counsel of patience, and counselled immediate action. Accordingly, Stokes and Mwanga embarked at Ukumbi with about fifty Baganda, arms and ammunition being supplied partly by Stokes and partly by the priests."

After describing two battles in which Mwanga and his friends were victorious, Mackay says: "Kalem had been so enraged at his general's defeat that he deposed that functionary from office, and fearing that the Christians would follow up their victory, doubtful though it was, and succeed in securing the person of one of the princes, all of whom were prisoners at the capital, he had every one of both princes and princesses (his own brothers and sisters) as well as his own children, burnt to death in the huts where they were confined. Had he known of Mwanga's arrival, probably he would not have committed such an atrocity, but Mwanga had not yet arrived at Dumo when the general returned crestfallen to the capital. Soon after, however, Mwanga's arrival was reported, and a fresh army was despatched by Kalem to meet him. Mwanga had several thousand adherents, mostly armed with spear and shield, as well as about 1,100 guns, while Kalem's force was vastly superior, not only in numbers, but in guns, also, especially breech-loaders, several Arabs being among the leaders. A battle was fought; Mwanga's troops were defeated, and his chief general, Mwemba, killed. The Arabs set fire to Mwanga's camp; most of the Christians fled back to Busagala, while Mwanga himself took refuge on board Stokes's boat."

A POSITION GAINED.

A GENTLEMAN who was at the John Street prayer-meeting in New York recently, said he would like to relate his own experience for the encouragement of praying men. In the year 1886 he was the superintendent of a large factory. He led a fast life, and his income failed to meet his expenses. His position was full of temptation, and it was not long before he was aware that his accounts would not bear a close inspection. But he was trusted, and there was no immediate danger. But he was naturally uneasy, and seriously considered his condition. It led to self-examination and prayer.

Finally he was converted, and his first business was to cut down his expenses to the very lowest and get his accounts right. Shortly afterward circumstances arose in the factory that rendered it impossible for a conscientious man to retain his position. He must either violate his conscience or resign. He chose the latter. It was a bad time to be out of employment. Winter was approaching, trade was dull, and he had but six dollars in the world. Besides this, a loving mother and sister were wholly dependent on him for support. Before the end of the week every cent was gone, and the man knew not what to do. Every application for employment failed. He went to the John Street prayer-meeting on March 12, clinging fast to his faith in God, but otherwise in despair. There he committed his case to God, and somehow the burden seemed to be lifted. No change, however, came in his circumstances for some days. But then he received the offer of an excellent position, just suitable to his capacity and with adequate remuneration. "A friend of yours," said the manufacturer who offered him the position, "was in our place on March 12, and told us of you; we have been making inquiries about you since then, and we are satisfied you are just the man we want."

THE SONG OF MARY.

By Mrs. M. G. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 12. Luke 1:46-55, Golden Text, Luke 1:46, 47.

Another Angelic Mission—The Jewish Maiden in the Household—Her Trusting Heart—The Significant Salutation—A Trial of Faith—The Indwelling Spirit—A Receptive Heart Required—Mary's Position Misunderstood—The Truth Revealed to Elizabeth—The Unconscious Homage of the Forerunner—Mary's Place—A Sinner, Not a Queen—The Refrain of the Song—Three Months' Blessed Companionship—The Impending Scandal—Averted by a Revelation.

THE same heavenly messenger who had visited Zacharias the priest, and who once before had been God's ambassador to Daniel (Dan. 8:16), was charged with a commission also to one other child of earth. This time, neither priest nor prophet was sought out by the angel, but a lowly woman, of the kindred and probably of the spirit of Zacharias and Elizabeth. It was but six months after his last mission to earth that "Gabriel was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin," probably quite a young woman. Mary was no recluse, there was nothing extraordinary about her outward life; she was, at that very time, espoused, or betrothed, "to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David," living as others around her lived, with the ordinary surroundings of a Jewish peasant's home, yet in that simple, lowly woman, God saw

A Heart Which Could Trust Him,

simple enough and true enough to follow Him at any cost; understood or not understood by those around her. Nothing is told us in the Word of God of any gift, or talent which Mary possessed, nor yet of anything remarkable in her life which might cause her to be the chosen one who should be the mother of the Lord Jesus. It was like all the dealings of God with man, of pure grace. The angel said to her, "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." There was nothing in such a salutation to exalt Mary in her own eyes, but everything to fill her with adoration. When God called Moses to his leadership, and Joshua after him, and when He sent to the timid Gideon, He made known to each of them the vocation to which He called them, and then declared, "I am with thee," or "the Lord is with thee." But to the lowly maiden of Nazareth the declaration came first, "the Lord is with thee."

Mary "was troubled at his saying," she saw nothing in her person or in her life which should single her out as one specially favored of God. It was this very unconsciousness of self which made it possible for "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity" (Isa. 57:15) to choose her as His instrument to bring Christ into the world. At first, she "cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be." But Mary's mind could not interpret the thoughts of God; she needed a word from on high, and the angel gave it her in the most explicit terms, prefacing his declaration that she should be the mother of the Messiah with the words, "Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favor with God." This revelation was indeed above and beyond all the conceptions of Mary's mind. True, every woman in Israel dreaded to be childless, lest she should be cut off from the bare possibility of

being the mother of God's Holy One. But Mary, an unmarried woman, could never dream that of all other women she should be the chosen one; it was a demand upon her faith which few could understand.

God "knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nahum 1:7), and He had foreseen in Mary one on whom He could count who would not fail Him. O, how

God Longs for True Hearts,

which will understand and appreciate Him! How touching is the word of Jesus, "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." (John 4:23.) It was a tremendous announcement, "Thou shalt . . . bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." It was to be the fulfilment of the expectation of the Jew. But far more, He was to be "the Son of God" as well as the Son of David, with a kingdom not hereditary, passing from father to son, but eternal.

Very naturally, the Jewish maiden asked, "How shall this be?" Her experiences were all against the possibility of such a thing, and perhaps the prophecy of Isaiah 7:14, did not once occur to her as touching her case. But when it was revealed to her that God would bring it about by the Holy Ghost, Mary doubted no more, so that her cousin Elizabeth could say soon after, "Blessed is she that believed." And just as truly as by the power of the Holy Ghost Jesus Christ was born of Mary, so also by His power only can Christ dwell in our hearts by faith. (Eph. 3:16, 17.) There are so many in whose experience everything is either a vague hope for the future or a vague regret for the past; but the Holy Ghost makes Jesus a reality to us and in us, just now, in every present moment. The true Christ-life is no fruit of effort or struggle on the part of man; it is the Holy Ghost taking possession of a yielded soul and body for God, and filling them with His life and presence. He makes the precious blood shed for us a reality to cleanse us; He makes Christ dwelling in us a reality to keep us from sinning, and to take the place of our own self-centred life.

The angel revealed also to Mary what God had done for her cousin Elizabeth, and said to her the great truth, "For

With God Nothing Shall be Impossible."

But Mary must be willing; God does not treat us as machines; He initiates His wondrous plans of divine grace, but man must enter into them and be receptive to his God. If Mary yielded herself up to God, she must be in a position where she would be misunderstood of man, and even of the man who was more to her than all others upon earth, her affianced husband, Joseph. It was indeed, with Mary, to suffer the loss of all things, that she might win Christ. (Phil. 3:8.) But God was real to Mary, and she reckoned as Paul did, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." (Rom. 8:18.) The position might be difficult for her, she might be unable to justify herself; but she would sacrifice herself to give to the world its Saviour. Her answer was the most complete self-abnegation, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." Thus it is always; wherever the Spirit of God can find a human will entirely yielded up to the word of God, there He can manifest Christ. "Having delivered his message the angel departed." But the Lord abode with her.

The angel's communication regarding Elizabeth was not lost upon Mary; it was a lovely provision of our most gracious God that at least one soul on earth should be able to understand Mary. She "arose in those days, and went . . . with haste" to visit Elizabeth. No sooner did she salute her cousin than "Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost," and in the light of the Spirit of God, she saw the things of God. The same Spirit who had revealed to Mary God's dealings with Elizabeth, revealed also to Elizabeth His dealings with Mary; and the old matronly woman spake out with a loud voice in the very words of the angel, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come unto me," and she declared how the forerunner of the Lord, even before his birth, recognized the presence of his Saviour.

"Blessed is She that Believed."

O the encouragement that this must have been to Mary—"for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Mary's

time of testing was not yet come, but God was strengthening her for it. Elizabeth's recognition of her as the mother of the Messiah must have been an untold help at such a time. Whenever there is a Mary called out to some unusual state of faith, God always provides some Elizabeth to stand by her. He needs not that any should testify of man for He knows what is in man (John 2:25), and He provides accordingly.

Mary's full heart broke forth in praise, she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The woman who is chosen to an honor above all other women who ever lived, speaks of her Saviour, knows she needs saving like any other sinner. Far from assuming the place which the Romish Church has given her as immaculate, and queen of heaven, Mary takes her place with other sinners, and rejoices in God her Saviour. Unlike Peter, who was puffed up when Jesus commended him for his confession that He was the Christ (Matt. 16:16-22), Mary remained humble, "For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden." There is no assumption of superiority, all which she sees distinguishing her from other women is the incomprehensible grace of God. "For from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed; for He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and

Holy is His Name."

Mary does not boast of her great faith, although it was incomparably greater than that of any believer who came after her; she does not boast in her own consecration, although she was indeed "a living sacrifice;" she has no eye for herself, her vision has been filled with the glory of Another, and God fills her horizon. She does not in any sense assume a position beyond others, "His mercy is on them that fear Him,"—others as well as me, "from generation to generation." And then, letting the grand truth sink into her heart that "with God nothing shall be impossible," she sings; "He hath shewed strength with His arm, He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts." No one had imagined that the long-looked for Saviour was to come in this way; men were looking for some princely personage, great in this world. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted those of low degree: He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." In all this song, the littleness and nothingness of man and the glory and might of God are the refrain. This humble heart of Mary was so empty of itself that she lived in a clear atmosphere, and could see God. "The pure in heart . . . shall see God." (Matt. 5:8.) Mary, full as she is of her God, does not forget her people, "He hath holpen His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy; as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever." "He hath," to Mary the promise of God was as though fulfilled, she saw by faith the word which God had spoken, as though it were already come to pass.

About three months, three blessed months, Mary remained with Elizabeth, and then "returned to her own house," and her trials began. How much she had to suffer from friends before the crucial moment when Joseph seriously thought of putting her away, and breaking his engagement with her, we know not; but this must have been a time of exquisite suffering to Mary; and she must have learned in these days of misapprehension and silent sacrifice, that fellowship with Christ's sufferings which Paul so longed for later on. (Phil. 3:10.)

How was deliverance to come? She knew not. Joseph being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. (Matt. 1:19.) But he would do nothing in haste; he gave God time to guide him. And He who had sent Mary a message from heaven, now sent Joseph one also, "the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost, and she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." In any grievous trial or perplexity, deliverance does not come from beneath, but from above. Mary stood this severe test, and her yielded spirit continued yielded through it. O with what joy must Joseph have taken his place as the earthly shield and guardian of this favored woman, and how her heart must have rested in the wondrous faithfulness of her God, who had thus provided for her in the time of emergency! And will He fail us? Will He be untrue to any that put their trust in Him?

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An Apology is Due to Some Correspondents whose letters have recently come to hand. An offer to send the December numbers free to all applicants was made on November 27. The applications so largely exceeded our most sanguine expectations, that each edition was quickly exhausted, though provision was made for fully meeting the anticipated demand. During the past week many persons who delayed their application have written for the back numbers, but we are unable to supply them. To them we send this number with an apology, as the best amends it is in our power to make. We must also express our regret that we are unable to comply with the request of a few persons who ask to have the paper continued and promise to send their subscriptions later on. Several years ago a painful experience forced us to adopt the invariable rule that subscriptions must accompany orders, and we are obliged, though with extreme regret, to adhere to that rule, even in cases in which we are sure the promise to send the money would be kept. *Agents* also who are sending in names and promising to remit when their list is complete, will please take note of this rule. They should send with each list of names a cheque or Post Office-order for the corresponding number of subscriptions, otherwise, as we keep no "due book," disappointment will ensue.

CURRENT EVENTS.

As the Majority of the Readers of the Christian Herald will receive this number on January 1, 1890, a word of greeting is in order. To each and every reader we cordially and sincerely wish a *happy new year*, in the highest and best sense of the words. We have also to thank large numbers of them for the kindly words of appreciation and goodwill which every mail brings to us. It is our sincere hope and earnest prayer that during this year the blessing of God, which alone has made the paper useful in the past, and alone can make it helpful in the future, may continue to attend it. The large circulation it has now attained increases the responsibility of all concerned in its production, and, realizing this fact, the Editor, who during the past eleven years has had the benefit of the prayers of Christian readers in all parts of the country, earnestly begs the continuance of them. In the new type here used, and in the increased size of the pages, it is hoped that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be still more welcome than ever as a household visitor, and will grow in the esteem of its old friends, and win the regard of many new ones.

The Expedition Sent to Observe the Eclipse of the sun on December 22, reports partial success. It was sent at the expense of our Government to St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast of Africa, that being the place where, in the opinion of Professor David P. Todd, who conducted the expedition, the eclipse could best be observed. The first part of the eclipse was clearly seen, but at the moment of totality and afterward, the sun was obscured by clouds. The primary object of the expedition—

that of making scientific observation of the corona at the moment of totality, was consequently defeated, but Professor Todd secured seventy photographs of the stages preceding totality. The mysterious corona is a greenish ring around the sun shining with dazzling brightness, through which shoot fiery red hydrogen "prominences," majestic tongues of flame, blazing with still greater brilliance, while massive streaks, sheets, and vast pyramidal jets of pearly light shoot out from all sides—some projecting ten million miles into space. The observations of the expedition have given no light on the question of the nature of this corona, which is as much a mystery as ever. Professor Todd, however, has made observations which he believes will be useful in determining other questions of interest.

The Number of Messages Sent to Congress by the President since its assembling has been 1,429, containing the nominations of about 1,600 persons. When the Senate adjourned on December 21 there had been made public the confirmation of about 1,000 of these nominations, the great majority of them postmasters. The chief arrears are in the Judiciary Committee, which has confirmed but a small proportion of the United States Court appointments all over the country. Six diplomatic appointments also, of which three are Ministers and three consuls, have not been acted upon. The others are appointments in the Customs, and the nominations of the two new Civil Service Commissioners.

An Amendment to the Civil Service Law is advocated by Senator Ingalls, of Kansas. He proposes that the children of veteran soldiers be exempted from the Civil Service examinations. The reasons given for the change are that when the war broke out the children were in many cases removed from school to work for the support of the family while the father went to the field, and after the war they were too old to return. The result is that their education is defective and they are not able to pass the higher examinations. The Senator cannot apparently get rid of the idea, which politicians of his calibre have so long held, that Government employment is of the nature of a pension and not service rendered for fitting wages. The whole country is concerned in having the federal business efficiently conducted, which cannot be done if inefficient clerks are appointed. It would be more economical and less embarrassing to give a pension directly to those whose education suffered by the war than to give it in the disguise of a Government clerkship. Ingalls probably could not understand this, but there are men of his party in Congress who can, and they should vote against his proposal.

Improvements in the Postal Service will probably be made during the present session of Congress. Congressman Bingham, who is chairman of the Post-Office Committee, expresses the opinion that the bills now under consideration will have the approval of both political parties, and will pass practically without opposition. Among these are a proposition to reduce the postage on fourth class matter, to provide for a limited postal telegraph service, and to extend the free delivery system to cities of the very lowest class. These developments are recommended by the Postmaster-General.

The Appearance of Russian Influenza is Reported from several of our cities. In Boston, Mass., a large number of persons are suffering from it, and a theatre company performing there was obliged to close on December 27, and return the money, owing to the seizure of performers by the disease. In Baltimore, Md., thirty Post Office clerks and letter-carriers are sufferers. At Atchison, Kans., several persons have caught the infection, Senator Ingalls among others. In Brooklyn, N. Y., the police and city officials are the chief victims. Chicago, Omaha, Wilkesbarre, and Rochester also report cases. Only one death was reported last week, and that of a man at Canton, Mass., who imprudently ventured out before he was fully recovered of the influenza, contracted pneumonia, and died. An eminent English physician, who has studied the disease in Paris, says that it is probably caused by a microbe in the atmosphere. He says that the disease is infectious, but not contagious. It can not be conveyed by means of the breath of an infected person to any one else. The remedy he recommends is small and frequent doses of quinine.

The Death of Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga., is a loss to the whole country. It occurred on December 23 after a week of severe suffering from typhoid pneumonia. He had been to Boston to deliver an address to the Merchants' Association on December 12. While there he imprudently expos-

ed himself in the severe New England air and caught a heavy cold. He consulted a physician in passing through New York, and by his advice proceeded south without delay. The citizens of Atlanta had arranged to give him a public reception, but on his arrival he was too ill to accept it. He grew rapidly worse after reaching his home, and died on Monday. Mr. Grady did more than any other man to vindicate the New South in Northern judgment. Not only in his journal, the *Constitution*, but by his brilliant orations he corrected Northern mistakes, and disarmed Northern prejudices. The country owes to his efforts much of the more cordial feeling which has grown up between the sections since reconstruction days. Mr. Grady was thirty-eight years old. He was an active member of the First Methodist Church of Atlanta.

The Report that German Settlers in Brazil have invoked the interference of the Fatherland in opposition to the Republic, is categorically denied in a cable dispatch received last week. It states that they are content to await events, and are hopeful that a federated Republic will increase the general prosperity. They desire to see fully developed self-government or State sovereignty in the province, and believe that a republican constitutional convention will grant this and will accord to them an enlarged control of the provincial finances. All this accorded, they count upon the growth in the New World of a great German free State. The official world in Berlin is disappointed by this adhesion of the colonists to the Republic.

The Difficulty Between England and Portugal on the African question remains unsettled. Four of England's largest ironclads have been ordered to Lisbon, causing renewed apprehension of war. On the other hand, the attitude of Portugal has become more conciliatory. Senhor Gomez, the Portuguese Minister, recently said: "If England is willing to meet us upon the question of a delineation of the frontier in Africa, we are ready to adopt for all southeast Africa the most liberal commercial policy. Our help to the English would be given to extend their commerce to the interior, and to facilitate their trade with our long coast line, which would be an advantage that it would be difficult to overestimate. I attach to the friendship of England too great a value to neglect any effort to retain it, and a rupture with her would be a great misfortune to the Portuguese nation."

The Mysterious Epidemic of Influenza which is now afflicting Europe, and which has been styled *La Grippe*, has extended its ravages, and become more fatal during the past week. A report was circulated in Paris that 580 persons had died from it in that city in twenty-four hours. Though that number is probably an exaggeration, it is certain that the proportion of deaths is rapidly increasing. Reports from Berlin are to the effect that there is no abatement of the evil there. In Brunswick it has assumed a malignant type, and there have been many deaths. At Frankfort it is increasing. The tramways there have ceased operations because the employees are all ill. Mannheim has been very severely visited. At Munich the cases increase, and the transaction of business is much interfered with. The theatres announce that the programmes of the play are not to be depended upon, as the illness of actors may make it necessary to change the names at any moment or even to change the piece. In Vienna the schools are closed, children and teachers alike suffering. There is also a similar epidemic among the horses.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has Replied to the Critics of his expedition in a letter which was published last week. It satisfactorily disposes of several grave charges against him. He dwells at much length upon the case of Bartelot, and removes the impression produced by previous letters reflecting upon the Major's conduct. He says that to extricate himself from his dilemma Bartelot only needed qualities that will not be gained save by long experience in Africa, and eulogizes his courage and high qualities. He knew the Major was a man of little forbearance, and had intended to keep him with himself, but necessity compelled the change that caused him to leave him behind. Bartelot was ignorant of the language of the people, and his interpreter may have been false and occasioned the coolness between the men and the Major, which was never overcome and led to his death. Stanley denies with much emphasis the alleged Congo atrocities of the Manyema, the cannibalism and the stories of cruel executions of his men. During the whole expedition he executed only four men.

An Earnest Testimony to the Value of the work of the Rev. W. F. Re Qua among the Indians is sent to us by Rev. Charles Erdman, of Pueblo, Col. He says that the hardship and privation involved in the labor of this devoted missionary are well known to himself, as he has personally gone over the ground, and he believes that no one but those who have had that experience can have the faintest conception of the difficulties and trials inseparable from it. Mr. Erdman has also much to say of the need of just the work that Mr. Re Qua is doing. The evil results of the renegade white man's greed and lust are widespread, and the Indian has reason to complain that in a land of Bibles and Christians he is still in spiritual darkness. Mr. Re Qua has spent three of the best years of his life in going from village to village holding meetings, conversing with the Indians in their houses and tents, reading the Bible, and praying with them. He has been heartily welcomed everywhere, and urged to build schools and chapels, and settle missionaries in their midst. The open doors, while encouraging him on the one hand, depress him on the other. But for the help he has received from readers of this journal he could not have continued for these three years. He longs to remain at his post and extend his work, but funds must be sent him speedily or he must abandon it to avoid starvation. The need is urgent and imperative. *His address is Rev. W. F. Re Qua, McAlester, Ind. Ter.*

A Practical Answer to Persons who Doubt the value of rescue work among fallen women comes to us in the shape of a report from a society engaged in this work in London. It states that the number of girls rescued since the society began work is nearly 8,000. In the year 1883 there were 494 received, in 1887 the number was 542, but last year the total rose to 600. The interest of Christian people in these cases will be heightened when they learn that about 50 per cent. of the whole are not fallen, but purely rescue cases. Thus 292 out of the 600 received in 1888 were so; and by being placed in Preventive Homes, it is hoped that they will all take honorable stations in the world. Entire confidence is never felt in the ability of the girls to stand well in the world until they are converted; but when that change has taken place no fear is ever felt that they will ever fall again. The conversion to God of each is directly aimed at from the first day of her admission.

A Babe Saved a Woman From Expulsion from the United States recently. Among the passengers on an emigrant ship which arrived in New York from Ireland about a month ago was an Irish woman who was so manifestly of the pauper-class that the Commissioners of Immigration marked her case as one calling for inquiry. It was decided that she must be taken back by the ship that brought her. But before the ship sailed she became the mother of an infant, and she was allowed to remain in Castle Garden until she was strong enough for the voyage. Her case was referred to the Treasury, and last week Secretary Windom gave his decision. He said that the woman might remain if she still desired to do so. Her boy having been born in this country, was a citizen of the United States, and as the mother is his natural guardian it would be inhuman to separate her from him. She has therefore acquired through her son the right of citizenship from which her own poverty debarred her. Heavenly citizenship can be acquired only through analogous means. No man or woman has any right to it save as it is acquired through our Elder Brother, through whom we are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with saints, and of the household of God." (Eph. 2:18.)

Four Young People were Married in Fun at Wilkesbarre, Penn., on December 20. They were at a social gathering on the evening of that day, at which there was a great deal of joking and merriment in progress. It was proposed to have a wedding scene when the fun was at its height, and four young people who were casual acquaintances volunteered to be the principals. They stood up together apparently indifferent as to their partners, and all laughing at the joke. An alderman was among the company and he, being acquainted with the usual form, was asked to officiate. He complied, and having asked the customary questions, pronounced the binding words. A little later a question arose about this part of the evening's amusement, and when the alderman was appealed to he answered, nonchalantly. "Oh yes, it was a valid marriage, as valid as the law could make it." It was disagreeable news for both couples. In one

case the young man, and in the other the girl, was engaged. The parents, also, when they heard of it, were deeply incensed, and say they will institute proceedings to have the marriages annulled. It is a contrary mistake that we have to deplore in the case of some who profess to enter into union with Christ. They are apt to think that a mere declaration or the joining of a church unites them to Him forever and secures for them eternal felicity, and they are disappointed when they learn that there can be no true union without a change of heart and surrender of themselves to Him (11 Cor. 5:17.)

A Remarkable Suit was Decided in the Probate Court of Kansas City, Mo., on December 24. It was brought by a colored woman to recover arrears of wages for twenty-five years. Shortly before the war she was bought in the open market by a planter, who, finding she was unfit for field work took her into his family as a sewing-woman. She was carefully taught, and soon became proficient in her occupation. The family removed as the exigencies of the war compelled, and the woman went with them. They would not allow her to associate with any of her own race, nor did they tell her how the results of the war affected her. She was well treated save that she was not allowed to go beyond the boundaries of the farm occupied by her master. A month ago he died, and then the woman ran away. Arriving at Boonville, she met a colored man and besought him to hide her. From him she heard for the first time of the emancipation proclamation and realized that she had spent twenty-five years unnecessarily in slavery. A lawyer, to whom she was introduced by her new friend, brought suit for wages against the estate of her deceased master, and last week she was awarded \$700. Had she learned earlier that she was free, she would have quitted her servitude long ago. She would not have acted as men do who voluntarily remain in the service of Satan after they have heard that Christ has purchased their freedom. (Rom. 6:16.)

A Wealthy Man Sacrificed His Life for a Few pennies near Reading, Penn., on December 26. For some months past a thin withered old man has been seen crawling along the track of the Reading railroad carrying a tin pail, in which he collected the pieces of coal which had fallen from passing trains. The railroad officials were sorry for him at first, as they supposed he must be in dire poverty. They learned, however, that the man owned considerable real estate, and had therefore no need to risk his life in that way. They warned him of his danger, and as the man seemed indifferent to that consideration, they prohibited his trespassing on the tracks again. He desisted for a short time, but lately he has been back again with his old tin pail. He received another warning, but paid no heed, and a few hours afterward an express train struck him as he was stooping to pick up another lump of coal and killed him. It is found that he had accumulated a fortune of \$40,000, but was still intent on saving. He lived in the attic of one of his own houses, using the most miserable furniture, and with no fuel save the coal that he found from day to day on the tracks. Even worldlings call a man a fool who thus sacrifices his life to make a hoard of money. But there is reason to fear that the sacrifice of his life was not the clearest evidence of folly. They who set their whole heart, as he did, on the acquisition of money lose their souls, too. (1 Tim. 6:10.)

and has been continually in mischief. The theory about him is that he is the child of some wealthy personage, who while afraid to acknowledge him, secretly watches over him, and when he is in trouble comes to his rescue. The unexpected ways in which the Christian is often delivered from his troubles is a mystery to men of the world, but in his case there is no doubt in his own mind as to the Source of his help, for he is privileged to call his Helper his Father, and to be recognized by Him as His Son. (Heb. 11:16.)

A Little Girl's Appeal to the Mayor of New York caused some amusement in the City Hall on December 24. On that morning the Mayor's secretary found in the morning mail a letter of a different type from his usual correspondence. It touched his heart, and he took it at once to his Honor. Its burden was thus quaintly told: "I am a little girl ten years old, and I am going to ask a favor of you. If you will grant it to me it will be the happiest Christmas that I have ever spent in my life. Dear Mayor, I was going to the store this morning and my doggie Nellie followed me and the dog catchers took her away from me and put her into the wagon and all my crying and begging did not do any good, so I thought I would ask you if you would please get my doggie for me. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Mayor Grant is not the man to neglect such a petition. He immediately sent word to the dog-pound that the child's dog must be restored to her, and a courteous letter was sent to the child informing her that if she would go to the pound with the messenger and identify her pet she could have her. How many a heart might be gladdened, and how many a captive of Satan be released if the members of every family whom Satan has robbed would follow the child's example and appeal to One who is mighty for the deliverance of their loved ones! (Matt. 28:18.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. M. Baxter gave discourses on Coming Prophetic Events at Hartlepool, England, on December 22.

Maj. J. H. Cole began meetings in Hot Springs, Ark., December 8. He expects to remain in that State for some months.

Rev. Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, has resigned his position as pastor of the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.

Major Whittle has been greatly blessed during his latest mission at Stratford, in the east of London. He began, on December 15, a week's services at a Mission Hall in South London.

King Mwanga, of Uganda, the African king who ordered the execution of Bishop Hannington, and whose penitent letter to Mr. Mackay is printed on page 6, has been restored to his throne.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Organization of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting was celebrated on December 22. Dr. Stokes, President of the Association, preached, and many ministers took part in the services.

Mr. George Muller has lately sent home a letter from Agra, India, where, at the ripe age of eighty-five, he had just climbed a Mohammedan tower 300 feet high; he describes himself as in the best of health and spirits.

Rev. Sam Small has resigned from the Methodist Church, and has joined the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is understood that he will be ordained and act for some time as a mission preacher. He is the eleventh minister of the Methodist Church who has quitted that communion for the Protestant Episcopal during the past year.

The subjects suggested for the Week of Prayer (January 5-12) by the Evangelical Alliance are: Sunday, January 5, The Church of Christ; Monday, Confession and Supplication; Tuesday, Nations and their Rulers; Wednesday, The Young; Thursday, The Church at Home; Friday, The Church Abroad; Saturday, Thanksgiving; Sunday, January 12, The Future Glory.

The trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have decided to organize the T. De Witt Talmage Winter Chautauqua Association, to be situated at Crescent City, Putnam County, Fla., which, like the summer schools of the same nature, is intended to furnish not only amusement but valuable instruction, by means of lectures, musical entertainments, etc., to those who attend its meetings. The first meeting is to be held about the middle of February.

A division in the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has taken place. The seceders are to meet in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 22, to form a new union, which they call "the Non-Partisan Woman's Temperance Union." Reports indicate that the name is not quite accurate. The new union will, it is stated, be as closely allied to the Republican party as the original Union is to the Prohibition party. The call is signed by Ellen J. Phinney, Ellen M. Watson, Harriet G. Walker, and others.

THE SAVIOUR ANGRY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when He had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, He said unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand." Mark 3:5.

The Scene in the Synagogue—A Plain Question—The Dilemma of the Scribes—I. What Caused the Saviour's Anger—The Exact Fault of the Scribes—They Would not See—Would not Acknowledge their Conviction—II. Hardness of Heart in the Modern Church—Non-Committal People—Occasionally Melted—May Not be Given to Gross Sin—May Have Hardened Gradually—May Have been Specially Favored—III. Practical Lessons—Divine Surgery.

My text will really consist of these words: "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." It is the divine Lord, the pitiful Jesus, the meek and lowly in heart, who is here described as being angry. Where else do we meet with such a statement while He was here among men? A poor man was present in the synagogue who had a withered hand; it was his right hand, and he who has to earn his daily bread can guess what it must be to have that useful member dried up or paralyzed. In the same synagogue was the Saviour, ready to restore to that hand all its wonted force and cunning. Happy conjunction! The company that had gathered in the synagogue, professedly to worship God, would they not have special cause to do so when they saw a miracle of divine goodness? I can imagine them whispering one to another, "We shall see our poor neighbor restored to-day; for the Son of God has come among us with power to heal, and He will make this a very glorious Sabbath by His work of gracious power."

But I must not let imagination mislead me: they did nothing of the kind. Instead of this

They Sat Watching

the Lord Jesus, not to be delighted by an act of His power, but to find somewhat of which they might accuse Him. When all came to all, the utmost that they would be able to allege would be that He had healed a withered hand *on the Sabbath*. Over-looking the commendation due for the miracle of healing, they laid the emphasis upon its being done on the Sabbath; and held up their hands with horror that such a secular action should be performed on such a sacred day. Now, the Saviour puts very plainly before them the question, "Is it right to do good on the Sabbath-day?" He put it in a form which only allowed of one reply. The question could, no doubt, have been easily answered by these Scribes and Pharisees, but then it would have condemned themselves, and therefore they were all mute as mice. Scribes most skilled in splitting hairs, and Pharisees who could measure the border of a garment to the eighth of an inch, declined to answer one of the simplest questions in morals. Mark describes the Saviour as looking round upon them all with anger and grief, as well he might.

You know how minute Mark is in his record; his observation is microscopic, and his description is graphic to the last degree. By the help of Mark's clear words you can easily picture the Saviour looking round upon them. Can you conceive the power of that look? The look of a man who is much given to anger has little force in it: it is the blaze of a wisp of straw, fierce and futile. In many cases we almost smile at the impotent rage which looks out from angry eyes; but a gentle spirit, like the Saviour's, commands reverence if once moved to indignation. His meek and lowly heart could only have been stirred with anger by some overwhelming cause. We are sure that He did well to be angry.

Note well that Jesus did not speak a word, and yet He said more without words than another man could have said with them. They were

Not Worthy of a Word;

neither would mere words have had the slightest effect upon them. He saved His words for the poor man with the withered hand; but for these people a look was the best reply; they looked on Him, and now He looked on them. I wish I had skill to describe our Lord's look; but I must ask the aid of your understandings and your imaginations to make it vivid to your minds.

When Mark has told us of that look, he proceeds to mention the mingled feelings which were revealed by it. In that look there were two things—there were anger and grief, indignation and inward sorrow. "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." He was angry that they should willingly

blind their eyes to a truth so plain, an argument so convincing. He had put to them a question to which there could only be one answer, and they would not give it; He had thrown light on their eyes, and they would not see it; He had utterly destroyed their chosen pretext for opposition, and yet they would persist in opposing Him. Evidently it is possible to be angry and be right. Hard to many is the precept, "Be ye angry, and sin not;" and this fact renders the Saviour's character all the more admirable, since He so easily accomplished what is so difficult to us. He could be angry with the sin, and yet never cease to compassionate the sinner. His was not anger which desired evil to its object; no touch of malevolence was in it; it was simply love on fire, love burning with indignation against that which is unlovely.

I. What Caused this Anger

and grief? It was their hardness of heart. To use other words, it was the callousness of their conscience, their want of feeling. Their hearts had, as it were, grown horny, and had lost their proper softness. The hand may furnish us with an illustration. Some persons have very delicate hands: the blind who read raised type with their fingers develop special sensitiveness, and this sensitiveness is of great value. But when men are put to pick oakum, or break stones, or do other rough work, their hands become hard and callous: even so is it with the heart, which ought to be exceedingly tender; through continuance in sin it grows callous and unfeeling. Use is second nature: the traveller's foot gets hardened to the way, his face becomes hardened to the cold, his whole constitution is hardened by his mode of life. Persons have taken deadly drugs by little and little till they have been hardened against their results: we read in history that Mithridates had used poison till at last he was unable to kill himself thereby, so hardened had he become.

But hardening is of the worst kind when it takes place in the heart. The heart ought to be all tenderness; and when it is not, the life must be coarse and evil. Yet multitudes are morally smitten with ossification of the heart. Do we not know some men in whom the heart is simply a huge muscle? If they have any hearts they are made of leather, for they have no pity for anybody, no fellow-feeling even for their relatives. God save us from a hard heart: it leads to something worse than death! Those enemies of our Lord who sat in the synagogue that Sabbath-day were incorrigible: they were desperately set on hating Him, and they strengthened themselves in the resolve that they would not be convinced, and would not cease to oppose Him, let Him say or do whatever He might. Our Lord Jesus became angry, grieved, and sorrowful with them.

What was their Exact Fault?

First, they would not see, though the case was clear. He had set the truth so plainly before them that they were obliged to strain their understandings to avoid being convinced: they had to draw down the blinds of the soul, and put up the shutters of the mind, to be able *not* to see. There are none so blind as those that will not see, and these were of that blindest order; they were blind people that had eyes and boasted that they could see, and therefore their sin was utterly without excuse. Ah, me! I fear that we have many around us still, who know, but do not act on their knowledge; who do not wish to be convinced and converted, but harden

strike your hand against a stone wall. Satan has fortified it, and made its possessor to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the works of sin. The enmity of such a heart leads it to resist all that is good; its hardness returns the efforts of love in the form of opposition. Our Saviour saw before Him persons who would oppose Him whatever He did, and would not change their minds however they might be made to see their error. Let this suffice to explain the scene before us of our Lord grieved and angry.

II. I must now come closer home, while I inquire, is there anything of

This Sort Among us?

Remember, we may grieve the Saviour because of the hardness of our hearts, and yet be very respectable people. We may go to the synagogue, as these did; we may be Bible-readers, as the Scribes were; we may practice all the outward forms of religion, as the Pharisees did; and yet the Lord Jesus may be grieved with us because of the hardness of our heart.

We may anger the Lord, and yet be strictly non-committal. I dare say there are some here who are not Christians, and yet they never say a word against Christianity. They are strictly neutral. They judge that the less they think or say about this great matter the better. Jesus was angry that men should be silent when honesty and candor demanded speech of them. You must not think you are going to escape by saying, "I am not a professor." There can be no third party in this case. In the eternal world there is no provision made for

Neutrals.

Those who are not with Jesus are against Him, and they that gather not with Him are scattering abroad. You are either wheat or tares, and there is nothing between the two. O sirs, you grieve Him though you do not openly oppose Him! Some of you are especially guilty, for you ought to be amongst the foremost of His friends. Shame on you to treat the Lord so ill!

Alas, this hardness of heart may be in us, though we have occasional meltings! I think that man has a very hard heart who is at times deeply moved, but violently represses his emotions. He hurries home to his chamber greatly distressed, but in a short time he rallies, and shakes off his fears. He goes to a funeral, and trembles on the brink of the grave, but joins his merry companions, and is at his sins again. He likes to hear a stirring sermon, but he is careful not to go beyond his depth while hearing it. He is on the watch against his own welfare, and is careful to keep out of the way of a blessing. By a desperate resolve he holds out against the pressure of the grace of God, as it comes to him in exhortations and entreaties. He is often rebuked, but he hardens his neck; he is occasionally on the verge of yielding, but he recovers his evil firmness, and holds on his way with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. How often have we hoped better things for some of you! How often have you blighted those hopes! You must be very hard in heart to hold out so long.

Yes, and we may have this hardness of heart, and yet keep quite clear of gross sins.

Your Outwardly Moral Man

is often a hardened rebel against God. His pride of character helps to harden him against the gospel of grace. He condemns others who are really no worse than himself. There is an abominable kind of prudence which keeps some men out of certain sins: they are too mean to be prodigal, too fond of ease to plunge into risky sins. Many a man is carried off his feet by a sudden flood of temptation, and sins grievously, and yet at heart he may be by no means so hardened as the cool, calculating transgressor. Woe unto the man who has learned to sin deliberately, and to measure out iniquity as if it were a lawful merchandise!

This hardness of heart may not overcome you to the full at present, and yet you may have grave cause to dread it. Hardness of heart creeps over men by insensible degrees. The hardest hearted man in the world was not so once; the flesh of his heart was petrified little by little. He that can now curse and blaspheme once wept for his boyish faults at his mother's knee, and would have shuddered at the bare idea of falling asleep without a prayer. There are those about us who would give worlds to be free from the bondage of habit, so as to feel as once they did. Their soul is as parched as the Sahara, it has forgotten the dew of tears; their heart is hot as an oven with evil passions, and no soft breath of holy penitence ever visits it. Well

did the apostle say, "Exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

I cannot forbear saying that among the hardened there are some who may be said especially to provoke the Lord. Among these we must mention those who, from their birth and education, received an unusually keen moral sense, but have blunted it by repeated crimes. Those sin doubly who have had double light, and special tenderness of nature. Judge, O ye sons of the godly, whether there are not many such among you!

This is also true of those who have been indulged by Providence. God has dealt with them with wonderful favor; they have continued long in good health; they have been prosperous in business; their children have grown up around them; they have all that heart can wish; and yet God receives from them no gratitude; indeed, they hardly give a thought to Him. Let me not forget the obligations of others who have been often chastened, for this side of the question has its force also. Certain persons have endured many trials, they have often suffered pain of body, and have been brought at times to the verge of the grave; they have lost the beloved of their eyes with a stroke; they have followed their children to the grave; sorrows have been multiplied to them. Yet, after all, they are hard of heart. The Saviour looks upon all such with that grieving anger of which the text speaks.

III. We must now close. Oh that my poor pleadings may not have been lost upon you! In many things which I have spoken there has been a loud voice to many of you; now hear me while I raise the question, What should be our feeling in reference to this subject? First, let us renounce for ever

The Habit of Cavilling.

These Scribes and Pharisees were great word-spinners, critics, fault-finders. They found fault with the Saviour for healing on the Sabbath-day. He had not broken God's law of the Sabbath. He had only exposed their error upon that point. If the Sabbath had not furnished an opportunity for objection, they would soon have found another; for they meant to object: one way or another, they resolved to contradict. Multitudes of persons in this present day are most effectually hardening their hearts by the habit of cavilling. They criticise God's word. Any fool can do that, but only a fool will do it. They give themselves the airs of literary men; they are not like commonplace hearers: they require something more intellectual. They look down with contempt upon people who enjoy the gospel, and are proving the power of it in their lives. They themselves are persons of remarkable mind; men of light and leading, and it gives them distinction to act the part of sceptics. They show their great learning by turning up their noses at the plain teachings of the Bible. It seems to be the great feature of a cultured man nowadays to wear a sneer upon his face when he meets with believers in inspiration.

Let us never imitate that evil spirit, who in the garden of Eden proved himself to be

The Patron of all Sceptics.

Remember how he raised the question, "Yea, hath God said?" Forget not how he went further, and, like a sage philosopher, hinted that there was a larger hope: "Ye shall not surely die," said he. Then he advanced to lay down a daring, radical philosophy, and whispered, "God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods." This old serpent has left his trail on many minds at the present day, and you can see it in the slimy questions and poisonous suggestions of the age. Get away from cavilling; it is of all labors the least remunerative.

Next, let us feel an intense desire to submit ourselves unto the Lord Jesus. If He be in the synagogue, let us ask Him to heal us, and do it in His own way. Let us become His disciples, and follow Him whithersoever He goeth. Yield yourselves unto God. Be as melted wax to the seal. Be as the water of the lake, which is moved with every breath of the wind. All He wills is our salvation. Lord Jesus, let Thy will be done!

Let us be careful to keep away from all hardening influences, whether of books, or men, or habits, or pleasures. If there be any company which deadens us as to spiritual things, which hinders our prayers, shakes our faith, or damps our zeal, let us get out of it, and keep out of it. Shun false doctrine, worldliness, and strife. Keep clear of frivolity and trifling. Be in earnest, and be pure; live near to God, and remove far off from the throne of iniquity. Lastly

use all softening influences. Ask to have your heart daily rendered sensitive by the indwelling of the quickening Spirit. Go often to hear the Word: it is like a fire, and like a hammer breaking the rock in pieces. Dwell at the foot of the cross.

So far I have kept to the text, bearing all the while the burden of the Lord. If it be not heavy hearing to you, it is certainly painful preaching to me. That same love which made the loving Jesus grieved has driven me to speak after this fashion. Not that I love men as much as He did; but a spark from His fire has kindled in my soul, and is burning there according to the measure of grace given. But now, my dear hearers, let me indulge myself with a word of gospel. Surely there are some among you who

Desire to Lose Your Hardness.

To you is the word of this salvation sent: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." (Ezekiel 36:26.) See how this promise exactly meets your case! That kind of heart which you so greatly need shall be given you, though indeed it is a miracle of miracles to do it. What an operation to perform, and yet leave the patient alive! "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh." None but He that made the heart could execute such delicate surgery as this.

Now this is matter of promise. See how the verse glitters with "I will," and "I will." The Lord, who is able to perform His word, has spoken in this fashion, and He will not run back from His promise. But please read the thirty-seventh verse of this thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, and mark it well. "Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Will you not inquire? Will you not ask the Lord to do this for you? If so, your prayer has begun to be answered. Your desire is a token that the stone is softening, and flesh is taking its place. O Lord, grant that it may be so! Believe in the Lord Jesus that He is able to do this unto you, and it shall be according to your faith.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Enthusiastic Student.—An Evangelist relates: "I remember a young man who had come to Edinburgh to study for the ministry. He was respectable and diligent, and studied arduously. In a few months his health completely broke down; then it was discovered that he had been living on eight cents a day, and studying fourteen hours a day, all his exercise consisting in running up and down the stairs twice daily as he went to and from his classes. He endured all these hardships that he might qualify himself to become a minister of the gospel. He had set his heart upon that prize, and every difficulty, hardship, or trial must be surmounted that he might accomplish that end. So far, he sets an example to us of energy, self-denial, and perseverance, in striving to win the prize of our high calling of God in Jesus Christ."

Nellie's Refusal of Christ.—"A Short Time ago, I spoke to a young lady about Christ. She did not receive my effort gladly, and as I spoke she rose, and going to the piano ran her fingers nimbly over the keys. About three weeks afterward God laid His hand upon her, and she was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and soon it became evident that she would never recover. As she was within a hair's-breadth of the boundary line that divides time from eternity her sister came to her and said, 'Nellie, you are dying, are you trusting in Jesus?' Startled at the idea of approaching death the dying girl exclaimed, 'Dying! no, I am not dying; my soul is not saved.' But in a minute or two she breathed her last. As her father stood over her coffin, and gazed upon the beautiful features of his daughter, so still in death, as David did over Absalom, he said with tears streaming down his cheeks, and in an agony of despair in his voice, 'Oh, Nellie, Nellie, my daughter, would God I had died for you!' Sinners, ere it be too late hear the message of God, and accept the offer of salvation He has made to you through Jesus Christ."

Saying "Yes" to Jesus.—"When I Left a church of which I was formerly pastor, a deputation of elders was sent to ask another minister to become my successor. They all made speeches at the meeting, but I thought one made the shortest and best. He said that, that day, as he was preparing to leave his house, his little daughter came to him, and said, 'Father, this is the day that Mr. Davidson is to say

"Yes" or "No." Be sure and tell him from me to say "Yes." When he told the story, there happened to be another minister present, who was to speak at an Evangelistic meeting that evening. He thought he could not get a better illustration of how the gospel was pressed upon the sinner's acceptance than by telling that little story, and asking the people to say 'Yes.' At the end of the meeting, a big, strong man, a ship-builder, came pressing to the front. When he got hold of the minister, he said, 'I listened to your sermon unmoved until you came to the story of that little girl; and now, though this is the first time I have ever spoken to any one about my soul, I have come up to say "Yes" to Jesus;' and the big, strong man brushed a tear from his eye."

An Artist's Gift to a Preacher.—Dr. Pentecost said: "When I was a home missionary in one of our frontier towns, living in one room, and with a very small salary, a gentleman gave me a present of a picture. It was a very fine one, but it was only on the canvas. He was an artist, and had sent it to me just as he had finished it, without getting it framed; and for three years I was so poor that I could not get it suitably mounted. He had been to hear me preach, and as a token of gratitude and remembrance he sent me this picture. But when God gives us a gift, He does not, like that gentleman, leave the receiver to finish it, for the picture was not finished until it was framed. God gives us the finished gift, regeneration, redemption, and sanctification. Those whom He justifies He also glorifies."

Confidence in the Great Keeper.—Dr. Pentecost said: "I was talking with a friend the other night who knew that it was his duty at once to close with Christ's offered salvation, but he alleged as his reason for not doing so that he was afraid that, next week or month or some other time, temptation or trial might come upon him, or he might grow cold, fall back into his old Christless life, and bring disgrace, not only upon himself, but upon the Saviour whom he had professed to trust. 'Well,' I said to him, 'there is no doubt about it. If you are going to try it yourself you will never be able to hold out, but if you give yourself over wholly to Christ, He will be your Saviour and your keeper, and none shall pluck you from the strength of His hand.' 'I did not know,' he said, looking at me; 'that we had to take up such a childlike position.' He was satisfied with what Christ had done, and trusted in Him."

Six Miles Out of the Way.—Mr. McEwen said: "On one occasion in Nova Scotia, I was driving to Walls River. I drove for about six miles, but still no river came in sight. I was beginning to fear I had taken the wrong road; so when someone came in sight, I pulled up and asked him if I were near Walls River. 'Walls River!' he repeated, 'you are not on the way at all. You are six miles from the Walls River road.' 'Can I get round to it any other way without turning back?' 'No. There is no other way but to turn back for six miles and then take the right road.' So I had to turn my horse's head, and having regained the right road I was not long in reaching my destination. So it is with sinners. They have tried ways of their own to reach heaven, but they find out sooner or later that they have taken the wrong way. They sit and deliberate, 'Must I go back all the weary journey that I have come?' Must I put no more trust in my own righteousness? Yes; they must. 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death.'"

The Flower Growing in the Cave.—Dr. George F. Pentecost said: "I was one day in a mountain cave. This cave was not a small hole in a rock, but a stupendous cavern, running miles and miles under the ground. One of the divisions of it was called the banqueting hall, a great chamber, with a roof sixty feet high. I was going through it with a party of friends, and here the guide stopped, and taking us a little to one side of the general path, he showed us a curiosity—a little sickly white flower, with a little tiny blossom about the size of a threepenny-bit, was growing there. It had just the faintest suggestion of odor, and the slightest shadow of color. How had that flower come there, and how was it nourished? There were hundreds of feet of solid rock all around and above it. Few know how it came into that cave; but I know. Just above the flower there was a little rent, about two inches wide, in the roof. One looking at the high roof would fail to discern it, but there it is, and it is supposed that it goes right up to the surface of the earth. Somehow a little seed worked



Mansfield College, Oxford, England.—Principal Fairbairn. (See page 5.)

its way right through the fissure, and fell into the cavern, and drippings of rain, carrying little particles of earth, have followed in the same way, and enabled the little seed to take root. It has often occurred to me, that there is no heart so dark, no heart so far away from God, but that if it receives one living word of salvation, it will take root and bring forth fruit unto salvation."

Indulgences Easily Parted With.—Mr. W. A. Campbell observes: "I know a young man who, at one time, although a professing Christian, was given to very free and easy ways. He and his pipe were inseparable; his glass, and many other things which savored of the world, were often indulged in. But a great change came over him. God gave him some special work to do, and as he became more and more engrossed in it, he relinquished first one thing, then another, until at last he had stripped himself of everything questionable. As I stood by his bedside, the other day, he said, 'Do you know, I never thought of giving up anything!' But as I got nearer and nearer to God, His Almighty arm seemed to sweep them out of my heart, and I had no longer any desire after my old favorite indulgences."

A Draught From a Deep Well.—Dr. Pentecost said: "I remember going into the country on one particular occasion for my vacation. At the farm where I lodged there was an old well, working with a sweep—that is, a big beam working in a pivot, with a bucket at one end, which was so suspended that the bucket end could be dropped into the well, which was about sixty feet deep. I got hold of the beam and swung it round till the bucket touched the water, and I got a good drink. Just then, the old farmer came out; he had seen me at the well. 'I have no doubt that is fair enough water,' he said, 'but you do not know how to get a right good drink,' and coming over he seized the beam and sent the bucket down into the water about twenty feet, and I got a draught taken from the very heart of the living rock. I had thought the water I had drawn myself, all that could be desired, but when I tasted the other I thought I had never drunk real water until then. I have often thought that young converts do not get deep enough spiritual draughts. One touch of the hem of Christ's garment, faith as a grain of mustard seed will save you, but if, dear friends, you wish to know Christ in His inexhaustible fulness you must drink deep of the living water which He so freely offers."

Sinking in a Miry Pit.—Rev. W. Haslam relates: "When I was a boy in India, I was running along a very muddy lane in the rainy season. There was a drenching rain pouring down upon me, and in some places the road was impassable for mud. Looking about, I espied as I thought, a smooth, hard surface by the side of the road. I made for that, and leaped upon it with delight. To my horror I found that I was in a miry pit, filled with thick mud and water. I instantly sank up to my middle,

and felt myself slowly sinking deeper and deeper. The more I struggled the faster I sank, and if I made no effort, I was conscious of steadily sinking still. I was buried up to my arms, and then my paddling was over, and I was up to my neck in the pit. I cried out piteously for help, but no one was in sight. I can never forget the sickening horror of that death which seemed inevitable. I became insensible, and knew nothing more until I found myself lying in a bed, washed and comfortably tended. A friendly hand had saved me, and kindly cleansed me from the mire. But this was not so dreadful as when I felt myself sinking into hell as a lost sinner, but I gave myself to the Lord, and He saved me."

Something Wrong with the Watch.—Mr. McEwen said: "Some time ago I had a new watch. At first I thought there was not another such watch in the kingdom. It did very well for three weeks or so, then it began to go very irregularly, and to stop every now and again. I took it to a watchmaker, who fixed it up for me, and it went all right for another three weeks; then it was as bad as ever. I took it to one watchmaker after another, each declaring they knew exactly what was wrong with it, and they would make it all right; but it never kept time, and at last I got tired of getting it repaired, and allowed it to go or stop as it pleased. One day a friend came to me and said, 'Have you got that troublesome watch with you?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'here it is.' He took it from me, and I have never seen it since, but he gave me a fine new one in its place, which keeps perfect time, and never gives me any trouble. Some sinners are like my old watch, they think this or that is wrong with them, and they tinker away at themselves; but it will do no good. They can do nothing with their old nature, except hand it over to Jesus, who will take it from them for ever, and give them a new nature, and a new heart, and make them new creatures by the Holy Spirit's power."

WALTER LEIGH'S CONFESSION.

(See illustration on page 13.)

A PAINFUL subject of discussion was occupying the attention of three men in the private office of the large jobbing firm of Vernon & Son. The three were Mr. Vernon, the head of the firm, who had once been "Son," and then for a time the sole representative of Vernon & Son, but was now glad to have the old firm name a fact again by the admission of his son Harry, who was the second of the trio in consultation. The third was Mr. Carver, the general manager and superintendent. The question to be decided was the disposition to be made of the case of a wrongdoer among the numerous employees of the firm. He was little more than a lad, a country boy, the son of a widow, and for some two or three years had been in the service of Vernon & Son, conducting himself well, but with a boy's love of fun and dislike of monotonous work.

Both Mr. Vernon and his son came but little in personal contact with the employees. The business of engaging, managing, and discharging the boys was in the hands of Carver, the superintendent, who was responsible for the general conduct of the business.

A series of special meetings for young men, in which Harry Vernon took a deep interest, had, however, brought the junior member of the firm into intimate relations with some of the employees. He had given out invitation cards to each of them, and at the meetings had made a point of speaking personally to such of them as he saw present. Out of the whole number only about fifty had attended the first meeting, and of these many were evidently bored, and left before its conclusion. The next night only twenty were present, and among them was Walter Leigh. His bright, merry face attracted Mr. Vernon, who labored earnestly with him to induce him to decide for Christ. He was evidently under deep conviction, but some hidden obstacle interposed between him and decision. Mr. Vernon prayed with him, explained the way of salvation to him, but to no purpose. He spoke to him of his mother, and Walter Leigh admitted that she was longing and praying for his salvation. Still no light came.

The young Christian worker was puzzled, and made the lad's case the subject of earnest prayer. As the result, he determined to get Leigh's confidence and find out what it was that prevented his finding peace. He sought him out in the warehouse the next day, and reminding him that it was Saturday and there would be no meeting at the Mission Hall, invited him to spend the evening with him. Accordingly Walter Leigh presented himself at the apartments young Mr. Vernon had occupied since he had been a member of the firm, and had found it necessary to live nearer the store than his father's house in the country.

It was very difficult to succeed in the task Mr. Vernon had set himself. The boy's reticence wounded him. It was apparently impenetrable. Mr. Vernon extracted the admission that there was a secret which lay between him and salvation, but the boy said he could not disclose it. The consequences would be ruinous, and besides, others were involved whom he would not like to injure. Harry Vernon was as firm as Walter Leigh was obstinate, and the conversation showed no sign of reaching a conclusion. At last the young man said: "Well, Leigh, I cannot guess whether your lips are sealed by honor, nor whether you ought or ought not to tell, but I am satisfied that your eternal destiny depends on the thing being straightened out. Let us ask God to show you the right course."

Mr. Vernon prayed earnestly, with his arm over the shoulder of his young friend. When they rose, Walter said: "Mr. Harry, I will tell you, be the consequences what they may." It was a sad confession. Walter said that he had been ap-

proached by three young men who were in the service of another firm, and with them had been engaged in dishonest practices. His salary was very small, and most boys in his position were living at home free of charge; but his mother, who knew nothing of the cost of city life, had supposed that he could live upon it, as he could have done in the country. He got into debt, and when he was pressed for money the three young men, of whom he had spoken, showed him how to take articles out of the stock, how to get them away safely, and promised to dispose of them for him. He fell into the trap. They were true to him, though he believed they did not give him all the money the goods sold for. The stealing had been going on for six months.

Of course Mr. Vernon had to tell his father what he had learned, and Carver was called into consultation. In Carver's mind there was no question as to the course to be pursued. Leigh must be arrested and prosecuted. There was no other way to deal with the case, where so many were employed, and when one offence condoned might lead others to steal, in the expectation that they too would be pardoned. His experience was that severity alone would protect the firm. Mr. Vernon inclined to Carver's opinion, but he saw that his son was anxious to save the boy, and was reluctant to hurt his feelings. "You are young yet, Harry," he said, "better let Carver do as he wishes. He has a good deal of difficulty in managing these lads."

But Harry pleaded still. He could not explain the circumstances of the confession, for neither his father nor Carver had any sympathy with practical religious work, but he pleaded the lad's youth, his being the son of a widow, and the prospect of his reclamation. At length Mr. Vernon decided. Leigh was to be told that his offence would not be forgiven at once. He would be put on probation. If it was found that he had broken with his three bad companions, quitted disreputable resorts where he had been accustomed to spend his evenings, and could show that he was living within his income, he would not be prosecuted. Carver was dissatisfied and went away grumbling, but had to obey. Harry Vernon had young Leigh again to his rooms, told him the decision, and prayed with him for strength to resist temptation.

A month passed, and one Saturday evening Harry Vernon was sitting alone in his room, preparing the Sunday-school lesson for his Bible-class, when the door opened, and Carver entered. "I want your authority, Mr. Harry," he said, "to have that lad, Leigh, arrested. I have seen him to-night with those three pals of his, and they have all gone to Leigh's boarding-house. I followed them; they are there now. You know how your father decided. Leigh was to be arrested if he did not break with those fellows. He is at his old tricks again, and if I take a policeman now we shall catch them with the goods on them."

Harry Vernon's face fell. He tilted his chair back, and was lost in thought; Carver looked at him in astonishment. "You ought not to hesitate, Mr. Harry," he said, "it is a clear case. If your father were here he would wish it done when it can be done so neatly."

"Look here, Carver," Mr. Vernon said, "I cannot believe it, though I admit it looks bad; but I must see for myself. You and I will go alone. You can have a policeman outside if you like."

Sick at heart, Harry Vernon rapidly dressed, and was soon on his way with Carver to the boy's boarding-house. They were admitted, Carver having first posted a policeman at the door with instruction to enter when the signal was given.



Carver Reports that Walter Leigh is Trapped.

"Don't knock, Mr. Harry," Carver said, when they were directed to Leigh's room. "We will walk right in, and surprise them. Are you ready?" Harry nodded, and Carver flung the door wide open. There were no goods being divided, no accounts being settled, no signs of dissipation, only four lads on their knees, and one of them—Walter Leigh—praying, with tears, for their salvation.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 830.)

Famine and Treachery.

THE settlers of New England were at the point of starvation at the very time when they were returning to the sachem of the Narragansetts their message of defiance, and calmly providing the means of defence against Indian stratagem or open siege. The Pilgrim Fathers were slowly and painfully laying the foundations of a mighty structure, which the builders of many generations shall add to ere it be completed. It was a work which the dark cloud was oftener shadowing than the ray of hope illuminating and brightening with promise. They were to be perfected in the school of suffering; and, as the faithful pioneers of other generations, to open up the way for those who are reaping the harvest they sowed in hope and in tears. But they had within them the enduring elements of Christian faith and trust, which guarded them against worse dangers even than famine and disease. The self-sacrificing spirit of mutual love protected the little colony from discord and strife, and enabled it to surmount dangers and trials which had proved the ruin of the powerful settlements of Virginia, when they numbered the colonists not by tens but by hundreds, and boasted of noble birth and titled governors, and the influence and protection of the Court at their command.

But it needed all the long-suffering patience and enduring hope of the Christian to enable these exiles of New England to brave the sufferings by

which they were encompassed. The first spring and summer, in which they watched the lessening sail of the homeward-bound *Mayflower*, had seemed to promise that their worst trials were at an end. But the return of another summer found them even worse off than at the first. They were *starving in the land of promise!* The fruits of their first harvest were exhausted, ere they had done more than commit the seed for their next reaping to the ground. Dearly indeed were the rights of conscience and the home of liberty won. Costly was the price they paid for freedom to rear their tabernacle in the wilderness.

Yet amid all their endurance of self-denial and suffering, the Pilgrim Fathers never murmured at their lot. They had counted well the cost. Their trusting reliance in the overruling providence of God remained unshaken, and in the darkest hour of their painful experience they looked with cheerful confidence to the future; nor ever turned back a repining gaze on the golden harvest homes of old England, where still there was enough and to spare for them, if only they would trample on the dictates of conscience, and worship God according to the will of a bigot king. Rare, indeed, are the examples which history furnishes that may be compared with this united band of Christian brethren.

The stores of the colonists had wasted slowly away, notwithstanding the rigorous and impartial frugality with which they were dispensed. The wild fowl, which are so abundant at some seasons of the year, and had furnished more than once a seasonable supply to their manifold necessities during their

first winter's privations, were not then to be seen. "No man," said Winslow, "will go into an orchard in the winter to gather cherries; so he that looks for fowls there in the summer will be deceived in his expectation. The time they continue in plenty with us is from the beginning of October to the end of March; but these extremities befell us in May and June." True, indeed, the harvest-time of their well-stored bay was then fully come. The creeks and pools along the encircling coast of Cape Cod were glittering with the silver fins of the bass and the white-fish; and farther off the cod-fish abounded in the deep waters of the bay. But it was like the phantom streams of the desert to the traveller who is perishing of thirst. The nets which they labored to construct gave way with the very wealth of their seas; they were destitute of the necessary tackling for the cod-fishery, never having contemplated the interchange of such occupations with the labors of the field; and they were in danger of perishing for want in the midst of abundance.

Often they awoke with the necessity before them of going in search of means for their morning's meal ere they resumed the daily toils by which a future harvest was to be secured. It seemed, indeed, as if no change was destined to bring about any improvement on the hard lot of these suffering exiles, and doubtless, had they been mere trading adventurers, who looked forward to the realization of worldly gain as the great end of their settlement on the shores of New England, the broad savannahs which the Pilgrim Fathers found without an owner would speedily have been abandoned to the solitude of their Indian sepulchres. But there they had cast their lot, in full assurance that the good Providence of God would work out for them a haven of rest, wherein they might an build altar to His name, though it might be that the way in which they were led would prove a weary and desert road.

Among those friends who joined the first New England Pilgrims on the arrival of the *Fortune*,

was Robert Cushman, whom Governor Bradford speaks of as "our ancient friend, who was our right hand with the adventurers, and for divers years managed all our business with them." He it was who was sent from Leyden to England commissioned to enter into arrangements for the settlement of the Pilgrims in the Virginia Company's territories. He was one of those who embarked in the *Speedwell*, and was compelled to turn back. His whole sympathies, however, were with the Pilgrims, and his prayers went forth for those whom he deemed more fortunate than himself, as he watched the lessening sail of the *Mayflower*, till it disappeared on the distant horizon.

Ere he reached the settlement of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims death had been busy with the little circle. One and another of his friends, for whom he may have most fondly inquired, had found only a grave where they had sought the home of liberty. He himself, too, had to partake of the stinted rations of that severe winter, and to share the pinching cares of the uncomplaining little band of friends, who, after parting their last winter's stores with their companions, often retired hungry and faint to rest, with no provision left for the morning's meal. Nevertheless, he is the author of a plea for the Pilgrim colonization of New England, in which we trace the true elements of the devoted and self-denying spirit which guided the Christian exiles in their unwavering course.

He entitles it *Reasons and Considerations touching the Lawfulness of Removing out of England into the parts of America*, in which he makes little account, indeed, of the needy adventurers, whose sole reason for abandoning their native land is their haste to be rich, and to store up the fancied treasures of the land of gold. He thus deals with the varied opponents, or opposites, as he styles them, of the scheme of American emigration. "Although the most of the opposites are such as either dream of raising their fortunes here—than which there is nothing more unlike—or such as affecting their home-born country so vehemently, as that they had rather with all their friends, beg, yea, starve in it, than undergo a little difficulty in seeking abroad; yet are there some who, out of doubt, in tenderness of conscience and fear to offend God by running before they are called, are straitened and do straiten others from going to foreign plantations. For whose cause especially I have been drawn, out of my good affection to them, to publish some reasons that might give them content and satisfaction, and also stay and stop the wilful and witty caviller."

A fine, touching train of natural eloquence mingles with the quaint simplicity of these *Reasons and Considerations*, testifying to the pure and elevated character of the author's own motives to action. God of old, he says, did summon our forefathers by dreams and visions, and many special providences, to leave their country and place of habitation, and wander from land to land, in obedience to His will, but now no such calling is to be expected. "Now the ordinary examples and precepts of the Scriptures, reasonably and rightly understood and applied, must be the voice and word that must call us, press us, and direct us in every action." Still the thought dwells on his mind that God has some land of rest and of hope in store for his suffering people, even as he kept so long the promised Canaan in preparation for the chosen seed. But he deals with the hope, not as an enthusiast, but as a Christian believer; reasoning with a degree of wisdom and intelligent simplicity altogether remarkable, when we consider both the character of the age, and the circumstances under which he wrote.

"Neither," argues he, "is there any land or possession now, like unto the possession which the Jews had in Canaan, being legally holy and appropriated unto a holy people, the seed of Abraham, in which they dwelt securely, and had their days prolonged, it being by an immediate voice said, that the Lord gave it them as a land of rest after their weary travels, and a type of eternal rest in heaven. But now there is no land of that sanctity, no land so appropriated, none typical; much less any that can be said to be given of God to any nation, as was Canaan, which they and their seed must dwell in, till God sendeth upon them sword or captivity. But now we are all, in all places, strangers and pilgrims, travellers and sojourners, most properly, having no dwelling but in this earthly tabernacle; our dwelling is but a wandering, and our abiding but as a fleeting; and, in a word, our home is nowhere but in the heavens, in that house

not made with hands, whose maker and builder is God, and to which all ascend that love the coming of our Lord Jesus."

Referring then to the straits and difficulties to which the dwellers in the crowded cities of the Old World are subjected in their daily struggle for subsistence, he alludes, in passing, to the generous self-denial of the Patriarch Abraham, when his worldly-minded companion cast a greedy eye on the well-watered plains of Mamre, and exclaims,— "Let us not oppress, straiten, and afflict one another; but seeing there is a spacious land, the way to which is through the sea, we will end this difference in a day."

Finally, as to the inducements, and the hopes and fears that might guide those who sought a home beyond the Atlantic, he remarks:—"The land being, first, a vast and empty chaos; secondly, acknowledged the right of our sovereign king; thirdly, by a peaceable composition in part possessed of divers of his loving subjects, I see not who can doubt or call in question the lawfulness of inhabiting or dwelling there; but that it may be as lawful for such as are not tied upon some special occasion here, to live there as well as here. Yea, and as the enterprise is weighty and difficult, so the honor is more worthy, to plant a rude wilderness, to enlarge the honor and fame of our dread sovereign, but chiefly to display the efficacy and power of the gospel, both in zealous preaching, professing, and wise-walking under it, before the faces of these poor blind infidels."

"As for such as object the tediousness of the voyage thither, the danger of pirates' robbery, of the savages' treachery, &c., these are but lions in the way; and it were well for such men if they were in heaven. For who can show them a place in this world where iniquity shall not compass them at the heels, and where they shall have a day without grief, or a lease of life for a moment? And who can tell, but God, what dangers may lie at our doors, even in our native country, or what plots may be abroad, or when God will cause our sun to go down at noon-day, and, in the midst of our peace and security, lay upon us some lasting scourge for our so long neglect and contempt of His most glorious gospel?"

The author of these *Reasons and Considerations* was one of the friends from whom the first emigrants had parted with aching hearts, when the *Speedwell* put back a second time to Plymouth, and landed not only the cowardly and faint-hearted, but the faithful and true partners in their enterprise, who were thus compelled to abandon hopes so fondly cherished and defended. He also, as we have seen, was one of those whom the settlers welcomed amid mingling hope and apprehension, when the good ship *Fortune* cast anchor in the Bay. But for such friends privations might be borne; and we can the better understand the patient, uncomplaining endurance of their hard lot, which the colonists displayed, after glancing at the simple declaration of the motives and inducements to emigration set forth by Robert Cushman.

There is no high-colored picturing of a paradise of plenty amid the forests of the New World, where the wanderers should forget all cares, and bask in the delights of an eternal summer. Even after the first winter of death, and the second, wherein death's allies, privation and want, had threatened extermination to the colonists, they could still read these *Reasons* and confess their justice and candor, as well as the encouraging assurance which their calm Christian confidence was so well calculated to yield.

In the month of May, 1622, amid the severe privations to which we have alluded, the colonists had other additions to their cares, arising from the knavery of Squanto, their Indian interpreter. In his ambition to increase his own consequence, both with the settlers and the Indians, he had plotted and counter-plotted in a way that threatened to involve them in an exterminating war. Not the least ingenious device of the Indian plotter for raising his own importance, along with that of his English allies, in the estimation of his fellow-savages; was a story he narrated to them, in order to fill them with the dread of utter extermination, at the will of the colonists, by the same mysterious pestilence which had already depopulated so vast an area of the American continent. Less scrupulous colonists would have readily availed themselves of such falsehoods to secure a hold on the superstitious fears of the Indians, but these exiles for conscience' sake had learned not to do evil that good may come. They hastened to tell the untutored savage that

God alone holds in His hands that dread power, before which the red warriors of the forest had faded away like the leaves of its autumn foliage.

"Let me not omit," says the historian of the colony, "one notable, though wicked practice of this Squanto; who, to the end he might possess his countrymen with the greater fear of us, and so consequently of himself, told them we had the plague buried in our store-house; which at our pleasure, we could send forth to what place or people we would, and destroy them therewith, though we stirred not from home. Being, upon the forenamed brabbles, sent for by the Governor to this place where Hobbamock was and some other of us, the ground being broke in the midst of the house whereunder certain barrels of powder were buried though unknown to him, Hobbamock asked him what it meant. To whom he readily answered, That was the place wherein the plague was buried, whereof he formerly told him and others. After this Hobbamock asked one of our people, whether such a thing were, and whether we had such command of it; who answered, No; but the God of the English had it in store, and could send it at his pleasure to the destruction of his and our enemies."

"This was, as I take it, about the end of May, 1622; at which time our store of victuals was wholly spent, having lived long before with a bare and short allowance."

Massasoit, the Indian ally of the colonists, was filled with the utmost indignation on learning of the machinations of the knavish interpreter, and demanded that Governor Bradford should give him up to him to be put to death. The Governor interceded for him, and dismissed the Sachem's messenger with many friendly assurances; but he speedily returned, accompanied with others, one of whom bore Massasoit's own knife, with which, according to the Indian custom, the offender was to be beheaded. Along with this, the Indians brought a valuable collection of skins, with which they sought to win the favor, and purchase the concurrence, of the Governor, to this act of savage justice. To this he replied by telling them that it was not the custom of the English to sell men's lives at a price, and while he acknowledged that the traitor well merited death, he again dismissed the messengers to renew the plea of mercy.

While these negotiations were in progress, the colonists found new cause of alarm in a boat which was seen to cross the Bay in front of their settlement, and disappear behind a neighboring headland. They dreaded the realization of many rumors which had reached them of a threatened attack by the French, and feared that advantage had been taken of the differences between them and the neighboring Indians to bring about an alliance between the latter and the European foe of the English colonists. With such foes united to their Indian enemies, all hope of safety or successful defence must have proved utterly vain. But though these fears were not realized, the strange boat was the harbinger of other and scarcely less imminent dangers.

The boat proved to belong to a fishing vessel called the *Sparrow*, which brought an addition of seven new colonists to add to their number, but without the slightest provision for a day's supply of food. At this very time tradition tells that they were reduced to their last pint of corn, which, being parched and distributed among them, yielded the fearful mockery of five seedling kernels to each individual. It may be that the generous hearts of the colonists felt even more sadness at the inhospitable welcome which they were compelled to offer to their friends, than at the additional difficulties arising from added numbers at such a season.

The boat, however, though it brought no provision from the *Sparrow*, conveyed letters pregnant with hope and fear. One from Mr. Weston, one of the merchant adventurers, under whose auspices the first band of New England Pilgrims had sailed, coldly informed them that his interest and theirs were no longer one. The other letter was from Captain Huddleston, a total stranger to the colonists, who commanded a ship engaged in the fishing trade along the North American coast. From the latter they learned of the massacre of four hundred English settlers in Virginia by the savage natives; so that, even in the depth of their severe privations, they had to acknowledge that mercy mingled with their trials, and that the unseen hand of a kind Providence had watched over them in the land of their adoption.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1890.

JANUARY.

1 W We love Him, because He first loved us. 1sa 52: 12.
2 F The Lord will go before you. 1sa 52: 12.
3 F The Lord will perfect. Ps. 138: 8.
4 S What I say unto you, I say unto all. Watch.
5 S Compel them to come in. Luke 14: 24.
6 M Be anxious for your own ways. Ez. 36: 27.
7 T Instructed in the way of the Lord.
8 W Who shall deliver me from the body?
9 F He hath heard my supplication.
10 F Whom He did predestinate, them He called.
11 S With the Lord is plenteous redemption.
12 S He hath prepared for them a city.
13 M When I see the blood I will pass over you.
14 T Unto you which believe He is precious.
15 W No man cometh unto the Father, but by
16 T My beloved is mine and I am His. [Me].
17 F My peace I give unto you.
18 S Fight the Lord's battles. 1 Sam. 18: 17.
19 S I will put my spirit within you. Ezek. 36.
20 M He showed them His hands. Lu. 24: 40. [27]
21 T Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. 4.
22 W I know whom I have believed. [30]
23 T Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.
24 F What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?
25 S Set your affection on things above. Col. 3: 2.
26 S Bounded together for habitation unto God.
27 M Christ who is our life shall appear.
28 T Who maketh thee to differ from another?
29 W The justifier of him which believeth in
30 T Let him that is athirst come. [Jesus].
31 F Show me wherefore thou contendest.

FEBRUARY.

1 S Thou hast not forsaken them that seek
2 S Believe and thou shalt be saved. [Thee].
3 M It is good for me to draw near to God.
4 T Are there not with you sinners against your
5 W All things are of God. 1 Cor. 5: 18. [God?]
6 T Forgiveness of sins. Eph. 1: 7.
7 F Who can understand His errors?
8 S Heilleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
9 S Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.
10 M O Lord, truly I am Thy servant. Ps. 116: 16.
11 T He shall bring all things to your remem-
12 W Thou hast cast all my sins behind. [brance].
13 T Except ye see wonders ye will not believe.
14 F I have learned to be content. Phil. 4: 11.
15 S Let My people go, that they may serve Me.
16 S Cause Jerusalem to know her abominations.
17 M O love the Lord, all ye His saints. [tions].
18 T The hand of the Lord hath wrought this.
19 W Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.
20 T O thou whom my soul loveth! Cant. 1: 7.
21 F If thine eye be single. Matt. 6: 22.
22 S Washington's Birthday.
23 S Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at
24 M The Spirit beareth witness. [hand].
25 T I will be as the dew unto Israel.
26 W The wicked shall be turned into hell.
27 T Without Me ye can do nothing. John 15: 5.
28 F I can do all things through Christ.

MARCH.

1 S Created in Jesus Christ. Eph. 2: 10.
2 S That ye may know the hope of His calling.
3 M What is a man profited, if he lose his soul.
4 T Blessed is the man that endureth tempta-
5 W In returning and rest shall ye be saved. [tion].
6 T Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Acts 9: 34.
7 F Able to succor them that are tempted.
8 S It is of faith that it might be by grace.
9 S The name of the Lord is a strong tower.
10 M If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee.
11 T Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.
12 W By grace ye are saved through faith.
13 T In all their affliction He was afflicted.
14 F The grace of God bringeth salvation.
15 S Great peace have they which love Thy law.
16 S Perfecting holiness in the fear of God.
17 M I will never leave thee. Heb. 13: 5.
18 T I will be as the dew unto Israel. Hos. 14: 5.
19 W Be ye followers of God? Eph. 5: 1.
20 T Let the peace of God rule. Col. 3: 15.
21 F Let us draw near with a true heart.
22 S Keep yourselves from idols. 1 John 5: 21.
23 T In My Father's house are many mansions.
24 M The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.
25 T Here we have no continuing city.
26 W For Thy name's sake guide me. Ps. 31: 3.
27 T The preaching of the Cross is power.
28 F Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
29 S Unto you which believe He is precious.
30 S I am Thy God who teacheth thee to profit.
31 M Knowledge puffeth, charity edifieth.

APRIL.

1 T An advocate with the Father. 1 John 2: 11.
2 W Serve God with a perfect heart.
3 T Thou preparest a table before me. Ps. 23: 6.
4 F Good Friday. It is finished. John 19: 30.
5 S Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.
6 S Easter Sunday. He is not here, He is
7 M Thy own. 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. [risen].
8 T Tempted like as we are. Heb. 4: 15.
9 W Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus.
10 T Is not the Lord with you? 1 Chron. 22: 18.
11 F Lead me into the land of uprightness.
12 S Make Thy way straight. Ps. 5: 8.
13 S Renewed in the spirit of your mind.
14 M If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
15 T Not I, but Christ liveth in me. Gal. 2: 20.
16 W Give Thy servant an understanding heart.
17 T I will bless the Lord at all times. Ps. 34: 1.
18 F Hair of the righteousness. Heb. 11: 7.
19 S My people shall know My name. Isa. 52: 6.
20 S Whom having not seen ye love. 1 Pet. 1: 8.
21 M Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.
22 T Let your light so shine before men.
23 W I will dwell among Israel. 1 Kings 6: 13.
24 T Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness.
25 F So shall we ever be with the Lord.
26 S Be not conformed to this world. Rom. 12: 2.
27 S Be not weary in well-doing. 1 Thess. 3: 13.
28 M True and righteous are Thy judgments.
29 T God commendeth His love toward us.
30 W The afflicted people Thou shalt save.

MAY.

1 T Is the Lord's hand waxed short?
2 F With Him is plenteous redemption.
3 S Set me as a seal upon thine heart.
4 S Serving the Lord with all humility.
5 M Surely the Lord is in this place.
6 T Joint-heirs with Christ. Rom. 8: 17.
7 W Lord, I will follow Thee. Luke 9: 61.
8 T Thy King cometh unto thee. Matt. 21: 5.
9 F Truly our fellowship is with the Father.
10 S Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.
11 S Who shall repay Him what He hath done.
12 M Of His fulness have all we received.
13 T Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5: 9.
14 W The word of the Lord endureth forever.
15 T My beloved is mine, and I am His.
16 F Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.
17 S Whose trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.
18 S Continue in prayer, and watch. Col. 4: 2.
19 M Renew a right spirit within me. Ps. 51: 10.
20 T Why do ye not believe Me? John 8: 46.
21 W The name of the Lord is a strong tower.
22 T Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
23 F I know that My Redeemer liveth.
24 S I will love them freely. Hos. 14: 4.
25 S Whit Sunday. Acts 2: 3.
26 M The Lord is a jealous God. Exod. 34: 14.
27 T O satisfy us early with Thy mercy.
28 W Gartner not my soul with sinners.
29 T Thou God seest me. Gen. 16: 13.
30 F Decoration Day. Forever with the Lord.
31 T I will be their God. Jer. 31: 33.

JUNE.

1 S They that be whole need not a physician.
2 M Lord, dost thou wash my feet? John 13: 6.
3 T For Christ's sake. Eph. 4: 32.
4 W God is faithful, by whom ye were called.
5 T Call unto Me, and I will answer thee.
6 F The precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet. 1: 19.
7 S Underneath are the everlasting arms.
8 S Whom He justified, them He also glorified.
9 M Able to keep you from falling. Jude 24.
10 T Mine iniquity have I not hid. Ps. 52: 5.
11 W Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord.
12 T Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.
13 F New on whom dost Thou trust?
14 S He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.
15 T It is the Spirit that quickeneth. John 6: 63.
16 M Satan hindered us. 1 Thess. 2: 18.
17 T Why stand ye here all the day idle?
18 W This Man receiveth sinners. Luke 15: 2.
19 T Walk in the light, as He is in the light.
20 F Lord, let it alone this year also.
21 S We walk by faith, not by sight.
22 S I do remember my faults this day.
23 M Thy gentleness hath made me great.
24 T Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.
25 W Then said I, Here am I; send me.
26 T Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
27 F Joy and peace in believing. Rom. 15: 13.
28 S Out of weakness were made strong.
29 T I will put My laws into their hearts.
30 M Praying in the Holy Ghost. Jude 20.

JULY.

1 T Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.
2 W We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3: 2.
3 T To-day I must abide at thy house.
4 F Independence Day.
5 S He only is my rock and my salvation.
6 S Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.
7 M Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.
8 T Do as Thou hast said. 1 Sam. 7: 25.
9 W Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
10 T Therefore brethren, we are debtors.
11 F They hated Me without a cause.
12 S If He turn not, He will whet His sword.
13 S Why could not we cast Him out?
14 M Escape for thy life. Gen. 19: 17.
15 T That I may know Him. Phil. 3: 10.
16 W A friend of publicans and sinners.
17 T He found nothing but leaves. Mark 11.
18 F From Me is thy fruit found. Hosea 14.
19 S I will pour My spirit upon thy seed.
20 S God, that cannot lie. Titus 1: 2.
21 M It is expedient for you that I go away.
22 T Let us go forth, bearing His reproach.
23 W If God be for us, who can be against us?
24 T Suffer the little children to come unto Me.
25 F Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.
26 S I am sent to thee with heavy tidings.
27 S And He arose and came to His father.
28 M Behold I now is the accepted time.
29 T Son, go work to-day in My vineyard.
30 W Thou hast the words of eternal life.
31 T Walk in newness of life. Rom. 6: 4.

AUGUST.

1 F I, even I, am He that comforteth you.
2 S He hath put a new song in my mouth.
3 S They forsook all, and followed Him.
4 M Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.
5 T Thy counsels are faithfulness and truth.
6 W Son of David, have mercy on me.
7 T One Lord, one faith, one baptism. Eph. 4.
8 F Continuing instant in prayer. Rom. 12: 12.
9 S Rejoice in hope of the glory of God.
10 S Let us labor to enter into that rest.
11 M Take ye heed; watch and pray. Mark 13.
12 T Ye must be born again. John 3: 7.
13 W In understanding be ye men. 1 Cor. 14.
14 T O love the Lord, all ye His saints.
15 F He healeth the broken in heart.
16 S Speaking the truth in love. Eph. 4: 15.
17 S Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way.
18 M Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.
19 T Holden with the cords of His sins. Pro. 5.
20 W He will ever be mindful of His covenant.
21 T Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.
22 F Give Thy strength unto Thy servant.
23 W Sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.
24 S The fruit of the Spirit is love. Gal. 5: 22.
25 M He led him about, He instructed Him.
26 T God now commendeth all men to repent.
27 W Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes.
28 T Sin shall not have dominion over you.
29 F Kept by the power of God through faith.
30 S I am the Bread of Life. John 6: 35.
31 S Lord, evermore give us this Bread.

SEPTEMBER.

1 M Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day.
2 T Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.
3 W Your faith groweth exceedingly.
4 T A great way off his father saw him.
5 F Are ye now made perfect by the flesh?
6 S This man receiveth sinners. Luke 15: 2.
7 S Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.
8 M No man can come to Me, except the Father
9 T Give an account of thy stewardship. [draw].
10 W Jesus came into the world to save sinners.
11 T The hairs of your head are all numbered.
12 F If I had not come they had not had sin.
13 S The peace of God, shall keep your hearts.
14 S Beloved, now are we the sons of God.
15 M So run, that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. 9: 24.
16 T Wine and milk without money.
17 W It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
18 T Joy over one sinner that repenteth.
19 F He has come to seek that which was lost.
20 S I was found of them that sought Me not.
21 S Faithful over a few things. Matt. 25: 23.
22 M Ye that love the Lord hate evil. Ps. 97: 10.
23 T As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
24 W I will take away the stony heart.
25 T I have somewhat against thee. Rev. 2: 4.
26 F Thou hast left thy first love. Rev. 2: 4.
27 S God be merciful to me a sinner. Luke 18: 13.
28 S They looked unto Him and were lightened.
29 M Examine yourselves.
30 T The blood cleanseth us from all sin.

OCTOBER.

1 W I am the Lord, I change not. Mal. 3: 6.
2 T Ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you.
3 F The Comforter shall teach you all things.
4 S A bruised reed shall He not break.
5 S Christ the power of God. 1 Cor. 1: 24.
6 M This do in remembrance of Me. 1 Cor. 11: 24.
7 T Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is lib-
8 W Thou hast made us Kings and priests. [erty].
9 T One chosen out of the people. Ps. 89: 19.
10 F So He giveth I is beloved sleep. Ps. 127: 2.
11 S Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.
12 S Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the
13 M Come to Me that ye might have life. [world].
14 T I have written to him great things of My
15 W See the place where T. E. Lord lay. [law].
16 T He hath made an everlasting covenant.
17 F The carnal mind is enmity against God.
18 S Let him that thinketh he standeth, take
19 M I, even I, will not remember thy sins. [heed].
20 T The sting of death is sin. 1 Cor. 15: 56.
21 T Who is sufficient for these things?
22 W When I awake with Thy likeness.
23 T His name shall endure forever. Ps. 72: 17.
24 F There shall be showers of blessing.
25 S With my soul have I desired Thee.
26 S Lord, increase our faith. Luke 17: 5.
27 M Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us.
28 T He shall choose our inheritance for us.
29 W I have chosen Thee in affliction.
30 T Despise not now the chastening of the
31 F Oh that I were as in months past. [Lord].

NOVEMBER.

1 S Grow in grace. 1 Pet. 3: 18.
2 S Casting all your care upon Him. 1 Pet. 5: 7.
3 M If a man die, shall he live again? Job 14: 14.
4 T Sanctified in Christ Jesus. 1 Cor. 1: 2. [14].
5 W He did it with all his heart. 1 Chron. 31.
6 T Who through faith obtained promises. [21].
7 F Thou hast hid Thy face from us. Isa. 64: 7.
8 S The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.
9 S Let him take the water of life freely.
10 M In due time Christ died for the ungodly.
11 T For the Lord's portion is His people.
12 W One day is with the Lord as a thousand.
13 T Deliver us from evil. Luke 11: 4. [years].
14 F Delight thyself also in the Lord. Ps. 37: 4.
15 S The love of Christ which passeth knowl-
16 T I will give you an heart of flesh. [edge].
17 M It is not a vain thing for you. Deut. 32: 47.
18 F He bare the sin of many. Isa. 53: 12.
19 W Repent ye, and believe the gospel.
20 T There is nothing too hard for Thee.
21 F If any man serve Me, let Him follow Me.
22 S None that I desire beside Thee.
23 S What meanest thou, O sleeper? Jonah 1: 6.
24 M Our conversation is in heaven. Phil. 3: 20.
25 T He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.
26 W All things are possible to him that believ-
27 T Thanksgiving Day. Ebenezer. [eth].
28 F He hath said, I will never leave thee.
29 S He will discover thy sins. Lam. 4: 22.
30 S The fashion of this world passeth away.

DECEMBER.

1 M Without faith it is impossible to please
2 T Will He plead against me? [God].
3 W Tell how great things the Lord hath done.
4 T For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.
5 F As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.
6 S He saved them for His name's sake.
7 S Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
8 M Lovest thou me more than these?
9 T Without shedding of blood is no remission.
10 W A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
11 T Make your calling and election sure. [er].
12 F Salvation is of the Lord. Jonah 2: 9.
13 S He shall deliver thee from the snare.
14 S Justified freely by His grace. Rom. 3: 24.
15 M You hath He quickened, who were dead.
16 T Christ is the power of God and the wisdom.
17 W How long halt ye between two opinions?
18 T Keep back thy servant from presumptu-
19 F Just and true are Thy ways. [ous sins].
20 S The Lord is slow to anger.
21 S I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto
22 M He hath made Him to be sin for us. [Me].
23 T It shall be well with them that fear God.
24 W There remaineth therefore a rest.
25 T Christmas Day. Luke 1: 2.
26 F Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
27 S I have sinned. Exodus 9: 27.
28 S Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed
29 M All things work good to them that love it
30 T Mighty to save. Isaiah 63: 1. [God].
31 W My soul, wait thou only upon God.

Astronomical Calculations for 1890.

ECLIPSES.

THERE will be three Eclipses this year, all invisible in the United States:

- I. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, June 17, at 5 A. M.
- II. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, November 26, at 8.38 A. M.
- III. An Eclipse of the Sun, December 11, at 10.19 A. M.
- IV. There will be a Lunar Appulse, June 3, at 1.30 A. M., visible in the United States.

MORNING STARS.

Mars, from January 1 to February 9.
Jupiter, " " 10 " May 1.
Venus, " " 1 " February 18.
" " December 3 " January 1.
Saturn, " August 30 " December 8.

EVENING STARS.

Saturn, from January 1 to August 30.
" " December 8 " January 1.
Jupiter, " January 1 " " 10.
" " May 1 " " 1.
Mars, " February 9 " " 1.
Venus, " " 18 " December 3.

CHURCH DAYS AND CYCLES OF TIME.

Septuagesima Sunday.....February 2
Sexagesima "....." 9
Quinquagesima "....." 16
Ash-Wednesday....." 19
Mid-Lent Sunday.....March 16
Good Friday.....April 4
Easter Day....." 6
Ascension Day.....May 15
Whitsunday....." 25
Trinity Sunday.....June 1
First Sunday in Advent.....November 30
Dominical Letter.....E

Ephat.....9
Golden Number.....10
Solar Cycle.....23
Roman Indiction.....2
Dionysian Period.....219
Julian ".....6803

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Wait on the Lord to guide thee,
So shall no ill betide thee,
Day by day.

Rise with His fear before thee,
Tell of the love He bore thee,
Sleep with His shadow o'er thee,
Day by day.

Clouds with their silver lining,
Hopes and fears intertwining,
God on thee through them shining,
Day by day.

Such may be thy surrounding,
Still let His praise be sounding,
Praise for His grace abounding
Day by day.

Waiting for His appearing,
Watching the mist-clouds clearing,
Bright hopes thy spirit cheering,
Day by day.

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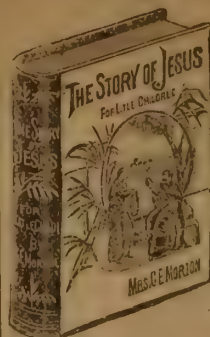
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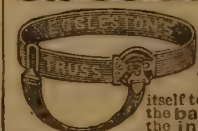
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DOM PEDRO II., EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.



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THE EX-EMPEROR AND LATE EX-EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.—THE CITY OF RIO JANEIRO.

THE EX-EMPEROR AND LATE EX-EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

Origin of Portuguese Rule in Brazil—The Flight of the Braganzas from Portugal in 1807—Abdication of Dom Pedro I.—Beneficent Reign of Dom Pedro II.—How the Revolution Came—Unpopularity of the Princess Isabella—Army Changes—A Mutiny—Fonseca Called In to Suppress It—Decides for the Republic—Dom Pedro Notified—His Dignified Reply—Departure of the Imperial Family.

THE revolution in Brazil deserves more than the passing comment we have been able to give to it in our news columns; we, therefore, this week give portraits of the ex-Emperor, the ex-Empress, who has died since her departure from Brazil, and a picture of the city of Rio Janeiro. The history of the settlement of

The Braganzas in Brazil

is full of interest, and may be briefly sketched. It had its origin in the arrogance and greed of Napoleon I., Emperor of France, who took upon himself to divide the kingdom of Portugal between France and Spain. When the French army went in 1807 to carry the partition into effect, the thoughts of the royal family turned naturally to Brazil as a refuge. That country had been allotted to Portugal by the Pope when, shortly after its discovery in the sixteenth century, he divided the whole continent between Spain and Portugal. England, the inveterate foe of Napoleon, was not wanting in the crisis, and as soon as it became known that the King of Portugal proposed to fly to Brazil, she sent a strong fleet to Lisbon to convoy him across the Atlantic.

The Royal Flight

is described with much spirit by Sir A. Alison. Preceded by the archives, treasure, plate, and most valuable effects, the Royal exiles (says the historian) drove in a long train to the water's edge. The insane Queen, who for sixteen years had lived in seclusion, came first. "A ray of light had penetrated her reason in this extremity, and she understood and approved the courageous act." The dense crowd at the place of embarkation was so great that the Prince had to force his way through with his own hand. The British squadron fired a royal salute. "Numbers, however, observed with superstitious dread that at the moment of the salute the sun became eclipsed, and they mournfully repeated the words, 'The House of Braganza has ceased to reign.'" It was one of the most prodigious migrations of courts and courtiers known to history; 15,000 persons joined the royal train. They descended on Brazil like a swarm of locusts, and the attempt to provide them with places and pensions nearly ruined the colony. The royal squadron had hardly cleared the bar at Lisbon when Junot's advanced guard came in sight; but the prey was well beyond his reach.

"A few years later King John, in recognition of his generous reception by the colonists, and of their growing importance, elevated Brazil to the rank of a kingdom, in union with the mother country, Portugal. He returned to Portugal in 1821, leaving his son Dom Pedro behind as Regent. Soon after, Brazil declared its independence, and Pedro I. became its first Emperor, renouncing, of course, all his claims on Portugal. Dom Pedro was forced into abdication by a successful revolution in 1831, and nine years later his successor, the Emperor Dom Pedro II., now in exile, was declared of age at fifteen, and began to reign."

The Reign of Pedro II.

has lasted nearly sixty years. He was born December 2, 1825. To men who retain the old reverence for "blue blood," he must be an object of reverence by his illustrious descent. In his veins flows the blood of the Braganzas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburgs, families whose representatives have occupied for centuries the proudest thrones in Europe. His father was a Braganza, and his mother a Hapsburg, whose sister was the wife of Napoleon I. Yet a more striking and creditable contrast than that existing between Dom Pedro and the families to which he is allied by blood cannot be found. The faults and vices which have made those great names hateful to thousands have no existence in the great mind and noble spirit of the American monarch.

He was proclaimed Emperor in April, 1831, when he was little more than five years old. His father, Dom Pedro I., had incensed the people by banishing the most popular leaders, and by acts which aroused the suspicion that he was scheming to make his government a despotism as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia. Finally, in 1831, he ab-

dicated and sailed for Portugal, leaving his three children—one son and two daughters—behind. The boy Emperor was at once proclaimed, and a council of three regents was elected by the Legislative chambers to superintend his education, and to carry on the business of the country in his name. Three years later two of the regents were dispensed with, and Brazil became practically a republic under Feljoe, who was elected sole regent by the Legislature. His administration was not successful, more than one of his measures having aroused doubts of his fidelity to the young Emperor. Arango Lima, his successor, also failed to satisfy the nation. In July, 1840, the patience of the people and the Legislature was exhausted, and, encouraged by the reports of the young Emperor's ability, he was declared of age.

It was soon found that the Emperor possessed wisdom rare at his age. He was modest, studious, and solicitous for the welfare of the nation. His first efforts were directed to organizing a scheme of national education, and he personally aided the statesmen entrusted with the duty of executing it. His next effort was to devise plans for the gradual extinction of slavery, and this became the most earnest and persistent labor of his life. He struggled to overcome the prejudices of his people in favor of slave labor, and, by planting colonies of European immigrants, to prove to them that their own interests would be promoted by employing free men instead of slaves. It was a gigantic task, and it was not until 1871 that he had the pleasure of signing a decree declaring free every child born of slave parents after that date.

How the Revolution Came

has been told by press correspondents in Brazil of the American journals. Mr. A. M. Gibson, one of the most brilliant of these, says in a letter to the *New York Times* that "For some time a silent, steady, deepening conviction had been growing in the minds of intelligent Brazilians that a republican form of Government was inevitable. Various causes contributed to this end. The machinery of State was obsolete, and the administration of affairs, even by honest men, was obstructed by circumlocution and vexatious routine. Delays were inevitable, and almost interminable. The Council of State had become not only useless, but obstructive. The Ministry, in theory responsible to Parliament, if corrupt and daring, could in many ways defy public sentiment and avoid responsibility."

The pruning-knife of revolution was demanded in many ways. The provinces were without autonomy, and yet exercised sovereign powers where the nation alone should have been supreme. They could obstruct inter-provincial trade by levying imports on commerce between one another. The development of the grand resources of the country was impossible without the removal of this obstruction to free exchange and communication.

The hope and expectation was that these reforms might be postponed till the death of the Emperor occurred. Dom Pedro had the entire respect of the Brazilian people, but there was well-nigh universal dislike and

Distrust of His Daughter,

Princess Isabella, the legitimate heir to the throne. Her husband, Count d'Eu, a Bourbon, was equally disliked and distrusted. She is a religious bigot, a fanatical Roman Catholic; he a foreigner and believed to be an avaricious schemer.

The revolution was precipitated by the conduct of Affonso Celso, Viscount Preto, who was made Prime-Minister on June 7, 1889. A bold, unscrupulous man, shrewd and ambitious, he resolved on a daring policy. Clever, insinuating, plausible, and conscienceless, he played upon the religious side of the Princess, at same time letting her understand that the abdication of her father on account of enfeebled intellect must soon occur. He determined to hasten the abdication, as the Emperor could easily be persuaded that his daughter's position as Empress would be more secure if assumed during his lifetime than it would be after his death. It was finally arranged that the Emperor should abdicate on December 2, and after that arrangement was made all Preto's efforts were concentrated on securing a quiet transference of power from the hands of the Emperor to those of the Princess.

The first step was to remove the only obstacle that stood in the way of complete and lasting success. The army officers, he knew, could not be depended upon. The great majority of them were imbued with Republican principles. Field Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca disliked Count d'Eu, nominal Com-

mander-in-Chief, and his wife, the Princess Imperial. The devotion of the rank and file of the army to Marshal Deodoro was unquestioned.

The plan was to create a National Guard and officer it with the creatures of the ministry, and disperse the regular army to the frontiers of Bolivia and Peru. The execution of this scheme was begun by sending the Twenty-second Regiment to the province of Amazonas. It was to be followed up by dispatching two battalions to Matto Grosso.

The Republicans penetrated the secret motive of these changes, and at once began arranging plans for revolution. Their leader, Quintino Bocayuva, went quietly through the country, visiting the chiefs of the party and notifying them that the hour of change was at hand, and would not be later than December 2, when the Emperor was to abdicate in favor of his daughter.

A Stupid Act

of the Prime-Minister precipitated revolution. On November 15 he ordered the Ninth Battalion to go aboard a transport in the harbor, which was to convey them, via the river Plate, the Parana and Paraguay, to Columbia. Neither arms nor ammunition were to be taken from the barracks. The officers and men promptly refused to go, and the men at once seized their arms, supplied themselves with ammunition, and marched out of the barracks. As this was open mutiny, it was reported to Field Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, the General of the Army, who, though at heart a Republican, might be expected to enforce discipline in the army. Fonseca with his staff soon arrived on the scene. He was received with cheers by the troops. He issued orders for the First and Ninth regiments of cavalry to report to him immediately. There was a quiet conference with the commanders of the marines, Captains Osta and Pestana, and it was decided to proclaim the Republic forthwith. Fonseca at once issued an order for the arrest of the Ministers, which was executed, and then the Emperor, who was at Petropolis, was notified and requested to return to the capital.

Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca assumed the title of Chief of the Executive Power; Benjamin Constant Botelho de Magalhães that of Minister of War; Eduardo Wandenhoik, a naval officer, that of Minister of Marine; Ruy Barbosa that of Minister of the Treasury; Quintino Bocayuva that of Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, and *ad interim* of Foreign Relations; Campos Salles, of Sao Paulo, was Minister of Justice.

The afternoon passed away quietly, no business being transacted in the city proper. But in Botofogo, Lajeiras, and other suburbs work went on as usual. Gangs of workmen, who for months have been engaged in laying a large water main along the Rua Cotellet, never ceased work. The cars ran all day long. The English Bank of Rio de Janeiro did not close its doors. The post-office remained open all day. Mounted couriers, officers accompanied by orderlies, dashed through the streets, and occasionally squads of cavalry rode hither and thither. The troops, after standing an hour or more on Rua Primeiro do Marco, were marched back to the Quartel. The city was declared to be in a state of siege. Soldiers took the place of police in patrolling the streets, and guards were posted about all the banks for their protection. The self-appointed Ministers took formal possession of the different departments, and, practically, before sundown, so far as possession was concerned, the provisional Government held all the machinery of the National Government in Rio de Janeiro, the capital.

The Emperor's Departure

could not be long delayed after these events. He and the Empress left Petropolis, with their attendants, by special train, and reached the station of the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway, opposite Praça de Acclamação, about 4 o'clock. A military guard received and at once escorted them to the old City Palace on the Praça Dom Pedro Segundo. Here the Count d'Eu and the Princess Isabella joined them. The deposed Ministers, who had been permitted to leave the Quartel, visited the Emperor, and formally presented their resignations. A guard was stationed about the palace, but access thereto was not denied those whose presence was desired by the Emperor. The Emperor during the evening summoned such of his Councillors of State as were accessible, and a formal council was held.

The Republican leaders carefully avoided the appearance of making the Emperor a prisoner. They were, however, determined to compel the abdication of the Emperor and his immediate retirement,

accompanied by his whole family, to Europe. They most ardently desired to avoid forcible means, and wished to show as much respect as possible to the good old man who for nearly half a century had been a well-meaning ruler. While the dislike of the Princess Isabella was almost universal, and her husband, Count d'Eu, was despised, still the wisely-terminated policy was to get rid of them with every possible outward show of respect.

Fonseca accordingly sent a letter to the Emperor, in the course of which he said: "In view of the situation—it causes us regret to say it to you, and we only do so in compliance with the most imperious duties—the presence of the imperial family in the country under the new situation created by the irrevocable resolution of the 15th inst., would be absurd, impossible, and provocative of troubles which the public safety imposes upon us the duty of avoiding."

"In obedience, therefore, to the urgent demands of the national voice, with all respect due to the dignity of the public functions you have been exercising, we are obliged to notify you that the provisional Government expects of your patriotism the sacrifice of leaving Brazilian territory, together with our family, within the shortest possible period."

"For this purpose there is marked for you the maximum time of twenty-four hours, which we expect you will not endeavor to exceed. The transportation of yourself and family to a European port will be for account of the State, the provisional government furnishing you for this purpose a ship, with the necessary military equipment, the embarkation to be effected with the most absolute safety for your person and those of your family, whose comfort and health will be cared for with the greatest solicitude during the voyage, and continuing to account to you for the income secured to you by law until upon this subject the coming Constituent Assembly may decide."

Dom Pedro wrote with his own hand the following reply: "In view of the representation which has been delivered to me to-day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I resolve, yielding to the power of circumstances, to depart with all my family for Europe to-morrow, leaving this country beloved by all of us, and for which I have exerted myself to give constant proofs of deeply seated love and dedication for most half a century, during which I filled the position of Chief of the State. In departing, therefore, with all the persons of my family, I shall always retain the most tender remembrances of Brazil in offering ardent prayers for its greatness and prosperity."

At 3 o'clock on November 17, twenty-three hours after the letter was written, an ordinary landau rattled over the stone pavement and stopped at the private entrance to the palace. Presently the guard presented arms as the door swung open, and Dom Pedro and his wife stepped out and entered the carriage. Two old attendants followed, and the driver cracked his whip, and drove to the landing-place, less than 200 yards distant, where steps descended to the water's edge. The Princess, Donna Isabella, and her husband, Count d'Eu, with a retinue of servants, followed on foot across the square. A small steam-launch was at the stairs. The feeble old man and his faithful, motherly looking spouse, in quite vigorous, got out of the carriage, and, after waiting the arrival of the others, arm in arm descended the steps, and were assisted by the attendants aboard the launch. The Count d'Eu, wife, and followers stepped lightly down and on board, and with a lazy puff the engine started, the screw turned the water a moment, and away from the shore of Brazil went the late imperial family to the boat *Parahyba*, which was waiting to carry them away from Brazil to Portugal, the home of their ancestors.

THE CITY OF RIO JANEIRO

Picture of which is given on our front page, is the capital of Brazil, and enjoys almost unequalled advantages in situation and climate. Its harbor compares with that of Sydney, Australia, the honor of being the finest in the world. Though it extends for seventeen miles, has an extreme breadth of twelve miles, and is so vast in extent that it is said to be capable of accommodating all the navies of the world, it is completely landlocked, the entrance being only a mile wide. To the left of this strait stands the colossal Sugarloaf Mountain. The city itself stands on the west shore of the harbor, about four miles from its mouth. It consists of two portions—the old town, which is laid out in

squares, the streets being narrow and ill-paved, and the houses (built of granite, for the most part) generally two stories high; and the new, which is much better built and is well lit with gas. These two portions of the city are separated from one another by an immense square or park, the Campo de Santa Anna, in which stand many of the principal buildings. The Cathedral of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, which is a conspicuous object in the panorama below, stands on a lofty hill on the south side of the city, but, like the other churches of the city, possesses no particular architectural merit. Among the other noticeable buildings are the fine Hospital of Misericordia, the splendid Public Library, the Academy of Medicine, and the University and College of Dom Pedro II. There is generally a great deal of commercial bustle and much social activity.

The climate of Rio resembles a perpetual spring; but this apparently charming characteristic has its drawbacks, for yellow fever is endemic in the Brazilian capital, and every year carries off a host of victims. Gradually, however, with the improvements in sanitation which have lately been introduced (and for this, again, the Brazilians are largely indebted to their late Emperor, Dom Pedro), this drawback may be expected to disappear.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Gen. Grant's Day Dreams.*

GENERAL GRANT said to a personal friend that his habit of day-dreaming never left him. When, after his resignation in early manhood from the army, he was working on a farm near St. Louis, he was accustomed to carry into the city a load of wood for sale, and then to ride back in his empty cart. As he rode he dreamed. His longing had been to command a regiment. And his wish, which now seemed a vain one, was to see Europe, with his wife to share his sight-seeing. A favorite dream of his, as he rode homeward in the dusky evening on that empty wood cart, was of himself as again in the army, this time as a full colonel; and then the dream would take him over the ocean for a tour of Europe. That day-dream was an inspiration and a hope to him until, at the close of his second term as President of the United States, with the military honors of a great chieftain freely accorded to him, he passed from country to country, as in a triumphal march, receiving the welcome of crowned heads and the greeting of hearts all the world round.

A Sleeping Sentinel.

At the close of the terrible series of seven days' fights in the vicinity of Richmond, in the second year of our civil war, when Gen. McClellan was making his move from the Chickahominy to the James, a detachment of cavalry was ordered in advance to the position which the Union army was to occupy near Harrison's Landing. A young officer of that detachment had assigned to him, at night, the picketing of an extended line with only ten men at his disposal. It was a critical time. His force was pitifully insufficient for the purpose; but it was all he had. The best he could do, therefore, must be the best he could. If he could guard that line until daybreak, he would do all that he was ordered to do. But his men were already well-nigh exhausted through prolonged active service without sleep; and he feared that some of them would be unable to keep awake. His own sense of responsibility enabled him to be sleepless even while as tired as any of his men. Anxious and faithful that young officer moved from post to post all the night through, keeping watch of the watchers. As he neared one man on his outpost duty he found him asleep. At a glance he took in the whole situation, and he acted in view of it. Arousing the sleeper he brought him face to face with his peril. Asleep on his post in the presence of the enemy! The penalty of that offence was death. The officer reminded the soldier of this. The soldier realized it. "But," added the officer, in generous consideration, "I know how tired you are, and I know the service which has worn you out. We are all tired together. But this line must be guarded, and we must keep awake to-night. Now give me your carbine, and lie down and get a nap. I'll take your place here for half an hour. Then you must get up and keep awake; for there's no relief for us until daybreak." And that officer carried out the arrangement to the letter. As the tired cavalryman stretched himself for his needed and longed-for

* From *Aspirations and Influences*. By H. Clay Trumbull. One of six dainty little volumes of essays full of bright original thoughts and sound Christian teaching. The six volumes in box, price \$2.50. Published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

sleep he realized as never before his indebtedness to one whose sleeplessness enabled him to sleep; and to the day of his death that lesson was never forgotten by him who learned it then and there. There is in fact no promise of God's loving fidelity to those who trust Him which is more precious as it stands than the promise of His tireless sleeplessness as the Watcher over His dear ones.

A Yankee in India.

In a city mission school in Hartford, Conn., nearly forty years ago, a kind-hearted teacher toiled faithfully and endured patiently with one boy in his class who seemed thoroughly and hopelessly bad. He visited that boy in his wretched home, he invited him to his own pleasant room, he clothed him, found one place of employment after another for him, spoke to him always in kindness, counselling him and warning him untiringly, but all to no seeming purpose. The boy was still wild, coarse, profane, reckless, ungrateful. At last he ran away from his home, and shipped from New York on a vessel bound for Liverpool. The end had come to his life in that mission school; but what a harvest for all that sowing! Three years went by. Then from far up in British India word came from that boy saying that he was a soldier in the English army under Sir Colin Campbell, battling against the demon Sepoys. Already he had marched eight hundred miles, and endured untold privations and hardships. But there in that far land, shut in among the mountains, away from home and Christian surroundings, sick in body and sad in spirit, he had recalled the lessons of his Hartford teacher, and now the aftermath of that discouraged teacher's influence showed itself in his words of penitence and gratitude and of trust in his Redeemer's love.

A VISIT TO AN OPIUM DEN.

DR. MORISON, a medical missionary at Rampore-Bauleah, Rajshaye, India, relates: "I visited a shop at no great distance from my residence, and found an opium den attached. I stepped into the den, and found twelve men sitting down to their pipes. My sudden entrance was followed by a rush for the door, but I stayed them, and told them not to run out, but to tell me all about the habit. Many of the smokers I knew personally, all belonging to the laboring classes; a number of them were tailors, others day laborers, and one or two shopkeepers. They all settled down again, and two or three began to smoke. On looking over the smokers, I saw that most of them were sallow-complexioned, and one in the last stage of emaciation. I asked what was the effect of smoking upon them. They all with one accord said that it dried up their bodies, and the craving for it was such that they could not give it up. Any attempt at giving it up was followed by alarming diarrhoea, and sometimes dysentery, so that they had to fly to it again to stop their symptoms. They therefore said that if they gave it up they would die, 'but, sir, if you would give us some medicine to help us, then we might give it up.' 'Yes,' said one, 'those who go to the gaol have to give it up, and get stout and strong in gaol;' 'but,' added another, 'whenever they come out, their first money is spent in the "goolie" (or opium-smoking) shop.' I asked how many men came there. They said about fifty or more daily. This was the testimony of the shopkeeper, whose interest it is not to show too large a consumption, lest his license should be enhanced. I found none of them willing that these dens should be extended; on the contrary, all the men implored me to do what I could to have them closed, 'only let us die first, for if you deprive us of it suddenly we must die.' 'Ah!' said the shopkeeper, laughing, 'I don't think the Maharanee (the Queen) will close these shops; she gets too much money out of these opium ganja and liquor shops to think of closing them.' I replied, 'Not so; you are wrong. If the good Maharanee and the good people of England knew that these shops are demoralizing and destroying the people of this country, they would shut them up, and deliver you from the temptation.' The crowd outside had inconveniently increased, and I left, sad in heart at what I saw."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev.

M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 45 Bible House, New York.

THE SURPRISES OF RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached in Vienna, on Sunday, January 5, 1890.

"Behold, the half was not told me!" 1 Kings 10: 7.
Jerusalem a Spell of Fascination—Its Magnificent Monarch—Botanical Survivors of His Enterprise—His Wonderful Palace—His Royal Visitor—Her Decision for God—The Noble and Wealthy Last Among the Converts—Earnestness in Search of Truth—Religion a Surprise—Every Convert Astonished—A Greater Surprise to Come—The End of the Desert March.

APPEARING before you to-day, my mind yet agitated with the scenery of the Holy Land, from which we have just arrived, you will expect me to revert to some of the scenes once enacted there. Mark a circle around Lake Galilee, and another circle around Jerusalem, and you describe the two regions in which cluster memories of more events than in any other two circles. Jerusalem was

A Spell of Fascination

that will hold me the rest of my life. Solomon had resolved that that city should be the centre of all sacred, regal, and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work, and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the East, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the East were obliged to stop there, pay toll, and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus, at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters, and celebrated all the world over; oil, which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil-well; and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

Solomon's Commerce.

He went down to Ezion-geber, and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stalls, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest, and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox-teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them, and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now, and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox-trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to

Solomon's Palace!

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the King had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists, is here seen in the long line of corridors, and the suspended gallery, and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters surrounded by network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver,

A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water, and filled the whole place with coolness, and crystalline brightness, and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating-place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion. Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar-fires with tongs of gold! Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold, gold!

The Royal Visitor.

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust-covered caravans, showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the Queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup-bearers bow. The meat smokes. The music trembles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is Overwhelmed.

She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries, and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this place, and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than fifty per cent. to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel, then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come

The Greatly Prospered.

Alas that it is so! If there are those here who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed the Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this Queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, Queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, Queen of Russia; Marie, Empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople, and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor Castle; and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmo-

nies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its sceptres; and the queens of the earth in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air, and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches what is earnestness in

The Search of Truth.

Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan dust-covered, weary and exhausted, trudging across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say: "There is

An Earnest Seeker

after the truth." But there are a great many who do not act in that way. They all want to get the truth, but they want the truth to come to them; they do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to come a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved, I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." But Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hew the waters of salvation dashing in fountains around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of heavenly Eshcol, the angels of God the cup-bearers Goad on the camels. The Bible declares it: "The queen of the south"—that is, this very woman am speaking of—"the queen of the south shall stand up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold! a greater than Solomon is here." What infatuation, the sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved! "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge the camels!"

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that

Religion is a Surprise

to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolled on, and was told by every traveller coming by from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wings of every ship and with every caravan; and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time the story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this Queen declined in regard to it, although she had heard so much, and had her anticipations raised so high, the half the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one who gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; deathbeds have affirmed it; visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the choirs of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of attendants, and the loveliness of His face, and the joy of His service, he exclaims, with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs, "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never, in the days of your spiritual bondage, had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready to-day to answer and yield in regard to the

Discoveries You Have Made

the mercy, and the grace, and the goodness of God. "The half—the half was not told me!" Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world when it is to be girdled with holiness. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Tips of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and a hard, dry, barren, winter-bleached, storm-scorched, thunder-spilt rock breaking into floods of light water. Deserts into which dromedaries rest their nostrils, because they were afraid of the noon—deserts blooming into carnations, roses, and silver-tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall the hills, and Christ shall marshal His great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall be the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine-covered hills, and wheat-crowned Russia, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God fall into line—then the Church, which has been lying and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King and say, "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—

A Greater Surprise

in anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath-school books. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it.

We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the Queen Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desamarch, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way! We are tending to the palace. We take all our loves and desires and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not stop. We must not halt.

The Night is Coming

and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge the camels. I see the domes against the sky, the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the dens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims. Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters; recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing before the altar." And yet, my friends, when even bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like angels! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitude that no man can number, will cry, world without end, "The half—the half was not told me!"

THE THREATENING PESTILENCE.

What shall be the signs of thy Coming and of the end of the World?—There shall be Famines, and Pestilences, and Earthquakes in divers places." Matthew 24: 7.

WHILE men who meet each other on the streets make jokes about the "Grippe," and laugh when they are told of some new victim of the disease among their acquaintance, the student of prophecy

cannot fail to take a more serious view of the epidemic. In itself the disease appears to have few fatal results, except that it leaves the sufferer peculiarly susceptible to other and more dangerous diseases, especially pneumonia. The remarkable feature of it is the fact that in six weeks it has spread from the east of Russia to the west of the United States, proving that it is highly infectious, like the dread scourges of past times, and showing conclusively how rapidly in these days of constant communication any plague may spread through the whole world. This fact must remind the watchful Christian that the Lord, when asked what would be the signs by which men might know that His coming was at hand, mentioned pestilences as one of the signs.

La Grippe, or the Russian Influenza, broke out in the middle of November in Russia, and nearly half of the population have been suddenly attacked by it. It is still raging there, though not to the same extent as during the last fortnight of November. From St. Petersburg it has spread to Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, and France. The fact that it broke out in the Paris Post-Office, and in a large dry-goods establishment in Paris, indicates that its contagion may have been carried by letters or goods to those places. In the Military Academy of the Polytechnic at Paris, some 200 cadets, more than a third of the number, have been prostrated.

At Berlin, the capital of Germany, it has assumed an epidemic rapidity of contagion. At the Courts of Justice proceedings had to be postponed for a few days, on account of the judges being ill. At the University, the theatres and schools, the illness has made itself felt. One-third of the children attending the schools are affected by it. At Vienna, the capital of Austria, this epidemic influenza is spreading fast all over the city. It is still very prevalent in its original centre in Vienna, the General Hospital. Several professors, a number of assistant doctors, and half the nurses are afflicted. The disease is spreading among the patients, and one ward has no less than forty patients who have taken it. Dinners and parties have to be postponed daily on account of the hosts and guests being taken ill. At the Opera more than thirty persons are on the sick lists, so that the performances are given under considerable difficulties. Half the compositors of a newspaper have also been taken ill. At Madrid, the Spanish capital, the Government have decided to provide temporary hospitals in the case of an outbreak. This influenza epidemic has spread very rapidly in *Dantzic*, a North Prussian seaport, and about one-half of the children attending the schools of that place are reported to be affected by it. In America scarcely any large city is wholly free from it, though at the time of writing only few deaths from it are reported.

It is an infectious disease, with a distinct incubation period of two or three days, accompanied by debility, headache, and a low temperature, and followed by intense heat and accelerated action of the heart. It is propagated by microbes in the atmosphere, which may also be conveyed in letters or dry-goods from an infected district.

The two most prominent symptoms are high temperature and great frontal headache, accompanied in many cases by pain in the eyeballs, in all by a foul tongue and breath, and general *malaise*. The onset is rapid, the temperature running up at once very high, but the pulse is not in all cases raised proportionately with the temperature. In some cases the symptoms of catarrh of the nose and frontal sinuses are added; in others, sore throat and catarrh of the deeper air-passages; in some, gastrointestinal catarrh is a prominent symptom; and in many there are vague rheumatic pains about the back, shoulders, and limbs. The duration is short, averaging from three to five days, though sometimes prolonged to six or eight days or even longer, and convalescence is rapid. Allopathic physicians usually treat it with small and frequent doses of quinine. Homœopathic physicians prescribe *arsenicum*.

It is authoritatively stated that the prevalence of this disease in the human race has always been coincident with the prevalence of a similar disease among domestic animals—dogs, cats, cows, and especially horses. In the horse it begins suddenly with sneezing, followed by rigors, fever, bronchitis, and a short dry cough. Some horse owners of London report the occurrence of influenza among their animals, but it is not extensive. The identity of this specific influenza of the horse with the disease of the same name among mankind cannot be affirmed by medical authorities, but the probability

that the disease is the same is held to be very great. The disease is not of a serious character unless complicated with bronchitis, to which catarrhal pneumonia may be superadded.

It has been stated that an epidemic of influenza is usually the precursor of cholera, but no connection between the two has been discovered. The plague of 1847 was, it is true, preceded by a large increase of influenza, but that may have been a mere coincidence which will not be repeated.

THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.

(See portrait on page 28.)

THE death of Robert Browning, which occurred on December 12 at Venice, Italy, has been felt as a personal loss by a host of readers in all the lands in which the English language is spoken. Those who knew and liked his poems set no bounds to their admiration of the man, but they have never been a majority anywhere. Browning never spoke to the masses as Longfellow did, or as Tennyson does. The cultured, the thoughtful, read, admired, and loved, but the people failed to understand him. The recognition of his genius even by the classes who now think most highly of him was tardy. It was not until 1860, when the poet was forty-eight years old, and had written much, that there was anything like enthusiasm manifested about his work.

It was on May 7, 1812, that Robert Browning was born in London. He studied at Dulwich, and afterward at University College. In 1832 he wrote his first volume, *Pauline*, and in 1833 he published it. In 1834 he set out on a tour of Europe, and his travels extended to Russia. He had already, at the age of twenty-one, written *Porphyria's Lover* and *Joannes Agricola. Paracelsus* was published in 1835; a poem meditative in character, and full of the remote learning which has an attraction for youth, full of the dreams of youth and the foresight of their solution in failure and death; and at frequent intervals afterward he gave to the world the various compositions on which his fame as a poet rests; his last poems, entitled *Asolando: Fancies and Facts*, were published only a few days before he laid down his busy pen forever.

In 1846, on September 12, Mr. Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, herself famous as a poet. Miss Barrett had already written her so-called *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and other works had made her name familiar to the world. Mr. Browning and his wife went to Italy, which was their home for many years, and Italy continued to be Mr. Browning's home till the death of his wife in 1861. Probably Mr. Browning's fame will rest most permanently on his *Men and Women*, and on such pieces in his other volumes as might conveniently be classed with *Men and Women*. In these, not only his nobler qualities, his wisdom, sympathy, knowledge, and subtlety are best illustrated, but also his great technical skill in the management of curious and complex lyric verses.

Of Mr. Browning's views on the deeper questions of religion his writings are full. Brought up as a Nonconformist, his favorite preacher for some of his later years was the Rev. Thomas Jones, who drew many thoughtful persons to the Congregational Church in Charrington Street, London. Mr. Jones, being obliged to leave London on account of confirmed ill-health, removed first to Australia, and then to Swansea, where he died. A volume of his sermons, published soon after his death, had a preface by Mr. Browning, who expressed his high appreciation of the preacher and his sense of the spiritual profit he had derived from his evangelical pulpit services.

In private life, during his late years, Mr. Browning's alert and eager face, alive with kindness, intelligence, humor and interest, was among the most familiar and beloved in London. Though he was nearly seventy-eight years old, his youthful manner and elasticity of spirit made him seem a much younger man, and encouraged the hope that he might be spared several years longer. By the general wish of the leaders of English society he has been buried in Westminster Abbey among the illustrious men interred in Poet's Corner. His body lies near that of Spencer, the author of the *Faerie Queen*, and not far from those of Macaulay and Charles Dickens. At his funeral on December 31 there was a gathering of famous men in the venerable sanctuary, assembled to do honor to his memory. Among them were Robert Lincoln, the United States Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chief-Justice of England, the venerable Canon Farrar, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Wolseley, and many others.

DR. TALMAGE IN EGYPT.

FROM a letter received last week from a travelling companion of Dr. Talmage, who writes from Jerusalem, we make the following extracts, which we believe will interest our readers:

With our departure from Athens it seemed to me as if we had left civilization behind. The experience was a sorry one, to exchange the bright and gay capital of Greece, and the friends we had found there, for the overcrowded steamer which conveyed us to Alexandria. There is but one line of steamers between Greece and Egypt. It is known as the Egyptian Packet Steamship Company's Line. There being no choice in the matter, Alexandria having to be reached, we took the steamer *Chakkieh* from Piræus, which is the harbor of Athens and a place of considerably over twenty thousand inhabitants. The ship was so crowded with passengers that our party was compelled to divide up, some members of it being obliged to travel, as far as sleeping accommodations were concerned, in very inferior quarters. An Egyptian pasha aboard had five of his wives along, and for their exclusive comfort and convenience had hired the entire ladies' saloon and dressing-room, putting others to distressing inconvenience.

Arabs crowded the decks. Among them was

A Sheik.

very noticeable anywhere; he had a keen eye and a commanding look. Ashore he is at the head of a force of fifteen thousand men; at sea he is surely the most devout of Mussulmans. He was nearly always engaged in prayer, or in the ablutions preliminary to this exercise. Dr. Talmage was greatly impressed with the unabashed absorption of the followers of Mahomet in their practice of the duties prescribed for them in the Koran. He expressed himself as of the opinion that not one in a hundred thousand Christians would venture, in public places, with scores of spectators and under no undue pressure from exceptional circumstances, to thus openly demonstrate his religious faith. We survived the voyage to Alexandria, and will ever retain a strong impression of what it is to live two days in close contact with Arabs, pent up in narrow quarters, trying vainly to rest on miserable beds, and being obliged to consume food far from our liking.

The voyage of forty-eight hours exhausted Dr. Talmage, who did not sleep a wink throughout the time. He maintained his habitual cheerfulness, however, living out his doctrine that people who travel should find something better to do than complain of the discomforts of the way, and vex their friends with the recital upon their return.

The arrival of our steamer created great excitement in the harbor. It was soon surrounded by boats containing fellows of many nationalities, yelling for dear life. These amiable beings were agents for boats and hotels, porters, beggars, and touters for jobs, and were a not agreeable reminder of home. We stopped

At Alexandria

two hours, pursuing our way to Cairo with only this inconsiderable break in the journey. However, we did manage while at Alexandria to eat a substantial breakfast, to see Pompey's Pillar, and to drive over to the palace of the Khedive. His Highness was at Cairo, and we did not see him. We were taken through the beautiful palace gardens, which were in full blossom, and ate fruit from the trees, while an attendant made bouquets of roses for the ladies of the party. As a matter of course, we did not fail to note street scenes in this great city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants. The houses, most of them, are such as Arabs erect everywhere. Razor-back donkeys attended by half-clad jabbering urchins awaited fares. People were oddly dressed, the men in the wide, baggy trousers every where a feature of the Orient. Women's apparel consisted of loose blue jean gowns, black head-capes, and veils, either black or white, held in position, oddly enough, by bamboo sticks. Very ancient looking were the buffalo carts and the water-wheels served by men or their faithful dumb servants, the buffalo and the donkey. Dust was everywhere too abundant. We arrived

At Cairo

on the evening of November 26, all pretty well fagged out, and more than ready for the really superb accommodations awaiting us. We found our hotel surrounded by a garden which flourished in tropical luxuriance. What was more to the purpose, an excellent dinner awaited our attention, and comfortable beds the occupancy of people who never needed them more. The hotel was a sur-

prisingly good one. I think I should not exaggerate in describing it as equal to the best in New York, but the management was not equal to the task of excluding from it flies and mosquitoes. Fleas are an Egyptian pest of which no more need be said.

In the morning we all met at the breakfast-table greatly refreshed. After breakfast we visited the Boulak Museum, where are the mummies of many ancient kings of Egypt, including that of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Dr. Talmage stood before this at least twenty minutes, inspecting it and making notes in his Bible. This, by the way, is his companion on every expedition. From the Museum we went to the place whither Mary and Joseph are said to have fled with the child Jesus to escape the wrath of Herod. The identity of the spot seems to be well authenticated, and is accepted by some of the most learned students of the age. Here for the first time we set foot

On Holy Ground.

Dr. Talmage removed his hat, and with his head uncovered, stood a few moments in silent meditation. He said: "Why others have passed this scene over entirely or touched lightly upon it I cannot say; but to me it is one of the most sacred spots on earth." After examining it thoroughly we left it to return to our hotel; but about fifteen minutes later Dr. Talmage insisted on going back to it at once, saying: "I must see it again, and must see it now," so back we went and a new inspection was begun, and Dr. Talmage carefully took the dimensions of the place, the girth of the pillars and their distance from each other. He then drew a diagram of it. Having finished this, he said: "I have seen all I care to see to-day. I shall not leave the house again until to-morrow."

This he was not permitted to do. On his return to the hotel he found there the notice of a funeral to take place at 3 P. M. from the American mission church at Cairo, the wife of Professor G. Lansing, an American scholar of note, eminent Egyptologist and clergyman, having died the day before, after active service in this mission field of over thirty-two years. Professor Lansing being an old friend of Dr. Talmage, the Brooklyn orator attended the funeral, with Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American Consul at Cairo, Wilson Bey, and Dr. Grant, of Scotland. The body, clad in white, lay in front of the pulpit; a congregation had assembled about seven hundred in number. People were divided into three sections: on the one side sat the women with veiled faces, weeping; on the other side sat the men in their national garb of flowing robes, girdled at the waist and wearing the turban; while the centre aisle was occupied by foreigners. Every seat was taken, and the entire audience was deeply affected. The services were in both Arabic and English. At the request of the family Dr. Talmage took part in them.

Early the next day we started for

The Pyramids,

which we reached after a three hours' trip. Dr. Talmage insisted on climbing to the top of the great Pyramid of Cheops, called the Ghizeh. In this the whole party joined him, and with the aid of twelve dragomen, and two boys who carried drinking-water, we ascended the pyramid, climbing or being pushed up as occasion required. We made the ascent in twenty minutes. Upon our descent we partook of a substantial lunch we had carried with us from Cairo, and proceeded to interview the Sphinx, which has stared stonily at the desert for uncouthed years. The next morning we

Sailed up the Nile

on a dainty little steam launch. Dr. Talmage, Bible in hand, read the prophecies concerning Egypt, and pointed out what appeared to his mind evidences of their fulfilment. Suddenly the launch stopped. On investigation we discovered that we had run on to a sand bank. The engines worked and reversed, but to no avail. Nubian negroes who manned the launch tried hard to push it off, but all in vain. Then one of them stripped and jumped into the Nile, and tried by main strength to clear the launch, moaning loudly with every effort. He not succeeding, another negro stripped and followed his comrade's example; then still another, but without success. The amount of moaning was increased, but the launch never budged. Finally Dr. Talmage and the writer took long poles, and, placing an end of each in the sandy bed of the river began to push; at the same time ordering the engines to be reversed, while the union of the strength of all the men aboard was brought to bear on the work in hand. By these means gradually the launch was

freed, and the journey continued. About noon we reached Memphis with its ancient ruins, including the palaces of the Pharaohs. Here we mounted donkeys for the first time, amid considerable merriment; we started, surrounded by a hundred or more natives, who were clad more or less, particularly less. On our journey many incidents, perhaps too trifling to mention, but very amusing at the time, helped to keep us in excellent humor. One was the frequent braying of the donkey ridden by Miss May Talmage, whose vocal performances reminded her father of his experiences in a church choir in his younger days. After awhile, the Doctor grew very tired of his donkey, and decided to substitute a camel for him. As camels are plentiful in Egypt his wish was gratified at the first stop made. His experience on camel-back soon led him to regret the change. First he was jogged forward then he fell backward, and found the just position only to have his nose driven violently against the curious saddle that forms part of a camel's outfit. He looked so inexpressibly comical that we whisked out our photographic cameras in a jiffy, and before he could straighten out the broad grin with which he tried to cover his embarrassment, it was registered. To make my story short, the owner of the brute tickled it on the knee of one of its fore-legs. Down it went on them. He then scratched its hind-legs with the same effect, thus bringing the animal's body on a level with the sand, which enabled the Doctor to alight.

HEATHENISM IN AMERICA.

In a series of incidents extracted from reports of work in Alaska by the devoted medical missionary, Dr. George D. Dowkontt, of 118 East 45th Street, New York, whose labors in preparing young men for medical mission work are beyond all praise, the following, which shows how terribly the gospel light is needed in some neglected quarters of our own land: "The death of a girl among the Chilcats of Alaska was attributed by the Indians to witchcraft, and her companion, a girl also from Chilcat, was the accused. The Indians at Juneau employed the usual methods of torture to extort confession—cutting her hair off, then so weaving it into cords to form a rope, by which, after the body had been tied in a low crouching position, hands behind the back, feet together and knees against the breast, the head was drawn back and tied to a low stake driven into the ground. In this position the 'witch' is left for three days without food or water. This girl was then beaten, and after 'confessing' that she had bewitched the deceased and that her mother, an old woman living in a lower Chilcat village, had taught her the black art, and had herself killed ten men in that way, she was brought, bound in a canoe, to her mother's house, when the old woman was also seized, and was with difficulty that we saved their lives. They lived, hunted things as they were, like the beasts of the wood, until they stole to us secretly and were locked up. Soon after, passage was secured for them and they were taken to Sitka. I could give you chapters on the misery, which I have been perfectly cognizant of, resulting to women through this one old superstition of witchcraft."

A BRAHMAN YOUTH'S ORDEAL.

In a Christian land where the profession of religion entails no social loss, the words of Christ about the cost of following Him have not the force that they have in other lands. The following letter copied into the *Missionary Herald* from an Indian journal shows what the confession of Christ means there:

"I am a student in a mission school. Myself, Brahman, most of my friends are of the same caste. For seven or eight years we have all been receiving instruction in the Bible an hour daily, and have been taught by well-educated instructors.

"I mention a few points in which this influence may be seen. We do not believe in our senseless rules about ceremonial purity. Looking on festivals as mere holidays, we take no pains to observe them religiously. We are convinced that ablutions and pilgrimages can afford no relief to the sin-burden. We think there should be spiritual union with God. Knowing that there is salvation only through one sinless Saviour, we long to accept Him, with this in mind we offer prayer in secret to Him morning and evening.

"But how hard it is to make a public profession! Not only must we leave father, mother, relatives and loved friends, but we must become our enemies, as though we were guilty of some terrible

crime. To escape this really needless suffering, although we do not embrace this religion openly, still, not doing so, we undergo mental agonies night and day. When this suffering becomes unbearable, feeling that something is better than nothing, and in order that we may pray openly, we are impelled to join the Prayer-Somaj, and to-day there is a considerable number of such students belonging to that body. Later on, however, feeling that these sects are not of God, but devised merely with a view to meet the present state of things, we weary of them. Then indeed our condition is a sad one. This, Mr. Editor, is not my condition alone, but that of many. When it comes to be understood that becoming a Christian implies no mere change of outward circumstances, but a change in faith, then the extent of the secret influences working on us will be perceived. That such a time may come soon, we pray Almighty God."

THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 19, Luke 1: 57-79; Golden Text, Luke 1: 76.

The Silent Participant in the Family Rejoicings—Naming the Child—A Protest from Officious Friends—The Father's Decisive Word—The Obedient Man Recovers Speech—The Child Filled with the Holy Ghost—The Condition of the Holy Ghost's Indwelling—The Silence of Four Centuries Broken—Faith Treating the Future as the Present—The Priest's Conception of Messiah's Reign—The Difference Between Holiness and Righteousness.

THE angel had declared to Zacharias that when his son should be born, he should have joy and gladness, and many should rejoice at his birth. And so it was. The promised son was born, Elizabeth became a glad mother, "and her neighbors and her kinsmen heard that the Lord had magnified His mercy toward her, and they rejoiced with her." (R. V.) When God fulfils His Word, He does it so literally that none but those who are unbelieving, or blinded with prejudice, can mistake it. But Zacharias was still dumb, and could only be

A Silent Participant

in the joy of his house. Before his tongue could be loosed he must shew his renunciation of unbelief.

Eight days passed by, and then, according to the law, the child must be circumcised. "He that is eight days old shall be circumcised among you, every man-child in your generations." (Gen. 17: 12.) It was the custom among the Jews, as it now is in our own land, to conserve family names, and they called the child "Zacharias, after the name of his father." Elizabeth knew of God's dealings with her husband, and objected, "Not so; but he shall be called John." The friends were very persistent, as friends are wont to be when it is a question of common usage versus faith, and they said unto her, "There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name." So persistent were they that, treating it as a woman's fancy, they referred the question to the father by signs, "and he asked for a writing table," and, to the amazement of all except Elizabeth, he "wrote, saying, His name is John." And they were yet more amazed when the dumb priest, with a loosened tongue, began immediately to praise God. Why should he not? It was prophesied to Israel that when they should "see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God . . . then shall . . . the tongue of the dumb sing." (Isa. 35: 2-6.) Truly, this passage refers to the future return of the Jews, and the reign of Christ; but it also teaches the principle which thousands have found true in our own day, as well as when Christ was manifest among men, that when men see the glory of the Lord, and are occupied with His excellency, then He does His works of blessing and healing among them.

People began to talk; the striking intervention of God on their behalf was well known in the history of the Jews, but it had come to be looked upon as history, as something of the past, and there were few who expected in that day manifestations of God's presence and power as of old. But here was the miraculous birth of this child, the sudden dumbness of Zacharias, his recovery as sudden—what could it all mean? "These sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea: And all they that heard them laid them up in their heart, saying, What manner of child shall this be?" Many eyes were upon him; he was an unusual child, but only the parents knew the secret: God had told them, "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." This prophecy was thus fulfilled, "the hand of the Lord was with him."

It is most instructive here to notice what is said of the Holy Ghost. First, He is spoken of as filling an unconscious infant (ver. 15), then a godly matron (ver. 41), and lastly an aged priest (ver. 67). Truly, with God, "the last shall be first, and the first last." Neither age nor priority in any way secures our being filled with the Holy Ghost; He comes

Where He Can Find Entrance,

when the place is not pre-occupied. Man was created, and is redeemed to be God's dwelling-place. As a self-centred being, a self-guided being, man is out of joint with himself and with all creation, and his life is one fret and jar; but filled with the Holy Ghost, responding to God, living as the instrument of the Holy Ghost, to manifest Jesus in life and work, man finds his place and fits exactly into it; the fret and worry go out of his life, he needs God, and his need is instantly supplied; God needs him, and with grateful joy he says, "Behold, here I am." Indwelt by the Holy Ghost, life is another thing, "all things are of God" (11 Cor. 5: 18), and all things are known to "work together for good to them that love Him." (Rom. 8: 28.) "Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied;" his resurrection gift of speech found utterance in praise, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people." The fore-runner of Jesus was yet a babe in arms, but the faith of the old priest saw, as though it were taking place before his own eyes, the revival which should be when that child was grown up, and when perhaps he himself would be in his grave.

God Had Said it:

Was not that enough? His prayer was heard; the souls, many of them, were now living who, although disobedient at the present time, should be turned "to the wisdom of the just." The old priest seemed to understand beforehand the principle which Christ laid down, "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11: 24, R. V.)

Since the days of the prophet Malachi, about four hundred years previously, there had been no direct dealing of God with His people. As in the days of Eli, so now, "The word of the Lord was precious; there was no open vision." (1 Sam. 3: 1.) And now God was drawing near to His people again. Had He not sent an angel direct from heaven, as He had done to Abraham, to Jacob, to Moses, etc? Was there not, in the person of the little babe before him, a real living prophet of the Lord, filled with the Holy Ghost as no prophet of old ever was? Truly, God had visited His people. But the Redeemer was also at hand; John was but to prepare His way, and the old man's faith reached out in something more than anticipation to the work of the Redeemer, "He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David." John was, on both sides, descended from the tribe of Levi, so that these words could only refer to the coming Saviour, whose birth was then approaching, and whose mother and reputed father were both of the house of David. But here again the old prophet saw the promise of God

As Though Already Fulfilled.

"A horn of salvation." The horn was the emblem of power, strength, and glory. (Deut. 33: 17.) Zacharias saw by faith the prophecies of the Messiah's reign, temporal and spiritual, as alike fulfilled, for the rejection of the Messiah by his nation was never contemplated by him. "He hath raised up a horn of salvation. . . As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began." From the promise of the seed of the woman (Gen. 3: 15), through Abraham (Gen. 22: 18; comp. Gal. 3: 16), Isaac, and Jacob (Gen. 26: 4; 28: 14), through the sacrifice of Isaac, and the types in the books of Moses, through the numerous Messianic Psalms of David, and the direct prophecies of Isaiah and all the other prophets. Zachariah's anticipation of the Redeemer found its justification.

"That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hands of all that hate us, to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant." Every pious Jew in the days of Zacharias knew that his nation was suffering through the disobedience of their forefathers, but he also knew that God had bound Himself by covenant to accept of their confession, and to restore them whenever "their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity," *i. e.*, when they let themselves be

Conquered by Their God.

"Then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and also my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember; and I will remember the land." (Lev. 26: 41, 42.) But Zacharias went farther back than the date of this covenant in his inspired song of God's faithfulness and his faith in it; he appealed to "the oath which He swore to our father Abraham, that He would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear." What was this oath to Abraham? It was sworn at the time when he had obeyed God's call to offer up his only son in sacrifice, and God had provided a ram for a burnt offering. God said to him, "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord; for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed My voice." (Gen. 22: 16-18.) There is a distinct promise of conquest over the enemies of Israel, therefore the old priest did but follow the Scriptures in his appeal to God to deliver his nation from their enemies (at that time the Romans, to whom they were tributary). There was something more than desire for political freedom in the song of Zacharias; it was that "we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might

Serve Him Without Fear."

He never contemplated a religion in which Christ should have all the suffering, all the burden, all the humiliation, and Christians all the ease and all the joy. He saw clearly that man exists for God, not God for man. That the end of man's life is to serve and glorify God. It would not have come into Zacharias's heart to enter into the Tabernacle simply to get a season of religious enjoyment, or to hold the office of a priest because it was according to his taste, or because it improved his social position; he conceived of man's vocation that it was to "serve God," but to "serve Him without fear."

Perhaps Zacharias, having the wars of the Maccabees fresh in remembrance, meant freedom from fear of earthly foes; but Jesus, our great Redeemer, saves also from fear of spiritual foes. He took flesh and blood, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil (Heb. 2: 14), so that the great enemy of our souls is a conquered foe, no more to be dreaded while Jesus is fighting for us. Fear arises from the consciousness of being on the weaker side; but when we are convinced that "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge," then we can be "quiet from fear of evil." Zacharias's idea of service was not so much that of success and publicity, his song was not of power for service, but "that we might serve Him without fear."

In Holiness and Righteousness,

before Him all the days of our life—holiness, because indwelt by a holy God; righteousness, just and true in our dealings with man. There are righteous men, such as Job and Cornelius, who are not yet holy men, but there are no really holy men who are not righteous. A holiness which consists of words and emotions, and which does not regulate our conduct in money matters, and which does not produce kindness and consideration for others, is not the real thing. God's holiness is lasting, "All the days of our life," it has the element of continuity.

"And thou child," said the prophet-father, "shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare His ways, to give knowledge of salvation unto His people, in the remission of their sins." (R. V.) John the Baptist was to be an evangelist, not a courtly herald; he was to precede the One who was coming, not as a martial conqueror, but as a dying Saviour. He was "to give knowledge of salvation," by throwing off not the yoke of Rome, but the yoke of sin. "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace. It was not Zacharias who composed this song; it was a Holy Ghost song of coming salvation. Probably the old priest understood only in part its significance, but though it was the song of a Jew about the Jews, we who know their Saviour may sing it too, and know daily that "tender mercy of God" which gives us light in darkness, and guides our feet into the way of peace."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Probability of Legislation Restricting Immigration has aroused a greater interest than usual in the annual return. The figures for New York were issued last week. From these it appears that during the past year 315,228 passengers have landed at Castle Garden, as against 383,595 for 1888, a falling off of 68,367. Of these 298,085 were immigrants, while the others were natives or citizens of the United States. The number of immigrants who arrived during 1888 was 370,822. The most noticeable feature of the past year has been the falling off in Italian immigration. The nationalities of the immigrants are as follows: Ireland, 40,790; England, 29,051; Wales, 616; Scotland, 6,719; Germany, 69,809; France, 4,432; Russia, 27,327; Poland, 2,875; Switzerland, 6,752; Sweden, 24,842; Norway, 2,167; Holland, 5,283; Italy, 27,216; Spain, 88; Portugal, 18; Denmark, 6,967; Hungary, 8,889; Austria, 13,656; Bohemia, 4,897; Australia, 15; Turkey, 260; Greece, 103; all others, 899.

The International Marine Conference concluded its labors on January 1, after devoting seventy-seven days to the discussion of its various problems. That the conference has done all that was expected of it cannot be said, but it has accomplished much work that is valuable, and will probably result in reducing the risks to the lives of passengers and sailors. The most important result of the conference was the thorough revision of the regulations for preventing collisions at sea. This is evident from the fact that, while the conference was in session for three months, all but five sittings were devoted to these "rules of the road." The labor of thoroughly revising the rules and getting them into a shape satisfactory to all the delegates was very great, but it is believed that the proposed rules, which are based on those adopted by Great Britain, will accomplish all that can be done to secure safety at sea. There is no doubt that all the Governments represented at the conference will adopt the necessary legislation to put the rules into practice. A

second and very important recommendation is for uniformity in surveying laws, so that, among other things, similar vessels of different countries shall be required to carry the same number of small boats and similar or equivalent life-saving appliances. These two results are of inestimable value. Besides these, other matters of detail, such as the marking of buoys and the disposal of derelict vessels, were considered and recommendations made.

The Production of the New Postage Stamps is proceeding rapidly, though it may be a few weeks before they are ready for distribution. The chief change is in the reduction of size. The color also of the two-cent stamp is changed from green to red. The one-cent stamp, as of old, is blue, with the head of Benjamin Franklin. The new two-cent stamp has Washington's head on it, and it is a very fine engraving. The three-cent also has Washington's head. The four-cent stamp has Jackson, while a change has been made in the five-cent stamp by placing the portrait of General Grant on it instead of Garfield. Garfield's portrait will now appear on the six-cent stamps. The other stamps of the series are not yet ready, but there is very little change in the general design, except some finer and more delicate work in the engraving. New designs and dies have been made for all the stamps, and although the designs of the stamps are in some cases the same, fresh portraits, and better ones, have been made for the new issue.

An Effort to Enlist the People Against the politicians is to be made on the question of Civil Service Reform. The National League recently appointed a committee of five to examine the management of the Federal Civil Service and to suggest measures for the extension of the reform. A prominent member of the committee, in an interview with a reporter on December 30, outlined the course the committee would take. He said: "The general scheme of the movement is for the purpose of furnishing information of every kind tending to show the people the beneficial character of Civil Service Reform. We will certainly find some things which need correction, and we expect to find much to attest the fact that Civil Service Reform is highly beneficial in its nature to the public at large. As soon as the people understand this, it is our expectation that they will not allow the movement to be crippled for means to sustain its action, but that they will provide it with the sinews of war." There is encouragement in these remarks. There is no hope for the movement but in the strength of the people. When they are aroused the politicians have to obey.

The Australian System of Voting has received the endorsement of Mr. T. V. Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor, who last week issued a strong appeal for its adoption. This expression of opinion is the more important because it is the workingman who is most in need of protection from intimidation which the Australian system is designed to give. Mr. Powderly describes in vivid language the injustice of the present system, under which foremen and bosses are not only permitted to peddle tickets at the polls, but to follow the workman to the ballot-box and see that he deposits the vote handed him. Intimidation, as Mr. Powderly points out, may exist without bringing the offender within the clutches of the law. The mere fact that the eye of the man through whose favor the workingman secures bread for his wife and little ones is upon him is enough to induce any ordinary workingman to vote as he knows that man expects him to do. Under the new system, which was successfully used in Massachusetts last election and was described in these columns on November 13, 1889, the eye of the boss does not rest upon the voter when he gives his vote.

The Russian Influenza, or La Grippe, as the French have named it, made rapid progress in this country last week, though the number of deaths was small compared with the number of seizures. In New York the disease was very prevalent. An indication of its extent may be gained from the fact that of the 3,430 policemen in the city 359 were at the end of the week incapacitated for duty by the epidemic. Eight of them died from it, and from diseases induced by it. Three suicides took place in the city on Thursday, the perpetrators having become delirious in the fever which accompanies the disease. Another victim, in New Haven, Conn., committed suicide on the same day. The eminent physician, Dr. George F. Shady, in a published article declares that there can be no doubt that influenza, "or what is popularly known as 'la grippe,'

has become epidemic in this city, and is scattered broadcast over the country." He finds that its general character corresponds "with those noted in connection with the prevailing type of the malady in Russia, Germany, and France." The Board of Health on January 2 issued a warning bulletin in the course of which it said: "The increased death rate of the diseases unfavorably influenced by the prevailing epidemic of influenza, emphasizes the importance of the employment of physical care on the part of all, healthy and diseased alike. Exposure to the influences of the extremes of temperature should be avoided, especially by the aged and those who are afflicted with pulmonary diseases. Persons suffering from 'cold' or from suspected 'influenza' should seek medical aid at once." That such a warning was needed was shown by the increase in the number of deaths registered. The record for the twenty-four hours ending at noon on Thursday was 220—a number rarely equalled in many years, even during the hottest summer weather. The number of deaths in Brooklyn, also, last week largely exceeded those of the preceding week. In New Jersey and Connecticut also the disease is increasing.

A Stubborn Conflict Between Labor and Capital is being waged in Belgium, where 20,000 coal miners are on strike. The mine owners are unable to fulfil their contract with the Government to supply 30,000 tons for the State, and the stock in hand for use on the railways is nearly exhausted. Amicable overtures made to the strikers have had no good result. Notices are placarded at Mons in which the miners insist upon an increase of fifteen per cent. in their wages, with a minimum of eighty-eight cents a day for any day, and the recognition of nine hours as a day's work.

The New King of Portugal was formally Enthroned on December 28 in Lisbon with great magnificence. The King and Queen went with a brilliant retinue to the Cortes, where the ceremony was to take place. They were met by a deputation from the Legislative Chambers, and conducted to the dais, on which two thrones of gold and crimson were placed. The sceptre was placed in the King's hand and then the oath of office was administered. The oath having been taken, and a short speech made by the King, the royal standard bearer unfurled the royal banner, a magnificent specimen of workmanship. The President of the Senate, standing in front of the King, then replied to King Carlos' speech, and at its conclusion, raising his voice, and being joined by all present, he pronounced the acclamation, "To the very high and very powerful, and most faithful King of Portugal, Carlos I!" Heralds proclaimed the conclusion of the ceremony to the crowds gathered outside, and royal salutes were fired by the vessels in the harbor. Not much is known of the new King, who succeeded his father in October last, but his subjects gave him an enthusiastic greeting on his inauguration.

The Death of the Ex-Empress of Brazil occurred at Oporto, Portugal, on December 28. She had been suffering from a cold, but no apprehensions were entertained. The agitation of her departure from Brazil is supposed to have undermined her strength. Her husband had remained behind in Lisbon, but was summoned by telegraph. She sank so rapidly that she died before he arrived. Her last words were: "I regret that my children and grandchildren are not around me, that I might bless them for the last time. Alas! Brazil, Brazil! that beautiful country! I cannot return there!" The exiled Emperor seems crushed by this new blow. He said, in a voice broken by emotion, "Her faithful and affectionate companionship has sustained me for forty-six years. God's will be done!" It is feared that the bereaved man's grief may overturn his reason.

New Confirmation of the Murder of Dr. Peters, the explorer of Africa, was received last week. It came from Lieutenant Rust, who wrote from Aden. He states that while on the way to join Dr. Peters he was seized with a severe illness, and lay unconscious for five days. All his followers thereupon deserted him except one personal attendant. Subsequently one of these deserters returned and told Lieutenant Rust that at a point one day distant he had seen the murdered bodies of Peters and Tiedeman, that one of Peters's arms was separated from his body, and that there were three spear wounds in Tiedeman's breast. Dr. Peters's friends still have hopes that these reports, like those circulated about Stanley, may be false.

A Plaintive Protest from the Pope was Issued on Dec. 30. He complains that the Italian adversaries of the Church persistently continued their war against it, as was made evident by the recent utterances of persons in public positions acquainted with the intentions, regarding the Church, of the rulers of Italy. He referred to the temporal power as necessary to the independence and liberty of the Pope in the exercise of his mission, and declared that he did not claim the restoration of the temporal power from human motives. It was his right, and he was required to preserve it intact and transmit it to his successor as one of the inalienable treasures of the Christian faith. It was a sufficient reply to the complaint to remind him that the Italian provinces under Papal rule were eager to depose their priestly ruler, and until they did so were conspicuous examples of misrule.

A Pathetic Testimony was Given at One of Mr. Re Qua's recent meetings in the Indian Territory. A young Indian rose, and said: "My father was a heathen and a scalper, and my grandfather before him was a heathen and a scalper. I myself have offered a horse as a sacrifice to our gods. But I heard that the Great Spirit of the white men had said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I could not understand, and I asked my teacher what it meant. She was not a Christian, and could not tell me. I asked a United States officer, but he did not know. Then the preacher came, and I asked him. He told me, and it has made a new man of me. I am a Christian, but I am as yet the only Christian among my people." Another Indian, a chief, rose in council after the Rev. W. F. Re Qua had spoken, and said: "We had better think about these words. If the Great Spirit has written these things that we have heard, we ought to know more; and it sounds like what the Great Spirit would say. I want to hear it all. I think the Great Spirit has sent this young man to tell us about it."

An Old Man's Misplaced Confidence has forced him into the county almshouse at Easton, Penn. He has always been an industrious, frugal man, and during the past twenty years he has worked for one employer, drawing but a small part of his wages, and leaving the balance in the employer's hands to accumulate as a provision for old age. In March last he concluded that he had saved enough to keep him as long as he would live, so he quit work, and drew the whole sum, principal and interest. He had \$9,900 to receive. He took the whole sum to his married sister, who is his sole surviving relative, and gave it to her and her husband on condition that they should support him in comfort for the remainder of his life. They agreed to do so; but on December 27 the man applied for admission to the poor-house. He said that his sister and her husband made him work beyond his strength, and gave him food deficient in quality and quantity. He was over sixty-four, and he thought he would be better off in the poor-house. He must have bitterly regretted his confidence in his sister. Such regret never comes to those who trust God for support in their old age. The Psalmist said he had been young, and was then old, but he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. (Ps. 37:25.)

A Five Years' Search for a Stolen Daughter has just ended in success in Alabama. In the summer of 1884 a widower who had three children took the youngest, a girl of four years, on a visit to his mother in Shelby County, of that State. The other two children he left behind in his home in Tuscaloosa County. While staying with his mother the little four-year-old girl disappeared. It was at first supposed that she had strayed away, but inquiries elicited the fact that she had been seen in the company of a woman of suspicious character. Both had as completely disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The father searched through Shelby and the adjoining counties, and extended his search into Mississippi. He has spent in the quest since then all the time he could spare from his business, but without avail. Recently, however, a postmaster whose acquaintance he made in his travels, and with whom he left a description of the woman and child, wrote him that some persons were getting their mail from his office who corresponded with the description. The father lost no time in following the clue, and to his great delight discovered his child in the keeping of a farmer, who said the woman had left her with him, promising to call again for her. The farmer was doubtful of the father's claims, but when the

child recognized him, and sprang with a cry of joy into his arms, he allowed him to take her away. It is so with the sinner. He must recognize God as his loving Father through Christ before he can be delivered. (Gal. 4:6, 7.)

An Official Lost His Position by Defending himself in New York last week. For many weeks past the streets of the city have been reeking with filth, which, in dry weather, the wind blew into the faces of pedestrians, and into the houses and stores, and which in rainy weather formed a deep layer of mud, which the horses' feet sent splashing on the sidewalks. The Mayor's attention was called to the condition of the streets. He thereupon sought an explanation from the Commissioner of Street Cleaning, hoping that in some way that officer would exculpate himself from blame, and hold out a hope of improvement. To the Mayor's astonishment, he understood the Commissioner to reply, "The streets are clean." The Mayor promptly wrote to the Board of Health requesting the removal of the Commissioner on the ground that "It is manifestly impossible to expect any cleanliness in our thoroughfares from an officer who does not scruple to assert that they are now in a cleanly and proper condition." It is because so many sinners act as the Commissioner did that they are not saved. Instead of confessing their faults and throwing themselves on the mercy of God through Christ, they trust in their own righteousness and are lost. (Rev. 3:17.)

Fatal Compassion is Certified as the Cause of the death of a boy in Brooklyn, N. Y., who was buried on December 31. Four weeks ago, while on his way home from school, a companion, who was about his own age, eight years, ran into the roadway, and was run over and instantly killed by a heavily laden coal wagon. The death of his companion moved him powerfully. On reaching his house the tears poured from his eyes as he told his mother about the killing of his little schoolmate. The boy continued to brood over the accident until he was seized with cramps and convulsions, and a physician was summoned. During the night he raved over the death of the boy, and he was too weak on the following morning to go to school. His parents tried hard to divert his mind from the accident, but failed in the effort, and from day to day there was a noticeable change for the worse in his condition, until finally hydrocephalus developed, and caused his death. To the last, in the intervals of his suffering he continued to talk about the death of his friend. It was a pathetic death. Compassion so intense as to kill is not often met with. It is, however, because there was once compassion still greater than men have the opportunity of salvation. The compassion of Jesus for a dying world so moved Him that He voluntarily gave His life to save it. (Rom. 5:7, 8.)

The Slaves of Fashion are Having a Hard Life, if the report of a New York business man is correct. The man was looking worn and haggard, and a friend who met him and was concerned about his evident indisposition, advised him not to work so hard. The man replied that his daughter worked harder than he did. "What does she do?" asked the friend. "Well, I don't know everything she does, because I haven't reached that point of interest in her mode of enjoying herself to keep notes. She's in society. Don't you understand that? Well, I don't either, but that explanation seems to be all that is necessary from her when I advise her to take a rest. Yesterday she was up at 8 o'clock, because she had to go out shopping. She came in at luncheon pretty well fagged out. Then she had a dozen calls to make, and when she came in to dinner she looked so poorly I felt tired for her. There was a reception somewhere at night, and she went there. She came in toward midnight, but this didn't prevent her from getting up this morning at 8 o'clock again. She belongs to societies and clubs which call her out every day, and sandwiched between all these are innumerable social calls, luncheons, and such things. I lead a lazy life as compared with the life she leads. Being in business isn't half as hard as being in society." Unhappily, physical exhaustion is not the worst penalty of such a life. The word of God is full of warnings to all such as lead it. (Isa. 3:16-24; 1 Tim. 5:6.)

A Lonely Death in a Lighthouse is Reported from Canada. It appears that the keeper of the Red Island Lighthouse which stands opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec, has been in the habit of having his wife and family live there with him during the summer and remaining as long as

the weather continued mild. Last year they stayed longer than usual, but at last they went away. Soon after their departure the man fell sick. He conscientiously attended to his duties and kept the light burning, but it was with great difficulty. He needed medical attention and relief from work, but had no means of communicating with Green Island or the mainland. He built bonfires and tried other means of attracting attention, but without success. It was only a few days ago that his signals were noticed and understood. A storm was rising at the time but a brave lifeboat crew went out from Green Island to his relief. The storm delayed them, and when at length they did reach the lighthouse they were just too late. The lighthouse-keeper had breathed his last, and it is thought that his death was hastened by exposure and excitement while he was watching them coming to his rescue. It is well for the men who are keeping the gospel light burning for their Lord in this world that their communication with Him is never interrupted by storms. He never loses sight of them, and when their work is done He takes them to be with Him in glory. (Matt. 25:21.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Arrangements are being made to hold, this month, three united missionary meetings in London, at which Rev. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, will speak.

The membership of Dr. R. R. Meredith's church at Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., showed a net increase last year of 269. The present number is 1,152.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher has sufficiently recovered from the injury by falling down the steps of his house to resume his pulpit in the Parkville Church.

Rev. John T. Vine has accepted an engagement with the Long Island Baptist Association to hold meetings in various towns during the next six months. He begins at Jamaica.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dean, of London, England, has given six valuable building lots in East Jersey Street, Elizabeth, N. J., to Grace Episcopal Church, as a site for a new church and rectory.

Union services are to be conducted in Paterson, N. J., during this month, by Rev. Thomas Needham. The churches uniting in the movement are the Park Avenue, First, Fourth and Union Avenue churches.

Mr. Robert Carter, the eminent New York publisher, died December 28, at the age of 82 years. He was an elder of the Presbyterian Church and much esteemed by all denominations of Christians in the city.

Mr. E. P. Telford commenced a three weeks' mission last Sunday in Dr. J. W. Hamilton's church in East Boston, Mass., after which he has promised to conduct services in Grace M. E. church, Haverhill, Mass.

The death of the Rev. Edward Bradley, Vicar of Lenton, England, is announced. He wrote several works under the name of Cuthbert Bede, which were widely circulated in this country. He was 62 years old.

The revival services conducted at New London, Iowa, by the Presbyterian evangelist, Rev. H. C. Keeley, have been blessed to the conversion of a large number of persons, and to the quickening of the spiritual life of the church.

The special services held by Dr. H. H. Wells in Bellefontaine, Ohio, during the past three weeks have resulted, by God's blessing, in many conversions. Dr. Wells is now holding meetings in Middletown, Ohio, whence in two weeks he goes to Chicago.

The pastor of a church at Auburn, N. Y., stopped in his sermon on Sunday last and requested the choir to cease laughing and talking. Being annoyed a few minutes later by a repetition of the misconduct, he closed the service and dismissed the congregation.

The editor of a journal published at Erie, Pa., which has a Sunday edition, presented a letter of transfer from the Presbyterian Church of his native town to the church at Erie. The pastor notified him that he could not be a member and edit a Sunday paper at the same time.

The little mission steamer *Glad Tidings*, which has been used in the work among the Indians, is reported to have been wrecked in Ketkatlah Harbor during a gale, and to have become a total loss. The telegram announcing the wreck does not mention any loss of life. It is hoped that Mr. Crosby and all on board were saved.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes and Mrs. Oakes sailed from New York for England, by the *Etruria*, on Saturday last. Mr. Oakes has arranged to hold special services at the stations of the Gospel Union, of which Rev. M. and Mrs. Baxter are Presidents. Mr. Oakes asks the prayers of his American friends for God's blessing on his labors during his visit.

Inter-denominational evangelistic services are being held in Old John Street M. E. Church, New York, every afternoon through this month. They will be conducted by various clergymen of the city. Archdeacon Mackay-Smith led the first service, Dr. A. C. Kendig that on January 2, and Dr. W. W. Bowditch on January 3. They commence at 3:30 p. m. and last one hour. Similar services were held last January and were much blessed.

THE EAR AND ITS PLANTER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Ps. 94:9.

Practical Atheism—I. A Pernicious Notion—The Idea that God Does not Hear—Men who Hold It—Are Proud—Become Persecutors—Anarchy Developing from Atheism—The Idea Precludes Worship—And Moral Sense—And Comfort—Pantheism is Covert Atheism—II. An Absurd Notion—A Most Wonderful Mechanism—Gracious People Tempted—III. The Spiritual Ear—The Invitation and Response—God will Pity the Sufferer—A Foolish Customer at a Bank—Angels Finding Letter-Boxes Closed—IV. The Incentive to Prayer—A Wonderful Care-Killer.

AMONG the ungodly there are many whose lives prove that they know nothing about God. Indeed, their ignorance of God is their support in their present behavior. They comfort themselves with the notion, "The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." To them God is out of the world as to observation or practical interference. They do not care whether He sees them or not; for their belief is, that if He does see, He cares nothing what men may think or do. He is too far off to be concerned about human affairs. He will neither grow angry with the sin of the wicked, nor take pleasure in the holiness of the godly. Of this practical atheism I am going to speak at this time, pleading against that frame of mind by the argument of the text, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" May the Holy Spirit help me in my endeavor, and may all my hearers believe in the living, hearing, seeing Jehovah!

A Pernicious Notion.

I. Our first observation will be, the notion that God cannot hear or see is pernicious. In judging it, we will follow the line of the psalm which now lies open before us. We perceive that *men who talked in this godless fashion were proud*. Hence the prayer, "Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth: render a reward to the proud." The man who thinks that God is not in the world, or is not at all concerned in its affairs, thinks that he is, himself, about the greatest person in existence. There may be some other poor creatures about; but he is, in many respects, the most deserving of esteem. He who thinks little of God, thinks much of himself. If there be no God, or no God to care about, then straightway men delight in uttering things which make the blood of the godly to curdle. They render no praise to God; since they seek all glory for themselves. Because of their own conceit, they question His wisdom, cavil at His Word, doubt His justice, impugn the sentences of His bar, and speak evil of Him even as they list. Give a man of proud heart a fluent tongue, and opportunity enough to speak of God, and then take away from him the idea that God hears him, and there is no telling to what lengths of profanity he will hasten.

Nor is this the end of the mischief. When the fear of God is taken away from men they frequently proceed to persecute His servants. The prophet complains, "They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage." As they hate God, so they manifest their hate against His people. If they cannot get at the Leader, if they cannot smite the Shepherd, they will at least worry the flock. Read the long and cruel story of human malice against the Church of God: it mingles with the record of every nation; it is an awful history, written in tears and gore. At times it has seemed as if God had given up His people, and caused the rod of the wicked to rest upon His heritage. No wonder that it was so with them; for thus it pleased Him to deal with His Only-begotten Son. He delivered Him up to the world to do with Him as it listed. You know the reason why; but it was

A Strange Procedure.

The Lord may deal thus with His own Church and His own cause, till His people cry, "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in His anger!" The truth may appear to be wounded, slain, dead, and even buried. But yet, as Jesus rose again, so shall His true Church and cause rise again, though they be laid in the grave, and the stone is sealed, and the watch is set.

Take God away, and what a place this world would be! Without religion our earth would soon become a huge Aceldama, a field of blood. Ah, dear friends! men little know what they owe to the presence of God's people even in a city like this. There is no reason but religion why London should not become like Paris during the Reign of Terror.

When men say, "Doth God see? Doth God know?" then they seek every man his own; and, if they can, they turn like tigers upon each other; society is torn to pieces, and the weak are devoured. There is no telling how far the evil one may be let loose to excite men to evil; but, in any case, the chosen means of the devil will be the spread of atheistic principles among the masses. A world without God is a world without fear, without law, without order, without hope.

Note well, that if we were persuaded that God did not hear, and did not see, there would be an end to worship. Would there not? Could you worship a deaf God? I must confess that such a being would not be God to me. If He could not hear, and hear all things, I should see at once a limit to His nature; and a being of limited nature is not God, since God is, and must be, of necessity, infinite, to be God at all. Nor is this all: it seems to me that there is, to a large extent, an end of the moral sense. If there be no God to punish sin, then every man will do as seemeth right in his own eyes; and why should he not? By what consideration will he be hindered?

If There Be No Reward

for righteousness, and righteousness involves self-denial, why should he deny himself? If there is to be no punishment for sin, and sin is pleasurable, why should he not seize the pleasure? Take away all thought that God sees and hears, and you have removed the underlying basis upon which morality itself is to be built up. Without God, or even with a god that does not see and does not hear, where is the hope of the despairing? But if God sees and hears, the widow is not without a helper, and the dying man, in all his agony, is not without a hope. Oh cruel unbelief, put not out our one sun, and take not from the mourner his one consolation. Let me lose myself, but not my God, who is more than life to me. Oh yes, a God that hears and sees—we must have Him, or else we are orphaned indeed!

If God does not see and hear, we are shipwrecked upon the rock of blank atheism. I do not care a bit what men believe in, whether it be pantheism, or agnosticism, or theism; if they have no personal God that hears and sees, they have, in fact, no God at all. "There is a power that makes for righteousness," said one; but if that power is insensible, and never communicates with man, and never notices him, there is nothing in the forced admission of any use to him who makes it or hears it. It is big talk, such as men call "bosh," and nothing more. Though it be veiled in the language of philosophy, the scientific jargon which makes God into insensible force is covert atheism. I must have a God that hears and sees, and comes into the arena of my daily life, and helps me because He loves me, or else I have no God.

II. But, secondly, the notion that God cannot see and hear is

An Absurd Notion.

According to our text, it is proved to be unreasonable. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" Think of that argument for a little. Here is a creature which has ears, and can hear. The God who created that being, can He not hear? Has He given to His creature more than He has Himself? Has He made a creature which excels Himself in essential faculties? Has He bestowed a sense which He Himself never had? How can it be? The God that makes a man with ears to hear, must possess hearing Himself.

He that invented the idea, also planned the way by which hearing would become possible. What an intellect was that which forged the link between matter and mind, so that the movements of particles of air, and the impression made by these upon the drum of the ear, should turn into impressions upon mind and heart! God must have every power in perfection, or He could not have contrived and constructed such an admirable instrument as the ear. I should not think the time ill-spent if I were able to give you a lecture upon the human ear. We know far less about it than we do concerning the eye; and my own knowledge of it is so scant that I can only glance at the subject. That outer portion which we commonly call the ear, is only the vestibule of curious, winding passages, which communicate with chambers of bone and

Vaults of Ivory.

Curtains are stretched along these passages, membranes which tremble as the head of a drum, or vibrate like a tambourine. Between two of these parchment curtains a chain of very small bones is extended. Have you never heard of the stirrup-

bone? Rows of fine threads, or nerves, convey the motion, or the sound, into the brain, and there the soul sits waiting for the news.

It is all Wonderful.

Nor must I forget to remind you that the ear is "planted." The important parts—the real ear—are so deeply seated in the head, as to be beyond mere external inspection. The lobe of the ear is like a leaf above ground, but the hearing organ is "planted" in the skull; it is placed very near the brain, and operates on both sides of it, so as to keep the whole mind in communication with sounds from every quarter. The ear is set deep and its chambers—some filled with air, and some filled with liquid—are thus protected from much harm, which might otherwise come to them from the outer world.

An aurist who explained to you the mechanism of the ear should make you feel that an undevout aurist is mad. The infinite wisdom of God is seen in this gate of sense; and it is there in far greater measure than we can perceive. And can you believe that this marvellous instrument for hearing was made by a deaf God, or a dead God, or an impersonal power, or that it came into existence through "a fortuitous concourse of atoms"? know not the precise terms in which they now attempt to describe creation without a Creator, design without a designer; but I can only say that those who believe in ears created by an unhearing force or being have more faith than I can muster.

But even if you had an ear made—and I suppose that it would be no very great difficulty to fashion in wax or some other substance, an exact resemblance to an ear—could you produce hearing then? God alone gives

The Life which Hears.

That particular point in which motion is translated into audible sound—where is that? That thing which hears—I mean not the vibrating parchment nor the telephonic nerves, but that living something which is informed by the nerves, and reads their message—where and what is that something? The surgeon searches with his knife, but he declares that he cannot find it. No, he cannot find it: it has fled before his instrument of search. But this much is sure—once gone he cannot restore it. He could not make it at the first, nor renew it when once departed. Not the whole troop of surgeons and physicians of all the hospitals could suffice to create a soul. There is a spiritual something—the true man, and this it is which God makes.

To imagine that the Creator of life does not see and hear is absurd; and yet the devil tempts gracious people, the best of people, at times to think that the Lord does not observe them in their trials. "Oh," say they, "God is too great, surely, to hear me, a poor sinful woman, or a frail, ignorant man. His greatness must prevent his hearing me." Yet surely, you would not think the Lord deaf because you are unworthy. "He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by their names"; and He knows you, also, specially and individually. I marked a floweret in the centre of a beechwood in the New Forest. Surrounded by the princely trees of the wood, it smiled from the sod a modest beauty. I thought to myself, "When do you see the sun? Does his light and glory ever cheer you?" I tarried in that forest, and watched the sunbeams smiling through the interlacing branches of the trees, and while I lingered I marked how, ever and anon the sun found out a way to pour his golden glory direct into the centre of that flower, which glowed and smiled as heaven thus communed with its little mess. Rest assured that God, who is our sun, thinks of the least of us. Shall He that made the ear not hear? Shall He that formed the eye not see? Be not guilty of so absurd a thought as to fancy that these evil days are not watched over of the Lord.

The Spiritual Ear.

III. But now, thirdly and briefly, that God hears his own must be especially certain, from the very argument of the text. "Why?" say you. Why, because they have new and spiritual ears, and they have God-given spiritual eyes; and he that planted the spiritual ear, shall he not hear? and he that formed the spiritual eye, shall he not see? It has come to pass, my brethren, that now when God speaks by the Spirit we hear Him, blessed be His name! Time was when His threatenings spoke to us as with noise of thunder; but we would not hear them. Now we are humbled in the dust by His anger. He has given us ears which are joined to hearts of flesh. When He speaks by way of invitation, and says, "Seek ye my face," we answer, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Do you imagine that if God has given us the grace to hear His voice, He will not hear us when we lift up our voices to Him?

He has created in the minds of some of you a sense of need, and will He not pity you? Perhaps you have not reached any farther than to know your wants and dangers; but he gave you this. You are hungry and thirsty; you had not these

Spiritual Appetites

once; He gave them to you. Why? Wherefore? You were not hungry for mercy; you were not thirsty for righteousness till His Spirit came and you gave your life, and with that life the soul-hunger. Will He not satisfy the hunger He creates? Will he not fulfil the desire he has implanted?

In addition to this, He makes us long after holiness; will He not work it in us? I might say of myself and many dear brothers and sisters here, that we habitually desire to be holy, and to be wholly free from sin. We cannot endure evil. A preacher once declared that when Paul cried, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" he was not a Christian. That shows how very little that preacher knew about the matter. No man but a true believer would have such anguish on account of sin. It is when we begin to loathe sin, and any leaning toward sin, and when we grow wretched because of a single evil thought, that we have grown in grace, and are far advanced, and are reaching toward that other verse, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory." To the ear which God has enabled to hear His call the Lord will lend His own ear to hear prayer. Surely, the very holiness of God that puts into us a desire to be holy is a guarantee to us that He will help us to be holy. He that makes us long for purity will work it in us. It may be, He will put us in the furnace; but by some means He will purify us as silver is refined. He that planted the desire after holiness is Himself holy, and will work holiness in His people.

Do you pray, brothers and sisters? I know you do; but do you really believe that God hears you? I cannot help thinking that a great mass of prayers are poured into a vacuum. I cannot shake off the thought that brethren seem often to be praying into

Eternal Emptinesses

pleading with an infinite nothing. They say the proper words, but they mean little or nothing by them. Does God hear prayer? Do you answer, "Yes"? Then let us pray as if we truly believed that He did. When we have done praying, let us expect Him to answer us. When we go into the bank with our cheques, we hand them in, take up the money, and are gone. Do we deal thus at the Bank of Faith? Do we plead the promise? If so, the Lord counts out the money; but do we take it up? I fear we leave it on the counter. The Lord might say, "Is that man gone? Gone without what he came for? He pleaded my promise, and has he gone away content without my reply?" Is it your habit to go to the throne of mercy and ask for the mere sake of asking? Do you grind at a mill for the mere pleasure of grinding? Surely he that asketh receiveth; and if he does not, he should inquire the reason why. A little time before prayer, to prepare the petition, would much help toward reality in prayer. A little time after prayer, to consider when and how the blessing is to be used when the Lord sends it, would be a further aid to faith. Sometimes the angels come to our letter-boxes and cannot put in the answers because the boxes are fastened down by unbelief. We are not prepared to receive what God is prepared to give. Let us pray, believing that as surely as God has given us an ear He has an ear Himself, and will hear our pleadings. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"

The Incentive.

IV. I have done when I say just this one thing more: a belief that God hears and sees has a very beneficial tendency upon those who firmly hold it. It works good in a thousand ways. Time would fail me to recount a tithe of them. It may suffice to take a thought or two, and turn the matter over in our minds. If we feel that God sees and hears, what an incentive it is to do right, and to be valiant for the truth! Soldiers will play the man in the presence of their prince. If our Lord looks on, what will we not do and dare? The same sense of His presence will act as a check to any and every deed of sin. We cannot indulge the thought of evil when the Lord Himself hears that thought. Does the Lord look on, and shall I sin in His divine presence? Shall I grieve Jesus when the Beloved of my soul is Himself close to me, and watches, with regretful eye, each sinful movement?

It acts grandly as a preservative against the desire of applause and the fear of man. He who knows assuredly that God hears him, will speak the truth though all the world should listen, or though no one but God should hear him. We do not want applause from men, since God hears us. If the Queen were by, and a soldier performed a deed of valor, and a person were to say to him, "You did well, and you may be proud that Corporal Brown and Sergeant Smith saw you and approved of what you did." "Oh," says he, "I care nothing for corporals and other petty officers; Her Majesty herself looked at me, and said, 'Well done.' She will, with her own hands, put the Victoria Cross upon me in due time. That is the reward I seek."

The assurance that God sees and hears, is

A Wonderful Care-Killer.

Why should I be anxious? My heavenly Father knoweth that I have need of these things. What if I am in trouble? This my Father knows. Brethren, if the Lord knows our soul in adversity, and if his eye is ever upon us, are we not safe? Know that you serve one whose eyes are upon the righteous, and whose ears are open to their cry, and you will live above care.

And, oh, how this will tend to promote your fellowship with God! When your heart sings, "He leadeth me; He heareth me; He knoweth the way that I take," then are you filled with a sense of fellowship with the Eternal God. How we love Him who heareth us always! Since He is always seeing us, we learn to see Him. "Thou God seest me" is a word which brightens up our sad hearts till we also see God. Be of good cheer, our Father who sees and hears us in the midst of His people, and not so much as one of them shall perish. If the Lord were away, or asleep, or deaf, we might be in a trembling mood; but while His ear and eye are open to us, we cannot tolerate mistrust. A little altering the quaint poet's lines, we may say—

"Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it; He doth steer,
Even when the bark seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art,
He cannot hide His eyes, much less His heart."

Go, speak with the wise Planter of the ear; for He will surely hear.



Grace Mayling's Departure.

and who were now living in ease and luxury, and she trembled lest she too should fall. She knelt and begged God to take her.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Wandering Thoughts Lose a Horse.—Mr. Ralston relates: "There was a man in a certain town who, in conversation with the Bishop of the diocese, affirmed that while engaged in religious worship his thoughts never wandered; 'I could say the Lord's Prayer,' he said, 'without thinking of anything else while doing so.' 'Very well,' replied the bishop, 'begin, and if you do as you say, I will give you the horse I am riding.' The man commenced, and had scarcely got half-way through when he said, 'Will you give me the bridle too?' thus proving that his thoughts had wandered away from the prayer, and losing the promised reward. The case reminds us of the text, 'This people draw nigh to me with their mouth, but their heart is far from me.' (Matthew 15:8.) 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'" (John 4:24.)

Once a Fox Always a Fox.—Mr. Hastings observes: "I was at one time well acquainted with a fox, which when young was taken in a trap, brought home and chained to a kennel. In the course of time, the entrapped and broken leg healed up, and for three whole years, while chained, the animal was honest enough, simply because it could not get its designs and inclinations accomplished on the fowls and the lambs that kept at a safe distance from it. All the time, however, of its imprisonment it showed unmistakable evidence of its foxy nature, for though it did not avail itself of a tender chicken when it passed that way, it became greatly agitated and showed its sharp teeth. It was only a chained fox, that chattered with its teeth because it could not bite. As time wore on, the continuous restlessness of the fox was wearing the chain, till one night it snapped and Reynard got free. Its honesty for three years because of its captivity, did not improve its nature. Its first act after securing

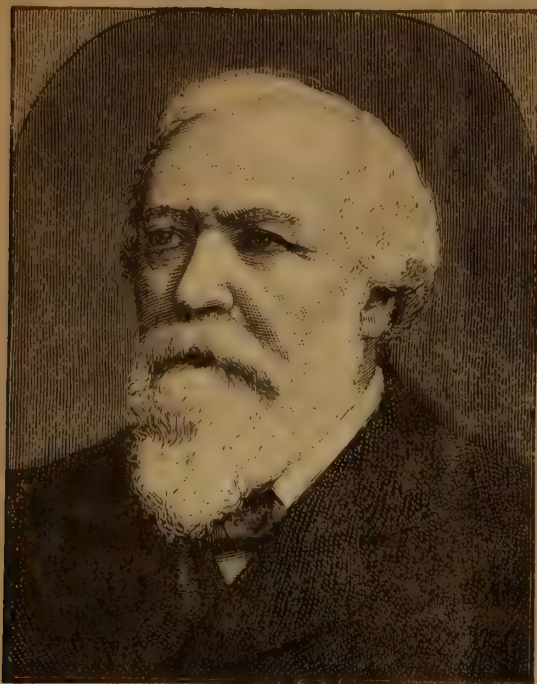
its freedom was to kill all the fowls belonging to the establishment; leaving none alive. How like man! There may be forced morality, but unless there is regeneration the old nature, though restrained, is not changed. Hence the words of our Lord, 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Ye must be born again.'" (John 3:5-7.)

A Lesson from the Lowering of the Lights.—Mr. McIntosh relates: "Some years ago a series of Gospel meetings were held in a certain church in Glasgow. A goodly number stayed to the after-meeting; and one by one, as they settled the momentous question of their soul's salvation, they left the hall, until one young man and the pastor only remained. It was getting late, and the church officer began to put out the lights. The difference in the light of the hall attracted the young man's attention. Suddenly he felt that his soul must be saved now or never. He sprang to his feet, and in the intensity of his anxiety exclaimed as he threw his arms around the hall-pillar, 'I will never leave this place until I am saved.' He had not long to wait, for when a sinner earnestly seeks Jesus, he soon finds Him, or rather is found by Him; and that night that young man left the hall rejoicing in Jesus. God is the 'Rewarder of all those that diligently seek Him.'" (Heb. 11:6.)

From Farm to Mansion.—Rev. Mr. Wells observes: "Two years ago I was visiting a friend who lived on the estate of the Marquis of Breadalbane. On the second day of my visit, as we were walking past a farm-house in the neighborhood, my friend stopped, and pointing to it, said: 'That is where the Marquis passed his boyhood. He lived there in a simple way, but one day his father took him from the farm to the family mansion, where he lived in a manner worthy of the son of the Marquis.' As I walked along I thought, that is very like what God does with us. We are busily engaged in our little, narrow, money-gathering, ignoble lives, but at last we hear God's call to leave all that and become one of His sons—one of the sons of the King of kings. Did that young nobleman decline to obey his father's command? Did he disdain the riches and splendors of the castle, and cling to the comparative poverty of the farm? No. And yet how many of us are guilty of even greater foolishness, in refusing the generous invitation of our Lord and King."

God Claims You.—Mr. Wells relates: "When the late Earl Cairns was a bright little boy of ten years of age, he heard in Dr. Cook's church in Belfast three words which made a memorable impression upon him. The Doctor in the course of a sermon made use of the expression, 'God claims you.' These words struck the little fellow very forcibly. After the service, he said to himself, 'God claims me. That is reasonable. God made me. He, and none other, has the right to claim me.' Then came the question, 'What am I going to do with the claim?' After some thought he answered, 'I will own it, and give myself to Him.' He went home and told his mother, 'God claims me.' At school and college his motto was, 'God claims me.' As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still, 'God claims me.' When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was teacher of a large Bible-class, and his minister, thinking that now he would not have time to devote to that purpose, said to him, 'I suppose you will now require to give up your class?' 'No,' was the reply, 'I will not, God claims me.' Oh, miserable pleasure-seekers, who waste your time in the vain pursuits of pleasure, which ever eludes your grasp, God claims you."

Fell Dead in a Drinking-Bar.—Mr. Hamilton observes: "A town in Scotland was the centre of a large district famous for the distilling of whisky. There were not many total abstainers in the town, but one man, an habitual drinker, suddenly became aware that strong drink was fast making him a total wreck physically and financially. He resolved to stop drinking. He took the total abstinence pledge, and donned the blue ribbon. Some Christian workers told him that if he wished to be truly reformed, or even to be enabled to keep the pledge which he had just taken, he must accept the Lord Jesus as his keeper. 'No, no,' was his reply; 'I don't want any religion. I have signed my name, and I shall keep it. I have aye kept my word.' Despite all entreaties he refused to have anything to do with Christ, but went away determined in his own strength to lead a sober and moral life. For



The Late Robert Browning. (See page 27.)



Russian Exiles Going to Siberia.

over three years he never went near a saloon, and for the first few months felt no desire to return to his old habits. But one day as he was walking down the street, without any temptation or meditation, or having purposed beforehand to do so, he turned into a saloon and began to drink. Glass after glass he poured down his throat, never pausing to think, until having consumed a very large quantity he fell dead. If God removes His restraining and sustaining power, then, left to our own perverse nature and the evil influence of Satan, like the swine at Gadara we will rush headlong to destruction. We cannot be safe unless 'the Lord is our Keeper.' (Psalm 121:5.)

Vision of a Drowning Man.—Mr. Hastings, of Boston, Mass., relates: "In the town of East Salisbury, Mass., half a mile from the railway station, lived an old lady named Rhoda Mercer. Some years ago she belonged to a company of women who used to meet and pray for sailors, their husbands, sons, and brothers on the sea. One day a woman came in to see her, and found her ironing, and said to her, 'Pray for my husband!' She replied, 'I have prayed for him to-day. But the visitor urged her to pray again, for she deeply felt his need of prayer. She therefore stopped ironing, and went away and prayed again. She came back to her ironing, and again went back and prayed. She came back again, and again retired to pray; and while praying this time, she could see this man, for whom she prayed, struggling in the waves. She saw a boat let down from a vessel, saw the man sink, and while she was praying, in agony, someone caught him by the hair and he was drawn into the boat and rescued. Months after, when the man returned safe and sound, he related that at that very day, and at that very hour, he was in those circumstances of peril, and was delivered precisely as she saw. This account we had from her pastor, who received it from her own lips." Several other somewhat similar cases are on record.

"The Master of a Common Lodging-House," says a Mildmay visitor in *Service for the King*, "in one of the 'slums' of our district was ill. I went to see him, and thought him looking very bad. He spoke, however, in a defiant kind of way, saying that he hoped to be well again soon; but when I went a few days after he was unconscious and apparently dying. I repeated a few texts by his bedside, and as I said 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,' a look of intelligence passed over his face. The next day, I found him sensible, and he eagerly took my hand and gave me a warm welcome, saying that he had been so troubled because he thought he had insulted me. He had recognized my voice the day before, though he could not speak, and a minister had since been to see him. He was now quite happy, for his 'dirty sins were washed in the blood of Jesus,' and he was 'ready to meet his Maker.' He joined me in prayer, and thanked God that though his sins were as scarlet, they were now whiter than snow. The next time I saw him, he had a large

Bible lying open on his chest. 'But you cannot read,' I said. 'No,' he answered, 'but I like to hold the Bible, and my wife can read to me a bit sometimes.' He was in rapid consumption, and died in a few weeks. 'I have lived in darkness all my life, but now I have God in my heart,' was his final testimony."

RUSSIAN EXILES TO SIBERIA.

SOME sad incidents are related by Dr. Bædeker of his experiences of Russian travel. He says that in the northeastern districts of the country to which he went distributing gospel portions and tracts, he frequently met exiles proceeding under military escort to that dreadful desert of Siberia. Some

at an, he met, of the offence of conspiring eousness," said one; but if that power is insens and never communicates with man, and notices him, there is nothing in the forced ad before retiring to rest. "I believe I should do bet- sion of any use to him who makes it or hearter by applying personally. Some one calls on the It is big talk, such as men call "bosh," and nadvertisers and gets the position before my letter ing more. Though it be veiled in the language reaches them. I have made up my mind to go to they philosophy, the scientific jargon which makes the city and get board in some cheap boarding- I found they were civilized, and reached the house, and set out every morning to call on the men who advertise, right away. That is the only plan." inquired where they came from, and they said they were political exiles, but were now at liberty. This man was taken to prison as a suspect at the time of the death of the late Emperor. He was not concerned in it, but some of his acquaintances were concerned in it. They put him in prison in St. Petersburg, where he was sixteen months in solitary confinement. In this prison he was not allowed to talk or move, or even to clean his cell. It was forced idleness and forced silence. He seriously told me that many prisoners became insane. He said he fell ill, and when the doctor came he said he would die. Then they removed him from the solitary prison, and he recovered. As soon as he was recovered they put chains on his feet, and off he went to Siberia. Political prisoners have one-half of the hair shaved off their heads, and the other half is allowed to grow, and they are sent along in chains, surrounded by soldiers. They go some distance on foot, then they are taken by sledges or steamers until they reach Tomsk, but when they pass Tomsk they have to tramp. This man's brother, after six years' exile, was set at liberty. He was arrested, and his wife did not know anything about it. A little later his wife was arrested as a suspect, and she was sent to the distant region of Siberia, where they met again.

"Among the passengers on board a steamer on the Volga was a young married couple, who interested me very much. The man was a political exile. They were leaving Russia, and were being sent to Siberia. The man had a special permission to go into exile on his own charges, travelling at his own expense. When his intended young wife heard that her future husband was going to be exiled she at once sought him out, joined herself to him, and accompanied him in his exile. These dear people had little or no money, and I offered them a little, but they refused, and they went on their way wonderfully cheerful. Their destination was Irkutsk.

They said they would have to show themselves in Irkutsk, and where they would be sent afterward they did not know. They were afraid they might be sent to Yakutsk, which is far north and bitterly cold. These political exiles are sent, many of them, to settle down and live there all their lives." Thousands of Russians know that they too may be sent out into these solitudes any day, yet they go on bravely spreading their doctrines of the rights of man, and the iniquity of despotic government, content if by the sacrifice of their lives or liberty the day of their country's deliverance is brought nearer.

GRACE MAYLING'S TRIAL.

(See illustration on page 29.)

"I AM tired of answering these advertisements," said Grace Mayling, as she and her sister Caroline sat in their pretty bedroom talking over their affairs before retiring to rest. "I believe I should do better by applying personally. Some one calls on the advertisers and gets the position before my letter reaches them. I have made up my mind to go to the city and get board in some cheap boarding-house, and set out every morning to call on the men who advertise, right away. That is the only plan."

"Mamma will never agree to that," said Caroline. "She does not like your going away at all, and this is worse than going to take a position that you have secured."

"She must agree, Caroline. I cannot stay at home any longer. You know there is not enough for us all. Why, it has cost us every cent of our income just to pay rent and keep house. We have not been able to buy even a pair of shoes all this half-year. Something must be done, and this seems the only thing."

"I wish you could have brought yourself to accept young Dawson, Grace. Is there no chance yet, do you think? You could marry and settle down right here in the village. It would be so nice for me, and such a comfort to mamma. I am sure he loves you still in spite of your refusal."

● "Oh, do not speak of him again, Caroline. I am not fit for a farmer's wife. I should be killed with the dullness in a year. No, anything but that. I want something brighter—with more life in it. I will tell you what I do regret. I could not say it to any one else, but I think you have guessed it before. I am sorry I did not accept Robert Boden when he asked me. I did care for him, but I answered him with a jest, and he just turned away as if he had been struck, and the next thing I heard he had exchanged to a ship that was to be away on a three years' cruise, and I did not see him again. I know he thought I was a frivolous girl, and so I was then, but ever since papa died I have been sorry. Life seems so much more serious now. I could not hurt any one's feelings like that again, whether I cared for them or not."

"Why don't you write to him?"

"I did write just after papa's death, but it is quite a chance whether he would get the letter. I sent it to Singapore. His ship was stationed there at that time. If he received it I don't know that he

would understand. I scarcely said anything about myself. I only told him about papa, and reminded him how fond papa was of him, and said how sad we were. It is nearly a year since, now, and he has not answered."

Mrs. Mayling, as her younger daughter predicted, was firmly opposed to Grace going to the city to earn a livelihood with no definite prospect before her. Though she had offered many prayers for the conversion of her daughters, they had not been answered, and she had heard that the city was a dreadful place for girls. How could Grace be preserved from temptation when she had not given her heart to God? In her honor and purity Mrs. Mayling had strong confidence, but what were they without God's grace? In poverty and difficulty, with no friends near to counsel her, both might succumb. Mrs. Mayling knew little of city life, or she would have been yet more apprehensive. Still, the financial difficulty pressed, and Grace, after many appeals to her, at last won a reluctant consent to her making the experiment.

No time was lost in making preparations, and one bright morning Grace was ready to set out. She bade adieu cheerfully to her mother, for she would not let that affectionate old lady see how her own heart sank before her enterprise. Then she and Caroline walked across their neat little garden to the rectory, to bid good-bye to Margaret Reeve, the rector's daughter, who conducted the Bible class of which both were members, and who had often earnestly sought to win them to Christ. Margaret saw them pass the windows, knew why they were coming, and went to the door to meet them. There was no need of concealment here, and Grace allowed her sorrow to show in her face. Caroline was still more mournful; her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the tears were rising again as she stood a little behind Grace holding her sister's bag and shawl.

"Good bye," said Grace, her voice husky with emotion; "I shall never forget all your kindness."

Margaret looked at her tenderly and yearningly. "I shall pray for you, Grace," she said. "You may be 'sifted as wheat' where you are going, and will need our prayers. It grieves me sorely to have you go, and still more to feel that you have not taken Him for your friend who is ready to help you and save you from the evil. Remember, 'If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee.'"

The three girls walked down the path to the cab waiting at the gate; there Grace was kissed and hugged, the door was shut and she was driven to the railroad depot.

Letters came during the next few weeks at intervals from Grace, but neither mother, sister, nor friend who read them learned her real experience. They were hopeful, even cheerful, letters, but Margaret Reeve, more than either of the others, saw that it had cost the writer an effort to make them so. She had not secured a position, but she had been told that trade was bad, that a little later she might obtain employment, that she must wait, etc., etc. Her money was not exhausted yet, and she was hoping and not much discouraged. There grew longer intervals after that between her letters, and of that time she would never tell the whole history. It was a time of fierce temptation. Without money, without friends, beset by offers of support that meant the loss of her honor and her soul. Cold, hunger, misery, and no prospect of relief. Oh, it was a dreadful time!

Then, at last, in her agony she turned to God. Her own strength was failing fast. She saw women who had failed in the struggle, who had purchased with their souls escape from what she was suffering,



Grace Mayling's Departure.

and who were now living in ease and luxury, and she trembled lest she too should fall. She knelt and begged God to take her into His keeping, and with full faith gave her life and all she was to Him, whether she might starve or not.

It was the next morning after that crisis that a letter from home reached her. She opened it listlessly. What did they know of her condition? She had concealed it, and even now could not bear to wring their hearts by telling them. But her mood changed when she saw the enclosure. It was a letter from her sailor lover whose confession of love she had received so lightly when he made it in her frivolous days. He had missed her letter, and it had followed him to a distant station after long delays. He had read between the lines the change that had taken place in her, and confessed that, though wounded by her light answer, he still loved her. He was coming home on leave, and would arrive soon after his letter, and begged her to accept his love.

The revulsion of feeling from despair to joy almost made her faint, but it is not difficult to recover from the shocks that joy gives. Grace had only to wait now for money from home to take her back there, and to wait for her lover's arrival. As she once more greeted her Christian friend at the rectory, she filed Margaret's heart with thankfulness by telling her that she had been driven by her trials out of the darkness into light, and had learned, as Margaret had reminded her, that He was found of her when she sought Him.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 14.)

Unwelcome Guests.

GOVERNOR BRADFORD returned a kind and grateful answer to the friendly Captain; and almost immediately after the departure of the messenger, Mr. Winslow was dispatched in their own boat to endeavor to obtain provisions from the fishing ships. Captain Huddleston received Mr. Winslow with great kindness, and not only liberally contributed to supply the wants of the colonists from his own stores, but wrote to the captains of the neighbor-

ing ships, urging their good services on their behalf. Mr. Winslow found about thirty sail of ships on the fishing station, and, with the generosity of a grateful heart, he is more minute in detailing their liberality, than in recording his own privations.

"I was employed," says he, "by our Governor, with orders to take up such victuals as the ships could spare; where I found kind entertainment and good respect, with a willingness to supply our wants. But being not able to spare that quantity I required, by reason of the necessity of some amongst themselves whom they supplied before my coming, they would not take bills for the same, but did what they could freely, wishing their store had been such as they might in greater measure have expressed their own love, and supplied our necessities, for which they sorrowed, provoking one another to the utmost of their abilities; which, although it were not much amongst so many people as were at the plantation, yet through the provident and discreet care of the governors, recovered and preserved strength till our own crop on the ground was ready.

By careful husbandry the colonists had now bread enough to secure a quarter of a pound to each individual, daily, till harvest; and encouraged by this meagre yet most opportune supply, they set to work with renewed energy and thankfulness to their ordinary tasks. The dangers and perils of the second year of the infant colony were over—another victory, won with hard toil and privations, had crowned the trusting faith and indomitable perseverance of the Pilgrim founders.

The boat which hove in sight—and filled the colonists with apprehensions of European allies abetting their Indian foes, at the very time when they were negotiating with the agents of Massasoit on behalf of their treacherous interpreter Squanto—belonged to a fishing vessel dispatched to New England by Mr. Thomas Weston, a citizen of London, and one of the merchant adventurers, who was impatient to reap a speedier harvest from the colony than the returns of the Plymouth settlers seemed to promise. This was the same Mr. Thomas Weston on whom the Pilgrims had placed no slight reliance, who had visited them at Leyden, had advanced £500 to promote their scheme of colonization, and, with many noisy protestations of sympathy and favor, had hurried from London to Southampton to bid them farewell. When the *Sparrow's* boat sailed into Plymouth harbor towards the end of May, 1622, and landed seven new emigrants to add to the number of the colonists, at the very time they were parting among their feeble company the last grains of their winter's store, it was no unmeet foreshadowing of the future services they had to expect from the same quarter. The boat was freighted with no provisions even for those it brought, nor bore with it any message of good-will to the colonists. Already other ships were following on its track, sent out by the same unfriendly adventurer, crowded with rival colonists, destined to cause more sorrow and anxiety to the Pilgrim founders of New England than all the sufferings and privations which they had previously endured.

A letter received by that opportunity, addressed to Governor Carver, conveyed to the colonists the first notice of rivalry and disunion among the adventurers, on whose good faith their success seemed then so greatly to depend. "The shallop," says Bradford, "brings a letter from Mr. Weston of January 17, by which we find he has quite deserted us, and is going to settle a plantation of his own." The ungracious conduct of those who delivered the letter was a sufficiently intelligent illustration of the intentions of the writer, but the journals of the

Pilgrims record no complaints or desponding forebodings, though they must now have sometimes cast an anxious look toward the distant horizon, not with the fond hope of despoiling a friendly sail bearing down on them from the far-off land of their nativity, but with the fear of unfriendly rivals coming to reap where they had sown, and to dispute with them the hard-won fruits of their persevering industry. Their worst fears could hardly surpass the reality.

Towards the close of the pleasant month of June the expected colonists arrived. From their citadel on Burial Hill the Plymouth settlers beheld two vessels round the point of Cape Cod and cast anchor in the bay. They proved to be the *Charity* and the *Swan*, two ships freighted by Mr. Thomas Weston, and bringing some sixty emigrants, sent over at his own cost, and commissioned to plant and colonize for his exclusive benefit.

The *Charity* was a large emigrant ship, having on board a numerous body of colonists destined for Virginia, in addition to those who landed at Plymouth. The Pilgrims soon found that their character amply corresponded with that which we have already described as most commonly pertaining to the vagabond settlers of the Virginia's Company's plantations. They dreamt of no aim to "do good or to plant religion." No wounded conscience had driven them to forsake the land of their birth, and to break the fond ties of home, in the hope of finding liberty to worship God amid the wilds of the New World. Even Mr. Weston owned that many of them were rude and profane fellows, and Robert Cushman wrote a warning letter to his friends at New Plymouth, in which he says, "They are no men for us, and I fear they will hardly deal so well with the savages as they should. I pray you, therefore, signify to Squanto that they are a distinct body from us, and we have nothing to do with them, nor must be blamed for their faults, much less can warrant their fidelity."

This indeed was the greatest of all the dangers they had to fear. Their most difficult task had already been to deal with their Indian neighbors, and establish an intercourse equally based on the foundation of respect for their courage and confidence in their integrity. The danger, therefore, of being held responsible for the excesses of such men was great; the impossibility of guaranteeing their fidelity was speedily still more apparent, for Mr. John Pierce in writing of them remarks: "They are so base in condition for the most part, as in all appearance not fit for an honest man's company." An inroad of savage Narragansetts, armed with tomahawk and scalping-knife could hardly have been more dreaded by the virtuous colonists of New Plymouth, as the arrival of such a band of *vagabond adventurers*, to taint their new settlement with the worst vices of the Old World. Nevertheless the colonists failed not in good services of kindly hospitality to the unwelcome strangers. "We received them," says Winslow, "into our town, affording them whatsoever courtesy our mean condition could afford." And yet their condition was such as might amply have justified the dismissal of their visitors to seek for themselves such a welcome as the forest wilds had afforded to the first settlers, under more inclement skies. But it was a trial of strength between selfishness and principle, wherein the former overreached herself, and proved how worthless is the policy of shrewd dishonesty and greed.

It was not alone in the simple rites of hospitality to the intruders that the sterling principles of the Plymouth Pilgrims were made manifest. Their generous faith triumphed over every selfish consideration, so that we almost rejoice in reviewing trials which led to the display of such true Christian nobility. So far from giving way to indignant feelings at the desertion of their cause, by one who had made such protestations of friendly zeal and disinterested sympathy on their behalf, the colonists still generously recurred to the early services of Mr. Weston; and Winslow, after narrating the base ingratitude of their guests, remarks, "Nevertheless, for their master's sake, who formerly had deserved well from us, we continued to do them whatsoever good or furtherance we could." Truly it was taking on their enemy the Christian's revenge, and "heaping coals of fire upon his head."

"In the meantime," says Winslow, "the body of them refreshed themselves at Plymouth, whilst some most fit sought out a place for them. That little store of corn we had was exceedingly wasted by the unjust and dishonest walking of these strangers; who, though they would sometimes seem to help us

in our labor about our corn, yet spared not day and night to steal the same, it being then eatable and pleasant to taste, though green and unprofitable; and though they received much kindness, set light both by it and us, not sparing to requite the love we showed them, with secret backbitings, revilings, etc., the chief of them being forestalled and made against us before they came, as after appeared. Nevertheless, for their master's sake, who formerly had deserved well from us, we continued to do them whatsoever good or furtherance we could, attributing these things to the want of conscience and discretion, expecting each day when God in his providence would disburden us of them, sorrowing that their overseers were not of more ability and fitness for their places, and much fearing what would be the issue of such raw and unconscionable beginnings.

'At length their coasters returned, having found, in their judgment, a place fit for plantation, within the bay of the Massachusetts at a place called by the Indians Wichaguscusset; to which place the body of them went with all convenient speed, leaving still with us such as were sick and lame, by the Governor's permission, though on their parts undeserved; whom our surgeon, by the help of God, recovered gratis for them, and they fetched home, as occasion served.

"They had not been long from us ere the Indians filled our ears with clamors against them, for stealing their corn, and other abuses conceived by them. At which we grieved the more, because the same men [the Indians], in my own hearing, had been earnest in persuading Captain Standish, before their coming, to solicit our Governor to send some of his men to plant by them alleging many reasons how it might be commodious for us."

It was evil enough for the Pilgrims to have such neighbors planted in ungenerous rivalry beside them on the New England coast, but it would have been infinitely worse had the merchant adventurers, on whose good-will they so much depended, insisted on intruding such a vicious rabble into their own community. Then, indeed, it would have been vain for them to warn the Indians that they were blameless of the new comers' deeds, and scarcely less vain would it have proven for the elders of New Plymouth to strive to guard the rising generation, the hope and life of the colony, from their contaminating influence.

But as the season of harvest drew near the colonists were once more threatened with a renewal of the privations which had so sorely tried them in the earlier months of the year. Heedless of the stinted and hard-won stores which they had obtained when seemingly on the verge of want, they had generously shared them with their unwelcome guests. Added to this, their crop proved scanty, partly by reason of the weakness of its planters, through want, and partly owing to the base ingratitude and dishonesty of the new emigrants, who had plucked much of it while the ear was still green. They had shipped to the merchant adventurers a costly freight, but they looked in vain for any return; and once more the fading leaves of the forest warned them of the coming winter, and recalled to their remembrance former privations, when they had been better provided against threatened famine.

The colonists of New England had learned from their opportune visit to the vessels employed in fishing on the coast, that they might hope at times to interchange courtesies with their fellow-countrymen on that distant shore. Towards the end of August, when their scanty harvest had been reaped, and no adequate provision seemed to be left for the winter, they were gratified with the sight of two English ships entering the bay. One of these was the *Sparrow*, returning from the fishing grounds laden with the spoils of the sea, and in consort with it the *Discovery*, a stranger vessel, but commanded by Captain Jones, the same, it is supposed, who, as master of the *Mayflower*, had guided the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth Bay. To an American, more especially, these records of the early history of his country are peculiarly attractive, wherein he catches a glimpse of the strange and unknown sail welcomed at long intervals on the solitary shores, where now the merchant navies of the world are crowding to traffic with the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. The early colonial historians describe the vessels which visited them from time to time, generally as ships; but probably the little *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eighty tons, was regarded as no inconsiderable vessel by the colonists, who, had they sailed in a larger ship,

would have been compelled to choose a more convenient harbor than the capacious but shallow waters of Plymouth Bay afford.

"To gain a satisfactory impression," says Dr. Cheever, "of the localities of Plymouth Harbor, we must ascend the Burial Hill, which rises, covered with its forest of grave-stones, directly above the terrace, where the Pilgrims laid out the first rude street of their settlement. It is a very sacred spot in their history, and the view from it is incomparably fine. The town lies below you, around the bosom of the hill. A few majestic elms and lindens rise in beautiful masses of foliage among the buildings on the water side, but in general there are few trees until the eye passes into that noble ridge of pine forest on the southeast, running out into the sea; a hill-range of the primeval wilderness, as deeply foliated as the Green Mountains, or the Jura range in Switzerland.

"The wide harbor is before you, with a bar or spit of land straight stretching across the centre of it, and dividing the inner flats from the deep blue water beyond. I say the wide harbor. And now it depends very much upon the time of tide when you first enter the town, whether you are greatly disappointed or pleased in the first impression. Plymouth Harbor is one of those vast inlets so frequent along our coast, where, at high tide, you see a magnificent bay studded with islands, and opening proudly into the open ocean; but at low tide an immense extent of muddy, salt-grassed, and seaweeded shallows, with a narrow stream winding its way among them to find the sea.

"Here and there lies the stranded bark of a fisherman, or a lumber schooner amidst the flats, left at low tide, not high and dry, but half sunk in the mud; and the wharves are dripping with rotting sea-weed, and the shores look decaying and deserted; not pebbly or sandy like a beach, but swampy with eel grass, and strewn here and there with the skeletons of old horse-fishes, crabs, muscles, etc., among the withered layers of dry kelp. Now and then, also, the red huts and fish-flakes of the fishermen vary the scene upon the shore, or a small vessel, about as large as the *Mayflower*, slowly, though with all sail set, follows the course of the stream winding among the shallows, the only channel, at low tide, by which there is any approach from the outer open bay, towards the quay or business landing-place of the village.

The extent of these flats and shallows at Cape Cod and Plymouth was the cause of great evil and hardship at first; for, speaking of Cape Cod Bay, where the Pilgrims first came to anchor, they say; 'We could not come near the shore by three-quarters of an English mile, because of shallow water, which was a great prejudice to us, for our people, going on shore, were forced to wade a bow-shoot or two in going a-land, which caused many to get colds and coughs, for it was by times freezing weather.' In these colds and coughs were the seed, to some of a speedy, to others a lingering, New England consumption, which soon sowed the harbor-side with graves, almost as many as the names of the living.

"But now if you behold this same sweep of sea scenery at high tide, beneath a clear sky, a bright sun, in the coloring of morn or evening, or in the solemn stillness of an autumn moon, what an amazing change! It is no longer the same region. You would think it one of the finest harbors in the world. You would think it was the preference and selection of the human will, after long searching, that brought the Pilgrims hither, and not merely the hand and compulsion of an overruling Providence. You would think how easy and how natural for them to find their way just to this landing-place, and how beautiful and admirable the region, for the thrift of a colony, both in commercial and in country life."

It was not, however, the will of Providence that the Fathers of New England should found a great city, whose swift commercial growth should reward them with the wealth of the Old World, and expose them to its envy and corrupting restraints. The wide-spreading oak, underneath which freedom was to shelter, needed the slow growth of centuries ere its sapling boughs were knit into sinewy strength, and required its unseen but strong and far-extending roots no less than the slightly canopy of its green foliage. It was God's good providence that frustrated the Pilgrims' plans of settling in Virginia, and guided the little *Mayflower* away from the fertile shores of the Hudson, to land them on the bare rocks of Plymouth Bay.

(To be Continued.)

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...earned professor in one of the largest and most colleges in America recently told a gentleman the Pillow-Inhaler had cured a nasal catarrh which had from birth, and that he owed his present and round appearance to the Pillow-Inhaler.

...er professor, Arthur F. Winslow, A.B., of the English and School at West Newton, Mass., says: "I believe the inhaler is in every case what it professes to be as a cure for I have tried it with entire success in my own case." I have tried it with entire success in my own case.

...inglish and well-known physician, Charles H. Craigin, D., Georgetown, D. C., writes: "The catarrh which has my air passages very seriously for a year has been much relieved by the use of the Pillow-Inhaler."

...dvisor, the Rev. J. T. Burrows, D.D., of Boston, writes: "I think the Pillow-Inhaler is a very great bit, and the man to it deserves the gratitude of all sufferers. I never so soundly, and my voice is better since using it."

...rter, M.D., Norfolk, Va., a well-known physician of bronchitis, says: "I believe the Pillow-Inhaler to be the best for the relief and cure of lung troubles that I have ever heard of."

...N. Daniels, Melrose, N. Y., writes: "I have used the inhaler for severe trouble in my throat and bronchitis and best results, and I say to others I believe bronchitis and catarrh can be cured by the Pillow-Inhaler."

...ance, Chambers, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, in City, writes: "I have used the Pillow-Inhaler for over five years and I hereby cheerfully testify to its effectiveness for catarrh and bronchitis. I would not be without it."

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Or reckon the priceless value
Of the blood He shed for me?
Ah, no! 'tis beyond my telling,
Though its theme I fain would know;
And my heart it fails to measure
The breadth of the love I owe.

Can I share the bitter anguish,
He bore 'midst the garden's gloom;
When His soul passed 'neath the shadow
Of the coming judgment's doom?
Ah, no! 'tis beyond my sharing,
The weight of my Saviour's woe;
And my heart it fails to measure
The length of the love I owe.

Can I grasp the mystic meaning
Of the cross with His nail-pierced form;
Where His heart for the sinner's ransom
Was crushed in the judgment storm?
Ah, no! 'tis beyond my grasping,
'Tis deeper than thought can go;
And my heart it fails to measure
The depth of the love I owe.

Can I see with earthly vision,
The walls of my blood-bought home?
Can I catch the matchless glory
That gleams from its golden dome?
Ah, no! 'tis beyond my vision,
Though it shine with fadeless glow;
And my heart still fails to measure,
The height of the love I owe.

Soon, soon in glorious beauty,
I shall see Him face to face,
And read in the nail and spear marks
The story of saving grace;
Ah! then I shall learn the meaning
Of His life-blood's crimson flow;
I shall measure the wondrous fullness,
I shall know how much I owe.

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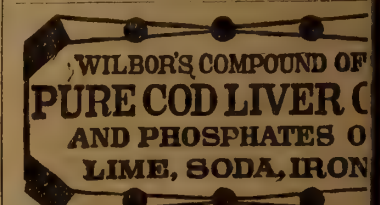
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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

TRAITS AND LIVES OF FIVE REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH CLERGYMEN.

THE RESCUE OF A KING. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Sunday in Paris.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE COMING COLOSSAL CONFLICT.

A Curious Pledge in India—A Marriage at the McAll

Mission—The Prosecution of Dr. T. J. Barnardo—The

Confession of M. Eiffel—A Prayer for a Son.

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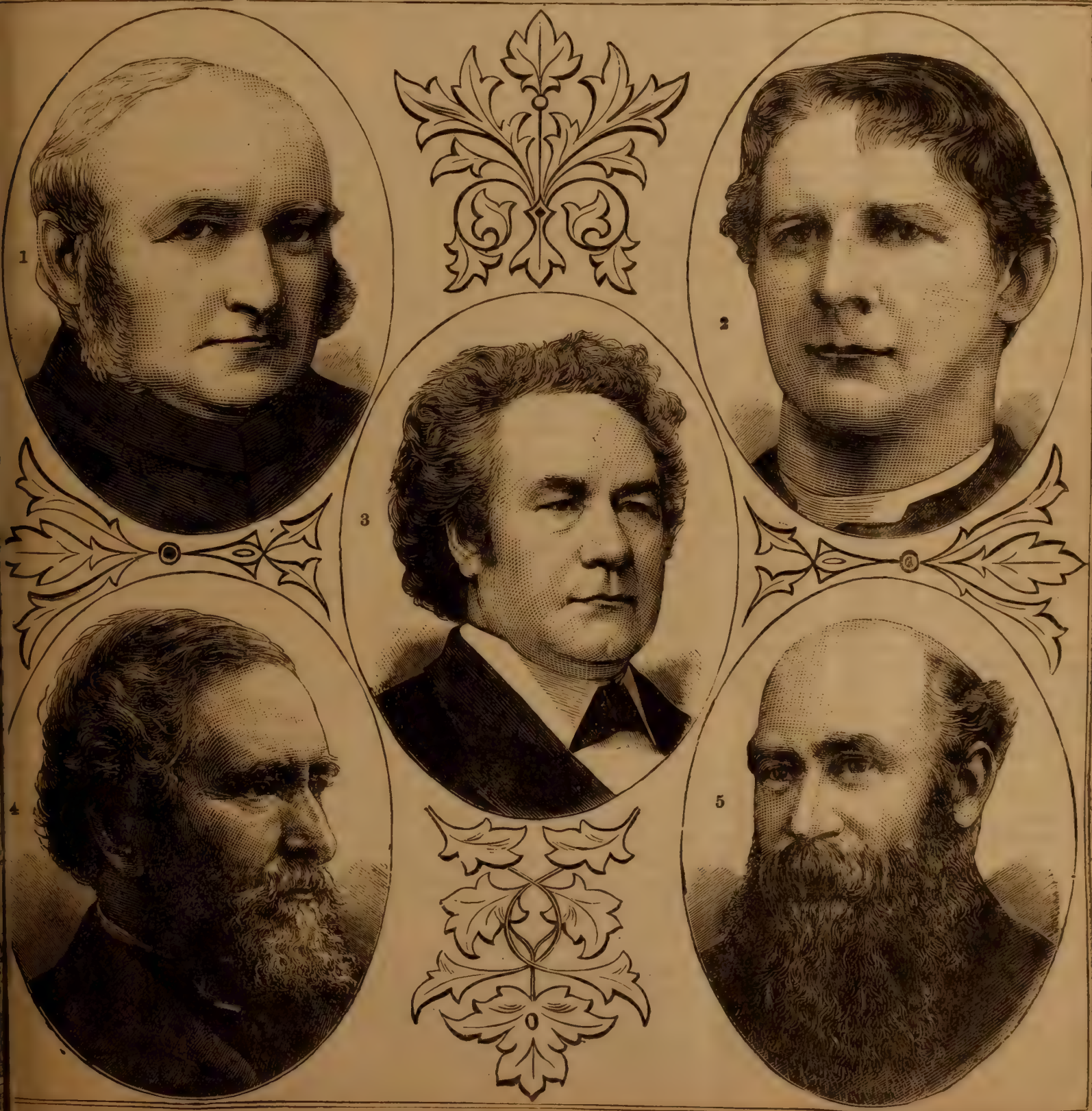
PORTRAIT OF MRS. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

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THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS: (Continued.)



REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH CLERGYMEN: 1. The Bishop of Derry—2. The Bishop of Chester—3. Dr. Joseph Parker—4. Rev. John Wilkinson—5. Rev. James Ormiston.

THE ENGLISH RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS.

FOUR notable conventions have taken place in England which affect as many religious bodies. The portraits on the first page this week are representatives of these conventions, and are of men well known by reputation on this side the Atlantic. Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, Ireland, and Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester, are identified with the Protestant Episcopal Congress held at Cardiff; Dr. Joseph Parker with the Congregational Union, which met at Hull; the Rev. John Wilkinson with the Jewish Mission Society in conference at Mildmay, and Rev. James Ormiston with the Convention of Christian Workers at Clifton.

THE RIGHT REV. ROBERT ALEXANDER,
BISHOP OF DERRY.

THE Bishop of Derry, who preached the opening sermon at the Cardiff Church Congress, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Robert Alexander, Rector of Aghadoey, and Canon of Derry Cathedral. He was born in the historic city of Derry on April 13, 1824, and is therefore now sixty-five years old. He was educated at Tonbridge School, and afterward proceeded to the University of Oxford. He commenced his university career at Exeter College, but subsequently he went to Brasenose, from which college he graduated in 1847. The same year he returned to Ireland, and was ordained deacon, serving as curate of Templemore, the principal parish in the city of Derry; the church of which (St. Columba's) is the cathedral of the diocese. During this time he did not, however, abandon his studies, for in 1850 he obtained the Denyer prize at Oxford for a theological essay, the subject of which was "The Divinity of our Lord." This essay has since been republished. In 1860 his poetic gifts gained him a prize of considerable value, given every three years for the best poem on a sacred subject. That which he selected was "The Waters of Babylon;" it may now be found in the volume of his collected poems, entitled *St. Augustine's Holiday*. During these years his

Advancement in the Church

was rapid. He was successively presented to the parishes of Termonamongan, Fahan, and Camusjuxta-Mourne, to which last he was nominated in 1860. The Deanery of Emly became vacant in 1863, and it was offered to and accepted by Dr. Alexander. In the year 1867, on the death of Dr. Higgins, he became Bishop of Derry, and from that time to the present day he has ruled over the united dioceses of Derry and Raphoe, with which he was so long connected, both by family and personal ties. His *alma mater* of course conferred the usual degree of D. D. upon her distinguished son on his accession to the Episcopal bench.

As a Preacher and Speaker

the Bishop is well known. There are few occupants of the bench who surpass him in glowing eloquence and poetic fire. In the University pulpits Dr. Alexander is often heard, and few of the select preachers at Oxford or Cambridge are more popular. In 1876 he was Bampton lecturer, and chose for his subject, "The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity;" these discourses, when published, became widely known, and have passed through several editions. His lectures on literary and social subjects, as well as printed sermons, are too numerous to mention here, and embrace a very wide field of secular and theological learning. Of his power as an expositor of Scripture he has given ample proof in valuable contributions to

"The Speaker's Commentary."

The portions assigned to him were the Epistles to the Colossians and Thessalonians, the Epistle to Philemon, and the Epistles of St. John. This shows that as an exegetical writer the Bishop may claim a high place.

The Bishop's gifted wife is well known as the writer of "There is a green hill far away," and other beautiful hymns. She is the daughter of an Irish gentleman, and was married to Dr. Alexander in 1849.

THE RT. REV. FRANCIS JAYNE,
BISHOP OF CHESTER.

THE second of the portraits on the first page is of Dr. Francis John Jayne, the 33d Bishop of Chester. He is about forty-six years of age. He was educated at Rugby, and afterward obtained a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. He took a first-class in 1866, and graduated as first-class in all subjects, and first-class in Modern History in 1868. At Oxford his career was a distinguished one. Mr.

Jayne was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford in 1870, and began parochial work as assistant-curate of St. Clement's, Oxford. In 1868 he had been elected a Fellow of Jesus College, and after having undertaken parochial work for a year, he accepted a Lectureship at Jesus College, and a tutorship at Keble College, in the same University. He remained in Oxford until 1879 when he was made the Principal of St. David's College, which he retained until 1886, when he was appointed to the Vicarage of Leeds. He had been but little more than two years at Leeds, where he did most excellent work, when he was appointed Honorary Canon of Ripon, and then, early in September, 1888, was elected to succeed Dr. Stubbs in the important See of Chester.

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

THE intimate friendship which existed for many years between the late Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Parker brought the latter frequently to this country on visits to his friend, during which he has made the acquaintance of many American churches. Joseph Parker was born about sixty years ago at a small town not far from Newcastle, Eng. His circumstances were humble, but at a very early age the youth gave evidence of unusual ability. From the outset of his career, in spite of difficulties which would have baffled weaker men, his course has been one of splendid and unbroken success, and he holds to-day a prominent place in the religious community of his country.

When he was quite a young man he received an invitation to become the minister of the Congregational Church at Banbury, Oxfordshire, and having rendered excellent service here for a few years, he accepted the pastorate of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, where his genius at once secured him general attention. In 1868 he went to London to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Spence, at the Poultry Chapel, only a few yards distant from the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The church, which is now under Dr. Parker's pastoral charge, is the oldest Congregational church in the city, and it has the distinction of which it may well be proud, of having had for its first pastor the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, *chaplain to Oliver Cromwell*. The church first assembled in Anchor Lane, Thames Street, from which place it removed, in 1672, to Paved Alley, Lime Street. After several other changes it settled in the early part of the century at the Poultry, where it remained till 1873, when, Dr. Parker being then the minister of the church, the present magnificent City Temple was erected on Holborn Viaduct.

One of the most remarkable features of Dr. Parker's ministry is his weekly noon service. The idea of preaching at noon in a church in the heart of the business centre of London was ridiculed when Dr. Parker broached it. He was asked if he thought merchants, bankers, and brokers would leave their business to come. He said he thought they would, and he proved to be right. The service has been well attended from the first, and continues to be so after seventeen years. On a recent Thursday every seat in the area was filled and the galleries well occupied, which means that between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons were present, most of whom were men, evidently of the "substantial class," and a most manifest sprinkling of clergymen, ministers, and students. Such an assembly at such a time of the day in a busy city must be characterized as phenomenal.

Dr. Parker is an author of considerable eminence. One of his first works was *Helps to Truth Seekers*, a book of an apologetic character, and which has been of considerable service to young men. Other works which have helped to extend his fame are *Ecce Deus*, *The Priesthood of Christ*, and *Tynechilde*. He now confines his literary labors to the great work which he undertook a few years ago, *The People's Bible*, which is to be completed, if life be spared, in about twenty volumes, twelve of which have already been published, and republished in this country by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York.

REV. JOHN WILKINSON,
MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS.

THE subject of portrait No. 4 is the famous evangelist who has been so remarkably blessed as a missionary to God's Chosen People. John Wilkinson was born in a country village in Lincolnshire about sixty years ago. He was converted in boyhood, and at once began to speak in Sunday-schools, in cottages, and little meetings, for Christ. Through a young friend, who was preparing to enter upon

labor among the Jews, he was led to think of the same sphere of labor, and finally, after much consideration and prayer, offered himself for the work. He was accepted as a student by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, and commenced study in the old college in Blackfriars, London. Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Latin, Greek with the ordinary groundwork of logic and theology, composed the "harness of proof which had to put on," and no light task was it. So least the deal planking of his study bore witness for a pathway was worn from end to end of the little chamber by the tramping of student feet, dint of rising at 4 o'clock in summer and 5 in winter, Mr. Wilkinson achieved the mastery of much Hebrew in two years as many students in years (so said his admiring professor), finished the usual curriculum a twelvemonth before the time appointed, and left Blackfriars College, the first and only Gentile who ever graduated there.

He labored under the auspices of the Society from 1852 to 1876. In the latter year he believed the way had been opened by the great political changes in Turkey and the East, for more direct work in the centres of Jewish life, and he urged the Society to allow him to take up that work. They preferred his laboring in the home field, and declined his request. Thereupon he resigned, and trusting wholly for the support of himself and family to the Lord, he commenced an independent mission in connection with the Institutions at Mildmay Park. He was encouraged in his effort at the outset by meeting a merchant who had heard of his step he was taking, and who quietly put into his hand a cheque for \$1,500, "to help him along."

The mission grew and prospered. In 1878 he responded to a pressing invitation from Swedish friends to visit that country, to awaken an interest in Israel; for six weeks he addressed crowded public and private meetings, including the Universities of Upsala, and Lund, and was honored with an audience of the king. Other large gifts have been made to help in the work, and only recently there was one of \$15,000, with which Mr. Wilkinson was enabled to purchase 100,000 New Testaments in Hebrew, which were distributed by missionaries in Europe and the north of Africa. Over 2,200 of these Testaments were sent to as many Jewish Rabbis on the Continent. With the examples of Rabinowitz and Lichtenstein, both aroused and converted by the reading of the New Testament, there is abundant encouragement for hope for yet greater harvest from God's blessing on Mr. Wilkinson's labors.

REV. JAMES ORMISTON,

CONVENER OF THE CLIFTON CONFERENCE.

THE labor which Mr. Ormiston has taken up is one of great value. It is that of aiding, stimulating, and organizing lay workers in Christ's cause. He is the rector of the parish church of St. Mark, Bristol, and a popular preacher of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. He was originally educated at King's College, London, where he gained much distinction as a diligent and successful student. At the termination of his academic course in 1863, when he was about twenty-three years of age, he was ordained deacon, and the following year was appointed priest by the Bishop of Carlisle, and continued to work in the diocese until 1880, when he was induced to become the rector of the populous and important parish where he has since continued to labor with manifest approval of his Divine Master. A few years ago, the Rev. S. Walker, who inaugurated the Clifton Conference, passed to his rest, it everywhere felt to be the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Ormiston should succeed him as Convener. In this capacity he has rendered service to the whole Church of God. His choice of subjects has always been considered most profitable, and their consideration most profitable. The latest conference his sagacity and "knowledge of the times and of what Israel ought to do" again conspicuous.

A CURIOUS PLEDGE IN INDIA.

THE principle of the total abstinence pledge has been recently applied in India to other evils besides the liquor evil. The latest number of the *Witness* received thus refers to it: Influenced by the Hindus in Western India are moving in the direction of reform. The latest attempt at modifying the evils of child-marriage, expensive weddings, and the oppression of child-widows has taken

form of a conditional pledge to be signed by the individual. There are several pledges of a more or less definite character, which the contracting party may sign as a whole, or from which he is at liberty to select such as will not particularly embarrass him to keep. Among these are such as the following: Not to give a daughter in marriage till she is ten or twelve years of age; not to spend more than a year's income on the marriage of a daughter, or more than half a year's income on the marriage of a son; not to hinder widows in the family from remarrying; not to drink intoxicating liquors except by order of a physician. The party taking the pledge signs all or any one of these pledges and forwards a copy of its signed pledge to the Secretary of the movement. If it is a reform to have marriage expenses reduced according to the pledge mentioned, what must the abuse be? What wonder that many Hindus are in the pitiless clutch of the money-lender? Small as a year's income may be to many, it represents as much to him as the larger income of his more favored brother. It is all he has with which to feed and clothe and shelter his family and to meet the demands of the grasping Murwari. If he borrows money for the glitter and show of a great wedding, he must struggle for years with the millstone of debt at his neck, and, probably, leave it for his children after him to pay. This particular pledge ought to be extensively signed.

THE COMING COLOSSAL CONFLICT.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE prophecies of Daniel and Revelation indicate that most probably in 1890, and certainly not later than in 1891 the Greatest European War ever known will take place—that is to say, the Greatest War in respect of its intense violence and severity during the comparatively short period of its continuance, which will apparently not exceed more than a few months, or at most a year, because the war must be finished not later than the early part of 1892 by the completed transformation of twenty-three existing States or Kingdoms into a Casarean Confederacy of Ten Roman Empire Kingdoms: France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Balkan States: prefigured by the Ten-horned Wild Beast and Ten-toed Image in Daniel 7: 24 and 2: 44.

Then after an interval of a few months, and not later than the latter part of 1892, Prince Napoleon will arise as Daniel's Little Horn; that is, as Sovereign of a Little Græco-Byzantine State or Principality, such as Macedonia, and be admitted to take its seat at the table of the International Congress with the other Ten Kings. He will then imitate the career of Alexander the Great, the ancient King of Macedonia, by "waxing great" over Greece and Turkey, and becoming king of Syria by 1894 "King of the North"—Daniel 7: 24; 8: 9; 11: 40), and will fulfil Daniel's Seventieth Week by confirming a League or Covenant with many of the Jews in Judea for a term of Seven Jewish Years from Passover Day, April 21, 1894, to Passover Week, 1901, which will be the Last Week of this Age. Daniel 9: 27; 11: 22.)

It is evident, from the foregoing succinct outline of coming Eschatological Events from this new year 1890 to 1901, the Last Year of this Age, that the dreadful and tremendous war inevitably requisite to transmute the present twenty-three different countries inside the territories of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into Ten Confederated Kingdoms prefigured by Daniel's Ten-horned Wild Beast must occur in 1890 or 1891, because Daniel predicts this war to precede the rise of the Little Horn Napoleon as a Hellenistic King about 1892, and his progressive advance by 1894 to the throne of Syria previous to his Jewish Covenant for the seven years from 1894 to 1901.

It is therefore well for us to realize the appalling character of this Coming War as sketched in the London Times of December 17 by M. Blowitz, its Paris correspondent, who says:

"What will be the inevitable consequences, material and financial, of a general European War? Rulers must have drawn back terrified at the reply to that question. The rapidity of the mobilization of the successive contingents of which a national army is composed has become the essential condition of success. The rapid mobilization of the successive contingents of nations like France, Germany, and Russia, which, having reached their final military development, can each send into the field early two millions of men, and which desire to mobilize them completely and rapidly to be prepared

for all contingencies, represents a first immediate expense of twenty million pounds sterling. (\$100,000,000.) The support of these contingents in a mobilized state represents a cost of forty million pounds (\$200,000,000) a month.

"Now, as in the present political state of Europe a conflict between any two nations implies the entrance of the other three great nations on the scene of action (the five great military nations being France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy), it may be estimated that such a conflict would cost, in the first place, one hundred million pounds to set the movement in operation, and twenty thousand million pounds to meet their monthly expenses. The struggle might be prolonged, like that of 1870-71, for seven months. We should then have, for the five great Continental nations implicated, one hundred and forty thousand millions of pounds irretrievably lost, Europe being thus comparatively ruined for a century. (This last-mentioned sum is more than 140 times the National Debt of Britain, which is now a little over \$3,500,000,000.)

"But this is merely a commencement. All the other European Powers, great or small, would have to mobilize and arm. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark would be obliged to shoulder their arms to prevent being submerged. Roumania, in the first place, and then the other Balkan States, would be obliged to defend themselves against surprises during the war. Montenegro could not remain a simple spectator, and the war would compel Turkey, carried along by the movement in the Balkan Peninsula, to imitate the rest of Europe. England herself, in spite of her isolated position, would be obliged to watch events which might occur in the North Sea, in the Red Sea, in the Mediterranean, and of which the reaction would be felt in the most distant countries, in India as well as in Africa. England will be compelled to have her whole fleet in a state of readiness, and all Europe, from one end to the other, under arms, would advance towards a general conflagration. I am not the inventor of this picture. The figures I have employed are those which in certain countries have been brought by the War Minister under the notice of the Finance Minister.

"The life of Europe would in a measure be stopped by this tremendous convulsion. All the springs of industry would dry up, because the whole able-bodied section of the nation, being under arms, would cease to do the work required in time of peace. It is not, then, to be wondered at, in presence of this prospect, that the young German Emperor himself has become an advocate of peace, that he not only wants it for Germany, but that he has calmed the irritation in Austria, and that during his long conversations with King Humbert he whispered to him ideas of peace and conciliation which have been translated quite recently by the sympathetic and friendly language used by the King of Italy to the French Ambassador, designed to remove painful impressions, and to bring about a cordial understanding between the French and Italian nations, separated by the Alps. France herself is also at present a powerful promoter of the ideas of peace. The Paris Exhibition, by causing a general feeling friendly to France, created at the same time a sentiment in favor of peace. The elections confirmed the effect produced by the Exhibition in reducing to powerlessness firebrands leagued under the leadership of a chief who, unable to realize his impossible promises, would have sought a diversion in some warlike enterprise."

A MARRIAGE AT THE McALL MISSION.

In the report just issued by the American McAll Association at 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is given the following extract from a letter sent by the superintendent of the St. Etienne Station of Mr. McAll's Paris Mission: "A young man came to our meetings in a spirit of frivolity, but he was much impressed by the seriousness of what he heard, and returned frequently. The spirit of God soon touched his heart and he became an earnest Christian, and for some time gave us great joy. Unfortunately he fell away and went into sin again, but he did not remain long thus, for we sought him out and prayed with him, and at last he became convinced of his wrong and took a firm stand again, shaking off all his evil companions, and even leaving his mother's house, as his step-father had been the means of turning him away from the right path. About this time a young girl became converted through the meetings, and, being persecuted by her parents, a sort of natural sympathy

sprang up between these two young people, which ended in marriage. In spite of the opposition of all their friends they had the ceremony performed in a Protestant church. I went to see them this morning, and found the wife in tears. On asking the cause, she told me that they were invited yesterday to dine at her father's, and that she was reproached by all the persons present except her mother for having changed her religion. Her father turned her out of the house with her husband, whom he would have struck had it not been for the interference of her mother. She said that she had been praying for a servant of God to come and comfort her, and that she considered my coming to be an answer to her prayer. She said that her sister (who is leading an immoral life) is loved much better by her parents than she is. We prayed together and she seemed much comforted. Both she and her husband are walking close to God."

THE CONFESSION OF M. EIFFEL.

AN agent of the Paris McAll Mission sends the following interesting item of intelligence about M. Eiffel, the engineer who built the famous Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition: While the name of God is scarcely to be found in the Paris Exposition, and the Christian religion has received no recognition from the Government, we are happy to learn that M. Eiffel is a religious man. Toward the latter part of the summer he was in Switzerland, at Ormont-Dessus. When the members of the religious choral society of the village heard of his arrival in the town they went to serenade the great engineer with their religious and patriotic selections. M. Eiffel, moved by this manifestation, rose and said: "Dear friends, I am touched by the attention which you show me. I am the more deeply stirred because I discover that there are three sentiments among you which I also share: the love of God, the love of liberty, and the love of country. Wherever I find these I am happy."

When Mr. Edison was in Paris he ascended the Eiffel Tower, and wishing to recognize especially this feature in the life of M. Eiffel, wrote in his album these words: "To M. Eiffel, the engineer, the courageous builder of a gigantic and original specimen of the art of modern engineering; a man who has the greatest respect and admiration for all engineers, and also for the greatest among them all, the blessed God."

A ROMISH TRICK.

THE prosecution of Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the friend of homeless waifs of London, has been so extensively commented upon by the press on this side that the actual facts ought to be known. Dr. Barnardo received into his home a boy whom his mother had twice deserted, and who eventually sold him to two organ grinders. The woman was nominally a Roman Catholic, and the priests used her as an instrument of annoyance to Dr. Barnardo. Many of the boys in his homes are Catholics, but they are not Catholics when they leave them. The priests helped the woman to set the law in motion, and Dr. Barnardo, having had some experience before of the results in cases where deserted children, having been cured and clothed and taught, were wrested from his hands and sent back into the mud gutters, used a stratagem to save this boy, of whom he had much hope. A gentleman who brought excellent testimonials as to his Christian character, applied to Dr. Barnardo for a boy whom he could adopt and train in Christian principles. Dr. Barnardo introduced the particular boy involved in the threatened litigation, and the gentleman accepted him. The Doctor purposely refrained from taking his address, so when the case came on for trial he was unable to surrender him or state where he was. Those are the facts. Dr. Barnardo, perhaps, was not prudent, but no true Protestant will be severe in blaming him.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 523 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE RESCUE OF A KING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday, January 12, 1890, in Paris.

"Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."

II Kings II : 2, 3.

The Scene of a Crime—The Murderous Old Grandmother—A Woman's Brave Rescue—The Hidden Prince—The Day of his Disclosure—Summary Vengeance on the Murderess—I. The Extermination of Righteousness Impossible—Persecution Always Fails—Infidelity's Futile Onslaught—A Bereaved Father Burning a Bible—II. Still Opportunities to Save Royal Life—Murderous Temptations—The Imperilled Children of a King—The Attempt at Rescue Often too Long Delayed—III. The Church a Hiding-Place.

GRANDMOTHERS are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket-handkerchief and wipes her spectacles, and puts them on, and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah,

The Queenly Murderess.

She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle and death-groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries

A Precious Burden,

even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king, and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah. The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash, and stand around for his defence. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped and waved and huzzaed and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth:

"You have no business to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders."

Treason! Treason!

While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle-axes of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smell the place of the carnage.

A Futile Effort.

The first thought I hand you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God-fearing and God-loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says, "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling-clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God and the cause of good government. That is the scion of the house of David; it is Joash, the Christian reformer, it is Joash, the friend of God; it is Joash, the demoralizer of Baalitic idolatry. Rock him tenderly; nurse him gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defences are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nursery, and will run down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and obliteration.

Persecution Always Fails.

Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says, I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians, Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastille groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman; or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Joash would spring up and out, and take the throne of power, and wield a very sceptre of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says, "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities

Decreed the Bible out of Existence.

Thomas Paine said: "In my *Age of Reason* I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." Oh, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife, "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said, "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and

Organized Attempts

have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible Society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible Society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the cor-

ners of our Sabbath-school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yea, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of life that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace, and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

The second thought I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which

We May Save Royal Life.

You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs, and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash! How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder the escape! Fly with him, Jehosheba! you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperilled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre.

Murderous Temptations

are out for the assassination. Valens, the emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the letters T, H, E, O, D, and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne, "Kill everybody whose name begins with T, H, E, O, D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name: you come under its knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul! Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath-school class, there will be a prince of God—some one who may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in Church or state—some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harpstrings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainerd to change the Indian's war-whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry, and strike for the kingdom of heaven.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day,

Imperial Souls

waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side, Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose someone had said to Jehosheba: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued, he

would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, **The Reason we Don't Reclaim our Children** from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children lie before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapt up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry-docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation!

Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornesian cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocus in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said, "I am ready;" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said, "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a fool-hardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you is that

The Church is a Good Hiding-Place.

When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash unto the room of the temple, into the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshippers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were all as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding-place! Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world, and hid us behind the baptismal fonts, and amid the Bibles and the psalm-books. Oh glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar, and we have handled the shials in which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone here for shelter; and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to ve. I want, like Joash, to stay until coronation, mean to be buried out of the house of God.

O men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured, and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide-open door of Christian communion? I wish I could act the part of Jehosheba to-day and

Steal You Away From Your Perils,

and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the Church of God is a hiding-place. There are many people who put the church too low a mark that they begrudge it everything, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord,

and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in His church, and frown as they say, "There, Lord, it is; if you will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the Church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge! If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the Church. If the Church does not get them, the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see

Your Children in Christian Society.

You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the Church's benediction. I don't care how hard you are, that is so. I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections? I wish all my children belonged to the Church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you may have been wanderers from God, and though you may have sometimes caricatured the Church of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

More than that, you yourself will want the Church for a hiding-place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor and the sitting-room and the dining-hall and the nursery, you will want some

Shelter From the Tempest.

Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after—I said to her, "How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh," she replied, "I get along tolerably well except when the sun shines." I said, "What do you mean by that?" when she said: "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." Oh, darkened soul, Oh, broken-hearted man, broken-hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter? I swing the door wide open, I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be lifted, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding-place to all these people! Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. Oh, Church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fail; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is heaven, its president is God!

Sure as thy truth shall last,

To Zion shall be given

The brightest glories earth can yield,

And brighter bliss of heaven.

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding-place where Joash found it—in the temple!

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 45 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfillment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

A PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN.

A SERIES of articles on the London poor has been published in a daily journal by a reporter who has been exploring the slums of the great city. Among the incidents he describes is one of a poor woman who earned a living for her two children by selling vegetables from a truck on the streets. He says: "She is one of the humble folks who are spoken of as having got religion, which in her case has proved a very great boon and blessing indeed to herself as well as to society. Poor as Mrs. Watt is, she is always working and planning to help her still poorer neighbors. Two years ago an unhappy deserted mother died of consumption in one of the neighboring tenements, leaving a wee baby girl of eight months without a soul in the world to care for the child, and Mrs. Watt's own motherly feelings led her to pity and tend the forlorn human mite. She took the baby from its squalid bed, where the dead woman lay, to her own home, and adopted the child. I found the little one, now a well-grown plump girl of three, asleep on a couch-bed, with a bandage round her temples. She had come in from play tired and with an infantile headache, whereupon this good woman had bathed her brow and lulled her to rest. Nearly twelve months ago another poor mother died in the market, leaving a child, a girl of thirteen, to shift for herself. The father was a drunkard, and, as in the former case, had disappeared. What was to be done? No one seemed inclined to aid, so once more Mrs. Watt came to the rescue and took charge of the girl. Yet Mrs. Watt has two children of her own. Most mothers would possibly have argued their own offspring required all their attention. Fortunately Mrs. Watt is of resolute, active habits; and she did not let the fact of her own family needing her care stand in the way of trying to do a most merciful kindness toward two hapless little children. She is still earning a living for them all, and may be seen any day with her truck of vegetables going through the streets in the Hoxton neighborhood."

FIFTEEN YEARS BLINDFOLDED.

AN interesting testimony given recently at a meeting held by Dr. Cullis in the Beacon Hill Church, Boston, Mass., is published in his *Times of Refreshing*. A lady rose in the meeting, and said: "I have come down to the front that you may look at me. For eighteen years I have been under treatment for my eyes. At the end of the first three I came to the crisis that threatened me. I was under the care of several different physicians. They did not understand my case; I found myself growing worse and worse. For seven years past I have not had any use of my left eye. I have had to wear a mask over the upper part of my face for fifteen years, and I have not been able to remove it except on the very darkest night in my own room. Sometimes I have been obliged to shut myself up in a dark room for two or three days at a time. I could not look upon my husband and child, and I had to be led by my husband wherever I went. Sometimes I was able to go to church, but I had to wear this mask, composed of fifteen thicknesses of cambric, and even then the light that penetrated inconvenienced me, so sensitive were my eyes. I had given up all hope; my eyes had caused me more suffering than usual for a month before I came to Dr. Cullis. They were growing so much worse that the physicians thought of removing my left eye in order to save the other, which was affected through sympathy. In this condition I was placed. There was nothing for me to do but to cast myself upon the Lord. I think He brought me to this place so that I might throw myself upon His mercy, so that I might exclaim, 'Lord, save or I perish!' I had been a Christian a great many years. I had heard of people being healed by prayer, and friends had told me that I had not faith enough. Dr. Cullis told me the Lord does not expect what we have not got. He only wants us to cast ourselves upon Him. Dr. Cullis prayed with me, and then told me to take off the bandage from my eyes. I said: 'Oh, no, I cannot, I have not had it off for fifteen years.' Then said he, 'You are not trusting the Saviour.' I debated about five minutes, and then I took off the bandage, and I never have felt the least inconvenience since. The world looked so strange to me that I felt as if I was suspended in mid-air. I never experienced such a state of exaltation before."

Holy Ghost Days. By Mrs. M. Baxter.—A volume containing 144 pages. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 35 cents, including postage. Address Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jesus at Home.*

THE door-bell rings, some night, and, going out, you see on the door-step a man who is evidently a stranger from a strange land. You know nothing of him; he is quite outside the circle of your interest; he is ten thousand miles away from your spirit. But if he can say, "Don't you know me? I am your brother," how near he comes—ten thousand miles at one step! You and he are connected by an indissoluble bond; and this bond may either be a golden clasp, which is an ornament, or an iron clamp, which burns and corrodes your very flesh. This is the element of necessity in the institution of the family. Jesus could not touch humanity without being caught in this fetter of necessity. He entered the mysterious circle when He was born of a woman. He became a member of a family which had its own traditions and its own position in society; and He had brothers and sisters. These circumstances were not without importance to Him. That His mother exercised an influence on His growing mind cannot be doubted. We have not, indeed, the means of tracing in much detail how this influence acted, for few notices of His early years have come down to us; but it may be noted as one significant fact that Mary's hymn, the so-called Magnificat, in which, at her meeting with Elizabeth, she poured forth the sentiments of her heart, embodies thoughts which are echoed again and again in the preaching of Jesus. This production proves her to have been a woman, not only of great grace, but of rare natural gifts, which had been nourished from God's Word, till she naturally spoke the very language of the prophets and the holy women of old. We may not ascribe too much to her and Joseph, but we can say that the holy childhood of Jesus was reared in a home of pious refinement, and that there were marks of this home on Him after He left it.

Mary Reproved.

Mary attempted again and again to interfere unduly with His work, even after His public ministry had commenced. It was her pride in Him that made her do so at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; it was anxiety about His health on other occasions. She was not the only one who ventured to control His action in an undue way. But, if anything could arouse the indignation of Jesus, it was such interference. It made Him once turn on Peter with, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" and on more than one occasion it lent an appearance of harshness even to His behavior to His mother. On no other occasion had His conduct so much appearance of unfilial harshness as when His mother and brethren came one day, in the midst of His work, desiring to speak with Him, and He retorted on the person who told Him, "But who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" and, looking around on His disciples, added, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" The words are probably to be read with what goes immediately before them in the gospel of Mark, where we are told that His friends made an attempt to lay hold of Him, saying, "He is beside Himself." So absorbed was Jesus at this period in His work that He neglected even to eat; so rapt was He in the holy passion of saving men that to His relatives it appeared that He had gone mad, and they conceived it to be their duty to put Him under restraint. If Mary took part in this procedure it is no wonder that there should have fallen on her a heavy rebuke. At all events, she evidently came to Him thinking that He must at once leave everything and speak to her. But He had to teach her that there are higher claims even than those of domestic affection.

A Place for Prayer.

There is scarcely a town out of which you cannot escape in a very few minutes, and find yourself quite alone on a bit of shore, or on a mountain, or in a pasture or a wood. The town or city may be thundering away quite near, with its imprisoned multitudes bound on the treadmill of its toils or its amusements; but you are out of it, and alone with God. There is more than mere solitude in such a situation to assist prayer. There is a ministry of

nature which soothes the mind and disposes it to devotion. Never did I feel more strongly that in this habit Jesus had laid bare one of the great secrets of life, than one day when I climbed, all alone, a hill above Inveraray and lay on the summit of it, musing through a summer forenoon. On every hand there stretched a solitary world of mountain and moorland; the loch below was gleaming in the sun like a shield of silver; the town was visible at the foot of the hill, and the passengers could be seen moving in the streets, but no sound of its bustle reached so high. The great sky was over all, and God seemed just at hand to hear every word. It was in spots like this that Jesus prayed.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE scribe of Dr. Talmage's party has kindly sent us another letter during his sojourn at Jerusalem, describing the incidents of the last day in Cairo, from which we extract the following:

Taking individual objects in Cairo, next to the Boulak Museum, the citadel of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali interested us most. It is a fine structure built of alabaster, and combining all the best features of Moorish architecture. The view from this wonderful building commands a scene never to be forgotten. A few miles off is seen the obelisk of which the mate now stands in Central Park, New York. The source of the vast supply of stones used in the erection of the Pyramids is seen in those distant quarries. Beneath one's feet are the myriad sights and sounds of the great city. Of all the scene the placid Nile longest detains the eye. Rhoda, the island said to have been the place where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses, can also be seen from this elevation. Near the city the country presents a verdant appearance; to the north are green fields and a flat expanse of land. The distant south is desert, beginning seemingly where the giants Ghizeh and Sakkarah raise their venerable heads, and between them and the city of Cairo are seen the ruins of Memphis.

Among the commonest objects of interest on

The Streets of Cairo

are strings of camels laden with fuel and produce. They are led by a swarthy Arab dressed in a flowing white garment. The children one sees, little brown creatures, have no clothing, or next to none, and it is pitiful to see how many of them are sufferers from weak eyes. In striking contrast with them in the matter of clothing is the woman wrapped in voluminous draperies, who ambles along on donkey-back. Her face is covered with a white veil. The most useful vehicle apparently is the bullock cart, but porters, asses, and camels do a great deal of the business of carrying. Carriages built in Europe are used by wealthy foreigners and native officers of rank and their ladies. In the bazaars the indolent Arab is seen in his quiescent glory, pipe in hand, in conversation with another Arab, who might be his brother, so closely does he resemble him, or negotiating with a customer on the business principle, which is not unheard of in other cities than Cairo, of getting as much as he possibly can for his wares. The famous bazaars are in narrow streets, where stalls extend in rows from the ground-floors of the low-roofed houses. This is the arrangement most frequently seen. Religious duties are recognized in the presence of texts from the Koran on the walls of the establishment, the proprietor of which sits cross-legged on cushions.

We were hurried from the city some nine hours before the time when we expected to leave it, taking the cars at 9 in the morning by the Egyptian Railroad, bound for Ismailia. We found this a pleasant place. Its streets are broad and well paved, and lined with rows of trees and gardens, grateful to the sight and cooling and refreshing in an eminent degree. To reach Ismailia we crossed

The Land of Goshen.

It was interesting to recall the residence of the Israelites as the honored guests of the Egyptian king in that fertile land, especially so as we noticed the contrast it presents still in its rich and productive soil to the great stretches of desert country in close proximity to it. As we rattled along on our journey, Pithon, the newly uncovered treasure city (Ex. 1:11), was pointed out by one of the party. Dr. Talmage contrasted the magnificently appointed train in which we were riding with the humble means of conveyance possessed by the little party of three who passed over the same, or nearly the same, country on their way of escape from the king who sought the young child's life. (Matt. 2:13-20.)

At Ismailia our craft lay in waiting, and in a few minutes after we had left the train ourselves and baggage were on board. Five minutes later and we were off, cutting the waters of the grand Suez Canal constructed by the genius of De Lesseps. We made about fifteen miles an hour speed on our journey from Ismailia to Port Said, which occupied four hours in all. Port Said may be described as having been created by the Suez Canal, on the west side of which it lies. While there we saw

An Egyptian Funeral.

A procession consisting of about twenty men, at the head of whom were two Moslem dignitaries preceded the corpse, which was carried by six men on their shoulders. The body was enclosed in a white casket, to the head of which was fastened a piece of rough wood in an upright position. This object was partially covered with a thin white veil and on the veiled part were suspended the cheap jewelry and some of the hair of the departed, who, we understood, was a young girl. The casket was followed by about thirty women dressed in black and nearly every one of them carrying a nursing infant. One of their number, who was their leader, held in her hands a shred of calico, which she stretched and handled between her hands as a boomerang, handles a bean-shooter, pointing in her movement to the casket. This curious performance was a relic of the ancient custom of rending the garment as an expression of intense grief. She accompanied her gesticulations with moans and shrieks, and these were taken up in dismal chorus by the women following her. The first part of the procession stopped at the door of a mosque, which the women were not permitted to approach. To lift the casket within the open door was the next proceeding after which the two Moslem dignitaries whom we mentioned before followed it into the building, first taking off their shoes at the entrance. Within the mosque the clergymen, as we should call them, stood near the casket for about three minutes, seemingly engaged in prayer. After prayer the casket was carried out into the street, where the procession was re-formed as before, with a multitude of yelling, grinning urchins on either side.

The cemetery reached and the entire company having passed through the gate, we prepared to follow them. The women, who were last in the procession, thereupon turned fiercely upon us, jabbering and gesticulating as if they were threatening to tear us to pieces. Two or three of the men then undertook to explain what was intended by the demonstrations of the women, vigorously shaking their heads to tell us that we must not follow them and pointing outside the gate as indicating that was just where we should be. We promptly followed the instructions thus ingeniously conveyed. The deceased person, I suppose, was poor, for the casket which enclosed the remains was borrowed for the occasion, the corpse being in it only during the ceremony and the procession to and from the mosque. Afterward the body was permitted to slide out into the open grave. Then the casket was removed ready for service on a future occasion.

Our busy day at Port Said and its suburbs ended in our embarkation in the evening on a palatial French steamer bound for Joppa.

A PRAYER FOR A SON.

IN the current number of Mrs. M. Baxter's magazine, *Thy Healer*,* she reports a remarkable testimony recently given at Bethshan by Mrs. Henaki, a German lady, who said: "My son, who lives in Manchester, was taken sick with congestion of the lungs, and had become delirious, with a tendency to brain fever. A telegram was sent to us here in London informing us of his dangerous condition. My husband immediately set out by the first train for Manchester, and I came to Bethshan to entrust your prayers for my boy. After my husband left the second telegram arrived, saying that his journey would be needless; our son was fast sinking, and must die before he could arrive. The best known physicians in Manchester had pronounced his case hopeless. Still I could not abandon hope. God could recover him from the very verge of the grave, so his case was committed to Him, in this room that day in believing prayer. At about 5 P. M. I got a telegram from my husband saying: 'My

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missions are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual subscription, 50 cents, to be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD.

* From *Imago Christi*. By Rev. James Stalker, M. A. This is a series of chapters on Jesus in the various relations of life. Among them are: Jesus in the home, in the state, in society, as a student, as a worker, as a philanthropist, as a preacher, and as a sufferer. It is a tender, loving hand that draws this many-sided portrait, and none can read it without gaining new and clearer views, not only of the Divine Subject, but of the principles which should govern Christians in the same relations. Pp. 332. Price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

etter—knew me, and thanked God that I had come." When my husband arrived the attendant could not allow him to enter the sick-chamber, saying that life was ebbing away peacefully, and that he must not be excited. When the doctor came my husband begged to see his son. On promising not to show himself he was allowed in. After a while my son opened his eyes, looked round the room, saw his father, smiled, and said, 'Father, thank God that you are come,' and fell into a sweet sleep. From that time he rapidly improved, and is now in full health and strength. All glory to the great Physician."

JOY OVER THE CHILD JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

. S. Lesson for January 26, Luke 2: 1-20; Golden Text Luke 2: 14.

Joseph and Mary Summoned to Bethlehem—The Home of the Descendants of David—The Edict of a Pagan Power Leading to Fulfilment of Prophecy—Crowded Out of the Inn—Now Crowded Out of the Heart—The Heavenly and Earthly Estimate of the Event—The Shepherds Alarmed—Reassured by the Joyful News—The Proclamation of Amnesty to the World—The Wise Resolve of the Shepherds—Going to Jesus After Hearing of Him—The First Preachers.

It had been prophesied that the coming Messiah should be born in Bethlehem. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." (Mic. 5: 2.) Mary's home was now in Nazareth. Just before the birth of Jesus a decree went forth from the imperial court at Rome that a census should be taken of the entire population of the empire, which the Government haughtily designated "the world." In obedience to this law Joseph and Mary were bound to appear, and to answer to their names in Bethlehem, David's city, Joseph being descended from Solomon, the son of David, and Mary, the daughter of Heli, from Nathan, David's son. (Matt. 1: 7-16; Luke 3: 23-31.) Thus God wonderfully brought about the fulfilment of prophecy, and the proof that Jesus was David's son.

During their stay at Bethlehem Jesus was born. His birth was in far other circumstances than that of His forerunner. John was born in the family home, neighbors and kinsmen congratulating the happy parents who were so well known and loved; "Many shall rejoice at his birth;" and then the wonderful healing of his father's infirmity had added to the family joy, and the whole countryside knew what had happened. It was otherwise with the birth of Jesus; no family home received Him, all was discomfort about Him, there were no rejoicing friends around; the only preparation made was the swaddling-clothes in which He was laid, and the manger was the only cradle found for the Son of God, "for there was no room for them in the inn." "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." (John 1: 9.) Is it not so when Christ is formed in us (Gal. 4: 19)? When "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints . . . which is Christ in you, the hope of glory," becomes a reality by Christ dwelling in us.

What Kind of Accommodation

does He find? Are our hearts much better than Bethlehem's stable? Camels, asses, perhaps also cows, were at home there, and jealousy, strife, variance, emulations, the works of the flesh, have found a home in these hearts of ours. Jesus came into the world as one of the weakest things the world knows—the young of no animal is so helpless as the human babe—and yet He was Lord of all. And so He comes into our human life, not with noise and how, to the eyes of man so little, so humble, needing to be fed and cherished in our hearts, and yet so truly Lord of all.

But while the unconscious, indifferent world slept, all heaven was moved. In that upper world things are otherwise regarded than down here; all which bears upon eternity, all which appertains to God, is the main thing in that upper world. Here titles, position, appearance, the opinion of men, etc., have weight, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," but the atmosphere of that upper world is purified by the presence of Him who is "the Sun of Righteousness," before whose face the mist and smoke of earthly things vanish away. To the eyes of men, a poor young peasant woman had given birth to her first-born son, and none cared to know who she was or what

was the destiny of that son. But deep in that woman's heart lay the message from on high: "That holy thing that shall be born, of thee shall be called the Son of God." Would no man recognize Him? Must she keep this tremendous secret? If she spoke of it, who would believe her word? Mary could wait; "he that believeth shall not make haste," and Mary was essentially a "believer."

The hours passed by, and in the whispered words between Joseph and Mary, unheard by any human ear, we may well believe that the name of God's anointed had its place. In the eyes of heaven Mary was not a simple peasant woman, but the woman most honored and trusted of God of all who had trodden this earth. And God looked down to find

Hearts on Earth Simple Enough,

and sufficiently true to Him and empty of themselves, to understand the wondrous thing which had occurred. It was not to the kings or captains or great ones, it was not to the scribes and Pharisees, the learned and religious ones, it was not to the prominent men of any class, but to a band of simple shepherds, that God made known His wondrous tidings. Away on the plains near Bethlehem were shepherds keeping the night watches, lest any beast of prey should rob their flock. "And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid." Oh how God must be grieved that His drawing near so often arouses fear in the hearts of those whom He loves so well. His message to the shepherds, as it had been with Gabriel's message to Zacharias, to Mary, and the angel's first word to Joseph (Luke 1: 13, 30; Matt. 1: 20), was, "Fear not." "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Joy which began in heaven and then came down to earth! Oh how strange that angels should rejoice in that which so much more nearly touched man, and that man must be aroused from on high out of indifference to understand that his God had come nigh unto him, and that the wondrous, inscrutable word

"Emmanuel"

of the Old Testament was now an actual reality! God was with man, in man, "the Word was made flesh," and had begun to dwell among us. The angel gave, as the burden of his song of joy, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." All Israel looked for a Messiah; it had been said, in prophecy, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and His name shall called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Therefore, if they knew their Old Testament Scriptures, it would be no stumbling-block to them to find Him a new-born babe. And this babe was to become the Saviour; He was the Anointed Lord, He was born where prophecy had declared, "in the city of David." But now their faith was to undergo a trial. This august babe was to be found, not in the midst of kings and nobles, not in the high priest's palace, not in Herod's court, but wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. Probably all their preconceived ideas and expectations of the Messiah received a rude shock; could it be that such an One could be born in circumstances so humble? Were they not, after all, deceived? But just at this moment there came, again from on high, an unlooked-for confirmation of their faith. The whole heaven was lit up, not with stars, but with angels, "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Incomprehensible as it might be to them, they got the truth from heaven, and they believed. Thus they could join the angels' song, and find in the drawing near of God a glory to Himself; His condescension only made His glory more glorious, He was not less great because He came down to man. And then He proclaimed to a world of sinners, of law-breakers, an universal amnesty, an unconditional pardon, to all who would accept it, "On earth peace, good-will," or "good pleasure among men" (R. V., margin). Oh how different to God's drawing near on Mount Sinai amid the thunders and terror of the law!

It was an overwhelming communication for the shepherds! Were they indeed the recipients of this tremendous secret? What, then, should they do? Should they exult in the favor done them, and

Magnify Themselves

in their own eyes? This is what spiritual pride does. There are men who, through vegetarian diet, combined with an unnatural abstinence from sleep, and an attempt in other ways to live above the

laws of nature, become highly imaginative, and open to spiritual impressions. Where they are not distinctly led of the Holy Ghost into such a life, and pride gets possession of them, the door is easily open to Satan, and the impressions they receive come from evil spirits, and not from good ones. Where this is so, it is almost invariably the case that in all their dreams and visions, which are very numerous when the body is brought into this state, they see themselves as something remarkable; either they are prophets or special messengers of God, or they are chosen to have revelations, etc., etc. The real presence of God empties and humbles, but never exalts us in our own eyes.

The shepherds, instead of indulging in dreams of their own greatness, agreed together to go at once to Bethlehem, trusting their flocks to the Lord, "that they might see this thing which was come to pass, which the Lord had made known to them." It is the wisest, truest thing to do, when any new light from God comes to us, to go straight to Himself with it. That which we learn as doctrine, becomes life in communion with Him. They came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger—all so humble, so ordinary, and yet exactly as God had said; and the shepherds, taught of God, so that flesh and blood had not revealed it unto them, took in the glorious fact that God was indeed among men in the person of that little Babe. It must have been an intense joy to Joseph and Mary when there were others, however humble, to share their faith. At such a time it was especially blessed, and as the shepherds told of the excitement and joy in heaven which they had witnessed but an hour or two before, Joseph and Mary would have to tell, on their part, of the communications of God to them, and so the little company would rejoice together.

These shepherds were the first preachers of the Messiah's first advent, and thus, in Judea, from place to place, the news spread that the Messiah was actually born. Business went on as usual, the temple services were unaltered, but the greatest event which earth had ever witnessed had occurred, and a heaven of prepared and believing hearts was working its way among the population, and preparing men for the ministry of the Baptist and of Christ. In every age God's work goes on and His purposes are being fulfilled, but it is only

The Attentive Eyes

which can detect the signs of His working, the educated ear which knows the sound of His footsteps. The shepherds realized something of the importance of the communication which had been made to them, and with no lingering steps they came to Bethlehem and sought out until they found the birthplace of their Messiah. It did not stumble them, illuminated as they were with light from on high, that all the surroundings of the infant Saviour were so mean and poor; they saw in Him, by faith, God's Anointed, and they went forth and preached to others that the Messiah was born at Bethlehem. People could not contradict the testimony, but few took the trouble to ascertain the truth of the assertion of the shepherds; they simply "wondered." Men in general look upon the things of God as an outside thing, to be added on to the main purpose of life, which, with the world, consists in doing the very best for one's self in the way of food, clothing, housing, enjoyment, etc. It is only the men of faith, the men who "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," that are alive to the fact that these outer things are the "addenda," and that the real purpose of man's life is to be worthy of God.

There was one heart which did more than wonder; "Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." Her mind was receptive; she took in and laid to heart every direct communication from above; she was no visionary woman, her plain, practical advice to the servants at Cana of Galilee, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it" (John 6: 5), proves this. She is a wonderful type of the soul in whom Christ is formed, who becomes "one spirit" with Him (1 Cor. 6: 17), and who, like Mary of Bethany, takes in His thoughts. The shepherds returned to their occupation, but "a new song" was in their mouth; they were "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." They were "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Monroe Doctrine in Relation to Cuba promises to be a subject for the consideration of the Department of State. Senator Call drew the attention of the Senate to the financial condition of the island last week, and pointed out the opportunities it afforded for European interference. From his statement it appears that Cuba has a standing debt of \$124,000,000 which it is never likely to pay. Nor is Spain in a condition to assume the burden. The bulk of the creditors are German bankers, who would naturally expect the support of their Government in any demand they might make for the better security of their loans. Should that demand involve financial control of the Cuban finances, the next step to political control would be slight, as it has been in Egypt. Senator Call, foreseeing this danger, advised the Senate to ask for any information the State Department might have, so that it might take necessary action to uphold the Monroe doctrine.

The Federal Government Proposes to Assume control of the immigration in New York, and it is expected that this week Secretary Windom will give the State the requisite sixty days' notice of the termination of the contract. This is the result of the inquiry which Mr. Hepburn, the Solicitor of the Treasury, has been making. Mr. Hepburn holds that no legislation is necessary in order that the national Government may undertake the control of immigration in New York or elsewhere, and Secretary Windom agrees with him. But legislation is necessary to create the office of Immigration Commissioner, and to provide a salary and funds for the maintenance of the office. Secretary Windom can get on without that for a time, if necessary, by putting the business under the control of the Collector of New York, who would have the assistance of a Deputy Collector in control of immigration. It would be possible, however, to get the requisite bill through Congress before the sixty days' notice of rescission shall have expired, and in that case the new federal commission would be ready for business.

The Admission of Idaho into the Family of States is complicated by the Mormon question. The number of Mormons now settled in the Territory renders it necessary to take precautions almost as stringent as those which would be required in admitting Utah. The fact that the people of Idaho are prepared to give the required guarantees was indirectly proved by the protest which was made last week by Bishop Budge, of the Mormon Church, when he appeared before the Senate Committee on Territories. He said that if Idaho was admitted under their present constitution, which contains the Idaho test oath, it would effectually disfranchise the members of his Church, and deny them all the rights of citizenship. The advocates of admission point to that statement as a proof that with Idaho a State the Mormon influence need not be feared. Coming as it does from the leader of the Church it

silences, it is said, forever all doubts to the contrary. Bishop Budge is at present under indictment for polygamy, and has always been one of the most troublesome spirits in the Territory. The accumulated wealth of the Territory is estimated at one hundred million dollars; the population is 120,000, and it spends \$175,000 a year on its public schools.

The Pan-American Conference is Continuing its labors, and is making a business-like subdivision of the details not yet decided. Several committees meet daily, hearing arguments from merchants and others interested in the subjects under consideration. The Secretary of the Treasury has detailed Special Agent J. F. Evans to act as secretary of the Committee on Customs Unions and the Committee on Customs Regulations; the Post-Office Department had detailed a clerk of the Bureau of Foreign Mails to act in a similar capacity for the Committees on Postal Communication. Lieutenant Zinn, of the Engineer Corps, has been detailed by the Secretary of War to assist the Committee on Railway Communication, and other specialists from the departments of the Government have been assigned to other committees.

The Death of Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the Father of the House, which occurred on January 9, removes a notable figure from public life. He had served continuously during fourteen Congresses, a period of more than twenty-eight years, and was not only the oldest member in point of service, but the oldest in years. During the whole of this long period he served the same constituency well and faithfully, and gained a place in the nation's history such as few men ever attain. He was quite robust for a man of his years until a few months ago, when his health began to fail. He was in his place in the House of Representatives, however, when the Fifty-first Congress was called to order at the beginning of December, but in a few days his familiar face and figure were missed from the halls of legislation. Judge Kelley was seventy-six years of age. He began the world as a messenger-boy at a salary of a dollar a week.

Russian Influenza, or the Grippe, Made Alarm-ing progress last week. In New York especially the disease spread fast, and was more fatal in its effects. It has largely increased the death-rate in the city. On January 8 the total number of deaths from all causes was 250, a higher number than has been registered in one day since one summer day in 1872, when there was a large number of deaths from sunstroke. Of the 250 deaths registered on Wednesday, only four were due directly to *La Grippe*, but in 147 it was a contributory cause. On Thursday the number sank to 207, and on Friday to 202. The great mortality is due not so much to the disease itself as to the more serious diseases to which it opens the way. The number of deaths from pneumonia last week are so far beyond experience as to be very alarming, and they increased day by day. A remarkable feature of the epidemic is the variety of its forms, which appear to be as extensive as the variety of constitutions. In many cases the usual symptoms of influenza were absent, and the disease was described by physicians as a catarrhal fever. The only unfailing symptom was the increase of temperature. Reports from other cities show that the disease, though less severe than in New York and the neighborhood, is very prevalent and is increasing the death-lists. An authority on the subject authorizes us to state that *the best preventive is quinine, in quantities for adults of two grains twice a day.*

The Reports of a Massacre of Siberian Prisoners by Russian soldiers, which were sent two weeks ago, but were discredited, are now confirmed, and even Russian journals admit the massacre, while pleading mitigating circumstances. It appears that thirty prisoners, all of them arrested on suspicion and not one guilty of actual crime, were on their way to Siberia. They had arrived at Yakutsk, where exiles make a halt before commencing their terrible journey across the mountains to Kolimsk. Some difficulty arose about a change in the mode of pursuing the journey, and the exiles respectfully protested against the increase which it made in the difficulty and danger of travel. A band of soldiers was sent to the house where the exiles were confined, and attacked them with the butt-ends of their muskets. The prisoners defended themselves as best they could, and the soldiers rushed out into the yard and fired into the house from all sides, and afterward charged on the helpless prisoners. Six of them were killed and nine wounded. A woman among them was torn to death with bayo-

nets. On the next day three of the survivors were hanged, and the remainder sent to the mines. For such things as these God will take vengeance some day.

The Death of the Dowager Empress Augusta, of Germany, widow of the Emperor William I, took place on January 7. She was in her seventy-ninth year. For three days previous she had been suffering from the prevalent influenza, but appeared to be recovering, when pneumonia set in, and proved fatal. Her grandson, the Emperor, the Empress, and their two sons were at her bedside when she died. She was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and was married to Prince William of Prussia, afterward Emperor of Germany, in 1829. She proved a devoted wife, and when the aged Emperor breathed his last his hand was clasped by his faithful Empress. Her health was then barely equal to the shock of bereavement, but she rallied, and a few months later saw her son, the Emperor Frederick, follow his father to the grave. Since that sad event she has been always feeble, and has led a very quiet life, though her interest in public affairs was still maintained. She was to the last the zealous associate with her daughter-in-law, the Dowager Empress Frederick, in efforts for the improvement of the condition of women.

The Strained Relations of England and Portugal took a more favorable turn at the close of last week. Advices from Lisbon state that Lord Salisbury, the British Prime-Minister, regards the reply of Senhor Gomes, Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the last British note relative to the Anglo-Portuguese dispute concerning territory in East Africa, as affording the basis for an amicable settlement of the trouble. All the political groups in the Cortes concur in the opinion that the Serpa Pinto incident will not retard the two Governments in reaching a satisfactory agreement. It is also announced that Portugal has made a concession, which removes one serious obstacle to an amicable settlement. The Portuguese Government had forbidden the reception at Quillimane, near the mouth of the Zambesi, of all British dispatches intended for England, but not intended to pass through the Portuguese Post-Office. That prohibition is now removed.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has Written a Letter to Mr. Bruce, the son-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, describing the expulsion from his kingdom of Mwanga by a revolt of the combined native Christians and Mohammedans, and the subsequent appeal of the King to the Christian missionaries for help. Stanley says that the fact that the native Christians had grown strong enough to make a revolution in one of the most powerful of the African kingdoms is one that, if Livingstone could have known it, would have filled his dying moments with content and love. The most deadly persecutions—the stake, the knife, and the bullet—had failed to shake the stanch fidelity of these African converts. Stanley expects to reach London by the middle of February. Great preparations are being made for his reception.

The Work on the Nicaragua Canal is Making encouraging progress. Chief Engineer Menocal reports that the difficulties are less than he expected. The cores from the rock borings of the great divide cut have arrived in New York, and determine exactly the conditions of that portion of the work. They present no difficulty, and the competition for this contract is likely to be close, the latest application being from a strong English syndicate, which is also desirous of constructing the eastern locks. It is proposed to divide the work into three sections. The Atlantic harbor at Greytown and the section of the canal to the first lock will be one contract; the second will be from the first lock to the lake; and the third, from the lake to the Pacific. The last will probably be given to a California firm on account of the facilities for the transport of tools and material.

Mr. Gladstone has Placed Himself on Record on the subject of Mr. Henry George's doctrines. Speaking on Jan. 10, at a rent dinner given to the Hawarden tenants, upon the subject of farming interests, he touched the subject of the nationalization of land. He said that if it could be proved that the system was a benefit to the whole community the change might be made, and the land would be entitled to fair compensation; but he thought it would not be a favorable change for the farmers. He could not approve it, because he failed to see how the state could be a good and capable landlord. He believed the present system, properly worked, to be the best.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$20. They are from Des Moines, Iowa, \$5; Lakeville, Cal., \$3.50; Western Union, Wis., \$4; Vassalboro, Me., \$2; Morganville, N. Y., \$1; Bridgton, Me., \$1; Centerville, Mass., \$1; Sunbury, Pa., 50 cts.; Woodhaven, N. Y., 50 cts.; Brookfield, Mass., 50 cts.; China, Me., \$1. These contributions enable us to add to our list twenty of the names now waiting. One of these, a young minister at Yemassee, S. C., who received the paper through this fund last year, writes that it was of immense assistance to him in his own soul, and in his work during the year, and adds: "I feel deeply indebted to the person who paid for it to be sent to me. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father rest on such a one. My church is poor, and I am not able to purchase the books that I need. Please continue to send the paper if possible, though I am not able to pay for it."

The Death of Two Missionaries in Africa is reported by Mr. F. S. Arnot, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 10, 1889, and who recently returned with a party of helpers to the scene of his successful labors in the Dark Continent. On October 14 Mr. Arnot wrote home: "A very happy company we are; in fact, I might say that the perfect harmony we all enjoy is the Lord's special favor upon us. Nearly all our number are able now to make their minor wants known in Umbundu." Five days later the cloud of sorrow broke. Mr. Morris and Mr. Gall, two devoted members of the party, fell sick and died. Mr. Morris's last conscious words were, "The crowning day is coming by and by." The dead were buried a few miles from Bihe, and the other members of the party, who are in good health, resumed their journey.

The Heroism of Two Miners Saved Five Lives at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on January 6. A disastrous cave-in of the Nottingham Mine occurred a few days previously, which drove the gas in the direction of the shaft. On Monday evening while five men were at work in the section of the mine where the cave-in occurred, their lamps set fire to the gas and there was a terrific explosion. The brattice-work and timber at once caught fire and burned furiously. The five men were caught between the cave-in and the fire, and all manner of exit was cut off. The report spread about town that the men were dead, and in a few minutes hundreds of men, women, and children gathered at the mouth of the slope expecting to see the dead bodies of the miners hoisted to the surface. The wives and children of the imprisoned men lost all control of themselves in their grief, and some sorrowful scenes were witnessed. Two miners, however, volunteered to go to the rescue of their comrades. It was a service of great danger, but the men were resolved on going down. Covering their faces to save them from the intense heat, they succeeded in extricating the five men one after the other, and in half an hour had them safely raised to the surface. Shouts of praise for their gallant exploit greeted the exhausted rescuers as they emerged from the mouth of the pit. The story of the deed of daring excites admiration from men who listen with indifference to the gospel story of Him who, to save a world from perishing, came down and gave His life for its redemption. (Rom. 5:7, 8.)

A Man Was Almost Frozen to Death on a Car platform in Minnesota recently. In a complaint entered in the courts of St. Paul, Minn., on January 2, as a preliminary to a suit for damages, a travelling salesman describes a terrible experience. He states that on December 28 he boarded a train of the Northern Pacific Railroad just as it was leaving Glyndon, Minn. He climbed on the front platform of the first passenger car, which was next to the baggage car. He found that the door of the car could not be opened from the outside, so he waited on the icy platform until the conductor should come through the car. It was a wild, stormy night, and as the train was going at a high rate of speed he was in an unpleasant position. When at last he attracted the attention of the train-men, he was told that the door was locked and he could not be let in. He tried to keep on his feet by clinging to the door-knob, but he became numbed, and felt that he was in danger of being thrown off the platform by the wind and the swaying of the train. No longer able to stand, he fell down on his back, threw one leg around the platform railing, and with one hand clung to the brake-rood. Thus he rode to Fargo,

where he had to be carried from the train. His right side was frozen from his ear to his ankle, and it is probable that several fingers of his right hand will have to be removed. For this treatment he claims \$10,000 damages. If his story is true the company will probably have to pay for the inhumanity of their employees. There are some churches against which similar complaints of inhumanity are made. Converts, especially if they are poor, are not welcomed, and though in spite of the inhospitality they may reach heaven in safety they suffer terribly from cold treatment by the way. The apostolic warning against this conduct is emphatic. (James 2:5.)

A Valuable Product from an Offensive Nuisance is now being extracted in Long Island City, N. Y., through the discovery of an ingenious operative. For some years past the people residing in the locality have been disgusted, and many of them made sick, by the powerful odor which comes from sludge acid. This acid resulted from the chemical purification of distilled petroleum, which is carried on extensively in the works there. The petroleum, when treated with sulphuric acid to make it fit for illuminating purposes, left a deposit of sludge acid, the odor of which is horrible. The oil company built a tank-steamer for the sole purpose of carrying it out to sea, and there emptying it in the form of thick black wax to the bottom. One of the employees of the company recently experimented with small quantities of it, and has found out a way of utilizing it as fast as it is made. By his process the offensive stuff, which cost the company so much to throw away, is separated into two parts, one of which is a weak acid that can be used, and the other a valuable fuel, free from smell. For the latter there is an unlimited demand at a good price, and the offensive nuisance has thus become a source of profit. An analogous result is continually taking place in the human race. Some of the worst men, who are a nuisance to society, become a blessing when their nature is changed by the grace of God. (1 Cor. 6:9-11.)

A Plot to Liberate a Condemned Murderer in Kansas City, Mo., was discovered on January 6. Lying in the prison there under sentence of death is a young man whose execution is to take place on February 7. Three persons arranged a plan to deliver him. They were his sister, his sweetheart, and a man who was his friend. They raised enough money between them to buy saws and acids, which were secretly conveyed to him, but it was found that even if he could succeed in getting out of his cell by their means, he could not get out of the courtyard of the jail. It was then decided to obtain a permit to visit him, and it was arranged that his sweetheart should exchange clothes with her condemned lover, and remain in the cell while he went out with his sister and friend. The girl expected that she would be punished for her share in the undertaking, but she declared that she was ready to bear any punishment the law might inflict if she could only save her lover from an ignominious death. The scheme worked smoothly until the exchange of clothing commenced, when the prison guards surprised them and discovered the plot. They were all arrested, but the two women have since been released. The convict remains in prison awaiting the execution of his sentence. There is probably now no prospect of his escaping his doom, but he may learn, from the plot that was frustrated, how he may escape the far more terrible fate awaiting the impenitent beyond the grave. An infinitely greater love than that of the girl who tried to take his place has made atonement for the sinner, and Christ, by suffering in his stead, has purchased redemption for all who trust in Him. (Isa. 53:5.)

The Disappointment of a Returned Husband is described in a press dispatch from Seattle, Wash. It states that in 1878 a sea-captain married in that city and quitted sea life to settle on a homestead in Whatcom County. For about seven years he worked on the farm, living happily with his wife. He perceived that his land would be worth a much larger sum if he had capital to spend in developing it. He therefore resolved to go on a whaling voyage, the proceeds of which, he hoped, would furnish him with the needed funds. He left his wife behind, gaily promising to return when he had secured his prize. But his schooner was totally wrecked on the shores of Alaska. He and the crew escaped, and after wandering for some time began whaling from the shore and were very successful. They also captured walrus and seals, and last summer the captain found that his profits, including the skins

and ivory, amounted to \$20,000. That was a larger sum than he had hoped for, and he determined to take the first opportunity of returning home. The opportunity was long in coming, but at last, just as the year was closing, he had the joy of standing once more in Seattle with his fortune in his pocket. He lost no time in making his way to his home, but to his dismay found it deserted. His wife had heard of the wreck of his schooner, and after waiting for three years, and hearing nothing of him, she concluded he must be dead, and had married a Canadian tourist, with whom she had gone away he knew not where. The disappointment of the man on hearing this news was pitiable, and doubtless his wife, when she hears of his return, will be deeply grieved over her impetuosity. She had strong reasons for expecting that she would never see her husband again, and therefore her conduct was not without excuse. That, however, cannot be said for unfaithful Christians who have ceased to watch for their Lord's return, and who at His coming will be in alliance with the world. (Luke 12:45, 46.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Home for Friendless Women to be built at Eau Claire, Wis., by the W. C. T. U., will cost \$20,000, including the site.

The Rev. William W. Patton, D. D., President of Howard University at Washington, D. C., is dead from congestion of the lungs.

Mrs. Van Cott has been holding meetings in the First Methodist Church, Marshalltown, Iowa. Great crowds attended the services, and many were converted.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Scudder, at Niigata, Japan, have been compelled, on account of the illness of their daughter and their own age and infirmities, to retire from their work.

Dr. Dollinger, the great opponent of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and the head of the Old Catholic movement in southern Germany, died on January 10 of influenza. He was eighty-one years old.

Rev. M. Baxter and other clergymen have been giving Second Advent discourses in St. George's Hall, London. On December 26 and 29 Mr. Baxter lectured in the Portman Rooms on the same subject.

Dunkard College, at Bridgewater, Va., has been burned. There are now only two colleges in the United States belonging to this denomination—one at Mt. Morris, Ill., and one at Huntingdon, Pa.

The Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton has been invited to the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Toronto, Canada, but has declined it on the ground that his call to the work of exposing Romanism is imperative.

Rev. Dr. Pierson is preaching at Westminster Congregational Chapel, London, every Sunday during January. On January 15, 16, and 17 he is also to address special meetings in London on the subject of missions.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, sending "Christmas salutations" to the supporters of his Stockwell Orphanages, says: "We have no need to plead destitution; our Father supplies our wants before we even begin to feel the pinch of them."

The Right Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration on January 4. A large number of clergymen from all sections of the United States and Canada took part in the celebration.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, gave his song services at Central Park Baptist Church, New York, on January 13, 14, 15. From January 16 to 22 he is at the Willet Street M. E. Church every night. At the conclusion of this engagement he sets out on a tour in the West.

The Paris *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* publishes a letter, saying that Prince Louis Napoleon, in a private conversation lately, made an important declaration. It is that he resigned his commission in the Italian Army because he positively knew that Signor Crispi was preparing to make war on France.

The Tabernacle Congregational Church in Jersey City has had the satisfaction of publicly burning the mortgage of \$11,000 on their church edifice. The church was crowded to the door. Fifty clergymen, of all denominations, occupied seats on the platform, and the exercises were original and interesting.

Wanted, for Christian service, to save unruly boys, young men who have given themselves to God. Hard work, simple fare, small pay, on an industrial farm, where some manual labor will be required. There will be thorough training for institutional work in the methods of the Raube Haus. Address W. M. F. Round, 135 East 15th Street, New York.

The Rev. George C. Needham, having completed his visit to Kansas, is now at Hannibal, Mo. Throughout Kansas the churches have been crowded and pastors and people rejoiced. Many souls were saved. The great tabernacle at Hannibal has been crowded from the beginning. Mr. Needham's Bible lectures are producing a deep impression. He is a firm believer in the whole Bible, and an unsparing critic of the higher criticism.

THE SEEKER AT THE SEPULCHRE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping," etc. John 20: 10-16.

Mary Representative of Two Classes—I. A Seeking Soul has its Own Way—Persistent Looking—With Tears—Stooping the Right Attitude—Looking in the Wrong Place—II. Takes Small Account of Anything but Jesus—Mary Not Afraid of the Angels—Makes a Personal Acknowledgment—III. May be Near Jesus Without Knowing it—His Presence Still Felt—What Prevented Her knowing Him—IV. Will do Anything to Find Him—Mary's Proposal—V. May Find Him Through One Word—VI. Will Respond.

I WANTED to speak to-night to believers who have lost the joyful presence of their Lord, and who are saying, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" But when I thought of that matter, I said to myself, Many will be in the congregation who have never yet found Him, and therefore do not know His sweetness by experience, and yet they may be longing to find Him. Is it possible to benefit two classes at once? "Well, well," I said to myself, "I can speak to the saint, for she who figures in the text was Mary; but I can also, at the same time, talk to the sinner; for she was Magdalene, and that name has somehow become connected with penitent sinners." I pray, at the beginning, that, if there be one here who has long been a Mary, and has followed Christ lovingly, and if there be another here who is more like what is commonly, but erroneously, known as a Magdalene, both the Mary and the Magdalene may find direction and consolation in my discourse.

I shall have no other preface but these remarks; for we have before us a long text to be handled in a short time, and I would not perform my task slightly. We will advance by a series of observations.

I. Our first observation shall be this:

A Soul Seeking Jesus

has ways of its own. Read carefully the tenth verse: "Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary," Mary had her own way of proceeding. Mary was seeking Christ more intensely and affectionately than even the choicest of the apostles. They were more able to wait for events than her eagerness would allow her to do. John was able to go home, because he had seen and believed. Peter went home all the more readily because a cloud darkened his sky. Mary was of another order from either of these: she loved, and longed to see Him whom she loved. Whether He be dead or alive, she would find Him. When you are seeking the Lord, it brings out your individuality. Every truly anxious soul seek the Lord in his own way. Each case is peculiar: each seeker feels himself to be one by himself. There are not two Mary Magdalenes; and Mary differs from John and Peter.

One part of her way was this—that she would stay at the sepulchre after others had gone to their own homes. So have I seen

The Lover of the Lord

lingering at the mercy-seat when the prayers of others were ended, and remaining in the use of the means of grace when others had enjoyed a full sufficiency of them. Perhaps Peter and John had other necessary business to attend to, and their duty called them away from the tomb; but Mary stood there still, hoping to hear something about her Lord, and, at least, to know where they had laid His body. It is a blessed thing when the heart becomes so resolved to find Christ that it cannot be happy without Him, cannot even live without Him. When you are resolved to wait at the posts of wisdom's doors until the Incarnate Wisdom appears to you, you will not have to wait long.

Mary had ways of her own besides, for she stood there "weeping." She wept as if her heart would break. Where was her Lord? What had they done with that sacred body? She had seen it wrapped in spices and fine linen, and laid in the tomb of Joseph; where was it now? The tomb was evidently quite empty of all but the cerements; where was the body? What new indignities had the cruel ones put upon it? That dear mangled body—to what malicious treatment was it now exposed? She stood, in deep emotion, sorrowing as love alone can sorrow when its beloved object is in peril. It is a great thing, dear soul, when you cannot find Christ, to weep your eyes out till you can.

Mary did something more, which was according to her own mode of action—"she stooped down

and looked into the sepulchre." *They that would find Christ must stoop* to look for Him. They must not merely wait for Him, but look for Him on their knees. I have known some people pretend to wait for the Lord, and they have kept up the pretence to their soul's ruin! for they never looked to Him by faith. I have known some weep much, but they would not open their eyes to look to Jesus and be saved.

Note this peculiarity: that she

Looked in the Wrong Place.

She looked into the sepulchre for the living and risen Jesus. Earnest, true-hearted, zealous, Mary was; but she labored under a mistake. Well might the angels say, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Thus have I known true penitents seek the Lord where He cannot be found. They have expected to undergo a sort of inward purgatory, and they have sought for Jesus in their own feelings. He is not there. They have imagined that they must be carried away with despair before they might lay hold upon the Saviour. Yet the Lord is not in the wind of feeling, nor in the fire of despair; His presence is known by His still small voice. They have not looked with a simple, childlike trust to Jesus; but have gone about to this, and that, and the other thing, and all in vain. They have sought for Jesus among forms and ceremonies, but in vain. Possibly they have gone to human priests, or sages: these are as dead as the tombs. Priestcraft and philosophy are no places for the living Christ to be found in.

Yet I am glad that Mary looked into the tomb; for, though she looked in the wrong place, it was a good thing to be looking for Jesus after any fashion. Better blunder in seeking Christ than be so wise as to go away from Him. I mean, better to be a sincere, but foolish, seeker after Jesus, and fall into a hundred errors of doctrine, than to be highly cultured, and all the while to be looking to self, or to the world, and forgetting the Lord Jesus.

II. But now, going a little further on, I would observe, secondly, that a soul seeking Jesus makes small account of anything else. Mary, when she looked down,

Saw the Angels

at the head, and at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. At any other time, if Mary Magdalene had seen two angels, she would have been astounded, so as to lose her balance, through reverent fear. A vision of angels, even to the ungodly soldiers that watched the grave of Christ, had made them faint, and become as dead men; but if you read the passage attentively, you will see that Mary talked to these angels as if they had been good men whom she had met before. She was not abashed by them. When they say to her "Woman, why weepest thou?" she answers them, very plainly, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." She is not frightened at spirits and angels. Neither is a soul that is in earnest after Christ to be put away from its search by any sort of diversion.

Notice, too, as confirmatory of what I have said, that when a soul is seeking Christ, nothing but Christ's own word will satisfy it. This holy woman was not content with what the angels said. Though they said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" those shining ones do not appear to have comforted her at all. She went on weeping. She told them why she wept, but she did not, therefore, cease her tears. Beloved, never sit down short of Christ; for short of Christ is short of salvation. Whatever you hear, never be content with hearing: long to find Him of whom you hear. Let not voices from heaven, if you could hear them, much less the voices of godly men and women on earth, ever content you, apart from the Lord Jesus Christ, who is all in all. Furthermore, a soul seeking Jesus is

Glad to Confess

Him. When she spoke to Peter and John, in the second verse, she said, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre;" but when she addressed the angels, she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." It might not be necessary to say, "my Lord" to the two apostles, who knew exactly what she was; but she had not seen those angels before, and she would not let them go without their knowing that Jesus was her Lord, her very own; and so she puts it, "They have taken away my Lord." I like that amazingly. Are you a seeking saint? Whether you see Him or do not see Him, He is still yours; and you must hold to it that He is still your own.

III. Let us now make a third observation: a soul seeking Jesus may have Him

Very Near, And Not Know it.

Read, "When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus." He was behind her while she stood looking into the sepulchre; and though she did not perceive it, His presence operated upon her. She had been speaking to the angels, and answering their question; and suddenly she was conscious that someone was standing just behind her. How came she thus to feel? You have been sitting at your table, writing, and a friend has come behind you with noiseless tread, but yet on a sudden you have been aware of a presence. Before you had heard or seen, you were impressed—what if I say overshadowed? Was it not so with Mary Magdalene and the Saviour? I am not superstitious if I assert that something very similar happens to me when Jesus is near. Many a believer will tell you that he has, at times, when he has been in prayer, or hearing the Word, or meditating, felt as if he could be sure that the Lord stood near him. There could, of course, be no palpable impression upon the flesh; for now, after the flesh, know we Him no more; but yet His presence has impressed our souls.

There are influences of mind on mind which are beyond the recognition of science. The great spirit of our Lord has means of making itself spiritually known to our spirits—means which flesh and blood know nothing of, and which lips could not describe. I have discerned the special presence of my Lord with me by a consciousness as sure as that by which I know that I live. Jesus has been as real to me, at my side in this pulpit, as though I had beheld Him with my eyes. I appeal to the experience of many of you. Have you not been moved by a mysterious influence, which has overawed, inspired, and impressed you beyond description?

What was it, do you think, that prevented her seeing and knowing her Lord? Shall we say that her unbelief and sorrow dimmed her eyes? Was it that, like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, her eyes were holden? Very possibly. I think it was that the sight was

Not What She Expected.

She was longing to see Jesus; but, may be, she only hoped to see Him wrapped in grave-clothes; and so you notice that the evangelist puts it, "She saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus." If she had seen Him lying down, with the image of death upon His face, she would have known Him; but to see Jesus standing was far more than she could have hoped for.

Beloved, our conceptions of our Lord are so poor and low, that if He were to come to us in even a moderated degree of His glory, we should fail to apprehend that it was really He. It may be that the Lord Jesus is truly appearing to some sinner here; but as the appearance is not what he expected he is unable to hope that it is his Saviour. You are told simply to trust Him; and this is hardly what you looked for: you thought that you would suffer an experience of amazing sorrow. You looked for an affair which could be put into a biography. Tell me, did you not? But you will not have anything of the sort. You hear a voice which cries, "Only trust Him, only trust Him." Obey that voice, and enter into immediate rest. The Lord Jesus is present wherever there is humble faith in Him, for that plant never grows except where He sets His pierced foot. Believe, and then know that it is Jesus.

And you, dear brother, who have lost the presence of Christ a while, perhaps you expect Him to come to-night, and carry you away in a sacred transport; instead of which, it may be He will calm you, and fill you with repose, or He may even rebuke you, and send you out to work and suffer for Him. May you have the discernment, however your Lord may come, to know that it is the Lord! Though He comes not in the way in which you looked for Him, yet be not so purblind as to mistake Him for another.

In a word, she was so far from discovering her Lord that she took Him to be her foe rather than her Friend. She imagined that the gardener had borne the body away. Was he so unwilling to have a corpse within the region of his gardening that he had put it in a corner, that no one might perceive it? She humbles herself to him, and offers to carry away the form to which she feared he had such an objection. "Tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." He to whom she spoke had not taken away her treasure: He had

brought it to her; yea, He was Himself that treasure! Beloved, you and I also have reckoned our best Friend to be our enemy; so foolish are we, and so soon mistaken. In the darkness of our souls we judge unrighteously, and complain of our Lord, whom alone we ought to praise.

IV. Upon my fourth observation I will be very brief—a soul seeking Jesus will do

Anything to Find Him.

Mary Magdalene was still seeking; and when she saw one standing before her, whom she thought to be the gardener, what did she do? Why, she inquired of that gardener where she might find Him whom she loved. She was willing to learn from anyone. If you are in earnest to find the Lord Jesus you will not be particular about where you go, or of whom you learn. No matter whether the preacher is a doctor of divinity or a converted coal-heaver, so long as he preaches Christ, you will be glad to learn from him. She supposed him to be the gardener; but yet she said to him, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him." Many have been happy to learn of Jesus from fishermen and cobblers. Does my friend object to my hearing an illiterate man? Ah, sir! when I am seeking eternal salvation, I care little about the philosopher, I want the experimental Christian. Let him be a chimney-sweep—if he will lead me to Jesus, I will follow. So it was with this holy woman; she desired to find the Lord, and she was altogether absorbed in that one pursuit. She speaks as if everybody was equally intent upon the one theme; for instead of mentioning the name Jesus, she says, "If thou hast borne Him hence." Why, Mary, what art thou talking about? "About Him," saith she. But who is this of whom thou speakest? Ah, friends! to her there was but one "Him" in all the world, just then!

Oh, to be thus Absorbed!

Such was the desire of Magdalene to find the Lord Jesus, that she feared no ghastly sight. Let her know where the body is laid, and she will be there. Notice that she dreads no heavy burden. She says, "I will take Him away." Why, Mary, you could not bear away so great a load! You would fall beneath the weight of a man's corpse! You are not strong enough for the sad task! Ah! but she thought that she could bear the blessed burden, and she meant to try! It would seem a grim and terrible task for a woman, at early morning, to be carrying from its grave the corpse of one who had been hanged upon a tree; but she offers herself for the deed, and is even eager for it. To a soul that would fain find Christ, nothing is too hot or too heavy, nothing is too cold or too sickening. We would do anything, refuse nothing, and suffer everything, if we might but clasp Him in our arms, our Jesus and our all.

V. And that brings us to our fifth point: a seeking soul may find Jesus

Through One Word.

We might be wise to clip our sermons down, and make them much shorter. Long discourses have often missed the mark; but our Lord's one word gave Mary all she sought. He said to her, "Mary"; and at once she knew Him, and cried, "Rabboni." Only one word! Jesus can preach a perfect sermon in one word. O dear friends, when you cannot say much to an anxious inquirer, say a single word. Who knows what that one word may do? When you cannot repeat a sermon, quote a verse. "A verse may hit him whom a sermon flies." Do not think that strength lies in length; it is often the reverse.

That one word was the Magdalene's own name. It was as though He had said, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Words, when they are spoken with a general bearing, may prove feeble. When the angel said, "Woman," and Jesus Himself said, "Woman," that name belonged to a large class of individuals, and Mary did not take it to herself. But when our Lord said, "Mary," it came home to her without fail. This is what is needed; an assured, personal application of the Word. Then it is that you find the Lord, and know of a surety that it is He.

That word from the Master's lips, that word your own name, that word shall wake the echoes of your heart by arousing happy memories and recalling hours of sweet delight. When a soul knows that Jesus knows its name, it soon begins to know Jesus for itself. Who but He could have said, "Mary" with that emphatic accent, with that peculiar intonation? "Mary!" was the Open Sesame of her heart and mind. Oh, now she has Him! Lord,

speak in this fashion to some seeker who is here looking for Thee!

VI. The last head is this—

A Seeking Soul Will Respond

with reverence to the word of Jesus. Mary said at once, "Rabboni." This is a Hebrew word signifying "Master," or, as Parkhurst says, having a Chaldee particle within it, which makes it to mean, "My Master," or, as I have heard some say, "Great Master." At any rate, she meant that *He was her Lord and Teacher*. He knew her heart. He understood her inmost soul, and therefore she owned Him Lord. He had called her by her name, and she owned that all-controlling voice. He was her Master, since He could so divinely know and move her heart. Even thus may we each one say, "My God, my Saviour!"

In addition to this, she feels that she knows Him. He is no stranger to her. Had He been a stranger, He might have said "Mary" many times; but because He was the Good Shepherd that knows His sheep, and calls them by name, therefore Mary, as one of His sheep, responded to His call. Mary knew Him; do you know the Master? Beloved, do you know the Lord Jesus? To know Him is life eternal! Have you this life? Not to know Him is an ignorance dark as death. I do not say, do you know about Him? But do you know Him? Has the Lord ever spoken to you? If so, you will at once take Him to be your Teacher, and yield your intellect to His instruction. Henceforth opposing philosophies will go to the wind, and you will learn of Him.

"Rabboni" means also "Master" by way of authority. Mary confessed herself the follower of Jesus. From that time, even if it had not been so with her before, Mary Magdalene was one of those of whom it could be said, "They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Happy man and happy woman, who will keep close to every footstep of the Lord. If you are seeking Him at this hour, pray that, at this moment, He may speak the revealing word, so that you may henceforth feel that a change has come over you, the like of which you have never known. May you experience a sacred twist which shall affect your whole character! May Jesus touch your heart so that your whole body, soul, and spirit shall never forget that touch in time or in eternity! Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Delivered from the Jesuits.—Mr. Hamilton said: "A converted Malagasy named Razaka was impressed as a soldier, and his captain, an idolater, persecuted him in every way. Once when the captain was in a great rage, Razaka quietly drew from his pocket a tract, on the resurrection of the dead, and began to read it. The words went to the officer's heart, the happy result being that he gave himself to Christ. At another time this persecuted one was exiled and carried with three or four companions as a slave to the island of Bourbon. There they were brought under the influence of the Jesuits, who tried to turn them toward Roman Catholicism, but they remained true. 'No,' they replied, 'we will not change our religion for which our brethren are bleeding and dying!' Soon the Jesuits became tired of them and sent them home with a sum of money each. So the Lord brought His own back again, after bringing them through great tribulations, and they were able to say with truth, 'God is my refuge and my strength, a very present help in time of trouble.'"

Saved on a Locomotive.—Mr. McFarlane said: "Before my conversion I was the driver of a locomotive. I thought I was a decent enough fellow. I was a sober man, and a church member. What more could any person want? For years I remained in that self-satisfied condition, but some time ago I was shifted from one station to another, where I came among a number of men who were as sober and respectable as myself, yet between whom and myself I felt there was a great, though indefinite, difference. One day as I stood talking to one of these men, he said, 'You are not so good but that you might be better. You need something more than you have already got. Will you not come down to the Mission Hall instead of going to the theatre to-night?' I went that night, and heard something that made me very anxious about my soul, and I vowed, as I left the building, I would never enter it again. I tried to get rid of the sense of sin which weighed upon me, but I could not. It was with me on duty and off, making me miserable. At last a crisis came. I was on the engine, running at sixty miles an hour, and with my hand on the

lever I was peering out along the track when suddenly the conviction of my sins came upon me with overwhelming force. Tears of repentance and sorrow coursed down my cheeks. I could stand out no longer, and cried to God to help me. He heard and answered, and immediately sent peace to my soul. Tears still streamed from my eyes, but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow. I knew the exact spot where I was saved, and have ridden over it many times, always with a thankful heart to Him who took me from the mire and clay and set my feet upon the Rock."

A Visit to a Leper Home.—Mr. W. Thomson said: "Some time ago a minister went on a visit to Norway. Among other places, he visited the hospital for lepers. The doctor in charge showed him through the place, and indeed it was a terrible sight. As the clergyman marked the fearful ravages which the foul disease had made on the faces and frames of some of the patients, his conductor seemed to read his thoughts, and said, 'There is a strange fancy that some of our patients have. Do you see that man over there?' The person indicated was a loathsome spectacle, terribly disfigured with the disease. If you were to ask him who was the most beautiful person in Norway, for reply he would point to some one of the lepers about him. He has leprosy in his eyes, and looks at everything with a leprosy look, and leprosy to him appears more beautiful than health. The sinner resembles the leper in this respect. He looks at all things through a sinful eye. To him sin seems the best and most beautiful thing in the world; but let his eyes be opened, and like the prophet he will see that from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet are wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, and only the Great Physician can heal him."

A Malagasy Persecutor Converted.—Mr. Hamilton said, "I heard the story of a wonderful Malagasy Christian. He was the only son of his parents. His father was the chief of his native town, and so his son was allowed to do almost as he pleased. Owing to his pride, obstinacy, and evil passion, he became the terror of the whole neighborhood, and people coming to his father on business were afraid to approach if they saw the son near. This youth delighted to make fun of the Christians, and never lost an opportunity of teasing them. On one occasion, when he had been more than usually outrageous, one of the Christian teachers told him that if he did not repent his soul would be lost for ever. At this he waxed very wrath, and accused them of perverting the people from their ancient religion. But a change came; he noticed that the scholars did not swear, and that sometimes when he was near they spelled their words so that he might not understand what they were saying. 'Ah,' he thought, 'they may be cursing me, and I not know it.' He resolved to attend school, and soon he was able to read, and under the guidance of the missionary he was led to Christ. Then he became as zealous in upholding Christianity as he had formerly been in ridiculing it, and took every opportunity to show the falsity of idolatry, its priests and sooth-sayers."

Sad End of a Physician.—At the Same Meeting Mr. Hamilton related: "I have heard a gentleman tell how, after years of slavery to strong drink he was enabled by God's help to give it up. Twice had indulgence in drink temporarily driven reason from its throne and brought him to the verge of the grave. On the second occasion his doctor told him he must pull himself together and give up that habit which was fast killing him. He wished to do so, but he knew that in his own strength it was impossible. What hope had a dipsomaniac, with his shattered nerves and craving appetite, to break the limbs of one of the devil's strongest chains? but he knew there was a stronger than the strong man, and to Him he went, casting himself with all his sins upon the Saviour, and by His grace and power was enabled to give up drink. Some time afterwards he visited the same doctor, who, strange to say, had in the interval fallen a victim to intemperance. The physician expressed surprise that his late patient had been able to stop drinking so suddenly as he had, for he said, 'Now that I know the strength of the grip with which strong drink holds its victim, I can scarcely realize that it is possible to overcome the craving for intoxicants.' My friend pointed him to Christ, and asked him to take his case to Him who was willing and able to help him, adding, 'We have both had chances, and you do not know, if you neglect this one, if you ever have another.' But the doctor would not



Mrs. Adoniram Judson.



Mrs. Judson Interfering for the Protection of Her Husband.

up the intoxicating cup. A few weeks afterwards, as he lay in bed one night, unable to sleep with shattered nerves, he rose to take, as was his custom when so situated, a dose of morphia. This time he took an overdose, and next morning was dead."

MRS. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

(See portrait and illustration.)

THE devoted lady whose portrait is here given had the honor of being the first lady foreign missionary. Her name was Ann Hasseltine, and she married, in 1811, the noble, consecrated man who has been well styled the Apostle of Burmah. She died in 1826, a martyr to the zeal and devotion with which she gave herself to her missionary work, and to her attention to her husband during his captivity. It was in 1824 that hostilities broke out between England and Burmah. Though Dr. and Mrs. Judson were Americans, they were well aware that the Burmese authorities would not discriminate between them and their English foes, but would regard them as of one race and nationality. They remained, however, bravely at their post.

In Mrs. Judson's diary the thrilling story of their suffering is thus narrated: "On June 8, 1824, an officer entered our house by command of the King. He had in his hand a black book, and he was followed by a dozen Burmese soldiers accompanied by one, who, from his spotted face, we knew to be the executioner, and 'a son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the Emperor,' said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. (See illustration.) 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' 'Take her, too,' said the officer 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain till further orders.

"The scene was now shocking beyond description. The hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted-face to take the silver and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, and make some attempts to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson, but, instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground and drew the cords tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration."

A guard of ten ruffians was set over the house, and Mrs. Judson was closely watched, together with the little Burmese girls, whom she had taken to teach and train up in her own family. Very soon, however, she was summoned forth to the veranda, to be examined by the magistrate for supposed complicity with the English foreigners. After the examination she was allowed to retire to an inner room with the children, but the carousal and vile language of the guard, her own suffer-

ing, unprotected, desolate state, as well as the uncertainty of her husband's fate, combined to render it a most memorable night of terror and dismay, sleep being altogether out of the question.

She sent Moung Ing, however, early next morning to ascertain Mr. Judson's situation, and, if possible, to give him and his fellow-prisoner food. He soon returned with the tidings that both the missionaries and all the white foreigners were confined in the death prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, fastened to a pole to prevent their moving.

By bribes, by persistent pleadings, she at length gained permission to wait upon her husband, and during his captivity of twenty-one months she attended him continually when not driven away by his brutal guards. When the war came to an end and Dr. Judson was released, she herself was worn out by her labors and troubles, and died before her husband could bring her home.

A FATHER'S UNHEEDED WARNING.

(See illustration on page 45.)

AMONG the little groups of worshippers who were leaving the usual week-night service of a church in a quiet New England town were a tall, white-haired old man and his daughter, a beautiful girl about twenty-two years old.

"Papa," she said, as soon as they were clear of the other church members, and were turning into the lane that led homeward, "I have been thinking of what you said yesterday about your work being too much for you. Why do you not have a partner? Since brother Harry died it has seemed the only thing to do. Plenty of young men would be glad to join you. Don't you think Martin Eldon would be good?"

A shrewd smile played over the rugged features of Squire Wingfield, as he looked down on the bright face at his side. "I thought we should come to that if I waited," he said. "As I have no son now," the old man could not refer to the fact without a sigh, "you think a son-in-law would be a good substitute."

"Oh, papa! that is too bad," Margaret Wingfield answered, with the rich color suffusing her cheeks. "You have no right to say anything of the kind. Martin Eldon never even hinted such a thing."

"I am glad of that," said the Squire, seriously; "I should be still more thankful if I were sure neither he nor my little girl had even thought of it."

"Why, papa?"

"Because nothing but sorrow and misery could come of such a marriage. Martin is brilliant, and would make a good lawyer if he would give his mind to it. I have often thought of him, especially since I have seen that you and he were so much about together, but I am sure there is no hope of his doing any good. He is idle, and more fond of pleasure than a young man ought to be when he has his own way to make."

"Oh, I don't think so, papa. All young men are fond of pleasure, and he is so bright and witty he is made welcome everywhere. But when he has an

object in life he will settle down. There is no harm in him. Don't take the short cut to-night, papa. I want to talk to you, and, besides, it leads past the saloon, and the men will be coming out; it is near closing time."

"You are not afraid when I am with you, surely, Maggie? And we can talk just as well at home. Come along, none of those merry-makers will molest us."

A burst of hilarious laughter struck on their ears in a few moments, telling them that the company in the saloon was breaking up. Across the road they could see a group about the door of the drinking-place, and could hear the boisterous merriment, snatches of questionable songs, and see the rough horse-play of the hilarious men. A lady who was on that side of the way turned out to avoid them, but one or two young men, with mock politeness and that lack of delicacy which intoxication produces, stepped off the sidewalk toward her and volunteered to see her safely home. The lady was scared and ran, and the young men laughed loudly over her timidity, but did not follow her.

"Do you still think there is no harm in Martin?" the Squire asked. He knew his daughter must have recognized one of the young men, as he did.

"He must have been excited, he is not himself to-night, papa. I am sure there is good in him."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, but there is evil too, as you see, and the evil will grow so quickly and surely that the good will have no room and gradually disappear. No, Margaret, he is no fit husband for you, and no fit partner for me. The sooner you get that fact settled, the better."

Martin Eldon was not intoxicated that night. As he described it, he was "elevated." He recognized the squire and his daughter after they had passed, and hoped that they had not seen him. He was conscious of having lowered himself, and resolved that he would keep away from saloons in future. He knew that, after drinking strictly in moderation—and he never passed the bounds he set himself in that matter—he did and said silly things which he would not have done if he had not had any intoxicant at all. He would turn over a fresh leaf and be more careful. Martin kept his resolution. His place was vacant at the club assemblies, and his old companions twitted him with his moral turn, and advised him to join the church at once. That step did not seem improbable, though it was only advised in jest, for Martin was more frequently seen at the Sunday services than ever before.

Squire Wingfield shook his head when Margaret called his attention to the change. "Won't last," he said, "there is no stay in him. Put him out of your heart, little one, and keep him out."

Margaret tried to take her father's advice. It was very hard, for Martin was the brightest young man in the village. All the girls liked him, and were glad to have him as an escort, and it gratified Margaret's vanity to have him show so decided a preference for her. She struggled against her love, on her father's account, but now that Martin was

so much improved, she began to think that her father's dislike was mere prejudice. The struggle ended when one day Martin told her that he had been offered a partnership in a law firm in New York and wanted her promise to marry him. She gave it, and then set herself to win her father's consent.

The Squire had never refused his daughter anything. She was his only surviving child. Her brother and two sisters had died young, and all his affection was lavished on her. He could not refuse her this, but he exercised all his tact to wean her heart from her lover. Of course he failed, as he must in a contest of that kind. Finally, with a sad heart and many misgivings, he yielded, and the treasure of his home was given up to adorn the home of the young lawyer in the distant metropolis.

The Squire said little about it and seemed to give more of his attention to business than before, but his neighbors thought he aged fast and was more cynical and acrimonious than he used to be. Once a year he would go to New York for a few days to see his daughter, and in the summer she would come to her old home and spend a month, bringing a little girl, the exact image of her former self, with her. Her father forbore to question her as to her life and her husband on these occasions. On her first visit she was full of Martin's praises, and labored to convince her father that he was mistaken. Martin was all, and more than all, that she expected of him, and she insisted upon the fact so forcibly that the old Squire half fancied that she was trying as much to convince herself as to convince him. Gradually, in her later visits, she said less and less about him, and finally they scarcely ever spoke of him when they were together.

On her return from one of these visits, Margaret noticed that her husband was looking sick and worried. It was a sad indication of the relations into which their married life had drifted that she sought no explanation of his changed appearance. But she was not kept in suspense. The following morning Martin entered the room where she sat at work, while their child read a book that her grandfather had given her on leaving him. Seating himself listlessly on a corner of the table, and letting the newspaper which he had been reading trail on the floor, he asked her bluntly if the Squire had given her any money. She replied in the negative.

"We must have some by some means," he said; "I have no occupation now."

"Your partners wearied of it at last, I suppose," she said, without looking up from her work.

"That does not signify," he said; "it is sufficient that I am no longer in the firm, and I want your father to help us until some new opening occurs. You will write and ask him, will you not?"

"Never!" said Margaret, rising with flashing eyes. "Ask my father for money to spend as you would spend it? Never!"

"But we must have it, Margaret. I will behave, and we will begin life afresh."

"How many times during these seven years have you made that promise?" the wife asked, bitterly. "You have not kept it once. I should be ashamed to ask my father, and I will not."

Martin Eldon looked at her, saw that her resolution was inflexible, and he turned and quitted the room without another word.

Squire Wingfield received a letter a week later from a friend in New York. "That precious son-in-law of yours has deserted his wife," it ran; "you had better come and look after her. The poor lady needs your help, but seems to be too proud to ask for it."



Martin Eldon's Appeal to His Wife.

The Squire needed no second summons. In a few days he was back again in his home with Margaret and her daughter permanently installed there. The Squire was glad to recover his daughter on any terms, and after a time he secretly responded to her wretched husband's appeals for money by pensioning him on condition that he remained an exile. No word of reproach did Margaret ever hear from his lips, but her own heart reproached her. In a quiet, subdued way, all the old light-hearted gaiety, forever banished, she devoted her wrecked life to comforting her father's declining years, and to training her own child to trust in God for guidance in all the affairs of life rather than in her own impulses and unsanctified caprices.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 30.)

Friendly Offices to an Indian Ally.

THE opportune arrival of the *Sparrow* and *Discovery* in the harbor furnished the colonists of Plymouth with the means of weathering another winter. They obtained from Captain Jones some supply of such provisions as they stood most in need of; not, however, without paying full value for such seasonable stores. "As he used us kindly," says Winslow in his relation, "so he made us pay largely for the things we had." Such is the passing allusion of these contented and grateful exiles to the usurious dealings of the English trader, who made them pay fully double the original value of their needful supplies. Costly, however, though it was, the supply proved most seasonable; and it is thus thankfully recorded by the historian of the colony:

"Had not the Almighty, in His all-ordering providence, directed him to us, it would have gone worse with us than ever it had been, or after was; for as we had now but small store of corn for the year following, so, for want of supply, we were worn out of all manner of trucking-stuff, not

having any means left to help ourselves by trade; but, through God's good mercy towards us, he had wherewith, and did supply our wants on that kind competently."

In addition to the more direct necessities, consisting of bread and other provisions from the ship's stores, the colonists became possessed, in consequence of this transaction, of a stock of clasp-knives, scissors, beads, and trinkets of various kinds, by means of which they were enabled to trade with the Indians both for corn and furs, and thereby to secure the expected returns at a future season for satisfying the adventurers who had supplied the original cost of the outfit and passage from England.

By this time the rival colonists at Wessagusset (the Indian name which Weymouth then bore) had been established, with every reasonable prospect of success. They reached the destined site of their settlement, not like the Pilgrim Fathers, amid the bitter frost and the piercing gales of winter, but in the sweet and sunny month of June, when the birds were singing in the trees, and the green corn-fields sown around the settlement at New Plymouth gave evidence of the arts and virtues of civilization having preceded them to the New World. They found, too, however undeservedly, a friendly and hospitable reception from their precursors, and were aided with counsel and direction in the choice of a site for their settlement, and in the construction of their dwellings; so that long ere the first blasts of winter were felt, they were provided with effective, though perhaps homely enough, shelter against its severities.

Toward the latter end of autumn the *Charity* returned to England, after having seen the colonists settled in their new habitations, and left them sufficiently provisioned for the winter, while the *Swan*, a smaller vessel, remained behind.

The Pilgrims agreed, at their urgent request, to co-operate with them in trading with the Indians for corn; and a party, composed of members of both companies set sail accordingly in the *Swan*, accompanied with Squanto as their interpreter.

Difficulties speedily beset them. Mr. Richard Green, brother-in-law of Mr. Thomas Weston, who had been appointed to the Governorship of the new colony, suddenly died. Captain Standish, who was employed to replace him in the conduct of the trading expedition of the *Swan*, was seized with a violent fever; and Governor Bradford had to leave his charge of the settlement at Plymouth to take the command. After incurring considerable dangers and difficulties in consequence of the total ignorance of the colonists of the pilotage of the shallow seas along the coast, a landing was effected at Manamoyt, and by the aid of their Indian interpreter they speedily entered into friendly negotiations with the natives and procured, in return for their beads and trinkets eight hogsheads of corn and beans in addition to a store of venison and other victuals. The supply was most opportune; for the Plymouth Company were again nearly reduced to straits, chiefly in consequence of the reckless dishonesty and ingratitude of Weston's colonists, who had so shamefully requited their hospitality.

Encouraged by his success, the Governor was bent on prosecuting his trading expedition along the coast; but, says Winslow, "God had otherwise disposed." Just when they were about to resume their southern voyage, Squanto, their Indian interpreter, was suddenly seized with fever, of which he died in a short time. Poor Squanto, notwithstanding the extravagancies and deceits occasionally practiced by him, proved an invaluable friend to

the New England colonists; and they mourned his loss with sincere and affectionate sorrow. The upright and consistent piety of the Pilgrims, and their uniform friendly and generous treatment of him, had won the heart of the wild Indian. On his death-bed he bequeathed the personal ornaments, and other possessions most prized by him, to several of his English friends, "as remembrances of his love;" and calling Governor Bradford to his side, he besought him to pray that he *might go to the Englishman's God in heaven*.

Such was the end of this poor child of nature; the first that had been brought under the influence of those who made it one of the objects which they sought in seeking a home amid these savage wilds, and friendly relations with their ancient claimants, "that warring with them after another manner than their wont—by friendly usage, love, peace, honest and just carriage, and good counsel—we and they may not only live in peace in that land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus." It may be that Squanto had learned to bow the knee, and to utter the child-like prayers of a poor Indian savage to the Englishman's God, and that not in vain were the last prayers uttered by his couch, asking for him reunion with Him in heaven.

The death of Squanto overthrew all Governor Bradford's plans and compelled him to return. Coasting along the Bay, he negotiated various interchanges with the natives, and obtained considerable supplies of corn and beans; but a violent storm having cast away the shallop belonging to the Plymouth colonists, and greatly damaged the small boat of the *Swan*, they were no longer able to keep up the necessary intercourse between that vessel and the shore, and were compelled to leave their latter purchases behind, committing them to the care of the Indian sachem. From Nauset, or Eastham, where the Governor had effected these arrangements, he returned home with his company by land, a distance of about fifty miles, leaving the vessel to follow as soon as the weather admitted of her sailing, and soon afterward the colonists succeeded in recovering their shallop, and bringing home the remainder of their purchases, which were honorably divided between the rival settlements.

During their second visit to Nauset, for the purpose of recovering the shallop and corn, an incident occurred, which is worth quoting, as an illustration of Indian manners at that early period; "Having occasion," says Winslow, "to lie on the shore, laying their shallop in a creek not far from them, an Indian came into the same, and stole certain beads, scissors, and other trifles out of the same; which, when the captain missed, he took certain of his company with him, and went to the sachem, telling him what had happened, and requiring the same again, or the party that stole them (who was known to certain of the Indians), or else he would revenge it on them before his departure, and so took leave for that night, being late, refusing whatsoever kindness they offered.

On the morrow the sachem came to their rendezvous, accompanied with many men, in a stately manner, who saluted the captain in this wise: He thrust out his tongue, that one might see the root thereof, and therewith licked his hand from the wrist to the finger's end, withal bowing the knee, striving to imitate the English gesture, being instructed therein formerly by Tisquantum. His men did the like, but in so rude and savage a manner as our men could scarce forbear to break out in open laughter. After salutation he delivered the beads and other things to the captain, saying he had much beaten the party for doing it; causing the women to make bread, and bring them according to their desire; seeming to be very sorry for the fact, but glad to be reconciled. So they departed and came home in safety, where the corn was equally divided as before."

The Governor renewed his trading intercourse with the neighboring Indians from time to time, though not without receiving frequent evidence of the evil effects resulting from the unprincipled conduct of Weston's colonists. By these expeditions the settlers of Plymouth were not only secured in a sufficient supply for the winter, but were able to store up furs and other native produce, for exporting to England, as opportunity might offer. Toward the end of April, when new hopes were once more cheering the Pilgrims with the anticipations suggested by the approaching summer, the disheartening news was brought to Plymouth, that Massasoit,

their Indian ally, was dangerously ill. Winslow was immediately dispatched on a friendly visit to him, furnished with medicines and cordials, and accompanied by Mr. John Hampden, a gentleman from London, who had passed the winter with them, and who has been supposed by some, though on little better evidence than the name, to have been the celebrated English patriot.

Their visit to the sick-bed of the sachem proved altogether fortunate, and their medical skill was productive of the best effects. "Many," says Winslow, "while we were there, came to see him; some, by their report, from a place not less than an hundred miles. To all that came one of his chief men related the manner of his sickness, how near he was spent; how, amongst others, his friends the English came to see him, and how suddenly they recovered him to this strength they saw, he being now able to sit upright of himself.

"The day before our coming, another sachem being there, told him that now he might see how hollow-hearted the English were, saying, if we had been such friends in deed as we were in show, we would have visited him in this his sickness, using many arguments to withdraw his affections, and to persuade him to give way to some things against us, which were mentioned to him not long before. But upon this his recovery, he brake forth into these speeches: Now I see the English are my friends, and love me; and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have shown me."

On their return to Plymouth, they lodged for a night with a neighboring chief, with whom the following very characteristic intercourse took place. "That night, through the earnest request of Conbatant, who till now remained at Sawaams, or Puckanokick, we lodged with him at Mattapayst. By the way I had much conference with him, so likewise at his house, he being a notable politician, yet full of merry jests and squibs, and never better pleased than when the like are returned again upon him. Amongst other things he asked me, if in case he were thus dangerously sick, as Massasoit had been, and should send word thereof to Patuxet for *maskiet*, that is physic, whether then Mr. Governor would send it; and if he would, whether I would come therewith to him. To both which I answered, Yea; whereat he gave me many joyful thanks.

"After that, being at his house, he demanded further, how we durst, being but two, come so far into the country. I answered, where was true love there was no fear; and my heart was so upright toward them, that for mine own part I was fearless to come amongst them. But, said he, if your love be such, and it bring forth such fruits, how cometh it to pass, that when we come to Patuxet, you stand upon your guard, with the mouths of your pieces presented toward us? Whereupon I answered, it was the most honorable and respective entertainment we could give them; it being an order amongst us so to receive our best respected friends; and as it was used on the land, so the ships observed it also at sea, which Hobbamock knew and had seen observed. But shaking the head, he answered that *he liked not such salutations*.

"Further, observing us to crave a blessing on our meat before we did eat, and after to give thanks for the same, he asked us what was the meaning of that ordinary custom. Hereupon I took occasion to tell them of God's works of creation and preservation, of His laws and ordinances, especially of the ten commandments; all which they hearkened unto with great attention, and liked well of; only the seventh commandment they excepted against, thinking there were many inconveniences in it, that a man should be tied to one woman; about which we reasoned a good time.

"Also I told them that whatsoever good things we had we received from God, as the author and giver thereof; and therefore craved His blessing upon that we had, and were about to eat, that it might nourish and strengthen our bodies; and having eaten sufficient, being satisfied therewith, we again returned thanks to the same our God, for that our refreshing, &c. This all of them concluded to be very well; and said they believed almost all the same things, and that the same power that we called God they called *Kiehtan*. Much profitable conference," adds Winslow, "was occasioned hereby, which would be too tedious to relate, yet was no less delightful to them, than comfortable to us. Here we remained only that night, but never had better entertainment amongst any of them."

One of the most important fruits of this journey was the discovery of a plot concocted by a neigh-

boring Indian tribe for utterly exterminating the colonists at Wessagusset. It was a danger brought on Weston's colony chiefly in consequence of their own dishonest and vicious practices, but it threatened to involve the peaceful settlers at Plymouth in the same unmerited fate, had they not thus providentially learned of the Indians' designs in time to counteract them. When they reached Plymouth, they found that Captain Standish had left the previous day in company with one of the Indians who had been employed to decoy him from the colony, where his military skill was of so much avail. Fortunately he was driven back by contrary winds; and having been informed of the infamous plot that was in progress, the Indian was quietly dismissed, without making him aware of their knowledge of his designs, and Governor Bradford immediately proceeded to adopt all needful steps for the defence of the colony.

As time wore on the state of Weston's colonists grew daily worse. The *Charity* set sail for England in the month of October, leaving them well housed and provisioned for the winter, and furnished with a vessel by which they could command a ready intercourse with the natives along an extensive coast, and by barter or by fishing secure for themselves abundant stores and the means of future export to England. But all these advantages were thrown away on the reckless and improvident band of emigrants, whom Weston had selected to establish a colony in opposition to the simple and pious founders of Plymouth. In his short-sighted, worldly wisdom Weston had flattered himself that a band of active and daring spirits, unencumbered by wives and children, and not over-scrupulous as to the means to be used for gaining their purpose, could hardly fail of success in opposition to the New England Pilgrims, who numbered among them old men and maidens, wives and helpless infants, and were straitened in their dealings with the rude Indian by the constant suggestions of tender consciences.

All experience, however disproves the popular notion that the domestic relationships furnish an impediment to the progress of early colonization, or indeed to the rise of man in any of the social spheres of life. The stimulus which the calls of affection and duty supply far more than compensates for these added claims, while the social and domestic comforts which woman is able to create around the most lowly hearth are such as, without her presence, no wealth can secure.

The return of spring brought with it no cheering hopes to the settlers at Wessagusset. Improvidence, dishonesty, and frequent dissensions had squandered their means and completely debarred them from any united efforts for the general good. Toward the end of February frequent complaints were brought to Plymouth, by the Indians, of their unjust and faithless dealings, while these received abundant confirmation by the few of their number who were really honestly disposed deserting the settlement and imploring permission to unite themselves with the colonists of Plymouth. All attempts at restraint by those who still retained a nominal authority proved utterly vain. These men, who, by ordinary industry might have secured ample means to supply every want, squandered their bread and corn, without even preserving enough of the latter for seed wherewith to provide for the golden fruits of harvest.

So utterly lost were they to all honesty or virtuous shame that they at length degraded themselves to beg a meal of food from the neighboring Indians, and hired themselves to fetch wood and draw water for them, that they might share in the more provident stores of the savages. From this abject servitude they sought relief by robbing the Indians' stores; and though there was still authority enough left in the Governor of the colony to visit such crimes with the pillory and the lash, this was altogether ineffectual either for the reformation of the unprincipled emigrants or the mollification of the exasperated savages, who had thus been taught both to hate and to despise their white neighbors.

(To be Continued.)

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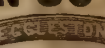
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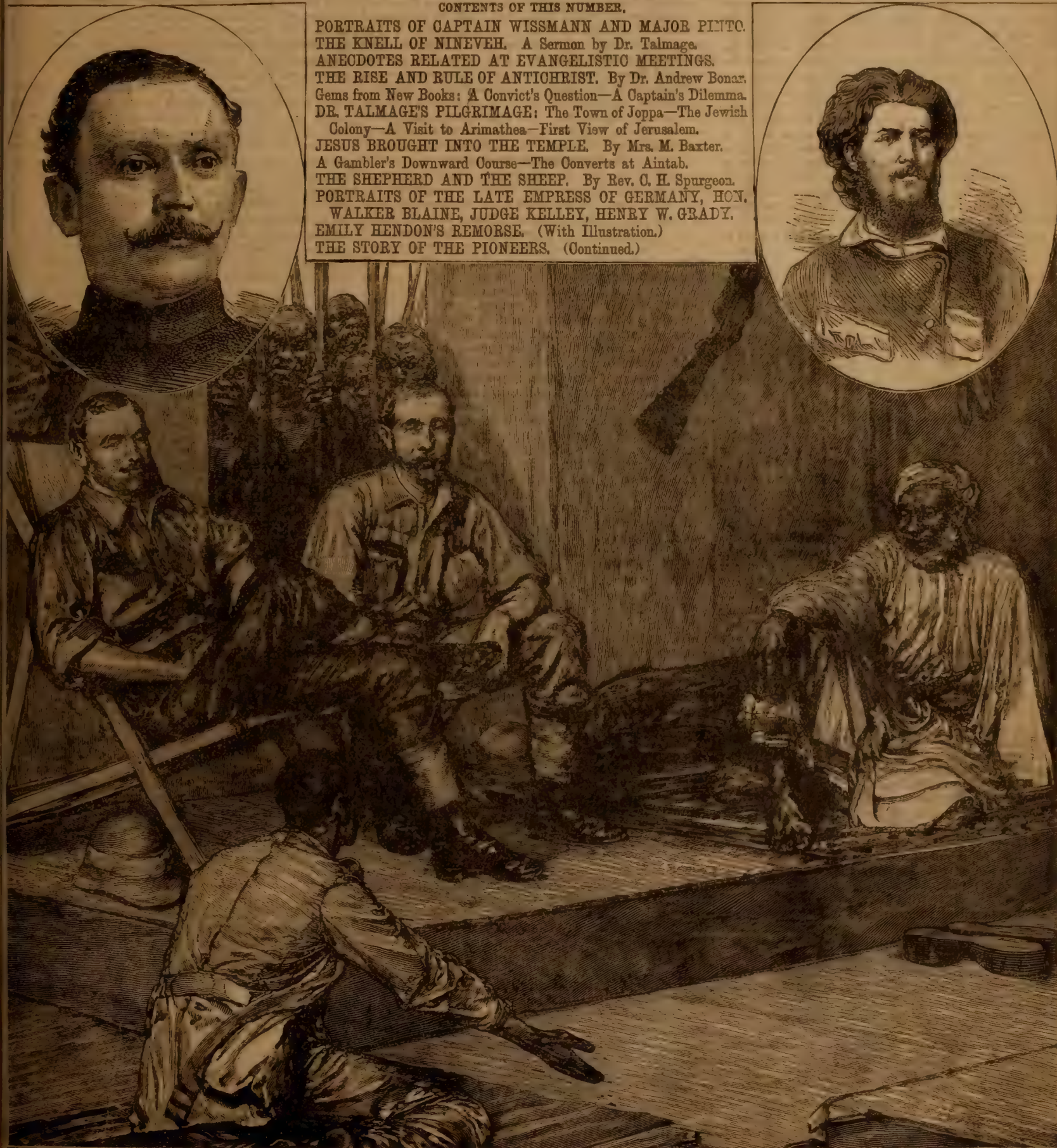
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CAPTAIN WISSMANN AND MAJOR SERPA PINTO—INTERVIEW WITH TIPPOO TIB IN AFRICA. (See page 53.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR AFRICA.

THE cable dispatches of the past few weeks have been full of the dispute developed some months ago between England and Portugal, as to the right of possession of Nyassaland, in Africa, which reached a crisis a few days ago and is not yet finally arranged. England has hitherto regarded Germany as its most formidable rival in the African field. There was at one time considerable friction between the two Powers on the subject, but an amicable arrangement, based on geographical lines, was made. It averted all danger of collision between the Powers, though it has left much jealousy between their representatives in Africa, and has injuriously affected the progress of mission work. As Mr. H. M. Stanley has said, the Germans have not the faculty of managing the African races, as the English have. They stir up enmity, and have already so excited the passions of the people as to put more than one mission station in peril. While this difficulty has been agitated, it has occurred to the Portuguese that a part of the territory which has been assigned to England was originally a possession of Portugal. It is true that its title dates back four centuries, and that Portugal has made no use of it in that time. It has done nothing to settle it, colonize it, or civilize it, esteeming it of no value. But English missionaries and explorers have been at work there for many years, have demonstrated its value, and have done much to improve it and bring its people under Christian influence. Now Portugal realizes its value, and asserts its right to the territory by sending out Major Serpa Pinto to take possession. He carried matters with a high hand, and in one of his encounters with the natives is said to have fired on the English flag. This was an overt act, which a more discreet commander would have taken care to avoid. It furnished England with a cause of complaint which brought the friction to a crisis. As the dispute has been a matter of extensive newspaper comment, we this week publish, on the preceding page, portraits of Captain Wissmann, the head of the German contingent in Africa, and Major Serpa Pinto, with a picture of an interview with Tippoo Tib, the wildest and most powerful of African potentates.

CAPTAIN H. WISSMANN.

THE world first heard of Captain Wissmann as an explorer, and he became better known when he was appointed to the command of the German expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha a year ago. As Emin is a German, it stirred the national feeling to think that the brave commander was to be rescued through English effort. It was remembered that the most direct route to the place where he was holding the fort for civilization against barbarism and cruelty lay through territory under German control, and at length a German expedition for his relief was fitted out. The command was given to Captain Wissmann, who is an officer in the German army, about forty years old. His services had already been recognized beyond the boundaries of his own country. In 1888 he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, of London, for the explorations he had already achieved in Africa, which had then extended over seven years, and in particular for the arduous and adventurous journey in which he traced the course of the river Kassai from its upper waters to its previously unknown confluence with the Congo. These explorations have done much to open out the southern portion of the great tract included in

The Congo Free State.

Also at a meeting of the British Association, Sir Charles W. Wilson, President of the Geographical Section, in delivering his opening address, pronounced a high eulogium on Captain Wissmann, remarking that "he possesses all Livingstone's indomitable courage, his constancy of purpose, and his kindly feeling toward the natives, and has twice crossed Africa in its widest extent without firing a shot in anger. He recently visited England, filled, like the great English traveller, with indignation at the atrocities perpetrated by the mercenary Arabs on the blacks, and eager to find effective means, if such there be, of putting an end to, or at least mitigating, the unspeakable horrors of the slave trade." He showed great skill in organizing the expedition for the relief of Emin, making special provision for the promotion of the object dear to his heart. He was able to render effective service to Stanley in the latter part of his return journey, when, after so long and trying a march with Emin and his followers, he stood in need of help to complete his journey to

Zanzibar. Stanley speaks of him in terms of gratitude and high esteem, and evidently believes that he is doing a good work, though freely criticising his methods.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

ALEXANDRE ALBERTO DA ROCHA SERPA PINTO, whose portrait accompanies that of Captain Wissmann on the first page, was born on April 20, 1846, at the Tendaes, in the province of Douro, Portugal, and is now therefore nearly forty-four years of age. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Lisbon. He began his military career by joining an infantry regiment in August, 1863, became ensign in 1864, lieutenant in 1868, captain in 1874, major in 1877, and aide-de-camp of the King of Portugal in March, 1880. In 1869 he was in the Zambesi War, and in the battle of November 23, at Massangano, he succeeded in saving the so-called "Regiment of India." He was then in command of the African Native Troop. During 1877 to 1879 he crossed Africa from Benguela to Durban, and he has admirably described the journey in a work entitled *How I Crossed Africa*. This geographical task obtained for him the gold medals of the geographical societies of London, Paris, Antwerp, Rome, and Marseilles. He was also elected a Fellow of all the important geographical societies in the world, and of many scientific associations.

His Expedition to Nyassaland

has not been one of exploration, but of conquest. Portugal has claims on a district bounded by the river Ruu, and these claims have been recognized by England. It was, however, Major Pinto's desire to extend his country's power beyond that river, over the contiguous district, which is inhabited by the Makolo tribes. The settlement of those tribes there dates back to Livingstone's journeys. "Every one who has read Livingstone's narrative of his great journey across Africa to Angola, and his return down the Zambesi to the Indian Ocean," says an eminent authority, "will remember his faithful Makololo companions. His parting with them at Tete, on the lower Zambesi, was pathetic, and their joy at meeting him once more when, in 1858, he returned to fulfil his promise to take them back to their homes, was a thing to be remembered. Some of these Makololo, however, did not care to return home to the swamps of Linyanti. Like many of their tribe, they were enterprising; they thought the country along the Shiré river, which runs from Lake Nyassa to the Zambesi, was a desirable land to live in, and they believed themselves quite able to keep their place among the various peoples (thinned out as they were by Portuguese and Arab slave raids) who were scattered about the district.

Makololo Rule.

"So they settled on the right bank of the river Shiré, in the district between the Ruu and the cataracts, the native inhabitants of which had begged the Makololo to protect them against their enemies. They chose one of themselves to be chief, and, handful though they were, succeeded in imposing their domination upon the surrounding tribes, all of whom are now known as Makololo. Moreover, fugitives from all quarters flocked for protection to these powerful chiefs, for Livingstone's influence still swayed them, and they refused to have anything to do with slavery or slave hunting. Thus, in time a really powerful State grew up in this part of Nyassaland. All the villages and towns between the Ruu and the last cataract are Makololo. These are the people who gladly and naturally, a few months ago, accepted from the British Consul Buchanan the British flag, and placed themselves under British protection; and these are the people whom, the other day, Major Serpa Pinto mowed down with Gatling guns because they preferred the flag of England to that of a power of which they knew little, and that little not of a kind to commend itself to native Africans who love freedom."

An Unjustifiable Claim

is the verdict of all explorers and missionaries as to the Portuguese case. The country was utterly unknown to Portugal until Livingstone explored and described it. Not a white subject of Portugal went near the lake for long after Livingstone had returned home; no interference on the part of the Portuguese Government was attempted with his operations; no sign of any official or semblance of administration was evident when Livingstone was there or has been since. With but little interruption, for some thirty years English and Scotch missionaries and traders have been spreading them-

selves over Nyassaland, east, south, and west; towns have been established, churches, schools, and stores built, legitimate trade carried on, roads made, steamers placed on the lake, and the lake itself accurately surveyed; yet no sign was given till the other day by the Portuguese that they regarded these operations as a usurpation of their own administrative functions.

The Work of the Missionaries

is witnessed all over the district in the evidences of civilization. In the beautiful Shiré Highlands, in the country of the Makololo, the mission of the Established Church of Scotland has been at work for twelve years, its head station being named Blantyre, after Livingstone's birthplace. Stations have been planted elsewhere, and the influence of the mission extends over a great area. The ground has been largely cultivated, and coffee, tea, wheat, and other produce are grown. Some eighty children are boarded at the mission, and at another station is a school with 100 pupils. Besides the missionaries, there are a medical man, teachers, a gardener, and general agent, all white, besides several native teachers.

Mr. John Buchanan, a planter of Zomba, one of the Church stations, writes in his instructive little book on *The Shiré Highlands*: "There are only two of us now at Blantyre who saw what the country was like before the mission was established, and who are capable of judging the difference now and then. The difference is great indeed, and one requires to know the whole history of the mission and of the district to be able to comprehend, even in a small degree, the powerful influence now working for good. I know of no mission which is likely to have a better future than Blantyre. Some £40,000 has already been expended on the mission, and if allowed to work away in peace, the Shiré Highlands would in time become one of the most civilized, healthy, and prosperous spots in Africa."

Such, then, are some of the results of British enterprise in Nyassaland during the last twenty-five years. The British "title deeds" to this region may be summed up in the stirring words of the Rev. Horace Waller, himself one of the Nyassa pioneers: "Dotted here and there, from the mangrove swamps at the Kongoné mouth of the Zambesi to the furthest extremity of Lake Nyassa's shore, we pass the graves of naval officers, of brave ladies, of a missionary bishop, of clergymen, doctors, scientific men, engineers, and mechanics. All these were our countrymen; they lie in glorious graves; their careers have been foundation-stones, and already the edifice rises. British mission stations are working nobly and zealously on the Shiré Highlands, and under various auspices, not only upon the shores of Lake Nyassa, but on its islands also. Numbers of native Christians owe their knowledge of the common faith to these efforts; scores of future chiefs are being instructed in the schools spread over hundreds of miles; plantations are being mapped out; commerce is developing by sure and steady steps; a vigorous company is showing to tribes and tribes that there are more valuable commodities in their land than their sons and daughters, for whom the Arabs and half-castes peddle and barter."

An Unbiased Testimony

was given a few days ago to a correspondent of the *New York Herald* by the distinguished Austrian explorer, Dr. Emil Kobler, whose acquaintance with the district gives him the right to speak authoritatively. He says that if the Portuguese seize and hold the country "the civilization of the people will be retrograded for many years. The work of those who, like myself, have labored in Africa for the advancement of western civilization, and not for the aggrandizement of any particular European nation, will be destroyed. I believe the Portuguese can substantiate that 125 years ago they had a settlement on the Shiré River. They admit that it died in infancy. By African law they failed to perfect their title. England, France, and Germany, who are bent upon eating up Africa, have awakened Portugal, which furishes up eighteenth and nineteenth century charts. This land belongs to Great Britain. She has purchased it with the lives of her missionaries and agents. Since the days of Livingstone England has made a howling wilderness blossom like a rose. When one has visited the Portuguese colony one wishes it had been left a wilderness."

The Press Criticism

of the English Government, which has been so generally read throughout this country, will be estimated at its true value by any Christian reader of the foregoing testimony. Instead of England

bullying Portugal, as has been represented, she is standing in defence of Christianity and civilization against the unjust claims of a power whose influence in Africa is uniformly on the side of the slave-stealers against the Protestant missionaries. As a writer in the *New York Times* forcibly says: "The countries that England now claims by the right of possession and use, Portugal has never undertaken to possess or to use, and has made no endeavor to occupy until they had actually been occupied by a British company. The Portuguese claim to them, whatever its validity may originally have been, has lapsed by non-user, for assuredly to claim a country for four centuries and make no use of it, must work a forfeiture of the claim as against anybody who is able and willing to make use of it. Great Britain is thus able and willing, and Portugal is not, and in resisting the British occupation, after having for all these centuries neglected every opportunity of occupying the country herself, Portugal takes the attitude of a national dog in a colonial manger. The British instinct for expansion sometimes takes strange and questionable forms: but in this instance the case of Great Britain against Portugal is one that ought to command the sympathy of impartial friends of civilization all the world over."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Convict's Question.*

THERE was a Thanksgiving Day service in a State-prison chapel. All the prisoners were gathered there. The writer, then a young layman, had been invited to address them that day. He rose in the chaplain's desk, and as he looked down into the faces of the motley crowd before him, he was overwhelmingly impressed by a sense of the varied life-stories struggling against concealment in those upturned countenances, and he realized as never before the bond of the common humanity which he shared with those whose place, for the hour, was so very different from his own. Moved by this thought, the speaker began his remarks by referring to the often quoted ejaculation of the godly English divine, on seeing a condemned prisoner go by on his way to the gallows, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford," and he added that he came not to speak to those from whom he was far remote, but to say kindly words of greeting and sympathy to those who were his brother men. As he went on with his address, he found that he had before him appreciative and responsive hearers who could feel, and who were not ashamed to show their feeling. One face particularly attracted his attention. It was that of a man of mature years, whose countenance bore signs of intense experiences. His look was now one of searching and longing, and wondering gaze, while deep emotion was showing itself in every quivering feature.

After the chapel service was completed, and the prisoners had returned to their cells, the visitor was told that a convict desired to speak with him, and he accompanied the warden, accordingly, to respond to the call. Behind the bars of the cell at which they stopped the visitor saw the face which had so impressed him in the chapel. The prisoner apologized for having asked this interview, and then went on to say: "It was very kind of you to come down here to talk to us to-day, and we all thank you for it. But, Mr. Trumbull, I'm a plain man, and I want to ask you a plain question, Did you mean what you said?" "Most certainly I did," was the answer; "but why do you ask?" "Why, because I want to know whether you really do feel that only the grace of God makes any difference between you and us, and that you really count us as brothers." "Indeed I do feel that," was the earnest response. "And I constantly thank God for holding me back from the commission of such sin as would bring me into prison as a convict." The prisoner clasped his hands together, and with streaming eyes said: "Thank God for that. I'm in here for life, and I shall stay more contentedly, now that I know I've got one brother in the world."

A Captain's Dilemma.

It is when a man is divided against himself that he cannot stand. There are divisions of self in duty and in feeling, to every strong man, and to every tender-hearted woman, in the soul-conflicts of

* From *Ourselves and Others*. By H. Clay Trumbull. One of six dainty little volumes of essays, bright, sagacious, original, and full of excellent advice, which may help young people to avoid many mistakes, and older people to remedy some that they may have made. The six volumes in box, \$2.50. Published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

their earthly experiences. These are the hardest of all to meet and to endure. Take this illustration from the story of such conflicts of feeling on the sea, as it was told to the writer by one who received it from its chief actor: Some years ago one of the ocean steamers was approaching the coast of Nova Scotia, on her way from England to the United States. A dense fog had prevented her getting an observation for more than twenty-four hours, and her bearings were unknown. She was nearer the high granite cliffs of the bold coast than her commander suspected, and her prow was set toward them. Meanwhile the quick ears of some fishermen in an inlet a little to the northward caught the sound of the steamer's engines through the fog and perceived her peril. Three of them pushed out hurriedly in a small boat, and pulled down toward the cliffs she was approaching. No time was to be lost. The steamer was coming on steadily to sure destruction. They made for her, shouting the alarm as they pulled. The steamer's captain, who was anxiously on the watch, caught the sound of their warning voices, and saw their friendly boat through the fog just as the huge gray cliffs loomed before him on his very bow. Not an instant could be spared. The one hope for the steamer was in his mind at the first glance. To go on for another minute was to carry the steamer and all her passengers to certain destruction. To change her course at the instant was to run down the little boat with the brave men who were risking their lives for her safety. What an issue! What a choice!

"Helm a-port! Hard a-port! Quick!" rang the captain's voice. The steamer obeyed her helm, passed over her rescuers, and was herself in safety with all on board. Who supposes that the steamer's captain's conflict of feeling in that moment of soulful struggle was not sorer and more bitter than any which Nelson knew at Trafalgar, or Perry at Lake Erie? In the one case the soul itself was divided; in the other case the soul was at one with itself, and its conflicts were with an outside foe. "If only I could have died for those brave men!" said the heavy-hearted captain, as he told of this supreme struggle of his life on the sea. "But as it was, there was no choice left for me with my responsibility for all my passengers and crew." There has been more than one such conflict of feeling as that, on land as well as on sea. God pity those who have part in such!

THE RISE AND RULE OF ANTICHRIST.

By Rev. Andrew Bonar, D. D.

The Seven Years' Covenant—Antichrist will be Worshipped—The Last Half of the Week—The Unequalled Tribulation—The Raising of the Two Witnesses—The First Napoleon an Illustration—Indications of Antichrist's Programme.

As the times of the Gentiles draw to a close, Scripture indicates the return of the Jews to Palestine as a nation, although in unbelief, and it is then that Antichrist, called the *Prince that shall come*, will make a seven years' covenant with them according to Daniel 9: 27.

Although it is only with the Jews that this Antichrist will "confirm the covenant for one week," yet ultimately the whole ten kings of the Roman earth will join together in giving their kingdom to him "until the words of God shall be fulfilled," (Rev. 17: 12, 13, 17.) Finally, Antichrist will "plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas" (the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean) "in the glorious holy mountain" (a name given alone to Mount Zion at Jerusalem), "and there shall come to his end, and none shall help him." (See Dan. 11: 44, 45.)

Consummate Depravity.

His coming is declared to be with all "deceivableness of unrighteousness." He will adapt himself, just as the first Napoleon did, to the prevailing system of the godless times he appears in, and especially to the prejudices of the Jewish people, who, replaced by his help in their own land once more as a nation, with their great wealth, will rise into importance there. In this "deceivableness" also, it is that the covenant is made with them for the *whole remaining week*. *All the world will* (Rev. 13: 3-8) wonder after him, and not only wonder after, but *worship him*, and the Dragon too, "who gives him his power and great authority." How fearful to think even of such an apostasy as this! well may it be called "*The Apostasy*," connected as it is with this prince that shall then have come, and shown himself to be that "Man of sin," for in the

midst of the week (although his covenant, such as it was, had been made for the whole) he throws off the mask and shows himself "that he is God," with a false prophet working miracles before Him in the power of Satan himself—the mock Trinity of Hell, the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophet, in opposition to the Trinity of Heaven.

The last half of the seven years, when the covenant has been broken, are the times of

The Unequalled Tribulation

of which so much is said in Scripture. God has mercifully shortened those days, and told His people in every different mode of expressing it what the limit is—viz., "the midst of the week," or hebdomad of seven years, that is, *three years and a half*; the "1260 days;" the "42 months;" the "time, times, and half a time;" all expressing exactly the same duration, and all, if taken with the context, pointing distinctly to the same dreadful period. During it God will raise up Two Witnesses, doubtless individual men from what is said of them, whom He will miraculously protect during the three and a half years of their testimony.

The Napoleonic Type.

In France, before the Revolution of 1793, a well-known "falling away" or "apostasy" occurred, following upon the doctrines taught by Voltaire, when a national decree was passed that *death was a perpetual sleep*. The scenes of the Reign of Terror which followed showed what man will dare to do if left to himself, and called forth Napoleon Bonaparte, who showed the features of the Antichrist, flattering at first the system he found prevailing, while using it all the while to establish himself in power. . . . So the Antichrist will not at his first appearance shock the prejudices of those whose faith he at last overthrows, for he is to come in "by flatteries." (Dan. 11: 21.)

In France Napoleon Bonaparte was a Roman Catholic, and in Egypt a worshipper of Mahomet, till finding himself *as by and by Antichrist will do*, fairly established in power, he dropped the deception under which he had entered, proclaiming himself the monarch, and only source of authority. "La France, c'est moi!" (France, it is me!) was the laconic way in which he announced it. What the successor to his name and authority may be raised up to accomplish is yet to be seen, but already the tendency is clearly toward a still more extensive development of the clay-iron principle of government which is to prevail in both feet of the Image, before the ten toes of it are developed.

Such an instance as this should cause us to ponder well, when we read of a still *future and more fearful "falling away,"* which is to distinguish it from others. In the original it is styled emphatically "*the apostasy*" (11 Thess. 2: 3), with the revealing after or out of it of "that man of sin, the son of perdition, who will oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped: so that He as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing Himself that He is God." We are told, in Daniel 7: 24, that

The Ten Horns

out of this kingdom (the Roman Empire) are ten kings that shall arise, and another (the Little Horn) shall rise after them. The ten kingdoms must therefore appear *before* Antichrist, inasmuch as he rises *after* them. . . . The remarkable division of the Roman earth into ten kingdoms has *not yet taken place*, and the Antichrist, who rises *after* them, is of necessity future also. The limits of the Roman earth are sufficiently known to all, and no division of it, which does not include the *whole*, can be said to have fulfilled its division into the ten toes or kingdoms predicted at the time of the end. The iron legs of Daniel's prophetic image (Dan. 2: 31-45) mean the Eastern and Western divisions or the Roman Empire, and the Eastern embraces the portion most important in Bible history—namely, the Holy Land, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and Greece.

In Daniel 7 Antichrist is foreshown rising out of the ten kingdoms into which the Roman Empire will then have been divided, while in Daniel 8 he is shown as rising out of the four horns or kingdoms into which the Grecian Empire was divided under Alexander the Great's generals (namely, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt). In this there is no discrepancy, for the Roman Empire received its most valuable additions from the territories which it wrested from those successors of Alexander; all, therefore, will be accomplished should Antichrist rise out of the *Grecian portion* of the Roman earth in the latter time of their kingdom (Dan. 8: 23).

THE KNEEL OF NINEVEH.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."
Jonah 3:4.

The Splendor of the City—Luxury and Pomp—Open Corruption—A New Arrival—Delivers a Startling Message—Repentance and Humiliation—Execution of Sentence Suspended—I. The Precision of Divine Providence—Running Fearful Risks—An Important Matter in a Small Corner—II. Religious Warning Often Seems Preposterous—Health no Security Against Accident—III. God Gives Every Man a Fair Chance—Warnings of Forty Years—IV. Repentance Followed by Reversal of Judgment—The Terminal Chance—A Girl Silencing the Curfew Bell.

ON the banks of the Tigris there is a great capital, sixty miles in circumference, surrounded by a wall broad enough to allow three chariots to go abreast; fifteen hundred turrets, each two hundred feet high, carrying aloft the grandeur of the city. There are six hundred thousand inhabitants. The metropolis is not like our crowded cities; but gardens wreath the homes of private citizens with tropical blaze of color, wet with the spray of falling waters, and there are pasture fields, on which cattle browse, in the very midst of the city. It is a delicious climate, even in midsummer never rising to more than seventy degrees. Through the gates of that city rolls the commerce of eastern and western Asia. On its throne sits Sardanapalus, his every meal a banquet, his every day a coronation. There are polished walls of jasper and chalcedony, bewildering with arrow-head inscriptions and scenes of exciting chase and victorious battle. There are mansions adorned with bronze and vases and carved statues of ivory, and ceilings with mother-of-pearl, and mantel enamelling, and floors with slabs of alabaster. There are other walls with sculptured flowers, and panelling of Lebanon cedar, and burnished copper, and doorways guarded by lions.

The city roars with chariot wheels, and clatters with swift hoofs, and is all a-rush and ablaze with pomp and fashion and power. The river Tigris bounds the city on one side, and moat and turreted wall bound it on the other sides, and there it stands, defiant of earth and heaven. Fraud in her storehouses. Uncleanliness in her dwellings. Obscene display in her theatres. Iniquity everywhere. Nineveh the magnificent. Nineveh the vile!

Nineveh the Doomed!

One day a plain-looking man comes through the gate into that city. He is sunburned, as though he had been under the browning process of a sea voyage. Indeed, he had been wrecked, and picked up by such a lifeboat as no other man ever rode in—a whale's fins and flukes being to him both oars and rudder. The man had been trying to escape his duty of preaching a disagreeable sermon; but now, at last, his feet strike the street of that city. No sooner has he passed under the shadow of the wall and entered it than, clearing his throat for loud and distinct utterance, he begins; and the water-carrier sets down his jug, and the charioteer reins in the steeds, and the soldiers on the top of the wall break ranks to look and listen, while his voice shivers through the avenue, and reverberates amid the dwelling of potentate and peasant, as he cries out: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" The people rush out of the market-places and to the gates to listen to the strange sound. The king invites the man to tell the story amid the corridors of the palace. The courtiers throng in and out amid the statues and pictures and fountains, listening to

The Startling Message:

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." "What is that fellow about?" say some of the people. "Is he a madman escaped from his keepers? He must be an alarmist, who is announcing his morbid fears. He ought to be arrested, and put in the prison of the city." But still the man moves on, and still the cry goes up: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." There is no madness in his eye, there is no fanaticism in his manner, but only a Divine authority, and a terrible earnestness, which finally seizes the whole city. People rush from place to place and say: "Have you seen that prophet? What does he mean? Is it to be earthquake, or storm, or plague, or besiegement of foreign enemy?"

Sardanapalus puts off his jewelled array and puts on mourning, and the whole city goes down on its knees, and street cries to street, and temple to temple, and the fifteen hundred turrets join the di-ge: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be over-

thrown." A black covering is thrown over the horses and the sheep and the cattle. Forage and water are kept from the dumb brutes so that their distressed lowings may make a dolorous accompaniment to

The Lamentation

of six hundred thousand souls, who wring their hands, and beat their temples, and throw themselves into the dust, and deplore their sin, crying out, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." God heard that cry. He turned aside from the affairs of eternal state, and listened. He said: "Stop! I must go down and save that city. It is repenting, and cries for help, and they shall have it, and Nineveh shall live." Then the people took down the timbrels, and loosened the foot of the dance, and flung new light on the panels of alabaster, and started the suppressed fountains, and the children clapped their hands; and from Sardanapalus on the throne, clear down to the keeper of the city gate, where brown-faced Jonah first went in with his thrilling message, there were song and laughter and congratulation and festivity and jubilee. "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said He would do unto them; and He did it not."

The Limit of Probation.

I learn, in the first place, from this subject the precision and punctuality of the Divine arrangement. You will see that God decided exactly the day when Nineveh's lease of mercy should end. If Jonah preached that sermon on the first day of the month, then the doom was to fall upon Nineveh on the tenth day of the next month. So God decides what shall be the amount of our rebellion. Though there may be no sound in the heavens, He has determined the length of His endurance of our sin. It may be forty days, it may be forty hours, it may be forty minutes, it may be forty seconds. The fact that the affairs of God's government are infinite and multifarious is no reason why He should not attend to the minutiae. God no more certainly decided that on June 15, 1215, England should have her *Magna Charta*; nor that on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence should go forth; nor that at half-past 11 o'clock at night on the 14th of December, 1799, George Washington should die; nor that forty days after Jonah preached that sermon, Nineveh's chance for mercy should end unless she repented, than He has decided the point between which you and I cannot pass and still obtain the Divine clemency. What careful walking this ought to make for those who are unsaved, lest

The Hour-glass of Opportunity

be almost empty! Men and women do not lose their souls through putting off repentance for ever, but only by putting it off one second after the time is up. They propose to become Christians in mid-life, but they die in youth; or they propose in old age to be Christians, but they die in mid-life; or on the forty-first day they will attend to the matter, but on the fortieth Nineveh is overthrown.

Standing on ship's deck amid a coil of chains, sailors roughly tell you to stand back if you do not want your limbs broken, or by the chains be hurled overboard; for they are going to let out the anchor, and when the anchor does go the chains make the deck smoke with their speed. As swiftly our time runs away from us. Now it seems coiled all around us in a pyramid of years and days and minutes, but they are going, and they will take us off with their lightning velocity. If I should by some supernatural revelation to-day tell you just how long or how brief will be your opportunity for repentance and salvation, you would not believe me. You would say: "I shall have tenfold that time; I shall have a hundred-fold that time." But you will not have more: you will have less. You have put off repentance so long that you are going to be very much crowded in this matter of the soul's salvation. The corner of time that is left you is so small that you will hardly have room to turn around in it. You are like an accountant who has to have a certain number of figures added up by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It is two full, round hours' work, and it is a quarter past 3 o'clock, and yet he has not begun. You are like a man in

A Case of Life and Death,

five miles from the depot, and the train starts in thirty minutes, and you have not harnessed the horse. You are like a man who comes to the bridge across the Naugatuck River in time of a freshet. The circumstances are such that he must go across. The bridge quivers, the abutment begins to give

way; but he stands and halts and waits, until the bridge cracks in twain and goes down, hoping then that on the floating timbers he may get over to the other shore. God is not looking inertly and unconcernedly upon the position you occupy. Just as certainly as there is a bank to the East River, just so certainly there is a bank to the river of your opportunity. The margin is fixed. There will be a limit to God's forbearance. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Still further: I learn from this subject that religious warning may seem preposterous. Now, we think that our city is safe from all foreign invasion. We have Fort Hamilton, the Battery, Fort Lafayette, and half a dozen strongholds, but the city of Nineveh had fifteen hundred turrets, and they were all strongholds. Then it had for a natural defence the Tigris, and it was not an easy thing for an army to swim across that river under the shadow of a wall on which stood a defending army; and yet it was through that impregnable city that Jonah went, uttering the warning words of my text. It must at first have seemed preposterous to a great many of the people. So it is now, that religious

Warning Seems an Absurdity.

It is more to them a joke than anything else. "Repent? Prepare? Was there ever a man with stronger health than I have? Vision clear, hearing alert, lungs stout, heart steady." Insurance companies tell me I shall have seventy years of life. My father and mother were both long-lived. Feel the muscle in my arm." Ah, my brother, it is not preposterous when I come out to tell you that you need to make preparation for the future. I have noticed that it is the invalids who live on. They take more care of their health, and so they outlive the robust and athletic. I have noticed, in my circle of acquaintances for the last few years, that five robust and athletic men go out of life to one invalid. Death prides himself on the strength of the castle he takes. "Boast not thyself of the morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Dr. Eddy, the eloquent missionary secretary, died from swallowing a small flake of an oyster shell. Emilius Lepidus lost his life by having his toe wounded. A splinter may be lancet sharp enough to bleed our life away. Look out! The slip of a railway train from the track, the rush of a runaway horse through the street, any one of ten thousand perils, may be upon you. "In such a day and hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Your opportunity for repentance is almost over. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Still further: I learn from my subject that God gives every man

A Fair Chance For His Life.

The iniquity of Nineveh was accumulating. It had been rolling up and rolling up. There the city lay—blotched, seething, festering under the sun. Why did not God put an end to its iniquity? Why did not God unsheath some sword of lightning from the scabbard of a storm-cloud, and slay it? Why did He not with some pry of an earthquake throw it into the tomb where Caracas and Lisbon now lie? Why did He not submerge it with the scorn of His indignation, as He did Herculaneum and Pompeii? It was because He wanted to give the city a fair chance. You would have thought that thirty days would have been enough to repent in, or twenty days, or ten days. Aye, you would have said: "If that city don't quit its sin in five days it never will." But see the wide margin. Listen to the generosity of time. "Yet forty days!"

Be frank, my brother, and confess to-day that God is giving you a fair chance for safety, a better chance than He gave to Nineveh. They had one prophet. You have heard the voices of fifty. They had one warning. You have had a thousand. They had forty days. Some of you have had forty years. Sometimes the warnings of God have come upon your soul soft as the breath of lilies and frankincense, and then again as though hurled from a catapult of terrific providence. God has sometimes led you to see your unsaved condition while you were walking amid perils, and your hair stood on end, and you stopped breathing; you thought your last moment had come. Or, through protracted illness, He allowed you in many a midnight to think over this subject—when all was still save the ticking of the clock in the hall and the beating of your own anxious heart. Warned that you were a sinner. Warned that you needed a Divine Saviour. Warned of coming retribution. Warned of an eternity crowded with splendor or catastrophe. Warned by the death of those with whom you were familiar.

Warned Day After Day,

and month after month, and year after year—warned, warned, warned! O my dear brother, if your soul is lost, in the day of judgment you will have to acknowledge "no man in Brooklyn ever had a better chance for heaven than I had." I was preached to, and prayed for, and divinely solicited. I was shewn the right, and fully persuaded of it; but I did not act and I did not believe, and now, in the presence of a burning earth and a flying heaven, I take the whole responsibility. Hear me, men! angels! devils!—I took the life of my own soul; and I did it so thoroughly that it is done for ever. And now I trudge off over the hot desert and under the burning sky—a suicide! A suicide! Yes, I think you have all been warned; but if, up until this very hour, you have happened to escape such intimation, to-day I ring it in your ears: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Still further: I learn from this subject that when the people repent, the Lord lets them off. While yet Nineveh was on its knees, and Sardanapalus sat in the ashes, and the unfed cattle were yet moaning in the air, and the people were yet deploring their sin, God reversed the judgment, and said: "Those people have repented. Let them live!" And the Jews fled. The gardens saved. The palaces saved. Six hundred thousand people saved. A belt of sixty miles of city saved. Let the news be flung from one wall to the other; from the east wall, clear over to the west wall. Let the bells ring. Let the symbols clap. Let flags be flung out from all the fifteen hundred turrets. Let the king's lamplighters kindle up the throne-room. "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not." In short,

When a Sinner Repents,

God repents. The one gives up his sins; the other gives up His judgments. The moment that a man turns to God, the relation of the whole universe toward him is changed, and the storms, and the lightnings, and the thunders; and the earthquakes, and the grandeurs of the judgment day, and the realities of the eternal world, all become his coadjutors. God and the angels come over on his side. Repent, give up your sin and turn to God, and you will be saved. "Ah," says some one, "that's a tough thing to do." "I have been drinking," says some one; or, "I have been unchaste," says some one; or, "I have been blasphemous," says another; or, "I have been a Sabbath-breaker," says another; or, "I have a hard heart," says another, "and now you ask me to give up my sin. I cannot do it—and I won't do it." Then you will die. That is settled. But somebody else says: "I will give up my sin, and I will now take the Lord for my portion." You will live. That is just as certainly settled. You will to-day either have to fling away sin or fling away heaven. The one is a husk—the other is a coronet. The one is a groan—the other is an anthem. The one is a sting—the other is an illumination.

Christ's fair complexion, of which his contemporaries wrote, is gone, and his face is red, and His hands are red, and His feet are red with the rushing blood of His own suffering endured to get you out of sin, and death, and hell. Oh, will you to-day implore Him to let His suffering take the place of your ill desert? If you will, all is well, and you may begin to twist garlands for your brow, for you are

Already a Victor.

All heaven comes surging upon your soul in the announcement: "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Now, will you do it? I care nothing for a sermon unless it has an application, and this is the application: will you do it? "Ah," says some one, "I believe that is right. I mean some day to surrender the entirety of my nature to God. It is reasonable. I mean to be a Christian, but not now." That is what thousands of you are saying. I am afraid if you do not give your heart to God to-night, you never will. You may have heard of the ship *Rebecca Goddard*, that came near one of our ports one day in winter. They were all scoured up and ready for the landing, when, coming almost into the harbor, an ice-floe took the ship and pushed it out to sea, and it drifted about two or three days, and there was great suffering, and one was frozen dead at his post. How near they got into the harbor, and yet they did not get in! How many there are here to-day who feel they are almost in the harbor of God's mercy. Why do you not come ashore, lest some ice-floe of sin and worldliness drive you out again to the sea, and you die in the rigging? I throw you this rope to-day. I

hurl you this warning. Make fast to heaven now. This moment is vanishing, and with it may go everything; and so I run up and down through this audience with the banner of the cross: Rally, immortal men, rally!

"But," says some one in the house, "I won't take your advice. I'll risk it. I defy God! Here I take my stand, and I ask no odds either of earth or heaven." Let me tell such that you are in a battle where

You Will Be Worst.

"Yet forty days!" Perhaps thirty days. Perhaps ten days. Perhaps three days. Perhaps one day. The horses that drag on that chariot of doom are lathered with the foam of a great speed, and their hoofs clip fire from the flinty road, and their nostrils throb with the hot haste as they dash on. Get out of the way or the wheels will roll over you. You cannot endure the ire of an incensed God. Throw yourselves down on your knees now and pelt the heavens with blood-red cries for mercy. The terminal chance is going; the last chance is going, going. Oh, wake up before you wake up among the lost. May God Almighty, by His Eternal Spirit, wake you up!

There is a story running indistinctly through my mind of a maiden whose love was doomed to be put to death when

The Curfew Bell

struck 9 o'clock at night, and she thought that if she could keep that bell from ringing for a little while her lover and friend would be spared. And so under the shadow of the night she crept up into the tower and laid hold of the tongue of the bell. After awhile the sexton came up to the tower and put his hand on the rope, and waited for the right moment to come; and then by the light of his lantern and his watch he found it was 9 o'clock, and he seized the rope and he pulled, and the bell turned, but in silence, and the maiden still held on to the tongue of the bell, swinging back and forth wildly through the belfry, and the curfew bell rang not, and so time was gained and pardon arrived, and a precious life was saved. Oh, it seems to me as if there were those here doomed to death. You have condemned yourselves. It seems to me as if the death-knell of your immortal soul were about to strike. The angel of God's justice has his hand on the rope, and yet I seize the tongue of that bell, and I hold on, hoping to gain a little time, and I cry out: "O God, not yet! not yet!" hoping that time may be gained, and pardon may fly from the throne, and your soul may live. May the God who saved Nineveh save you! But some of you have put it off so long that I fear your time is up.

AN INTERVIEW WITH TIPPOO TIB.

(See illustration on first page.)

THE man who played so important a part in Stanley's arrangements for the rescue of Emin Pasha, and to whom Stanley addressed his pathetic appeal for help in his greatest extremity, is really named Hamed Bin Mahomed Bin Juma Borajib, though more familiarly known to us through Stanley's reports as Tippoo Tib. His consummate tact, and the power he has gained over the native tribes of central Africa by his abilities, have won him the name of the "Bismarck of Africa." He is only half an Arab by race, his father being an Arab and his mother a negress of the Mrima tribe.

Few people who read of him have any conception of the power and wealth this man has acquired during his twenty-five years in Central Africa. On Reclus's map considerable part of the eastern territory of the Congo State is indicated as "The Domain of Tippoo Tib." Some idea of the immense operations of this princely trader may be gathered from the size of the caravan he was taking to Zanzibar when Becker met him at Tabora. Some powerful chiefs were at war in the country through which he had travelled, and he had with him a thousand armed slaves to guard his ivory. His ivory-porters numbered 2,000 slaves, each of whom carried a tusk. The property he was taking to the coast included, therefore, 2,000 tusks of ivory and 3,000 slaves. The procession stretched for miles along the narrow roadway, and no such enormous caravan had ever before been seen in equatorial Africa.

The fact that this same Tippoo Tib is now in the service of the Belgian Government, and subsidized for the express purpose of stopping slave raids and compelling his Arab brethren to submit to the new régime in the Congo Free State, is not so strange as it appears. This powerful person is a consistent

Tippoo Tib man every time. His chief interest is ivory, and the great cost of sending tusks by porters from the Congo to Zanzibar has cut sadly into his profits. He needs the Congo route to the sea, and he cannot get it without co-operating with the whites. For this reason he promised to stop slave raiding and to restore order in the Stanley Falls district, and he has done it.

The illustration represents the interview which took place between Tippoo Tib and Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. The occasion was a palaver, at the request of Major Barttelot, with a view to obtain some definite understanding as to the providing of the Manyema porters, whom Tippoo Tib had promised Stanley he would supply in order that the rear-guard might follow him up from the Aruwimi River to Wadelai, where Emin Pasha was in peril, and whom he had gone to rescue. How the porters did not come up to time; and how the dreadful business ended in the assassination of Major Barttelot and the breaking up of the camp, has already passed into the history of the times.

THE LATE HON. WALKER BLAINE.

(See Portrait on page 60.)

A DISTINGUISHED victim of the prevailing epidemic is the eldest son of Mr. James G. Blaine, who died on January 15. Mr. Blaine was seized with an attack of *grippe* on Friday, January 10. He suffered severely, but on Sunday was much better, and on Monday was at a reception of diplomatic guests at his father's house, and went about among them chatting pleasantly. On the following day catarrhal bronchitis developed, and both lungs became congested. The physicians grew alarmed, as Mr. Blaine's system had been so enfeebled by the *grippe* that he was not in a condition to bear the new complication. On Tuesday he had a high fever and was delirious. From that time he gradually grew worse until Wednesday evening, when he died.

Mr. Walker Blaine was thirty-four years of age, having been born at Augusta, Me., on May 8, 1855. He graduated from Yale in 1876, and from the Columbia Law School, New York in 1878. He then went into a law office in St. Paul, Minn., where he remained until 1881 when President Garfield made him third Assistant Secretary of State. Shortly afterward he and William Henry Trescott were sent, by Secretary Blaine, on a special mission to South America. After the death of Gen. Garfield, and the retirement of James G. Blaine from the Cabinet, President Arthur appointed Walker Blaine assistant counsel for the United States before the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims. He retained that office until the court ceased to exist, January 1, 1886, when he went to Chicago to practice law. A few days after his father entered President Harrison's Cabinet Mr. Blaine was nominated to be Solicitor of the State Department, and the nomination was confirmed.

A LOST TRIBE.

AN extraordinary statement is made in the *New York World* by F. G. Carpenter, who states that he makes it on personal observation. Its significance will be appreciated by all who have followed the discussion as to the identity of the lost ten tribes. He says:

Thirty thousand out of the forty thousand people of Jerusalem are Hebrews, and the Israelites bid fair to again become the predominant people in Palestine. The Turkish Government, which has for ages prohibited them from living longer than three weeks at a time in the Holy Land, is, under the influence of the foreign governments, relaxing its restrictions, and at present they are coming here by the hundreds. They are engaging in business, and they now control a great part of the trade of Jerusalem. Some of them feel that the day, when the prophecy of the Bible that they shall again inhabit their land shall be fulfilled, is at hand, and one curious tribe from southern Arabia claims to have received a revelation that they must leave their desert country and come back to Palestine. "They have lived in Yemen, Arabia, for the past 2,500 years. They are of the tribe of Gad, and they left Palestine 700 years before Christ was born. They are bringing with them many valuable old documents which prove their origin, and not a few of them are engaged in agriculture near Jerusalem. A half-century ago there were only thirty-two Israelite families in all Jerusalem, and the number in Palestine was only 3,000. Now there are nearly fifty thousand in the Holy Land, and three-fourths of the population of Jerusalem is made up of them."

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE steamer by which Dr. Talmage's party made the voyage to Joppa was a model of comfortable, and even luxurious, arrangement, but the preacher was too eager to get his first glimpse of the Holy Land to take the full benefit of the sleeping accommodations. With the first streak of dawn he was on deck watching for the hills of the Promised Land. As Joppa has no harbor, the steamer came to anchor in the bay, and the visitors had the advantage of obtaining from that distance a favorable impression of the town, which was not entirely erased, when, after being rowed ashore in a small boat, they made a closer acquaintance with its dirt and squalor. They found its streets narrow and crooked, as those of Oriental towns usually are. In fact, it was worse in that respect than some other towns, for while in Apostolic times Damascus had one "street which was called Straight" (Acts 9:11), Joppa has not one that any truthful visitor could call by that name. The party searched for the house of Simon, the tanner, where Peter lodged (Acts 10:6), but tradition, which seldom falters at such matters, does not venture to identify any house as the one which sheltered the Apostle. It modestly does the next best thing in identifying the site, which was better fitted to resist the influence of time and weather than the structure built upon it, so that the credulity of the visitors was not too severely taxed. They were assured that the house now standing on the site was like the ancient one, so Dr. Talmage read the tenth chapter of Acts there, and pointed out its lessons. He also registered a vow that, as his heart had learned to take in all mankind, he would endeavor so to break the bread of life that all nations may eat and be nourished.

"When we returned to the hotel to lunch," says the writer of the letter from which the foregoing facts are gleaned, "we saw that our host had outdone himself in the warmth and abundance of his hospitality. The principal dish set before us was a turkey, the symbol of American good fare, and the Stars and Stripes waved above the building. Mr. Landlord expressed himself delighted with the privilege of entertaining Dr. Talmage, many of whose sermons he had read with much interest. At his urgent request the Doctor entered his name on the hotel register, making an addition which had not been expected. It is as follows: 'We last night made our exodus from Egypt, and this morning enter the Promised Land. We came through the sea dry-shod. May our entrance of the heavenly Canaan be as placid and glorious a disembarkation.' The author of this inscription modestly regretted that it was not in verse, saying that he never wrote poetry in his life. To which admission the host replied with the compliment that Dr. Talmage's prose was as good poetry as ever was written. In the assignment of rooms for the party, Dr. Talmage got No. 33, which is known as *Chinese Gordon's room*, the hero of Khartoum having once occupied it.

The Town of Joppa.

"Strolling along the seaside, my memory recalled the scenes which those shores witnessed when, through the friendship of Hiram, King of Tyre, with David and Solomon, huge rafts of timber came to Joppa for use in the building of the Temple and the palaces of Jerusalem, Joppa being then, as now, the port of the Holy City. It was at Joppa too, that Jonah is represented as taking ship when he made the foolish effort to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. I suppose what the prophet saw then as he made his way to the vessel was pretty much what I saw by the sea. Huge bales of goods obstruct the way, and a crowd of merchants, sailors, and porters of various race and nationality, with camels and mules in great number, form a diversified and ever-changing picture.

"Many of the houses are built of mud, and there is a great deal of squalor to be seen in the city. The suburbs are beautiful. Many gardens are ornamented with stately trees. I noticed palm-trees, cypresses, pomegranate, orange, and lemon trees. The hedges seem to be exclusively a rich growth of cactus. Everywhere are evidences of fertility.

"The next morning the Talmage party left for Jerusalem, having secured the services of David Jamal, a Nazarene, as dragoman. He boasts of having served in the same capacity Dean Stanley, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and many other persons of distinction in their visits to Palestine. Jamal has been eminent among local dragomen during the past twenty years. It was under his guidance that we inspected the site of

the resurrection of Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas. (Acts 9:36.) The festival of Tabitha is celebrated near Joppa, when the women of the neighborhood, dressed all in white, gather round a fountain surrounded by orange-trees, held sacred to the memory of that sainted woman, and called by her name. Our guide took us to

The Jewish Colony

under the direction of Baron Rothschild, where Hebrew youths are educated as mechanics, thus giving a practical turn to the hope of every faithful Israelite that Palestine will yet become the country and home of the chosen people. The bright and healthy-looking schoolboys one sees in Joppa and the neighborhood give encouragement to the expectation that the night of the race will be succeeded by a bright morning.

"Well out of Joppa on our pilgrimage Jerusalemward, we looked back on a city presenting a lofty, castellated appearance, as seen from the land side. The city slopes down towards the sea. At this season of the year, the loveliness of Sharon, through which we passed, is less obvious than in the spring-time, but the fig-tree and its supporting vine, the numerous olive-trees, and the general aspect of fertility, brought to the mind passages familiar to the Bible student. On our way we encountered many people going to Joppa, among them women in the blue cotton garb of poverty, and without veils, sad-looking, many of them, but with good features and graceful figures. They carried on their heads burdens of fuel, vegetables, etc., and walked with a proud poise. Turkish soldiers at guardhouses, fine, stalwart fellows, cigarette in mouth, were passed at intervals, and strings of camels loaded with goods. Everywhere along the villages on the road we saw large numbers of Hebrew people. This circumstance deeply interested Dr. Talmage. It seems that they are rapidly increasing in numbers, and the effect is a natural one, of strengthening their confidence that in the future they will again possess the land. We stopped

At Ramleh

for breakfast. This pretty little town, which boasts of several thousand inhabitants, is claimed to have been Arimathea, the birthplace and residence of the loyal man who begged the body of Jesus and provided for its sepulture. Its most conspicuous feature is its tower, a structure rising 120 feet from the midst of an olive plantation. The history of this building is not known perfectly. At one time it was part of a mosque, and there are traces in the neighborhood that Ramleh, in a remote past, was a far more important place than it is now. If we had had time we should have climbed the winding staircase to its summit, and feasted our eyes with the sight of the country of the ancient Philistines and the scene of so many bloody struggles.

"After leaving Ramleh we drove through

The Valley of Ajalon,

which is about three miles from Latrone, a village named in memory of the penitent thief. The country thereabout is rugged to admiration. Pursuers as well as pursued must have endured great fatigue, after the battle in which the Amorites were defeated by Joshua when he said, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon.' Our faithful Jamal pointed out Gibeon in the distance as we speeded along on our way. The sun was now very hot, and we found our ordinary clothing exceedingly burdensome. In the early morning, however, our heavy overcoats were necessary to comfort.

"Our horses proved to be marvels of sure-footedness. They sagaciously picked their way over slippery surfaces which seemed to us appallingly dangerous, much of the rock being loose as well as slippery. Sometimes we found a grateful change from the sight of rocky caves and glens, high terraced slopes and rocky ways, in vales dotted with symmetrical olive-trees; but the general character of the country through which we passed is sterility. There was a time, however, when 'the paths dropped fatness,' for the now bare terraces were then covered with fertile soil, and highly cultivated.

"We stopped for luncheon at the gate of the Valley of Ajalon. There too we changed horses and rested about an hour, after which we resumed our journey. Very soon we reached the hills on which David tended his father's flocks, and where he successfully defended his charges from the lion and the bear. Near this place, and at the foot of the hills of Judea, is the village which is pointed out as the birthplace of John the Baptist, where the Virgin Mary paid her cousin Elizabeth, his

mother, a visit, and where she 'said' the Magnificat. Here Dr. Talmage spent considerable time in making inquiries, and taking notes of the scene.

"We resume our ride for the last stage, and soon appear, the evidences that we are approaching a great city. Right before us rise the walls of Jerusalem. Our hearts beat faster as we see them, and faster still as our approach becomes nearer. The sun was just setting, gilding the walls and domes of the city, as at 5 o'clock exactly we entered Jerusalem through the Joppa gate."

A GAMBLER'S DOWNWARD COURSE.

THE downfall of a London clerk is described. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, as a warning to young men who are spending their evenings in places of amusement. Mr. Spurgeon says: "A man, a member of a Christian church, and an earnest worker for the Lord, united himself to an institute for social and so-called innocent amusement. For a time all seemed to go well, until he began to absent himself from the prayer-meetings and week-evening services. This soon led to disinclination for the Sabbath services and all work for the Lord. The young man was a faithful servant to his employers, and much trusted by them. After business hours it became his custom, instead of going home to his young wife, to make his way with his companions to the institute, to while away an hour or two. The games provided were bagatelle, draughts, chess, and the like. Unknown to any but a few, betting was carried on, and it fell to the lot of this young man to be the loser; and, in consequence, he often had little or nothing to take to his wife to provide for the home. Being afraid his Christian wife and godly widowed mother would want to know where his money went, he took goods from his employer's stock, and hoped they would never be missed. The buyer of the department communicated with his principals, and they placed a detective on the watch. One evening he saw this young man go to a cupboard, in which he kept his hat and coat, and take hurriedly from it several valuable articles and put them in his pockets and then leave. He had no sooner got outside the building than he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder, and was told by the detective that he must return to be searched. This was done, and articles of considerable value, belonging to the firm, were found in his possession. He was taken off to the police station. His wife and widowed mother were communicated with, and the next morning they both came to me broken-hearted, and entreated me to go to his employers, and plead with them not to deal harshly with him. I saw the firm, and told them that I had known the young man from a child, that his widowed mother was a Christian woman, and his wife also. For their sakes I pleaded, and touched a tender chord in their hearts, and they promised to be as lenient as possible, and instructed their solicitor accordingly. I went to the prison cell, and told him what I had been doing for him, and urged him to plead guilty, or he would be sent for trial, and get a heavy sentence. He took my advice. The magistrate was able to deal with the case, and passed a sentence of six months' hard labor. At the expiration of the six months I met him at the prison gates, and begged him, in God's name, for the future, to have nothing to do with such places or companions. This advice he took, and I am thankful to say that to-day he is holding a good position, and has returned to God, I trust to go out no more from Him."

THE CONVERTS AT AINTAB, TURKEY.

REFERENCE has been made in these columns from time to time of the remarkable awakening at the mission at Aintab; the following cases of wonderful conversion are reported in the latest letter from Mr. Christie, the American missionary who has been laboring there: "Among the convert one was a notorious gambler; another, a victim of strong drink. This intemperate man had been awakened to a sense of his sins, and had begun the struggle with the enemy. The conflict within was so fierce that he fled from his house one morning early, and spent the whole day, without food, wandering up and down among the tombs to the south of the city. On our way to the evening meeting we encountered him there, and he told us of his desperate condition; we took him with us to the church, where he listened to a rousing discourse of 'Quench not the Spirit,' and at its close he rose for prayers, and is now rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free. A few weeks ago two young men, with a number of others, had been

carousing nearly all night; on the way home a drunken brawl ensued, when one of them stabbed the other, and it was of God's mercy that the wound was not fatal. Both of these men are now converts, and are to unite with the First Church next Sabbath. This very day we have talked with four young men (among the twenty-two who came to open their hearts to Pastor Mardiros and myself) who have been well known as 'hard cases,' utterly indifferent to religion, but who are now, we believe, entirely changed in heart and life."

JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

3. S. Lesson for February 2, Luke 2:20-35; Golden Text, Luke 2:32.

Jesus Made Like Unto His Brethren—His Mother's Offering—Aged Simeon in God's Confidence—Resting in the Promise—Not Anxious About its Fulfilment—Sure of its Coming in God's Time—How He Recognized the Lord's Christ—Saw Him as the Saviour of the Gentiles—Joseph and Mary Less Enlightened—The Prophetess of the Temple—A Life of Intercession.

"In all things it behooved Him [our blessed Lord] to be made like unto His brethren." (Heb. 2:17.) When God gave Abraham the covenant of circumcision, it was accompanied with the charge, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." (Gen. 17:1.) Now, for the first time, was this command to be carried out perfectly, in the spirit and in the letter, by a son of Abraham. By His circumcision on the eighth day of His life, Jesus had "been made a minister (*i. e.*, a freewill servant) of the circumcision for the truth of God, that He might confirm the promises given unto the fathers." (Rom. 15:8; *R. V.*), and then, more truly than Paul, He could say, "I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews." (1 Cor. 9:20.) God's covenant with Abraham was in his flesh. (Gen. 17:13.) His covenant with us is in Christ's flesh, "in whom, also, ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ." (Col. 2:11.) But if we are unwilling to renounce our self-life, *i. e.*, to "put off the old man" (Eph. 4:22; Col. 3:1), the circumcision of Christ will avail us nothing, and we shall find that "the body of the sins of the flesh" is *not* put off, but is very really in existence still.

Under the law, every woman who had borne a child must be ceremonially purified; the law thus brought to mind continually the uncleanness of man by nature. The angel Gabriel had indeed spoken of Jesus to Mary beforehand, as "that holy thing that shall be born of thee," but as He came "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin" (Rom. 8:3), He must, even in this thing, "be made like unto His Brethren."

And even His mother must, when the days of her purification were ended, "offer a sacrifice" to "make atonement for her." Her offering should have been a lamb, but the law made this provision for a Jewish mother, "If her means suffice not for a lamb, then she shall take two turtle-doves, or two young pigeons; the one for a burnt offering, and the other for a sin offering; and the priest shall make atonement for her, and she shall be clean." (Lev. 12.) This, the poor woman's offering, Mary brought. But far beyond her burnt offering and her sin offering was the great Burnt offering and sin offering which she carried in her arms, to present unto the Lord according to the law of the first born, "For all the first born among the children of Israel are mine, both man and beast; on the day that I smote every first born in the land of Egypt, I sanctified them for myself." (Num. 8:17.) Mary knew little of all which that presentation meant for the whole race of sinful men.

God always has His witnesses; in every age there have been some who could understand the thoughts of God. And Enoch could walk with God, above the world. God could unfold to a Noah the wickedness of the generation of his time, and reveal to him His purposes of coming judgment. He could turn from His inspection of Sodom and say, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" He could find an Elijah, an Elisha, an Isaiah, a Jeremiah, an Ezekiel, or a Daniel in every age, who could count

God's Interests

above every earthly thing. There was such a man in Jerusalem at the very time when Mary brought her babe to the temple "to present Him to the Lord." His name was Simeon. We hear nothing of his earthly antecedents, of his family, his business, or his circumstances. The main thing in this man's

life was that he was "just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel." While other men were eager about the market prices, quarrelling, and contending about the politics of the day, greedily drinking in the last bits of family or town gossip, etc., etc., he had an eye for greater things, and watched every sign of the times in its indication as to whether the Messiah was at hand! Israel was God's Israel to him. All his national feeling was closely connected with the God of his fathers. "The Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." This was the ambition of a life far different from that of an Alexander or a Napoleon Bonaparte.

Doubtless he would be acquainted with Zacharias, and may have been one of the very people who were present when the old priest came forth from the temple dumb, after his vision of the angel. Probably he knew of the birth of John, the cure of Zacharias, and, may be, some rumor of the shepherds' tidings had reached him, and his expectancy must have been great that the time was at hand when the Christ of God should appear among men. He knew that God was faithful, and that neither sickness nor accident could deprive him of life "before he had seen

The Lord's Christ."

Did he then desire, for the sake of the prolongation of his life, that the coming of the Lord should be delayed? We shall see: one who knows, as Simeon did, the leading of the Spirit of God, is in no anxiety to perfect his own plans lest he should miss opportunities to which he has looked forward. He "came by the Spirit into the temple." Having God's promise that he should "not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ," he did not attempt to help God to keep His word by doing all he could in the way of inquiry, and of fitting times together, so that if the Messiah were already born he should not by any chance be out of the way when He could be seen. Anxiety is a great waste of time, of God's time; and Simeon could trust God to bring him to the temple at the very moment when the Christ should be there.

When the parents of Jesus brought Him into the temple, the aged believer "took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word." Here we see that Simeon had no fear of death; he knew that when he departed it would be in peace. He had fulfilled his mission. His life had been a testimony to the last that God was "faithful that promised." For his own soul, for his people, for the generation in which he lived, there was one great need; it was "the Lord's Christ," and now he held Him in his arms. He had been like a quiet finger-post, pointing to the coming One, and now he could "depart in peace;" his vocation was accomplished, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

But what could Simeon see in that little helpless babe, brought by a poor woman and a humble carpenter, whose very offering testified their poor estate? How should he recognize the Lord's Anointed? By the very same teaching which makes a sinner know his Saviour. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. 12:3.) It was by the same Holy Ghost that Simeon confessed God's salvation in that feeble infant. Was not His name Jesus—Saviour? Was it not God-given? Had He not declared, "Thou shalt call His name Emmanuel"—"God with us"? He could be none other than incarnate God. Had not the wise men from the East acknowledged Him, and given tokens of His kingship, His priesthood, and His coming sacrifice? Flesh and blood had not revealed it to him, but God the Holy Ghost had been his teacher. What mattered it to Simeon that all the theology of the day was against his simple faith? Simeon was indeed

Taught of God;

he saw by the eye of faith that which the twelve apostles did not learn after three years' intercourse with Jesus—that the salvation of Christ was not to be confined to the Jews. Peter was so blinded that even the teaching of Jesus in the Scriptures after His resurrection, and even the baptism of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, had not sufficed to show him what Simeon had learned: "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." The time is coming when Jesus shall indeed be the glory of Is-

rael, meanwhile He has been, since the dispersion of the Church at Jerusalem, "a light to lighten the Gentiles."

"Joseph and Mary marvelled at those things which were spoken of Him." Honored as they were, yet they had much to learn from the aged Simeon. Any child of God who fears to come in contact with other devoted Christians because he fears they may not understand him, and he is quite sure the Lord has been leading him, is in danger. God has constituted us, not to be so many porcupines to keep one another off, but to be so many members of one body.

Mutually Dependent

one on the other. We each need the light which God has given to our brethren and sisters in the Lord, and they may need some of the light which God has given to us. While in one way no human being was honored as Mary was, yet Simeon had larger views of God's mind than had yet been shewn to her. "And Simeon blessed them ('The less is blessed of the better,' Heb. 7:7), and said unto Mary His mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against." Had the old man been the recipient of that burden of the Lord that His Christ should be rejected, and so Israel should fall, and that afterward, in time, yet future, they should look on Him whom they have pierced (Zech. 12:10), and "all Israel shall be saved" (Rom. 11:26)? Probably it was so; "and for a sign which shall be spoken against." Perhaps no name has ever stirred up hatred and bitterness, blasphemy and scorning, so much as the name of Jesus. Jews, Mohammedans, infidels, and sinners who glory in their shame, spit upon, blaspheme, and hate with diabolical hatred that one holy, mighty name by which alone they can be saved. ("Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also.") No doubt, when Jesus was executed as a common criminal, amidst the jeers and scoffs of the priests and of the rabble, Mary knew the fulfilment of this prediction. But all is permitted for a purpose, "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." Their thoughts of themselves, and their thoughts of God, can only be rightly analyzed by the test of the crucifixion of Jesus. "What think ye of Christ?" is God's test of man.

There was yet another of God's true witnesses who was brought into the temple, doubtless also by the Spirit, at the same time. It was Anna,

A Prophetess.

There are some, even now, who doubt whether God can ever give the gift of prophecy to a woman. This is chiefly caused by too superficial a consideration of the passage, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak." (1 Cor. 14:34.) The same letter to the Corinthians directs how women shall be attired when they pray or prophesy; declares that prophesying is speaking unto men "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort," and twice declares that all may "prophesy." (Comp. 1 Cor. 11:5; 14:3, 5, 31.) Anna was one who spoke "unto men, to edification and exhortation and comfort." Her life as a married woman had been short, and her widowhood of eighty years was entirely devoted to the service of God. She had probably learned a lesson which very few of us know as we might know—that the service of intercession is the highest service to the Lord and to the Church. She "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Fasting has a great charm for some minds: it is something we can *do*, something we can impose upon ourselves; but whenever it is self-discipline, it always has the corrupting elements of self in it. There is a fasting which is of God, not self-inflicted, but coming distinctly from God. There are a few, oh how few, in each generation, how few in each country, who understand the vocation of a life of intercession, in which their fasting is not only, or principally even, from food, but also, and far more, from all which is of self, all which is of the spirit of the world, all which is of unbelief. There are some such to be found among the most unpretending, unknown children of God, often among the poor and ignorant. When Anna came into the temple, she "gave thanks likewise unto the Lord." She too had been looking for the Saviour; her eyes, like Simeon's, were directed toward God's salvation, and having seen the infant Messiah, He formed the main subject of her conversation and her teaching; "she spake of Him to all them which looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Extension of the Pension Laws was advanced a stage on January 15, when the Senate Committee on pensions unanimously agreed to favorably report Senator Davis's bill. It provides that all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service during the war, who have been honorably discharged, "and who are now or who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support, and who are dependent upon their labor for support" shall upon due proof of the fact be placed on the list of invalid pensioners at \$12 a month; the pension to begin with the date of filing the application in the Pension Office and continue as long as the disability lasts. Persons receiving pensions under existing laws may receive the benefits of this act also. Should this bill pass, it will enormously increase the annual payments, but it will relieve many deserving persons whose cases are not covered by the present law.

The Defalcation of the Cashier of the Sergeant-at-Arms appears likely to be a loss to individual Congressmen. Two ways were suggested for relieving them of the burden. One was a vote from the Treasury, and the other to authorize a suit in the Court of Claims. The House, however, decided on January 15 to reject both methods, and it is to the credit of the members that so many should have voted against their own interest. Mr. Fitch, of New York, made a manly speech on the subject, which doubtless influenced many votes. He said, that as the question in dispute was one of law and fact, and as he was personally interested to the amount of \$1,200 in the passage of the bill, he could not consent to decide in his own favor by voting for the appropriation. Besides, the money had been drawn from the Treasury by Silcott on a receipt voluntarily signed by him, and he was unwilling to disown or discredit it. The Government ought not to be made to pay for the loss on account of any negligence or carelessness on his part. The question is to come again before the House for a final vote, but it is expected to result in a confirmation of the decision of last week.

The Australian System of Voting Received the hearty endorsement of a large and influential mass-meeting in Cooper Union, New York, on Thursday last. Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walter M. Ivins, and many other prominent citizens were present and advocated the measure. It was decided to prepare a petition to the Legislature asking it to pass a bill during the present session legalizing the system, and if the Governor continues obstinate, fixing the responsibility upon him. The meeting passed by acclamation resolutions endorsing each feature of the system, and a final resolution that the people of the State of New York owe a debt of gratitude to the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for their demonstration of the value and entire practicability of the ballot-reform measure.

The Pan-American Conference Has Now Before it a distinct proposal for the submission of all points of dispute to arbitration. It is significant that it has emanated from the representatives of the Argentine Republic and Brazil, the only two countries which are at present disturbed by a dispute likely to involve war. The proposal starts with the declaration that "international arbitration is a principle of American public law, to which the nations in this Conference bind themselves for decisions, not only

on their questions on territorial limits, but also on all those in which arbitration may be compatible with sovereignty." It then goes on to prohibit an appeal to arms without a previous submission of the quarrel to arbitration; it provides for the election of one or more arbitrators, and lays down the principle that if, in spite of all these arrangements, war should occur, a victory shall not be held to give the victor any right to the territory of the vanquished, but only to pecuniary indemnity. All who are familiar with the history of the Central and South American States will earnestly hope that the Conference will agree to this proposal. It has in it the promise of a great boon to all the States represented in the Conference.

The Prevalent Epidemic of "La Grippe" Relaxed its energies in New York and neighboring cities last week with the cooler weather, but reports from the West indicate that it is extending its operations to that section. The death-rate in New York, however, continues far above the normal figures and there can be no doubt that the *grippe* is responsible. It so enfeebles the system of those it attacks that any subsequent illness is apt to prove fatal. The highest mortality figures of the week were those of Tuesday, when 212 persons died. Of these deaths 133 were from disease influenced by the epidemic, such as pneumonia, which caused 60 deaths. Dr. Edson, of the Health Department, says that about *two hundred thousand persons have been sick with grippe in New York City* since the beginning of the epidemic. This estimate was based on the police sick returns. Deputy Registrar Nagle, however, thought Dr. Edson's figures excessive, and placed the number of sick since the epidemic's inception at 150,000. Mr. Nagle believed that probably between 50,000 and 60,000 persons were sick with *grippe* at the present time. Dr. H. P. Loomis, who has for some time past been busy investigating the causes of *la grippe*, says that there can be no doubt that the influenza has its origin in a microbe, but that so far it has been impossible to positively identify this germ, so complicated is it with the microbes of other diseases and the ordinary germs found in the air. Dr. Loomis, however, will continue his investigations, in the hope of finally separating this mysterious germ.

A Destructive Tornado is Among the Latest developments of the extraordinary weather of the present winter. Meteorological authorities say that there is no precedent for such a visitation in the month of January. It had its origin in Texas on January 11. It travelled in a northeastward direction, reaching St. Louis the following afternoon. Thence it diverged to the southeast, striking the town of Clinton, Ky., with terrific ferocity. In that town seventy houses were demolished, ten persons were killed, and over fifty badly injured. It appears to have then divided into two sections, one of which passed over Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, and Wilkesbarre, and so out to the Atlantic, making its presence felt both in Philadelphia and New York. The other section took a northwesterly course through northern Ohio and parts of New York State, causing serious damage at Rochester, Buffalo, and other towns. By the time it reached Niagara Falls it was travelling at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The damage inflicted on St. Louis by the storm was severe. The German Evangelical Church was completely demolished, and the spire was blown off the Second Presbyterian Church, the huge mass of debris crushing one wing of an adjacent residence, and completely blocking the street. Four persons were killed in St. Louis by the storm, and many injured. Wickliffe, Ky., and Olney, Ill., also suffered heavily. In each town there were some fatalities, and many families lost their all in their crushed habitations.

Popular Outbreaks in the Portuguese Capital followed the decision of the Government to concede the demands of England on the African question. The announcement that the Government had yielded was made public on January 12. A mob of about three thousand persons, chiefly students, shouting "Down with the Ministry!" attacked the offices of the British Legation the same night. They demolished the escutcheon on the building and smashed the windows. The police were powerless to control them. They then broke the windows of the residences of various members of the Ministry, after which they dispersed. The Prime-Minister appears to have realized that this mob represented the feeling of the whole nation, for he promptly tendered his resignation. In explaining

the step to his colleagues, he expressed his regret that he had been unable to consult the Cortes in consequence of the very rapid and sudden development of events. He declared that he had always sought to maintain an agreeable understanding with England, and hoped that the divergent views of the two countries might yet be reconciled. He had done all that lay in his power to maintain the dignity of Portugal without compromise. The Government has apologized to the British Minister for the attack on the Legation.

Rumors of Revolutionary Plots in Russia were again in circulation last week. It is known that numerous arrests have been made recently. It is no secret, despite the enforced silence of the press, that several officers of the garrison there have committed suicide, notably Colonel Voiekooff, of the Imperial Guards, who shot himself with a revolver on Sunday. It is believed that this distinguished officer and several other unfortunates were implicated in a plot against the Czar's life, which has been recently discovered, but no one dares discuss the matter in public. It is also reported that one of the Czar's brothers is about to be banished forever from the capital, together with his family. It is not suggested that his Imperial Highness had any share in the recent plots, but he is accused of mixing himself up in politics, by which is meant liberal politics.

The Principles Which Have Guided the British Government in the rule of India during the past quarter of a century, were outlined in a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone last week. He dwelt on the heavy responsibility that Englishmen incurred for the happiness of between two hundred and three hundred millions of the people of India. He rejoiced to think that it is now impossible to hold India by the sword alone. "We are unable," he said, "to dispense with the military power, but we depend upon it only as it aids the constant extension of enlightened principles of Government." Could they hope to make the Indian Government permanent, and the people happy under it? He believed the mass of the people acquiesced in the British dominion, and it is unquestionable that no portion of them would desire to dislodge the British in order to bring in some other Power. Enormous as was the field for enterprise and wealth, it opened a field yet more remarkable for examples of courage, virtue, and development, and application of Christian precepts.

The Ravages of "La Grippe" in Paris are realized in the statistics of deaths published last week. They cover the first week of the year, and show an increase over those of the corresponding week of 1889 of 1,714. The number of deaths for the first week of this year was nearly three times that of the record of the same week last year. The total number of deaths was 2,683, giving an average of 383 deaths a day. This unusually high mortality, says Dr. Jacques Bertillon, who is at the head of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics, is not to be attributed directly to the epidemic of influenza, which has, strictly speaking, caused only 89 deaths during the week, but to the various lung complications following upon that disease. The most fatal in the catalogue of diseases have been the five following: Pneumonia, 500 deaths, against 52 last year; consumption, 465, against 168; bronchial pneumonia, 157, against 32; acute bronchitis, 142, against 23; and chronic bronchitis—most common among aged persons—178, against 48.

Mr. H. M. Stanley Reached Cairo on January 14 on his way to England, and intends to remain there for a time in order to avoid the risk to his health which would ensue from too abrupt a change from the climate of Central Africa to the cold and damp English winter. He had a notable reception at the station from Sir Evelyn Baring, General Sir Francis Grenfell, acting United States Consul-General Grant, and others. He went to the Khedive's palace in state. He made an official call on him lasting half an hour, and was decorated with the grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, a very distinguished honor. He was warmly greeted by the populace. The correspondent of the New York Herald says: "Stanley looks very well, his bronzed face showing below a white German cap. The members of his party are in excellent health and spirits. He thinks Emin will be here in a month. Stanley said the rumors of his death were due to the non-arrival of letters sent by bands of picked messengers, who were stopped by hostile tribes five days from where Bartelot was killed. He himself found two parties there when on his way to the coast."

The Organization of the "Cail" in New York has been commenced with enthusiasm. The word is made up from the initial letters of the proper title of the Association, which is "The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor." At a meeting recently held in the Annex Hall, New York, many clergymen and workmen met to discuss the best means of promoting the object of the society. One workman, who spoke, said that he recently attended an up-town church, and in the course of the one service he was three times put out into the aisle through entering rented pews. Another time he took a friend up to the second story of a fashionable church, and when the friend asked why they did not remain downstairs the workman told him that the Church was first organized by a few fishermen in an upper room, and that it would end there. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's, and Dr. Huntington, made vigorous speeches in favor of free pews and a more cordial welcome to the poor. "What we want to do," said Dr. Huntington, "is to go back to first principles, and to extend Christ's kingdom in no other lines than those that He Himself chose. If the world and this country are to be saved, it must be through the Church and the brotherhood of mankind. The wage-workers will have to carry the Gospel to the rich, who are surrounded by many temptations from which workmen are free. The rich walk to balls and entertainments over the bodies of their brothers and sisters." Many applications for membership in the "Cail" were made, and a mass meeting is shortly to be held.

The Report of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York for the past year, now issued, should encourage other cities to organize a similar work. How much the Association is doing to help young women in religion and in secular life can scarcely be realized by anyone who has not seen the work. The figures of the report, however, give some idea of it. The Committee on Education had at the end of the term no less than 910 young women under instruction. The classes in needle-work, short-hand, type-writing, etc., were more than usually successful in point of attendance. So large, indeed, was the number of working young women who desired to avail themselves of the privileges extended that the association found that it had not room enough to accommodate them all, nor money enough to supply their wants. Self-supporting young women, without regard to race or religion, are allowed to enter the classes. Besides this, the association has an employment bureau, which, last year, found positions for 1,874 young women. The expenses of the Association last year were \$27,518, of which \$6,384 was spent in the purchase of material for needle-work, by which employment was given to young women in need of temporary assistance.

A Hermit Digging for Gold in Pennsylvania has been an object of compassionate curiosity for some years. A recent visitor to his hut on the mountains, a few miles north of Williamsport, describes him as looking like a withered leaf, worn and feeble, with hair as white as snow. His cabin, or shanty, as it may be properly termed, is no larger than an ordinary watch-box at a railroad crossing. It is situated on the side of the hill, and is hidden, as it is protected from the winds, by huge trees. A stove and a bench are its contents. Here he has lived for many years, during which time he has been engaged in an unprofitable enterprise—digging for gold. Around his hut there are at least a dozen holes, not one of which is less than fifteen feet in depth. All were dug by the hermit in his vain search for the treasure. He talks rationally, but when people hear how he is spending his life they conclude that he is insane. Not that the seeking of wealth is an evidence of insanity, but because of the hermit's way of seeking it. The time is coming, however, when it will be seen that every man who gives his life to the acquisition of riches, neglecting his eternal interests, gives proof of folly akin to insanity. (Ezek. 7:19.)

A Fortune was Found in a Mirror Recently at Carthage, Ill. A press dispatch from that city to the New York Times states that among its citizens is a laboring man belonging to an old family once very wealthy. The family is scattered now, and its representatives of this generation are poor, but they cherish an honorable pride in the unblemished records of their ancestors, and are themselves noted for their integrity. The family heirlooms have been carefully treasured and handed down from father to son. One of them was an old-fashioned

mirror, which was believed by antiquarians to have been made more than two hundred years ago. Its possessor was grievously vexed two weeks ago, when by an accident the old mirror was broken. But behind the fragments of glass a paper yellow with age was found. On being examined, it proved to be a title-deed to a large tract of land in the Mohawk Valley, New York. It was duly attested, and appears to be perfectly genuine. At the time it was drawn up the land was of small value, but is now estimated to be worth millions. The finder reported his discovery to the other members of the family, and they have now placed the matter in the hands of the lawyers for investigation. Should the title prove valid the family will be thankful that the mirror was broken, though the owner did consider it a misfortune at the time. Spiritual riches have often come to men through so-called misfortunes. Numbers have realized their title to heavenly possessions only when some idolized treasure has been shattered, when financial reverses have come, or a beloved child has been taken. (Ps. 78:34.)

A Telegraph Lineman Gave His Blood to Save a girl's life in the New York Hospital on January 12. The girl and a companion were brought to the hospital the previous day. Both were unconscious from asphyxiation, having slept in a room in which there was an escape of gas. One of the two girls died shortly after being admitted into the hospital. The other remained unconscious, and seemed likely to die, too. On Sunday the physicians said that nothing could save her life but the injection of healthy blood into her veins. A telegraph lineman, who was a patient in the hospital, having been treated there for an accidental injury and had recovered, offered his blood for transfusion. His offer was accepted, and on Sunday twenty-seven ounces of blood were transferred from his veins to those of the dying girl. The result was astonishing. She opened her eyes and immediately gave signs of renewed strength. The physicians believe she will recover. She was a complete stranger to the lineman, and has not yet been strong enough to see and thank him for saving her life. It is remarkable that the man should have been willing to give up his blood for one whom he did not know, but as he had the assurance of the physicians that he would not be injured by the loss, his humane disposition prompted him to volunteer. It was far different when Christ shed His blood for the salvation of men. He knew that He must die, yet He did not shrink, though they were not only strangers, but enemies. (Rom. 5:7, 8.)

European Aristocrats Seeking American Heiresses have been victimized by a Californian adventurer. The large number of foreign letters arriving at the San Francisco post-office addressed to a citizen of German birth, recently, excited suspicion. An investigation was commenced which resulted in the discovery that he had been inserting advertisements in the newspapers of France, Germany, England, and Italy, offering to supply men of good birth, especially such as had titles, with wealthy American wives. They were to send photographs and all particulars as to family and station, and to be careful to inclose a fee. The plan succeeded wonderfully. Three letters came from princes, sixteen purported to come from dukes, and a great number from barons. Most of them admitted that they were needy, and all laid greater stress on the amount of fortune required than on the appearance and disposition of the lady. One placed the minimum at a quarter of a million, others would be satisfied with \$100,000, and all cheerfully paid the fee of the man who undertook to furnish the fortune and the heiress. It is a surprise to find how many of Europe's nobles, who are supposed to be very particular about marrying only girls of noble blood, are now willing to marry beneath their rank for a money consideration. Any American girl entering upon such a marriage must feel humiliated as she reflects that it is her money and not herself that her titled husband desired. It is not so with the Church—the bride of Christ. She brings Him no wealth, for she is poor and wretched, and she has no grace nor beauty save those which He confers upon her. (Eph. 5:25-27.)

A Narrow Escape From Death by Electricity took place in St. Louis, Mo., on January 13. A number of workmen were engaged in fixing hoods for additional telegraph wires on a pole. One of them laid his hand on an imperfectly insulated wire and immediately gave a loud cry and fell to the ground. He was not permanently injured, but the numerous deaths which have taken place through

the overhead wires in New York had been heard of in St. Louis, and in the crowd which collected there were some who made indignant remarks about the carelessness of the companies in having wires which might cause the death of the employees. The foreman of the gang, hearing the remarks, said it was not the carelessness of the company, but of the workman, which had caused the trouble. "I will show you," he said, "that the wire is safe enough when it is properly handled." He mounted the pole, and having adjusted his rubber gloves took hold of the wire. Instantly the crowd saw the man's face contract with pain, and he shouted loudly for help. No one dared approach, and for some moments the man was convulsed from head to foot, and vainly struggled to loose his grasp on the wire. It seemed to all as if he would die; his cries were pitiful. At length, with a strong effort he opened his hand and pitched headlong to the ground. His hand was badly hurt, and he was much shaken by his fall, but will recover. His temerity nearly cost him his life. There are some who display the same hardihood in going into scenes of temptation in which, to their knowledge, others have fallen. The power of liquor or some other evil habit often seizes upon them before they are aware, and they are no more able to free themselves than could the man held by the wire. All such men neglect the warning of the king, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Prov. 28:26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The interdenominational services which are being held every afternoon at the Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, are largely attended.

The proceeds of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York this year, so far as they have yet been handed over to the committee, amount to \$33,809.38.

Among the deaths resulting from La Grippe in England last week was that of the famous Lord Napier of Magdala. He was one of the most able of British generals. He was in his eightieth year.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills is holding services in New Brunswick, N. J. The town is deeply stirred. Business men are closing their stores early to allow clerks to attend the services. At the close of these meetings Mr. Mills will return to Jersey City for meetings.

The Rev. H. Loomis, of Yokohama, Japan, writes requesting us to inform our subscribers that back numbers of this journal would be useful to him in his missionary work in that country. Many Japanese students can read English, and he finds that good has resulted from their perusal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice held its annual meeting last week. Mr. Anthony Comstock's report showed that during the year the society had made 149 arrests and secured 124 convictions. The fines and forfeited bail bonds had put \$10,877 into the public treasury. To do all this the society have spent but \$7,948.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Fitchburg, Mass., are having an unprecedented influence on the town and neighborhood. Meetings are held every afternoon and evening. At the service on January 12 the City Hall was densely crowded, and large numbers went away unable to get in. At the close of the service a great number rose to ask for prayer. One hundred and fifty-five gave in their names, avowing their resolve, in Christ's strength, to consecrate their lives to Him.

Mr. D. L. Moody's New Evangelical Institute for the training of Christian workers was opened in Chicago on January 16 with addresses by Mr. Moody and prominent clergymen. Mr. Moody thus describes the object of the Institute: "It is intended to turn out aggressive men to go into gambling dens and slums, to lay their lives alongside the abandoned, and so to save." Accommodations have been provided for 100 students. The training is to be largely through contact with the work.

The railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt organized for the benefit of the employees on the Vanderbilt roads, celebrated its fourteenth anniversary on January 14. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, who spoke at the meeting, said that institutions of this kind formed the missing link between the management and the ranks. Cornelius Vanderbilt, he said, had been the pioneer in this betterment of the men.

The seceders from the Women's National Christian Temperance Union met in Philadelphia on January 16 and organized a new union, which is to have no connection with the Prohibition party in politics, but to be strictly non-partisan. The Committee on Constitution presented a report, which was taken up item by item, and adopted. It recommended that the name of the organization be the "Woman's Christian Temperance Alliance of Pennsylvania," the sole object of which shall be to interest and unite the women of the State in non-partisan, non-sectarian temperance work.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish," etc. John 10: 27-30.

The Question of the Jews—Christ's Answer One of Personal Application—I. A Description of His People—A Special Possession—A Special Character—Noted for Attention—Their Intimacy—They Know, and are Known—Marked in the Ear and Foot—II. Their Privilege—Eternal Security—Assured by the Character of the Giver—Inner Dangers Averted—Outer Injuries Prevented—Kept by the Father's Power—A Narrow Door.

THE Jews had said to the Saviour, "If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." They professed that they wanted to know more certainly concerning Him. This was a vain pretence, for He had told them all they needed to know, and they had not believed Him. Therefore He answered them to a large degree by making them know more about themselves. Sometimes the point in which a man is deficient is not as to the gospel, but as to his own need of it. He may know all of Christ that is needful for his salvation, but he may not know enough about himself and his own lost condition; and therefore he is not in the way in which Christ becomes precious to him, because he is ignorant of his deep and terrible need. So the Saviour began to talk to them, not so much about Himself as about His people, and what they were to be. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."

There are two things in my text which will suffice for our meditation. First, here is a *description given* of the Lord's people. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me." And then, secondly, there is a *privilege secured* to them, namely, their everlasting, unquestionable safety.

I. First—and all that I can say will be but little, considering the largeness of the subject—let us notice the description here given of

The People of God.

They are first described by a speciality of possession: "My sheep." All men are not sheep, for some are foxes, or ravening wolves, and others are compared to dogs and lions. All persons who might be called sheep are not Christ's sheep. All do not belong to His flock. All are not gathered into His fold. There is a speciality of possession. There may be many sheep, but the Saviour speaks of "My sheep," those whom He chose of old, those who were given Him of the Father, those who have been bought with His blood, redeemed from among men, and in due time have been ransomed by His power, for He has bought them back from the hand of the enemy, and therefore claims them to be His own. "The Lord's portion is His people." Other lords have, their portion, and Christ takes His portion. His people are the lot of His inheritance. He speaks of "My sheep" as a peculiar heritage, whom, as a shepherd, He claims for His own. Of these He is the sole Owner. He is not merely their Keeper, but their Possessor. We read of the hiring shepherd, "whose own the sheep are not"; but, in the case of our good Shepherd, "He putteth forth His own sheep."

There is a speciality of character about them. They are "my sheep." They are dependent, timid, trembling, obedient, teachable;

They are Made Sheep

by His own Spirit. They have received a nature which is not that of the doggy world, nor that of the swinish multitude, nor that of the wolfish persecutor; but that of men indwelt of the Spirit of God, who are therefore clean, gentle, loving, gracious. He calls them "My sheep," for they have a special relation to Himself; they are like Jesus. Being His sheep, He has become their Guardian as well as their Proprietor, and they look up to Him as such. They are sheep to Him, and He is a shepherd to them.

We may judge ourselves by considering whether toward Christ we are His sheep. Do we acknowledge ourselves as belonging to Him, spirit, soul, and body? Do we regard ourselves as being, in relation to Him, no wiser, no stronger, than sheep to a shepherd? I know some who are certainly no sheep of Christ's flock, for they will be led by nobody, in heaven or on earth; but must have their own sweet way. They are critics of the Bible, not disciples of it. They might be very good dogs, but they are very queer sheep. They would make very respectable wolves, for they are great in destructive criticism; but they certainly are not sheep:

and their temper and spirit are such that they would disdain the character, if they understood it. "What! to go where I am led?" Yes, it is even so; and hence the modern wise man is indignant, and proudly repudiates the character of a sheep. As for us, we accept all that the name implies.

A chief mark of Christ's people is attention. "My sheep hear." They can hear, because they have had spiritual ears given them. Once the Shepherd might have spoken all day long, and they would not have heard Him; but it is not so now. Even from the cross our Lord's plaintive cries were all unheard by them; but now He has given them spiritual capacity and perception, and they can hear, and they do hear, what His dying love would make them know and understand. Their Lord has spoken to them. They have heard His voice, and have known it to be His; they still hear it, and they distinguish between His voice and other voices. "A stranger will they not follow: for they know not the voice of strangers." You can tell the sheep of Christ by their being

Marked in the Ear.

"My sheep hear my voice." They may not hear a good deal that other people hear; they may even be glad to be deaf to it. There are many calls exceedingly musical to carnal ears, which have no charms for them. They try to be deaf to some voices from which they could gather nothing but temptation; but they hear Christ's voice. They are all there when He speaks; their soul sits at the door to hear His softest whisper. They try to hear: they charge themselves to take heed that they lose no sound from heaven. They do hear; but they long to hear yet more completely, and to be more obedient to that voice which rings through the chambers of their soul.

Another mark of the Lord's people is intimacy. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them." "I know them." Yes, the Lord discerns them. He singles them out, for "the Lord knoweth them that are His." Sometimes we do not know them; but He says, "I know them." In cloudy times they do not know themselves; but He says, "I know them." When a child of God does not know whether he is a child of God or not, his Father knows His own children, and the great Shepherd knows His own sheep. His is a discernment which never fails. The hypocrite cannot get into the true fold of Christ. He may get into the visible fold; but not into the real spiritual fold of Christ; for Christ does not know him, and bids him depart. This is the very seal upon the foundation—"The Lord knoweth them that are His." His eyes discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that feareth God and him that feareth Him not; His is a knowledge of quick and

Certain Discernment.

Now, beloved, just try a little here, to see whether you come into this number—"I know them." Does the Lord know you as His own? Has He had personal intercourse with you, and you with Him? Or will He have to say to you at the last, "I never knew you"? Why, some of you have made Him know you! Just as some men know right well the importunate beggar who is often at their door, so does the Lord for certain know some of you, for you go every day begging at His gate, and you receive a constant alms at His hand. Besides that, you go every day thanking Him for the mercies you receive. He knows your name: the name of one who is drowned in debt to His infinite bounty.

Here is one more: *actual obedience*. How does He put it? "I know them, and they follow me." All the Lord's sheep are

Marked in the Foot,

as well as in the ear. The foot and ear mark must be in every sheep of the Lord's flock. "They follow me." They not only say, "He is my Leader," but they follow Him. Christ's sheep try to follow in the track that the Shepherd marks for them. Christ's people are never so happy as when they can put down their feet where Christ put His feet down. The very marks that He has left by His bleeding footsteps we would desire to follow, all the day, and every day. Beloved, look you carefully to this! Do what Jesus did, according to your measure and power. This is what the people of God try to do. If you do not endeavor to be like Christ, you are not His sheep; for of His sheep it is true, "I know them, and they follow me."

It is not written, "They follow My commandments," though they do. It is not said, "They follow the route that I have mapped for them," though they do that. But, "they follow me," distinctly. In their individual personality they follow their Lord

in His individual personality. They have recognized Himself above His words, above His ways, and even above His salvation. "They follow me," saith he. This is a grand mark of a Christian, not merely a life of morality, a life of integrity, a life of holiness, but a life of all these in connection with Christ. They follow Him, not holiness, nor morality, nor integrity, apart from Christ, but they follow their Lord. A good life is good in any man. We cannot speak evil of virtue, even when we find it in the ordinary moralist; but this is not the complete mark of Christ's sheep. The virtues of Christ's sheep are *in connection with Himself*. The Christian is holy, and all that, but that is because he follows His perfect Master, and keeps close to Him. This is one of the peculiar and unfailing marks of the child of God.

II. But my main object to-night is to show you The Great Privilege

here conferred on the people of God. Christ has secured to them the priceless boon of eternal security in Him. No sheep of Christ shall ever be lost. None that He has purchased with His blood, and made to be His own, shall ever wander away so as to perish at last. This is the doctrine of the verses now before us. At any rate, if I wanted to express that doctrine, I could not find words in which I could set it forth more definitely or more completely than is done by the words before me.

The security of the people of God lies, first of all, in the character of the life which they have received. Listen to this: "And I give unto them eternal life." All the spiritual life which all the sheep in the flock now possess has been given to them by their Shepherd. Never was there another flock of which this could be said. No shepherd but this one can give life to His sheep; but He gave them all the true life that they have. Nay, stop: He not only gave them life, but He sustains that life by a constant gift. Observe, it is not written, "I gave to them eternal life," but "I give unto them eternal life." They are always living by virtue of the life which He is always giving. They are constantly receiving life from Him, according to that assurance, "Because I live, ye shall live also." What He always gives they must receive, and therefore it cannot cease.

Notice the nature of that life. "I give unto my sheep eternal life." Now, you all know what "eternal" means: or say, rather, none of you can form an idea of eternity which can grasp all its length of endurance. Only this, you know it has no end, and cannot therefore close. If anybody said that he had eternal life and lost it, he would be flatly contradicting himself. It could not be eternal, or else he must still have it. If it is eternal, it is eternal, and there is no end to it: and there is an end of further argument about it. If the life that Christ gives us, when we are born again, can die, it is not "eternal" life, or else words have ceased to have any meaning at all.

But, principally, I dwell upon the glorious character of the Giver. "I give unto my sheep eternal life." The life that Christ gives is not that poor, paltry life which lasts the professor for about three weeks, and then dwindles down and dies out; or, say, three months, and then

The Revival is Over,

and the convert is spun out and done for, and has to begin again. Such is the religious life which is excited by men; but it is not so with the life which comes from God. He that is born again, according to the Scripture, has received eternal life; and this is the only life worth receiving.

Now, depend upon it, it is what you hold out to people that has much to do with how they behave themselves afterwards. Tell them that if they believe in Christ, they are going to get, not eternal life, but life for a little while, life for as long as they take good care of it, and I fear it will prove to be so. It may do them good to get the poor little change you offer them; but as surely as they are converted to a temporary life, they will die out before long. You told them that they would. You did not propose any more to them. But when you propose to them this—"Here is everlasting life to be had by believing in Christ. It is not temporary, but eternal life"—why, then they grip it as such. They believe in Christ for that, and according to their faith it is unto them; and the Lord, and Giver of life is glorified in giving to them this great and splendid gift, the gift of all gifts. "I give unto my sheep eternal life."

So we take a step farther. The children of God are safe, not only because of the life they receive, but because of the inner dangers which are averted.

Take the next sentence—"And they shall never perish." They have a tendency to spiritual sickness, but their Shepherd will doctor them so that they shall never perish. They are sheep, and have a tendency to wander; but their Shepherd shall keep them so that they shall never perish. Time tries them, and they grow old, and the novelty of religion wears off; but they shall never perish.

Now we must go a step farther. We have no time to urge these arguments at any great length. They are safe, next, by outer injuries being prevented. "Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Many will pluck at them, but none shall pluck them away. The devil will give many

A Horrible Pluck

and pull, to get them away; but out of the great Shepherd's hand he shall never take them. Their old companions, and the memory of their old sins will come, and pluck at them very hard, and very cunningly; but the Saviour says, "None shall pluck them out of my hand." So, first, here is their security: *they are in His hand*; that is, in His possession, and He grasps them, as a man holds a thing in his hand, and says, "It is mine." Neither shall any take them away from being under His protection. Never shall they be plucked from Christ.

Now, to make quite sure about it, and to pile on the comfort, the Saviour goes on to add the care and power of God Himself. Our Lord says, "My Father, which gave them me." The saints of God are safe, because the Father gave them to His Son. He did not bestow on Him a something which He might, after all, lose. Will the Lord Christ lose what His Father gave Him? You know how people say, "Oh, I hope that, if a burglar takes anything from my house, he will not take that cup, which is an heirloom. My father gave it to me." If a man had to defend his property, he would be sure to take care of that which was a very special gift, given in his honor, as a

Memorial of a Great Work.

So is it with our Lord Jesus; He values that soul which His Father gave Him. I delight in the thought. I picture my blessed Lord looking at each one of His believing people, and saying, "My Father gave you to Me." That poor woman, that struggling young man, that decrepit old lady, that man who is half-starved, but who loves his Lord—Jesus says of each one, "My Father gave this soul to me." He cannot lose what His Father gave Him.

Then He goes on to say that His people are kept by the Father's power; for He says, "My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Beloved, although God gave us to Christ, He did not cease to care for us Himself. "My Father gave you to Me; yet He takes care of you none the less, but all the more. Because He is determined that what He gave to me shall be mine, the Lord will put forth His wisdom and power to preserve you."

And then the Saviour finishes all by saying that, while He has spoken of the Father and Himself as two—and two they are as persons—yet in their divine essence they are but one. He says, "I and my Father are one;" and especially one in love to His people. "The Father Himself loveth you," even as He loves His Son; and, while you read the love of Christ in His death, you must read the Father's love quite as much in that great sacrifice. It is true of our Lord Jesus that—"He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it;" but it is equally true of the Father—"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."

You are safe in Christ's hand. Know it, and feel the joy of it. "Oh," says one, "but if I thought so, I should run into sin!" I am sorry for you; things act very strangely upon you. Nothing

Binds Me to My Lord

like a strong belief in His changeless love. "Oh, but it would be far safer to tell your hearers that they may be overcome by sin, and perish!" I will not tell them what I do not believe. I will not dishonor my Lord by a falsehood. Shall I come home to your house, and tell your children that if they do wrong you will cut their heads off; or that if they disobey you they will cease to be your children? If I were to propound that doctrine, your children would grow angry at such a slander upon their father. They would say, "No, we know better than that!" Far rather would I say to them, "My dear children, your father loves you; he will love you without end, therefore do not grieve him." Under such doctrine true children will say, "We love our ever-loving father. We will not disobey him. We will endeavor to walk in his ways."

"Well, but suppose we sin." He will chasten us, and restore us. "If I believed that doctrine, I should live as I like," says one. Then you are not one of His sheep, for

His Sheep Love Holiness

and will not love iniquity. The change wrought by the new birth is such that a man will not return to his old ways of sin and folly. This is the doctrine; and how can you make it to be an indulgence to sin? True saints never turn the grace of God into licentiousness, but the very mention of eternal love leads them to careful obedience.

One thing I must say at the end. Some ministers preach a gospel with a very wide door to it, but there is nothing to be had when you get within. I am sometimes told that I make my door a little too narrow. It is not true, for I preach the gospel to every creature under heaven, with all my might; but if the door be narrow, there is something worth having when you enter by it. Even if the way be narrow, if you once get in, you have got in, and you have found eternal life, and you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of Christ's hands. Sinner, come and have an eternal blessing! It is worth having! Come and have it! If thou believest, thou shalt assuredly be saved. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" saved from sin so as never to go back and live in it again; so saved as to be made holy; so saved as to be preserved in holiness. Holiness shall be the set of the main current of thy life, until, made perfectly holy, thou shalt dwell with God above.

Into His hands let us commit our spirits, and we may rest assured that they shall be safe eternally.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Using the Telephone for the First Time.—Dr.

Pentecost said: "I remember the first time I saw a telephone. I was told that through it I could speak to my friend a mile and a half away, and receive an immediate answer. I believed what my scientific friend by my side told me; but it took him about two hours to explain it to me. I used the telephone long before I understood its construction. In a similar way, sinners may believe God's good news of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved, though they do not fully understand it. I thank God that the Bible does not say, 'Every one that understandeth shall have eternal life,' but, 'Every one that believeth.'"

Marks of a Disfiguring Disease.—"I saw a great stalwart man in the street the other day, who looked as if he had never been ill an hour in his life; he seemed the picture of perfect physical life, yet I knew that that man only a few days before was at death's door. His face was pitted with small-pox, and though he was now cured, yet he carried the effects of that loathsome disease with him, and would continue to do so throughout his whole life. I think that sin disfigures the soul more terribly than that foul disease does the face, and yet, thank God, we can get rid of all its evil effects. God's salvation cures us, and takes away all marks. Christ saves us, and takes us on from glory to glory, until at last we are presented to the Father spotless, in the immaculate image of the Son of God, our Saviour."

A Shepherd's Story About Sheep.—Mr. Blane (late of South Africa) relates: "I remember a dear old fellow-worker for the Lord, who had long been a shepherd on the Westmoreland Hills. He told me a peculiar thing about a sheep. When it went astray it always went against the storm. Right in the teeth of the wind, blinded by the rain or snow, tearing itself on thorns, stumbling over stones or against jagged rocks, on it would totter until, exhausted, it would sink down to die or be found by its rescuer. Of course the shepherd knew the course the sheep would be likely to take, and throughout all the weary night he would seek it, glad if at last he found it in time to save it. So we, poor sinners, in straying away from Christ, have our faces against the storm. On we struggle through temptation and sin, until, unable to battle longer, we succumb, and let sin gather round us and upon us. We should be utterly lost if Jesus, the Good Shepherd, did not seek us."

A Boy Accidentally Hanged.—Mr. Thomson, an evangelist, relates: "Not very long ago, as I was stepping into a railway train in London I bought a paper to read during the journey. Almost the first words that caught my eyes were 'The Fatal Cord.' Under that heading was the story of a boy in Manchester, the son of a well-to-do merchant, who had

accidentally killed himself. He was discovered hanging by the neck to a cord fastened over his father's kitchen door. Near him was found a book entitled *The Fatal Cord*, and it was turned down at a page where it told how a boy, to show his courage, had suspended himself over a cliff. The Manchester boy had resolved to emulate the performance of which he had read, and had suspended himself over the kitchen door; but the poor lad had made a slip-noose, and the rope had glided up to his neck, and tightening, had caused his death. Unconverted men and women are betraying similar folly and hardihood; but they have a chance of escape. They are perilously playing with the fatal cord of sin, but if they cry to God for deliverance, He will put their feet upon a Rock, even Jesus, the infinitely gracious and omnipotent Saviour."

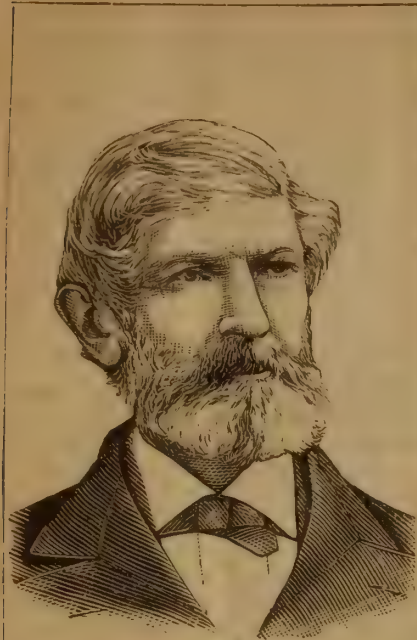
Nearly a Homicide.—Dr. Pentecost said: "Few people who look at me would think I had almost been a homicide; yet such is the case. About a year after I was converted to Christ, there was a great big burly man, with whom my mother had had some business transaction, and who had taken advantage of my absence from home, and her widowhood, to defraud her of a considerable sum of money. When I saw the fellow, he disturbed me as I never thought I could have been disturbed and when he gave vent to some disagreeable remarks about my mother, I seized a chair, and whirling it round my head, in another moment I should have struck him dead, but my good angel whispered in my ear, 'Thou shalt not kill.' If any one had told me five minutes before that I should have been subjected to such a temptation, I should have replied 'Impossible!' We do not know what powerful temptations Satan is preparing for us; and we can only be safe from them in Jesus, who is able and willing to keep us. (1 Cor. 10: 13.) God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

A Creeper Overgrown with Weeds.—Dr. Pente-

cost said: "Some years ago, my wife planted a fine little Virginia creeper on the side walk of our garden. We went away to Washington about the beginning of July and did not return until the end of August. One of my wife's first visits on our return home was to the garden. She found it all overgrown with weeds, for they grow very fast in our warm climate, and the little creeper invisible. After some search, however, we discovered it on the ground. It had grown greatly, and sent forth fifty or sixty little tendrils, each one twining itself around some object, here a coarse weed, there a beautiful flower, and again a stone. At once we set it free from all encumbrances, and trained it heavenward, fastening it with pins. How is it that Christians striving to grow heavenward hold on so fast, as many do, to some part of their old nature which hinders their growth in holiness? They lop off vulgar sins, but spare intellectual indulgences, which are often the most insidious and deadly of obstacles in the way of eminent piety because they divert the attention and the aspirations from Christ."

An Officer's Struggle with the Drink Fiend.—

Mr. Hamilton relates: "I knew an army officer who had a terrible struggle to give up strong drink. He started life having promised his mother never to touch intoxicating liquor, and for years, through great temptations, he kept his promise; but he fell ill, and the doctor prescribed cod-liver oil and whisky. The former cured him of his disease, but from the other he contracted a more deadly malady—he became the slave of drink. Once and again he signed the pledge, but the ink was scarcely dry when it was broken. At length he resolved to send for his father and mother, and see if he could not gather strength from the words of her who had directed his childish steps in virtue's path. They came; and with his mother's prayer ringing in his ear he determined to make a final effort. He would sign the pledge again, and if broken this time he would go to the Pacific Coast, and no longer disgrace his wife and children. Almost simultaneously with that resolution came the thought, 'I shall invite a few friends, have one more social glass together, then sign the pledge.' The appointed night came, but the guests did not arrive. The officer waited until a late hour, still no one came. Appetite was asserting itself, and the poor fellow longed to satisfy it. He turned to the Bible and opening it read, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' He saw that alone he must meet the temptation. He took up a bottle to unseal; never had wine seemed so enchanting; but a better spirit whispered, 'Now is the decisive hour.' He replaced the bottle, and strode up and down the room. The



The Late Hon. William D. Kelley.



The Late Henry W. Grady.



The Late Walker Blaine. (See page 53.) The Late Empress Augusta of Germany.



struggle was a dreadful one. He turned to the Bible again, and read, 'God so loved the world,' etc. With the bottle by his side, and the Bible lying in front of him, he besought God to give him the much-needed strength. He leaped to his feet, shouting, 'Victory! Saved by the grace of God!' He then took the bottles out to the piazza, and dashed them to the pavement, and kneeling down, he gave himself to Christ, and from that hour all desire for strong drink has been absent from him."

A Miser's Death by Starvation.—The Rev. Wm. Ross observes: "Some time ago, a beggar in the Highlands died of starvation. Many commiserated his fate that, in the midst of a wealthy and Christian land, one should die of absolute want. But upon examination of the few foul and tattered rags which the dead man had worn for years, it was discovered that there was sewed between the folds bank notes and deposit receipts to the amount of more than \$3,500. He had died of sheer starvation, with the means upon his person of providing for all his wants, and giving him many luxuries besides; and yet he would not take advantage of one coin to relieve his hunger. All condemn that man as foolish. Yet is the sinner not more foolish who, in the face of God's repeated offers of mercy, will not take advantage of them? or the Christian who goes miserably through this life lacking things temporal and things spiritual, though he has in his Bible many exceeding great and precious promises which he has only to present before God?"

THE LATE HENRY W. GRADY.

(See Portrait.)

FEW men in the South would have been mourned more generally and sincerely than the distinguished journalist who died a few weeks ago. He made the whole country his debtor by working persistently to harmonize the sections and to obliterate the prejudices which were a survival of the war. Henry W. Grady was born at Athens, Georgia, thirty-eight years ago. He was educated at the University of Georgia and that of Virginia. While at college he evinced superior ability and a strong liking for athletic sports. His first employment was as correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution*. The success of his letters opened the way to his engagement as editor at Rome, Georgia, where he did not remain long. Returning to Atlanta, he worked on the *Herald*, the rival of the *Constitution*. The management of the paper was extravagant, and it failed, leaving the *Constitution* to bloom alone. Grady then acted as correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *New York Herald*. Having made money enough in this way to buy a one-third interest in the *Atlanta Constitution*, he set to work on that journal with all his energy, raising its tone and making it a representative journal. Mr. Grady wrote extensively for the leading magazines, and invariably with encouraging acceptance. He was well acquainted with the interests of his State, and was locally very popular. His fame as an orator was national. He was an active and zealous member of the Methodist Church.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

(See Portrait.)

THE death of the "Father of the House" briefly reported last week in our news columns, occurred on January 9. Mr. Kelley was well known not only in his own State, but in Washington and throughout the country. He was not only the eldest member of Congress, but had sat in the House for more terms than any other member. He was born in Philadelphia on April 12, 1814. He received a thorough English education, and for some time worked as a proof-reader in a printing-office in this city. After a few years' service in this capacity he became an apprentice in a jewelry establishment. Having learned the trade he removed to Boston, where he worked five years as a journeyman jeweler. He then returned to Philadelphia, and began the study of law. He was in due time admitted to the bar, and began practice, devoting himself also to various literary pursuits. Mr. Kelley was twice elected Prosecuting Attorney of the city and county of Philadelphia, and served for ten years as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of that city. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, and one of Lincoln's heartiest supporters. His election to the Thirty-seventh Congress was the beginning of a long and useful legislative career.

THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

(See Portrait.)

THE widow of Emperor William I. of Germany died on January 7, from pneumonia following an attack of *grippe*. She was in her seventy-ninth year, having been born on September 30, 1811. She was the daughter of the Grand-Duke Carl Frederick of Saxe-Weimar. In her youth she was an earnest disciple of Goethe, who was befriended by her father. She had become an accomplished scholar at the time of her marriage to Prince William of Prussia, in 1829, and was always a student. Few royal personages have reached her attainments. She was well read in the literature of several countries, including that of England, Italy, and France. In 1861 her husband succeeded to the throne of Prussia, and in 1871 he became German Emperor, as a result of the war then in progress between France and united Germany. The Dowager Empress was left a widow in March, 1888. Of her two children one was the late Emperor Frederick William. The other, the Princess Louise, was married to the Grand-Duke Frederick, of Baden. She was an invalid many years, but was active in attention to the philanthropic duties which she undertook as Queen of Prussia, and later in co-operating with her illustrious daughter-in-law, the Empress Victoria, in the many new enterprises that lady initiated for the benefit of the women and the poorer classes of Germany.

EMILY HENDON'S REMORSE.

(See illustration on page 61.)

"I WISH papa was as rich as Uncle Phillips," said Emily Hendon, as she threw herself on the sofa of a little and not too well furnished room.

The girl had been helping her mother with the Saturday's cleaning-up, and was tired. Saturday was a school holiday, but Emily worked harder on that day than any other day of the week, and besides, the work was not congenial.

"Why does my daughter wish that so earnestly?" Mrs. Hendon inquired.

"Oh, it is so much nicer to have servants to do all this dirty, tiresome work! Cousins Maud and Louisa have their Saturdays for reading or sketching or visiting; they don't have to sweep and dust and scour, as I do."

"And that is the reason you wish papa was rich?" said the sweet-voiced, gentle, gray-haired lady, who was none the less a lady for having her hands soiled with work, and wearing a dress of cheap, rough material. "I thought, perhaps, you were sorry that papa had to go out in all weathers, and work so hard and so long, to keep us all."

"He does not seem to mind it, mamma," said Emily. "He is always cheerful when he comes home. I guess he does not care for pleasure. He seems to like *his* work, but when one is young it is different."

"Yes, my dear, it is different, as you say, but the difference is not so much in age as in disposition. Some people think of themselves only, while others are chiefly concerned for the happiness of those about them, and gladly sacrifice themselves that others may be happy. That is papa's case, and I think such a life is a very noble one."

"Uncle Phillips has a much happier life though, and it is much better for his children too," said Emily, recurring to the thought with which she began. "While I was staying at Beechcroft we used to go out in the carriage, and were always having good times. It seems very dull at home, here."

"It must be a consolation to you to feel that mamma does not have to work quite so hard, now you are back again. I had to do everything while you were away, you know. When a little girl can help her mother, she must surely be glad that she has that opportunity."

The thought did not seem to comfort the child very much. Her mind was continually running on the life her cousin was leading, and the contrast between that and her own rankled in her spirit, and made her fretful and discontented. Her mother strove to teach her the sanctity of duty, the higher delight that comes from ministering to others, and the superiority of such a life over one spent in ease and self-indulgence. But Emily could not see it, and she eagerly looked forward to the time when another invitation would come for her to visit in her wealthy uncle's household.

She had not long to wait. Her watchful eyes caught a glimpse of a letter with the familiar postmark, but it was addressed in her uncle's handwriting, which puzzled Emily, as former invitations had been sent by her cousin Maud. She was eager to know its contents, but Mrs. Hendon would not satisfy her until she had spoken with her husband. Emily felt sure it was an invitation, but she could

not understand why her mother and father should look so serious about it, and spend so much time in consultation, keeping her in suspense. Her anxiety did not escape her mother's eye, and eventually it was that which settled the question.

"You are much happier in your uncle's house than at home, Emily?" her mother asked.

"Oh yes, mamma, it is all so nice and enjoyable."

"And would you like to go on a long visit—to stay always, in fact?"

"They would not want me *for* always, I expect, but it would be very nice if they did."

"Yes, they do, Emily. Your uncle asks us to let you live with your consins. They are going to be educated at home, and it would not cost any more for you to learn with them, and you would get on better. Your papa and I are sorry to lose you, and we should not let you go if you did not wish it yourself."

"Oh, I do, mamma, I should like it, of all things."

"Then as soon as we can get you fitted out you will go."

Emily kissed her mother and skipped out of the room singing a merry tune. Mrs. Hendon sighed. It was hard, after all the love and kindness she had lavished on her daughter, that she should be so willing to leave her; but it was not that only which depressed her. She grieved over the selfishness that her child manifested. There was no concern about the duties of home, nor any sign of regret that her absence would entail an additional burden on her mother. Emily evidently thought only of her own ease and comfort, and that was a disposition which the truly Christian mother could not but deplore.

"I have a letter of inquiry," said her aunt, some few months after the girl had taken up her new life; "I think you should answer it yourself. Your mother is anxious about you; she says it is a long time since you wrote."

"Yes, aunt, I will write to-day. I meant to have written last week, but I forgot it," Emily answered.

The duty, like all postponed duties, had becomeirksome, and, in spite of her promise, it was again delayed, as it would do just as well to write the next day. But before the letter was written an urgent summons came from Mr. Hendon calling his daughter home on account of her mother's sudden and serious illness. Emily set out immediately, reproaching herself by the way for her long negligence. Two weeks later she returned, wearing mourning garb. Her mother was dead. The end had been so rapid that she had breathed her last before Emily arrived. "Her last thought was of you," her father told her, "and her last words a prayer for you."

The girl's heart was touched at last, and it seemed as if it could not be healed. For the first time she realized what her mother's love for her had been, and as she thought of it, she saw her own conduct in its true light. Her aunt and cousins tried to comfort her, but no words could reconcile her to herself. The bitter, unavailing tears would fall, and she would seek her own room to weep here and bemoan her unutility in solitude.

One day her little cousin Louisa, seeking her through the house, found her seated on her bed pouring out her soul in tears. "You must not cry so, Emily dear," she said. "Aunt is in heaven; mamma says so. She is happy now, and mamma says it is wrong to grieve so much."

"O Louisa, you do not know," Emily said, through her tears. "I cannot be comforted. She loved me so, and I—I thought of myself only. I was glad to leave her when I ought to have stayed with her, to help her and cheer her, and when I was away I forgot her. Oh! if only she had lived for me to see her again to tell her I was sorry; but she died thinking I had forgotten her. Nothing can ever undo that. I can never forgive myself, and she can never forgive me now."



Emily Hendon Refuses to be Comforted.

In after years many had reason to bless Emily Hendon for her ministrations, and all who knew her spoke of her unselfishness and her readiness to sacrifice herself for others; but few knew how painfully she had learned the lesson of her life, nor how bitter was the cup of unavailing sorrow that she had drunk to the dregs.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 48.)

First Bloodshed.

TOWARD the end of February the reckless planters of Weston's settlement began to dread the consequences of their total neglect of the duties of the season, and having wasted their whole seed-corn, they again applied to the Indians to furnish the needful supply; but all their approaches were met with sullen and determined refusal. They would neither sell nor barter to them, nor enter into any friendly interchange of good services; though now, when too late, the new settlers would gladly have won their favor by the most humiliating concessions. Disappointed by such obstinate rejection of all friendly overtures, the most unscrupulous of them resolved to take what they wanted by force.

Fortunately for their more honest neighbors at Plymouth, it was thought advisable to consult with the latter ere committing themselves to so perilous a course. "Some," says Winslow, "more honest-minded, advised John Sanders, their overseer, first to write to Plymouth; and if the Governor advised him the same, he might the better do it. This course was well liked, and an Indian was sent with all speed with a letter to our Governor, the contents whereof were to this effect: that being in great want, and their people daily falling down, he intended to go to Munhiggen, where was a plantation of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, to buy bread from the ships that came thither a-fishing, with the first opportunity of wind, but knew not how the colony would be preserved till his return. He had used all means both to buy and borrow of Indians, whom

he knew to be stored, and he thought maliciously withheld it, and therefore was resolved to take it by violence, and only waited the return of the messenger, which he desired should be hastened, craving his advice therein, promising also to make restitution afterward. The Governor, upon the receipt hereof, asked the messenger what store of corn they had, as if he had intended to buy of them; who answered, very little more than that they reserved for seed, having already spared all they could.

"Forthwith the Governor and his assistant sent for many of us to advise with them herein; who, after serious consideration, no way approving of this intended course, the Governor answered his letter, and caused many of us to set our hands thereto; the contents whereof were to this purpose: We altogether disliked their intendment, as being against the law of God and nature, showing how it would cross the worthy ends and proceedings of the King's Majesty, and his honorable Council for this place, both in respect of the peaceable enlarging of his Majesty's dominions, and also of the propagation of the knowledge and law of God, and the glad tidings of salvation, which we and they were bound to seek, and were not to use such means as would breed a distaste in the savages against our persons and professions, assuring them their master would incur much blame hereby, neither could they answer the same.

"For our own parts, our case was almost the same with theirs, having but a small quantity of corn left, and were enforced to live on ground-nuts, clams, muscles, and such other things as naturally the country afforded, and which did and would maintain strength, and were easy to be gotten; all which things they had in great abundance, yea, oysters

also, which we wanted; and therefore necessity could not be said to constrain them thereunto. Moreover, that they should consider, if they proceeded therein, all they could so get would maintain them but a small time, and then they must perforce seek their food abroad; which, having made the Indians their enemies, would be very difficult for them, and therefore much better to begin a little the sooner, and so continue their peace; upon which course they might with good conscience desire and expect the blessing of God; whereas on the contrary they could not.

"Also that they should consider their own weakness, being most swelled and diseased in their bodies, and therefore the more unlikely to make their party good against them, and that they should not expect help from us in that or any the like unlawful actions. Lastly, that howsoever some of them might escape, yet the principal agents should expect no better than the gallows, whensoever any special officer should be sent over by his Majesty, or his Council for New England, which we expected, and who would undoubtedly call them to account for the same. These were the contents of our answer, which was directed to their whole colony. Another particular letter our Governor sent to John Sanders, showing how dangerous it would be for him, above all others, seeing he was their leader and commander; and therefore in friendly manner advised him to desist."

The threats, more than the honest warnings of Governor Bradford, induced the unprincipled agents of Weston to abandon their project; but this only delayed without averting the dangers in which their vices had involved the whole English colonists of New England. The exasperated Indians had resolved to drive from their shores the base miscreants who alternately excited their anger and contempt by meanness and faithless dishonesty. Early in March the Governor obtained undoubted intelligence of a widespread conspiracy among the Indians, which was directed indiscriminately against all who bore the hated badge of the Pale Faces.

On the 23d of March, 1623, the whole colonists of Plymouth were assembled in public court, the Governor laid before them the evidence he had received of the Indian conspiracy, and after grave declaration, the unanimous voice of the Pilgrims declared for war.

It was a momentous era in the history of the colony, and the pious Pilgrims keenly felt the necessity which thus compelled them to become the emissaries of death to those whom they had desired to visit as the messengers of eternal life, and the ministers of the Prince of Peace. "This business," says one of the colonists, "was no less troublesome than grievous, especially because we knew no means to deliver our own countrymen and preserve ourselves than by returning the malicious and cruel purposes of these Indians upon their own heads, and causing them to fall into the same pit they had digged for others; though it much grieved us to shed the blood of those whose good we ever intended and aimed at as a principal object in all our proceedings."

It cannot but have added to the grief with which they viewed the dire necessity of war, that they must have felt how much more their own countrymen were the cause of it than the Indians, against whom they now sought to defend them; though probably at that time they had been only very partially informed of the unprincipled dealings of these men with their Indian neighbors. Had not these Pilgrim Fathers forsaken the Old World, parted from many friends, and bade a sorrowful farewell to their native land, under the influence of a "great hope and inward zeal of laying some good foundation for the propagating and advancing the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for performing of so great a work"—and now in their third year it had come to this. They were to fight with the weapons of this world, and meet the Indian hand to hand in the deadly struggle; not tenderly warning him of an hereafter, and whispering in his ear the name of Him who hath made of one blood all that dwell upon the earth, but hurrying him more swiftly to the dark and hopeless grave, whither he was already hastening—

"No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

Well might their good pastor, Robinson, write from Leyden when he learned of the first Indians who had perished by their hands, "How happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any!"

It must be confessed that this Indian war is the most painful incident recorded in these annals of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is not because these brave pioneers of civilization have taken up arms to defend their hearths against the invasion of the savage that we regard their first warfare with sorrowful regret. We are rather called upon to admire the calm and unchanging courage which this little handful of men displayed when menaced by so merciless and powerful a foe. But there was certainly more of the guile of the serpent in their military tactics than can well be reconciled with the high and holy calling in obedience to which they reared their home near the rude wigwams of the benighted Indian. It was resolved, in the deliberations at New Plymouth, that they should meet guile with guile, and "as it was impossible to deal with the Indians upon open defiance, to take them in such traps as they lay for others."

Captain Standish set out accordingly with eight companions, under the pretence of trading, as at other times. They saw sufficient evidence of the enmity with which the Indians regarded them, and the Indians, in like manner, notwithstanding the friendly guise which Captain Standish still deemed it prudent to assume, soon began to suspect they were discovered. One of them, on his return to the Indian settlement, reported that "he saw by the Captain's eyes he was angry in his heart." Captain Standish, however, still watched his time, until, having got the chief leaders of the threatened conspiracy together in one of the Indian wigwams, he suddenly gave the word to his men, secured the door, and springing upon Pecksuot, one of the fiercest of the Indians, he stabbed him to the heart with his own knife.

Seven Indians in all perished by their hands, but though thus fierce in the deadly struggle to which they felt themselves driven by the stern dictates of necessity, they showed a becoming moderation in what followed. They dismissed the women who

had fallen into their hands, refusing to spoil them of their beaver coats, or to meddle with any of the Indian property. The whole party returned safely to Plymouth, to the great joy of the colonists, bringing with them the head of Wituwamat, an Indian sachem who had breathed against them the most deadly vengeance, and spoken of their leaders with open contempt. This barbarous trophy was set up on the fort as a terror to their foes.

One of them who had been seized and kept in irons during the absence of Captain Standish and his party, was released and commanded to bear this message from the Governor to his sachem: "That for our parts it never entered into our hearts to take such a course with them, till their own treachery enforced us thereunto, and therefore they might thank themselves for their own overthrow; yet since he had begun, if again by any the like courses he did provoke him, his country should not hold him; for he would never suffer him or his to rest in peace till he had utterly consumed them; and therefore should take this as a warning; further, that he should send to Patuxet three Englishmen (of Weston's colony) he had, and not kill them; also that he should not spoil the pale and houses at Wichaguscusset; and that this messenger should either bring the English, or an answer, or both; promising his safe return."

"This message was delivered, and the party would have returned with an answer, but was at first dissuaded by them, whom afterward they would, but could not, persuade to come to us. At length, though long, a woman came and told us, that Obatakiest was sorry that the English were killed before he heard from the Governor; otherwise he would have sent them. Also she said, he would fain make his peace again with us, but none of his men durst come to treat about it, having forsaken his dwelling, and daily removed from place to place, expecting when we would take further vengeance on him."

"Concerning those other people that intended to join with the Massacheuseuks against us, though we never went against any of them, yet this sudden and unexpected execution, together with the just judgment of God upon their guilty consciences, hath so terrified and amazed them, as in like manner they forsook their houses, running to and fro like men distracted, living in swamps and other desert places, and so brought manifold diseases amongst themselves, whereof very many are dead; as Canacum, the sachem of Manomet, Aspinet, the sachem of Nauset, and Ianough, sachem of Mat-tachiest."

"This sachem in his life, in the midst of these distractions, said the God of the English was offended with them, and would destroy them in his anger; and certainly it is strange to hear how many of late have died, and still daily die amongst them. Neither is there any likelihood it will easily cease; because through fear they set little or no corn, which is the staff of life, and without which they cannot long preserve health and strength. From one of these places a boat was sent with presents to the Governor, hoping thereby to work their peace; but the boat was cast away, and three of the persons drowned, not far from our plantation. Only one escaped who durst not come to us, but returned; so as none of them dared come amongst us."

Thus complete had been the victory of the Plymouth colonists, accomplished by such slight and seemingly inadequate means. But what, meanwhile, had been the fate of the wretched band of adventurers whose crimes and folly had led to such results? The dishonest speculator—who had faithlessly sought by means of this plantation to secure for himself the gains which he had become bound long before to share with the Pilgrim Fathers who first sailed in the *Mayflower*—came shortly afterward, disguised, like a guilty coward, to learn of the prosperity of his new colony, "who being all able men, had boasted of their strength and what they would bring to pass, in comparison with the people at Plymouth, who had many women, children, and weak ones with them."

But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The weak ones were still there, strong in their honest virtue and their simple trust in the good providence of God; but the settlement of Wessagusset was utterly deserted and desolate. Some had been hanged by their comrades for their crimes, more had perished by the Indian's knife, or fled to escape just vengeance, and the few that survived were indebted for their safety to the hospitable shelter of their despised and cruelly wronged neighbors.

Weston himself reached the shores of America, only to receive good at the hands of those on whom he had been the means of bringing so many evils; and he showed himself the worthy originator of such a band of profligate and faithless adventurers as had been thus speedily cast out from New England. "Shortly after Mr. Weston's people went to the eastward," says Governor Bradford, "he comes there himself with some of the fishermen, under another name and the disguise of a blacksmith; where he hears the ruin of his plantation, and getting a shallop, with a man or two, comes on to see how things are; but in a storm is cast away in the bottom of the bay between Pascataquak and Merrimack River, and hardly escapes with his life. Afterwards he falls into the hands of the Indians, who strip him of his clothes to his shirt. At length he gets to Pascataquak, borrows a suit of clothes, finds means to come to Plymouth, and desires to borrow some beaver of us. Notwithstanding our straits, yet in consideration of his necessity, we let him have one hundred and seventy odd pounds of beaver, with which he goes to the eastward, stays his small ship and some of his men, buys provisions, and fits himself, which is the foundation of his future courses; and yet he never repaid us anything save reproaches, and became our enemy on all occasions."

The entire history of these rival settlements furnishes a most eloquent commentary on the true elements of a nation's strength. It seems as if a great experiment had been tried on the shores of New England, to demonstrate the fact that virtue and true piety are the surest elements of national greatness.

Returning spring once more brought to the Pilgrim colonists of New England fresh privations and sorrows. Their carefully husbanded stores, which would have sufficed for their own frugal housekeeping, had been generously squandered on the thankless settlers of Weston's colony. They had encroached even on the stores for seed, in order to minister to their necessities; and when the month of April arrived, they were compelled to abandon all other labor in order to get the seed into the ground, though at the time they had none left to furnish bread for their present necessities, and were frequently compelled to betake themselves to the seashore, and gather the shell-fish cast up by the tide, as the only means of furnishing their table with a meal. During the previous seasons they had sown from the public stock and gathered in a common harvest, but now it was resolved to adopt a method which should distinguish between the idle and industrious, and leave each family dependent on the exertions of its members. A portion of land was allotted to each individual—land being reserved for the maintenance of public officers, fishermen, and others, whose services were demanded for the general good.

The colonists resumed the labors of the field with renewed energy and zeal. The ground was speedily prepared, and sown with seed; the sun smiled above, and genial showers watered the earth, filling their hearts with thankfulness in the hopes of future plenty. So it continued till the close of May. But new trials awaited them. "It pleased God, for our further chastisement," says Winslow, "to send a great drought; insomuch as in six weeks after the latter setting there scarce fell any rain; so that the stalk of what was first set began to send forth the ear, before it came to half growth, and that which was later was not like to yield any at all, both blade and stalk hanging the head, and changing the color in such manner as we judged it utterly dead. Our beans also ran not up according to their wonted manner, but stood at a stay, many being parched away, as though they had been scorched before the fire. Now were our hopes overthrown, and we discouraged, our joy being turned into mourning."

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for January:

Rev. W. E. Christmas's Prophetic Tour in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (with portrait).
Characteristics of the 1,000-Year Millennium—A General View: By Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D.
Signs of the Last Day. Sermon by Martin Luther.
Directions for the Lord's People. By Henry Meymott.
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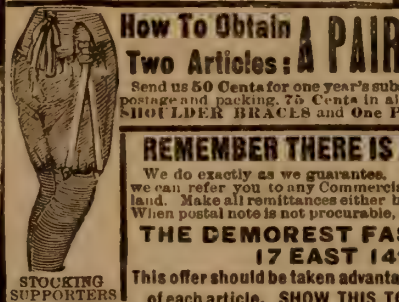
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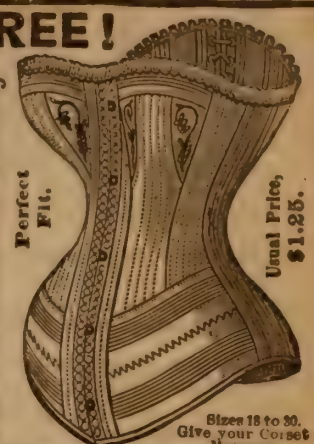
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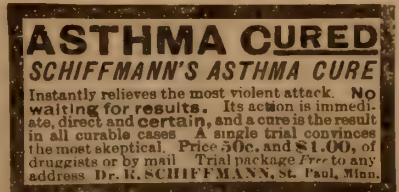
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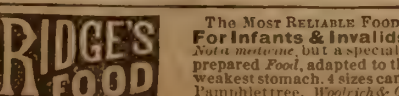
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"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
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And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
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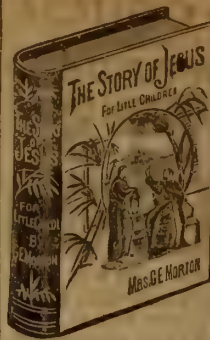
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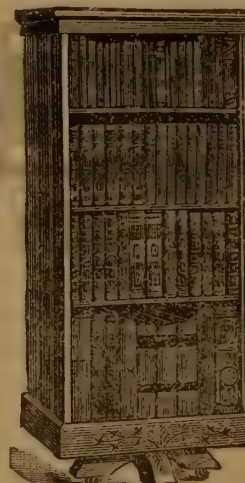
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THE LATE REV. GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON PIONEER ITINERANT MISSIONARY IN THE PUNJAB—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

THE LATE REV. G. M. GORDON, M. A.,

Pilgrim Missionary of the Punjab, India.

Born in 1839—Early School-life—Enters Trinity College in 1857—Death of His Sister, and Its Momentous Result—Ordained in 1862—Serves as Curate to Dr. Marsh—Journey to the East in 1864—Appointed to a London Curacy in 1865—Kindness to Artisans and Aged People—Enters the Foreign Mission Field in 1866—Subsequent Experience and Services—Death in the Afghan Campaign of 1880.

THE story of a singularly beautiful and consecrated life has recently been published, making known to the world a man of true heroism, yet who labored so unostentatiously that but few knew of him while he lived. The characters of such men as he well repay study, and serve as a stimulus to others to engage in the same service. We therefore this week publish a brief sketch of his life, and on the preceding page his portrait and pictures of some incidents in his work.

George Maxwell Gordon was the son of an English sea-captain, and was born August 19, 1839. After a life of service as a missionary in Christ's cause, he died in Afghanistan on August 16, 1880, having nearly completed his forty-first year. In his early youth he frequently expressed the hope that he might be a missionary, but at that time the desire was prompted, not by love of

The Essence of all Missionary Labor,

but by the idea that the missionary had opportunities of visiting strange lands, and of seeing birds and beasts in their native freedom, which are seen in other lands only in captivity. When his wish was fulfilled, and he really did go out as a missionary the Holy Spirit had given him new thoughts and motives, and had made the proclamation of the gospel the one business of his life.

Until Gordon was thirteen years old he studied at home with his only sister, and made considerable progress in general and classical knowledge. He then went to a private school, kept by the Rev. Henry Moule, whose sons are the well-known pioneer missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in China. In 1857, when he was eighteen, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. During the last year of his academical course, he was prostrated by fever, and deprived by death of his much-loved sister, Barbara. The reference he makes to this event is very pathetic. He says: "When I look back at that first and great sorrow I seem to be able, by God's infinite mercy, to date from it a starting-point towards the apprehension of pardon and acceptance through Christ." A year later his mother died.

Gordon had the pleasure early in 1862 of being introduced to the Rev. Dr. Marsh and his gifted daughter, at Beddington. In the following winter

He was Ordained

by the Bishop of Winchester. This is his own account of it: "To this step I was led by the guiding hand of God in a remarkable way. It seemed that door after door was closed which I would have opened. My desire, first to be a sailor, then a soldier (up to the age of twenty), then a civilian in India, anything, in short, but a clergyman, was overruled by a wise and watchful providence. My acquaintance with Dr. Marsh and his daughter was a great blessing to me. The heavenly calmness of the one, and the bright, ardent faith and the comprehensive love of the other, are pictures which will long live in my recollection. It was no ordinary privilege to see the close of such a life as this dear old patriarch had pursued. Throughout the year and a half which I served as his *curate*, my interviews with him, which were often at his bed or sofa side, were a refreshment and blessing.

Very shortly after the death of his friend Dr. Marsh, in 1864, Mr. Gordon took a journey, in company with the present Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Thorold, and the late esteemed Mr. Robert Hanbury, M. P., to the lands of the Bible, which, to a great extent, colored the whole of his after life.

The Missionary Spirit,

it is certain, was developed within him at this time, to a greater extent than ever before, by following in the footsteps of the Divine Missionary to the human race. In 1865 he became curate in the parish of St. Thomas's, London, and here he was associated with an enthusiastic advocate of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. H. T. Lumsden, and found a many-sided and magnificent field of labor, and a training-ground of the right sort to fit the valiant young soldier of the Cross of Christ, for the still more dangerous and difficult fields of foreign lands, for which God had designed him.

One of Mr. Gordon's first acts in going to Lon-

don was to invite a score of workmen from his old district of Beddington to spend an afternoon and evening with him at the South Kensington Museum, free of all expense to themselves. He had the great natural gift of making men of all ranks feel at home with him, and humble workmen loved him as a brother. Perhaps the most beautiful trait in his London life was his thoughtful consideration and tender regard for the aged poor.

His Parting Gift

to the aged men and women in the poorhouse was a comfortable arm-chair. "He dragged me," says his fellow-curate and biographer, the Rev. A. Lewis, "to all the furniture and brokers' shops in Marylebone, and would give five or six dollars for a chair. No chair was purchased until both of us had 'proved it' by squatting down, and being unanimous in our opinion that it was perfectly easy, slightly, and not rickety." Many a poor child of God in that almshouse found the comfort of their last days increased by Gordon's thoughtful gift. (See *Illustration No. 1.*)

In the year 1866 Mr. Gordon offered himself to the Church Missionary Society as an *honorary* worker, and was accepted. He sailed in the autumn of the same year, and reached Ceylon in December, proceeding thence to Madras, where he devoted himself to the study of the Tamil language. In June, 1867, he was laid low with fever, and the only chance of restored health appeared to lie in a thorough change. Accordingly a sea voyage to Australia was resolved on.

On his return from Australia in January, 1868, Gordon again took up work in the South Indian itinerancy, giving himself with renewed ardor to the study of Tamil, in which he made satisfactory progress, and was soon able to preach the gospel of salvation to the heathen in a very simple manner.

On August 17, 1868, Mr. Gordon was at Masulipatam, when

A Total Eclipse of the Sun

took place. He and his colleague, Mr. Fenn, wishing to visit Kondapilli, they made an excursion thither the previous afternoon on horseback. It was dark before they arrived there, and the road was covered by the overflow of the Kistna, which was in flood after some recent very heavy rains. However, by means of a lantern, carried by a native (see *illustration No. 2*), they were guided safely to their quarters in the veranda of a deserted barrack, where they spread their mattresses and were soon asleep. Next morning they climbed the heights and awaited the eclipse. Mr. Gordon says in a letter: "About 9 A. M. it began to be manifest that the moon was edging upon the sun. As the shadows deepened on mountain and river, the landscape began to take a strange and unnatural color, as though nature refused to be deceived into the belief that night was approaching. The stars came out (a few of them), the wind fell, and the birds, which had been in anxious consultation about the departing light, hushed their notes, and probably went to roost. When the darkness had lasted about five minutes, there was an almost instantaneous effulgence, which resembled nothing so much as the bursting of a rocket, although far surpassing a rocket in brilliancy. Instantaneous also was the response from mountain, wood, and valley. In another half-hour the sun had resumed his sovereignty as a giant coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Hundreds of people took occasion to bathe and recite their incantations, but either the suddenness or the darkness frightened them so much that they rushed from the river into the streets in the most headlong terror."

A Tour of the Travancore Missions

was made by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Fenn in the latter portion of the year 1869. During the winter Gordon's health seriously gave way, inasmuch that he was assured that work in South India was no longer a possibility for him. At this crisis the Bishop of Sydney asked him to become the first Bishop of the new diocese of Rockhampton, in the north of Queensland, but, after prayer for God's guidance in the matter, he determined not to accept it, feeling convinced that God had called him "to be a missionary to the heathen still." The autumn of the year saw him on the voyage home *via* Hong Kong and San Francisco, he having chosen this long route for the benefit of his health, as well as for the pleasure of travel.

While the missionary was in Travancore he visited the mission station at Trichur, in which ancient place he was much interested, as a stronghold of Papists on the one hand, and of Brahmins on the

other. He thus describes in one of his letters home

The Mode of Travelling.

most of his journeys through Travancore being taken in boats. He says: "There are large inland lagoons, called 'back-waters,' running parallel with the sea, and here and there uniting with it along the coast. They are very convenient for traffic, as the primeval forests are dense, and there are no roads. Boats of various kinds ply along these lagoons, from the full-sailed barge down to the little canoe just big enough for one or two men. As our journey was long, and it was an object to get through it quickly, we engaged a cabin-boat with eight or ten rowers, reminding one very much of the Nile 'dahabieh' on a small scale.

"It is a characteristic of sailors of every clime to be tuneful, and those of Travancore form no exception to the rule. They are a good-natured set, and much astonished me by their power of rowing. They seem to think very little of going on for twelve hours at a stretch, with a single very short interval for food. At one point of our route we passed a large Roman Catholic church and convent, and it was curious to see our sailors (who were Roman Catholics) stop their rowing, steer up to the landing-place, and pay their *toll* to a fat native priest, who was waiting to receive it. (See *illustration No. 3.*)

By the end of 1870 Mr. Gordon was in England once more, only, however, to remain a short time, the Committee of the Church Missionary Society having accepted an offer which he had made, to join the Rev. T. V. French in his training work at Lahore, in the Punjab. Accordingly the autumn of 1871 again saw him setting his face eastward *en route* for India *via* Persia. He also visited Bagdad and Babylon on his way; and having arrived at Bussorah, he embarked on board the *Kashmir* for Bombay, which was reached on November 17, 1872, and the traveller pursued his way to the Punjab,

His New Field of Labor.

The city of Lahore has become famous in the annals of Christian enterprise in connection with St. John's Divinity School, erected in 1869 in a garden of a Sikh chief, by the Rev. T. V. French. Here young native Christians are trained for evangelistic service, and here Gordon now set himself earnestly to work giving practical expression to the lessons he and Mr. French imparted to the students by going forth into the highways and hedges of the Punjab, accompanied by a native band, himself enduring, and teaching to endure, hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Preaching to the heathen in the bazaars was carried on regularly; and in spite of much and sometimes violent opposition on the part of Hindus, Brahmins, and Mussulmans much good was done. In 1874 Mr. Gordon renounced the comparative comfort of this home and adopted an itinerant life, becoming that by which he is best known, both to Europeans and natives.

An Anglo-Indian Fakir.

He often wandered on foot, without a single companion, and, like his Divine Master, he frequently did not know where at night he would lay his head. The new work which Gordon had undertaken was named by him the Jhilam Itinerancy. The Jhilam is one of the five great rivers of the Punjab, and it is from this, and not from the town of the same name upon its banks, that the new mission was called. The river wanders through the country at the foot of the Salt Range of mountains, until it joins, and is lost in, the Indus, which swallows up all the five rivers of the country. There are five important towns upon its banks. Jhilam, Pind Dádan Khán, Bhera, Sháhpur and Jhang. Gordon's plan was to place native Christian evangelists in each one of these, making Pind Dádan Khán, the central mission station from which all the work would be supervised. Since his death no attempt has been made to carry out the excellent scheme.

The Afghan Campaign of 1880

still lives vividly in the memory of those who followed the course of events. In that year Ayub Khan marched in the direction of Kandahar with a large force. He was met by the British with inferior numbers about forty miles from the city, and the battle of Maiwand was fought, and the British defeated. Those who escaped slaughter fled to Kandahar, and, with the garrison, were shut up and besieged until General Roberts retrieved the prestige of the British name by one of the most dashing marches that history records, at length gaining a brilliant victory with his travel-worn men, capturing all the guns of the Afghan troops, and setting free the besieged.

in the morning of August 16, before Roberts and the beleaguered troops in Kandahar deterred to make a sortie to the neighboring village Jehi Khwaja. The Afghans had planted some there, which caused great annoyance to the British, and it was felt that they must be silenced. Gordon was acting as chaplain of the British troops and did not go out with the party, but was

In the Hospital Within the Walls,
 living the wounded as they were brought in off the field. Whilst there he heard that there were wounded men lying in a ziyarat or shrine, some two hundred or three hundred yards outside the gate. He got a dooly and bearers, and went to this spot for the purpose of bringing them in. On arrival at this ziyarat he found that there were wounded there, but that they were lying at a distance of thirty yards further on. Another man was with him, and he told Gordon that it was quite impossible to go on as the fire was too hot. He was not, however, to be dissuaded from his humane purpose. He was about to set out when he was struck by a bullet, which passed through his side and entered his side.

Fatally Injuring Him.
Illustration No. 4.) The dooly which he took for others brought him in. The Rev. A. G. Talmage, who was also in Kandahar, writes: "I soon saw his case was hopeless. At first he said, 'I am so badly wounded as some, and they have not consolation in Christ and His promises that I need.' A little later he knew that he could not recover; but he was perfectly resigned and contented. Several times asked him if he had any messages, he said nothing, beyond a few instructions to his servants. He lived such a God-fearing life that was quite prepared to meet death. He passed quietly the same afternoon about 3:30, and we buried him in the evening with the other officers."

Illustration No. 5.) On that sad day we lost many brave men; but there was not one so universally regretted as Gordon. When the siege began he was a wounded colonel, "How fortunate I am to be here, where I can be of some use." And all that he was giving up his life in the performance of his voluntary duty. He and I had become firm friends, and his loss I now feel keenly—and I am not only I, but the wounded too, miss him."

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

On Sacred Ground.

Dr. Talmage and his party issued from their hotel in Jerusalem, on the morning after their arrival, to look upon the scenes identified with the life of the Saviour, and to go over the very ground which His red feet had trodden. The first place visited was the hill pointed out as the scene of His cruel death.

"We stayed there until afternoon," says the historian of the party, "deeply moved by the awful associations of the spot. Before leaving, Dr. Talmage said the hours he had spent on the hill Calvary were to him the most solemn and overwhelming of all his life. There was the centre from which the continents had been touched, and from which the world would yet be moved. To him it was the most sacred place on earth."

"The reader is aware that within the medley of buildings known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are shown what are claimed to be the scenes of the death of Jesus, His burial, and resurrection. Here we visited is called sometimes the new Golgotha. It is situated without the city walls. After a careful examination and mature consideration, many eminent men, among them the late General Gordon, believe it to be the real

Site of the Crucifixion.

Dr. Talmage evidently concurred in the opinion. It stands immediately opposite the Damascus Gate. No other place in or near Jerusalem fully answers to the description in the Bible as the place of Jesus' execution. Its shape unquestionably resembles that of a skull. As Dr. Talmage said: "A man need but feel the shape of his ownanium to be fully satisfied that this hill is the place of the skull." A rough outline sketch of the hill shows that it resembles the outline of a skull as one goes another. Standing on the hill, one is excited to the view of all passers-by. "Look yonder," said Dr. Talmage, pointing to some huge cracks that seemed as if they had been torn asunder by an earthquake; "there are the seams in the very rocks that may have been rent at the Crucifixion, and there is the very road along which the people

passed 'wagging their heads.'" Nearly all the archaeologists in Jerusalem now agree in the opinion that this is the exact place of the Crucifixion.

The Sepulchre.

"After leaving Golgotha we went to the cave which is supposed to have been the tomb which Joseph of Arimathea gave for the burial of the Saviour. It is situated in a garden near by, and almost at the foot of Golgotha. This tomb was uncovered in the course of some excavations about three years ago. It was recognized immediately, by people capable of forming an opinion on the subject, as fulfilling the conditions of the narrative given in the gospels of the temporary resting-place of the Saviour's body. The tomb is the only one in or near Jerusalem to enter which it is necessary to stoop, and in this respect also it corresponds with the description of the evangelists. Dr. Talmage read the narrative from his Bible, and piecing together the details there given respecting the tomb, came to the conclusion that the archaeologists were right in identifying this as the spot in which the body of Jesus was laid. Dr. Talmage inquired whether it was possible to buy ground so hallowed, and consecrate it to the Christian Church at large, but was informed that as part of the land had been used by the Mussulmans as a burial-ground it would never be sold."

"During our stay in Jerusalem we noticed that though it is a city of forty thousand inhabitants, it has not a well within its walls, and the water used is either rain-water kept from the last rainy season, some six months ago, or water carried in skins of animals by men or women, donkeys or camels, from wells more or less distant. Another peculiarity is that with thousands of houses Jerusalem has not one chimney, and the traveller who, chilled by exposure or the humidity of its vault-like dwellings, needs artificial heat, must be content with the poor comfort afforded by a brazier of live coals, the substitute for stoves in the city. Our next point of interest in this most interesting journey was

Bethlehem,

which may be reached in two hours from Jerusalem, when the journey is made without deviation. Our guide, however, thought it better to show us *Solomon's Pools* than to pursue a direct course to the place of our Lord's nativity. Accordingly we visited these wonderful specimens of skilful engineering, which are even at this day the admiration of the world. Probably no other specimen of all the other architectural creations referred in the Old Testament is so well preserved as these gigantic pools, which the wisest of the Hebrew monarchs built for the purpose of insuring a bountiful supply of water for his gardens. They are now nearly three thousand years old, and in their grandeur still attest in silent eloquence the great resources and consummate skill of the man who built them."

"On our way to Solomon's Pools we saw what is known as the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas Iscariot hanged himself; also the *Potter's Field*, which was bought as a burial-ground for strangers, with the thirty pieces of silver that the chief priests refused to take back from the repentant betrayer of his Lord, when he brought them back with the confession, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood.' (Matt. 27:3-8.)

"After returning from the Pools we proceeded directly to Bethlehem, the city of David. Unlike the other cities of Palestine, we found that it is inhabited mostly by Christians, with few Mohammedans and no Jews. Its streets are

Narrow Lanes,

barely admitting a wagon of average width. We had hardly passed the gates leading into the city when our horses stopped suddenly. The street was blocked by a camel, which, being frightened at the noise made by our wagons, refused to stir an inch. After a good deal of effort his head was turned in the opposite direction from where it had been, and he was then led around the block to make room for us to pass on. While the commotion about the beast was in progress, Dr. Talmage and the writer left the vehicle to walk, by way of change, but the slush and filth of the streets were so great as to compel us to return to our canvas-covered barouche. Thanks in great part to the demonstrativeness of our driver, who was a Turk evidently in the habit of making his way in the world, we managed to pass through the throngs of people crowding the streets, and reached the Church of the Nativity."

"We were received very politely by a monk, who undertook to act as our guide. He spoke English fairly well, and did his best to explain every nook

and corner of the structure. Before taking us downstairs to see the receptacle which they show as

The Manger

in which the infant Saviour was laid, he handed each of us a lighted candle. He then led the way down to a series of natural grottoes, which present the appearance of a khan, or inn, such as are still seen in Palestine. At the head of one of these rooms, formed in the solid rock, is a brilliantly lighted representation of the Saviour's birth. This the monk declared, on the authority of his Church, was the exact spot occupied by the manger in which reposed the Holy Child. After he had reverently surveyed the place, Dr. Talmage remarked: "The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock—a hard, cold gate—and the gate through which He departed was a swing gate of sharpened spears."

Absalom's Tomb.

"On our way back to Jerusalem we passed a Jewish cemetery which lies under the shadow of the Temple hill. The Hebrew believes that there will be the scene of the great Judgment. Four tombs hewn out of the solid rock attract observation by their superior size and imposing appearance. Of these the Tomb of Absalom is the largest. It stands apparently nearly fifty feet high, and is certainly not less than twenty feet square. Accounting for the large amount of rubbish about the base of this monument is the fact, as I was informed, that the faithful Israelite does not pass it without throwing at it a stone to indicate his contempt for David's disobedient and wayward son. The stones thus thrown have made a ragged-edged opening in the tomb of about fifteen inches in diameter, and about eight feet from the ground. I was further told that it is necessary to clear the monument once a year of the accumulation of stones, which, often accompanied with curses, are hurled at the supposed tomb of King David's recreant son."

HEAVEN-SENT PARTRIDGES.

In the current number of the *Church* the Rev. H. Lyman relates his own experience of the providential supply of his table while serving God in home mission work. He says: "While pondering the question of entering home missionary service, my sister encouraged me by citing this promise: 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' In the days following, after I had found my field of labor, I often had occasion to test that promise in its specific application. I was fed. Provision for supply of my table came again and again in the very crisis of my necessity. Though many times the things needed for the proper supply of the table were exhausted, I was never left hungry, never intermitted a meal. Here are the cases:

"We had used all supplies, and saw before us no way out of the straits except to force the sale of furniture to procure needed supplies. So very privately I loaded a bureau and other things upon a dray and sent it to the auction-room. Very soon back came the furniture, and with it a plentiful supply of food. How my secret transpired, and through whose agency came the supplies, I never knew."

"Upon two separate occasions, when my family was in need, we were furnished with food as mysteriously as Elijah's experience when his purveyors were the ravens. The shades of night were thickening around us, and we had no material for the breakfast on the next morning. At this juncture our superstitious maid, trembling and affrighted, hastened in and reported that the devil was in the wash-tub. I went to the door and found a fat partridge entangled in the suds, and fastened upon it as our breakfast supply."

"Another partridge was sent us when a similar occasion made the demand. I was building the fire to cook the potatoes when I heard a loud bang high up against the house. Our breakfast was dashed against the upper story. The thick fog had blinded a migrating partridge, and so a benefit came from the wilderness. Verily we were fed."

"Just as our want became imperative we were supplied with fuel. We were burning our last stick of wood. I was, by sickness, disabled from domestic duty. The want was immediate and perplexing. In the emergency, looking out of my window, I spied a man from an adjoining town, against whom, outside of parish dues, I had a right to ask the requisite disbursement, which he was ready to render. All circumstances taken into account made the case, to my view, a special providence."

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"The name which is above every name." Phil. 2:9.

The Influence of a Name—Thoughtless Parents Perpetuating an Objectionable Name—Persons Hampered by their Names—The Name of Jesus Above All—I. An Easy Name—The Aged and the Infantile Use It—II. A Beautiful Name—Its Associations—What it Stands For—Lovingly Spoken in the Last Hours—III. A Mighty Name—Its Spell Over the Millions—Its Power Over Reprobates—Will Make the Earth Tremble and Sing—IV. An Enduring Name—All the Arts Subject—How Jesus will be Greeted—A Warrior's Dying Acknowledgment of Jesus' Supremacy.

By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tiglath-Pileser. Because you yourself may have an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after you. But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because some one a long while ago happened to be afflicted with it! Institutions and enterprises have sometimes without sufficient deliberation taken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by

The Significance of a Name.

There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, through right behavior and Christian demeanor, outlive the fact that we were baptized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we all could have started life without any such incumbrance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of admiration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation. And oh that the Saviour Himself, while I speak, might fill me with His own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselves felt.

First, this name of Jesus is

An Easy Name.

Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen, and to have the name given to us two or three times, before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child claps its hands, and looks up, and says "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here to-day, there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name"? Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,

'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud

That heaven and earth might hear.

Still further, I remark it is a beautiful name. You have noticed that it is impossible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names that are to me repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and snappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so

Unspeakably Beautiful.

No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see the loving face, and hear the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch. You see Jesus, the one who, though banquetting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Gennesaret; Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on to the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that name is pronounced in

your presence you think of how the Shining One gave back the centurion's daughter, and how He helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how He made the cripple's crutches useless, and how He looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and, as the little one struggled to go to Him, flung out His arms around it and impressed a kiss on its brow, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Beautiful name—Jesus! It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then, again, they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which His people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it, and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna.

Dear to Old and Young.

Let it drip from harp's string and thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven, acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all,
In heaven and earth and sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk, and tremblingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch, and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you." They say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into heaven. The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap, and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick!" And you put her to bed, and the fever is worse, until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-by, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the fever only turns out to be the carnation bloom of heaven! Oh, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

A Mighty Name!

Still further; it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, and rouse, and agitate, and bless, as this name of Jesus. That one word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds 400,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past.

I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard task-master, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jocosely of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronunciation of that name blanch, and cower, and quake, and pray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and rejoice. Oh, it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstition crumble, the juggernaut of cruelty crush to pieces. That name

Will Make All The Earth Tremble,

and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle-shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision, and the

black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moon under His feet, and the stars of heaven for His tunic. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. France had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the sceptres of the world are being shortened; but every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-school class taught, every school founded, every church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove, and in eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That crown is to cover up all other crowns. That empire is to absorb all other dominations.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

An Enduring Name.

Still further: it is an enduring name. You climb over the fence of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscription on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled all that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Louis XVI. of France, Catharine of Russia—mighty names once, that made the world tremble; but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be *perpetuated in art*, for there will be other Bellinis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Ghirlandajos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giotto to appal our sight with the crucifixion. The name will be *preserved in song*, for there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumph, other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and *magnificent architecture*, for Protestantism, as well as Catholicism, is yet to have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. That name will be

Preserved in the Literature

of the world, for already it has been embalmed in the best books, and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the *Evidences of Christianity*, and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment. But above all, and more than all that name will be embalmed *in the memory* of all the good of earth, and all the great ones of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No!

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ you would have to burn up all the Bibles, and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration, and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin—even then, they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord of high would be happy yet, and cry out, "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus left!" "Blessed be His glorious name for ever and ever. The name that is above every name."

Symbolic Names.

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in heaven? You know He has many names. Will you call Him Jesus, or the Anointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you learned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God of high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, in finite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say, "My Lord, thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star for ever and ever, and the lustre of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look

p into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, thou art the morning star—a star forever."

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in crash of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystalline urn, and you stand up the round-banked river to where it first angles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalices of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, thou art the fountain of living water."

Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into His loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills."

A Name of Glory.

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up everything that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions full. The heaven full. The sun shall set afire with splendor as the domes of the temples, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the blid pearl of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the noonday light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: "Thou art the one in that never sets!"

At this point I am staggered with the thought that, notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so ensuring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syllables. O come this day and see whether there is anything in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will rise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus—pronouncing it, I pronouncing it—the name that is above every name.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

O that God to-day, by the power of His holy Spirit, might roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ, an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him in the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was rushing out of his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out, "O Jesus, thou hast conquered!" And to-day, the arrow of God's Spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now: in the presence of angels and men I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my heaven! "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name." Hallelujah! unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen and men and amen."

A SAMOAN COUNCIL.

(See illustration on page 76.)

THE group of islands to which the name of Samoa is now given, but which were formerly known as the Navigators Islands, is distant about 4,200 miles from San Francisco, about 1,650 from Auckland, 1,100 from New Zealand, and 2,800 from Sydney, in New South Wales. The most important of the islands are: Savaii, which is 150 miles in circumference; Upolu, 130 miles; and Tutuila, about eighty miles. A group of three small islands, very close together, is situated some sixty miles to the east of Tutuila, and known by the name of Manua. The distance from Tutuila from Upolu is forty miles, and of Upolu

from Savaii about ten miles. In the whole group there is an area of 1,650 square miles, and the population is about 37,000.

In its days of heathenism Samoa was not so degraded as some other Pacific islands. Compared with Fiji, Tonga, and other groups, this may almost be said to have been civilized. Cannibalism, infanticide, and human sacrifices were so rare as almost to justify the assertion that they were unknown. The position of women also was so nearly equal to that of men as to make the islands an exception, in this respect, to most heathen countries. Yet, after making these allowances, it would be difficult to exaggerate their fearfully degraded condition. The one great occupation of the people was fighting. Intertribal strife was in their heathen days incessant. At the very time that John Williams approached the islands in 1830, in the ship he himself had built, the people were at war. Looking from the east coast of Savaii across some dozen miles of sea to the west coast of Upolu, he saw the smoke of a great fire ascending to heaven. "When we inquired the cause of it," he says, "we were informed that a battle had been fought that very morning, and that the flames which we saw were consuming the houses, the plantations, and the bodies of the women, children, and infirm people who had fallen into the hands of their conquerors. Thus, while we were landing the messengers of the Gospel of Peace on the one shore, the flames of a devastating war were blazing on the opposite."

Fifty years afterward, when the people were celebrating the jubilee of the introduction of the gospel into Samoa, an old deacon in Tutuila, who is still living, informed the Rev. C. Phillips that he was present on that occasion. To the missionary's question as to how they were celebrating their victory, he replied that they bound the captives hand and foot and threw them upon the blazing fire.

That the intertribal quarrels still exist, though they are less fierce and sanguinary under the influence of Christianity, reports of the recent troubles show. Thanks to the interference of our own Government, a better form of government is now established. The recent Berlin Conference assured for the people freedom from the domineering intrigues of Germany, which provoked quarrels and encouraged rioting and bloodshed. The illustration is a picture of an interval in the deliberations of a national council when the assembly of chiefs separated into groups and sat down under the trees to partake of the food which the women had prepared and were bringing in.

A DISCHARGED CLERK'S REFUGE.

IN the prayer-meeting for business men, held every day in the old John Street Church, testimonies are frequently given of the faithfulness of God in His dealings with men who put their trust in Him for temporal as well as spiritual affairs. One of these was given a few days ago by a middle-aged man of bright, intelligent appearance. He said: "About the middle of December I received an intimation from the manager of the company in whose office I was employed that a reduction in the staff would surely be ordered, to take effect at the beginning of the year, and that it was probable I should be one of those whose services would be dispensed with. He advised me to be prepared for such an event, as at that time of year it might be difficult to obtain immediate employment elsewhere. I thanked him for his friendly warning, but although the prospect of being out of a position would mean serious consequences to me and my family, I did not allow it to distress me. For many years past I have been accustomed to leave everything in the hands of God, and to commit all my ways to His keeping. He had never failed me, and I was sure He would not do so in this crisis. When I went home that night I told my family of my approaching discharge, and we all knelt down, and laid the matter before our heavenly Father, thanking Him for His loving care in the past, and declaring our unwavering confidence in His provision for the future. The next day I went to business as cheerfully as usual, and I can honestly say that I had no anxiety about getting employment. I felt convinced that God would see to it. Without my making any effort, or a single application, there came to me inside of ten days three offers of positions, each of which was better in all respects than the one I then occupied. I sought God's guidance, and was led to accept one of them, and when I was discharged on January 1 I went right into it, and have found it congenial, and well within my capacity. I am doing

well in it, with satisfaction to my employers and myself, and am confirmed in my belief that God will honor the trust that any of His children place in Him. I recommend every one to do as I did in that crisis; it gives peace of mind, and results in practical benefit."

A GOVERNOR'S MAGNANIMITY.

THE forgiveness of injuries, which our Saviour so forcibly enjoined in His parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18:21-35), is a duty which unregenerated human nature finds it peculiarly hard to perform, but to the Christian, who can readily perceive and appreciate the reason Jesus gave for performing it, it should never be difficult. Besides this we have apostolic assurance (Rom. 12:20) that forgiveness is often the most effective, as it is the most Christian, form of retaliation. A case in point is related by a correspondent of the New York Sun, whose informant was the Attorney-General of Missouri. It appears that a convict who was in the State's Prison petitioned the governor for a pardon. The governor had the man brought into his presence, and when he entered the room, looked at him with a close scrutiny. He seemed to have settled in his mind some doubt he had as to the prisoner's identity, and then he signed the document which restored him to liberty. Before handing it to the grateful convict he said:

"You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never happen. The governor looked doubtful, and after a few moments said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man said yes, that was his intention.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the governor. "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, but seemed surprised and inquired why the governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," answered Governor Stewart, "some day that boy may become governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had men enough to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face, and went out.

RELIGION REJECTED BY VOTE.

THE difficulty of reaching the Indians and leading them to the Saviour are much greater than most Christians suppose. In a letter just received from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua, who has given his life to this work, some of these are mentioned. During his recent visit to the Kiowas he was told of the sad issue of a council which had been held by the tribe some time before he went to them. It appears that a missionary had visited them and had solemnly warned them that unless they accepted Christ they would be eternally lost. The Indians listened attentively, and, after the missionary's departure, they held a council of their leaders for the express purpose of discussing the new religion, and its merits over their own kind of religion. After a considerable debate on the subject, one of the Indians arose and said that if what the white man said was true, then their forefathers—who never heard of this new religion, this white man's religion—if it is true, have gone to the bad place, to hell, and now if we accept this new religion and go to the white man's heaven he tells about we will never see our forefathers again, and, said the speaker, "I can't give up seeing them again." After these remarks it was put to a vote how many wanted to adopt the white man's religion, and all voted against it.

City Missionaries, Christian Workers, and others may obtain miscellaneous back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for mission, hospital, and prison work and for general distribution, at \$1 per 100. Address The Manager, 45 Bible House, New York.

DANIEL'S 2,300 DAYS.*

THE date of this vision (Daniel 8 : 14) is thus fixed by Mr. Mason: "Beginning this number from the time of the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem at Ezra's commission in the year Before Christ, 457, we are clearly brought to the year eighteen hundred and forty-three." In this Mr. Mason follows Mr. Davies, of South Carolina. "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days." (Chap. 12 : 11.) The language of this passage is also the language of the prophecy in the eighth chapter, respecting "the daily sacrifice, and the transgression of desolation." And what is the number of the years from the commencement of the sixty-two weeks, when the former desolation fully ended, until the expiry of the twelve hundred and ninety years, as mentioned in the twelfth chapter, when subsequent desolations shall end? It is just two thousand three hundred years.

If this calculation should be found as correct as the writer believes it to be, one most important proposition is already established by it, namely, the accuracy of the commonly received opinion that the year six hundred and six, when Phocas confirmed the Romish bishop as the head of all the churches—the time when the transgressions came to the full, and when Mahomet, the king of fierce countenance, began his career of imposture in Mecca—is the true commencement of

The Twelve Hundred and Sixty Years.

For, counting forward from the end of the seven weeks, or forty-nine years, when the city should be built again, or four hundred and four years from that time till the birth of Christ, there are, till the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, exactly two thousand three hundred years. Again, counting backwards from the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, when the two thousand three hundred, and the twelve hundred and ninety years end, there are thirty years till the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six; and from this epoch till the year six hundred and six, there are twelve hundred and sixty years, which put together make twelve hundred and ninety years. This, by the express authority of Scripture, makes the year six hundred and six the beginning, and consequently the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six the end of the forty-two months, or the three years and a half, or the twelve hundred and sixty days of Daniel and John.

Now, though the period of twelve hundred and sixty years measures the duration of the reign both of the beast and his little horn, and also of the little horn of Mecca, it does not measure the duration of

The Judgments of God.

Only the commencement of these—"the beginning of the end"—will be seen at the termination of the time, times, and a half. And, moreover, the awful oath of the angel, which is, as it were, repeated in the Apocalypse (chap. 10 : 5-7), imports that there shall be no delay, no prolongation of this time, which has seemed so long to the suffering witnesses of Christ. (Rev. 6 : 10.) Among the things noted in the Scripture, the sounding of the seventh trumpet at the end of the forty-two months is not the least remarkable.

In the eleventh verse of Daniel's last chapter, thirty years are added to the time, times, and a half, in language confirmatory of the view adopted of this number, as being in this chapter designed to point out the duration of the Moslem imposture. "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there should be a thousand two hundred and ninety days." The epoch of the predicted rise of

The Oriental Little Horn,

the king of fierce countenance (his successors not excluded), is evidently assigned in the passage; for of him alone is the language descriptive. An host or army (not an army of monks, but of soldiers) was given him (chap. 8). And hence, as when the Romans besieged Jerusalem, and the abomination of desolation—their military standard was seen "standing where it ought not;" so now this other enemy would set up "the abomination that maketh desolate"—the banner of the Moslem, who delighted to shed blood and to collect the spoils of war, and who was particularly zealous "to destroy the mighty and the holy people." It is evident,

* From Mr. McLeod's valuable article in the January number of the *Prophetic News*. For sale, price six cents, at this office, 45 Bible House, New York.

then, the angel here speaks of the eastern Antichrist, who is distinguished by his military character and achievements from his western contemporary, "sitting in the temple of God, and there changing times and laws."

It is likewise of consequence to remember that, as the deeds of the eastern adversary are here connected with this period of twelve hundred and ninety years, so they are first mentioned in the vision of the two thousand three hundred days. Does not this establish a peculiar connection between the time of this vision of the two thousand and three hundred years, of which the twelve hundred and ninety days are the termination; and the existence of Islam, the evil spoken of as the latter end of this protracted indignation, the removal of which is pointed out as the termination of the vision, when

The Sanctuary Shall be Cleansed?

To these thirty years, when the sanctuary shall be cleansed, a period of forty-five years is to succeed, as preliminary to the abiding settlement and happiness of "the mighty and the holy people" in the pleasant land.

The relative position of events and times in this chapter of Daniel seems well to accord with the relative position of the events and periods of the Revelation. In this book the seventh angel sounds the trumpet at the end of twelve hundred and sixty years. And then the seven vials are poured out,

The War of Armageddon Arises,

and great Babylon is overthrown. What time these events shall require is not shown in the Apocalypse; but as Daniel, from the end of the twelve hundred and sixty years, reckons thirty years and forty-five years to the era of felicity, it is not unnatural to suppose that, during these seventy-five years, the prophecies of the seven vials, the war of Armageddon, and the fall of Babylon are fulfilled.

Now the narrative of these things in the Revelation is placed between the sounding of the seventh trumpet at the end of the forty-two months, and the introduction of the millennium. In like manner, as we have seen, Daniel has placed the thirty years and the forty-five years between the end of the twelve hundred and sixty years, and the era of

The Church's Blessedness.

It seems, therefore, a fair inference that the thousand years do not begin when the forty-two prophetic months terminate. On the contrary, we are constrained to count the great epoch of the millennial rest from the marriage supper of the Lamb and the descent of the New Jerusalem, which, being placed after the judgments of God on His enemies, may be supposed to happen, though not fixed by dates as in Daniel, at the era of blessedness which is mentioned by him as to be enjoyed after all the other wonders and mysteries of providence have been fulfilled.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Little Chinese Evangelist.*

"We had a boy in the school converted when he was thirteen years of age," said Mrs. Stott, who has spent many years in mission work in China. "He was a bright, intelligent lad, and after his conversion he was the means, in the hand of God, of beginning work in another part of the country, just proving that God takes up the weak things of the world, the things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are. At the age of fourteen he went to a city forty miles away, to attend on a native preacher. One day he strolled into a Buddhist temple, and there found an old man worshipping idols. He waited until the old man had finished his devotions, then, seating himself by the side of the devotee, he said: 'Venerable grandfather, do the idols see and hear you when you worship?' 'Yes.' 'But, you see, they are made of clay: how can they answer your prayers?' Said the man, 'I do not worship the clay; but inside the idol there is a spirit that can see and hear.'

"The boy, who had often heard Mr. Stott answer such arguments as these, said: 'You say there is a spirit in the god; but look at this one—it has a dirty face; it has not been washed for ever so long. There is another whose nose is broken off; and it has not had the sense to have it mended. The other one has had part of its moustache taken away; yet it has not been able to protect itself. What is the use of a spirit inhabiting a body that cannot protect it better than this? We have a

spirit within our bodies: but rats do not run away with our moustache. I can speak to you, and you can hear because of the spirit within. Let the spirit leave our bodies, and we are dead, like the idols, and we cannot protect ourselves.' The old man was struck with the wisdom of the boy, and asked where he had learned such wonderful things. He replied, 'In the school at Wun-chau. But I can tell very little. If you go to the preacher, I can tell you more.' The old man went, and told his wife with him. They learned of the Saviour and at last believed. That was the beginning of good work in the city, where there are now about a hundred professed Christians."

A Girl's Momentous Question.

It is no vain thing to teach the children the truths of God. They are the wisest missionaries, having the modesty of faith, and very often great deal of tact, knowing just where to come at the right time. One of the girls in our school was a Christian, and had gone through remarkable experiences in her conversion. There came a woman to us on one occasion who wanted to be baptized. We had spoken to her, and were not convinced that she was born of the Spirit of God. We are not at all anxious to perpetuate in China a kind of Christianity we often see here—a form of godliness without power. As we were not sure the woman was converted, we would not baptize her, but asked her to wait. Her husband was a Christian, and wished her to be a Christian. She strolled into the school, and, sitting down beside the girl referred to, said, "You know I came here before, and wanted to be baptized, and they would not have me then. I do hope they will baptize me now, for I want to be a Christian."

The girl said to her, "But are you born again?" She said: "I do not know. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. All the house is cleared of idolatry. There is not a shred left. I pray morning and evening, and ask a blessing three times on my meals. What more is there to do?" The girl said: "You must be born again. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' " "I do not understand you." "Then," said the girl, "if you do not understand it, I am very much afraid I have not been born again. I have been born again, and it has made such a wonderful difference in my life, and wrought such a wonderful change in my heart! I am quite sure if you were born again you would know it." The woman went away to her room, and, kneeling before her couch, she cried: "God, they tell me if I would go to heaven, I must be born again. Let me be born again to-night! They tell me I must be washed in the blood of Christ and have my sins cleansed. If I have never been washed, oh, wash me to-night!"

Then came the prayer-meeting, and at that time there were about sixteen or seventeen candidates to be examined for baptism, and she took her seat beside them. My dear husband said to her, "Have you been born again?" It is very strange he should have used the same question. Never shall I forget the sight of that face as the tears ran down. "Yes, teacher," she said, "I have, but only to-night." Then she repeated what the girl had told her, and how she had gone to her room; how the light had entered her heart; and how she thanked God that she had been born again. This was the work of a little girl.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL

THE following interesting communication comes from Rev. G. A. Shaw, the missionary of Madagascar, who, as will be seen, is practically giving to the people the message proclaimed by the angels to the shepherds: "Here in the southeast of Madagascar week's journey from our next white neighbor, we have been endeavoring to commence new work for the Master's glory. For many months success seemed very doubtful, and the frequent intertribal wars gave promise of barring our work altogether. All our small beginnings appeared to be doomed, and utter lawlessness prevailed, with fear on every side. With the burning villages close at hand, and war news and rumors constantly coming to us, there seemed little prospect of winning our way to these people. Two or three times we were ourselves in imminent danger from the foe. But here short-sighted we were proved by the event, inasmuch as these wars did more to make us known, far and wide, to the people than anything we could have done in double the time by preaching, itinerating and teaching.

It soon became known that medical and surgical

* From *The World's Sunday-school Convention*. A report of the proceedings of the famous convention held in London in July, 1889. Pp. 417; published by Fleming H. Revell, 143 Madison Street, Chicago, and 12 Bible House, New York.

treatment could be had here, and so after the war I had quite a *host of patients* from both sides, who came to have bones set and bullets extracted, &c. They would all, we trust, carry home with them some, if only a slight, impression of the motives which had constrained us to come and settle among such lawless tribes. From that time the work, though slow, has been steadily progressing. *Another threatened war I was able by timely and prayerful mediation to avert altogether*, and, though all angry feeling was not banished, no bloodshed resulted.

A week or two since we had the first baptism of an adult. She is the wife of one of the chief men in a distant village, which I have frequently visited in my itinerating journeys. She had for some time professed to me her desire for baptism, and showed a considerable knowledge of the things she had been taught. After appointing a term of probation, and finding her still in the same mind, the rite was performed before all the villagers, and for the first time in this hitherto almost unknown quarter of Madagascar.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 9, Luke 2:40-52; Golden Text, Luke 2:52.

Various Kinds of Growth—Responsibility for the Growth of Evil in Children—Christ's Absolute Dependence on His Father—Inferences as to His Boyhood—The Family Gathering at the Feast—Jesus Missing—The Search—Jesus in the Temple—Asking Questions, not Teaching—Where Jesus is to be Found.

"AND the child grew." Every healthy child grows and waxes strong, but with how many it is the flesh rather than the spirit which is developed! Many a child is strong in muscle, strong in self-will, strong in pride, strong in temper, but not "strong in spirit." With Jesus it was otherwise. Even as a child His spirit, the part of our being which can take in God, developed more rapidly than His soul, the seat of the affections and passions, or His body. He "was filled with wisdom," and so fulfilled the prophecy, "There shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots, and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge of the fear of the Lord." (Is. 11:1, 2.)

It is a law of development, in all living things, that growth is in proportion to exercise; food, air, and light being also present. Let us beware

How We Develop

in our children that which, by and by, we shall be powerless to suppress. How often is a child brought forward to sing or to recite before strangers, in a way which attracts attention to the young performer, developing largely the passion for admiration, which may prove a bane for life! How often does an unthinking parent develop emulation, and an inordinate estimate of himself in her child, when she contrasts him with another boy to the disparagement of the latter! "My Johnnie will never do as Charlie Smith does," she will say. And Johnnie immediately adopts the flattering conclusion that he is essentially superior to Charlie, and takes care always to appear so, that such remarks may be repeated, and thus both self-righteousness and untruth of character may be developed in Johnnie. If the mother had said, "Well, Charlie, you would have been just as bad as Johnnie, if God had not kept you; God has been very good to you, let us ask Him to raise up poor Charlie again," the Spirit of Christ might have been developed in Johnnie, and he might have been made a blessing to the other boy.

"And the Grace of God was Upon Him."

If Jesus had not "emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man" (Phil. 2:7, R. V.), it could never have been said of Him, "the grace of God was upon Him." He brought Himself down to our level in everything but sin. Again and again He declared His own weakness and nothingness apart from His Father. "The Son can do nothing of Himself;" "I can of mine own self do nothing;" "The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." (John 5:19, 30; 14:10.) He made Himself as dependent on His Father as we are; "In all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren." (Heb. 2:17.) Some think it must have been easy for Jesus to obey and to resist temptation, although He was "in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb. 4:15), because he was God. But although He was

God, and He and the Father One, yet, in the days of His life on earth He suspended the exercise of His divine power in the combat which men find so hard, receiving the grace of God by the anointing of the Holy Ghost, as we do. This He did in the wondrous considerateness of His love, and there is justice as well as power in His call that we should follow Him.

We have no record of Jesus from the time of His presentation in the temple till He was twelve years of age. Therefore we infer that the wisdom with which He was filled must have found its exercise in the common events of daily life, and that the grace of God found scope in the learning of lessons, in the rendering of obedience, in His intercourse with other boys, and in the learning of Joseph's trade. And therefore we may be sure that it was as a scholar and as a carpenter, as a son in the family, and as a companion at school, that Jesus of Nazareth, filled with wisdom, and with the grace of God upon Him, must have excelled. Wisdom does not mean inattention; the grace of God does not mean disobedience. Some boys may say, "I have no special gift of wisdom, and I cannot help being dull and inattentive." "What saith the Scripture?" "If any of you [a schoolboy as much as any other] lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." (James 1:17, 18.) Some say, "If I only could have more of the grace of God!" But "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men," therefore to you. Look out for it, dear seeker, where it is to be found; look unto Jesus. The source of grace and its storehouse are in Christ, and not in you. In Him you have all you need. Let Him continue to be the Repository, and then there shall be grace in all you do and all you suffer, and the atmosphere of God shall manifest itself in your life. Jesus "increased in wisdom and stature (or age), and in favor with God and man." Thus we may be quite sure that there was nothing in Him which would repulse or hurt another. The grace of God does not make men stand off from one another, and render its possessors unapproachable; it fills men with love and compassion and friendliness of heart.

Joseph and Mary were obedient to the law of God; they went to Jerusalem every year at

The Feast of the Passover,

as was ordained in Scripture, "Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose: in the feast of unleavened bread, and in the feast of meats, and in the feast of tabernacles." (Deut. 16:16.) When Jesus "was twelve years old (the age when Jewish boys attain their majority), they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast." Jesus may have been present at a previous Passover, but it is not recorded; neither are we told of anything remarkable in the Passover itself on this occasion. There would be, of necessity, the slaying of the lamb for Joseph's home, probably in conjunction with some branch of the family, which also went up to Jerusalem. There would be the blood sprinkled on the lintel and the two side posts of the door; and He whose blood was afterward to be shed for the very kindred around Him, as well as for other men, sat within the blood-sprinkled door, and ate of the Passover lamb, the type of His coming sacrifice. (Ex. 12:3-13.) When the seven days of the feast were over, the congregation, gathered not from Judea alone, but also from Galilee and Samaria in part, dispersed, each to their several homes. Joseph and Mary had started with a caravan, or company of travellers, with their baggage, as was usual in those times, when wild beasts were still to be met with (Mark 1:13), and robbers still infested the country. (Luke 10:30.) They were well on their way when they made a discovery:

Jesus was Missing.

How came it that He could be absent one hour without their finding it out? Dear reader, do you ever make a plan about something you are going to do? the arrangements are perfect, the means are provided, and you expect it to work well, but it does not; something is wanting. What is it? Just this: Jesus is missing. Energy is in it, talent, time, money; and you feel that, having spent so much upon it, somehow it *ought* to be blest. And yet, in all the arrangements, Jesus was missing. You thought, somebody advised, this one and that one devoted himself to the work, and yet it did not answer. Jesus was not first in it, and He in all things must "have the pre-eminence." (Col. 1:8.)

"But," you say, "I have done it all for Him." True, but He needs none of your patronage. "Of Him, and through Him" first of all, and then "to Him, are all things." (Rom. 11:36.) If anything is begun by man, it is not first of Him, and Jesus is missing at the start.

Joseph and Mary, when they first missed Jesus, judged Him by themselves, and thinking His tendencies were the same as theirs, to profit by the opportunity of social, family intercourse, "they sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances." It was in vain; God never ignores family claims, but that which had drawn the people together at this season was the Passover lamb, the most striking type of man's redemption. This might be a light matter to others, but it could not be to Jesus, "the Lamb of God." It takes longer to find Jesus than to lose Him; way must be retraced; they must come back to the Father's house to find Him. They had supposed "Him to have been in the company," but suppositions do not help any one in finding Jesus; they must come to facts. Where did they last see Him? Sure y, in the temple; then they saw Him absorbed in the worship of His Father. Did not Mary's heart smite her where she recognized her carelessness about the holy Charge which had been committed to her?

After three days' searching; they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors." What then? Had He been there all the time? Where had He slept? Who had given Him food? Curiosity is not to be satisfied here. It is enough to know that the Son of man, boy as He was, found Himself in His element in the Scriptures of truth, "hearing" the theologians of the day, and "asking them questions." What about? Probably the subject was the Passover lamb, and

Its Coming Antitype,

the Jews' Messiah. It may be that many of those deeply read scribes had never heard their Scriptures so understood and so handled as by Him who was the living Word, although unknown to them, that lad who stood in their midst. Surely now, as on the road to Emmaus, hearts must have burned within them; surely, as at Nazareth, they must have borne Him witness, and "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." (Luke 4:22; 24:32.) Yet He took the child's place, "hearing them," and when He spoke, it was as became the younger, in answer to their questions, or by asking questions Himself. He knew what it was to be "swift to hear, slow to speak." (James 1:19.) No wonder that all who heard Him were "astonished at His understanding and answers." Jesus was a Bible student. He might have said, with the Psalmist, "I have more understanding than all My teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation. I understand more than the ancients, because I keep Thy precepts" (Ps. 119:99, 100), but He did not therefore assume any superiority. He passed even through His childhood as "God manifest in the flesh;" and the first lesson of a child is subjection.

His parents, "when they saw Him," were amazed, and his mother said unto Him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? as though to say, "Was it likely you would find me deep in family gossip?" How do we seek Jesus whenever we have missed Him? "Wist ye not," He says, as though He expected them to understand Him, "that I must be about my Father's business?" [for the things of my Father]. Do we seek Jesus in our own things? in the little world of which we are the centre, our feelings, our hopes, our plans, our work? Jesus is not there to be found, but in the things of His Father.

"They understood not the saying which He spake unto them." Do we understand it? Jesus had no business of His own in life; His Father's business was His occupation, and, thank God, it is our high privilege and calling to have no object in life for ourselves. "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." (11 Cor. 5:15.) Had Jesus sought His own, He might have been found in the company, pleading for recreation, amusement, etc. But he could not turn from the temple services to these things. And he found his Father's business, no doubt, in wakening up the doctors in the Temple to a real personal grasp of the subjects of which they treated, and it may be that the ingenuous questions and answers of the child Jesus sowed in many hearts the inquiry, "Are these things realities to me?"

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Samoan Treaty Negotiated at Berlin Last summer has at last been given to the public by permission of the Senate. The letter of the Secretary of State to the President explaining the treaty says that the subjects as to which the American Commissioners were instructed fell under five heads: *First*—They were directed to ask the restoration of the status quo in order to remove the disturbance caused by the forcible intervention of Germany and the deportation of Malietoa. *Second*—The organization of a stable governmental system for the islands whereby native independence and autonomy should be preserved free from the control or preponderating influence of any foreign government. *Third*—The adjustment of land claims. *Fourth*—The prohibition of the sale of firearms and alcoholic liquors. *Fifth*—The question of municipal administration of Apia as a foreign settlement under due reservation of extra territorial rights. Mr. Blaine considers that "the result is, in the main, entirely in accord with the instructions under which the American plenipotentiaries acted." There are obvious defects in the Treaty, but, considering the difficulties with which our commissioners had to contend, they were more successful in securing the protection of Samoa from foreign interference than might have been expected. The chief objection to the Treaty is that it establishes a precedent for joint action with European Powers, which has hitherto been carefully avoided.

The Much-Needed Bankruptcy Legislation, which has so often been urged upon Congress, has now a better prospect of being effected. The proposals of all who have studied the question carefully have been thoroughly examined, and the result, which is embodied in the bill introduced by Mr. Taylor, of Ohio, promises a really practicable measure. It provides for voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy. It provides for referees instead of registers, as formerly, such referees to be paid a salary instead of fees. The referees also perform the duties which, under the old law, were performed by marshals, such as notifying creditors, publishing notices, &c. It is thus practically on the lines of the Lowell Bill, but the referees have general charge and supervision, subject to the direction of the court, of the management of the estate, while the actual assets pass into the hands of the trustees, who are clothed with the same general power as an assignee under the former bill. The provisions as to the management of the estate are much more rigidly guarded than in any other former bill. Another important change is that a percentage of the estate is to be paid to the Government to form a fund for the payment of bankruptcy officials. The bill exempts from the operations of the involuntary feature agriculturists and charitable and religious associations.

The Claims of Wyoming for Admission to Statehood are being urged by Judge Carey, who represents the Territory in Congress. He is sanguine of having those claims recognized during the present session of Congress. He contends that there is an injustice to the Territory in the fact that the President appoints the officers of the Territory, yet the United States contributes for government therein not more than four per cent. of the amount raised in the Territory for territorial school and municipal purposes. He said that the people of the Territory are intelligent, progressive and enterprising; that the Territory is rich in agricultural resources, and that her iron, coal, petroleum, and soda alone would make her a very wealthy and populous State. He said there could be no such thing as retrogression

in Wyoming; that sufficient development had been made to show that her mineral resources would never be exhausted; that \$15,000,000 had already been expended in the reclamation of arid lands in the Territory, and that the coal mines now being worked would pay a good interest on \$12,000,000. Judge Carey says that Wyoming has made and adopted as good a constitution as has yet been ratified by any people. It was framed by Democrats and Republicans. No party question was raised, and the convention did not divide on political grounds. Both political parties of the Territory are asking that Congress admit Wyoming as a State with the constitution adopted.

An Argument in Favor of Unrestricted Reciprocity with Canada was made on January 24, before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, by Mr. J. S. Ritchie, of Ohio, who is an acknowledged authority on our traffic with the Dominion. He said that in Canada there was a considerable sentiment in favor of reciprocity, and by taking the proper course the United States could increase the sentiment. In reply to a question by Mr. Payne as to the feeling toward the Butterworth Reciprocity bill, Mr. Ritchie said that the opposition in the Canadian Parliament, numbering about one-third of its members, had adopted the Butterworth bill as its platform. He stated that the American interests in Canada were very large. Mr. Carlisle asked whether Canada would give the United States free coal if the United States gave her free iron. Mr. Ritchie replied in the affirmative.

The Action of New York in Cutting Down the overhead wires will probably be followed throughout the country. A fatality on January 20, at Newburgh, N. Y., where exceptional care is taken to insure perfect safety, will convince the most sceptical of the danger to life which these wires involve. On that day a horse was hitched to an iron pillar supporting an awning in front of a store. An electric light was suspended over the store door, and the wire sagged on the awning. The horse rubbed its nose against the pillar, and received a shock which prostrated it. A man who went to help the horse to rise, accidentally touched the pillar, and he was killed instantly. A second man, who went to his assistance received a very severe shock by touching him, though he did not touch the pillar. It was found that the insulating material on the wire had become saturated with the rain, and in rubbing against the pillar had frayed away, leaving the wire bare. The current passed from the wire to the pillar, and might have done even more harm than it did.

The Discovery of the Bacillus which Produces the Russian influenza is announced by two Austrian physicians. They state that they discovered the creature while searching for a different microbe which causes kidney disease. "During the microscopic examination we found," says one of the physicians, "a bacillus which, owing to the peculiar cassock formation of the head, we called 'the bishop bacilli.' It was a bacillus we had never seen before, nor had it ever been signalled by any bacteriologist. We immediately set at work with a whole staff upon an examination of the defecation of influenza patients in the general hospital and in private practice, and in every case the bishop bacilli were found in great numbers, while in excretions from various other maladies examined at the same time, bacilli could not be found." The bacillus bears no resemblance to the cholera microbe, but is very similar to that which causes pneumonia.

Prognostications of War are Sent by the Constantinople correspondent of the New York Herald to that journal. He states that they are based on information received from a high official and are thoroughly reliable. He states that it is the object of Bismarck to secure the co-operation of England with the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, and to precipitate war. Bismarck is aware that the new military organization in France and Russia will make both those nations more formidable two years hence than now, while Germany cannot be stronger in 1892, relatively to these two Powers, than she is to-day. "If war there must be," says the correspondent, "Germany and Italy would infinitely rather have it this year than two years hence. In fact, Italy cannot possibly keep up the present strain upon her resources more than another year. Something must happen to release her from the burden under which she has so long been staggering. But Italy dare not go to war with France unless she is assured greater protection for her coasts than the Italian fleet can afford. Can she

rely upon English interposition in case of need? If she can find reason to answer that question in the affirmative she would, without doubt, find occasion to quarrel with France, but unless she can find this reason she will be forced to abandon the triple alliance and come to a good understanding with the French. It is utterly impossible that the present situation can be maintained so far as she is concerned. At present Italy is a ready instrument by which war may be brought about, without even the shadow of Bismarck being thrown on the screen. If Great Britain keeps absolutely free from the triple alliance, war may be still further postponed, although the Portuguese difficulty is in the way. If she enters into that alliance, war will be the inevitable consequence."

The Difficulty Between England and Portugal continues to excite the public in the latter country. Mobs are frequent, and do considerable damage. Any storekeeper in Lisbon having goods of English manufacture in stock is liable to have them taken out, and publicly burned by the mob. The appeal of Portugal for the intervention of the Powers which signed the Treaty of Berlin has failed. Russia alone gave a favorable hearing to the appeal, and that was evidently prompted by her inveterate antagonism to England rather than by the African question. Negotiations are proceeding with Lord Salisbury, but it is understood that the latter, having settled the limit of the concessions which he regards as absolutely necessary on the part of Portugal, the weaker Power, reserving her rights, will, to this extent, have to submit. The Portuguese Ministry will use their utmost exertions to appease public opinion in Portugal, in order that the Secretary of Foreign Affairs may bring about a reconciliation between England and the Cabinet in Lisbon. Meantime the hostility of the Portuguese to their government which this question has aroused, has developed into the demand for a Republic, which is a serious danger to the dynasty.

Terrible Storms on the Atlantic Were Reported last week by the transatlantic steamers. The *Gallia*, of the Cunard line, which did not reach Queenstown until January 22, though she left New York on January 11, had a trying experience. The captain stated that it was the worst weather he had ever met with on the North Atlantic during his seafaring experiences. On January 17 the steamer shipped tremendous seas, and all the rails on the port side, from the stern to the bridge on the starboard side, were washed away. *Five lifeboats were smashed* on the davits, two being wrecked to pieces and the davits snapped in two, while the others were bent and twisted into all shapes. The water made its way into the staterooms of the first-class passengers as they were asleep, creating no small alarm among them. In the distance a large steamer was sighted with only one of her masts standing. High seas seemed to wash over her, and she seemed entirely at the mercy of the elements. The *Gallia* could render no help. Other steamers report similar experiences.

A Boulangist Demonstration in the French Chambers on January 20 shows that the adherents of the General have not abandoned his cause. The Legislature, it will be remembered, pronounced General Boulanger's election void, and seated his opponent, M. Joffrin. That gentleman rose to speak on January 20, on a question before the Chamber, and was immediately saluted with tremendous uproar. He could not make himself heard, and the President was unable to obtain a hearing for him. M. Déroulède, the leader of the Boulangists, was prominent in the demonstration, and the President publicly censured him and requested him to leave the Chamber. He refused to obey, and the sitting was suspended. The military was then called upon, and the soldiers forcibly removed Déroulède from the Chamber. M. Joffrin, who had remained in the tribune, now endeavored to resume his remarks. The Boulangists renewed their protests. The Boulangist Millevoie violently denounced the admission of Joffrin to the Chamber as a violation of the sovereignty of the people. Millevoie was called to order and commanded to withdraw. He also refused to withdraw, when the sitting was suspended for half an hour. Upon the resumption M. Laguerre, another Boulangist, declined to permit M. Joffrin to speak. He met the fate of Millevoie, and there was a third suspension of the session. Finally the Boulangists all left the Chamber in a body. M. Joffrin then proceeded. The Boulangist leaders were excluded from the Chamber for two weeks.

Dr. Talmage Intended to Sail for this Country in the *Aurania*, which left Liverpool on Saturday last. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* had an interview with him in London last week, and cables that he has recovered from his attack of the *grippe*, and is in fine health and full of enthusiasm. Speaking of his visit to Calvary, mentioned on another page, he said: "As I stood looking down the slope of Calvary I saw a reddish rock below me. I rolled it down the hill with my own hands, and had it carried on the backs of camels to Joppa, where it was put on shipboard, and it is now on its way to Brooklyn. That stone is to be the corner-stone in the new *Tabernacle* I am building to replace the one recently destroyed by fire." Last week the sittings in the new structure were offered for sale. A diagram was exhibited showing the plan of what the floor will be, and an opportunity was given to any who chose to select pews. There was no sale by auction, but each pew had a rental of from \$20 to \$75 without premium. There were a large number of applications, and about \$18,000 was received.

A New Remedy for Human Weakness and physical suffering is prescribed by a citizen of St. Louis, Mo. He holds that health and longevity may be secured by wearing shoes which have copper nails driven in the soles. The object to be achieved by this device is to establish a connection between the electricity in the earth and the human body. The idea was suggested by his travelling for some years among the Indians in the far West. He found that the strongest and healthiest among them went barefoot, and that they were free from headachess, neuralgia, and rheumatism which made his life a burden to him. He reasoned that the secret of the Indian's health was in his bare feet, which exposed his whole body to the vitalizing influence of the electrical earth currents; while his ill health was attributed to his feet being insulated from these currents. Acting on this hypothesis, he sought to restore the broken connection by inserting the copper brads in the soles of his shoes, and claims that his health has been completely established by the device. His strong faith in his theory has probably more to do with the improvement in his health than has his connection with the electricity in the earth. The theory, however, may illustrate the only method of acquiring spiritual health. They alone who maintain a close connection with heaven by prayer and faith receive continuous supplies of grace which nourish and strengthen the divine life in the soul. (Isa. 40: 29-31.)

A Marriage Ended a Feud in Kentucky Recently. The *Commercial*, of Louisville, Ky., reports the arrival in that city of two excited young people, who rode in swiftly on horseback and went to Jeffersonville. They came from Meade county, where their families had been friends and neighbors for several generations. They had played together as boy and girl, and as they grew older became engaged to be married. Four years ago the young man was sent to college, and soon after his departure the heads of the families quarrelled. The cause of the trouble was at first only the location of a division fence, but in the course of the dispute hot words were spoken and a fierce feeling of hatred engendered. The feud grew so deadly that the neighbors expected every day to hear of shooting. The absent young man was notified by his family of the quarrel, and the girl also wrote him, offering to release him from the engagement if he wished it. He replied that he did not wish it, and meant to marry her when his college course was over. But when he returned, a week or two ago, the girl's father sent him a message that if he came to the house he would be shot, and the old man did go about his arm armed with a gun, for some days, prepared to carry out his threat. He managed, however, to communicate with the girl and arranged a flight. Two swift horses were secured, and in the dead of night the young people rode to Louisville. The girl's father armed himself and followed. He met them as they came out of the house of the Methodist minister, who had just married them. The young man was in peril for a few minutes, but was saved by restrained the irate father and expostulated with him. A better feeling was finally brought out, and the father forgave them. He went back to them, and his first business was to go to the parents of his new son-in-law and make friends. The two families, after years of strife and bitterness, were now at peace, and cordially joined in the wedding festivities. The day is coming when a reconciliation which countless numbers are interested will be

celebrated at a marriage supper. Not until the marriage supper of the Lamb will the joy and glory of the reconciliation between God and man, which Christ purchased by His death, be fully realized. (Eph. 2: 14-16.)

The Son of a German Noble was Taken to Bellevue Hospital, New York, on January 15. He represented himself as a poor friendless sailor in need of medical assistance. The man was evidently in a critical condition from pulmonary disease, and he was absolutely penniless. When the attendants at the hospital were putting him to bed they noticed a dark metal cross suspended about his neck. It was pointed out to one of the doctors, who recognized it as the "Iron Cross" of the German army, the most coveted military decoration in Germany, if not in Europe. The man was questioned, and finally told his story, the truth of which there appears no reason to doubt. He said he was the son of the German noble Von Puttkamer; that he had served in the German army during the Franco-German War, and had been gazetted for personal bravery and awarded the "Iron Cross." After the close of the war he killed a man in a duel, and had to make his escape secretly from Germany. He entered the Mexican army, but in 1879 had to fly the country for participating in a plot against the Government. Then he went to Peru, and fought on the war ship *Huascar* in the war between Peru and Chili. Afterward he came to the United States and served as steward on whaling vessels. He was in a shipwreck last year, and suffered many hardships. On January 10 he arrived in New York on a vessel from San Francisco. He was robbed by another sailor of \$60, which was all he possessed. Then, being penniless and very sick, he applied for admission to Bellevue. In all his troubles and privations he had never sent to his father for help, though had he done so it would doubtless have been promptly given. One would have expected that his father would have been the first person a man in so dire a strait would apply to, especially as that father is a noble, high in the Emperor's favor. He acts as some Christians do, who, though sons of the King of kings, do not go to Him for help in their temporal difficulties. (Ps. 18: 6.)

A Mysterious Life is Being Lived by a Chinaman in Mott Street, New York. Seven years ago an unknown Chinaman, over sixty years of age, came to the city and hired a room in 17 Mott Street. The new-comer secluded himself there, holding no communication with the other members of the Chinese colony except his landlord, and one or two fellow-countrymen from whom he had to purchase food. Lately he has broken through this seclusion to some extent. He now seeks out any Chinaman who may be in sickness or poverty and relieves his wants with money, but he seldom speaks even to them, but simply lays down his gift and departs. He has been known to give as much as \$100 in this way to one man. Some who have been allowed to enter his room say that he has a Joss shrine there, before which he seems to be always kneeling when not absent on his charitable visits. He even eats his meals in the same posture, and offers to the idol every morsel before putting it into his own mouth. He has never been seen to do anything for a living, but takes such money as he needs from a store which he brought with him from China. In some way the rumor was started a few days ago that the old man's life was one of penance for some terrible crime, but no one knew what he had done. Last week a reporter succeeded in getting speech with him. Mentioning the rumor, he asked the Chinaman if it was true. The old man practically admitted it, and the reporter told him that if he would see a Christian clergyman he might learn of a better way of getting forgiveness for his crimes. "No," he replied, "no one can save me, nothing but my own repentance. What I have done is more than sufficient to require me to beg the gods for pardon all the days of my life." It is not surprising that a man who has never heard of Christ should hold this idea, for many persons who should know better think there is some saving virtue in repentance and self-mortification; but justification does not come that way. (Rom. 4: 5.)

Misery and Dread of Starvation Drove a woman to suicide in New York last week. A short time ago she lived with her husband in Hartford, Conn., where he kept a book and music store. He failed, and he and his wife came to New York to look for employment. The husband fell sick, and was taken to the New York Hospital. The wife was out every day from early morning till night

seeking work. She was an educated, refined woman, but she would have been glad to get work at scrubbing or washing, but could not get even that. At every place she was asked for references, but she had none, as she had never earned her own living. She disposed of everything of value she possessed, and finally all her clothes but those she wore. In the bitter rain of January 16 and 17 she continued her quest with no better success, and came to her dreary room drenched at night. She was ill on January 18, but again went out on the same business. She had no food all day, but when she returned at night a woman in the house took compassion upon her, and gave her some of her own supper. On Sunday it was useless to try for work, so she stayed all day in her room sick and hungry. At night she wrote an account of her terrible experience, declaring that she had found it impossible to obtain employment of any kind in the city, and seeing nothing but starvation before her she had determined to kill herself. She then climbed to the roof of the house, and flung herself over. The Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, on being told of the case, said that either his society or the Young Women's Christian Association would have taken charge of the woman, and supported her until employment could have been found for her, if she had applied to them. It appears, however, that she was too proud to seek charity; she asked only for work, and failing that, took her own life in her despair. It was inexpressibly sad that no one would employ her, and still more sad that she allowed her pride to keep her from getting relief. There are some who miss salvation in the same way. They want to get it through good works or large gifts of money, and cannot understand that they can get it only as a free gift. (Eph. 2: 8, 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A tobacco dealer in New York City states that last year his firm alone manufactured 825,000,000 cigarettes.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's services at Canton, Ohio, are being much blessed. There have been many conversions, and the meetings are thronged by hundreds of anxious inquirers.

Rev. M. Baxter and Rev. W. Christmas gave Second Advent Discourses recently in Darlington, England. Mr. Christmas is now on his way to Australia to give discourses on prophecy there.

Edward Bellamy, author of *Looking Backward*, is the son of the late Rev. R. K. Bellamy, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., and a nephew of the Rev. David Bellamy, first pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Two thousand one hundred and twenty-nine converts were received into the churches of the American Congregational Board in Japan during the year ending April 30. Forty-three of the forty-nine churches are self-supporting.

A niece of Dr. John Scudder, the well-known missionary in India, died suddenly on January 12 at Schenectady, N. Y. Her name was Theodosia Cornelia Fonda. She was the daughter of the late Rev. J. D. Fonda. Many of our readers were acquainted with this eminently pious lady and mourn her loss.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, has been addressing large audiences in the west of Scotland, and pleading the claims of the foreign mission field. During this month he has been preaching in Westminster Chapel, London, on Sundays, and on week-days visiting many of the principal centres of population in England, resuming his work in Scotland next month.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Fitchburg, Mass., are growing in interest. The local journal says that such gatherings of men were never seen there at religious services before. At the meeting for men only, on Sunday afternoon, over 800 were present. The meetings are being held now in the City Hall, which is densely crowded. On Sunday they were held in the large Opera House which the proprietor has lent free of charge.

Rev. B. Fay Mills expects to commence services in Jersey City, N. J., on February 6. Fourteen churches are uniting in the invitation and will co-operate in the work. At New Brunswick, on January 19, Mr. Mill's preached to the largest congregation he has yet had there. The church would not contain near all who sought admission. During Mr. Mills's visit to New Brunswick over five hundred persons have made profession of faith.

A Home for Fallen Women has been dedicated at Manchester, N. H. It is named the Mercy Home, and is under the charge of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The Legislature appropriated \$5,000 for its establishment, on condition that the New Hampshire Women's Christian Temperance Union raise an equal amount, and the city appropriated \$500. It is designed to make the home self-supporting after a time, through the establishment of a laundry wherein the inmates may be employed.

THE KEY-NOTE OF LIFE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Ps. 103: 1.

The Psalmist's Key-note.—The Alpha and Omega of the Christian's Life—I. A Blessed Occupation—How Man Can Bless God—By Thinking Well of Him—By Good Wishes—By Speaking Well of Him—By Acting Well—II. The Manner of It—Very Spiritual—Intense—A Difference in Photographs—III. The Sacred Object—Not the New God of this Century—The Jehovah of Revelation—The Holiness which Involved Calvary—IV. The Monitor—Always at Home—His Duty—A Preparation for Heaven.

BEFORE our friend who leads us in singing begins, we sometimes hear his tuning-fork. He is getting the key-note into his ear. When he comes forward, he often sounds out that key-note before he begins to sing. This is what David does in this wonderful psalm. He sounds the tuning-fork with this clear note, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." It is well for all to be ready to sing harmoniously: it is a pity when those who gather to worship do not know what they are at. I wish I could always have you spiritually in tune, and keep in tune myself. Alas! I fear we are often half a note too flat. The words before us are the key-note of this psalm, and all the music is set to it, and closes with it. Notice that the psalm begins, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and it ends in the same way, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," as if to show us that praise is the Alpha and the Omega of a Christian life.

I. I call your attention, then, first, to the

Blessed Occupation,

"Bless the Lord, O my soul." A truly wonderful word this! How can we bless the Lord? For God to bless me I can understand and enjoy; but that I ever should be mentioned in Scripture that I can bless God is one of those incomprehensible things, which are certainly true, but are not to be explained. For man to bless God is a sort of incarnation—God in human flesh. God blessing me—that is divine; but myself blessing Him, there is something of the human, but also somewhat of the divine. The divine blesses the human, or the human could not bless the divine. God is with us, or we could not be thus with God: our blessing Him can only be the echo of His blessing us. The more you turn it over, the more you will wonder at it. If it had said, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," that would have been reasonable; but "Bless the Lord, O my soul," rises out of the region of reason into a still higher and more spiritual atmosphere. These are heavenly words—"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

But how can we bless God? We cannot add to His happiness, or increase His greatness, or enlarge His goodness. "O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not unto Thee!" What can our poor drops contribute to the ocean? What can our nothingness bring to His all-sufficiency? What can our darkness contribute to His light? And yet, if the Bible says so, it must be so, for it never speaks in vain. Idle words are in the speech of man, not in the writings of Jehovah. If the Scripture teaches us to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," then it is a correct word. We may wonder at it, but we may not dispute over it.

How Can We Bless God?

I answer, first, God blesses us by thinking well of us, and we bless God by thinking well of Him. When the Lord says in His heart, "This people shall be blessed," before ever He has stretched out His hand to give anything, we are blessed by His favorable regard for us. I beg you, in the same respect, to bless God by sweet, holy, adoring, loving, grateful thoughts of Him. Think well of Him who thinks so graciously of you. This, surely, is no task, no burden. Such thinking is the happiest exercise of the mental powers. Some of the best moments of devotion I have ever been able to enjoy I have spent in entire silence, looking up. I sat still, and wondered that God should ever love me, and I found a dew gathering about my eyes. I thought of how He loved me, and what that love had wrought in me and for me; till, not venturing to speak, I have been content to be silent before the Lord in rapture inexpressible. To think well of God is one of the ways in which we can bless Him.

We also bless God when we wish Him well. You can do a great deal in this way of wishing well, and desiring great things for the Lord's honor and glory. God's wishes are all practically carried out. We cannot carry out ours; but, at the same time, we ought to indulge them freely. He that taught us to pray, bade us begin, "Our Father which art in

heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Pray for yourself certainly, "Give us this day our daily bread;" but this comes after, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done." When you see this truth dishonored, and His Word itself defamed and despised, be grieved; for this is a way of blessing Him, when you abhor all that dishonors Him. Pray without ceasing, "Father, glorify thy Son." Turn your wishes into prayer; and, as the first stage of thinking well is a blessing of God by meditation, so this second stage of wishing well will be a blessing of God by supplication. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Think Well, Wish Well.

Then, next, you can bless God by speaking well of Him. Perhaps you say very little about Him. Chide yourself for your reticence. Perhaps you have even spoken against Him, though you are His child. I mean that you have fallen into such a state of heart that you imagine that He deals hardly with you. Ah! this is the opposite of blessing Him. Perhaps you have lost your husband or child, or in health or property you are a sufferer; and it may be that the devil says to you, "Curse God and die." Surely, you will not listen to this vile suggestion. No, no. A thousand times "No." Away with every rebellious thought. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

"I have nothing to say," says one. Do not say it, then; but some of us have a great deal to say, and we dare not be silent about it. The wicked speak loudly enough against God. You cannot quiet them. Why should we be silent in any company? We have as much right to speak for God as they have to speak against Him. If they ever complain of singing hymns in the street, they have little cause to find fault, for they sing in the street quite enough; and some of them at very unseemly hours. If they say that we obtrude our religion, some of them obtrude their blasphemies, and assuredly we may take as much liberty as they take. We shall not be muzzled like dogs either to please the world or its master. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Speak well of His name, and let men know that thou hast a good God, who is gracious to thee.

Once more: be not satisfied with thinking well, and wishing well, and speaking well, but act well for God. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and as he blesses thee with real gifts, with gifts unspeakably precious, bless His name by acts and deeds of holy service and consecration. Sometimes indulge thyself with the delight of breaking an alabaster box, very precious, and pouring its fragrance on thy Lord Jesus. Fetch out something rare and costly from thy store, and give to His cause, and bless His name. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and do it with hand and purse and substance and sacrifice.

I cannot enlarge farther. I have given you hints, bare hints, but they may show you how you may bless the Lord after the manner in which He blesses you, though the measure be far below what He doeth. As the whole heavens may be reflected in a drop of water, so may infinite love be mirrored in our affections.

II. And now, secondly, let us consider

The Commendable Manner

mentioned. Half the virtue of a thing lies in the way in which it is done. Indeed, there is usually a good deal more in the manner of an action than in the action itself. One person would relieve a poor man in such a way as to break his heart, and another will give him nothing, and yet cheer him up. You can praise a man till he loathes you, and censure him till he loves you. Now, in the service of God, it is not only what you bring, but in what spirit you bring it.

That mode of blessing God to which we are called is very spiritual—a matter of soul and spirit. I am not to bless God with my voice only, nor merely with the help of a fine organ or a trained choir, but I am to do it after a far more difficult manner. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Soul music is the soul of music. The music of the soul is that which pleases the ear of God: the great Spirit is delighted with that which comes from our spirit. A heart that loves Him makes music to Him. A heart that praises Him has within itself all the harmonies that He delights in. The sigh of love is to Him a lyric, the sob of repentance is melody, the inward cries of His own children are an oratorio, and their heart-songs are true hallelujahs.

You can go to a very fine church, where there is a very grand service, and there may be spiritual service there; but, alas! it is more than probable that there will be no trace of it. You may go to a Quaker's room, where there are four bare white-

washed walls, and a window with a holland blind drawn down, and there may be spiritual worship there; and, on the other hand, there may be stolid indifference, and a formalism as fatal as the gorgeous ceremonial. It is neither the outward sumptuousness nor the plainness that will ensure spirituality, and yet this is the life of all worship. If one man feels that he can worship God best in one way, another feels that he can worship Him best in another way, it is not for his brother to judge him; let each have his own way: only let each see to it that he worships God, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth. The right note is, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." It is spiritual worship: it is worship not from the teeth outward, but from the heart throes deep within the man.

When we bless God, the sacred exercise

Should be Intense.

"All that is within me, bless His holy name." We ought not to worship God in a half-hearted sort of way; as if it were now our duty to bless God, but we felt it to be a weary business, and would get it through as quickly as we could, and have done with it; and the sooner the better. No; "All that is within me, bless His holy name." Mechanical worship is easy, but worthless. Com-rouse yourself, my brother! Rouse thyself. O my own soul! "All that is within me, bless His holy name." What we need is a universal suffrage of praise from every member of our manhood's commonwealth. Every faculty within our nature is to praise God—our memory, our hope, our fear, our desire; all our capacities, and all our graces.

What a difference there is between a man unconcerned, and a man really awakened! In your own case, I can believe you to be bright and intelligent, but your portrait—I will say nothing about it. When the photographer fits that iron rest at the back of your head, and keeps you waiting ten minutes, while he gets his plates ready, why, your soul goes out of town, and nothing remains but the heavy look! When the work of art is finished, it is you, and yet it is not you. You were driven out by the touch of that iron. Another time, perhaps your portrait is taken instantaneously, while you are in an animated attitude, while your whole soul is there; and your friends say, "Ay, that is your very self!" I want you to bless the Lord

With Your Soul at Home

as in that last portrait. I saw a book to-day where in the writer says in the preface, "We have given a portrait of our mother, but there was a kind of sacred twinkle about her eyes which no photograph could reproduce." Now, it is my heart's desire that you do praise God with that sacred twinkle, with that feature or faculty which is most characteristic of you. Let your eyes praise Him. Let your brow praise Him. Let every part of your manhood be aroused, and so aroused as to be in fine form. I would have your soul rise to high-water mark. Give me a man on fire when God is to be praised. Let "all that is within me bless His holy name."

How you have looked at that dear child at time you loving mother! You have pressed him to your bosom, and you have said, "Bless him, and bless him, and bless him again." Shall our children have joy such affectionate repetitions, and will we not bless God, and bless Him, and bless Him, and bless Him again? Begin your days with blessing Him. Begin your meals with blessing Him. Go not to your beds without blessing Him. Wake not in the morning without blessing Him. Even at the end of night, if you lie sleepless, still bless Him. What happy lives we should live if we were always blessing Him!

III. But I ask your attention earnestly for a minute to a third point, and that is

The Sacred Object

of this blessing. The text is, in the original, "Bless Jehovah, O my soul." In the reading of the Psalms, as a rule, I frequently put the word "Jehovah" before you instead of "the Lord," for you know that wherever we get "THE LORD" in capital letters, it is Jehovah in the original; and why should we not know that the sacred name used by the inspired writer? I am afraid that great many so-called Christians do not worship Jehovah at all. The god of the present period is a new god, newly sprung up. The Old Testament is looked upon by some as if it were a worn-out book, and the God of Israel is regarded as a deity of the olden time, and not the only living and true God. "Ah!" they say, "He is a very imperfect revelation;" and then they go on to reverence their own effeminate version of the Godhead. For

own part I know nothing of a new God. I adore the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God that made the heavens and the earth. "This God is our God for ever and ever. He shall be our guide, even unto death."

But the text says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name." What is meant by blessing His name? The name of God is that by which He reveals Himself, so that the God we have to worship is the Jehovah of revelation. Here, again, we fall foul of many. They worship the god of reason, the conception of the cultured mind, the god whom they have invented for themselves by their great wisdom. The God whom men find out for themselves is not the true God. I trow that this day it is true, as in Paul's day, "The world by wisdom knew not God." I often hear people say, "They go from nature up to nature's God." It is

A Very Long Step—

too far for human strength. Stand on the highest Alp, and you will perceive that you will never step into heaven from thence. It is far easier to go from nature's God to nature, and far safer to believe in Him who stoops out of the heavens, and reveals Himself to you. However, let me say to all believers, "Bless His holy name," that is, bless the God who is revealed to us, and bless Him as He is revealed to us. Do not look around you after another god. Keep you to revelation. There is God's name spelled out in capitals. Believe the inspired Word, for it will never mislead you. O friends, if I did not believe in the infallibility of Scripture—the absolute infallibility of it from cover to cover, I would never enter this pulpit again! If it is left to me to discriminate, and to judge how much of this Book is true, and how much false, then I must myself become infallible, or what guide have I? If my compass always points to the north, I know how to use it; but if it veers to other points of the compass, and I am to judge out of my own mind whether it is right or not, I am as well without the thing as with it. If my Bible is right always, it will lead me right; and as I believe it is so, I shall follow it, God helping me. *I will not judge the Book; the Book judges me.*

But then, notice that the psalm dwells especially upon one point. "Bless His holy name." Now, a babe in grace can bless God for His goodness, but only a grown believer will bless God for His holiness. His holiness is an august attribute, an attribute which comprehends all the rest, for it means His wholeness, His perfection; His holiness. It is an attribute which looks darkly on sinful men. Apart from the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems to thunder and lighten against the sinner; but as for those of us who are reconciled to God by the death of His Son, it smiles upon them. Beloved, do you love a holy God? Do you bless a holy God? While you bless Him for His mercy, do you equally bless Him for His holiness? You bless Him for His bounty, but do you feel that you could not thus bless Him if you were not fully aware that He is perfectly righteous? "Bless His holy name."

IV. I have done when I add this fourth point, Let us remember

The Suitable Monitor.

In the text a suitable monitor appears. A Christian man who wants somebody to look after him is a very imperfect Christian man; for he who has the love of God in his soul will look after himself. Some of you go out preaching, or you teach a class in a Sunday-school. Keep on with that; but do not forget to look after one pupil of yours who needs your care very greatly. I mean, look to *yourself*: and every now and then say, "My soul, bless the Lord." What are you at? You have been grumbling of late. Wake up, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." You have been dull and cold-hearted of late. Chide yourself, for this will not do.

If you have this monitor, you will have one that is always at home. You will not have to send across the road for a minister. Here is a spiritual chaplain who will be resident with you, and always ready with His personal advice. Will you not try to practice your ministry upon yourself, and begin at once to apply to yourself all that you would say to another whom you would excite to bless the Lord?

Ought you not to do it? Are you not afraid of growing cold in this holy service? "No," say you, "I am not." Then I am afraid that you are cold already. "No," say you, "I am full of life." Will you always be so? Man's security is the devil's opportunity. Whenever you say to yourself, "All is well with me," I fear for you. A foul fiend is watch-

ing for your halting, and he laughs as he sees how you delude yourself. You are not all you think you are. Bestir yourself, and praise the Lord." Say to yourself, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. I dwell amongst lions. But none the less for their roaring, bless the Lord, O my soul." That will stop the lions' mouths. What if you are in prison, like Paul and Silas? bless the Lord. Nothing shakes prison walls and breaks jailers' hearts like the praises of the Lord. Here I am

Where Everybody Doubts

the holy God. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and be all the firmer, and all the bolder. If everybody sneers at divine truth, bless the Lord, O my soul. Let all men know that there is one in the world who does not sneer at revelation. This, dear friends, is how it ought to be from me personally. If I do not praise the Lord, the stone in the wall will cry out against me; and it will complain of you also if you be silent. You owe Him more than many. If all forget, yet do you remember.

Lastly, to bless God will prepare us for heaven. Praise is the rehearsal of our eternal song. By grace we learn to sing, and in glory we continue to sing. What will some of you do when you get to heaven, if you go on grumbling all the way? Do not hope to get to heaven in that style. But now begin to bless the name of the Lord.

I have not spoken thus to all of you. Some of you cannot bless the Lord as yet. Will you try? Think how sad it is to be in a state of mind in which you cannot render acceptable praise. You must be born again before you can bless the Lord. May the Lord convince you of the necessity that He should bless you before you can bless Him! May you receive His blessing in a moment by faith in the Lord Jesus! The Lord grant it, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessings of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Father Pleads For His Son.—Mr. Wells says:

"A gentleman once visited me who wished me to speak to his son: 'My father died a drunkard,' he said, 'and I am going to die a drunkard, as many of my relations have done.' I protested, but he insisted, 'Nothing is more sure; we need talk no more about it. But you have some influence over my son, and I wish you could persuade him to be a total abstainer. He is beginning to take wine, very little just now, but that is just how I began at his age, and I know that with the hereditary bias towards intemperance which he has, nothing can save him but total abstinence.' Some may make an excuse of heredity, but it is a most mighty and solemn fact. Medical men affirm that the hereditary taint may overleap a generation and concentrate itself in one or two of a family, and at your table where you only take wine moderately, the dormant tendency may be aroused which may cause your beloved child to join the great army of drunkards. Total abstinence is the only safeguard for the young."

The Stain on the Pinafore.—Mr. Wm. Thomson

relates: "I knew a Sunday-school teacher who had a class of little children. One Sunday she said to them, 'Would you like to come and have tea with me on Saturday afternoon?' Every little face was lighted up with joy, for they knew what tea at the 'big house' meant. 'Very well,' continued the lady, 'I shall be glad to see you all at my house on Saturday; but there is one condition. You must all come with perfectly clean pinafores. If there be one speck on a pinafore the child with it cannot be admitted.' Saturday afternoon came and the thirteen little ones, all arrayed in spotless pinafores started on their walk of two miles to the 'big house.' On the road they passed a spot where there were some very fine blackberries, and two little fellows, unable to pass the enticing fruit, climbed up and gathered some. They got them quite safely, and were busy eating them, when their sister came to look for them, and noticing what they had, she said, 'Watch, or you will soil your pinafore.' But her warning came too late, for on looking down she saw that a berry had dropped upon the pinafore of one of them, and had left a large spot. The little unfortunate boy thought that if he kept his hand on the mark it might not be noticed. But as they were

going in, the man at the door saw from the child's guilty appearance that he was hiding something, and asked, 'What is that you have there?' and the stain was uncovered. That afternoon while twelve children were enjoying themselves, one little fellow with tear-stained face was slowly returning to the village. After tea, the teacher said, 'Do you know why I seemed so harsh to-day? It was to teach you a lesson. Some day you will stand before God, and if you have a single spot on your soul you will never enter heaven.' Then she showed them the only way by which they could be made pure: by coming to Jesus, and being washed in His blood, they would be whiter than snow."

A Feverish Thirst Assuaged.—A Worker for

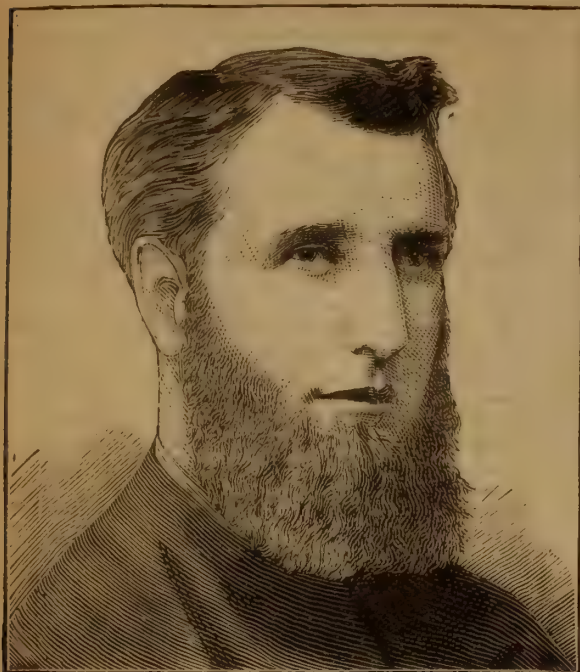
Christ says: "A little fellow lay on his sick-bed. The fever had created a dreadful thirst. He was constantly crying, 'Mother, give me a drink! oh, mother, give me a drink!' But she dare not, for the doctor had told her that her boy's illness was at a very critical point, and she must not give him anything to drink. So she could only listen and try to soothe him, that he might better bear the terrible thirst that was torturing him. One day, when the doctor came in, he said, 'You can give him as much water as he wants, now.' The mother was not slow to avail herself of the permission. With a glass in her hand she went to the bed, and said, 'Johnny, do you want a drink?' 'No, mother,' was all he said. All that day he never asked for water, and next day, when his mother again approached him and asked, 'Johnny, would you like a drink?' he replied, 'No, mother; I have a well of my own, here,' and he placed his hand over his heart. Yes, he had a well within him, the well Christ gives to His own, and they who drink of it shall never thirst again."

A Surgeon Prevented from Regicide.—Mr. H.

K. Wood tells the "interesting story of a certain king of Tartary who, one day while out riding came upon a dervish proclaiming at the top of his voice, 'Whoever will pay me a hundred dinars shall receive some good advice in exchange.' The king stopped, and calling the dervish to him, inquired, 'What advice is this you have to give?' 'That I shall tell your majesty as soon as you order the money to be paid to me,' was the reply. A hundred dinars were handed to him, and the dervish said, 'My advice, sire, is, begin nothing without considering what the end may be.' The courtiers were amused with what they considered a clever piece of roguery, but the monarch reproved them, saying he considered the advice well worth its cost. So much did those words of wisdom affect him that he had them engraved on all his gold and silver plate. Some years afterward, a Tartar noble conspired to usurp the throne. Just as the royal surgeon, who was bribed by the noble, was about to apply a poisoned lancet, his eye caught, written on the bottom of the vessel that was to catch the blood, the words, 'Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.' He became agitated, and hurriedly changed his lancet for another. The king noticed his confusion, and demanded its cause; then, under a promise of pardon, the surgeon confessed the whole plot, adding that but for the words at the bottom of the plate he would have performed his part in the tragedy. Before you enter into evil count the cost. The road may seem fascinating and alluring, but the end is death. The right way may seem harder, but it leads to life everlasting."

In the Coils of a Deadly Monster.—The Rev.

James Wells relates: "As I speak there rises before me the image of a man who seemed a rock of strength, physically and mentally, a good citizen and father, devoted to his wife and children. Ere he reached the age of forty he found himself meshed in the fatal coils of strong drink. He frequently resolved to give it up, but always without success. It made one tremble to hear the curses he called down upon himself if ever he should taste it again. He knelt before his wife, asked her pardon for his past behavior, and in her presence signed the pledge. Next morning, when he arose, he implored God to keep him from his besetting sin, and a few minutes afterwards was in his wine-cellar drinking, and at the same time weeping that he did so. A fit of *delirium tremens* frightened him, and for a few days he abstained. But by-and-by he said, 'A little light wine can do no harm.' From light wine he went to stronger wine, then brandy, and soon he was in *delirium tremens* again. Though he knew he was breaking the heart of the wife whom he loved, he continued in his favorite indulgence day after day with a nameless infatuation, until ulti-



Dr. Young, Bishop of Athabasca.



A Samoan National Council Preparing for Refreshment. (See page 69.)

mately he drank himself into madness, and died in an asylum. Yet apart from that one thing, he was a most respectable man, but that drop in the cup poisoned the whole. One cannot draw, in word-pictures, a true representation of the many miseries and crimes against God and man which are due to the influence of strong drink, but we can confidently point you to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

The Two Parrots.—At Bethany Hall Mr. W. Thomson observed: "I knew two men, each of whom possessed a very fine parrot. One was a swearing parrot, and the other always repeating parts of Scripture which it had heard. Both parrots had contracted these habits before they had become the property of their then owners; and the gentleman who had the swearing parrot was much annoyed by its frequent outbursts of profanity. He wondered how he could cure it. 'Ah,' he thought, 'if I shut it up with my friend's praying parrot, it will improve, and may even learn to recite Scripture.' The two birds were caged together for some time. Did the swearing one learn from the other? Not a bit of it; but the praying one learned to swear. It is not wise for a good person to keep company with bad companions, no matter how good may be the end in view. They will do you more harm than you will do them good. It is right to go to them with God's message, but having delivered that message, come away. Be not unequally yoked together, for what fellowship hath light with darkness?"

THE RT. REV. RICHARD YOUNG, D. D.,
Bishop of Athabasca.

THE earnest, evangelical bishop whose portrait is here given has charge of a diocese covering 200,000 square miles. It was created in 1884 by the division of a larger diocese, the other part, known as the Mackenzie River Diocese, being chosen by the former Bishop, the Rt. Rev. William C. Bompas, and the Athabasca section being placed under the care of Bishop Young. He is about fifty years of age, and had labored in the diocese for nine years before being consecrated its bishop. From the beginning of his work the blessing of God followed his labors, and marked him out as the right man to take charge of the new diocese. He was consecrated at St. John's College, Winnipeg, on October 18, 1884.

The diocese was originally part of the district known as the Red River settlement, extending from the borders of the United States to the extreme north, and from Canada to the Pacific Ocean. In 1811 no Protestant missionary was known to be seeking to introduce Christianity among the aboriginal Indians, who formed the bulk of its inhabitants. Their religion, a terror of spiritual powers supposed by them to inhabit or pervade everything, was in itself sufficient to account for any degree of barbarity. They believed in one Great Spirit, or Manito, the Maker of the world, but who dwelt at an infinite distance, was inactive, and troubled himself but little with the administration of earthly affairs. On the other hand, there was an evil Manito,

inferior to the former, active and administrative, filling the world and everything with legions of evil Manitoes, whose delight was to disquiet and trouble men upon the earth.

It was such a people, under such conditions, living besides a life of perpetual struggle for existence, which, in 1821 or 1822, excited the deep compassion of John West, a devout and earnest chaplain in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and led him, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, to select two lads, whom he took into his own care, under solemn covenant with their parents. He taught them to pray, "Great Father, give me Thy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake." One of these two boys afterward became the Rev. Henry Budd, who died in 1875, after a faithful ministry of twenty-two years, in the course of which he translated the Bible and Prayer-Book, &c., into the Cree language, and was the father of another native minister, who died in 1863; and the second boy, the Rev. James Settee, has labored for thirty-four years in the gospel at Sandy Lake, Saskatchewan. From this small beginning the work has grown to what we see to-day, when from the United States borderland to the Arctic Ocean, and from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, the praises of the Redeemer are sung by thousands of Indians, and in eleven different languages. The chief tribes in the Athabasca Diocese are the Beavers, Wood Crees, and Chipewyans.

AN INDIAN PHILOSOPHER'S ADMISSION.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that the Buddhists of America, the Theosophists, and others who spend their time as did the Athenians of Paul's day "in nothing else but to tell or to hear some new thing," were much interested some five or six years ago in the lectures of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, a visitor from India. He was a representative of the Brahmo Somaj, a scholarly man, a profound philosopher, and a very eloquent speaker. He not only lectured in our large cities, but sold a large number of copies of his book entitled *The Oriental Christ*. Since his return to India he has edited a paper as an organ of the Brahmo Somaj, which he is now compelled to discontinue, owing to the decline, if not the collapse, of that movement. The idea of a regenerator suited to India could hardly have been worked up more plausibly than that which appeared in Mr. Mozoomdar's book; but this failure, like so many others, is an evidence that a religious system having real vitality and power cannot be elaborated by human ingenuity, and that although there may be "lords many," a Christ who is not divine must be evanescent as the vapors of the morning.

It is significant that Mr. Mozoomdar, in taking leave of the public, feels compelled to say, "Christ (the Christ) is a tremendous reality. The destiny of India hangs upon the solution of His nature and function, and our relation to Him. Let us not hide in darkness and rest contented with random streaks, but place ourselves in the open light, and solve the problem, 'Who and what is Christ?'"

HENRY WESTON'S DISCOVERY.

(See illustration on page 77.)

"YOU cannot guess who was the most favored guest," said Julia Epstein, as she described to her mother over a late breakfast a reception which she had attended the previous evening. "Miss Dacre made her welcome of one young man quite conspicuous, and she talked with him more than with any one else, and when she was obliged to leave him she introduced him to the most distinguished gentlemen there."

"I have no idea," said Mrs. Epstein. "Some new luminary in the social firmament?"

"Yes, new to such a circle, but not new to us. It was Cousin Henry. He looked so queer. He wore a suit of clothes which must have been his best suit when he was on the farm. I don't believe he could have bought them anywhere in New York, unless it was in some second-hand store in Chatham Street. He looked so countrified and out of place among so many well-dressed men. But Miss Dacre did not seem to mind a bit. I wonder how she knew him. It was very evident that she not only knows him well, but likes him."

"How strange! And I remember she took scarcely any notice of poor Reginald, though he dressed well, and had the manners of a gentleman."

"Yes, and as my brother, too, he had some title to her respect. He had done nothing, then, to disgrace himself. There was no hint of any scandal then, yet she quite snubbed him when he tried to be friendly with her. Henry seems to have made his way into her good graces by some merit of his own; I don't think she knew he was my cousin."

"Well," said Mrs. Epstein, "Miss Dacre is rather eccentric, though there is no question about her position in society. Henry may go anywhere, now that Miss Dacre has endorsed him. I wish she had shown some favor to poor Reginald; perhaps if she had he might have been weaned from the company that brought him to ruin. I wonder where the poor boy is now!"

"Oh, it is of no use wondering; the best thing we can do is to forget him. He never did us any good; he was always a source of anxiety. He went wrong from the start. I am glad he escaped being arrested, and I hope, for my part, he will never come back."

"Yet how handsome and gentlemanly he was!" said Mrs. Epstein, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I cannot forget him. Oh, if he would only repent and reform! That is my prayer day and night. Why was it he should turn out so bad, and Henry get on so well without half his advantages?"

"Is Henry getting on well? He did not look it, if one might judge by his dress."

"Oh, yes, he is. His mother wrote me that he was doing very well, and was rising in the office; getting more money than he ever expected. She thought we should look after his comfort, but he never gives us an opportunity. Why does he never call?"

"That is what I asked him last night," said Julia.

"He said his evenings were always occupied. I judge he does not spend many in such places as Miss Dacre's, or he would have acquired more style. But he promised me he would come soon."

The two ladies gave Henry Weston a very cordial reception when he kept the promise he had made to his cousin Julia. They had been disposed to patronize him when he called soon after his arrival in New York from the country about a year before. Reginald was at home then, and was barely civil to him, though he did offer to introduce him to his tailor and hair-dresser, openly intimating that Henry stood in need of their attentions. The young man had not availed himself of the offer, and his appearance still showed that if he ever visited the establishments of those artists he had not profited by them. The fact, however, of his acquaintance with so fashionable a lady as Miss Dacre had its effect on his aunt and cousin, and inspired them with respect, though they could not account for it.

"We hoped we should have seen more of you, Henry," said Mrs. Epstein, "now that you are living in New York. You have neglected us. Has Miss Dacre monopolized you?"

"Oh, no; I never was at her receptions until the other evening. I am very much interested in a mission that a friend of mine has opened on the East side, and I go there nearly every evening. It is doing a great work among the poor and outcast. You have no idea how much want and suffering there is over there. The sin and sorrow in those tenement houses is appalling. It is so little one can do to alleviate it, that no opportunity should be missed."

"What can you do?" Julia asked, in surprise. "It would need a millionaire's fortune to relieve those wretched creatures."

"Money is not the only or the best remedy," Henry answered. "If it were, I should be useless. I give what I can, but it is not much, of course. Sympathy and kindness, interest in the troubles they have to bear, and advice in cases when through ignorance or prejudice they are bent on some evil course does much more. Living among them, and winning their confidence as a friend, and teaching their children is a much more hopeful course than giving them money. Still, money is very useful. Miss Dacre did a great deal of good last summer in sending some sick women and children to the seaside for a few weeks."

"Oh, that is how you came to know her," Julia said.

"Yes, she is very well known on the East side. I do not know how we would get on without her help sometimes. I have seen wayward girls who were impervious to all other influences melted by her sympathy and kindness. And then her money—that is very useful."

"I never heard of Miss Dacre in the character of a philanthropist," said Mrs. Epstein, after Henry Weston had departed. "It is curious work for a society lady. I wonder she is not afraid of contagious diseases—and the dirt and squalor! I should have thought that would be enough to disgust her."

"Well," said Julia, "I suppose Henry has satisfied his conscience by making this call, and we shall not see him again unless we go to some East side tenement house to look for him. He said he lived there, did he not? Ugh!"

The expectation was not verified. Some three months later Henry Weston was again in his aunt's house. "Aunt," he said, "I want you to come over to our mission with me. There is a poor sick man there I want you to see."

"I, Henry? oh no! what can I do? I am per-



Henry Weston Explaining His Work to His Aunt and Cousin.

fectly helpless in such cases, and besides, I have a repugnance to scenes of misery," and the delicate, refined lady shrugged her shoulders.

"But you can do good there, Aunt. This man has been a great sinner; he has been a fugitive from justice, and he has suffered terrible hardships. He is thoroughly contrite now, and has made his peace with God. He is very ill, but if he could be taken out of his close room and well nursed he would recover. He has been in the city more than a month, and we have been caring for him amongst us, but we cannot do much. I did not learn his history until to-night, and I came to you at once. Oh, do not refuse, aunt!" Henry pleaded. "It is Reginald."

"Reginald, my lost boy!" Mrs. Epstein almost screamed. "Ill, and in poverty. O Henry! take me to him at once. God bless you for the news! Oh, yes, I will go to him immediately. Really repentant, is he? Thank God!"

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 62.)

The Day of Fasting and Prayer.

GOVERNOR BRADFORD furnishes a most touching picture of the destitution of the colony at this period. The men were divided into companies of six or seven each, who by turns went out with their boat and nets, and returned not, says he, though five or six days out; knowing there was nothing at home. To add to their sorrow, the colonists learned of abundant supplies that had been shipped for them many months before, and now the shattered remnants of a wreck which were drifted into the bay seemed to the desponding Pilgrims to furnish undoubted evidence that their friends and their long-expected stores had perished together in the storm.

"God," says Winslow, "seemed to deprive us of all future hopes. The most courageous were discouraged, because He who had hitherto been our shield and supporter now seemed in His anger to arm Himself against us; and who can withstand the fierceness of His wrath?" But though thus cast down and despairing, they did not abandon the

ancient stronghold of faith. Privately and unitedly they offered up earnest prayers to God, with solemn confessions of sin. A day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by public authority, and especially set apart for casting themselves as a people on the mercy and long-suffering goodness of God, who had so often proved Himself a very present help in time of trouble.

Such incidents as this prove, more than anything else could do, the nature of that vital principle by which the weak and apparently helpless band of exiles, cast on the desolate shores of New England, took root and established themselves until they grew into a powerful state, which the Old World now regards with wonder and admiration; while numerous and powerful bodies of emigrants, sustained by the wealth of England, and furnished with annual supplies by her fleets, failed to leave behind them any enduring traces of the settlements they went forth to establish. The spirit of religious faith and humble trust in the overruling providence of God never forsook the Pilgrim Fathers, and was most strongly present in their minds as a vital principle of sustaining power in those dark hours of trial when all other hope seemed vain. This it was which enabled them to surmount the difficulties and dangers before which the bands of England's most daring adventurers had quailed; and we shall best understand its nature by recording its manifestations in the language of the old Pilgrim's narrative:

"These and the like considerations," says Winslow, "moved not only every good man to enter into examination with his own estate between God and his conscience, and so to humiliation before Him, but also more solemnly to humble ourselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer. To that end a day was appointed by public authority, and set apart from all other employments; hoping that the same God which had stirred us up hereunto, would be moved hereby in mercy to look down upon us, and grant the request of our dejected souls, if our continuance there might any way stand with His glory and our good."

"But oh, the mercy of our God! who was as ready to hear as we to ask; for though in the morning, when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear, and the drought as like to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercise continuing some eight or nine hours), before our departure, the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived; such was the bounty and goodness of our God."

The Pilgrim Fathers were no superstitious visionaries who looked for miraculous interpositions of Providence on their behalf in every emergency. In Robert Cushman's *Reasons and Considerations*, he shows this most clearly, discriminating between God's extraordinary dealings with His chosen people of old, and the overruling providence by which alone He now manifests His care over all His works. "God of old," says he, "did so guide His people, but now He doth not, but speaks in another manner, and so we must apply ourselves to God's present dealing, and not to His wonted dealing; and as the miracle of giving manna ceased when the fruits of the land became plenty, so God, having such a plentiful storehouse of directions in His Holy Word, there must not now any extraordinary revelations be expected." So did the old Pilgrims reason, free from the slightest tincture of fanaticism or superstition; but they did not the less surely be-

lieve that the eye of the Lord is still upon all His works, and His ear is still ready to hear the prayer of the destitute, and Himself to be the help and the refuge of His people.

The Indians had not failed to note, in their frequent intercourse with the colonists, that on each returning seventh day they rested from all worldly labor, however pressing their necessities might be, and devoted their Sabbath to the worship of the Great Spirit, whose overruling providence was dimly shadowed forth in the traditional faith of the rude children of the forest. It chanced, at the period appointed for this solemn fast, that a number of Indians had assembled, from various causes, at the settlement, among whom was Hobbamock, the friendly Indian who, to a great extent, supplied the loss of Squanto, their former interpreter. The Indians gazed with their silent but observant habits on the colonists, wondering to see them gathering together for worship, and no signs of their wonted industry, although it was only three days since the Sunday of the Pale Faces.

By a happy union of apparently very diverse uses, the fort they had reared as their stronghold on Burial Hill served in like manner as the place of public worship. To this indeed it owes its latter designation, the colonists having naturally reverted after a time to the custom of their English forefathers, and chosen the site of their burial-ground around the sacred place of their Sabbath assemblies. Not now to the warrior's fort and citadel, but to the Christian's stronghold, were they betaking themselves. The Indians strove in vain to conceive what this could mean, and at length Hobbamock demanded of a boy the reason of such unwonted procedure. The effect on the minds of the wondering Indians may readily be conceived when, as at the prayer of the prophet Elijah, "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

The virtues of Hobbamock, their Indian friend and interpreter, appear to have been held in high estimation by the colonists. His services to the settlement had proved of great value, and his hearty sympathy and co-operation with them in all their proceedings seem completely to have overcome the feelings of distrust which their ordinary intercourse with their Indian neighbors must have induced in the minds of the Pilgrims. In the following year he was completely adopted into their number as a member of the colony of New Plymouth. In the allotment of the lands of the settlement in 1624, a portion was set apart as "*Hobbamock's ground*;" and in a work published in London about twenty years later, entitled *New England's First Fruits*, the following touching record of his fidelity occurs:—"As he increased in knowledge, so in affection, and also in his practice, reforming and conforming himself accordingly; and though he was much tempted by enticements, scoffs, and scorn from the Indians, yet could he never be gotten from the English, nor from seeking after their God, but died amongst them, leaving some good hopes in their hearts that his soul went to rest."

It is curious, and not unworthy of note in passing, that the name of this Indian, whom the pious Pilgrims thus regarded as probably the first fruits of their missionary zeal, is the same which Winslow notes as that applied by the natives to the spirit of evil. The coincidence seems to have escaped their observation, or they would hardly have failed to notice the deliverance of the plighted bondman of Satan, to become the first freedman of the gospel among the natives of New England.

It may not be unmeet to glance for a moment at the Indian's creed—a faith not devoid of some sublimity in its most prominent features, though deformed by many degrading superstitions. "A few things," writes Winslow, in a narrative appended to his historic relation, "I have observed amongst the Indians, both touching their religion and sundry other customs amongst them. And first, whereas myself and others, in former letters, wrote that the Indians about us are a people without any religion, or knowledge of any God, therein I erred, though we could then gather no better; for as they conceive of many divine powers, so of one, whom they call *Kiehtan*, to be the principal and maker of all the rest, and to be made by none. He, they say, created the heavens, earth, sea, and all creatures contained therein; also that he made one man and one woman, of whom they and we and all mankind came; but how they became so far dispersed, that know they not.

"At first, they say, there was no sachem or king,

but *Kiehtan*, who dwelleth above in the heavens, whither all good men go when they die, to see their friends, and have their fill of all things. This his habitation lieth far westward in the heavens, they say; thither the bad men go also, and knock at his door, but he bids them *quatchet*, that is to say, walk abroad, for there is no place for such; so that they wander in restless want and penury. Never man saw this *Kiehtan*; only old men tell them of him, and bid them tell their children, yea, to charge them to teach their posterities the same, and lay the like charge upon them. This power they acknowledge to be good; and when they would obtain any great matter, they meet together and cry unto him; and so likewise for plenty, victory, &c., sing, dance, feast, give thanks, and hang up garlands and other things in memory of the same.

"Another power they worship, whom they call *Hobbamock*, and to the northward of us, *Hobbamockui*; this, as far as we can conceive, is the devil. Him they call upon to cure their wounds and diseases. When they are curable, he persuades them he sends the same for some conceived anger against them, but upon their calling upon him, he can and doth help them. But when they are mortal and not curable in nature, then he persuades them *Kiehtan* is angry, and sends them, whom none can cure; insomuch as in that respect only they somewhat doubt whether he be simply good, and therefore in sickness never call upon him."

As the apprehensions of the colonists were dispelled in so remarkable a manner, they learned soon after that their sorrow at the supposed loss of the vessel freighted with their expected stores had been no less premature. The ship was safe, and on its way to New England with the needful supplies, while the dangers and long delays it had experienced were fruitful to them in unlooked-for blessings. While the colonists were mourning over the wreck flung on their coast, not as the evidence of ruined hopes, but of friends intombed amid the raging billows of the Atlantic, God in His good providence was watching over them, and working out for them a great deliverance.

The good prospects of the New England colonists, which were probably exaggerated in the eyes of the English adventurers by their unwearied patience and contentment, had excited the covetous longings of others besides Mr. Thomas Weston. Mr. John Pierce, with shrewder foresight than Weston, resolved to secure to himself the first fruits of their success, not by entering into competition with them, but by rendering them completely subservient to his interests.

"We received," says Bradford, "letters from the adventurers in England of December 22 and April 9 last, wherein they say, 'It rejoiceth us much to hear those good reports that divers have brought home of you,' and give an account that last fall a ship, the *Paragon*, sailed from London with passengers for New Plymouth; being fitted out by Mr. John Pierce, in whose name our first patent was taken, his name being only used in trust; but when he saw we were here hopefully seated, and, by the success God gave us, had obtained favor with the Council of New England, he gets another patent of a larger extent, meaning to keep it to himself, allow us only what he pleased, hold us as his tenants and sue to his courts as chief lord. But meeting with tempestuous storms in the Downs, the ship is so bruised and leaky that in fourteen days she returned to London, was forced to be put into the dock, five hundred dollars laid out to mend her, and lay six or seven weeks, to December 22, before she sailed a second time; but being half-way over, met with extreme tempestuous weather about the middle of February which held fourteen days, beat off the round-house, with all her upper works, obliged them to cut her mast and return to Portsmouth, having 109 souls aboard, with Mr. Pierce himself. Upon which great and repeated loss and disappointment, he is prevailed upon for \$2,500 to resign his patent to the Company, which cost him but \$250; and the goods, with charge of passengers in this ship, cost the Company \$3,200, for which they were forced to hire another ship, the *Anne*, of 140 tons, to transport them, namely, sixty passengers with sixty tons of goods, hoping to sail by the end of April."

Every step secured by the founders of New England was slowly and hardly won. Their growth was like that of the hardy oak, which gains strength cradled by the storms of winter, and roots itself the more firmly by contending with its rudest gales.

Just as the colonists were beginning to look with

pleasing anticipations on the ripening of the golden grain, which they had sowed under such severe privations, and tended amid many fears, the outlookers on Burial Hill were cheered with the sight of a sail on the distant horizon. In the latter end of July the ship *Anne* arrived, followed soon after by the *Little James*, a small vessel of forty-four tons, built expressly for trading with the colony. In addition to the acceptable supplies which they brought, about sixty passengers landed at Plymouth, most of whom were welcome to the Pilgrims as dear and long-expected friends. Some of them were the wives and children of those who had been the foremost to face the dangers and difficulties of the infant settlement. They found not one sick person in the settlement, notwithstanding all the want and privations they had endured.

Imagination must be left to picture the joyful meeting of husband and wife, parents and children, after so long a separation, and the tedious hopes and fears attendant on the circumstances in which both parties had been placed. In the quaint Christian names mingling among the common Georges, Thomases, and Edwards, familiar to modern ears, which appear in the list of these new emigrants, we detect one of the peculiar characteristics which at a later period, become so general among the Puritans both of England and America. There are Fear and Patience, daughters of Elder Brewster, Manasseh Faunce, Christian Penn, and Experience Mitchell. Jonathan and Love were in like manner the sons of the venerable Elder, whom Governor Bradford speaks of as the father of many children. Another of his children bore the name of Wrestling; and the history of the colony in later times affords evidence that the example was not lost on their descendants.

Among those undistinguished by their names there unhappily proved to be some but little welcome as members of that virtuous community, and whose peculiarities had anything but a Puritan tendency. So vicious and troublesome, indeed, did they prove, that the colonists were compelled to ship them home the following year, being glad to secure their absence at any cost.

The arrival of the *Anne* and *Little James* with their new band of emigrants casting in their lot with the founders of Plymouth marks a period of peculiar interest in the annals of the Pilgrim Fathers. By all the historians of New England these later pilgrims are reckoned with those who came in the *Mayflower* and *Fortune*, as the *Old Comers* or *Forefathers*. It was the completion of the band of Pilgrims, the aristocracy of the New World, from whom, as from a fount of honor, its titles and its privileges were to be derived to all after ages; and a nobler ancestry could not be desired, amid all the pomp and blazonry of old heraldic trees.

In the welcome which the colonists gave to their friends, kindness and love had to make up for the absence of much else at the homely board. "When they see our poor and low condition," writes one of them, "they are much dismayed and full of sadness; only our old friends rejoice to see us, and that it is no worse, and now hope we shall enjoy better days together. The best dish we could present them with is a lobster or piece of fish, without bread, or anything else but a cup of fair spring water; and the long continuance of this diet, with our labors abroad, has somewhat abated the freshness of our complexion, but God gives us health."

The severest hardships of the colonists were now over, and they could venture to welcome the reunion of long-dissevered family circles, and to sympathize with the salutation of their faithful counselor, Mr. Robert Cushman, who had returned to England, and wrote from thence, "Your old friends come dropping to you, and by degrees I hope ere long you shall enjoy them all."

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for January:

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Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.—PSALMS ciii: 13-14.

I love Thee, Lord, and so I seek
To know and do Thy will;
But if through blindness I should err
Forgive and love me still.

I boast no righteousness, nor yet
Is holiness my plea;
For ah! my heart knows none save His,
Who bled and died for me.

Nor am I perfect yet! this heart
Is human, not divine,
And still must bear the taint of sin,
Till it becomes like Thine.

For but one perfect, faultless life,
This earth has ever known;
One spotless heart untouched by sin—
And that, dear Lord, Thine own.

But blameless, through Thy grace bestowed,
I strive to live each day,
Listening to hear Thy faintest call,
And waiting to obey.

And if sometimes, amid the strife,
Thy voice I fail to hear,
Lord, speak again, and make me know,
What Thy commandments are.

Or if my feet should chance to stray,
O! Holy One and just,
Look from Thy throne of perfectness,
Remembering I am dust.

And throw the mantle of Thy love
Around me as I roam,
Till warmed beneath its folds, my heart
Shall turn again toward Home.

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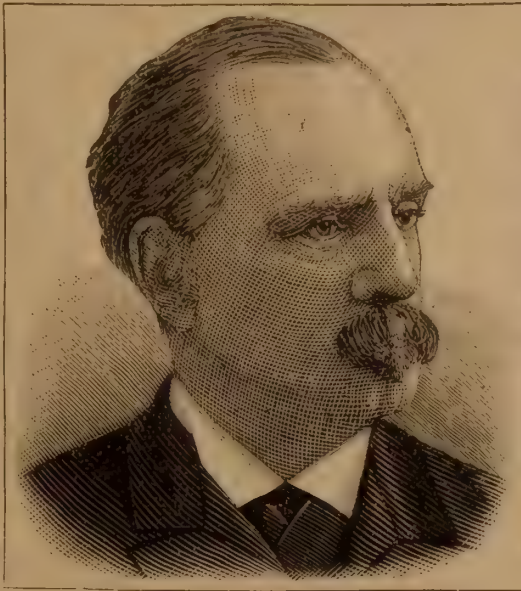
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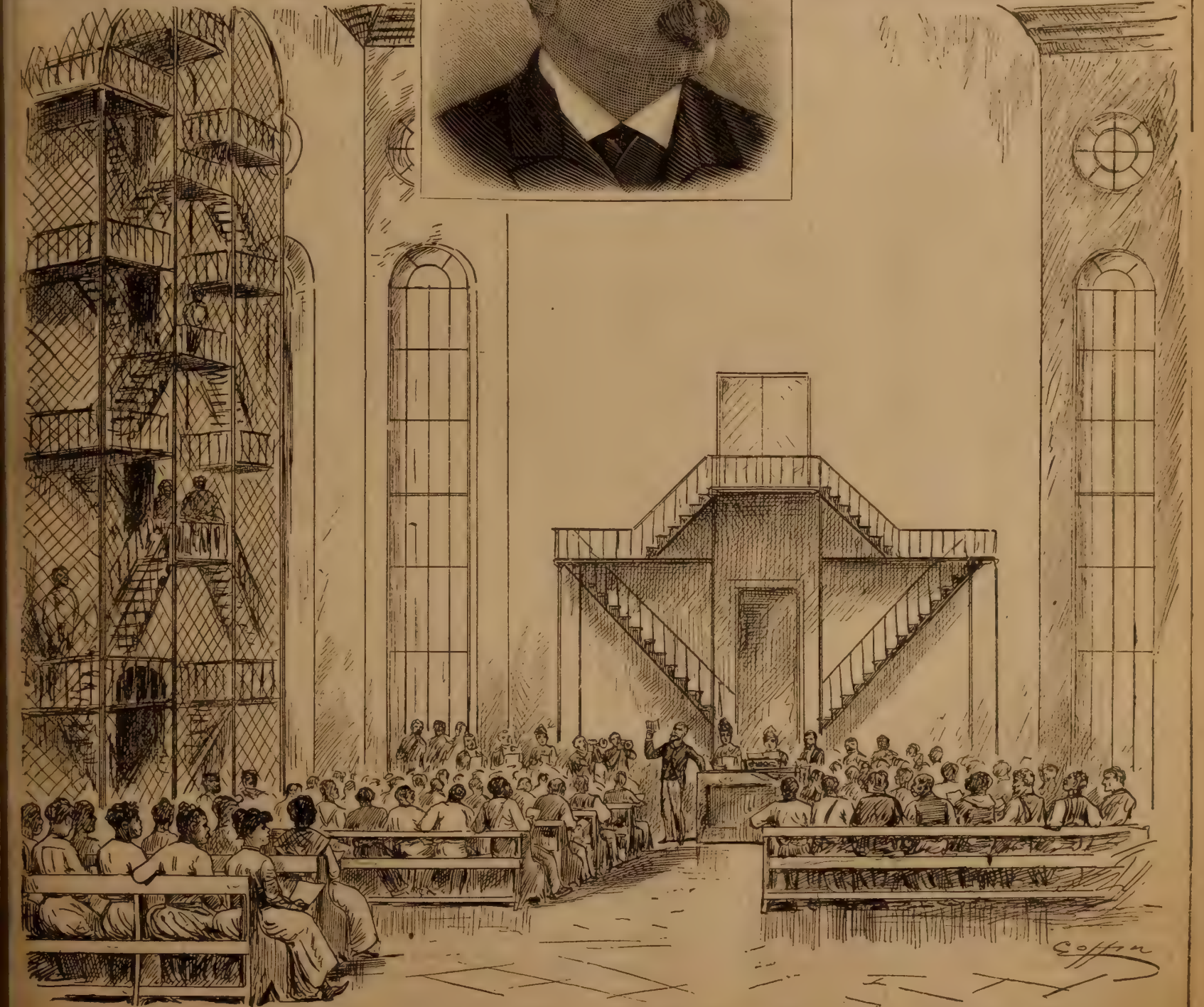
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Major George A. Hilton, the Successful Evangelist—His Service in the U. S. Jail at Washington, D. C.

MAJOR GEORGE A. HILTON.

Early Life in New York—A Volunteer in the War—Promoted to the Rank of Major—An Appointment in Washington—Years of Dissipation—A Wife's Request for Prayer—Remarkable Conversion—Schemes for Systematic Work—Services in the United States Jail—Consecration Meetings at His House—The True Life-Insurance—The Central Union Mission—Work Among the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Men—Revival Services—Resigns His Position for Evangelistic Work—A Testing Time—A Promise in a Watch—Work on the Pacific Slope.

NOTICES have appeared from time to time in these columns of the valuable work being done in various parts of the country by the earnest, consecrated man whose portrait appears on the first page this week. As there are many Christian men engaged in business pursuits who regret that in their youth they did not give themselves and their future lives to the work of God, and are apt to conclude that, the opportunity having passed, a life of Christian usefulness is not now within their reach, it may be useful to tell in detail the life of Major Hilton. It may encourage them to seize the opportunities still left to them, and if those are faithfully used, God will, as in Major Hilton's case, open wider spheres, and give them still more extended fields to occupy for Him. God has work for all, and there are multitudes who, though deaf to the appeals of men trained in our theological institutions, and not to be drawn by the logic of scholars, and the eloquence of able clergymen, may be won for Christ by the simple testimony of a man who has been himself a slave of Satan, and can tell them how he was delivered by the Power which can deliver them, and hold them safe to the end. This is what Major Hilton has done in our jails, in our slums, and in the degraded homes and haunts of our beloved land. The

Early Life

of Major Hilton was passed in New York, where he was born October 14, 1836. He entered commercial life in his boyhood, and by his fine natural abilities and assiduous habits worked his way up to an honored and lucrative position in the business world of the metropolis. He was twenty-five years old when the great national convulsion thrilled his heart as it did the hearts of thousands of his age in that day. He resigned his position and enlisted as a volunteer. His regiment was the old 12th New York Volunteers, under Major-General Daniel Butterfield. On the expiration of his six months' term of service he re-enlisted, and rose to the rank of adjutant, and then of major. His military career was, however, cut short at Harper's Ferry in 1862, where he was among the Union forces which surrendered to "Stonewall" Jackson at its capture.

After the War

Major Hilton went into business in Charleston, S. C., but owing to the disturbed and depressed condition of the South he was not successful. Subsequently he obtained a clerkship in the Internal Revenue Department in Washington. He entered this position in 1875, and for the next ten years occupied it with satisfaction to his superior officers and credit to himself. The earlier years of his residence in Washington were years of gradual moral decline. His sanguine temperament, his social qualities, and his bright, genial disposition insured him a hearty welcome in circles of gaiety, and Major Hilton soon became known as a thorough good fellow, who could enliven a company, and drink with the best. It was a sad time, if it was a brilliant one. He sank lower and lower in the vices of the set which was the fastest set in the Capital.

His Conversion

seemed as improbable as that of any man in the city, when in January, 1880, some special services were held with the view of reaching just such men as he. Major Hilton's pious wife went to one of those services and timidly responded when Christians were invited to send in the names of any unconverted relatives for whom they desired the prayers of God's people. Major Hilton's name was well known, and when it was read out in meeting there was a sad smile of hopelessness on many faces, as if such a case was beyond the reach of God's power. Probably none there knew as Mrs. Hilton did that the Major's downward course had not been altogether an easy one. He had made many good resolutions and many vain attempts to reform. The good wife had faith, and she placed it in Him who hears and answers prayer. To her delight, and to the astonishment of all, the prayers were

answered, and before the meetings closed Major George A. Hilton was numbered among those who had passed from darkness to light, and from the service of Satan into the army under Christ's banner. It is not in Major Hilton's nature to be half-hearted about anything. As the persecutor, Saul, lost none of his zeal and energy when he was converted, but, as Paul, the Apostle, became the most active propagator of the faith, so the new convert set himself to work for Christ as earnestly as he had before engaged in Satan's service. He began to speak for the Master and to seek for

Aggressive Christian Work.

Nor was he content with simple personal labor. He gave his mind to the work, and was constantly meditating on the best means of organizing systematic efforts to combine other Christian workers in onslaughts on the strongholds of the enemy. His sad personal experience gave him a knowledge of these, and he could help his co-laborers by telling them where the weak points of those fortresses were. The schemes devised by Major Hilton astonished the Christian workers, whom he stimulated and led, by their boldness and sagacity, and they were still more astonished by the success with which God crowned their campaign. One of these efforts is the *subject of the illustration* on the first page. In the United States jail in Washington some two thousand persons are confined annually. Major Hilton determined to try to reach these, and organized a work there under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. This work, which is still continued, consists of a public service every Sabbath afternoon for one hour, followed by personal work with the prisoners from cell to cell, distribution of testaments, tracts, and other religious literature, visiting the homes and families of the prisoners, and it has been greatly blessed of God to the salvation of many. *The Mizpah Band*, composed of men who had been redeemed from dissipated and vicious lives, was another organization that owed its existence to Major Hilton, and it has done good service in rescuing fallen men.

In former years Washington had had a daily

Noon-Day Meeting

at the Young Men's Christian Association, but in the general slackening of religious effort it had been discontinued, so the Major distributed a paper among the Christian people of his acquaintance for their signatures stating that if set agoing they would support a noon-day meeting. In a few days a notice was published that such services would be held daily, stating place, etc., and then people came, and sinners were attracted, and some conversions have occurred. These meetings are still continued at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Another valuable means of blessing adopted by Major Hilton was the outcome of his belief that workers themselves become more effective by the stimulus of personal contact and consultation. He threw open his own home for this purpose and every Saturday night a band of men engaged in various forms of Christian service met there and spent an hour in converse, prayer, and renewed personal consecration. "Those," says one who participated in them, "were truly times of refreshing."

In the winter of 1881 and 1882 Miss Jennie Smith, assisted by Miss Addie Herman, as representatives of the Evangelistic work of the W. C. T. U.

Among Railroad Men,

started a work along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., commencing at Baltimore. The Spirit of the Lord had preceded them and they found the fields white for a harvest which they had not the physical ability to reap alone. Being acquainted with Mr. Hilton and knowing something of his consecrated powers they called upon him for aid, and he spent several weeks in the work, going first to Baltimore, then to Martinsburg, then to Cumberland, then to Piedmont, and then to Keyser at the base of the Alleghany mountains. In the course of 3 months 1,200 men and women forsook their sinful lives and, accepting Jesus, commenced to live Christian lives. It was a wonderful revival and the Major proved a valuable helper to the ladies in charge of the work.

From that time on calls began to come to him from every direction, "Come over and help us," and during the following two years he held services somewhere almost nightly, either in Washington or some of the outlying towns or villages in Maryland and Virginia.

Called to Queenstown to speak, a revival broke out there; boarding at Herndon, Va., for a few weeks one summer, and speaking at a church, a re-

vival commenced there; Mt. Pleasant, a suburb of Washington, was the scene of another work of grace, and so the months and years passed that were preparing him for the work of an evangelist.

Some of the incidents occurring while yet pursuing his daily secular duties, but giving all his leisure hours to his Master's business were exceedingly amusing. One of these was an

Address on Life-Insurance.

He was a member of a Mutual Life-Insurance Society which held fortnightly sessions for mutual entertainment. Previous to one of these meetings, the Major, who had become generally known as a bright speaker, received a written invitation to make an address at the next session, and to indicate what the subject would be. He accepted the invitation, and announced the subject to be "Life-Insurance." The evening came, and in due time the entertainment commenced. Funny speeches and comic songs appeared first on the programme, and finally the Major was announced to address the audience. He commenced by stating that as this was a Life-Insurance Society, he had been led to select this topic, and had given it considerable study. He reminded them how large a number of men now made provision for their families by insuring their lives. He then gave the figures, showing how many insurance companies there were, how many people insured, how much was paid annually in premiums, and how much the people were insured for. But, said the Major, as a result of my investigation, I have found that "Life-Insurance," so-called, is a misnomer. It should rather be called "Death-Insurance," for no one can realize until the insured dies. I have also made another discovery, viz: that there is a life-insurance system by which a man can realize at once—not the value of his life, as expressed in a "policy," but secure life itself. "The gift of God is eternal life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

His Own Policy.

The audience, composed of a mixture of nominal Christians, careless and worldly, and actual unbelievers, saw his point, and the effect was varied according to their several views. Some smiled and nodded in approval; some frowned, some began to murmur. The Major then stated that in years gone by he had found himself a dying man; he had sought for help in every direction where there seemed to be any promise whatever, but it was all in vain until he came to the only source of life, Jesus Christ; "and," said he, "when I received your kind invitation to address you, I felt a desire to give you the benefit of my experience as to life-insurance. God's promises are reliable, and when He promises you life, eternal, everlasting life, you may know you can have it. No premiums to pay, either. None rejected, however bad their physical or spiritual condition. I speak to you as an immortal spirit addressing my fellow-men. Come to Jesus." The address was full of incidents, full of pathos, and some heard the gospel who never go to the house of God.

In response to an invitation of the W. C. T. U., who were holding an all day's meeting

At Washington Grove Camp

(twenty miles from Washington), Major Hilton made the closing speech upon "Intemperance, its Causes and its Cure." The previous speakers had introduced a good deal of fun and tried to make sport for the amusement of the people, but it was serious business when the Major got to work, and as he charged home a portion of the responsibility for the liquor traffic upon the temporizing policy of the clergy and the time-serving laity, some of both classes left in anger, not able to stand the fire. Said a local paper referring to Major Hilton and his speech: "He is a man who does not see anything to laugh at in the awful curse of rum. He does not tickle the ground with a hoe, but assaults the giant rocks with dynamite. He makes no funny hits except as they fly off by accident in the ponderous blows that make the hearts of the fearful and unbelieving quail before him. It is impossible to report his speech here. But it was a magnificent and powerful arraignment of the liquor traffic and the Judas-like methods of political parties in dealing with it. His scorching words as they fell from his lips ought to have burned up all party prejudice and truckling fear and welded the hearts before him into a glowing union of sentiment. No one else would have done what Major Hilton did in just the way he did it, but he did what he believed the Lord wanted him to do in the way he believed it ought to

and we applaud his *Christian courage* in it."

The Central Union Mission.

Those engaged in evangelistic work all over the world, were led to think seriously of the need of a more thorough system of reaching neglected classes of society in Washington, and appointed a committee to consider the subject, and report a plan to meet the emergency. Major was a member of that committee, and a spirit thereon, and shortly they called the friends of the work together, and reported in favor of a permanent gospel mission to be located in the very midst of the drinking saloons, gambling dens, houses of prostitution, low theatres, and other kindred resorts. This recommendation was adopted, and a board of managers elected, with the purpose to raise funds, and put the mission in operation. This was the birth of the Central Union Mission, with its main hall on Pennsylvania Avenue, its seven permanent branches, its gospel work, its two paid missionaries constantly at work, its *Weekly Bulletin* of 4,000 copies, its thirty-fourty-five gospel meetings weekly, and its list of about one hundred Christian workers out among various churches and denominations, is now known all through the country.

A Life of Faith.

As this Mission was fairly started Major Hilgert, of Washington and entered upon the work of evangelist. He resigned his lucrative position in the Government and amid the fears and rebuffs of his friends went forth to preach the everlasting gospel of Jesus. Some thought he was gone; he says it was only his man-fear that was gone. "Fear not, I uphold thee with the right hand of my almighty arm," was the promise that upheld and sustained him, a promise that has never failed. Great success attended the labors of the evangelist from the very first. Calls came in abundance during the fall of 1884 and winter and spring of 1885, and God richly blessed his work. But a testing time came in the summer. Sickness at home, his own physical weakness, and no work. One friend writes the day when the Major dropped in and said, "Well, we're having a testing of our faith, but all right," and upon taking out and opening his case watch he disclosed the text pasted on the inside: "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." The promise of the Eternal One, carried with him, seen every time he looked at his watch, source of inspiration and faith that no circumstance however adverse could destroy, and so it was that the Lord for the testing and waiting calls came again and he has been a busy man for the past 4 years, having as much to do as he would permit. His labors on the Pacific coast in the winter and spring of 1889 resulted in many engagements for the winter, and he is now holding successful meetings in Southern California to crowded churches and enjoying the blessings which God gives who rely only on Him.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

History of the tour of Dr. Talmage and his family to the Holy Land is continued in a letter received from Mr. Louis Klopsch, who accompanied him, and who writes from Nazareth. The extracts from his letter will interest all readers.

The Good Samaritan's Inn.

As we made from Jerusalem to the Jordan our pleasant realization as a fairy tale is in actuality. We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa railway, our first stop, that for lunch, at the Samaritan's Inn. This is now called the old Khan. It is situated about half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, and is in a ruinous condition. There is no reason to doubt that on the site on which it stands was situated the inn to which the neighboring Samaritan conveyed the poor man who had fallen among thieves. The region is desolate, and the way affords opportunity for ambush convenient to the operations of robbers. Our Lord must have known the site, for it was on the road taken by Galilean messengers to and from Jerusalem. It was enough to find in the ruinous khan an opportunity for refreshment, and to reflect that it was in all probability the site of the inn existing in the time of our Lord, to which He made reference in the beautiful narrative of the Good

Samaritan, and where He also, perhaps, often rested awhile in His errands of good-will to men.

Remounting, we continued our course, visiting next the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was sustained with the bread and meat supplied by ravens. At the present time large numbers of these birds frequent the steep declivity in the mountain range through which the stream marks its course.

By nightfall we had reached what is supposed to be the site of

Old Jericho,

where we encamped for the night, and of which no trace remains. If not here, certainly near it, stood the ancient city, the walls of which fell at the blasts of Hebrew trumpets. Our camp was almost at the foot of what is now called the Mount of Temptation, on which, it is claimed, Christ was tempted of the devil. The Jericho of the time of our Lord was near. It was a splendid city, of which many remains exist. The hill above its site seems to consist largely of the rubbish of the houses, temples, and palaces in which Herod the Great took pride. Fragments of ancient pottery and glass still reward the labor of the searcher.

Our night at Jericho was the first one on which we camped out. The new experience was a pleasant one, disappointing agreeably the anticipation we had formed of it. Early the next morning we resumed our journey. The first point of interest that attracted our attention was the peaks known as

Mounts Pisgah and Nebo.

There is no certainty that the peaks pointed out to us under these names are the exact ones on which, respectively, Moses "viewed the landscape of his native land," and ended his mortal life, but the probability is that Pisgah is rightly identified, because on a clear day a large portion of Palestine is visible to the eye, even when not miraculously aided, from its summit. We were next shown the house of Zacharias, which is a remarkably well preserved edifice. That earnest little man who climbed into a sycamore tree to see Jesus, because he was little of stature, took the best means of accomplishing this purpose. The tree named grows branches in a horizontal direction and near the ground, thus affording a capital place of observation.

An hour's delightful ride brought us to "the clear blue waters" of

The Dead Sea,

a calm and beautiful expanse nearly fifty miles long and about ten miles wide. It receives the waters of the Jordan at its northern end, but has no outlet at the south. We sat down on its shingly beach and read its history. Then we bathed our hands and faces in its waters, which, as soon as the moisture dried off, we found covered with a white, salty incrustation. The air on its shores was pure and refreshing, and we should have liked to loiter longer by it. Dr. Talmage tried a mouthful of the water of the sea, which he found to be exceedingly disagreeable to the taste. The so-called apples of Sodom we found by actual experience are not filled with ashes, as we had been told, but with seeds. We collected many beautiful pebbles before we left this interesting place, from a variety of every conceivable shape and color, which brightens up the beach and renders it a temptation to stay long.

I must return here to something that happened earlier in the day. On our way to the Dead Sea, shortly after we had started out in the morning, and while at modern Jericho—a wretched village consisting of mud houses, and hedged about with thorns—Dr. Talmage was greeted warmly by a group of gentlemen, some of them Americans, who were making a protracted stay in the Holy Land. One of them, who was from Boston, introduced himself as the author of a volume which criticises severely some of Dr. Talmage's sermons. He hoped, however, that this fact would not prevent the Doctor from permitting him to make one of the party as far as the Jordan. Dr. Talmage consented cordially to this arrangement, which included an invitation to the companionship of all the Bostonian's friends. Our new friends proved themselves to be men of considerable attainments, well acquainted with the country through which we were travelling, and thoroughly well up in its Biblical associations. Their entertaining conversation added much to the interest of the trip. After awhile, one of them, who is a resident of Manhattan, Kansas, inquired of Dr. Talmage whether he would consent to baptize him by

An Immersion in the River Jordan.

The desired consent was given and 3 P. M. appointed as the time for the ceremony. Dr. Talmage

was filled with solemn joy on beholding Jordan's sweet and crystal flood. It seemed as if Sabbath reigns perpetually in the valley through which the sacred river runs, so calm and peaceful was the scene. While waiting for the lunch tent to be raised, several of our party washed in the river, remembering as they did so, how Naaman dipped seven times in its waters and the rich reward of his faith. The day was superbly fine, as were all its predecessors while we were in Palestine.

After lunch we rested awhile and then preparations were made for the coming baptism. Copies of the hymn beginning, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," were prepared by the ladies of the party; the toga of our Arab sheik was borrowed to serve as a baptismal robe for Dr. Talmage, while the candidate secured for his own use an outfit from one of the servants. Everything being in readiness, the clergyman and the candidate advanced to the water's edge, the other members of the party forming a semicircle about them. Dr. Talmage made an invocation, and then read the story of the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan by John, from the third chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Afterward all present joined in singing the hymn selected and copied as above related. Dr. Talmage then said: "In this historic river, which parted three times to let God's people pass dry-shod, in which Naaman plunged seven times for healing from dire disease, and from the banks of which Elijah ascended in equipage of fire, and in which Christ was baptized and which for ages has been the symbol of the division between earth and heaven, I baptize thee."

Then taking the candidate by the hand he led him into the water, quoting the authority for baptism as found in Matthew 28:19. Reaching the sufficient depth he immersed the candidate, repeating the usual formula: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," after which he pronounced the benediction. At the close of the ceremony Dr. Talmage said: "As the ordinance was observed under the direction of no particular denomination of Christians, and no particular church could be responsible for it, I feel it my duty to report what I did to the church universal."

Soon after the service we mounted our horses and began the return trip, passing on the way Gilgal, where Saul, the first King of Israel, was crowned, and paying a visit of inspection to the huts which are inhabited by the poverty-stricken Arabs of modern Jericho. Upon reaching our encampment, which had not been moved, we found an excellent dinner awaiting us. We enjoyed it heartily, having appetites sharpened by pure air and exercise. A large bonfire gave us abundant warmth and light after the evening meal.

Elisha's Well.

During our encampment at Jericho we drank water from the well which tradition says was the one the waters of which were miraculously sweetened by the prophet Elisha. On the morning of our departure for Jerusalem we visited the well itself, which was pouring forth an inexhaustible supply of the purest water in all Palestine. We lunched the second time at the Good Samaritan's Inn, after which we pushed on to

Bethany,

situated about two miles from Jerusalem. The name means "The House of Poverty," which aptly describes it as it is now. There are perhaps forty mud-houses in the village, lying sleepily four hundred feet below the summit of the Mount of Olives. The house said to stand on the site of the one once lived in by Mary and Martha and Lazarus, was visited by us as a matter of course. There Dr. Talmage read those passages in the Gospel of St. John, relating to the home of the people who were Jesus' closest friends. We then descended to the tomb reputed to be that whence Lazarus came at the command of Him "who is the Resurrection and the Life." The house of Simon, the leper, is said to have stood near the tomb we visited, and many stones are pointed out as actually having been part of the structure, the principal room in which was once filled with the odor of precious ointment poured on the Saviour's head.

We also visited the Garden of Gethsemane, or what is now known by that title. It is an enclosure laid out in flower-beds, with olive-trees here and there. Seven trees within a railing are said to have been the exact ones under which our Lord "sweat as it were great drops of blood," but as Titus had all trees surrounding Jerusalem cut down, the Franciscan monks who first made the claim for the aged trees I have mentioned, were probably mistaken.

THE CAPTIVE STUDENT.

A Sermon By Dr. Talmage.

"And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank; so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king." Dan. 1:5.

The Student's Depression—His Diploma—I. The Young Man Carried into Captivity—The Thralldom of Evil Habit—More Merciless than Cyrus or Pharaoh—II. The Permanence of Early Impressions—A Grand Structure Needs Substantial Foundation—III. The Value of Christian Sobriety—Daniel's Motive for Abstinence—Religious Not Physiological—A Young Man's Temptations to Dissipation—Charles Lamb's Impressive Warning—A Mother's Reproach—A Crying Motherless Child in a Car—IV. The Young Man Free From Home Restraint—The Country Youth's Sunday in the City.

My text opens the door of a college in Babylon, and introduces you to a young student seventeen years of age, Daniel by name. Be not surprised if in the college you find many hilarities. Put a hundred young men together and they are sure to have a good time. There is no harm in that. God does not write out the trees and the grass and the blossoms in dull prose. The old robin does not sit moping in the nest because of the chirpings and the lively adventures of the fledgelings that have just begun to fly. Do not come into an orchard looking for winter apples on a May morning.

But Daniel of the text is far from being gay. What oppressive thoughts must have come over him as he remembered that

He Was a Captive

in a strange land! The music that came into his study window was not the song of Zion, but the sound of flute, sackbut, and dulcimer in the worship of the heathen god. Moreover, he had no hope of ever getting back home again, and meeting those who had missed him long and missed him bitterly, wondering if he were still alive, and finding many a luxury tasteless because they did not know but Daniel might be lacking bread.

When you and I were in school or college, and the vacation approached, we were all full of bright anticipation, and we could not study the last day, and we could not sleep the last night. The lexicon and the philosophical apparatus were transparent, so we could see right through them into the meadows and the orchards. Not so with poor Daniel. He did not know that he should ever escape from captivity, or, escaping, he did not know but when he got home the loved ones would be dead, and he would go wandering and weeping among the sepulchres of his fathers.

Besides that, the king tried to make him forget his home and forget his country; for that purpose, actually changed his name. The king wanted him to be a prodigy in personal appearance, and so he ordered meat and wine sent from his own table to Daniel; but Daniel refuses all, and puts himself upon

The Humblest Diet,

the poorest of all herbs, called pulse, and plain water. His attendants cry out against this, and tell him he will perish under such a diet. "No," he says, "you try us for ten days, and if, at the end of that time, we are not full-cheeked and robust as any, it will be surprising." Ten days pass along and the students come up for examination, and all declare that none are so ruddy and robust as Daniel and his fellow-captives. The days of industrious pupilage and the years pass by, and the day of graduation has come, and Daniel gets his diploma, signed by the king, and reading as follows: "In all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the astrologers that were in all his realm."

And so Daniel took the first honor, and here the story ends, for Daniel the student hereafter will be Daniel the prime-minister.

The Captivity of Evil Habit.

The first thought suggested to me by this subject is that young men may be carried into captivity by their enemies. There is a captivity more galling than the one in which Daniel was transported; it is the captivity of evil habit. Men do not go into that wittingly. Slyly and imperceptibly are the chains forged upon them, and one day they wake up to find themselves away down in Babylon. Cyrus consented that some of his captives should go, and fifty thousand of them accepted the opportunity; but tell me, what evil habit ever consented to let a man go? Ten plagues made Pharaoh consent to the departure of God's people; but tell me, what Pharaoh of evil habit ever cheerfully consented to let any of his victims go?

Men talk of evil habits as though they were light and trivial; but they are scorpion whips that tear the flesh; they are spikes more bloody than the path of a Brahmin; they make the poisonous robe of Nessus; they are the sepulchres in which millions are buried alive. The young are in more peril because they are unsuspecting. The lions are asleep in their soul, and

Their Power is Not Suspected.

The time when a ship's company makes mutiny is when the watchman is off his guard. When a spider meets a fly, it does not say, "Go down with me to the place where I murder insects." No; it says, "Come and take a walk with me on this bridge of gossamer." Oh! there is a difference between the sparkle of a serpent's eye and the crush of its slimy folds. There is a difference between the bear's paw toying with a kid, and the crackling of the bones in the terrific hug. Pike's Peak looks beautiful in the distance, but ask the starved travelers by the roadside what they think of Pike's Peak.

Oh! are there those around whom suspicious companions are gathering? Do their jests and their entertainments make the hours go blithely by when you are with them? Have you taken a sip from their cup of sin, or gone with them in one path of unrighteousness? Turn back. From Babylon they came, and to Babylon they would carry you. If so many plague-stricken men would like to enter your companionship, before any one is allowed to pass into the intimacy of your heart put on them severest quarantine.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that

Early Impressions

are almost ineffaceable. Daniel had a religious bringing-up. From the good meaning of his name I know he had pious parentage. But as soon as he comes into the possession of the king, his name is changed, all his surroundings are changed, and now, you say, will begin the demoralization of his character. Before, his name was Daniel, which means "God my judge;" now, his name is to be Belteshazzar, which means "the treasurer of the god Bel." Now you expect to see him overthrown amid all these changed circumstances. Oh, no! Daniel started right, and he keeps on right. When I find what Daniel is in Jerusalem, I am not surprised to find what he is in Babylon.

I wish I could write upon all parents' hearts the fact that early impressions are well-nigh ineffaceable. When I see Joseph a pious lad in the house of his father Jacob, I am not surprised to see him acting so nobly down in Egypt. When I find Samuel a pious lad in the house of his mother Hannah, I am not surprised that he gives a terrible smiting to idolatry as soon as he comes to manhood. David planned the Temple at Jerusalem, and gathered the materials for its building; but Solomon, the son, came and put up the structure, and that

Goes on in all Ages.

The father plans the character of the child, and its destiny for time and eternity; then the son completes the structure. You might as well put down a foundation ten feet by five, and expect to rear on it a great cathedral, as to put down a contracted character in a child's soul and yet rear upon it something extensively grand and extensively useful. Let me say to those Christian parents who are doing their best in the education of their children: Take good heart; your sons this morning may be far away from you and in a distant city, but God to whom you dedicated them will look after them. The God of Daniel will take care of them far away in Babylon.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He may wander away for a while, and fall into sin, and break your heart; but before he is done with this life, you having commended him to God, he will come back again; for I put the emphasis in the right place, and on the word "old," when I repeat that passage and say, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." May you all have the glorious satisfaction of seeing your children walk in paths of righteousness and peace! One with them on earth, may you be one with them in heaven!

"Though parents may in covenant be,
And have their trust in view,
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy, too."

But I learn also from this subject the beauty of Christian sobriety. The meat and the wine that were to come from Daniel's table were to come from

the king's table. Well, Daniel had no right to that food. The king was a heathen, and, like the heathens, was accustomed to ask a blessing before he partook of food, and in that blessing always dedicated the food to the gods. So if Daniel had taken this food he would have broken the law which forbade the taking of food dedicated to idols.

He chose pulse. It was a miracle that he did not dwindle away. There is nothing in pulse, or poor herb, to make a man ruddy and healthy. Some people talk as though that were a kind of diet which would make a man swarthy and content to do the duties of this life. That is no lesson at all. But for a positive miracle, Daniel would have dwindled away, and when God himself-denial puts upon him this benediction, He sends a benediction upon all Christian sobriety.

I would not have you class your preacher with those who would put

Unnecessary Restraints

upon lawful appetites. There are those in the world who dispute the grant which God gave to man of animal food, and they make a religion of hunger, as the Pharisees expected heaven for fasting. Daniel did not always live on pulse. He was not a Grahamite, he was not a vegetarian. He went through that self-denial because the king offered him was idolatrous food. When I see the earth filling with all varieties of food I have much confidence in the teaching of those who would put us on severe regimen.

There are parents who, with a wrong view in this respect, deny their children all harmless pleasures, and without sufficient inquiry send them to boarding-schools where their intellects are cultivated to the disadvantage of their starved bodies; and from many a boarding-school a class of twenty graduates, nineteen of them ghosts! Now, when I see the three angels eating the calf which Abimelech slew, and when I find Christ eating broiled fish even after His resurrection, I come to the conclusion that the theories of the vegetarian are not founded. But oh, how many

Temptations to Dissipation!

With so many things to tempt the appetite, many temptations to gluttony! With so many sparkling beverages, how much temptation to drunkenness! Could I bring before you this morning the mothers and the wives and the sisters who have wept at the graves of the inebriate, you would be overpowered with the spectacle. Could I show you the manly forms robbed of their life by the eye-flashings quenched in the wine-cup, the ruddy cheek from which rum has wormed the life, your souls would recoil with horror, and you would rise up and cry, "Begone, thou dream of drunkenness!"

Charles Lamb, who made all the world laugh at his humor, and then afterward made all the world weep at his fate, who outwitted everybody, and at last outwitted of his own appetites, wrote: "The waters have gone over me; but out of the depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to those who have but set a foot in the perilous path. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the wine is delicious as the opening scenes of a play, or the entering upon some newly discovered disease—could he look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is to a man shall feel himself

Going Down a Precipice

with open eyes and a passive will; to see destruction, and have no power to stop it, yet all the way emanating from himself; to see himself empty out of him, and yet not able to stop the time when it was otherwise; to bear a pitiable spectacle of his own ruin—could he see the feverish eye, feverish with last night's drink, feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of folly—could he but feel the body of the destroyer of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry, delivered, it were enough to make him drop the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the agony of its mantling temptation."

Are you fond of pictures? Here is one of Solomon: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that stay at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, it moveth itself aright in the cup. At the biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." (Prov. 23:29-32.)

"Do you know what you are doing?" said a mother who had broken into a restaurant, to

against her, her son inside. She came up counter, and saw the man of the restaurant holding the intoxicating cup for her own son. He told the man behind the counter: "Do you know what you are doing?" "No," said he, "I don't." Says she: "You are

Fattening Graveyards."

is told at Des Moines some time ago of a train going through a very stormy night over one Western prairie. The young man who was told us the story. In the night there was a child in the sleeping-car, fretful and worried crying hour after hour. A man on the opposite side of the car lost his patience, and said: "I'll make that child shut up, or take it to its rest!" Then another man on the opposite side of the sleeping-car—a man with a broken heart—pulled back the curtain, and looked out, and said: "I'll make that child's mother is dead in the sleeping-car, and the little thing is wailing for her." The man who had committed the affront rose, offered his services for the night, and took care of the child until the morning, and all the passengers in the car were broken down with emotion. The cry of one child could arouse so many sympathies, what ought to be the effect of the tenfold-voiced shriek of orphanage and widowhood from the inebriate's grave. God save this world from the perils of strong drink!

The Young Man Away From Home.

This subject also impresses me with the beauty of our character remaining incorrupt away from home. If Daniel had plunged into every wickedness of the city of Babylon, the old folks at home would never have heard of it. If he had gone through all the rounds of iniquity, it would have no shadow on his early home. But Daniel, that God's eye was on him. That was enough. He is young men not so good away from home as at home. Frederick, tending his father's sheep among the hills, or threshing rye in the field is different perhaps from Frederick on the Exchange. Instead of the retiring disposition here is bold effrontery; instead of an obliging spirit, there is perhaps oppressive selfishness; instead of open-handed charity, there is tight-fistedness; instead of reasonable hours, there is no rest or sleep.

And before many young men this morning may have left your father's house, and you who, though still under the parental roof, looking forward to the time when you will go to conflict, alone in this world, with its temptations and its sorrows, and when you will up to your own character. Oh that the God of Israel might be with you in Babylon! Link the most thrilling passage of a young man's life when he leaves home to make his fortune. The novelty and the romance of the thing may charm him from any keen sorrow, but the old people, who have seen the destruction of so many who start with high hope, cannot help but be anxious. As he was in his father's house his waywardness was kindly chided, and although sometimes he thought the restraint rather bitter and severe, in his calmer moments he acknowledged it was salutary and righteous.

Sunday in the City.

Through the influence of metropolitan friends, he has obtained a situation for his son in the city. The comrades of the young man come right before his departure to bid farewell to the wanderer. The morning of his going away he is around the place to take a last look at things. Happens comes upon some object that starts a memory of some old familiar place, but no one sees the trunk is put upon the wagon. The young man is off for the city. He is set down in the excitement and amid associates who are ever careful about their words, and thoughts, and actions. Morning comes. No family altar. Sabbath comes. No rural quiet. The sanctuary is full, but all the faces are strange, and no one knows whether he comes to church or does not. On his way home from the store he sees a card announcing a rare and vicious amusement. He has no greeting at the door of the boarding-house. He has no appetite for the food. No one cares whether he eats or does not eat—rather he would not eat—it is cheaper! After the tea, he goes into the parlor, takes up a book, finds it no sister to look over with him. Goes up to his room in the third story, finds it cold and uninviting, and in despair he rushes out, caring nothing but to get something to make him stop

thinking. He is caught in the first whirl of sin. He has started out on the dark sea where the gleam of the joy is the flashing of the pit, and the laughter is the creaking of the gate of the lost.

Oh, how many graves there are in the country churchyard which, if they could speak, would tell of young men who went off with high hopes, and came back blasted and crushed, to disgrace the sepulchre of their fathers!

And yet this exodus must go on. As from distant hills the rivers are poured down through tunnels to slake the thirst of our great cities, so from distant country places the streams of incorrupt population must pour down to purify our great cities. To-morrow morning, on all the thoroughfares, in every steamboat, and in every rail-car will be young men going forth to seek their fortune in our great towns. O Lord God of Daniel! help them to be as faithful in Babylon as they were at Jerusalem.

Forget not in the great seaports the moral and religious principles inculcated by parental solicitude; and if to-day, O my young friend, seated in the house of God, you feel the advantage of early Christian culture, forget not those to whom you are most indebted, and pray God that as old age comes upon them and the shadow of death, the hope of heaven may beam through the darkness. God forbid that any of us through our misconduct should bring disgrace upon a father's name or prove recreant to the love of a mother! The poet made no exaggeration when he exclaimed, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!"

Oh that God would help you as parents and as young people to take to heart the lessons of this important subject! and if we shall learn that there is danger of being carried into captivity, and that early impressions are almost ineffaceable, and that there is something beautiful in Christian sobriety, and that there is great attractiveness in piety away from home—then it will be to you and to me a matter of everlasting congratulation that Daniel ever became a captive student at Babylon.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Message of Death.*

A CHRISTIAN business-man, who was yet in the prime of life, and had seemed indeed to be the very personification of vigorous and bounding health, was taken with annoying and distressing symptoms of disease which did not yield to treatment, as he and his skilled physician had anticipated. After a time his physician expressed a wish for consultation with eminent medical practitioners, and a council to consider the case was held accordingly. The result of that consultation was a conviction on the part of the physicians that the patient was already death-smitten, that an internal tumor had even then made such progress in its mastery over all his vital forces, as to forbid hope of prolonged life—even in case, as it was suggested, the tumor itself were to be removed by a miracle; that in fact the strong man who had hope of long years of life, was at that moment, all unconsciously to himself, a dying man; and that now there was nothing left for him to do but to face death and to prepare for it.

The sad conclusion of the physicians was yet to be made known to the unsuspecting patient, and at the request of the heart-broken wife a friend of the husband essayed its communication to him. Already the languor of death was slowly creeping over the man, who had no thought of dying, but was cheerful and sanguine. After a few general words about the state of health of the sick man, the friend asked the question directly: "If you knew that you were not to recover from this illness, is there any business matter you would like to attend to, or any parting word that you would like to speak to others?"

"Why, of course, there are a good many things that I should like to attend to in such a case," was the natural answer to this. "Well, from what your physician tells me," said the friend, "I think you had better attend to those things at once." "Perhaps that would be the course of prudence," was the still unsuspecting response. "It is more than a matter of prudence; it is a matter of necessity," pressed the friend seriously. "If you really think so, I will sit up and talk over my business affairs after I have had a little nap," said the sick man. "My friend," responded the bearer of the sad message, "you must not take another nap, nor wait another hour before attending to your last duties here." And he added seriously, and in measured tones, "I mean just what I say; for I speak at the request

* From *Practical Paradoxes*, one of six excellent little volumes of essays, by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull. The six volumes in box, price \$2.50. Published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

of your physician, and he assures me that what you would do here you must do very quickly."

"I understand you now," was the untremulous response of the surprised, but not unready man—"I understand you now. You mean that I am already dying. I understand it now, and it does not disturb me; I will rouse right up and look after matters that need my attention."

Then began the busy preparation of the now consciously dying man. He was a bank president, a railroad president, a Sunday-school superintendent. He had large and varied interests in other directions, also. There was much to be done, and brief time for its doing. Calmly and seriously, but in cheerfulness, and without anxiety, he gave directions for the disposition of his worldly affairs. Then he called his loved ones around him, and talked with them in cheery tenderness. And so his dying hours were passed. His room was a place of brightness to the end of his earthly course. The fact that he was dying, and that he knew that he was dying, only gave new seriousness and new efficiency to his living, while he still was living. So far, that Christian man was an example in his living and in his dying.

MR. MACKAY'S SCHOOL IN UGANDA.

(See illustration on page 92.)

THE work in Uganda now being carried on by Mr. Mackay has one of the most romantic histories in the record of foreign missions. The picture accompanying this notice shows how humble and prosaic is its character, but its existence is an evidence of heroic qualities in the work. Writing recently to Mr. Bruce, the son-in-law of the great Dr. Livingstone, Mr. H. M. Stanley says: "Mwanga, while king, after he had murdered Bishop Hannington, expelled the missionaries, both French and English, from Uganda; expelled them in the most shameful and humiliating manner; robbed their stations of every article, and their persons of every upper garment—even their hats were taken, and they were pushed adrift on the lake, but the missionaries, after incredible dangers, had arrived at the south end of the lake, the French party settling at Ukumbi, the English, with the brave missionary Mackay, at Usambiro. It was not long, however, before an avenging Nemesis drove the King to seek refuge at the new homes of the poor missionaries whom he has so cruelly treated."

Mr. Stanley then gives details of several revolutions which have occurred in Uganda, and concludes: "Some time after the last revolution the Christians of Uddu heard that Mwanga had embraced the Christian faith, and, convinced that his conversion was real, sent and tendered their allegiance to him. Mwanga then came to Uddu with an English trader named Stokes and took possession of an island east of Sesse, and there he remains with about 250 guns; while Stokes, it is said, has gone back to the coast to purchase more guns and a large supply of ammunition—upon a promise that Mwanga would recoup him with ivory, eventually. Meantime Marema is king of the mainland, and Mwanga gathering to him all the Christians and disaffected, with natives of the Sesse and the islands, has assumed absolute kingly authority over the islands of the lake."

"If the narrative is true—and I have now no reason to doubt it—what would have pleased Livingstone so much is that a body of Christians can become in twelve years so numerous and formidable as to depose the most absolute and powerful king in Africa, and hold their own against any number of combinations hostile to them. What can a man wish better for a proof that Christianity is possible in Africa? Some of these African Christians that I met possessed a prayer-book and the Gospel of Matthew printed in Kiganda, and as soon as they retired from my presence they went to study their books. Five of their following accompanied us for the purpose of pursuing their studies on the coast."

"I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa—who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith—as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecution—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with righteous pride."

PROPHETIC PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR TIME.

By Rev. E. Cornwell.

It is not one great public change, nor any remarkable public events, by themselves, which stamp the special character of awful importance or prophetic import on our time, so much as the singular and simultaneous combinations of the changes and events which are now passing before us. Neither is it these remarkable

Coincident Events

by themselves which constitute the emphatic crisis of our time, though these combinations are indeed adapted to awaken and astonish the world; but it is the extraordinary—almost *photographic resemblance*—between these concurrent great changes and events before us, and the signs predicted by the ancient prophets, and especially of those announced by Jesus Christ, which were to precede immediately the awful close of the Christian dispensation, and the opening grandeur of the coming one. It is this marvellous correspondence, widening and intensifying from year to year, which is designed to arrest our deepest attention to the urgent inquiries—Are we, or are we not, living in the great era predicted and designated by Daniel—"The time of the end"?

Let us then inquire, What are some of the clearly predicted signs of "the time of the end," by which we may ascertain, beyond a doubt, whether or not we have arrived at this period? Let us consider

Three Signs,

each of them of colossal magnitude, which are distinguished by the Spirit of God, in the prophecy of Daniel, from several others, seeing that from their great prominence they must be distinctly and universally known when they appear. These are now patent to the whole world.

Two of these three special signs, which have already for many years, as facts, arrested the minds and excited the astonishment of all, are thus described by the angel to Daniel: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, even to the time of the end; (at which time) many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." In other words, when a period has actually begun which shall be distinguished above all preceding eras for the rapid travelling to and fro of multitudes, and for the no less speedy diffusion of knowledge, both natural and spiritual, over the world, then know that that period has come—"the time of the end." These prophetic words have indeed been amply fulfilled during the present century. Never before have they been accomplished on so mighty a scale, and with such marvellous rapidity over the world.

But while these predicted signs show to all that we are living in the "time of the end," the following sign shows no less clearly that the exact period when that time actually arrived was

The Commencing Liberation

of the true Church of God from her lengthened obscurity, sufferings, and depression, and the sudden commencing descent of Roman Catholic political dominion or kingly power to destruction. These contemporaneous events are predicted in the closing part of the seventh chapter of Daniel, where the turning of the captivity of the Church of God is described as taking place at the very time when their long-continued oppressors are consigned by the awful sentence of the "Ancient of Days" to absolute, though progressive destruction. The same deliverance of the Church of Christ at the termination of the long period of her oppression is again predicted in the eleventh chapter of the prophecy (verse thirty-five) as distinctly marking the commencement of the "time of the end"—"And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge them, and to make them white, even to the time of the end."

If, then, the predicted sign of the arrival of the long-looked-for time of the end and of the commencing emancipation of the Church of Christ is most clearly declared to be the commencing destruction of Popish dominion, which was to be consumed and destroyed to the end, the decisive question at once presents itself—Has that foredoomed destruction of Popish power really begun?

The First Fatal Stroke,

was given to the civil power of the Pope of Rome at the French Revolution in 1792, followed, as it was, by the successful invasion of his territories, and by the taking of himself once and again a prisoner. It was the appointed death-knell of his kingly dominion, and was also the first jubilee sound that the year of commencing deliverance had come to the true Church of the Redeemer.

That deadly stroke at Popish dominion was the signal of the speedy coming of a new life, new energy, and a new career of glorious prosperity to the people of the living God.

More than half a century has now elapsed since the civil dominion of the sovereign of Rome began to pass away. Have the general aspects of the cause of God during that interval corresponded in some degree to this glorious anticipation? Have they presented additional and striking evidence that we are really living in the "time of the end," and that God quickly began, after the close of the long period of His people's captivity and fearful oppression, to act on a great scale, for the speedy regeneration of the Church and of the world? Undoubtedly they have. Abundant evidence may be adduced, not only to attest this marvellous change, but also to establish our confidence in the joyful expectation of the most glorious interposition of Christ ere long, for His cause and people, till at length "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."

A LETTER FROM DR. TALMAGE

To the Readers of His Sermons.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January, 1890.—On leaving America I addressed some words of farewell to my sermonic readers, and now, on my way home, I write this letter of salutation which will probably reach you about the Monday that will find me on the Atlantic Ocean, from which I cannot reach you with the usual sermon. I have completed the journey of inspection for which I came. I have visited all the scenery connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement; a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my *Life of Christ*, and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, in mud hovel of Arab village, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Genesareth, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria.

All things have combined to make our tour instructive and advantageous. The Atlantic, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic, and Aegean, and Dardanelles, and Marmora seas have treated us well. Since we left New York we have had but a half-day and one night of storm, and that while crossing Mount Hermon. But let only those in robust health attempt to go the length of Palestine and Syria on horseback. I do not think it is because of the unhealth of the climate in the Holy Land that so many have sickened and died here or after as a result of visiting these lands, but because of

The Fatigues of Travel.

The number of miles gives no indication of the exhaustions of the way. A hundred and fifty miles in Palestine and Syria on horseback demand as much physical strength as four hundred miles on horseback in regions of easy journey. Because of the near two months of bright sunlight by day and bright moonlight or starlight by night, the half-day of storm was to us the more memorable. It was about noon of Dec. 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the horses falls and we halt amid a blinding rain. It is freezing cold. Fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of to-day's pilgrimage. It is, through the awful inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and stumble and climb and descend we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes off, until at last we halt in the hovel of a village, and instead of entering camp for the night we are glad of this retreat from the storm.

It is a house of one story, built out of mud. My room is covered with a roof of goats' hair. A feeble fire mid-floor, but no chimney. It is the best house of the village. Arabs, young and old, stand around in wonderment as to why we come. There is no window in the room, but two little openings, one over the door, the other in the wall, through which latter opening I occasionally find an Arab face thrust to see how I am progressing. But the door is open, so I have some light. This is an afternoon and

A Night Never to be Forgotten,

for its exposures and acquaintance with the hardships of what an Arab considers a luxurious apartment. I sat that night by a fire the smoke of which finding no appropriate place of exit took lodgment in my nostrils and eyes. For the first time in my

life I realized that chimneys were a luxury, but a necessity. The only adornments in this were representations of two tree branches in mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about ten indentations in the wall to be used as mantel anything that may be placed there. This was not a surprise. Through pessimistic prop we had expected that at this season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is with us a dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life, I was glad to close my journey by passing through the

Apostolic Lands

and seas. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unhorsed at the foot of the supernal light. We did not want, him, to be flung to the earth, but we did want for some great spiritual blessing, brighter than any noonday sun, and a new preparation for fullness. Strange and unique Damascus! It is worth while to cross the Atlantic and Europe to it. Though it has been the place of battle, massacre, and of ancient affluence and splendour well as it is of present prosperity, to me its chief attraction arises from the fact that here the scales from Paul's eyes, and that chief of apostles I began that mission which will not end until heaven is peopled with ransomed spirits. So also I day before yesterday, Patmos, where John heard trumpets, and the waves of the sea dash to his feet, reminding him of the songs of heaven, "like the voice of many waters."

But this letter can only give a hint of the

Things We Mean to Tell You

about when we get home, where we expect to be before this month is ended. I baptized by immersion in the Jordan an American whom we met and who desired the solemn ordinance administered to him in the sacred waters. I rolled down from Mount Calvary or "place of a skull" a stone for the corner-stone of our new Brooklyn Tabernacle. We bathed in the "Dead Sea" and "Gideon's Fountain," where his three hundred men lapped the water from their hands as it passed through; and we sailed on Lake Galilee, stood on Mount Zion, and Mount Moriah, Mount Hermon, and I saw the place where shepherds heard the Christmas anthem the Messiah was born; and have been at Nazareth and Capernaum, and sat by "Jacob's Well," saw Tel-el-Kebir of modern battle, and Megiddo of ancient battle, and where the Israelites crossed the desert; and slept at Bethel where one ladder let down into Jacob's dream; but the night I was there the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up down the heavens were the angels of beauty, and of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending; and I was on nearly all the fields of Herod's, and Solomon's, and David's, and Moses' and Abraham's history. I took Rome and Naples and Athens, and Alexandria and Cairo on the way out, and take the Greek Archipelago, and Constantinople, and Vienna on the way back. What can God in His goodness grant me in the way of natural scenery, and classic association, and spiritual opportunity? Ah yes! I can think of something gladder than that He can grant me. Safe return to the people of my beloved flock, the field of work, and the land where my fathers died, and the dust of whose valleys I pray God I may be buried.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

A REMARKABLE MEETING IN JAPAN.

THE journey around the world of Mr. L. D. Wishard, the accredited representative of the Y. M. Men's Christian Association, has brought him much fruit. In a recent letter he describes his visit to Doshisha College, at Kioto, in Japan. At one-half of its students were already Christians. As a result of two weeks' work among them, one hundred others became converted. Of these, Joseph Neesima, president of the college, said, "This is the largest number of Christians ever baptized in Japan at one time." Says Wishard of the last of a series of meetings at Osaka where even professors of the Government Preparatory College were so interested as to throw open Government room for a service:

"The last day in Osaka was enriched by such an outpouring of the Spirit as I have never before witnessed in Japan, and seldom in America. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, the building was filled Sunday morning. The subject was the sin of rejecting Christ. Many were in tears, and an awful stillness reigned in the meeting. At the close of the address, over one hundred rose to accept Christ, including many Government students."

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 16, Luke 3: 1-22; Golden Text, Luke 3: 2.

John's Preparation for His Mission—Commenced at His Birth—Consisted in Listening to God—A Distinct Call to Preach—Its Effect—Public Curiosity—John's Own Definition of His Vocation—Self Abnegation Proving Fitness—John's Message—Demanding Personal Change—The Day of Ritualistic Satisfaction Past—Neither Abrahamic Descendant nor Temple Observance to Avail Henceforth—The Use of the Axe—Pointing out Jesus the Necessary Culmination of John's Ministry.

"FILLED with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb," the pupil and the instrument of the Holy Ghost, his theological training conducted by God Himself, what would the ministry of such a man be? Man had not ordained John to his office; "there was a man sent from God, whose name was John." (John 1: 6.) As one of God's true prophets, he spoke not "by the will of man," either his own will, or that of any other man, but as he was "moved by the Holy Ghost." (II Pet. 1: 21.) His training must have consisted far more of that listening to God and that reverent attention to the unfolding of His divine thoughts than of mere book learning; he had had more to do with God than with man, and drew his views of men and things from God's thoughts concerning them. The world and half-hearted Christians would conceive that it was a very monotonous life to be in the desert, and only rarely to exchange words or thoughts with other men. But to one who truly knows God, the monotony is found rather in the things of this perishing world; he is in his element when he spreads his wings and finds himself at large in things eternal.

John, taught as he was of God, did not attempt to exercise his ministry until he had a distinct and unmistakable call from God. "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar . . . the Word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness."

"Sent From God,"

speaking as he was "moved by the Holy Ghost," that word which came to him from God without intermediate agency, can we wonder that his preaching emptied Jerusalem, and that "there went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan"? (Matt. 3: 5.) No preaching can carry with it real and lasting power unless the preacher knows in himself, and carries evidence to others that he is a man sent from God unto them. How often we hear preaching in which the doctrine is sound, and the preacher a converted man, and yet there is such a sameness in all he says, such a kind of staleness, such a sense of strain and weariness about the whole thing, such a grievous lack of power, that one cannot believe he was sent out from the sanctuary of God to preach that sermon. One cannot resist the conviction that, instead of speaking as he was "moved by the Holy Ghost," and lending himself as servant to his message, he has been attempting to master his message, and so has robbed it of its power; or perhaps it was a self-devised message, with which God had not charged him.

John had learned in the wilderness the relative positions of his message and himself. When his incomparable popularity stirred up the wonder of the ecclesiastical authorities of his day, and "the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou? . . . What sayest thou of thyself?" he took the place of servant to his message. After he had simply disclaimed the suggestions whether he was the Christ, Elijah, or the prophet who was to come, he said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias." (John 1: 19.)

Only a Voice,

but a voice subject to God. A voice, but giving no "uncertain sound" (I Cor. 14: 8); the humble but the certain means of conveying a message from God. Let preachers learn to be only "a voice," and the Holy Ghost will have room to move again.

John the Baptist well understood the mission which had been committed to him. He was making ready for Another, of whom he testified, "There standeth One among you whom ye know not; He it is who, coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

(John 1: 26, 27.) It was his joy and his vocation to retire, that he might give place to Jesus. When his disciples came, in their jealousy for him, to complain that Jesus baptized, and that all men came to Him, he answered, "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven. Ye yourselves bear me witness that I said I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before Him," and then, calling himself only "the friend of the Bridegroom," he added, "He must increase, but I must decrease." (John 3: 26-30.) In the preparation for the Lord which John was to make, Isaiah had foretold, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God." In his own spirit this work had already commenced, and made headway, or he could never have learned such self-abnegation, and therefore God could make him a power to others.

John "came into all the country about Jordan. (or "the wilderness of Judea" Matt. 3: 1), preaching the baptism of repentance unto remission of sins." (R. V.) His preaching filled his own soul, and the authority of Him who sent him was in it when he proclaimed his text, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When God speaks, there is power. "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." (Ps. 29: 4.)

God Spoke

through his faithful witness, and every hearer felt he must either consciously repent, or, with his eyes open, refuse to repent, and, with a high hand, sin against his God; there was no middle course. The effect of such preaching was at once observable. Awakened souls, returning from the wilderness, poured into Jerusalem, and the change in their lives was such that curiosity was awakened. A spirit of confession was aroused (Matt. 3: 6), and sins which had long remained hidden came to light under the searching words of the preacher of the desert. Multitudes from Jerusalem, some earnestly seeking for real contact with God, some superficial souls ready for any novelty, some eager critics, went out into the wilderness to hear him.

But they were unprepared for that which they met with. Familiar with the forms and ceremonies of the temple worship, many of them, most of them, were wont to consider that in the performance of these they had done their duty, and no more could be expected of them. Many, perhaps, had been accustomed to sit in the synagogues, as people do now in churches, listlessly, with respectful endurance, or in a spirit of amused criticism, but holding themselves as altogether on the outside of the subjects dealt with. Some, perhaps, may have eagerly, but in vain, sought for truth which would satisfy the craving of a consciously unsaved soul. But here in the wilderness

All Was Real;

hearts were broken, consciences aroused, and men forgot every presence but that of God as they poured out their agonized confessions. As new arrivals came, some of these God-conquered souls would acknowledge wrong done by them years before, and many unsuspected sins came to light; restitution followed confession; and the inquiry was abroad, "What power on earth could induce these proud men, and men of position, to humble themselves like this?" And when the name of the preacher in the desert was mentioned, and the wondrous force of the words he uttered was the universally acknowledged source of this awakening, the questioners would go out, in their turn, to hear a man whose preaching wrought such wonders.

The best fruit of a revival is always in its first days; the fablest souls, like the Ethiopian eunuch, Saul of Tarsus, and Cornelius, are always the first fruits. After a time, men begin to question, to criticise, and to talk away the power of a religious awakening. The time came, only three years later, when Jesus asked the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders, "The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men? Answer me. And they reasoned with themselves [not in order to come at the truth, but that they might get out of a dilemma without compromising themselves], If we shall say, From heaven, He will say, Why, then, did ye not believe him? But if we shall say, Of men,

they feared the people, for all men counted John that he was a prophet, indeed." So these dishonest and dishonorable men said, "We cannot tell." (Mark 11: 27-35). Such people were to be found among John's hearers. Those who decide for Christ while the work of God is unpopular, those who have apparently all to lose and nothing earthly to gain by accepting Christ, are always the best converts. They are hardy souls, believing in God against wind and tide. Those who wait to see what men in high positions will do, so that they may not lose ground with their friends by their faith in God, never make noble Christians. To such the stern preacher of the desert spoke in the most scathing terms. "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance." Some of them pleaded, "We have Abraham to our father," and they would fain enter heaven clinging to Abraham's skirts; but John was sent of God to fell to the earth all such claims on God. He said, "Now

The Axe

is laid unto the root of the trees, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." It may have been that God had opened His heart to him concerning His people Israel; when He looked that His vine should bring forth grapes, it brought forth wild grapes, "He looked for judgment, but, behold, oppression; for righteousness, and, behold, a cry." (Isa. 5: 4-7.)

John was sent to call men to decision and reality, to a living union with Him, or to a cutting-off from Him altogether. He came with the axe of God to carry away dead branches for the fire of God, and he did real work. He was personal in his appeals, and his hearers became personal in the questions which they anxiously asked him. Their tone was changed. Perhaps in answer to their hitherto unanswerable argument, "We have Abraham to our father," He may have spoken as Jesus did later on, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham." (John 8: 39.) And the people began to say, "What shall we do, then? His first answer was a clear cut of the axe at the root of selfishness, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." The publicans put the same question, and with another cut of his axe he struck at the root of extortion, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." The soldiers came with the same question, and with another cut of his axe he cut at the root of oppression and discontent, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." We want John the Baptist to come and

Cut Away the Undergrowth

in many of our churches, missions, and institutions. If all the selfishness, exaction, oppression, and discontent were cleared away, and every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted were rooted up, then men would see that there is reality in God's truth, and God's people still. The expectation which John had aroused in men's hearts about the coming Messiah was not left unsatisfied; the very day after he had testified, "One mightier than I cometh," "John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1: 29.) How far God had revealed to John beforehand the mission of the Saviour we know not, but the moment he saw Jesus he could speak of the taking away of sin. The Holy Ghost had used him beforehand to make sinners uneasy by arousing them, convincing them that their lives were not right in the sight of God, and he had cut from under them all false hopes. But how could they who were sinners by nature cease to sin, and how could they escape the just judgment of God? All John's former teaching did not solve these questions; he could point to righteousness of life, but he could not take away sin, or provide power to keep men from sinning. But now light broke in, "Behold"—and every eye must turn to look, to look away from himself to another; away from his sins to his Saviour—"Behold, the Lamb of God," the sin offering of sin offerings, "which beareth away the sin of the world." The Jewish mind would turn to the great Day of Atonement, when the sins of all the people were confessed, and put upon the head of the scape-goat, who bore them away "unto a land not inhabited." And now it would burst in on prepared minds: This is He, it is our Messiah, and "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Oh how many awakened souls must have found pardon, and been filled with joy in the sense that they were free!

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Formal Recognition by our Government of the new Republic of Brazil took place on Thursday last, when President Harrison received the new credentials of the Brazilian Minister and the Brazilian Delegate to the Pan-American Conference. The President took occasion to congratulate the Minister on the peaceful character of the revolution, thereby taking the Christian and graceful attitude of a lover of peace and goodwill. He said, in reply to the address of Senhor Valente: "The peaceful course of events that has transformed the Empire of Brazil into the United States of Brazil has been observed with deep interest by the Government and people of this country. It is a source of profound satisfaction to the American people that the Provisional Government of the Brazilian Republic came into power without bloodshed and without violence. I trust this circumstance may prove a happy augury of peace, progress, and prosperity in the career which now opens to the United States of Brazil. Speaking for the people of this country, it will be my constant aim to cultivate the most friendly relations with your Government; to increase the personal intercourse and to enlarge the commercial exchanges between the two republics."

An Enormous Increase to our Navy is Advocated by the Board of Naval officers appointed by Secretary Tracy to recommend a ship-building policy. The Board advises the building of one hundred and one torpedo boats, costing \$6,565,000; eighty-two cruisers and gunboats, costing \$140,450,000; forty-four battle-ships, costing \$202,490,000; total, \$349,505,000. This would give us a fighting fleet capable of contending with any Power in the world. It would be more effective than that of Great Britain which, though larger in number, contains many antiquated vessels. The cost would also be relatively much larger, as our officers receive double the pay of British officers of the same rank. It appears to be the policy of nations to go to extremes. We have had a navy ridiculously inadequate for our need; this proposal is for a navy ridiculously in excess of our need. We have not a number of outlying dependencies to protect, as Great Britain has, nor have we so many and powerful enemies to attack us as she has. It is therefore folly for us to compete with her in naval strength, when all that we require is a sufficient number of vessels to protect our ports.

The Difficulty of Transacting Business in the House, which was foreseen when it was known how small a majority the Republicans had in that branch of Congress, made itself evident last week. No code of rules has yet been adopted, and this fact alone was an omission certain to lead to discord. On Wednesday, on a question being put to the vote, 161 votes were recorded in the affirmative and two in the negative. The 163 votes did not constitute a majority of the House, and the Constitution requires that a quorum to do business shall consist of a majority of the members; the Democrats consequently declared that there was no quorum. Mr. Reed, however, could see that a majority of the House was present, though the fact was not in evidence by the voting. He therefore ordered the names of certain Democrats who were present, but did not vote, to be added to the list. This evoked an emphatic protest, and the ruling of previous Republican Speakers—Mr. Blaine among them—was quoted against him. He insisted, however, on the physical fact of the presence of the Democrats in question, and humorously challenged them to deny that they were present. Apart from the question whether Mr. Reed is right or not in

his ruling, it is to be regretted that in the absence of rules he should have taken up a position antagonistic to nearly half the House, and one that has not heretofore been admitted. He occupies so delicate a position in presiding over an assembly nearly equally divided that conciliation and urbanity are imperatively demanded of the Speaker, if any business is to be done. It looks now as if the session was likely to be wasted in unseemly squabbles over questions of order, and not to be spent in the transaction of national business.

A New Extradition Treaty with England has been negotiated by Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister to the United States, and has been sent to the Senate. It is practically the same treaty as that arranged by Mr. Bayard and Lord West, with the exception of the dynamite clauses, which were the chief objection raised by the Senate to the former treaty. It may be hoped that this new instrument will go into effect, as it remedies many defects in the treaty of 1842, under which we are now working, and which has protected many criminals who ought to be in our jails, instead of living at ease in Canada on their ill-gotten gains. The offences which the new treaty adds to the number of those now extraditable are: Embezzlement; obtaining or receiving money under false pretenses; fraud by a bailee, banker, agent, Trustee, Director, or officer of any company, and counterfeiting. Mr. Blaine points out in his letter accompanying the treaty, that it contains a stipulation against surrender or trial for political offences, and an article providing that a person surrendered shall not be tried for any offence other than that for which the extradition was granted. Another article provides that the convention shall not apply to any crimes committed prior to the date at which the convention shall come into force.

The Closing of Three Banks in New York last week resulted from a bold scheme of robbery. The banks were the Sixth National, the Lenox Hill, and the Equitable. The last two were State institutions. The Equitable Bank was organized only two months ago and it and the Lenox Hill Bank appear to have been the agencies used to obtain control of the Sixth National Bank which was a wealthy and strong institution. More than half its shares were held by Mr. Charles H. Leland, its president. He sold them to an agent who, as he believed, represented an English syndicate. The price he received was considerably above the market rate, and when the figure was known several other directors sold out at the same price. The real purchasers were the men who controlled the two State banks. They took possession on Jan. 20, and at once began clearing out the safe of its contents and making large and suspicious loans. The intention to wreck the bank was so evident that the cashier gave the alarm and the Bank Examiner was notified. He took immediate charge, and, on discovering the withdrawal of the property of the bank, closed the doors, which involved the suspension of the two State banks. The premature detection of the plot through the sagacity and fidelity of the cashier has probably saved much of the property, which would have disappeared in a few days. The depositors will it is thought lose nothing, but the stock is gone. The broker who transacted the purchase has been arrested, and a warrant is out for the arrest of P. J. Claassen, the president of the bank.

The Emperor of Germany Made a Remarkable speech at the close of the session of the Reichstag. Its significance was not diminished by the fact that the last act of the legislators was to reject the Socialists' bill by a decisive majority. The Emperor in his speech from the throne said that it was with special satisfaction that he hailed the continuous application of the recommendations embodied in the imperial message to Parliament in the year 1881, especially the law for the insurance of invalid and aged workmen. Those measures were guarantees for the welfare of the poor. He felt that in the future they would be attended with good results and would contribute to the domestic peace of the Fatherland. Although much still remained to be done in this field, he was convinced the people would not forget what had been done. On the ground already gained there must be further building that the people might come to understand that the legislative power had a warm heart for their just interests, and that a satisfactory improvement in their position could be attained only by the preservation of order, and upon the path of peaceful and lawful progress. The idea of which we hear so

much in this country, that the best government is that which governs least, evidently does not find favor with the Emperor. Perhaps he has begun to perceive that one of the functions of government is to interpose between the rich and the poor for the protection of the latter.

The Difficulty Between England and Portugal is to be the subject of another appeal by the latter Government to the other courts of Europe. The *Cologne Gazette* publishes an interview with the Prime Minister of Portugal, in the course of which that statesman said that Portugal was preparing an appeal to the Powers, based on the provisions of the Berlin Congo treaty. The Powers, he said, have not directly declined to accede to the proposal made by Portugal that an international conference be held to decide the Anglo-Portugal dispute. Above everything, Portugal would endeavor to arrive at an agreement with England. She will prove that all the British demands have been conceded. Senhor Pimental declared that he earnestly desired to enter into negotiations with England for the delimitation of the frontier of the territory claimed by both the Powers in Africa, and that, until such negotiations were possible, Portugal would act with the greatest prudence, and try to remove any cause for complaint on the part of Great Britain.

Rival Projects for Opening up Asia by Railroads are occupying the attention of European financiers and statesmen. The Russian Government has decided to construct a railroad from Lake Baikal, in Southern Siberia, to Stretinsk, on the Chinese frontier and on the Amoor River. This is to be an important link in the great through-Siberian railway, the ultimate end of which is to be at Vladivostock, on the Japan Sea. It was intended last year that the whole line should be finished in three years, but this is the first section of the Trans-Baikal part of the line that has been determined upon. French engineers have projected a line uniting Western India with Constantinople. An English company is said to be in process of formation for the construction of a road from the Persian Gulf through the valley of the Euphrates to the Sea of Cyprus. The importance of any one of those projects is seen by a glance at the map. Either of them would result in putting in communication with each other regions which nature has separated and peoples who are ignorant of each other.

The English Liberals are Preparing for Energetic action in the approaching session of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone issued a circular, on January 28, to all his supporters, urging them to be early in their places in the House. He informs them that the condition of public affairs is not without some peculiar features, and that the questions to be considered at the opening of the session may be of pressing interest. The wording of the circular is unusual, and is taken to indicate an early discussion of the Pigott letters and other matters of vital importance to the liberal and home rule members. That the Irish Land question is likely to be debated is inferred from a speech by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in the course of which he denounced the land purchase scheme, because it was altogether at the risk of the British taxpayer. He also denounced Lord Ashbourne's act because it was mainly applied in prosperous districts, and corruptly, in buying out wealthy peers or others who wished to be rid of their land, instead of being applied, as it was intended, to solve difficulties in distressed districts. He said he would support any land bill that was framed on the lines of the bill introduced by himself in 1884.

Religious Liberty in the United States of Brazil has been decreed by the new Government. The decree was issued on January 7, and a summary of its provisions reached this country last week. It announces that "The federal authorities as well as the Confederate States are prohibited from making laws, establishing any religion, or stopping any body of men from coming together to worship according to their conscience. To all religious beliefs is given alike the privilege to exercise or keep up a religious cult in accordance with their faith, and not be interrupted in service, either public or private. This liberty does not only protect individuals in individual acts, but also churches, associations, and institutions in which any religious acts may be performed. They also have the right to unite themselves and live collectively, in accordance with their creed and discipline, without interference from the public powers. Other clauses of the decree limit the support which the Government gives to professors in Roman Catholic colleges.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored Ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$25.25. They are from: Norwood Park, Ill., \$5; Parsons, Kans., \$3; Omaha, Neb., \$2; Boston, Mass., \$2; Troy, N. H., \$1; Burlington Junction, Mo., \$1; Southport, N. Y., 50 cts.; Pompey, N. Y., 50 cts.; Kinderhook, N. Y., \$1; Woodde, N. Y., 50 cts.; Norwood, Ill., \$1; Doyer, N. Y., \$1; Glenfield, Pa., 50 cts.; Olean, N. Y., \$1; Smith's Falls, Ont., Can., \$1; Pingree Grove, Ill., \$1; Toledo, Ohio, 25 cts.; Archer City, Texas, \$1; Cross Hill, S. C., \$1; Nichols, N. Y., \$1. On behalf of the beneficiaries of this fund we sincerely thank our friends who are so liberally supporting it. It is doing much good at very small cost. Every copy of the paper sent to a minister helps him directly, and his congregation through him. Those who best know the condition of the colored preacher are aware how limited are his means, and how sorely he needs the aid of aid which God uses this journal to supply. Testimonies to the benefit derived from its perusal are continually coming in. We hope that this year the fund may so increase that we may be able to send the journal to every colored minister who has applied for it.

A Remarkable Hebrew Tradition is Quoted by a writer in a New York journal, who heard it among the orthodox Jews of the city. It is in effect that when the railway goes to Jerusalem the Messiah will come. Their reason for this belief turns upon a reading of Isaiah 66: 20. The restoration of the Hebrews to Palestine is there touched upon, and incidentally it is mentioned that they shall travel there, sent by the nations to Jerusalem, on horses, in carriages, on mules, in litters, and on swift beasts. This last term, we were told, in the Hebrew contained two roots, meaning "swaying motion" and "a furnace." "Now," said our informant, "if the prophet in his vision saw the restoration of our people thus effected, or thus in course of taking place, what is more natural that he should describe a to him unknown vehicle or mode of conveyance by its most striking characteristic, a swaying motion, accompanied with the evidence of a fire or furnace in connection with it, a very suggestive description of the railway cars in rapid motion?"

The Chastisement of a Guest at a Wedding in St. Louis, Mo., on January 26, caused some excitement in the party. It was a Jewish wedding, and was solemnized in a large hall which was thronged with the friends of the contracting families. The ceremony had been concluded and the festivities were commencing, when the Rabbi who had officiated noticed among the guests a young man who had recently made profession of Christianity. The Rabbi called attention to the presence of the young man whom he denounced as an apostate. Several persons went to him and roughly ordered him to depart. The young man said he was a friend of the bridegroom, who had invited him to come. The bride's father on hearing this grew furious, and going to the young abused him coarsely, and finally set upon him and gave him a severe beating. The young Christian appears to have so learned of Christ as not to retaliate, or the old man might have suffered at his hands. As it was, the young man was much bruised and was ejected with great violence from the hall. He has the consolation of knowing that he is not the first whom the Jews have cast out for believing in Jesus. For him and all others on whom the profession of Christ brings social ostracism, there will be ample compensation on the day of the marriage supper of the Lamb. (John 8: 34-38.)

Nine Years on a Desert Island Have Been passed by a sailor who was recently rescued by an Argentine revenue-cutter. A steamer from Costa Rica, which arrived at New York on January 27, brought news of a strange discovery. It appears that in returning from a cruise around Patagonia the revenue-cutter *San Juan* sighted an island not marked on any of the charts. The captain had the anchor dropped and went ashore. He found the island to be about three miles long and one mile broad, well wooded, and apparently uninhabited. He noticed, in the course of his exploration of the island, a spring of sparkling, clear water. To his astonishment he saw on the soft soil near the spring the *print of a human foot*. Search was made for the man whose presence in the desolate spot was thus indicated. He was found fast asleep under a tree. His aspect was startling. He had no clothing, his hair was white as snow, and he had a

long white beard reaching below his waist. When awakened he was almost wild with terror, and tried to escape to the woods. He was calmed with difficulty, and gradually recovered his speech. He proved to be a Spaniard, who was the only survivor of the crew of a ship which had been wrecked on the island nine years before. He had lived on raw shell-fish and birds' eggs which he had found in abundance. He had not seen a ship nor a human being in all the nine years of his life on the island. He was taken to Costa Rica and thence was sent to his native country. The man was probably almost crazed by long solitude, or he would have welcomed his rescuers, instead of running away from them. So men sometimes try to escape from those who go to rescue them from lives of estrangement from God, and who have no desire but that of doing them good. (Jer. 7: 24.)

A Brakeman Was Held Prisoner by the Hand at Olean, N. Y., for three hours on January 23. He was engaged late at night in coupling the cars of a freight-train which was to start the next morning. He had finished his work with the exception of the last car. The engineer backed the others down upon it, but the brakeman miscalculated, and his hand was caught between the bumpers. The engineer, concluding all was right, pulled away his locomotive, and went to the yard, his work being done for the night. The brakeman was pinned fast between the two bumpers, and to extricate his hand was impossible. He shouted for help, but no one heard him. The night was intensely cold, and the man was thinly clad. For three hours he was held between the cars, when he became unconscious from the effects of his injury and exposure to the cold. Soon after midnight a night track-laborer, who was returning home from his work, passed near the cars where the brakeman was a prisoner, and, hearing moans, discovered the freezing man. The laborer summoned help, and the cars were pried apart and the sufferer released. It is feared, however, that he will never recover from the injury, and long exposure to the bitter wind. Serious as the loss of his hand would have been to the man, it would have been better for him that the cars had taken it off completely, rather than holding him by it to his death. Jesus taught that there were spiritual crises when a man was so caught and held by evil connection that the sacrifice of something as precious to him as a right hand, or a right eye, might wisely be made to escape death eternal. (Matt. 5: 30.)

A Sect of Blood-Drinkers has been Organized in Missouri. A letter sent recently to the Secretary of the Humane Society in Kansas City, Mo., asked his intervention for the rescue of two children from revolting practices. It stated that the father of the children was draining them of blood, which he used as a medicine for the cure of his own ailments. On January 27 an officer was sent to the house where the man lived, and the allegations in the letter were found to be true. The children were in an emaciated condition, and had marks on their bodies showing that blood had been taken from them. The man confessed that he had drank their blood, but said that the children had willingly consented to give it to restore him to health. It appears that he belongs to a sect called "The Samaritans," which was founded about a year ago by a man who preached that, as the Bible taught that blood was life, it was the duty of the healthy to give it to the unhealthy. The preacher claimed to have been restored to health by the blood given to him by two of his converts from their own veins. Weekly meetings are now held by the sect, at which any who are sick report their sickness, and others volunteer to supply the remedy for their recovery. This is one of many instances of a grossly material perversion of a glorious spiritual truth. In another form—that of the doctrine of transubstantiation—the same principle has deceived many. Healing and life do indeed come by blood, but it is not the blood of man, but the blood of Christ shed for the redemption of the world, and the life it gives is not of the body, but eternal life of the soul. (John 6: 52-58.)

A Vendetta Over a Child is Agitating a Town in New Jersey. Some years ago a little girl was left practically an orphan. Her mother deserted her and her father died shortly afterward. A sister of the child's father cared for the little waif for a time, but, either growing tired of the burden, or from some other cause, she took the girl to the mother's relatives and intimated that they were the proper parties to maintain her. The child was temporarily placed with her mother's brother, who

appears to have treated her well and won her affections. Two weeks ago the aunt repented of having surrendered the child and went to the house where she was and demanded her back again. The uncle refused to give her up, whereupon the disappointed woman became violent and threatened to smash the furniture if her request was not complied with. She partially carried out her threat before she could be ejected from the house. Last week she went there again, and, being refused again, did more damage. Bitter enmity has ensued between the two branches of the family and the end is not yet. The motive for the suddenly developed desire for the possession of the child is said to be that she has become the heiress of her grandmother's property, which is considerable. The difference between caring for a penniless orphan and a girl who will one day be enormously rich is evidently appreciated on both sides. It is a pity that the possibility of a still higher heirship, which is open to every child, is not fully realized by the men and women who have the privilege of training them. The careless and perfunctory manner in which one who may become an heir of God is often trained would be no more seen, (Psalm 78: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks will preach in Trinity Church, New York, every day at noon during the first week of Lent, February 24 to March 1.

An organized effort is being made in Philadelphia to compel cigar dealers to close their stores on Sunday. Two-thirds of them have done so voluntarily.

Five hundred women in Tokio and Yokohama have subscribed to a fund for the purchase of a handsome Bible, to be presented to the Empress of Japan.

Mr. McAll, of Paris, has commenced an afternoon evangelistic service at Rue Royale, where meetings were so long held by the venerable Armand de Delille.

Mrs. E. J. Phinney has been elected president of the seceders from the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, who have taken the title of National Crusaders.

The Rev. F. E. Clark, who has been attending Christian Endeavor Conventions in seven or eight Western States, reports unexampled growth and enthusiasm for the work everywhere.

The New England Conference of College Young Men's Christian Associations closed its sessions at Middletown, Conn., on January 26. About twenty institutions of learning were represented in the Conference.

Rev. Jacob Freshman recently received a cheque of \$1,000 toward the fund for the extinction of the debt on the Hebrew-Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, New York. Only \$1,500 is now needed to wipe out the whole amount of \$20,000.

The Rt. Rev. O. Whitaker, Bishop of Pennsylvania, was shot at on January 26, while conducting a confirmation service in St. John's Church, Philadelphia. Happily the Bishop was not hurt. The would-be assassin was crazed by Prohibition.

Evangelist D. L. Moody commenced a series of meetings at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., on Sunday last to continue through the week. Admission is by tickets, which may be obtained at the Y. M. C. A. office. Mr. Stebbins has charge of the musical arrangements.

The Battery Park Mission of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has started a new work in the interest of telegraph and messenger boys. There will hereafter be a weekly meeting for these boys at the mission, under the auspices of the International Postal and Telegraph Christian Association.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Philosophy, on February 3, Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., read a paper on "Half-Truths and the Truth." On March 3, Dr. C. D. W. Bridgman will read a paper on "The Future State in the Old Testament." The Institute now holds its meetings on the first Monday of every month in Association Hall, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea is holding services in Guelph, Canada, in the Norfolk Street Methodist Church. There is a very large attendance. A secular journal, published in the town, bears witness to the fact that those who were converted at Mr. Schiverea's meetings there last year have been leading very different lives since their conversion; and it most cordially welcomes the evangelist this year, and hopes that similar success will attend his labors this year.

The superintendent of the Gospel Union Mission desires to hold meetings for non-church-goers, with the object of interesting them by bright, cheerful addresses and gospel songs, and leading them to Christ. Converts will be urged to join one of the Evangelical Churches of the neighborhood. Any reader who may believe there is an opening for such work in his locality is invited to write to the superintendent, care of manager of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York, giving particulars as to suitable building, etc.

A STRAIGHT TALK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I cannot come." Luke 14: 20.

Different Ways of Replying to the Invitation—The Courteous and the Snappish Answer—The Man Went Back on His Promise—Had Made up His Mind Finally—The Various Excuses—I. The Man had Married a Wife—Adam's Bad Precedent—Should Have Brought His Wife with Him—A Dismissed Servant Reinstated—II. The Man who had no Time to Come—Had Time to Dress—Wasted a Good Deal of Time—Had Time for Business—A Painting in an Italian Church—III. Cannot afford to Come—A Journey with Sporting Men—A Mean Business—IV. Men Who Cannot Understand It.

THERE are different ways of replying to the invitation of the gospel when you mean to refuse it. They are all, at bottom, bad, and they may all be classed under one head; for "they all with one consent began to make excuse;" but yet some are more decently worded than others, and have a greater show of reason about them. The first two sets of people, who were invited to the supper, said to the servant, apologetically, with some appearance of courtesy, "I pray thee have me excused." But the third man did not beat about the bush at all, or pray to be excused; but he said tersely, bluntly, sharply, "*I cannot come.*" This was a final reply; he did not intend, nor wish, to come to the supper. "*I cannot come,*" was

A Snappish Word;

but as he had married a wife, he thought the idea of his coming was utterly unreasonable, and he needed no sort of excuse. It also showed that he had a very low opinion of the supper itself. It might be a respectable meal, but he did not want it; he could have quite as good a supper at home. He was better off than those people in the streets. Those hedge-birds might be glad enough of a supper for nothing; but he was not dependent upon anybody, and he could do very well for himself. Do you not know many in this world who have no opinion of Christ, no love to God? Religion is to them mere nonsense—an impractical, dreamy matter, about which they have no time to concern themselves. Thousands are proudly independent of the free grace of God; they are good enough, and virtuous enough, and need not cry for mercy, like the wicked and profane. In their own judgment, they are quite able to fight their own way to heaven. They want not the charities of the gospel.

But there was more than common pride in this brief, brusque speech, for this man had, at the first, made a promise to come. He had been bidden, and it is implied in the parable that he had at that time accepted the invitation. He had accepted the cards of invitation to the supper; and, though he had done so, he now flies in the face of his own self, and says, "*I cannot come.*" I think that I am addressing some here who have pledged themselves many a time to come to Christ. Your resolutions may be still read in God's eternal book of record; but they are there as witnesses to your falseness and changeableness.

The Counterfoils

are there; but there is no fulfilment of any of the resolutions. God remembers them, although you have forgotten to carry them out. You accepted the invitation on the spur of the moment; but when worldliness had got the upper hand with you, you went back to your own obstinacy, and said, "*I cannot come.*"

I suppose that this man, after he had made that positive declaration, felt that there was truth in what he had stated. He said, "*Therefore I cannot come.*" He had reason to support him in what he said, and he went home, sat down, and enjoyed himself, and felt that he was a righteous man, quite as good as those who had gone to the supper, and perhaps rather better. He could not blame himself, for when a man cannot do it, why, of course, he cannot do it; and why should he be censured for an impossibility? "*I cannot come*"; how can I help that? So he sat down with a cool indifference to eat his own supper. I have no doubt that many, who have never come to Christ, have made themselves content to be without Him by the belief that they cannot come. Although the impossibility, if it did exist, would involve the greatest of all calamities, yet they speak of it with very little concern. Practically, they say, "*I cannot be saved. I must remain an unbeliever.*" What an awful thing for any mortal to say! Yet you have said it till you almost believe it; and you wish us now to leave you quite alone for this dreadful reason. I shall endeavor, if I can, to pull away those downy

pillows from your sleepy head, and wake you up to immediate anxiety, lest you perish in your sins. With kindly importunity I would plead with you, and try to show you that this little speech of yours, "*I cannot come,*" is a wretched speech. You must throw it to the winds, and prove that you can come by coming at once, and receiving of the great feast of love, and honoring Him that spreads it for hungry souls.

Having said so much by way of preface, I am now going to take these words, "*I cannot come,*" and handle them a little with the hope that you may grow ashamed of them.

I. First, this man declared, "*I cannot come,*" because he said, "*I have married a wife.*" He had promised to come to the supper, and he was bound to fulfil his promise. Why did he want to get married just then? Surely, he had not been compelled to marry all in a hurry, so that he could not keep engagements already made. He was bound to keep his promise to the maker of the feast; and that promise was claimed of him by the messenger. He could not say that

His Wife Would Not Let Him Come.

Such a declaration might be true in England; but in the East the men are always masters of the situation, and women seldom bear rule in the family. No Oriental would say that his wife would not let him come. Nor in these Western regions, where the woman more nearly gains her rights, can any man truthfully say that his wife will not allow him to be a Christian. I do not believe that any of you will be able to say, when you come to die, that your wife was responsible for your not being a Christian. Most men would be angry if we told them that they were hen-pecked, and could not call their souls their own. He must be a fool, indeed, who would let a woman lead him down to hell against his will. The fact is, a man is a mean creature when he tries to throw the blame of his sin upon his wife. I know that Father Adam set us a bad example in that respect; but the fact that this was a part of the sin which caused the ruin of our race should act as a beacon to us. You certainly, as a man, ought not to demean yourself to say, "*I cannot come, for my wife will not let me.*"

If one of you, however, continues to whine "*My wife is my ruin. I am unable to be a Christian because of my wife,*" I must ask you a question or two before I believe your pitiable story. Do you let her rule you in everything else? Does she keep you at home of an evening? Does she pick all your companions for you? It is more than probable that the very best thing that could happen to you would be to have your wife on the throne for the next few years. Upon such a solemn matter as this do not talk nonsense. You know that the blame lies with yourself alone; if you wished the best things, the little woman at home would be no hindrance to you.

This man said, "*I cannot come.*" Why? Because he had a wife! Strange plea! for surely that was a reason why he should come, and

Bring Her With Him.

If any man, unhappily, has a wife opposed to the things of God, instead of saying, "*I cannot be a Christian, for I have an unconverted wife,*" he should seek for double grace that he may win his wife to Christ. If a woman laments that she has an unconverted husband, let her live the nearer to God that she may save her husband. If a servant has an unconverted master, let him labor with double diligence to glorify God, that he may win his master. Thus you see there are two reasons why you should come to the gospel banquet; not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your unconverted relatives.

I remember hearing Mr. Jay tell a story about a *Non-conformist servant-girl*, who went to live in a family of worldly people who attended the Church of England, although they were not real believers. They were outside buttresses of the Church, and they had very little to do with the inside of it; and outsiders are generally the most bigoted. They were very angry with their servant for going to the little meeting-house, and threatened to discharge her if she went again. But she went all the same, and very kindly but firmly assured them that she must continue to do so. At last she received notice to go: they could not, as good Church-people, have a Dissenter living with them. She took their rough dismissal very patiently; and it came to pass that, the day before she was to leave her situation, a conversation took place somewhat of this sort. The master said, "It is a pity, after all, that Jane should go. We never had such a good girl. She

is very industrious, truthful, and attentive." The wife said, "Well, I have thought that it is hardly the thing to send her away for going to her chapel. You always speak up for religious liberty, and she does not look quite like religious liberty to turn one girl away for worshipping God according to her conscience. I am sure she is a deal more careful about her religion than we are about ours."

So they talked it over, and they said, "She has never answered us perty, nor found fault with us about our going to church. Her religion is a greater comfort to her than ours is to us. We had better let her stay with us, and go where she likes." "Yes," said the husband, "and I think we had better go and hear the minister that she goes to hear. Evidently she has got something that we have not got. Instead of sending her away for going to chapel, we will go with her next Sunday, and judge the matter for ourselves." And they did, and the master and mistress were not long before they were members of that same church. Do not say, therefore, "*I cannot come, because my master and mistress object to it.*"

II. A second reason is even more common. It is not everybody who can say, "*I have married a wife;*" but everywhere you can meet with a person who pleads,

"I Have No Time."

You say, "Sir, I cannot attend to religion, for I have no time." I remember hearing an old lady say to a man who said that he had no time, "Well, you have got all the time there is." "I thought that it was a very conclusive answer. You have had the time, and you still have all the time there is—why do you not use it? Nobody has more than twenty-four hours in a day, and you have no less. You have no time? That is very singular! What have you done with it; you certainly have had it? Time flies with you, I know, but so it does with me, and with everybody. What do you do with it?"

You have time enough for common things. See here, I never meet any of you, in the middle of the day, in the street in your shirt-sleeves. I do not find you going up and down Cheapside half-dressed. "Oh, no, of course we have time to put on our clothes." You have time to dress your bodies, and no time to dress your souls with the robe of Christ's righteousness? Do not tell me that! I do not meet any one of our friends saying, toward evening, "I am ready to faint, for I have had nothing to eat since I got up. I have had no time to get a morsel of meat." No, no, they have had their breakfast, and they have had their dinner, and so on. "Oh, yes, we have time to eat," says one. Do you tell me that you have time to feed your bodies, and that God has not given you time to feed your souls? Why, it is not common-sense.

You have no time, and yet you undertake more secular work. You keep a shop, do you not? "Yes, I have a large shop." You are going to enlarge it, are you not? Will you have time, do you think, to attend to it when the business grows? "Oh, yes, I dare say that I shall find time; at any rate, I must make time, somehow or other." You are going to take a second shop, are you not? How will you manage it?

"Oh, I Shall Find Time."

Yes, my dear sirs, you can find time for all those enlargements, and speculations, and engagements, let me be plain with you, and say that you could find time for thought about your soul if you had a mind to do so. To plead that you have no time for religion is a fraud. It will not do! It is lying unto God to say that you have no time.

Besides, time is not the great matter. Did the Lord demand of you, a month's retirement from business? Did we command you to spend two days in a week in prayer? Did we tell you that you could not be saved unless you shut yourself up an hour every morning for meditation? I would to God you could have an hour for meditation; but, if you cannot, who has demanded it of you? The command is that you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and forsake your sin; and this is a matter that will not interfere with your daily work. It is not a matter in which time comes in so much as to interfere with any of the ordinary duties of life. Therefore throw away that excuse, and do not say any longer "*I cannot come, because I have no time.*" At once repent of sin, and believe in the Lord Jesus; and then all your time will be free for the service of the Lord, and yet you will have not a moment the less for the needful duties of your calling.

In a little church on the Italian mountains I saw, amongst many absurd daubings, one picture which struck me. There was a ploughman who had turned aside at a certain hour to pray. The rustic artist drew him upon his knees before the opened heavens; and, lest there should be any waste of time occasioned by his devotion, an angel was going on with the ploughing for him. I like the idea. I do not think an angel ever did go on with a man's ploughing while he was praying, but I think that the same result often comes to pass, and that when we give our hearts to God, and seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these things are added unto us.

III. I have heard some use the excuse "I Cannot Afford to be a Christian."

Well, my friend, let us have a talk about *that*. Cost you more than you can afford? What do you mean? What cost? Cost you money? It need not. It will cost you no more than you like to spend upon it with a glad heart. God will give you a generous spirit, which will make you love to support His cause, and to help the poor, and contribute your share to all Christian mission work. But in the kingdom of Christ there is no taxation. Giving becomes a gratification, liberality a luxury. Nothing will be dragged from you by force. Surely, our God abhors money that comes into His exchequer by anything but the freewill offerings of loving hearts. It will not cost you much in that way, I am sure, for you are only to give as God has prospered you.

"Oh, but I meant that I could not afford it, for I should have to lose several friends." Is that friend worth keeping who is an enemy to God? The woman who would lead you away from God, or the man who would keep you out of heaven—are friends of that sort worth having? Be brave, and end a connection which will otherwise endlessly connect you with the bottomless pit.

"Oh," says one, "but I mean that I should lose so much in trade." Ah, well! I will not ask you to explain what you mean by that; for there is an ugly look about that statement. You know more about your trade than I do. No doubt there are trades which pander to the vices of men, and become all the more profitable in proportion to the growth of drunkenness and impurity.

These Must be Given Up.

Moreover, there are traders who live by puffery, and lying, and cheating; and I do not recommend you to profess to be a Christian if that is your line of things. It is better to give up all profession of religion when you go in for unrighteous gain. What? Did I hear a hint about adulteration? Did I also hear that you do not give full weight and true measure? Ah, my dear fellow! give up that game at once, whether you become a Christian or not; but certainly, if that is what you mean, the loss of dishonest profits will be a great gain to you, both for this life and the next.

"Well," says one, "I should have to give up a good many pleasures." Pleasures which block the road to heaven ought to be given up at once. You may think me a very melancholy sort of person; but I fancy that I am about as happy as any man in England. I appreciate a merry thought and a cheerful speech as much as anybody. I can laugh, and I can enjoy good, clean, humorous remarks as well as most people; and, having now served the Lord for nearly forty years, I bear my witness that I have never had to relinquish a single pleasure for which I have felt a deliberate desire. As soon as you are renewed in heart, you are changed in your pleasures; and that which might have been a pleasure once to you would then be a misery.

A Painful Journey.

If I had to sit in some people's company, and hear what some people talk about, it would be hell to me. One night, having to preach up in the North of England, this unfortunate circumstance occurred to me. When I got down to the railway, I was put into a carriage with five racing gentlemen, who were going to Doncaster races. Happily they did not know me, but from the beginning to the end the conversation of these gentlemen was garnished with expressions which tortured me, and at last they fell upon a subject which was unutterably loathsome. I pray God that I may not be condemned to dwell with such people for ever, for it would be hell to me. The pleasures of this world are so full of dust, dirt, and grit, that he who has once washed his mouth clean of them, declines another meal of such druff. You will lose no pleasure if you come to Christ.

You want to see a little "life," do you not? "Life" in London means death. "But I have associations just now, that render it difficult." That is to say, God must wait your convenience. You mean that God is not worthy of your strength and health; but when you are old, and worn out, then you mean to sneak into heaven, and cheat the devil. It is dirt mean of you! I can say no better.

IV. I hear people say, "I cannot come, sir, for I Cannot Understand It."

I am a poor man, I never had any education." What is it that you cannot understand? Can you not understand that you have broken God's law, and that the just God must punish you for it? You can understand that. Can you not understand that, if you trust the Lord Jesus Christ, then it is certain that He took your sin, and bore it in His own body on the tree, and put your sin away, for His name is the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"? Can you not understand that, if you trust in Him, you have Him to stand in your room, and place, and stead; for the Scripture says, "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." You can understand it if you wish to do so.

If there is any man here present who says, "I cannot come," I beg him to express himself properly, and speak out the sad fact as it ought to be spoken. Here is the style: "Unhappy wretch, I cannot come to Christ! Millions in heaven have come, but I cannot come. My mother died in a good hope; but 'mother, I cannot come.' My father has gone home to be with Jesus; but I cannot come." I thank God that this statement is not true; but if you say it, and believe it, you ought never to rest any more; for if you cannot come to Christ, you are the unhappiest person in the world.

Will you now, instead of refusing to come, resolve to come at once? Say, "I will come to Jesus. Tell me how." You can only come to Christ by trusting Him. Trust yourself with Him, and He will save you. Never did anyone trust Jesus in vain. Trust has a powerful influence over the Lord Jesus. He comes to the rescue of a soul that leans wholly upon Him. He will do all things for you: He will change your nature as well as forgive your sin; and your nature being changed, you shall lead a new life from this time forth, and grow in grace until you become like Him in whom you trust; and then He will take you to be forever with Him. Washed in the blood of the Lamb, you shall walk with Him in white amidst the glorified. I pray that you may get the double blessing, and may remember this gloomy, dark, evening by the blessing that God shall put upon you through Jesus Christ, His Son. Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Minister's Grafting.—Mr. Wm. Thomson, the evangelist, observes: "I once accompanied a minister into his garden, and saw him do some grafting. I watched him approach a branch, and with his knife cut off a tiny slip. Then going to another tree, he cut off a piece of the bark, exposing the bleeding stem, and put upon it the little slip, covering it up with the bark; and turning to me, he said, 'You see, there must be contact; then the bark must cover it all up.' 'Ah,' I thought, 'how like a sinner being engrafted into Christ. He is cut off the barren tree of the world, and brought into contact with Christ, with the bleeding side of Christ, and covered over with the bark of the covenant, the agreement between God and man; then into the grafted one flows the strength and life of Christ, enabling him to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.'"

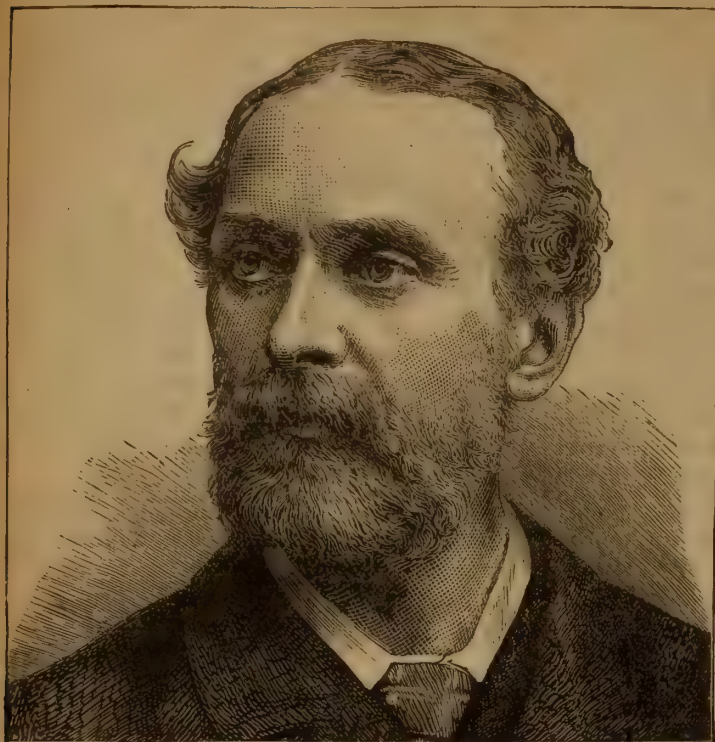
A Chief's Pilgrimage and Prayer.—Mr. J. G. Forbes relates: "An African chief lived at a considerable distance from the nearest mission-station, when rumors of a new religion reached him, and he was very anxious to know more about it, for he was tired of his idols of wood and stone. He saw they could do nothing for him, but this new religion told of a living God, all-powerful to keep his worshippers. At great inconvenience this chief left his country and made his way to the nearest mission-station, at which at that time there were meetings being held, conducted in the English language. He could not speak English, but he thought if he could just catch a word or two of this new religion, remember them, and pray them to this great God, he would be heard. At the meeting he listened, and taking two or three words, kept repeating them, but, listening to what was going on, the words slipped from his memory. Just as the people were

about to go, the minister read a notice that another mission would be held there next year in the months January and February. At once he caught the last words, January, February, and repeating them over and over again, fixed them upon his memory. He set out for his own country, praying, January, February, and God saw the earnestness of his spirit, and that he wanted to know Him, and answering his prayers in the spirit in which they were offered, sent him peace. When a missionary passed that chief's country some years afterward, he found him still trusting in the true God, and still praying, January, February. The missionary stayed some time with him, giving him instruction; then that convert, having a reason for the faith that was within him, became a burning and shining light, carrying the Gospel news to his brethren. We who have such privileges and knowledge, how little we make of them. Are we not ashamed when we see those who have obtained but a glimmering doing such great and noble work for the Master?"

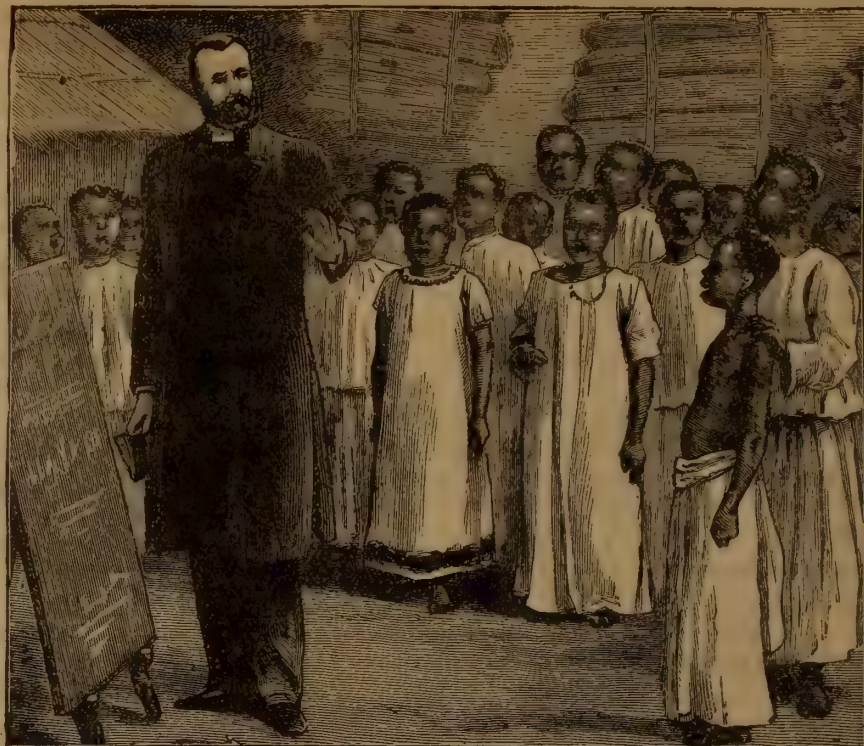
"Nothing in Particular."—The Rev. Mr. Wells relates: "I knew a young fellow of manly bearing who once asked a minister to fill up a schedule for him. One of the questions upon it was about religion. 'What answer am I to give to this?' said the minister, pointing to the question. 'Oh, anything you like,' answered the young man, carelessly. 'No,' was the reply, 'it must be what *you* like.' 'Well, just put down the religion that's going.' 'That won't do,' said the minister, 'the answer must be specific. What are you?' 'Well, I am nothing in particular,' answered the young man, looking bored. I fear there are too many religious nothings amongst us. They give their countenance to religion, and, even themselves, would admit they give little else. They accept their religion as a man accepts his nationality, without personal choice, by the mere accident of birth; but 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

A Night Watchman's Work for Christ.—A minister remarks: "I remember well an enthusiastic Christian worker, in the Blochairn district, just outside of Glasgow. His occupation was that of night-watchman, and during the cold winter nights the youths of the district were allured to go into his wooden hut and stand by his great roaring fire which constantly burned there. At first their talk was principally of gambling, dog-fighting, and such like things; but gradually the Christian watchman introduced better subjects, until, by the power of the Holy Spirit, these young fellows were transformed from servants of the devil into servants of God, his little hut becoming a church in which he held meetings for sixteen weeks in continuity. When the work at which the watchman had been employed was finished, and the hut about to be sold, these young men bought it, re-erected it against the gable of the nearest house, and furnishing it with rude benches and ruder pulpit, carried on the mission. This work sprang from the simple efforts of one devoted night-watchman."

From the Slums to a Happy Home.—Mr. Thomson observes: "A man lay dying in one of the slums of London. He was once rich and respected. As he lay there his chief thought was, 'What will become of my boy when I am gone?' Suddenly he remembered a friend in brighter days, and who had gone gradually up the ladder of worldly success, while he had slowly descended. He sent for his old companion, who gently chided him for not sending word before, and then asked what he could do for him. 'Will you do well for my boy when I am gone?' he asked. A gentle pressure of the hand conveyed all the answer that was required, and the dying man, having his only wish satisfied, passed away. A few days afterward the son and friend were the sole mourners at the grave of the dead man. As the friend turned to come away he looked for the boy, but to his surprise he was gone. He went to the house, but he was not there. He had returned from the funeral, gathered his few things together, and gone off. The gentleman searched everywhere for the boy; but for four years his search was unsuccessful. At last one day as he was going homeward, he saw a poor, ragged boy, with a gaunt, hungry face, standing at a shop window and recognized him as the son of his dead friend. Going up to the lad, he said, 'Are you hungry?' 'That I am, sir,' was the answer. 'Then come in and have something to eat,' said the gentleman. When they came out, the gentleman took him to a shop, where he had him washed and dressed in new clothes. 'Now that will do,' said the gentleman. 'You had better go home.' 'I have no home,' replied the



Sir Arthur Blackwood.



Mr. Mackay Teaching His Native School in Uganda. (See page 85.)

boy. 'Would you like a home?' he asked. 'I would, sir,' he answered. A cab was hailed, they got inside, and soon arrived at a splendid house. As the boy looked round at all the splendor he burst out, 'Oh, sir, why do you do all this for me?' 'My boy, do you not remember how, four years ago, I promised your father to look after you? You ran away from me, but I have found you. Will you be my son?' was the reply. To you who have tasted the bitterness of the world's Dead Sea fruit, Jesus renews His invitation. Will you become sons and daughters of the King of kings?"

Cutting Up New Boots to Mend Old Ones.—"There was a poor Scotch idiot boy who went about the country side, trusting to charity for both food and clothing. He had a pair of new boots, and in his senselessness, he was actually about to cut up his new boots to mend his old tattered ones. Some persons are, in spiritual intelligence, very much like that boy in intelligence. God offers to them a new nature. They accept it, but they do not understand the true value of the gift. Instead of entering into the fulness of their spiritual life they would take bits of it here and there to patch up their old nature. Do not be so foolish. If you attempt to mend an old garment with new cloth the rent will be only made greater."

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

(See Portrait.)

THOUGH Sir Arthur Blackwood is best known in this country as the president of the Christian conventions at Mildmay, London, and though Americans who have met him have usually done so at some religious gathering, he has many other important duties. More than any other man now living, perhaps, he illustrates the possibility of combining high office in the State with signal usefulness in the Church. After serving for twenty-two years in the English Treasury, during two of which he was attached as commissariat officer to the Brigade of Guards in the Crimean War, in 1854-5, he was appointed, in 1874, to the occupancy of the then newly created and most responsible post of Financial Secretary to the Post-Office. Six years later he became permanent head of that great department of State which controls the Post-Office and Telegraph system, and recently the Parcel Post. Such a position of responsibility, involving the chief oversight of about 100,000 workers throughout the United Kingdom, would fully engross the time and tax the energies of most officials.

Early in his life, Sir Arthur was led to realize the claims of God on his active allegiance, and to these claims he has responded in no half-hearted way. Immediately after his conversion, his gifts of earnest and effective speech were turned to account in the conduct of evangelistic services in the West End of London. This kind of work, which then seemed, and may still seem, "irregular" to some who lay great stress on form and precedent in re-

ligious matters, is more difficult when attempted among the higher social ranks of the community, than among those in humble life; but the praiseworthy effort Sir Arthur made was most successful, and was ardently followed up by endeavors of a more private nature.

Since then his labors as an evangelist have been constant and unrelenting, so far as fidelity to public duty would allow. For several years weekly gospel meetings were regularly held by him in his own house at Streatham, Surrey—meetings still thankfully remembered by many, and at which a series of addresses were delivered. But though specially qualified to address cultured audiences, he has by no means confined his preaching to those of his own rank in the social scale. In the pretty Kentish village of Crayford, near which he resided for some ten years, he had a mission hall erected, and there his voice was often heard, speaking on righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come. For several years he convened a Spring Conference of Christians at Crayford, but on his removal to another part of the county, it ceased to be held. He still devotes what time is at his disposal to gospel work.

In his official connection with the Young Abstinents' Union (which seeks specially to reach young people of the upper classes), the Band of Hope Union, and other temperance organizations, he has thrown all the weight of influential position and enlightened conviction into the scale of sobriety and social happiness. At Crayford, with the sympathetic assistance of his wife, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, he opened a restaurant in connection with the mission hall there, and has sought in many other ways to help the poor to help themselves.

MR. BATHURST'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

(See illustration on page 93.)

THE observant visitor would not need to be told that Bathurst Hall was the residence of a bachelor. Every room showed the fact in its extreme neatness and the almost painful order of its contents. Many lands had contributed to enrich it, for Mr. Edgar Bathurst had been a great traveller. Left an orphan in boyhood and inheriting an ample fortune, he had wandered in desultory fashion over the earth, caring only for his own amusement. After leaving college, he had spent a few years in Germany studying in the Universities. Afterward he had made long solitary journeys in countries far away from the beaten tracks of travel. In Farther India, Afghanistan, Japan, and later in Africa, he had plodded alone for months at a time. Then he went back to Europe and wandered through Italy and the Tyrol, living a week or two in a village when the fancy moved him. It was an idle, vagabond life, but it satisfied him. One passion alone really held dominion over him. He was passionately fond of music, and wherever he went, no matter

how rigorously he dispensed with baggage, the case that held his "Stradivarius" was always a part of it, and, whether surrounded with Arctic snow or ice, or sweltering in a tent on an African desert, its strains were sure to be heard sometime during his waking hours.

Edgar Bathurst was well into middle life before Bathurst Hall, the home of his ancestors, saw him again. He had left it a slight, handsome young man; he returned to it a grizzled, robust, substantial-looking man of mature years. He did not intend to remain long in America. He hated the noise and turmoil of its cities and the intensity of its life. More than all he abominated its plutocratic society. The talk of the men who measured everything by a money standard and who were interested in nothing but dollars, and schemes for getting them, was hateful to him and the continual rush and hurry bewildered him. But he had sent home at intervals in his wanderings a multitude of cases which contained the treasures he had collected, and these he wished to set in order in the old home. He promised himself that, having spent a few months in that congenial occupation, he would resume his travels. But the months passed and he was still there. He read no newspapers, cared nothing for political or social life, but spent his days peacefully and pleasantly among his books and his treasures.

The only family with which he held social relation was that of his widowed sister, Mrs. Pelham, who lived within half an hour's walk of his house. She had three daughters, and in intercourse with them Bathurst learned for the first time in his life the delights of a home sanctified and beautified by feminine influence. To Annie, the youngest of the three, he became particularly attached. Her attraction for him chiefly lay in her love of music; her accurate ear and her skilful touch. It was a new pleasure to him to have an appreciative listener, and a still greater pleasure to impart instruction to so intelligent a pupil. The attractions of solitary travel grew less potent with him as this new occupation developed, and though he insisted that his stay was only temporary, and that he might leave any day for South America, which was the land he had chosen for his next exploration, he allowed the months to pass without starting. He had always started on these journeys on an impulse, but now the impulse did not come.

One day, however, going over to his sister's house he missed his favorite niece from the family gathering. Annie was busy packing, he was told. An old school-friend who was married and living in a southern State was sick, and had begged Annie to come to her. She was preparing to leave the next morning, and expected to be away several weeks. Bathurst was sorry. Why should Annie recognize a claim like that? She was happy at home; why should she go into an invalid's house to witness

suffering, to be annoyed by the smell of drugs, and to do all kinds of disagreeable duties? It was Quixotic in his opinion, and he chafed under the deprivation of her company.

The impulse for which he had been waiting came soon after Annie's departure, and twenty-four hours afterward Bathurst was on his way to the land of the Incas. Of all his journeys this was the most disappointing. He could not concentrate his attention on the subjects he had promised himself to investigate. He was restless and lonely. For the first time solitude was irksome to him, and after wandering aimlessly for some three months he suddenly returned home. Annie Pelham had returned a few days before him, and when he heard that, he promised himself a renewal of the pleasant times of the previous winter when, hour after hour they would play over the works of the old masters, and he would lead her to higher proficiency. He would teach her the violin now; she had asked him to do so, but he had declined because his stay would be so short. Now he meant to remain and be happy at home.

Annie, however, when he saw her the first day after his return, did not seem so eager about it as he expected. Her friend whom she had been visiting was dead, and she was much depressed. Music was Bathurst's prescription for depression—an unfailing remedy. Annie must come to his house the next morning, and to this she consented. He felt sure that he could charm away her depression and before she came his violin was in his hand and he was drawing sweet strains from it. He greeted her warmly when she entered, and seating her near the door placed his violin in her hands and told her that her desire should be fulfilled. She should be mistress of "the only instrument worth studying."

Annie laid it tenderly on her lap and looking up earnestly into his face said: "Uncle, I am afraid I am going to disappoint you sadly. I am not the girl I was when I went away. I have looked on death, and life seems to me now a more serious matter. I cannot live for myself and my own enjoyment any longer. I have given myself to the Saviour and I am going to give my life to work for Him. He died for me; it is not much for me to give. All the time I can spare from my duty to mamma I shall give to telling others of Christ's love and trying to ease the burdens of the sorrowing. I know it grieves you, Uncle, but I can do no other. I belong to Christ."

Mr. Bathurst's face might have served a painter as a model for consternation. He protested, he argued, he pleaded, but to no purpose. Annie was firm. The next day Bathurst Hall was untenanted again. Its master had gone away on another of his long journeys.

Two years later—years which Annie Pelham had spent in ministration among the poor and in active service for her Master—she received another summons from her uncle. He had returned home unexpectedly, as usual, but this time in sickness. He had caught a fever in Africa and had been near death. He had suffered a relapse and had reached Europe with difficulty. There a physician told him that his days would be short and he had hurried home to prepare for death.

"Tell me your secret, Annie," he said when she came in response to his summons. The once stalwart form looked weak and shrunken in the big arm-chair where he sat, and Annie saw how wasted and aged he was. "You spoke that day of not being able to live for yourself; I have done that all my life. Now I am going to die; what must I do?"

Annie had refused once to give her time to her



Mr. Bathurst's Disappointment.

uncle, but this was a different matter. To open his blind eyes, to show him the evil of a life of selfish enjoyment, to lead him to the Saviour, was a work of love. He could command her services now.

"You were right, Annie," he said, near the last. "I could not understand it then. I thought you were crazy or fanatical, but you chose the better part. Thank God you did, or I should have died in my sins."

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 78.)

The Death of the Pastor.

SOME dear friends there were, whom the Pilgrims had longed and hoped for, but whom they were never destined to see join them in their far-distant home, and foremost among these was their beloved pastor Robinson. He had been their guide through all their earlier wanderings. He had held sweet converse with them, and ministered kindly consolation to many there in years long gone by, that seemed to them now as a shadowy but pleasant dream of childhood, when they wandered together among the green lanes, or watched the heron or wild duck in the quiet fens of Lincolnshire in England. He had stood by them in perilous hours, and borne persecution for them and with them, when the dear ties of their native land were rudely severed.

He was the last to leave the post of danger when the exiled families were escaping to a foreign land and, with self-sacrificing devotion, he was content to go or to stay, according as the wants of his severed flock should seem most to need his presence in the old city of Leyden, or in the land of hope and promise beyond the billows of the Atlantic. Few men of nobler spirit have ever lived; perhaps none that could compare with this humble and little-noticed pastor of the exiled flock were left behind him in those early years of the seventeenth century, when he bade farewell to his native shores.

He was a man of refined intellect and great natural powers of mind. He had studied and taken high degrees at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and had

held a living in the Church of England. But the pedant king had taken into his head that the minds and creeds of all Englishmen should be moulded into an exact resemblance to his own; and, unhappily for England, there were not wanting abundant tools—knaves and bigots, with some honest but dim-sighted men to boot—who were willing to strive for the accomplishment of this impossibility. Robinson accordingly found that his benefice in the neighborhood of Yarmouth could not long be held in peace with a clear conscience. He was frequently molested with bishop's officers, and his friends prosecuted, fined, imprisoned, and nearly ruined in the ecclesiastical courts.

They escaped to Holland at last, after many difficulties, having resolved not to purchase peace or worldly honors by sinful compliance with the restraints imposed on conscientious belief. There we have already followed them to Amsterdam, and from thence to Leyden, and to Delft Haven, where the good pastor knelt upon the shore, and with tearful eyes implored the blessings of Heaven upon his severed flock, as he watched the *Speedwell* receding from his gaze, till lost in the distant meeting of the sea and sky. Neither he nor his flock ever gave up the hope of reunion in their new home. But it was not so to be. They were to see the face of their loved pastor no more.

John Robinson was only thirty-two years of age when the exiled Church was re-formed at Amsterdam. Nevertheless he had left behind him a repu-

tation for learning, as well as for simple piety and devoted zeal; and even some of his enemies acknowledged him to be "the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England." He appears to have possessed the rare virtues of courage and prudence in a singular degree. He was remarkable as a lover of peace; and when threatened to be involved in the dissensions which originated in another body of English Nonconformist exiles at Antwerp, he at once removed with his flock to Leyden, to escape so dreaded a danger, although both he and they were well aware that their worldly cares and difficulties would be greatly increased by removing to an inland town. Nevertheless, when he conceived the great interests of religion were at stake, in consequence of the teaching of the Arminians, he boldly stepped forward as the champion of what he believed to be the truth.

The period was a critical one in the state of the controversy at Leyden. Episcopius, one of the divinity professors, maintained the doctrine of the Arminians; while Polyander, his colleague in the university, was the champion of the Calvinists. It is sufficient evidence of his great abilities that, though a young man and a foreigner so recently come amongst them, his appearance in the controversy was hailed with delight by Polyander, and won him great honor, without any appearance of enmity or ill-will being shown by his opponents. His learning and piety attracted many English Nonconformists to Leyden; and he published several works, particularly his *Justification of Separation from the Church of England*, which were long held in high estimation.

His character is thus briefly but lovingly drawn by Governor Bradford in his Dialogue between some young men born in New England, and sundry ancient men that came out of Holland and Old England: "Mr. John Robinson was pastor of that famous church of Leyden, in Holland; a man not easily to be paralleled for all things, whose singular virtues we shall not take upon us here to describe. Neither need we, for they so well are known both

by friends and enemies. As he was a man learned and of solid judgment, and of a quick and sharp wit, so was he also of a tender conscience, and very sincere in all his ways, a hater of hypocrisy and dissimulation; and would be very plain with his best friends. He was very courteous, affable, and sociable in his conversation, and towards his own people especially.

"He was an acute and expert disputant, very quick and ready, and had much bickering with the Arminians, who stood more in fear of him than any of the university. He was never satisfied in himself until he had searched any cause or argument he had to deal in thoroughly and to the bottom; and we have heard him sometimes say to his familiars, that many times, both in writing and disputation, he knew he had sufficiently answered others, but many times not himself; and was ever desirous of any light, and the more able, learned, and holy the persons were, the more he desired to confer and reason with them. He was very profitable in his ministry, and comfortable to his people. He was much beloved of them, and as loving was he unto them, and entirely sought their good for soul and body. In a word, he was much esteemed and revered of all that knew him, and his abilities were acknowledged both of friends and strangers."

The testimony of Bradford has already been referred to as to the sagacity and wisdom with which their pastor guided them, no less in temporal than in spiritual things. "His love," says he, "was great toward them, and his care was always bent for their best good, both for soul and body. For, besides his singular abilities in divine things, wherein he excelled, he was able also to give direction in civil affairs, and to foresee dangers and inconveniences; by which means he was very helpful to their outward estates, and so was every way as a common father unto them. And none did more offend him than those that were close and cleaving to themselves, and retired from the good; as also such as would be stiff and rigid in matters of outward order, and inveigh against the evils of others, and yet be remiss in themselves, and not so careful to express a virtuous conversation."

"They, in like manner, have ever a reverent regard unto him, and had him in precious estimation, as his worth and wisdom did deserve; and although they esteemed him highly whilst he lived and labored amongst them, yet much more after his death, when they came to feel the want of his help, and saw by woeful experience what a treasure they had lost, to the grief of their hearts and wounding of their souls; yea, such a loss as they saw could not be repaired, for it was hard for them to find such another leader and feeder in all respects."

The life of Robinson was one of many trials; and it must have been no slight addition to these to see one after another of his flock escaping to the settlement they had established in New England, while he strove in vain to accomplish his long-cherished wish of being united to his people. Poverty during the first years, and the opposition of some of the merchant adventurers afterward, prevented this; and when the colonists had just triumphed over their greatest difficulties, and would gladly have removed all these obstacles, death put his final fiat on the step. On the 1st of March, 1625, little more than five years from the date of that sad yet hopeful parting at Delit Haven, Robinson's pilgrimage was over, and he had entered into his rest.

Unwonted funeral honors were paid to the good man's memory, as they laid him in his grave in the and of the stranger. His death was looked on as a public loss. The University and the ministers of the city, with many of the citizens, followed his remains to the place of interment, under the pavement in the aisle of St. Peter's, the oldest church in the city of Leyden. No stone marks the spot where he is laid, for his friends were mostly gone to their farthest settlement of Plymouth, in New England, and the few that remained—exiles like himself—were too poor to spare the costs of such a memorial.

"If either prayers, tears, or means," said one of them, in writing to Governor Bradford, "would have saved his life, he had not gone hence. But he having faithfully finished his work which the Lord had appointed him here to perform, he now rests with the Lord in eternal happiness." In another letter preserved by the first governor of New England, the writer exclaims, "Alas! you would have had him with you, and he would as fain have come to you."

Peace to the just man's memory—let it grow !
Greener with years and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

How small a place he occupied in the world's eye, whom now the people of a vast continent look back to with filial reverence, though it was not permitted him to set a foot upon the promised land! Like Moses, he led his people to the verge of the wilderness, and from afar beheld their goodly inheritance. What mattered it though the few who yet lingered behind could not grave for him the memorial-stone? They needed it not; for the spot was hallowed in their remembrance, as the resting-place of their loved minister; and they looked, probably, rather to hold its record in their memory, than to behold it much longer with their eyes, when the strongest tie that might have bound them to their foreign shelter, was thus severed, and they hastened to join their brethren in their home in the wilderness. Nevertheless, the grave of the good man has not been forgotten. Pilgrims from that land where now the memory of the little band of exiles is revered as that of the fathers of a great nation, have sought the old Church of St. Peter's at Leyden, and have thought its ancient aisle more sacred because it holds the dust of the Pilgrims' pastor.

While the church of the Pilgrims at Plymouth waited and longed for their pastor, whose face they were no more to see in the flesh, his place was supplied by Mr. William Brewster, a man endowed with no mean gifts, and not unworthy to occupy the honorable pre-eminence of the first New England pastor. His place in the exiled church at Leyden appears to have been that of ruling elder, an office which would seem to have been only temporarily continued in the church of the Pilgrims, though it still forms an essential feature in the ecclesiastical polity of most of the Presbyterian churches of Scotland and America. What the exact effect of such a pastoral oversight, vested solely in the hands of a ruling elder was calculated to produce, in robbing the church of the Pilgrims of some essential feature of ecclesiastical completeness and symmetry, it does not concern us greatly to inquire.

Dr. Cheever, indeed, has thought it advisable to discuss its merits in his *Plymouth Pilgrims*, and to compare the ideas entertained by the founders of New England, with the rules of the "Cambridge Platform of 1649, and the Confessions of the New England Churches of 1680." Happily the Pilgrim Fathers were occupied with weightier affairs, and left to the next generation to revive the party spirit of controversial religion, which engrafted on the New England annals records of bigotry and intolerance not greatly behind those of the mother-country.

The history of Elder Brewster, as he is usually styled in the Pilgrims' journals, presents us with some remarkable incidents. Like Robinson, he was a student of Cambridge University, though he did not pursue his studies long enough to attain to the acquirements or honors of the former. On leaving the University, he repaired to the Court, and was engaged for some years in the service of William Davidson, the celebrated and unfortunate secretary of Queen Elizabeth, and the victim of her duplicity, when she polluted her womanly fame with the blood of a sister queen, and then strove to shift its responsibility on her agents. In 1584, the English Queen leagued with the United Provinces, to enable them to maintain their independence of her Spanish rival. The fortresses of Flushing, the Brille, and Rammekins, were consigned to them as pledges for the repayment of the money, which, with characteristic prudence, she had advanced them on loan. Brewster accompanied the Secretary of State when he went as ambassador to the Low Countries, to take possession of these cautionary towns, as they were termed; and when in token of their being thus ceded to the Queen, the keys of Flushing were delivered to her Majesty's ambassador, Brewster received them in charge, and slept with them under his pillow.

When Elizabeth had resolved on the death of Mary, the hapless Queen of Scots, Davidson was privately ordered to draw out the death-warrant, which she signed, and sent to the Chancellor to have the great seal appended to it. When her

victim was beyond the reach of mercy or justice, Elizabeth shrank from the execration with which the murder of her defenceless prisoner was universally regarded, and accused her secretary of undue precipitancy. With an affected sorrow and indignation which deceived no one, she railed at the unfortunate agent of her will, committed him to the Tower, and arraigned him before the Star-chamber. He was amerced in a fine of \$50,000, by which he was utterly ruined.

"Thus" says Whitaker, the able vindicator of the Scottish Queen, "fell Davidson, a memorable evidence of the cunning, the perfidiousness, and the barbarity of Elizabeth and her Cecil!" The fall of Davidson put to an end William Brewster's connection with the Court, though he failed not to do what good services he could for his old master, who is spoken of not only as a man of great abilities, but as no less esteemed for his piety and worth, and unskilful only in those pliant arts which best subserve the ambition of the courtier.

Brewster retired to the country, most probably to his native place in Lincolnshire, where he won the esteem of many friends, and where, it is presumed, he first became known to Mr. John Robinson. "He did much good," says Governor Bradford, "in the country where he lived, in promoting and furthering religion; and not only by his practice and example, and provoking and encouraging of others, but by procuring of good preachers to all places thereabouts, and drawing on of others to assist and help to forward in such a work; he himself most commonly deepest in the charge, and sometimes above his ability. And in this state he continued many years, doing the best good he could, and walking according to the light he saw, until the Lord revealed further unto him. And in the end, by the tyranny of the bishops against godly preachers and people, in silencing the one and persecuting the other, he and many more of those times began to look further into particulars, and to see into the unlawfulness of their callings, and the burden of many anti-christian corruptions, which both he and they endeavored to cast off, as they also did, as in the beginning of this treatise is to be seen."

"After they were joined together into communion, he was a special stay and help to them. They ordinarily met at his house on the Lord's day, which was a manor of the bishop's, and with great love he entertained them when they came, making provision for them to his great charge; and continued so to do whilst they could stay in England. And when they were to remove out of the country, he was one of the first in all adventures, and forwardest in any. He was the chief of those that were taken at Boston, in Lincolnshire, and suffered the greatest loss; and one of the seven that were kept in prison, and after bound over to the assizes."

"When he came into Holland, he suffered much hardship after he had spent the most of his means, having a great charge and many children; and in regard of his former breeding and course of life, not so fit for many employments as others were, especially such as were toilsome and laborious. Yet he ever bore his condition with much cheerfulness and contentation. Towards the latter part of those twelve years spent in Holland, his outward condition was mended, and he lived well and plentifully; for he fell into a way, by reason he had the Latin tongue, to teach many students who had a desire to learn the English tongue, to teach them English, and by his method they quickly attained it with great facility; for he drew rules to learn it by, after the Latin manner; and many gentlemen, both Danes and Germans, resorted to him, as they had time from other studies, some of them being great men's sons. He also had means to set up printing, by the help of some friends, and so had employment enough; and by reason of many books which would not be allowed to be printed in England, they might have had more than they could do."

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for January:

Rev. W. E. Christmas's Prophetic Tour in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (with portrait).
Characteristics of the 1,000-Year Millennium—A General View. By Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D.
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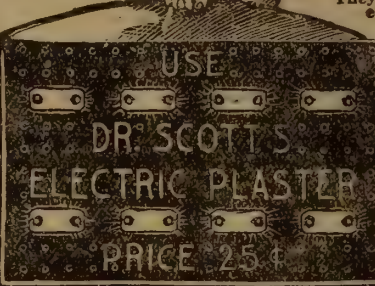
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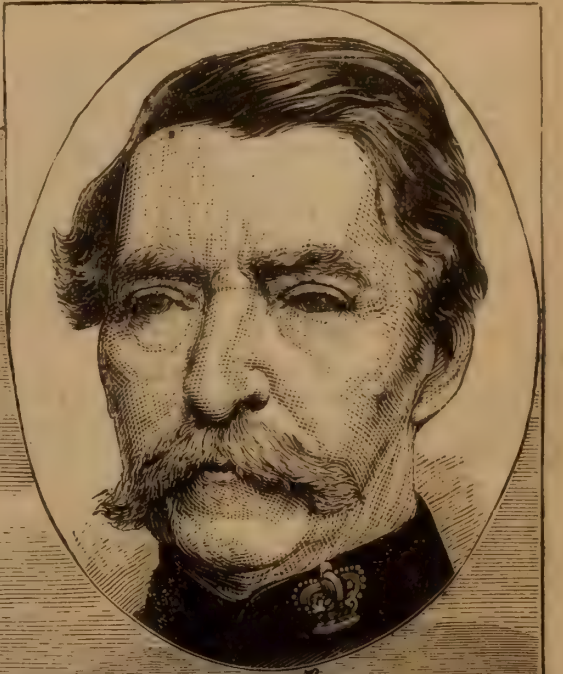
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THE LATE LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

The Hero of Abyssinia.

THE death of this distinguished soldier, whose portrait appears on our first page, occurred on January 14, at his London residence, in the eightieth year of his age. His disease had its commencement in the Russian influenza, or *La Grippe*, which has, of late, proved fatal to so many persons of all ages and conditions. His quiet life, for a considerable number of years past, had caused his name to be in some degree overlooked; but with his death the memory of his notable services in India and Africa has revived, and the highest military honors have been accorded him, including a grave near those of Nelson, Wellington, and other historic warriors, in one of the two great mausoleum sanctuaries of Great Britain.

Robert Cornelis Napier was the son of Major C. F. Napier, of the Royal Artillery, by Catherine, daughter of C. Carrington, Esq., of the island of Barbadoes. He was born in the island of Ceylon, in 1810, and after receiving a sound military education, he entered the service of the East India Company as a member of the Corps of Bengal Engineers. In this branch of the soldier's profession he soon became distinguished; his

Roads Through the Jungles

of Oude and the Punjab bearing testimony to his enterprise and sagacity, as well as to his engineering skill. After some years he became a high authority in this line of his profession, and was promoted to the post of Chief Engineer of Bengal. In the war of the Indian mutiny he rendered important service as Chief Engineer in the army of Sir Collin Campbell, and afterward, in China, he was second in command under Sir Hope Grant. His fame had now become established, both in England and India, and he was rewarded with the rank of Major-General, was made a K. C. B., and Military Member of the Council of India. In 1865 he became

Commander-in-Chief at Bombay,

and two years later was appointed to command the Expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia for the rescue of the captives in his possession. On April 10, 1868, after a march of more than three months through the inhospitable highlands of Abyssinia, the British troops, 11,000 strong, encountered and routed the Abyssinian forces at the Arogee Pass, and three days later (as shown in picture on page 108),

The Stronghold of King Theodore

—a natural fortress "which, perhaps," says a competent narrator of the event, "has not its parallel in the known world"—fell before them. Protected by cliffs so precipitous that a cat could not climb them, and approachable only by its northern gateway, which was guarded by a strong stockade, it was at this point that the assault had to be attempted. Under a hot fire of shot, shell, and rockets, that assault was made. The attacking troops pressed forward, unchecked by the storm of lead and iron which beat upon them, carried the stockade, and rushed into the fortress. The unhappy Theodore who, with a small band of faithful followers, had bravely contested the position to the last, retreated to a higher ground within the walls, and, before the soldiers could reach him, shot himself.

Magdala was Captured,

and the captives were rescued. The engraving on the front page represents the procession of rescued European prisoners who had been captured and held by King Theodore, and whose liberation was the primary object of the expedition. They numbered about thirty; chief among them being Mr. Rassin, British Envoy; Consul Cameron, Lieutenant Prideaux, Dr. Blanc, and the Rev. Dr. Stere. The majority of the company were Germans, but there were some half-breeds among the attendants of the persons above mentioned, which fact may possibly have afforded King Theodore a pretext for arresting and detaining the whole party, as they were en route for their several residences in Europe.

This memorable achievement won for General Napier the thanks of Parliament, a pension of \$10,000 per annum, and elevation to the peerage with the title of Baron Napier of Magdala. In July of the same year, on the triumphant return of his expedition he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, and a bejewelled sword of the value of \$1,100, besides other high compliments and honors.

In January, 1870, he was appointed to succeed Sir William Mansfield, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India, and, six years later, was made

Governor of Gibraltar. In 1878 he was named as commander in the

Expected Campaign Against Russia,

which, provisionally, was averted by the Treaty of Berlin. For twenty-three years Lord Napier has had a seat in the House of Lords, but has manifested little interest in politics. His residence in London during his declining years has been marked by no effort at display, but among his military associates, and in the various learned and charitable bodies of which he was a member, his high qualities were fully appreciated.

A high authority says of him, "Great Britain loses in Lord Napier of Magdala an illustrious soldier, and one of the kindest and most estimable of men. In the race for renown, which he was far from despising, he was often outstripped. The more rapid progress of others left no touch of bitterness on him. He never scorned to be a lieutenant because he might reasonably have expected to lead. By an experience which is almost more extraordinary, when it was his turn to go manifestly and irreversibly to the front, his ascendancy provoked no jealousy or envy. He had been nobody's enemy or maligner. His reward was to enjoy the somewhat unusual converse, and to be without detractors.

Goodness and Graciousness

such as his are not substitutes, in a campaign, for professional intelligence and strategy. But in combination they become military virtues themselves. Lord Napier of Magdala, if he is not to be reckoned among the foremost captains of history, had the true general's insight; and he was, moreover, an admirable, honorable gentleman. His countrymen are proud of him, and mourn sincerely for his death. The British Army, both in India and at home, contains others as capable as was he, as modest and as sympathetic, as equal to the utmost demands which circumstances can make upon them, though only now and then will a conjuncture happen which, like an Abyssinian Expedition, throws the light backward along a soldier's past, and shows him to have been through the whole, potentially, as rightful an owner as was Robert Napier of the Field-Marshal's baton, and of an Empire's regard."

Canon Fleming, preaching on the gallant General's death, said: "Death has been busy in our midst, and our Church has not escaped. Lord Napier, of Magdala, as a parishioner, was a constant worshipper in this church. In him, England has lost a great soldier, our Queen a loyal servant, our country a devoted patriot, and our Church a humble Christian. He was one who, through a long and splendid career, built up his character and wrought his achievements by the maxim and rule of our text this morning, 'As the duty of every day required.' (Ezra 3:4.) Caring much for others and little for himself, he lived

A Very Pattern of Modest Merit.

"The loss of such men would be irreparable if we did not know that England was not made in a day, but by the generations of sons who have followed their fathers. So long as we shall hand down such an inheritance as men like Lord Napier have won, and stand together as an unbroken nation and an undivided Empire, no Powers shall ever make a breach in us. He whom we mourn to-day will but add one more splendid example of that type of character of whom it may be said, as it was of Henry Lawrence, 'Here lies one who always tried to do his duty.'"

FUNERAL HONORS TO LORD NAPIER.

Field-Marshal

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA,

G.C.B., G.C.S.I., D.C.L.

Born, 6th December, 1810,

Died, 14th January, 1890.

SUCH was the simple inscription on the outer coffin which enclosed the mortal remains of one of England's famous soldiers as, with imposing military honors, his body was borne to its last resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the morning of January 21, 1890. It was a spectacle full of suggestion, showing how a nation honors the mortal remains of a man who has served her well, and of whose achievements she is proud. The body, lying on a plain gun-carriage, was attended by guards of honor, followed by representatives of royalty, both British and foreign, through thoroughfares lined with countless crowds of sympathetic citizens, to the music of the "Dead March." Upon the coffin lay the plumed hat of the late Field-Marshal, and his sword in its golden scabbard. Immediately behind the gun-carriage walked Lord Napier, the

eldest son of the deceased; and behind him dead man's horse, a slender dark bay, saddled and bridled, was led by two cavalymen. Before the coffin was lowered to the crypt, the Duke of Cambridge laid upon it a beautiful wreath of lilies laurel. The Prince of Wales placed thereon a second wreath of plain laurel, and Count Hatzfeldt a third one, sent by the German Emperor.

Then, in the presence of a vast concourse of sons, of various ranks and orders, the grand impressive burial service of the Church of England was performed by Canon Gregory, and all that mortal of the honored soldier was lowered into grave. He rests near the tomb of Wellington Nelson—a place in death which England's heroes covet.

The chief mourner on the occasion was his son, the Hon. R. W. Napier, who now becomes the second Lord Napier of Magdala, the honorary peer and title having been granted for two lives.

A CHINESE SILVERSMITH.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* from Hager who is laboring at Hong Kong, he thus describes two recent applicants for Christian baptism.

"One of these was a silversmith, of whom there are a great many in China; but their chief business is to decorate the gentle sex, and not to make images to be worshipped. This young man of twenty had once been in Singapore, and only returned to China a few months ago. Soon after his arrival he came to our chapel, where he learned something of the teaching of Christ. Being interested in the truth, he came every evening for two months, where he asked me, 'Can I receive Christian baptism, and still work on the Sabbath?' I did not give him a direct answer, but asked him whether Christ gave up all or only a part for him. He quickly replied, 'All.' 'Then what should you do in your present circumstances?' I asked.

"He did not reply, but I saw that he was determined to give up his Sunday work. Accordingly he went to his employer and told him that he wanted to rest four days in every month, to which his employer strongly objected, and furthermore told him that if he persisted in becoming a Christian he must go elsewhere to find work to do. Nothing daunted, however, the young man decided not to work on Sunday, and to follow Christ. When Sunday morning arrived, he came early to our chapel and studied and worshipped with us during the whole day. He expected to be out of employment on the following day, but when he asked his employer whether he should go to work on Monday morning, he was told that he could do so for the next two or three months. And now every day comes to our chapel, both morning and evening, and reads and prays with us. Such earnestness and stability of purpose is a sufficient answer to all criticism of missionary work in China, like Lieutenant Webb, who say that all converts receive four dollars a month and are engaged on missionary premises."

"The other man is about thirty-six years of age and was formerly a vegetarian, who has been learning to 'lay up merit' for himself in order to obtain the peace of heaven. Unknown to me he has been stoned in Yeung-kong, and has read our Bible for several years. He has been suffering with inflamed eyes for some days, and he asks God to heal him. I like to see such simplicity of Chinese prayers, for many deal only with generalities, and are in nowise specific. I tried to impress upon both these men the idea of the necessity of being true to God; as a mere profession was of no value to the church or to themselves.

"The other is a young man about to be married. When a child he was bought by his present adoptive father, and he is somewhat of a slave, though enjoying the rights of sonship. For him to become a Christian will require courage and faith, and at present he seems to be very weak. At heart he thinks he believes in Christ, but there are many sons to hinder his progress in the divine life."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with traits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. It is in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, Bible House, New York.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at office, 45 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most clear and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfillment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored plate. Price, including postage, \$1.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Riotous Sunday School.*

IONS. GREIG, of Paris, France, said: I will give an instance of the difficulties to be encountered. There was a hall in Paris about seven years ago, where a French lady took the organization of school in hand. Twenty children were present. They listened for five minutes, and then they took chairs and carried them out into the street, and put them at one another's heads; but now, if you go there, you would find a large hall with 300 scholars, and three schools fully organized, a school of little girls and little boys, and a general school for those who can read; and in addition, but not counting at the same time, a class for men, almost as old as they choose to come, to be prepared for church-membership. There is also a meeting for young girls held a little distance off. This is what all organized work.

Kindly let me give you another specimen of what all organized work. Last Sunday, in one of our best halls, which can contain 400, which is very fine for a Paris hall, an interesting incident happened. This hall is filled in winter, but in summer children are taken away by their parents for a promenade so dear to the Parisian's heart; in that school the attendance we find had gone down to sixty. We like that, so far. It may astonish some of my brethren to hear that we make no effort to keep, beyond the six or seven winter months, the great mass of children who come irregularly. Their presence disorganizes the teaching and during the summer we count to work upon those who have been caught, undisturbed by the going in and going out of the irregulars. Well, I thought sixty small, and the teachers said, "Let us go out and fetch in children from the 'highways and hedges.'" They went out by twos and threes, and in ten minutes had brought in one hundred children out of the streets close by—children who, though living close by, had never heard of the existence of the school. If they had not come in, they might never have heard of the love of Christ. I call that organized Sunday-school work; and that is not quite according to the strict model. Let me tell you just two little things. I have here one of the reports sent in to me with respect to the progress of the work. A question had been asked, "There ever spiritual results anywhere?" They reply, "Yes." There are some most interesting ones. Here is the latest that came to my notice. Chatelleraut, where meetings have been held since May last year, the children were brought in from the streets, being wholly Roman Catholic—one Protestant among them. Of the children, none of them had received even a moral education, out of that number there is at least one who is singing the praises of God by the throne of Christ, before his death from a disease which caused excruciating suffering, instead of complaining, sang hymns he had learned in Sunday-school. He went to his parents, giving them a rendezvous in heaven, and entreating his father not to put off going to Christ. Some of his fellow-scholars came to see him, and he urged them to come to Christ; but, finally, he died refusing to see any one, but wishing only to have his Sunday-school teacher with him.

Here is another instance of spiritual results. There is in Paris an *atelier*—what you call

A Printing-Office,

which was notorious for its immorality. No mother had any respect for her children would allow them to go to work there. One of my Sunday-school scholars had to go—her mother wished her to work there. She went, and she kept herself busy, and one of her fellow-scholars, needing work, went alongside of her, knowing that two are better than one; and for two years they worked there in the very sink of iniquity. Then that printing-office changed its character, and now, instead of being one of the worst in the district, the people look upon it as scarcely Paris-like—changed by these Sunday scholars, one of whom was of relapsed parentage, and the other of Catholics.

Somebody's Boy.

B. F. Jacobs of Chicago, said: One of our best Americans, Horace Mann, was speaking in Massachusetts, and he pointed to the great pile of money for waif boys, and he made the assertion that the money was well spent if it saved only one boy.

After the lecture was over, one friend was

heard to ask another "Do you not think Mr. Mann was very extreme in his statement?" The other man tightened his hand upon the arm of his friend, and stammered out, "Not if it was my son." But this boy is somebody's son.

One night I went to a meeting, and I was permitted to speak for the Lord Jesus Christ, and was speaking from the verse, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." At the close there were some inquirers, and I said, "If there is a person who has found Christ since last Sunday, let him come forward," and a man came forward and said, "I am the man." He said, "My father was a preacher in England, and I have been trained in a Sunday-school; I was a wearying boy, and got to drinking, and after having wearied out all places at home I came to America, and I have wandered round here, and I came here hanging on a freight-car, and while here in Chicago I thought I would steal something, and thus get some rest for a few weeks." (Fancy a man deliberating as to whether he would not steal for the sake of getting a few weeks' rest!) "While here, I saw a notice up, 'A man wanted; it was to take a board at one dollar a day. During his walk he was attracted by a sign, 'Gospel meeting every evening.' I went in, and I said to myself, I have not heard a sermon for fifteen years; and as I went in there was a woman praying. I listened, and I said, 'My God! here is my mother come back!' and I went out at the close of that meeting, and resolved to come the next night. I came in half-drunk, and listened to the sermon or message about 'seeking first,' and I said, 'I will seek Him now.'" He was with us for a few months, after which he said, "I am going back to Old England." I had a letter from him in which he said, "Dear brother: Last Lord's Day I was permitted to stand in the pulpit where my father used to preach, and I told the story of Jesus and His love." I have told you that somebody's boy is worth reaching.

OUR DAYS AND THE DAYS OF NOAH.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

IN the fifth chapter of Revelation the Lord Jesus Christ is represented standing before the throne of the Ancient of Days to receive the sovereignty which by right belonged to Him. Thus authorized, He is the King of the whole earth, the Heir of the Land of Promise and of the throne of David. He who had been Prophet and Priest is now duly inaugurated as the King of kings.

His investiture into this office is witnessed by the living creatures, the elders, and the great company of angels. These all express their joy with triumphant acclamations. They evidently understand the import of the whole scene, and, in anticipation of the glory and power yet to be manifested, they give thanks and praise; whereupon all creation join in the chorus. In the midst of this grand tumult of heavenly triumph, the Lord Jesus Christ goes forward without delay, having taken the book, to open the seals thereof.

The same emblem or figure appears again in the nineteenth chapter of this book. There we are told that His name is called "The Word of God," and on His vesture and on His thigh a name written "King of kings and Lord of lords." There He is going forth in a vesture dipped in the blood of His enemies, and with many crowns upon His head. Here He has but one crown given to Him; and He is now only

Setting Out to the Fight,

and the victory that is to be. He has a bow in His hand, to indicate His warlike purpose; but we see not yet any arrows or sword in His possession. This is quite in keeping with the circumstances of the present time and action. In this action upon the world at large we see the Lord's manner of dealing with those who resist and refuse Him and His message of love. The Lord knows how "to reserve the unjust unto the Day of Judgment to be punished." (11 Peter 2: 9.) When Peter wrote these words he had in his mind

The Days of Noah

and the people of that time. How did God reserve the unjust of that day? Not by casting them off and afflicting them, but, in the first instance, by pleading with them in mercy. Through the voice of Noah, Christ Himself preached to these people; and no doubt he pointed to the ark which was in course of preparation to confirm the warning he was giving them. The Deluge was surely coming! In every case these warnings were more or less in vain. Men seemed enamored of destruction, and turned a deaf ear to all God's remonstrances and

pleadings. Human nature is not changed; and men still disregard God's Word as they did in times past. Many people are not aware that Peter is our Noah; and others are so little interested that they do not even know the subject of his warning. Noah's world was reserved unto the deluge of water; ours, as the apostle testifies, is reserved unto fire. He says that men are "willingly ignorant" of the fact that "the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." (11 Pet. 3: 5, 7.)

Terrible Things are Coming

upon the earth; but the majority of men are heedless; and some who do hear these warning words think they are not to be taken literally; others again, that they will not happen in their time. Thus, no doubt, it will be in the particular days of which we are speaking. In the days which are coming, the Lord's witnesses will preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, and proclaim the coming of the King to take vengeance; but men will not regard it. They will go on "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," as if the world were to continue.

When men reject God's Word, they become judicially hardened. We see how it is now in the case of an individual who so disregards it. God gives him up to himself and his idols. The poor infatuated and deluded creature thinks that it is well with him. He cares for no one to hinder him in his doomed career. He goes on in his own ignorant way until he is lost beyond the reach of mercy. If the rejection of God is so solemn in the case of one person, imagine what it will be in the case of many thousands, who are thus given over to their wilful and rebellious ways.

In the beginning of the days of the Son of man this will be exactly the state of things upon the earth. Unparalleled

Liberty and Prosperity

will mark this period. As when a dam or barrier is borne away, the long pent-up torrent pours itself out in headlong force, overflowing its banks and spreading desolation everywhere, so will it be when the ungodly are permitted to go forth according to their own will.

It is the counterpart of the sign or emblem in the heavens—the Lord going forth in His power, though without arrows or sword. Notice that the sign is in heaven, and not manifest upon the earth; and it is not seen by those who are most concerned in it. The world did not know when God shut the door of the ark nor did the Jews know when the Lord left the Temple for the last time, saying, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." (Matt. 23: 38.)

The men of the world will go on their own way, with a tide of prosperity at first, flourishing like a green bay-tree. They

Will not Look for Danger,

nor suspect any. Lifting themselves up in their pride and vanity, they will laugh at the idea of God's government, and perhaps even at His very existence. Men will desire to be their own masters; and in their selfishness and their rivalry with others they will come into endless collisions.

Predicting these days, the Apostle Paul says to Timothy, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Peter also, referring to this time, says, "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (11 Peter 3: 3, 4.)

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God

from *The World's Sunday-School Convention*. A report of the proceedings of the famous convention of July, 1889. Published by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, New York.

THE HOUSE ON THE WALL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Last Sunday Morning, February 9, 1890.

"And the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." Josh. 6: 23.

Present Desolation of Jericho—A Despoiled Home in the City—The Missing Daughter—Her Bargain with the Spies—The Concerted Signal—How the Red Cord is Used—I. In The Window of Rescue—The Victims of Strong Drink—A Degraded Minister's Indictment—II. In The Window of the Household—Prayerless Homes—The Help of Unseen Hands—III. Across the Window of Prospect—The Beckoning Hands—Heavenly Answers to Earthly Queries.

WHEN, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said, Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding-present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm-trees? Where are Herod's palaces, that once stood here? Where is the great theatre, from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore-tree, on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the rams'-horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday. There is

A Sick and Sad House

in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken her home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not; but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like hers, and they start up, and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the hour, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast, and she begins to stoop, so that those who saw her only a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clinch their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back? There is a long, deep shadow over all the household.

Added to this, there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child, and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is

The First Scene in this Drama

of the Bible. In a house on the wall of this city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho, and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is a shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of those two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies, and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father, and my mother, and my brothers, and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city."

Oh, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life, and the life of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, than Rahab takes a scarlet cord, and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window, and as he clammers out—nervous, lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms, such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted, she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies, than they look up, and they say: "You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brothers, and your sisters—you had better get them in

this house. And then, after you have them here, take this red cord, which you have put around our bodies, and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up, and sees

That Scarlet Thread

in the window, they will spare this house, and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab, from the window; "it shall be so." That is *the second scene in this Bible drama*. There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up, and says: "Come in;" and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is *the third scene in this Bible drama*.

The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah, no, no! On a crag of the wall—the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city.

What Saved Them?

Was the house more firmly built? Oh no; it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? Oh no. Why, then, was she spared, and all her household? Can you tell me why? Oh it was the scarlet line in the window. That is *the fourth scene in this Bible drama*. When the destroying angel went through Egypt, it was the blood of the lamb on the door-posts that saved the Israelites; and now that vengeance has come upon Jericho it is the same color that assures the safety of Rahab and all her household. My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They will trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skilful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but, blessed be God! there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated with the blood of the cross, that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet cord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

The Window of Rescue.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul? It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of his soul? It is the sins of the past. He cannot get out of either of these doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all-conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But, you say, the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That was strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window.

"But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There is only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? I suppose they came with flustered cheek and with excited heart. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad door of sin; but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all, it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the

strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, you man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

The Window of Suicide.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy-smash—called so, suppose, because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glossiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him; but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. A delirium is upon him. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window-sill. Then he gives one spring, and the water man finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little while, if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me! but no, he made one jump, and was gone.

One Victim's Curse.

A minister of Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once, but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his grasp and led them to the grave. I had a wife—to know her was to love her; but she sits in wretchedness to-night while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, and the pride of her life was I; but a thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic! I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames! for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: 'Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'" That minister of the gospel went in through the broad door of temptation; he came out of the window.

When I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities of sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. Oh, if you have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie this scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of Him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on an infernal storming party attempting to take our soul—this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back, defeat them.

The Household Window.

Still further: We must take this red cord of our text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish army came up again to Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "Oh," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarm, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing a whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but that cannot protect your household. Is there a sign on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayer? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ: but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrible. It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of wor-

ess, away from God and heaven, alas! alas! there may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery hovering over it, and child-faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house seems to be on the best street in all the town, it is really on the edge of a marsh across which sweep most poisonous malarials, and it has a shaky foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without a prayerless father! An undevout mother! Alas! awful! Is that you? Will you keep on, my mother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot spare any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a useful, consecrated, pronounced Christian life. I cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Unseen Hands.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands stretched toward me, and yet there are hands on my brow, and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is like a good many years ago now since we folded these hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan in the village cemetery; but these hands are stretched out toward me to-day, they are just as warm, and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a splendid home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender hands; and there was a family altar there, where we met morning and night; and there was a holy bath there; and stretched in a straight line or in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window. O the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If I ever was a good Christian father, mine was not; if there was a good mother, mine was one?"

Over Worldly Prospects.

Will further: we want this scarlet line of the text run across the window of our prospects. I see my father and her father, and her mother, and brothers and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm-trees, and across the river, and over at the city invading, and then up to the mountains and sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety had added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off toward the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

Beckoning Hands.

at blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window! That tells me that the blood of Christ has bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on the scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the vicar are more lustrous, and our loved ones who have away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are this side, and their voices drop through this Sabbath saying with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you thought of only as buried—why there she is, and it is to-day in heaven; and they gather the amaranth, they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May-queens of heaven. And do you think they could see our waving to? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If I look out of this window of earthly prospects we can all see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say:

"Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer; "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from night, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water."

Oh, how near they seem! Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadow of night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. Oh the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross-roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other defence or barricade, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

DR TALMAGE'S WELCOME HOME.

A WONDERFUL scene was that presented on Thursday evening last in the armory of the Thirteenth Regiment in Brooklyn, when Dr. Talmage made his first public appearance after his tour in the Holy Land. The spacious building was crowded in every part. Every chair on the floor had its occupant, every foot of standing-room in the aisles between the chairs was filled with a human being. The balconies around the room were crowded, and far up above the festooned decorations heads could be seen bending over to see, if they could not hear. Various estimates were made of the numbers present, varying from six thousand to fifteen thousand. It is probable that ten thousand was the correct figure. If the building could have held more the number would have been still larger, for hundreds went away unable to gain admission.

A platform had been erected at the East end of the hall, at the back of which, in gas jets, the words were spelled out, "Welcome Home." Beneath this illuminated welcome Dr. Talmage sat beaming on his many friends, and near him Mr. Louis Klopsch, the companion of his travels, to whose graphic pen we are indebted for the interesting letters which have made our readers acquainted, week by week, with the incidents of the journey. The Mayor of Brooklyn presided, and among the distinguished guests who took part in the proceedings were the venerable General W. T. Sherman, General A. C. Barnes, Colonel Austen, Postmaster Hendrix, and Rev. W. P. George, D. D., of Allendale, N. J., whose eloquent and scholarly sermons on two of the Sundays of Dr. Talmage's absence thrilled and delighted the great Tabernacle congregation.

Dr. Talmage was evidently deeply moved by the enthusiasm of his welcome. On his way to the platform sixty children of the Tabernacle Sunday-school had preceded him, singing, "Home again from a Foreign Shore," and strewing flowers on his path, and when he rose to respond to the addresses of welcome, such a cheer went up from the thousands of throats as is seldom heard in the City of Churches. Dr. Talmage said in the course of his response:

"Were I deserving of a thousandth part of the kind things said of me to-night I should be among the most fortunate of men. But I remember that these gentlemen, who have addressed you, long ago established the habit we all covet of speaking well

of others, and, so long having spoken well of others, they have only again demonstrated that excellent proclivity, and spoken well of me. Kindness is the first-born daughter of God, long ago come down to bless our world, and she will not return to heaven until every man speaks well of his neighbor, and the earth has become an echo of the skies. And then Brooklyn, anyhow, is only one great big family, and we are brothers and sisters all, and when any one of the family has been absent, and gets home, we all come to the front door to meet him. It is an ambition with all of us to be thought well of by our neighbors, among whom we come and go, and daily exchange civilities, and when you come out from all styles of occupations and professions and circles and homes to greet me, I can only express my gratitude with deep emotion, and pledge you new and better service in the days that are to come than in the days that are past, and that I am ready to be with you in all enterprises for the increased prosperity and happiness of our beloved city, joining hands with you in toiling for free libraries, more appropriate school buildings, armories more worthy of our citizen-soldiery, more bridges across the East River, and for the hastening of the time when all classes of people in our midst, employers and employees, capitalists and laborers, shall adopt the golden rule, doing to others as they would be done by."

THE LATE DR. DOLLINGER.

(See portrait on page 169.)

THE most conspicuous theologian of our times, the venerable Dr. Dollinger, has ceased to be numbered among living celebrities. He died on January 10 at his modest home at Munich, Germany, in his ninety-first year. Once the pride of the Roman Church on account of his profound learning and acute argumentative powers, he lived to be excommunicated by the Pope and to be hated almost as intensely as Luther.

John Joseph Ignatius Dollinger was born at Bamberg, Bavaria, on February 28, 1799. How so long a life connects this generation with a past that seems to us so remote is realized from the fact that he distinctly remembered being presented, when a boy ten years old, to the first Napoleon. He was a student from his boyhood, and was ordained into the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church at the age of twenty-three. Even then he had a reputation for learning so high that he was chosen shortly afterward to be Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich, and was subsequently made Professor of Dogmatic Theology.

In 1826 he published a work on the Eucharist, which became a standard authority, and in rapid succession other works of a theological and historical character issued from his pen. It was not, however, until 1864 that the work which gave him worldwide fame was written. It was the first sign of his independence of thought and courageous expression of opinions in opposition to those of the head of his Church, which, later, was his best-known characteristic. That work was a repudiation of the doctrine of the Pope's latest encyclical, and a bold assertion that the temporal sovereignty should be abandoned. Six years later he gave fresh offence to the Pope by refusing to believe, as he was required to do by the Vatican Council, that the Pope was infallible when speaking *ex-cathedra* on questions of faith and morals.

That a German professor should presume to differ with the decision of Pope and council was an unpardonable offence. Arguments and threats were used, but Dollinger was firm in his refusal, and on April 19, 1871, he was formally excommunicated. That Dr. Dollinger felt this treatment keenly was evident, but he did not waver, and to the end of his life never regretted the step he had taken. When urged in after years to recant and make his peace with the Church, he said, with the firmness and simplicity for which he was noted, "I will not sully my old age with a lie." He ceased to perform priestly functions, but his colleagues and fellow-countrymen would not hear of his giving up his work in the University. Within four months of his excommunication, he was elected rector of the University by a vote of fifty-four to six, and the Bavarian Minister of Worship declared that the state did not recognize the validity of the Papal decree.

Dr. Dollinger contented himself with passive resistance. He passed his latest years quietly in University work and in promoting the scheme he devised for a union of the churches of Christendom; he has now gone to his rest, honored by his country and mourned by all who knew him.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE story of the interesting tour of Dr. Talmage and his friends is continued in the following extracts from a letter from Mr. L. Klopsch dated Beyrout:

We originally had set aside six consecutive days for our stay at Jerusalem, but, on the evening of the second day after our return from Bethlehem, Dr. Talmage gave instructions to begin the encampment on the following morning. He did this for two reasons: to avoid trouble on Sunday, to which he is uncompromisingly opposed, and to improve to the very best advantage the delightful weather we were enjoying, before the rainy season should set in. In Palestine the rainy season lasts two months, during which time there is an unremitting supply of moisture, sometimes present in the form of fine spray, at other times falling in heavy rain. Whether in the one form or the other, the atmospheric condition is that of perpetual dampness, making travelling exceedingly unpleasant. We had provided ourselves with an abundance of waterproof garments, and our supply of boots and shoes was equal to every possible condition of weather. At the same time we were anxious to make the most of the pleasant days remaining to us, not knowing how much longer they would last. So orders were issued to prepare camp, as the following day we were to start for the Jordan.

Camping-Out in the Holy Land

is an experience which will bear description. The camp is not as simple an arrangement as the uninitiated may suppose. In appearance it is a regular caravan, moving slowly, not faster than three miles an hour, and rarely travelling longer than seven hours a day. The persons constituting the members of our camp were: the five in our party, three of whom were ladies; one dragoman or guide; one sheik, who was our protection against Bedouin marauders; a cook; two waiters; and seven muleteers. Sometimes, but not always, the sheik had a Nubian negro to carry his double-barrelled gun, which he always kept loaded and ready for business. Of animals, we had eight horses, nine mules, and five donkeys; making in all, a total of eighteen persons and twenty-two animals. Besides the personal baggage of the tourists, consisting of trunks, valises, etc., there were in our camp a complete outfit of beds and bedding, a dozen or so of Turkish rugs, a stove, and a full supply of cooking utensils, an elaborate table-service, all requirements for the toilet, a kitchen-tent, a saloon-tent, three sleeping-tents, and two smaller tents, an abundance of provisions, and any quantity of smaller items, too numerous to mention.

The camp is divided into two parts, one travelling for the accommodation of the sight-seers, the other to cater to their necessities of refreshment and repose. Of these, the former is the smaller, consisting only of the tourists themselves, the dragoman, the sheik, and two waiters who carry with them the lunch-tent. These two divisions of the camp never move together, the larger one of them preceding the tourists in order to make ready for the night. As soon as the party arrive at a camping-place after the day's travel, they dismount and repair to their tents, where they find everything in readiness for their comfort. The sleeping-tents are richly decorated with Egyptian needlework, are carpeted with soft, thick Turkish rugs laid on the bare ground, and each contains one or two iron bedsteads, a table, furniture for the toilet, candlesticks, etc. It presents a home-like, inviting appearance.

The General Programme

for the day is about as follows: Morning-call at six; half an hour later, breakfast, consisting of eggs and chops, bread, butter, jam, and coffee. At seven the members of the party are on horseback ready for their journey. After four hours' ride we dismount for luncheon, when the lunch-tent is quickly raised, a rug is spread on the ground, over this is laid a dainty table-cloth, and on this are spread cold chicken, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, bread, oranges, nuts, raisins, and cheese. The tourists recline while they eat and drink, in Oriental fashion, and help themselves to what lies before them on plates of agate-ware. Everything served is fresh, and of excellent quality, and there is plenty of it.

While the tourists are taking their lunch, the larger part of the encampment, which is not packed in the morning until after the tourists have left, passes by and proceeds to the next camping-place. At half-past one travel is resumed. Three hours more in the saddle, and one feels ready for another meal. Even the most dyspeptic person is willing for dinner, which happily is invariably a

good one. Excellent hot soup is followed with roast meat and vegetables; next come roast fowl and salad; capital pudding is then served; nuts, raisins, oranges, pomegranates, and other fruits, cheese, and Turkish coffee end the repast. After dinner, a lively bonfire is started, around which the tourists assemble and rehearse the scenes and incidents of the day. At nine the shoes left in front of the tents for the porter to blacken are the sure indications that the weary tourists have retired for

The Night.

Pass the camp at any time of the night, however, and three figures are seen to hover around the camp-fire. They are a shabbily dressed guard, it is true, but, as they are armed to the teeth with guns, pistols, bowie-knives—in one word, with a whole arsenal of weapons—bold, indeed, must be the robbers who would dare to attack these grim-visaged warriors. They come quietly to the camp about seven in the evening, their services having been secured from among the principal men in the locality where the party happens to be, and remain on duty until the camp is alive with preparations for the next day's journey, when they take their departure as quietly as they came. All

The Attendants

in camp are Arabs. Most of them understand but two English words, "good" and "finish," this pronounced "feenish." They say "good" when you either mount or dismount from your horse. Caresingly they pat the animal, and at the same time throw into their pronunciation of the word the two meanings: the horse is a good one; don't you think he is a good one? Your attendant says "feenish" when you ask him for something of which the supply is exhausted. He is a mirthful individual and always accompanies his declaration with a grin which says plainly enough: "You have already all you can get." Of course it is awkward not to be able to make your wants and wishes known, by means of language, to the man whose business it is to learn and perform them, but the situation is relieved by his good-nature, which I have found to be constant and unchangeable. If you scold him he takes no offence, because he does not understand one word you utter, and if you bring a whole torrent of objurgations with the proper accompaniments of gesture and facial expression to bear on him, he still smiles in real or affected ignorance that you are angry with him.

'Twould be a cruel and unreasonable mistake, if not an impossible thing, to cherish resentment against the most amiable of servitors. He not only sees to it that all your meals are supplied, but ingeniously suggests multifarious ways in which he can be of service to you. And never a murmur of impatience escapes his lips, however difficult or even unreasonable may be the service required of him. He will travel a mile to get you a pitcher of fresh water, if you detect or think you find a trace of impurity, or have a dislike to the taste of that given you. This most accommodating of mortals will jump off his mule, unload and unstrap all his packs to look for a book you may express the desire for, or to get you a cracker, should you feel faint on the road. I found him, moreover, perfectly honest and trustworthy without an exception.

Having returned to Jerusalem, we visited

The Tower of David,

which reaches high among neighboring buildings of the Holy City. An open space stands before the great structure, which is entered through an archway ornamented with pinnacles. Most of what was once the arched space has been built up, and one goes through a comparatively small gateway into the building, walking on a causeway slightly higher than the stony street of the space outside. There are stairs on the outside of the great tower, which lead up half-way to the top. The remaining stairs are inside. Having gained the top, one finds a parapet for safety, and looks out upon Jerusalem from a point of decided vantage. The history of the structure is not perfectly known. What of carpentry work there is in it is modern. Evidences of work by Crusaders are revealed in the masonry, but it may be that the massive foundation actually represents, in part, the period of the great King. Here, says tradition, it was that he received the news of Absalom's death. Taking out his Bible Dr. Talmage read aloud the story of how the handsome Prince stole the hearts of the men of Israel, of his rebellion and his terrible fate.

A squad of Turkish soldiers (the tower being used as an arsenal), surrounded the reader as the beautiful narrative flowed from his lips. We next visited

the wailing-place of the Jews, where we found about forty of the faithful, wailing, moaning, and mourning because of the destruction of the Temple, and imploring Jehovah with impassioned earnestness for its restoration. A number of men, women, and children were engaged in chanting the ninety-third Psalm. So sincere and earnest were they in the lugubrious devotions, the tears coursing down the pale cheeks, that Dr. Talmage said he himself felt like weeping with them.

At 1 P. M. the same day we left Jerusalem, in probability never to see it again. Taking the road that Christ and His parents must have taken nearly two thousand years before, we passed in short time the extensive workshops of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, which is the most successful, because the most practical Christian agency ever at work in Palestine. Gibeon, where the prophet Samuel lived and died, and Ramah, where he was born, were soon passed, and we came to Beeroth. Continuing our journey from this point, we traveled four hours longer, and then encamped for the night. We rested on what said to be the identical spot where Jacob, lying with stones for his pillow, saw in his dreams a ladder set up on the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven, and on which angels of God ascended and descended. Ebal and Gerizim were next visited.

Jacob's Well,

which is near Gerizim, "this mountain," as our Lord called that large hill, has a great stone over its mouth. The masonry, on which Jesus sat as I talked to the woman of Samaria, no longer exists, but the well is still in use at such times as the supply of water is not cut off by lack of rain. It is more of a cistern than a well. For this reason our Lord compared its water with "living water" springing up. A hole has been cut through the middle of the covering stone large enough for six buckets to be put down into the well through. The well, which is now seventy-five feet deep, was much deeper before visitors formed the habit of throwing stones into it to hear the echo caused by their striking the bottom. Some learned people suppose that when Jacob dug the well it was double the depth it is now, and as it is more than seventy feet across, one can form some idea of what the gifts, as an engineer, that characterized the tutelage of Jacob, and how rich were the resources which enabled him to carry out his great plan. Nablus, the new city, was Shechem in very ancient times, and Samaria in our Lord's time. It is situated in a fertile, well-watered valley. Woody growths cover the sides of surrounding hills, and olive-trees add to the scene in the centre of which it stands, in considerable beauty, as seen from a distance. It is quite a manufacturing town, that is, for the Orient, containing soap and olive-oil works. Inside is dirty and architecturally disappointing. Some of the streets are darkened by arches. The chief building in the town is a mosque, which was once a Christian church. It was built by the Crusaders, but now the crescent triumphs over the cross.

MISSIONARIES IN EXTREMITY.

THE following incident is related by Dr. C. Hamlin in the current number of the *Missionary Herald*: In the year 1839, my first year of missionary service, all the American missionaries were ordered out of the Empire. The order was communicated to Commodore Porter, and he advised us that we could not protect us. The station at Constantinople was very much weakened. Mr. Homes just left to join Dr. Grout in researches among mountain Nestorians. Dr. Dwight was in America and Dr. Schaffler about to leave for Vienna. There seemed to be no earthly resource. The English Ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, was a nobleman of the very worst sort, and would have been glad to see us go. Armenians had been forbidden, under penalty of anathema, to call at any missionary house. We were "minished and brought low." The missionaries all resolved to yield only to force, and we home an appeal to our Government, claiming the same rights that were accorded to Romish missionaries. Commodore Porter smiled at the appeal, useless, but we gave ourselves unto prayer. We together, morning, noon, and night, for our prayer. Dr. Goodell did not lose his hopeful and cheerfulness, but there was a peculiar solemnity in everything that was done and said. Right in the midst of this crisis Sultan Mahmoud died, his forces were utterly routed at the battle of Nezib, and the whole magnificent fleet was betrayed into the hands of Ali Pasha, of Egypt. A young sultan at

olly new Government came into existence, the patriarchs and bishops were changed. Where were the enemies of our work? "God blew and they were scattered." We joyfully resumed our work without waiting to hear from our Government, with no one to molest us or make us afraid. Our confidence in God was not in vain. All the missionaries required new strength and confidence for the trials to come.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for Feb. 23, Luke 4: 1-13; Golden Text Heb. 2: 18.

nor in Temptation—The Test for the Gold—The Human Side—A Matter for Rejoicing—Gives Fellowship with Christ—Should be Referred to God—Not a Sign of Little Grace—Paul Buffeted After Special Revelations—Jesus Alone in Temptation—To Remedy from Fasting—A Help in Prayer—The First Temptation a Doubt of Sonship—Satan's Quotation of Scripture—Temptation Met on Conquered Ground.

IN that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. (Heb. 2: 18; 4: 15.)

Has its Divine Side

well as its human side. From God's side it is the greatest honor which God can confer upon His children when He can so far count upon them as to tempt them to the proof. It is real gold, not tinsel, which is put into the fire. Soldiers who have been proved true are placed in positions of danger. God uses His tried and tempted children to conquer angels and men. Paul says, "I think that I had set forth us the apostles last, as it were, to death; for we are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men." (1 Cor. 4: 9); and he shows how "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places may be known by the riches the manifold wisdom of God." (Eph. 3: 10.) By the temptations of Job, God taught Satan, though he might buffet His child, and gain advantage over him for a time, his power could not be exercised within permitted limits, and the use of God would conquer him in the end; and brought His servant out of the furnace with a new wedge of himself—of his God, which he could never have gained under other circumstances. There is also

The Human Side

temptation. There are some, but they are very few, who go up to the battle-field as Jehoshaphat did, and let the singers go out before the army (Chr. 20: 21, 22); like David they learn to "bless the Lord at all times" (Ps. 34: 1); and they do not think it "strange concerning the fiery trial which cometh upon them," "as though a strange thing happened unto" them, "but rejoice inasmuch as" they are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, at the declaration of His glory also" they "may rejoice with exceeding joy." (1 Pet. 4: 12, 13.) Such as are not afraid of temptation, they go up to conquer in the name of the Lord, and they sing, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can I do unto me?" (Ps. 118: 6.) There are others who look upon temptation as something to endure, to meet in the strength of God the best way they can.

These are blessed. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." "Behold, we count ourselves happy which endure." (James 1: 12; 5: 11.) There is another class, and the most numerous, who almost invariably *pity themselves* when they are tempted, and think themselves badly used; they fall, and excuse themselves for falling, and in their hearts bear a grudge against God for letting them be tempted, and also against any man or circumstance which has been the direct instrument of temptation to them.

How would God have us regard temptation? Not as a disgrace or a dishonor, not as a misfortune, but as a God-permitted proving. It was when Abraham had been found faithful (Gen. 17-19), "that God did tempt Abraham." (Gen. 22: 1.) It was when God's own witness concerning him went to prove him to be "a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil" (Job 1: 1; 2: 3), that God put him so sorely to the test. Christ Himself was tempted more than any other man. He "was tempted in all points like as we are"; no other man has had to sustain all the concentrated force of Satan's temptations. Is

it not then "enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (Matthew 10: 25)? Shall we pity ourselves, or demand the sympathy of others, when we are "called unto the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord" (1 Cor. 1: 9), even when it is "the fellowship of His sufferings being made conformable to His death" (Phil. 3: 10), in the way of temptation? Shall we not rather count it all joy when we fall into manifold temptations, knowing that the proof of our faith worketh patience? And shall we not "let patience have its perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting in nothing" (James 1: 2-4, R. V.)?

But we must clearly distinguish between temptation as it comes to us from God, and temptation as it comes to us from Satan.

God Never Can Suggest Sin

to His children. Therefore James writes, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." (James 1: 13-15.) But the very temptations of Satan, although they do not originate with God, are made God's test to us while we abide in Christ, and by referring them to God instantaneously, when they arise, and neither dealing ourselves with the temptation nor the tempter, it becomes to us a test from God. For instance, it was surely the devil in Potiphar's wife which suggested the awful sin into which she tempted Joseph, but the instantaneous reference to his God, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" changed the battleground. Satan and sin retired from the field; the Heavenly Father permitted His child to be tested, and His grace prevailed.

People often imagine that it is a sign of a low state of grace when a Christian is tempted. But Jesus was "full of the Holy Ghost" when He was tempted, and was actually "led of the Spirit into the wilderness" for the very purpose "to be tempted of the devil." It is most often the times when we have been most used of God, or have been learning more of His truth, that Satan chooses for his attacks. It was when Paul had been in the third heaven, and had received wonderful revelations, and "heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter," that an angel of Satan was sent to buffet him, lest he "should be exalted above measure." (2 Cor. 12: 2-7.)

Jesus was alone at the time of His temptation; as yet no disciples had left their all to cast in their lot with Him; and "He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts." (Mark 1: 13.) During all these forty days

"He Did Eat Nothing."

(Luke 4: 2.) There are some who have imagined on this account that a sure way of overcoming temptation is to fast. But if fasting, or prayer, or human effort of any kind can overcome sin and temptation, then it is man and not God who is Satan's master. Moses fasted forty days and forty nights, sustained in all his being by the presence of his God, breathing in God who has "life in Himself" (Ex. 24: 18; John 5: 26); but no sooner did he come down from the mountain than, in a fit of anger for the sin of the people, he broke the very tables of stone which were "the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables." (Ex. 32: 15-19.) Elijah fasted forty days and forty nights, and at the end of it came to the mistaken conclusion that he alone of all Israel was true to God, while there were seven thousand besides who had not bowed the knee to Baal, or worshipped him. (1 Kings 19: 8-18.) Thus we see that fasting is in itself no remedy for sin, no means of holiness; but it may be, and often is, a fitting and most helpful accompaniment to prayer, and when the heart is much moved it is often impossible to eat.

Our great enemy found it no easy matter to tempt the Lord Jesus, and so he took advantage of the sensation of hunger which followed His long fast and said to Him, "If Thou be the Son of God command this stone that it be made bread." Satan's first suggestion was a doubt of His Sonship. Many a tempted one, under the lash of the enemy of souls, has doubted whether he could be a child of God and have such things before his mind as the devil brings up. And then the enemy, pushing on his supposed advantage, required Him, with the

doubt before Him, to work a miracle! The enemy is not tired of this suggestion, and he often uses men in making such suggestions now; "If you believe that the sick are healed now, why don't you heal such and such an one?" As though any man could be master of the power of God! Jesus answered

Not in His Own Words.

From first to last He could say, "The words that I speak, I speak not of Myself" (John 14: 10): "The Lord hath given Me the tongue of the learned." (Isa. 50: 4.) No wonder that "guile was not found in his mouth." (1 Pet. 2: 22.) He answered Satan in His Father's words, quoted from Deut. 8: 3: "It is written that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Jesus had been experiencing the sustaining power of the word of His Father during His long fast. It is a marvellous thing that in this time of temptation the devil was permitted to have the power of leading Jesus hither and thither, to the top of a high mountain, and up to the pinnacle of the temple. But it gives us a glimpse of the working of God; how He, for His own wise purposes, allows the enemy to have a certain power over circumstances, in order that in the end his defeat may be the greater.

He took Jesus "up into an high mountain," and "shewed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time." We see from this what power Satan has, that he could compress into a moment of time a view of all the kingdoms of the world. While the eye of the Saviour, suffering being tempted, rested for a moment on the sight before Him, Satan said, "All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If Thou therefore wilt worship me all shall be thine." What! would Satan retire and leave the world free from his dark presence? would he abstain from tempting man and would sin almost cease? Was this the offer made to the Son of God? But on what terms? To fall down and worship him! Could sin be done away by worshipping its author? A thousand times No! Jesus, emptied as He was of His Godhead, so that He met the enemy as a God-filled man, and not as an almighty God, answered and said: "Get thee behind Me, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." (Deut. 10: 20.)

Foiled twice in the same way, by the Word of God, Satan changed his tactics. He brought Jesus to Jerusalem, and "set Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God cast Thyself down from hence; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge over Thee to keep Thee; and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Satan can quote Scripture, but he always does it partially. What a quick way it might have seemed to show Jerusalem that He was indeed the Son of God if Jesus had adopted the suggestion! But the Son of God was subject. The enemy had missed out from his quotation, "To keep Thee

In All Thy Ways."

Jesus never trusted to Himself or took His own way. "I came down from heaven," He said, "not to do Mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent Me;" "I do always those things that please Him." (John 6: 38; 8: 29.) He answered, "It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God." The devil's store of temptation was exhausted; he had tried the Saviour by the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life (1 John 2: 16), and had found Him always taking refuge behind the Word of God. He has led the way through temptation to certain victory. Satan is a conquered foe; he cannot attack us on other than conquered ground, and he can only defeat us when we attempt to meet him on our own ground instead of the ground which Christ has won for us. Jesus has destroyed "him that had the power of death, even the devil" (Heb. 2: 14); and while we abide in Christ, having "no confidence in the flesh," *i. e.*, in ourselves, but all confidence in Jesus, Satan has no power over us; the fortress in which we hide is impregnable.

A temptation overcome leaves us in a far better position than before. After Jesus' temptation, "angels came and ministered to Him," and, far from being weakened by the conflict, He "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." Temptation in itself cannot harm us, though, like our Lord, we may "suffer being tempted"; but yielded to, it becomes sin, and the loss to God's cause is incalculable.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Samoan Treaty Negotiated at the Berlin conference by the representatives of the United States, Germany, and England, was ratified by the Senate on February 4. The vote was 38 for ratification to 12 against. Eight Democrats voted with the Republicans. The chief opposition to the treaty came from Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, and Senator McPherson, of New Jersey. The former objected to it on the general principle that it was contrary to the traditional policy of the Government to interfere with the domestic affairs of other countries, and still more so to incur joint obligations with European Powers. Senator McPherson opposed the treaty, principally on the ground that the Samoan king was a practical nonentity, and that too much power was given to the Chief Justice, who should be appointed by the three signatory Powers. It is, however, gratifying, that the treaty was ratified, as otherwise Samoa would have reverted to the condition of anarchy from which it has been delivered. It was incidentally mentioned in the course of the debate that the United States have acquired by purchase the lands adjoining the harbor ceded to us at Pago Pago.

The Pan-American Conference has now Entered upon the discussion of the most difficult of all the questions submitted to it—that of a coin to be current in all the countries represented in the conference. Mr. Estee, the California delegate, has devised a scheme which has the approval of all the delegates except those of the United States. He proposes that the standard coin shall be of silver, and shall contain $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and shall bear a uniform inscription, hereafter to be agreed upon, and that the United States of America shall coin not less than \$2,000,000, nor more than \$4,000,000 of such coins each month, and the Republics of Mexico, Central and South America, and Hayti shall coin in the aggregate not more than \$4,000,000 each month, the amount of such coinage by each to be apportioned among said last-named Republics according to the population. The coins are to be legal-tender in the countries named, between citizens, and in international transactions. The objection to Mr. Estee's proposal in its present form arises out of our experience with the trade dollar, which did not encourage us to issue another coin to be called a dollar, but not worth a dollar. The conference will doubtless recommend the issue of some coin current throughout the continent, but, it may be hoped, not the coin proposed by Mr. Estee.

General Sympathy has been Evoked Through-out the country with Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy, by the tragic event which on February 3 desolated his home. Early on the morning of that day the house in Washington, D. C., occupied by the Secretary of the Navy, was found to be on fire. The fire appears to have started on the second floor, for the servants in the basement did not know of it until informed by a passer-by, who saw the smoke issuing from the upper windows. They attempted to go up-stairs to alarm the Secretary and his family, who had not risen. The servants were horrified to see the smoke and flames on the staircase, and were afraid to venture through them. A brave policeman literally fought his way through, and found Mrs. Tracy, who was an invalid, trying to arouse her husband from the stupor which the dense smoke had caused. The policeman dragged General Tracy to another room, and took him to an open window. Mrs. Tracy, being relieved of anxiety about her husband, climbed out of a rear window, and hung for a moment or two to the sill by her hands. She was too weak to maintain that position long, and

she fell into the area, sustaining injuries from which she died. By that time the firemen had arrived, and brought a ladder to the front window, and by this means General Tracy and the policeman who remained with him were saved. Miss Tracy had tried to make her escape, but had fallen suffocated into the hallway, and was picked up dead. The Secretary's married daughter, Mrs. Wilmerding, and her daughter Alice, leaped from the second-story window, and alighted on a grass-plot below, which, being soaked by recent rains, was soft. Mrs. Wilmerding broke her wrist, and her daughter was bruised, but their lives were spared. One other life, that of a maid, was sacrificed. She evidently had been stupefied by the smoke, and was burned to death. General Tracy was prostrated with grief when he recovered consciousness, and heard of his double bereavement. The President and the members of the Cabinet were prompt in offering sympathy, and telegrams from private friends and public bodies came in large numbers to the stricken man. Queen Victoria also cabled a graceful message of sympathy.

An Ominous Warning was Issued by the Con-vention of colored men last week. In a long address to the people of the United States the Convention declares that there exists in certain parts of the country a condition of affairs which makes it necessary for colored American citizens to meet in a separate body for the consideration of grave and important questions that are national in their character. Then political and social grievances of the colored people in the South are recited, and it is averred that the purpose of the Convention is to so impress upon the public mind the justice and fairness of the claims of the colored people that no political party can safely afford to ignore them. "To us," the address says, "this should be the paramount consideration. Questions relating to governmental administrative policy, as, for instance, the tariff, civil service reform, and the financial policy of the Government, we should make secondary and subordinate. Without regard to the attitude of parties upon such questions, and without regard to our own views upon them, we feel that it is our duty to support only that party and only such candidates for office as are known to be friendly to our cause until all political parties will accord to us the rights and privileges to which we are entitled under the Constitution and the laws of the land." We cannot but deplore this conclusion, which is the first step in a race conflict the consequences of which may be very disastrous.

The Project of the World's Fair Appears Likely to suffer wreck in a conflict of political parties. Since the necessary legislation was introduced in the Legislature at Albany an effort has been made to add to the committee in charge of the project a number of Republican politicians. The committee was originally selected with the view of excluding political considerations. How far it was successful is a matter of dispute, but public opinion approved the selection, on the ground that whether the men composing it were Republicans or Democrats did not signify, so long as they were men of intelligence and public spirit. It appears, however, to have occurred to ex-Senator Platt, who at present is the chief of the Republican party in the State, that if the project were left in the control of the committee selected, it might be used to promote Democratic interests in a Presidential year. He therefore proposes to counteract any such effort by adding Republicans to the committee. Unquestionably, the expenditure of so large a sum of money as the project involves might be so directed by unscrupulous men; but it is contended that the character of the men on the committee is too high to justify the suspicion. The conflict in the Legislature on the subject at the close of last week was so violent that it seemed probable that the project would fail altogether. Should it do so, the people of the State will have an account to settle with whichever of the political parties it may deem guilty of thwarting the project, and that account will be settled when it casts its votes in November, 1892.

The Speaker's Experience in the Recent Trouble in the House has convinced him that rules are a necessity, and he accordingly formulated a set which the Committee has but slightly changed. Some of the differences between the new rules and those hitherto in operation are important. Their effect will be to restrict debate at the Speaker's option, and thus to facilitate practical work. The new rules give to the Speaker formally what he has contended for—the power to "count" or "dis-

cover" a quorum; they withdraw the power the House has hitherto exercised to excuse a member from voting; they give to him, instead of the House, the power to declare what committee a bill shall be referred to; they authorize him to decide what are dilatory motions; and they authorize him to refuse to entertain the motions for a recess or for adjournment to a day fixed. It is thought that the House will adopt the rules as they are, though some merely verbal changes may be made.

The Report is Circulated That the English Government is about to authorize the issue of bank notes of the value of five dollars. At present the lowest denomination is of twenty-five dollars. A London correspondent of the New York Times asserts that the Bank of England is preparing to issue the paper currency of the lower denomination to the extent of \$20,000,000, and that its basis will be silver coin or bullion. It is forty years since small notes were in circulation in England. The continual forging of one-pound notes during that time that forgery was a capital crime was the main reason of their withdrawal forty years ago, and a last man hanged for forgery in England was for counterfeiting of these notes.

An Anti-Semitic Agitation has been Developing in France. In an interview with the French correspondent of the New York Herald, the Marquis de Mores, who is well known in this country, explained its origin. He alleges that the Jewish capitalists in Paris have succeeded for a long time past in controlling both the executive and legislative branches of the Government. He said that the permanent officers of the Government, on whom owing to frequent changes in the Cabinet, devolved the business of Government, are paid so inadequate salaries that they could not live if they did not receive supplemental salaries from the Jews. "Not only said the Marquis, "is bribery carried on throughout the various executive departments of the state, but far from uncommonly, in the Chamber itself. Last year the salaries of not less than one hundred and eighty Deputies were attached for debt. I mention this to show how welcome a few thousand-franc notes would be to a debtor thus embarrassed. In such cases thousand-franc notes are always forthcoming from the Jews, but always for a consideration. The result is that all serious legislation for the real interests of the people is impossible." The Marquis is evidently desirous of arousing public antipathy to the Jews. If he succeeds, he will probably have serious cause to repent. An agitation against the rich in the inflammable condition of French society would not be limited to operations against the Jews. There has been a time and it may come again, when the head of a Marquis fell under the guillotine with as much applause from the mob as did the head of a Jew.

A Shrewd Scheme to Conciliate German Work-ingmen emanates from the Emperor of Germany. In a rescript to Prince Bismarck published on February 5, the Emperor declares his desire to ameliorate the position of the workingmen. He desires that the Ambassadors of France, England, Belgium and Switzerland shall be officially asked whether their Governments are disposed to come to an international agreement with Germany, with a view to meeting the needs and wishes of workingmen revealed in the recent strikes and labor disputes. When the principle of the Emperor's proposal is accepted, Prince Bismarck is empowered to invite all the nations interested to attend a labor conference. In what way such a conference can benefit the workmen does not appear. More practical, and with better promise of beneficial results is a second rescript to the Emperor's Minister of Commerce, Baron von Berlepsch, in which the Emperor states definite points on which he believes the Government may interpose for the workman's advantage. He affirms that it is "the duty of the state to regulate the duration and the nature of labor as to ensure the health, the morality, and the supply of all the economic wants of the workingmen, and preserve their claims to equality before the law. For the promotion of peace between workingmen and their employers, legal measures must be taken toward the establishment of regulations empowering workingmen to appoint delegates enjoying their confidence to represent them in the settlement of affairs, these delegates safeguarding the interests of the workingmen whom they represent, in all negotiations with the employers or with the Government." It may be hoped that the Emperor's interest in this class of his subjects will continue after the forthcoming elections are over.

Bishop H. C. Riley has Resumed his Lectures on Mexico and Central and South America. He recently lectured in Paterson, N. J., in the school-room of the Church of the Holy Communion, and the audience were so delighted with his narrative of the progress of Christian work in those lands, and with his beautiful stereopticon views, that a liberal contribution was made to the funds of the cause, and the Bishop was unanimously invited to lecture again in the largest hall in the city. We are glad to learn that the committee recently formed to aid the Bishop in his arduous labors is succeeding in arousing public interest in the undertaking, and that the income by which the Bishop is supporting the evangelists in the field is steadily increasing. The work has special claims on Evangelical Christians, because an effort is made by the ritualists in the Church to discourage sympathy with it on account of its antagonism to Romanism. The ritualists regard the Church of Jesus as a trespass on the domain of the Roman Catholic Church. All who realize what a curse to any people, in both civil and religious life, Romanism is, and who feel, too, the responsibility of the Christians of the United States for the evangelization of Mexico, cannot do better than help Bishop Riley in the effort he is making to support the preachers of the pure gospel in Mexico. *Contributions to the fund, however small, will be gratefully received by the treasurer, J. P. Heath, Esq., 43 Bible House, New York.*

A Child is Held as Security for a Debt in St. Louis. On February 6 a gentleman applied to the police for aid in recovering his child. He stated that some months ago he engaged a nurse for his infant son. He became dissatisfied with the way in which she performed her duties, and gave her notice to leave. The girl raised the question of wages, the amount of which had been made contingent on her conduct. She contended that she had been efficient, and demanded the higher rate, while her employer insisted that she was entitled only to the lower rate. The question was left unsettled, but the nurse became convinced that her prospects of receiving the sum she held to be her due were very slight. She therefore adopted a plan to compel payment. She disappeared suddenly, taking the child with her. Search had been made for her without success. She had, however, notified the father that whenever he chose to deposit a certain amount to her credit in a bank which she named, he could have his child. Until then she would retain it, and would not be too lavish in her attentions to it. The father was terribly concerned for the safety of his child, but regarding the nurse's claim as an attempt to blackmail him, he was reluctant to pay it. The nurse evidently counts on the strength of parental love being sufficient to compel payment, and if she can evade the search of the police for a few days, her scheme will probably succeed. No father would hesitate long to make any sacrifice rather than his child should suffer. That fact shows how God must have loved the world when He gave His only begotten Son to die that the world might be saved. (John 3:16.)

A Life of Disappointment and Unavailing Sorrow ended tragically in Ozark, Mo., on January 29. A gloomy, morose man nearly seventy years old had lived there for many years. He had but one friend in the neighborhood, and the only persons in his house were colored men, who performed all the household duties. They were out for a holiday on January 29, and when they returned at night they were horrified to see the house in flames. The fire could not be extinguished, nor could anything be saved from it. When it had burned itself out the charred body of the owner was found among the ashes. Then the man's friend told his story. He was a native of Southampton, England, and a graduate of the University of Glasgow. He had fallen in love with a domestic servant in his father's employ, and wanted to marry her. His parents objected to the match, though the girl was well educated and evidently loved their son devotedly. They sent the girl away, and purchased a commission for their son in a regiment going to India. The young man was compelled to go, but he wrote frequently to the girl, promising to return and marry her. He received no answer, and after a few years he learned that his father had, by payments of money to the girl's family, succeeded in intercepting his letters. She, believing her lover had forgotten her, pined away and died. The young man on hearing the news became reckless, sold his commission, and for some years led a wild, dissipated life. Finally he drifted to Ozark, where he settled down

and lived until he perished in his burning house. If the girl had held fast to her faith in her lover, in spite of his apparent neglect, her life might have been saved, and his years would not have been wasted. Christians are sometimes tempted to lose faith in their Lord when sometimes He seems deaf to their prayers, and allows them to suffer in person or in fortune. They ought to know Him better, for He never deserts those who trust in Him, and in the end justifies their confidence by eternal union with Himself. (1 Peter 1:6, 7.)

A Marriage in a Lighthouse Took Place on February 1. There is no more popular man among captains and sailors than the faithful, methodical man who keeps the Lynde Point Lighthouse on the lower Connecticut River. It is a very dangerous place for navigation, but its dangers have never been increased by a neglect of duty on the part of the lighthouse keeper. When, therefore, it became known that his pretty and winsome daughter was to be married, there was no lack of interest in the ceremony. All who could be present went to witness it, and gathered around the young couple under the rotunda of the lighthouse on Saturday afternoon. The moment the minister declared them man and wife the light was turned on, and instantly from every steamer and tug within sight there went up the hoarse screech of congratulatory steam whistles, rising high above the roar of wind and sea. The discordant greeting still rang out, as the newly wedded couple, with their friends, sat down to enjoy the wedding-feast. It may be hoped that their married life will, in some of its aspects, be fitly typified by its beginning. If they follow Christ, the roar and discord of the outside world will not disturb their peace and happiness, while from their abode will shine the light that may mark the path of safety to voyagers on life's troubled waters. (Matt. 5:14-16.)

A Profitable Enterprise Among Fashionable ladies has been started by a needy lady of good family in New York. Her education and aristocratic connections were strangely at variance with her poverty, and she was practically living on charity when the idea occurred to her. She was at a party some months ago when the Samoan trouble was the subject of conversation. Some one asked, "Where is Samoa?" and she was surprised to see that none of the ladies knew. She knew they would feel ashamed of their ignorance, though probably none would take the trouble to read up the subject. She persuaded a wealthy friend to let her have the use of her parlors for an afternoon, and privately invited a number of ladies to come and listen to a talk about Samoa. About twenty came, and the talk was so interesting, and so thoroughly enlightened them that the ladies could talk intelligently on the subject in their homes, and at social gatherings. They felt so much indebted to their instructor that when she proposed to hold a regular weekly meeting, at which she would talk of the subjects most prominent in conversation, they all agreed to come, and pay a dollar each for the privilege. The class has since grown rapidly, and the lady has now classes in three other cities. Those who attend consider their dollar well spent in the share they are thus enabled to take in the conversation at the dinner-table; and their instructor is now earning a fair income from their fees. The success of the enterprise shows how general is the desire to shine in conversation. Probably if the lady proposed to talk about vital religion her hearers would rapidly diminish in number, though it is of all subjects the most important, having in it the way to eternal life. (1 Tim. 2:23-26.)

A Pathetic Death in a Blizzard is Reported from "No Man's Land." A dispatch from Beaver City to the New York *Sun* states that on the day of the recent blizzard, and before any sign of the terrible visitation had appeared, a settler set out in his wagon for Meade, to make purchases. He was accompanied by the wife of his nearest neighbor, an intimate friend who lived on a ranch two miles from his own. Happily for them they were in Meade when the blizzard came and were able to get shelter with some friends for the night. The weather was bright and clear the next morning, so knowing that there would be anxiety at both ranches as to their safety, they set out at dawn for home. On arriving at the ranch where the lady lived they were surprised to find it deserted. She concluded that her husband had gone to the other ranch, so she went on thither with her companion. On the way they noticed some strange objects in the snow, and the man alighted to examine them. He

was horrified to find that they were the dead bodies of his wife and his companion's husband. He easily understood the fatality. His wife must have become alarmed when she saw the premonitory signs of the blizzard and have set out for the other ranch for protection. His friend, knowing she was at home alone and probably in terror, had doubtless started to bear her company. They had met on the way, had been overtaken by the blizzard, and had perished before they could get shelter. It was not surprising that a delicate woman should have died in such a storm, but the man might have survived had he thought of himself chiefly. But he had taken off his coat and overcoat and put them on the woman in the vain effort to protect her, and the storm, catching him in his shirt sleeves, did its fatal work on him. Our admiration for so noble an act of unselfishness is mingled with regret that it should have failed. That he should have stripped himself of the garments which alone could save him from death, and yet not save her to whom he gave them, seems doubly painful. There has been a grievous degree of this waste in the sacrifice of Christ. Though He died to save all men, men die unsaved every day. (Heb. 2:3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The New York Presbytery voted on the question of revision on February 3. The vote was 82 for revision, 43 against it.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, on February 2, announced his intention of resigning the pastorate of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, in April next when he will have completed the thirtieth year of his pastorate.

The Presbyterian Theological Seminary in San Francisco has recently received a donation of \$250,000 from Mr. Alexander Montgomery, of that city. The money is held in trust, and cannot be used until an additional \$50,000 shall have been raised by the directors.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has, during the eighty-one years of its beneficent existence, issued from its London house alone 29,000,000, complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 New Testaments, and 12,845,000 portions of the Bible—altogether 72,500,000 books.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal, Canada, has started a coffee barrow, which is provided with a large fire-box, water, and a small cupboard for cups, saucers, etc. The object is to supply a good cup of coffee at a lower price than the saloons charge for a glass of beer.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes is being greatly blessed in his labors in England. He has been holding services in connection with Rev. M. Baxter's Gospel Union Mission at Leicester, and there was a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. Great crowds attended the meetings and many souls were converted.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham closed a month's services at Hannibal, Mo., and is now in Boston where he has arranged a week of special services to Roman Catholics in one of the churches of that city. Mr. Needham feels that there ought to be an effort now to preach a line of non-controversial gospel sermons to that class of citizens. The evangelist may go South later on.

The death of Oswald Livingstone, a son of the late Dr. Livingstone, is announced. He had been practising in England as a physician. He was named after Mr. Oswell, one of his father's friends at Kolobeng, with whom the great explorer made his memorable journey to Lake Ngami. The only surviving children of Livingstone now are Mrs. Bruce, of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Wilson, of Kendal.

Eight women in South Dakota made a raid on the saloons of Hatton, a town north of Mayville, on January 13. They armed themselves with axes and other weapons, marched in a body to the saloons, and set to work chopping and smashing. The leader was a quiet and unassuming woman who had just learned that her husband had signed a mortgage on the farm in order that a saloon bill could be paid.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is holding services in the Tabernacle Church, Jersey City, N. J. In ten minutes after the doors were opened for the first service, 4,000 persons had crowded into the building, and a large number who came before the time fixed for the commencement of the service were unable to enter. Twenty ministers of various denominations are working in the meetings. The requests for prayer are very numerous, and a great blessing is expected.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has closed his meetings at Fitchburg, Mass. At the last meeting such a scene as is rarely witnessed took place when the 371 persons who have made a profession of faith during Dr. Munhall's visit, and the pastors who have been helping the work, united in blessing God for having sent the evangelist to the town. The Rev. C. S. Brooks said, "I want to recognize the exaltation of the Bible that has been characteristic of these meetings. I want to say to Dr. Munhall that the manner in which he has used the Bible in these meetings will be felt for the whole of this generation."

HELP FOR YOUR SICKNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:16,17.

The Evening Work—The Tired Saviour Willing to Work—I. His Works of Healing—All Sorts of Diseases—Forgives All Kinds of Sin—The Demoniacs of His Day—The Devil's Own Among Us—No Failures—The Sole Medicine Used—II. Christ's Personal Power to Heal—The Secret of It—Bearing the Sickness—By Sympathy—As Champion of Humanity—As the Accepted Substitute—The Words at the Foot of the Bill.

It was the evening: in all probability it was the evening of a Sabbath-day. The Jews were so tender not to break the Sabbath that they did not even bring forth the sick to the Saviour until the even was come. The Saviour would gladly have healed them on the Sabbath-day, for that was to Him a high day for holy work, but they did not think it right, and so they kept back their sick till the day was ended. If any of you have thought that the time has not come for you to approach the Saviour, you have labored under a great error, for He would not have you delay for a single hour; but I hope you are now satisfied that you have waited long enough and that at last the evening is near in which you should come to Jesus.

Whether it was a Sabbath evening or not, the day had been spent by the Saviour in diligent labor; for our Saviour took care, when the people would listen to Him on the seventh day, to preach with all His might. As soon as the sun was up, He began to tell out saving truth. He was tired when evening was come, and He might have sought rest; but instead of that, they

Brought the Sick to Him

to heal, and He must close up a weary day by a yet more arduous task. Until darkness had covered the earth, He must continue still to scatter blessings right and left. At this hour our blessed Master has laid aside all weariness; and now at eventide He is waiting to bless. Whatever has been done during the day, yet, if some poor, weary soul has spurned the voice divine through all the former hours, He is waiting still to save, ere yet the sun has quite gone down. When even was come, they brought unto Him those that were sick.

What a strange sight that evening saw! They brought forth to the Saviour those that were possessed of evil spirits, and those that were sick. They brought them on their mattresses, and laid them in the streets. It must have been a very difficult thing to bring out some that were possessed, because they struggled and raved: but nevertheless they brought them. The streets were turned into a hospital, and in the still evening air you could hear the cries of those poor creatures who were possessed of evil spirits, and the moans of those in acute pain. It was a sad sight.

A Piteous Sight,

to look upon; and as far as Christ's eye could see, every nook and corner were occupied with these sick people. But what a glorious thing it must have been to see Him, the divine Physician, with tears of pity in His eyes, and yet with beaming joy on His countenance, suffering intensely all the while because of their suffering, and yet joyous because He was able to bless them. That was one of the happiest evenings that ever ended day in Palestine.

I. Let us notice, first, our Lord's works of healing. On that occasion, and on others, he cured

All Sorts of Sickness.

I think I am right in saying that there is not, in the whole list of diseases, one which the Saviour did not heal. They may be known by new names, for they say the doctors have invented a dozen new diseases lately, but they are only old diseases to which they have given new names. Our great-grandfathers died of diseases the names of which they never knew, or else they had other names than those which are given to them now. But as man has always been much the same, most diseases have continued as long as the human race. We have to be very grateful that leprosy, which was the great scourge of the Jews, is almost extinct now; but in our Saviour's day it seems to have been exceedingly common. But leprosy and all forms of disease came under the Saviour's power, and fled at his word.

Now the parallel of that is this—Jesus Christ can forgive sins of all sorts. There are different grades

of sin. Some are exceedingly defiling and loathsome. Other sins are scarcely hurtful to the general commonwealth, and so are often almost unnoticed. Yet any sin will ruin a soul for ever. It may be thought to be little, but as a little prick with a poisoned arrow will heat all the blood, and bring on death, so is sin such a venomous disease that the least of it is fatal. But from whatever kind of sin you are suffering, I would encourage you to come to Jesus with it, be it what it may. Is yours an extreme case? Have you been grossly guilty? Come with it, then, for our Lord healed the worst diseases. On the other hand, have you been kept out of gross sin from your early youth? Have you been preserved from outward vice? It may be that

Your Chief Sin

is the forgetting of God, and living without love to Christ—a deadly sin, let me tell you; but bring it to the Saviour. Have you been idle? Have you been proud? Have you been lascivious? Have you been untruthful? Have you been profane? Have you been malicious? I cannot tell; but God knoweth—who can read your heart as readily as we read a book. But whatever the sin may be, remember that all manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Oh, hear this, and look up to the Saviour, and pray Him of His great mercy to exercise the healing art of His redeeming love on you, this evening, now that the sun has set! They brought to Jesus all sorts of diseases.

Note, next, that Jesus can deal with special cases of devilry. Possession with evil spirits was probably peculiar to that age. I sometimes think that, when the Saviour came down on earth, the devil had the impudence to ask to be let loose, that he and all his servants might come on earth, and in person might meet the Saviour. Satan is still busy, going about, seeking whom he may devour; but not exactly in the particular way in which he raged in Christ's day. He cannot take possession of men's bodies as he did then. So the Saviour met Satan foot to foot, and face to face; but the devil made a poor fight of it, for whenever the Lord Jesus made His appearance, the devil wanted to be off; and if he did not want to go, the Saviour soon moved him by saying, "Come out of him."

The parallel to that is this. There are some men that we meet with, in whom the devil evidently reigns; and there are such women, too—for when women are bad, they can be bad, and there can be no mistake about it. The devil can make *more mischief out of a woman than out of a man* when he thoroughly gets possession of her. Well, whether men or women, there are some who might be called "The Devil's Own."

One man is a drunkard: there is no holding him; he must drink on; he seems to be infatuated by it. He takes the pledge, and abstains for a little while; but by and by the devil gets hold of him again, and he goes back to his taps. Though he has drunk himself into delirium tremens, and to death's door, yet still he gives way to this loathsome vice. Others are possessed with the devil of lasciviousness, and it does not matter what they suffer, they will be always defiling themselves, ruining body and soul by their iniquity. We know persons who seem to have a devil in them in the matter of passion. They are but a little provoked, and they lose all command of themselves, and you would think that they ought to be put in a padded room in Bethlehem Hospital, and kept there till they cooled down. Otherwise, they might do mischief to themselves and to others. Surely some men, who can scarcely speak without swearing, have the devil in them. How one's blood runs chill, in going down our streets, to hear how commonly our workmen degrade themselves with filthy conversation! It is not exactly cursing: it is less honest, and more vile! Is there any hope for such? These are the very people in whom Jesus has often displayed His healing power.

I could tell you to-night of lions that have been turned to lambs, men of furious passions who have become gentle, and quiet, and loving, men of profane speech who would be shocked at the very remembrance of what they once said, and whose voices have been often heard in prayer: men and women, too, who loved the wages of iniquity, and lost their character, and defiled themselves; but they are washed, and they are sanctified. I have blessed the name of God when giving the right hand of Christian fellowship to ransomed ones to whom we could not have given our right hand a little while ago, for it would have been wrong to join with them in the wickedness of their pursuits. Oh,

yes, my Master still casts devils out of men! If there are any such here to-night, let your cry for help go up to our blessed Master. Come again, great Lord, and cast out the evil spirit from men, and get to thyself the victory in many a heart, to the praise of the glory of thy grace!

The remarkable point about this miracle-working was that all were healed, and

There was no Failure.

When a man brings out a patent medicine, he publishes verifications of the efficacy of his physic. He gets a number of cases, and he advertises them. I suppose they are genuine. I should not like to be hanged if they were not. I suppose, therefore, they are all accurate and authentic. But there is one thing which you never knew a medicine advertiser do: he never advertises the failures of the medicine—the number of persons that have been induced to buy the remedy, and have derived no good from it: if these were all advertised, it might occupy more room in the newspaper than those who write of a cure. My Lord Jesus Christ is a Physician who never had a failure yet—never once! Never did a soul wash in Christ's blood without being made whiter than snow. Never did a man, besotted with the worst of vice, trust in Jesus without receiving power to conquer his evil habits. He must save you if you trust in Him. As surely as He lives He must save you, for He has put it, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I will repeat it, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You have never come, if He has not received you; for He must save those who trust in Him.

Notice, that His word was the sole medicine He used: "He cast out the spirits with His word." No other medicine, no charms, no long performances, no striking of His hand over the place; but He spake, and it was done. He said to the devil, "Come out of him," and it came out. He said to the disease, "Go," and away it went. In that way the Lord saves men to-day—by His word. While I am speaking it to-night, or when you shall be reading it, His word will be the power of God unto salvation. I am glad that you are here to hear it, for faith cometh by hearing. I shall be glad if you diligently read it, for reading is a kind of hearing, and many are brought to the Saviour thereby. Jesus Christ does not need to put you through a long purgatory, and keep you for months getting ready to be saved. He has only this night to open your ear to hear His word, and when you hear it He can bless it to your soul so that you shall live.

II. May God give you a hearing ear, and save you while I speak, secondly, of our Lord's personal power to heal! Whence came it that He was able to save? We are pointed to

The Secret of His Power

by these words, "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias, the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Christ was able to heal the diseases of men because He bare them Himself. Do not think that our Lord Jesus was actually diseased: He suffered greatly, but I read not that any disease was upon Him. Probably there was no man in whom there was less tendency to natural disease than in Him. His pure and blessed body was not subject to the diseases which are brought upon men through sin being in them. How, then, did He take upon Him our sicknesses and our sorrows?

First, He bare our sicknesses by intense sympathy. When Christ looked at all those sick people, He did, as it were, take all their sicknesses upon Himself. You know what I mean. If you talk with a person who is very ill, and you feel for him, you seem to lay his pains upon yourself, and then you have power to comfort him. When I am seeing troubled people, I enter into one sorrowful case after another till I am more sad than any of them. I try as far as I can to have fellowship with the case of each one, in order to be able to speak a word of comfort to him; and I can say, from personal experience, that I know of nothing that wears the soul down so fast as the outflow of sincere sympathy with the sorrowing, desponding, depressed ones. I have sometimes been the means in God's hand of helping a man who suffered with a desponding spirit; but the help I have rendered has cost me dearly. Hours after, I have been myself depressed, and I have felt an inability to shake it off. You and I have not a thousandth part of the sympathy that was in Christ. He sympathized with all the aggregate of human woe, and so sympathized that He made His heart a great reservoir, into which all streams of grief poured themselves.

My Master is just the same now. Though He is in heaven, He is just as tender as He was on earth. I never heard of anybody losing tenderness by going to heaven. People get better by going there; and so is Christ, if it were possible, even more tender than when on earth. Think of this. Somebody might not sympathize with you, poor sinner, but Jesus does. You would not like to tell some people what you have done, for they would turn upon their heel, and give you a wide berth, but it is not so with Jesus. He looks upon sin, not with the eye of a judge, but with the eye of a physician. He looks at it as a disease, and He deals with it that He may heal it. He has great sympathy with sinners, though He has no sympathy with sin. He takes the sinner's sorrows to Himself.

The Invitation.

"Ah!" says one, "no man careth for my soul." Dear friend, man or woman, whoever you may be, One greatly cares for you, and He speaks to you to-night by these lips. Oh, that these lips were better fitted to be used by Him! He says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." He bids you take of the water of life freely. He is ready at this moment to bestow salvation. "Nobody knows my case!" cries one. But Jesus knows it. He knows that dark spot in it. He knows that hard core which will not come away. He knows that filthy thing which you remember to-night, and shiver as you remember it. He knows it all, and yet he says, "Return, thou backsliding daughter." He bids the vilest of the vile come to Him, for He has sympathy with them still.

Jesus Christ took upon Himself our sicknesses by His championship of our humanity. Satan misled our first parents, and the powers of darkness held us captive. In consequence of sin we have become sick and infirm, and liable to suffer. Now, when our Lord Jesus came on earth, he as good as said, "I am the Seed of the woman; and I have come to bruise the head of man's adversary." So Christ, in that respect, took upon Himself all the consequences which come of sin. He stood forth as the Champion of fallen manhood, to fight Satan and cast him out of men's bodies; to battle with disease and to overthrow the evil which lies at the root of it, that men might be made healthy.

He is our Champion still. I delight to preach Him to you, ye suffering, ye sorrowing, ye sinful, ye lost, ye castaways! One has come who has taken up your cause, the sinner's Redeemer, next-of-kin to man, who has come to avenge Him of His adversary, and to buy back His lost inheritance. Behold in Jesus the Champion of sinners, the David who comes and defies the Goliath that has long afflicted men. Oh, I wish you would trust our glorious Champion!

But here is the pith of the whole matter. The reason why Jesus is able to heal all the mischief that sin has wrought is this—because He Himself took our sin upon Him by His

Sacred Substitution.

Sin is the root of our infirmities and diseases; and so, in taking the root, He took all the bitter fruit which that root did bear. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Harken, then, ye guilty ones! Hear how freely God can forgive, and yet not injure His justice. If you trust Christ, you may be sure that you are among the number of those whose sins were laid on Christ.

"But did He suffer in my stead?" I must answer this question by another, "Dost thou believe that Jesus is the Christ? Wilt thou trust thy soul with Him?" Well, if thou dost, thy transgressions are not thine, for they were laid on Him. They are not on thee, for, like everything else, they cannot be in two places at one time; and if they were laid on Christ, they are not laid on you. But what did Jesus do with the sins that were laid on Him? Can they not come back to us? No, never; for he took them to the sepulchre, and there he buried them for ever. And now, what saith the Scripture? "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found." "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and, as a cloud, thy sins." "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Our sins are gone. Christ has carried them away. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

Believers are the seed for whom the victory has been gained. They are the seed to whom the

promise is sure. It is not to those who are of works, but to those who are of faith. Those that are born again, of the Spirit of God, through faith which is in Christ Jesus—these are "redeemed from among men." Suppose I owed ten thousand pounds; if a friend should call on my creditor, and pay that ten thousand pounds for me, I should then owe the creditor nothing. I could meet him with a smiling face. He may to-morrow morning bring his account books if he likes, and say, "There, you see, there are ten thousand pounds down there against you." I would joyfully answer, "Yes; but look on the other side. You have been paid. Here are

The Words at the Foot of Your Bill,

"Received in full of all demands." Now, when Jesus took the sins of believers upon Himself, He discharged them by His death; and every man that believes has the receipt in full in our Lord's resurrection. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Yea, those that believe in Christ have the complete forgiveness of every sin. As for me, I like to sing with Kent—

Here's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast;
And O my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come here's pardon too!

All blotted out at once with one stroke of the sacred pen—obliterated once for all. God does not again lay to the charge of men what He has once forgiven them. He does not forgive them half their sins, and visit them for the rest; but, once given, the blessing is irrevocable; as it is written: "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." He never draws back, nor repents of what He has done. He saves, and the salvation which saves is everlasting salvation.

Now I see why Christ can heal. Dear heart, you have come here to-night full of the disease of sin, and you are saying, "Will He heal me?" Look to Him! Look to Him! Look to Him! The morning that I found Christ I did not think to find Him. I went to hear the Word as I had heard it before; but I did not hope to find Jesus there and then. Yet I did find Him. When I heard that there was nothing to be done but simply to look to Jesus; and when the exhortation came so sharp, and shrill, and clear, "Look! look! look!" I looked, and I bear witness to the change that passed over me—such a change as though I died and rose again. And such a change, my hearer, shall pass over thee if thou believest.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee.

God give thee the look, and give thee the life,
even now, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

How the Quarryman Descended the Quarry.—Mr. W. A. Campbell observes: "On one occasion when I was in Aberdeenshire, I was passing a large granite quarry. I saw one of the quarrymen on the top of the rock, who evidently wished to reach the bottom of the quarry. Not having much to do, I watched his operations, as he took an iron stanchion stuck it deep in the ground, and then looping a rope which he carried, he fastened it securely to the iron; then holding the rope with both hands, and with both feet braced against the rock he gradually lowered himself to the bottom, at which he arrived in safety. As I turned away I thought that is a good example of faith. The man had faith in the iron and in the rope. He knew they would hold him, and he proved his faith by committing his life to their trustworthiness. Are there not many people who say they have faith in Christ, but yet who never use it? There are many who say they believe that He can and is willing to save and keep them, and yet they will not trust themselves to Him, as the quarryman did to the iron stanchion and the rope."

A Lesson from the Apples.—Mr. Hamilton remarked: "A father once gave a present of half a dozen fine red-cheeked apples to his son, whom he had just been checking for playing with some boys who swore and stole. The little fellow thanked his father for them, and was about to carry them off, when his father said, 'I think you had better put them in this cupboard to keep for a few days, when they will be much better.' The boy put them in and was going off when again his father said, 'Here is another apple you may put in beside the others.' 'But, father, this is a bad one; it is quite rotten.' 'Never mind, put it beside the others,' said his father. It also was placed in the

cupboard; but in a few days, when father and son went to get the apples, to the boy's grief he found that all the seven apples were rotten. 'That is with putting the one bad one in,' the little fellow exclaimed, while tears of disappointment ran down his face. 'Yes,' replied the father, taking no notice of the tears, 'one bad apple destroyed six good ones, and yet my son thinks he can play with six or seven bad boys and get no evil by it.' The boy saw the moral; and now he is a man and thanks his father for the lesson that has been of service to him through his life. Some Christians seem to think they can belong to Christ, yet go into the world and not be contaminated thereby. Shun evil companions."

A Fashionable Lady's Death.—A Devoted worker for Christ says: "A lady lay on a bed of sickness. She had led a gay and thoughtless life. The happy possessor of wealth and position, and the principal lady in her set of acquaintances, her life had been very pleasant, but now she was very ill. The doctor said she could not live much longer. Everyone was afraid to tell her that the end was so near, but one ventured to inquire, 'Madam, would you not like to see a minister?' 'See a minister? I? Oh, no! What is the use? Do you think I am dying?' she asked, in reply. Her friend told her that she was, and must die very soon. Becoming excited, for such a thought had never occurred to her, she raised herself upon her elbow, and fixing her terrified eyes upon her companion, she exclaimed, 'No, I am not dying! I will not die! I shall get up and dress.' She attempted to rise, but finding herself too weak, she sank back into her bed, crying that she would not die; but even as she said so she passed away, exclaiming that she was not prepared to die. Thus she went into eternity with all her guilt upon her soul, to be judged by the Saviour she had slighted."

Bread Cast upon the Waters.—A Preacher, addressing himself to Sunday-school teachers recently, related two instances of great encouragement, which should prove some inspiration to wearied ones of little faith. Two gentlemen met on a steamer during a Scotch excursion, and they talked with interest of many things, amongst others of Sunday-schools. "To tell the truth," said one, "I am not very enthusiastic about that kind of work; I was a teacher for many years, and after all I seemed to have done no good." "Well, I do believe in Sunday-school work," said the other. "As a lad I received life-long influences for good in my old class at school, and was led by my teacher to yield myself to God and His service," and he named the school with which he had once been connected. "Were you there?" cried the other; "that was where I taught. Were you there in my time? My name is A. C." "And I was your scholar! I remember you now," was the unexpected reply. The younger man gave his name, and memories succeeded each other concerning that old school unforgotten by both; and there, side by side, stood the teacher who believed he had done nothing, and the man he had influenced for time and eternity!

A Poacher Becomes a Saint.—"A Home Missionary was once walking in the country town in which he labored for Christ, when a parishioner said to him, 'Look here, sir, I am afraid you are a coward.' 'Why?' he inquired, with surprise. 'Well, there is Bill Blake. You come to see a lot of us, but you never go near him,' was the answer. Bill Blake was a notorious poacher, a wife beater, and generally at the fore-front of every wickedness and devilry in the town. The missionary felt that his critic was about right. He was a coward, or he would have spoken to Blake before about his need of Christ. He went home, and kneeling down, prayed thus: 'Lord, thou knowest I have been a coward; but if thou wilt give me the power, I will go this night and see that man.' He went, and found Bill at home, and as he entered the house was greeted with the words, 'Hilloa, governor, have you come to convert me? If so, I'll soon make an end of you.' 'Bill,' he called to his boy, 'bring me that rope.' A coil of new rope was brought; then the man, placing his boy on a chair, proceeded to bind him hand and foot, until the boy could not move. Then, turning to the missionary, he asked, 'Is he firmly bound?' The visitor passed his hands over the knots, and said, 'Yes, he cannot move.' Then Bill took out of his pocket a big knife. The preacher started. 'Don't be afraid; I'll not harm him,' said Blake, and cut the rope, and the boy was free. Again turning to the missionary, the man



The Late Dr. Dollinger. (See page 101.)



The Storming of Magdala by Lord Napier.

said, 'I am just as that boy was, bound hand and foot. If you cannot cut my bonds and set me free, there is the door; if you can, come and do so.' The missionary was equal to the occasion. 'Stop, Bill,' he exclaimed; 'though I am not able to do so, I have a Friend who can.' Then he told him of the power of Christ to save, and Bill Blake, from being the worst sinner in the village, became a most devoted saint."

THE STORMING OF MAGDALA.

(See Illustration.)

THE achievement of delivering the captives of a barbarous king, which is briefly mentioned on page 98 of this issue, in the biographical sketch of Lord Napier, was worthy of a place in the legends of knight-errantry. The story is one of thrilling interest. In the year 1866 King Theodore, of Abyssinia, sent a curious letter to the Queen of England. It is said that it contained an offer of marriage, the news having reached the dusky potentate that Queen Victoria had long been a widow. However that may be, the letter was not answered, and the king, deeming himself slighted, was angry. He seized a white missionary, an English vice-consul, and several other English subjects, and their colored attendants, and thrust them into prison. The English Government sent a Syrian Christian, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, on a friendly mission to the king, to intercede for the release of the captives; but the king contemptuously thrust the envoy into the same dungeon, thereby showing his disregard of the customs of civilized nations, under which the person of an envoy is sacred.

Some excitement was produced in England by this high-handed procedure, and the Conservatives, who were then in power, resolved to declare war, and rescue the imprisoned people. The Liberals protested, arguing that some of the white captives were Germans, and had no claim on English protection, while the others were too obscure to justify so large an outlay as would be involved in rescuing them. The English people, however, had no sympathy with such reasoning, and approved the decision of the Government, though they knew that at least ten million dollars would be spent in the expedition.

Lord (then Sir Robert) Napier was accordingly sent with a well-equipped force to Abyssinia. The little army made its way through the country; its guns dragged by elephants through mountain defiles, over precipitous ridges, and through dense forests, which were penetrated by roads cut by the engineers attached to the force. Napier learned that King Theodore had carried his prisoners to the mountain city of Magdala, which was said to be inaccessible. He followed, and on April 10, 1868, encountered the Abyssinian army in the plain below. He won an easy victory, and two days later stormed the city itself. The captives were delivered, and King Theodore in a fit of chagrin and terror committed suicide. The English force brought the rescued company to the coast in triumph, and immediately

evacuated the country. It was a war undertaken from a sense of duty, and is one of the most creditable in English history; for, in spite of predictions to the contrary, the country gained nothing by the expedition—not even a harbor on the coast, but simply rescued its own citizens from the grasp of a barbarous king.

AN EDUCATIONAL FAILURE.

(See illustration on page 109.)

A LADY who undertakes a business and pledges herself to carry it through to a successful issue, and is, moreover, noted for succeeding in whatever she sets out to do, is apt to say some disagreeable things when she has to confess her failure, and is talking to the person whose perversity has caused the failure. That was Mrs. Mostyn's case, and she did not spare her younger sister, Beatrice Guise, in the interview which took place between them in the pretty summer-house in the shubbery in the rear of her residence. Mrs. Mostyn had chosen that place for the talk, with the intention of using some forcible expressions which she did not care to have the servants overhear, as they might have done if the talk had been held within-doors. So she caught Beatrice just as the latter was going out for a walk, and strolled with her through the grounds until they reached the arbor. Then she said, "Let us sit down here for a few minutes, Beatrice; I want to speak to you seriously." Half an hour later, Mrs. Mostyn having spoken her mind with emphasis, but without effect, went out in stormy mood, overturning her chair in her hasty departure, and leaving Beatrice to meditate on what should be her next step.

When King Saul equipped David for the fight with the giant, putting on him his own armor, he had the best intentions and supposed he was taking the best measures for the protection of the lad in his dangerous enterprise. But David preferred to dispense with the armor. Beatrice Guise had been similarly incommoded by the fashionable attire which her sister had provided for her, and, in addition, had no liking for the enterprise itself. Now she was thinking whether it would not be better to resume her plain, simple dress and return to the home and the occupations which she loved.

A dull, awkward girl was Beatrice Guise, without proper spirit, or proper pride, or proper regard for the proprieties of life. It must have been so, for Mrs. Mostyn made the statement; and Mrs. Mostyn was an accepted authority in the best circles of the great city in which she lived. Mrs. Mostyn could introduce her protégés into the most exclusive society, and the fact that a young lady was approved by Mrs. Mostyn was sufficient to procure for her invitations to balls and parties, and to ensure her a cordial welcome in houses at which a passport of some kind was needed.

She had helped many girls in that way, and she counted on her power to help her sister Beatrice. It was time, in Mrs. Mostyn's opinion, that Beatrice married; and knowing well that in the quiet New England village where she lived she was little likely

to marry well—that is, to marry a wealthy and aristocratic suitor—she had written to her mother, a woman as ambitious as herself, urging that Beatrice be sent to her at once, and promising to "form her" and introduce her to fashionable society. Beatrice was accordingly sent, but somehow she had not been "formed."

"I can do nothing for you, Beatrice," she said, when she had taken her seat in the arbor on that summer afternoon. "You are a hopeless case, I believe. You do not even dress as other girls do. You just hang your clothes on any way, as if you did not care how they look. I have given you dresses that are fashionable, but when you put them on they look as if they were on a lay figure—as if they did not belong to you. And last night, when we had invited young Gould on purpose to meet you, you had scarcely a word to say, and left him while you went and talked to the curate about Sunday-schools and the sick poor. You will never secure an eligible husband in that way."

"But I don't want an eligible husband, Clara, and I was much more interested in Mr. Wilson's description of his missions than I ever could be in Mr. Gould's account of the amateur theatricals."

"I am surprised at you, Beatrice," said her sister; "I can scarcely believe you are my sister. Do you suppose I should ever have married Mr. Mostyn or have occupied the position in society I do if I had acted as you are doing?"

"Indeed, Clara, I do not wish to do as you have done. You do not seem to me at all a woman to be envied. You are constantly striving after things that do not seem to me worth struggling after, and you are elated and depressed by occurrences that I should think very trivial—not worth a thought. I would rather be of some use in the world."

Beatrice's outburst astounded her sister, who had never doubted for a moment that the young village girl regarded her as the very highest ideal of a successful and happy lady. She supposed that Beatrice admired and envied her, and was only prevented following her example by sheer incapacity. That Beatrice did not admire her, or her life, or her position, argued a degree of stupidity almost incredible in its density. "I have no patience with you, Beatrice," she said at last; "you had better become a hospital nurse at once. I believe that would be nearer your idea of a happy life."

"It would, indeed," said Beatrice, "and I think it would be a much better life than that you and your friends are living. I do not believe you are really happy after all, and I am sure you are doing no good."

"We do not need a simple school girl's criticism and advice at any rate," said Mrs. Mostyn; and it was then that she flung out of the arbor overturning her chair, indignant at the audacity of this girl, so much her inferior in all that makes a woman charming, in sitting in judgment upon her. Mrs. Mostyn did not like to admit herself defeated, but it seemed very much as if she who had succeed-

ed in so many contests requiring tact and skill, and in which she had contended with women of the world, adepts in all its arts, would be foiled in her efforts to improve her own sister. It was very annoying and vexatious, and Mrs. Mostyn was piqued by the failure. She went to her own room and thought the matter over before she finally decided whether she should give Beatrice another trial or not.

Later in the same day Mrs. Mostyn was surprised by the information that Mrs. Glyn had called to see her. The Glyns were known to her, but they were not in her set, and there had never been any visiting between them. They were a very old and wealthy family, very much respected by good people, but very eccentric. Wealth has claims on the homage even of the people of Mrs. Mostyn's class, unless it is allied with vulgarity, which it certainly was not in Mrs. Glyn's case, and so Mrs. Mostyn received her visitor with the outward deference due from one who knows the ways of the world.

"I came to speak with you," said Mrs. Glyn, "about your sister. We should be so glad if you would bring her to call upon us. Mr. Wilson, the curate of St. Andrew's, has told us how very interesting she is." Mrs. Glyn did not add, as she might have done, that Mr. Wilson had told her that he feared a precious soul was in danger of being led into temptation by a worldly woman, and urged her to make an effort for the poor girl's rescue.

Mrs. Mostyn knowing nothing of this, promptly sent for Beatrice, rightly conjecturing that there might be some affinity between her sister and this wealthy lady, who herself dressed in a style not approved by Mrs. Mostyn's cultivated taste. Beatrice soon appeared, looking, as her sister thought, more dull and sheepish than usual. Mrs. Glyn, however, did not appear repelled by Beatrice's uninteresting appearance, but greeted her with kind cordiality. Beatrice, who had been accustomed to the thinly disguised contempt of her sister's visitors, and to that display of superiority which wounded her sensitive nerves and rendered her more conscious and ill at ease than she generally was, was pleasantly surprised by the manner of this new acquaintance, and was at once drawn toward her by a grateful recognition of sympathy.

It was quickly settled that Beatrice should accept Mrs. Glyn's invitation, and then Mrs. Glyn, by a few simple questions, drew from the girl an account of what she did in her village home. The class she taught in the village school, the cottages of the poor, the little efforts she had made to brighten cheerless homes, and the sufferings of certain favorite humble friends, were all described with a brightness and interest that astonished Mrs. Mostyn, who had never seen her sister so animated before. Finally Mrs. Glyn carried Beatrice off with her on a round of visits she was then making, and Mrs. Mostyn returned to her own room, wondering at the odd fancies some people had, and their strange notions of what constitutes pleasure.

The acquaintance with the Glyns ripened, and many an evening when Mrs. Mostyn was shining resplendent with lace and jewels, the queen of some aristocratic assemblage, Beatrice was in the Glyn mansion discussing with Mrs. Glyn and her daughters the weighty matters connected with the cutting out and manufacture of certain homely garments destined to make glad the heart of some poor distressed Christian. Mrs. Mostyn never succeeded in "forming" her sister, but the attempt was made, and very successfully, by Mrs. Glyn's eldest son, who found Beatrice not so uninteresting nor so dull as Mrs. Mostyn considered her, but de-



After a Stormy Interview.

clares that she is the best wife a clergyman ever had, and a blessing to the parish. It is only fair to add that his opinion in indorsed in hundreds of poverty-stricken homes.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS. Their Perils, Pains, and Privations. (Continued from page 94.) Eminent Leaders.

FROM the press established by William Brewster at Leyden, came forth works esteemed no less by the good men of that age, than distasteful to the advocates of absolute uniformity among the people of England. When Cartwright, the Father of English Puritans, was released from prison in 1585, he undertook to refute the Rhemish translation of the New Testament. Queen Elizabeth was herself alive to the necessity of exposing the fallacies of this most subtle weapon of Romanism, and had already applied to the celebrated Beza, when Sir Francis Walsingham referred her to the great Puritan divine, as no less able to cope with the chosen champions of Popery.

Archbishop Whitgift, however, was of a different opinion, and preferred leaving the Rhemists unanswered, rather than intrust the defence of the doctrines of the Church of England to one disaffected to its discipline. "Disheartened hereat," says Fuller, "Cartwright desisted, but some years after, encouraged by an honorable lord, resumed his work; but, prevented by death, perfected no further than the fifteenth chapter of Revelation. Many years lay this worthy work neglected, and the copy mouse-eaten in part, when the printer excused some defects herein in his edition, which, though late, at last came forth, Anno, 1618."

The printer who thus apologized for the unavoidable blanks in this *Defence of the Protestant Scriptures*, which the Archbishop of Canterbury consigned to the moths and the mice, was none other than William Brewster. In a letter from the Hague

in 1619, by Sir Dudley Carelston, addressed to Secretary Naunton, Brewster is referred to, not only as the printer of Cartwright's *Confutation of the Rhemists' Translation*, but as either himself the printer, or privy to the writing and printing, of all the Nonconformist works which issued from the press in Holland, for distribution in England and Scotland.

He appears to have rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Court by the publication of a book entitled *De Regimine Ecclesie Scoticanæ*. Such was the indignation of James's Government at this and similar controversial works, that Brewster had to flee from Leyden, and to take refuge in England from the emissaries of its own Government. It seems probable, from all that appears, that he was in hiding there while the negotiations were being carried on with the merchant adventurers for the transportation of the exiled Church to Virginia, and this no doubt contributed to confirm the intending emigrants in their desire to secure an asylum beyond the Atlantic.

No printing-press was needed in the early years of the settlement at Plymouth Bay. Each of the Pilgrims doubtless bore with him his well-thumbed Bible, in itself a sufficient library for the pious colonists. William Brewster thenceforth shared in the labors of the planters, and in the oversight of the colony, though in the latter he bore a less prominent share than might have been anticipated. He was fully sixty years of age when he landed with his brethren to face the rigors of their first winter in New England, in all probability the oldest of the Pilgrim Fathers. The venerable elder thenceforth moved amid his little flock, enforcing, by precept and example, the principles which he

maintained with undeviating integrity amid so many vicissitudes and trials, and exhibiting amid the first rude log-huts of Old Leyden Street, the same polished courtesy of the Christian and the gentleman with which he had graced in earlier years the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and the Council Hall of the Hague.

In glancing back on the annals of the Pilgrim Fathers, the brave men who presided over the civil affairs of the colony during the period of its early growth occupy no less prominent a share of our interest than those who formed their spiritual guides. The first journal of the Pilgrims ends March 23, 1621, with the election of a Governor for the infant settlement, when the choice fell upon Mr. John Carver, the faithful friend of the exiles of New England. It is curious that, notwithstanding the pre-eminence, both in personal worth, and in wealth and station, which led to the unanimous choice of Carver as the first Governor of the colony, scarcely anything is known of his previous history.

He appears to have been a man possessed of considerable wealth, which he generously shared with his Christian brethren, bearing a considerable proportion, both of the whole necessary cost, and of the chief labor and anxieties consequent on the removal from Leyden to New England. Of his integrity and disinterested zeal, the colony had received abundant proof. As he had borne so large a share in the cost of the plantation, and had taken so prominent a part in all the arrangements needful for carrying it into effect, the new settlers could not fail to have unbounded confidence in his honest zeal for the successful carrying out of their scheme of colonization, and therefore it is probable that the choice fell upon him as first Governor of New Plymouth, almost as a matter of course.

In the MS. records of Plymouth Church, the following brief but most honorable tribute to his memory occurs: "I may not omit to take notice

of the sad loss the church and this infant commonwealth sustained by the death of Mr. John Carver, who was one of the deacons of the church in Leyden, but now had been, and was, their first Governor. This worthy gentleman was one of singular piety, and rare for humility, which appeared, as otherwise, so by his great condescendency, whereas this miserable people were in great sickness. He shunned not to do very mean services for them, yea, the meanest of them. He bare a share likewise of their labor in his own person, according as their great necessity required. Who being one also of a considerable estate, spent the main part of it in this enterprise, and from first to last approved himself not only as their agent in the first transacting of things, but also all along to the period of his life, to be a pious, faithful, and very beneficial instrument. He deceased in the month of April in the year 1621, and is now reaping the fruit of his labor with the Lord."

The re-election of Mr. Carver as Governor of the colony had taken place little more than a fortnight before; and now the sorrowing Pilgrims were called upon to lay their chief in his unnoted resting-place close by the bleak seashore, where the Pilgrims secretly buried their dead near by the rock which their descendants revere as the noblest monument of these Pilgrim Fathers. It was literally but a step from the landing to the grave where the first Governor of New England rested from all his cares and pains.

There is a simple dignity in the brief history of this Governorship worthy of the Cincinnatus of America's first free settlement. His wealth and talents were the property of his people, and expended to the utmost on their behalf. In return, he bore the full weight of all their sorrows and anxieties; nor did he shrink from the humblest or the meanest duties in which they shared, but took a foremost part, alike in the burdens of government, the cares of the hospital, and the labors of the field. He fell, like a gallant soldier, fighting in the van.

His death is thus briefly noted in the journal of his successor. "While we are busy about our seed, our Governor, Mr. Carver, comes out of the field very sick, complains greatly of his head. Within a few hours his senses fail, so as he speaks no more, and in a few days after dies, to our great lamentation and heaviness. His care and pains were so great for the common good, as therewith, it is thought, he oppressed himself and shortened his days; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complain."

They laid him at rest in the same spot already consecrated by the dust of so many friends. Lest the Indians should learn of their weakness, and take courage from that to assail the little band of suffering exiles, they had been compelled to bury their dead in secret, and to level the graves and to sow them, for the purpose of concealment. But they departed from their wonted caution in laying their first Governor in his grave, bestowing on him such honors as it was in their power to confer. "He was buried," says Morton, "in the best manner they could, with as much solemnity as they were in a capacity to perform, with the discharge of some volleys of shot of all that bare arms."

The following brief summary in the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* is all that we know of his descendants. Amid the life-struggles of the young colony other thoughts possessed them than the founding of families, or the careful records of heraldic trees. "Nothing is known of Carver previous to his appointment in 1617 as one of the agents of the church at Leyden. Nor is anything known of his immediate descendants. It will be seen by the Compact, that there were eight persons in his family. He lost a son, Dec. 6, and his daughter Elizabeth married John Howland. The name of Carver does not appear in the assignment of the lands in 1623, nor in the division of the cattle in 1627; nor does it occur at any subsequent time in the annals of the colony. 'His children attained no civil honors; they rose to no distinction; but, less fortunate than the children of the other Governors, they remained in obscurity, and were unnoticed by the people.' William, the grandson (or nephew) of the Governor, died at Marshfield, Oct. 2, 1760, at the age of 102. Not long before his death, this grandson, with his son, his grandson, and great-grandson, were all at work together without doors, and the great-grand-grandson was in the house at the same time. Many of the name are still living in various parts of the old colony.

The town of Carver, in Plymouth County, will help to perpetuate it."

The successor to Governor Carver was Mr. William Bradford, and along with him, Mr. Isaac Allerton was elected as his assistant. Carver claims the foremost place among the early Governors of New England, not simply because he was the first on whom the choice of the colonists devolved the onerous duties of a ruler, but because, with persevering self-denial, and generous self-sacrificing zeal, he tended on the birth of the colony, and nursed it in its earliest hours. That done, his duties were at an end, his work was accomplished, he entered into his rest; and the cares of government devolved on a successor whose name is still had in honorable remembrance among his people, as him who reared the humble settlement of Plymouth Bay amid its earliest hardships and perils, and guided its course with consummate skill during a period of thirty years.

Dr. Cheever remarks of him, that his character was not unlike that of Washington: "Nay," says he, "there is a very striking resemblance!" The same author discovers in him, very shortly after, a resemblance scarcely less striking to Franklin. "He was a man whose natural stamp of character was very much like Franklin's; but in him a calm and noble nature was early renewed and enriched by grace, and brought under its supreme domination; not left to attach itself to earth only, or to exhibit the qualities of a sage, in the wisdom of mere mortal humanity."

Great men are not thus the mere repetitions of one ideal. It would be strange indeed, if, amid the infinite varieties of nature, the giants of America, during the generations of her new existence, were but successive reproductions of the one type which the infant state of New England supplied. But it was not so. Bradford resembles Washington and Franklin only in the same degree in which he possessed virtues and genius which are common to all the great and the good men, both of the Old and the New World. Placed in similar circumstances, all truly good men are found to exhibit striking resemblances, from the very contrast which they present to the no less familiar assimilations which pervade the common herd. But their resemblance is far greater in the possession of a distinct individuality, which distinguishes all of them from the multitude, and each of them from all others.

Governor Bradford was a man of unobtrusive virtue and sterling worth, well fitted to guide the colony through the perils that beset its early years. He was born at Austerfield in Yorkshire, in 1558, the heir to a considerable landed inheritance. The death of his parents, while he was yet a child, left him to the guardianship of relatives, who considered that they amply provided for the heir to a rich paternal inheritance by instructing him in "the innocent trade of husbandry." It was no act of special neglect which thus abandoned him to no better education than sufficed for the children of a Yorkshire farmer in the sixteenth century, and was deemed no insufficient stock of knowledge for a Yorkshire squire in times much nearer our own day. William Bradford, however, was not so easily satisfied. He looked back with gratitude in after years to early and long-protracted sickness, as a means by which God in kind providence had withheld him from the temptations and the excesses to which the orphan heir of a wealthy inheritance is peculiarly exposed. To the same years of early sickness was probably due much which influenced his whole future career.

We can still picture to ourselves the pale, intelligent, thoughtful English boy, shut out by indisposition from the ordinary boisterous sports of youth, and destitute of the literary pastimes which now beguile the duller youths into occasional perusal of a book, not as a task but as a recreation. Deprived of other means of occupation, the orphan boy took refuge in his own thoughts. His Bible, moreover, supplied food for meditation and serious reflection; nor is it improbable, though no note of it is recorded, that his hours of sickness and solitude were sometimes broken in upon by some pious neighbor, who, amid the stringent formalities of re-established Protestantism, was venturing to judge for himself in the concerns of his religious faith.

Certain it is, that William Bradford, while a mere boy, manifested an earnest impression of the power of religious truth, and incurred no slight ridicule and ill-will by casting in his lot with the despised Nonconformists who thus early attracted the attention and opposition of Queen Elizabeth's Gov-

ernment in the north of England, by opinions, in relation to ecclesiastical polity and personal faith, derived from the presumed example of the primitive church. He was subjected to the displeasure of his relatives, and the scorn of his neighbors, as a religious enthusiast and fanatic; but both were alike ineffectual in tempting him from his course.

The preacher whose ministry fell on the heart of the orphan boy like the refreshing showers of spring on the green blades of the early grain was Mr. Richard Clifton, of whom we learn little more than that he was an old man of exemplary piety and self-denying zeal, whose labors in the cause of truth had produced no slight influence on the obscure corner of Yorkshire in which the little village of Austerfield lay. He was a man whose gray hairs told that he had witnessed many changes of that eventful era; had escaped perchance from the bloody agents of Mary's blind zeal, and hailed with joy and thanksgivings the accession of Elizabeth. He is described in the Governor's *History of the Colony*, as "a grave and reverend preacher, who by his pains and diligence had been a means of converting many."

The band of English Nonconformists who united themselves by a solemn covenant in the fellowship of the gospel, and afterward sought in exile the liberty of conscience denied them at home, are described as "of several towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincolnshire, and some in Yorkshire, where they bordered nearest together." Mr. Richard Clifton appears to have been the evangelist of Yorkshire, under whom the brethren that went forth from thence into exile were gathered together, ere they cast in their lot with those who ultimately formed the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. But the good old man's course was well-nigh run. In his old age he was driven forth by persecution from the land of his birth and the scene of his ministerial labors only to find a grave among strangers. He shared with Robinson the pastoral charge of the exiled Church until its removal from Amsterdam to Leyden. He was then far advanced in years, and, in the near anticipation of the great final change, he shrank from another removal. It was well that it should be so. The aged Pilgrim was soon after called to his final home. But pious hands laid him in his last resting-place, and tears of true affection were shed as they committed his mortal remains to the dust, to await the resurrection morn.

His history is thus briefly summed up in Governor Bradford's Dialogue: "Mr. Richard Clifton was a grave and fatherly old man when he came first into Holland, having a great white beard; and pity it was that such a reverend old man should be forced to leave his country, and at those years to go into exile. But it was his lot; and he bore it patiently. Much good had he done in the country where he lived, and converted many to God by his faithful and painful ministry, both in preaching and catechizing. Sound and orthodox he always was, and so continued to his end. He belonged to the church at Leyden; but being settled at Amsterdam, and thus aged, he was loath to remove any more; and so when they removed, he was dismissed to them there, and there remained until he died."

When the Nonconformists of the north of England resolved to brave all for conscience' sake, and rather give up their country with its most endearing ties than sacrifice their faith, which they valued more than life itself, William Bradford appears to have cast in his lot among them with all the generous impetuosity of youthful enthusiasm. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when the attempted escape to Holland, in 1607, was frustrated by the *catchpole officers* of Government. Nevertheless he was one of those seized by them at Boston, stripped of their money and goods, and cast into prison. Even after he had effected his escape, and had reached Zealand—which he appears to have done before the most of his companions in the first attempted flight renewed their efforts—he was threatened with a repetition of former sufferings. He had not been long on shore when he was apprehended and dragged before the magistrates, at the instigation of an envious and malignant fellow-passenger, who accused him as a criminal fleeing from England. When the magistrates of Zealand had learned the nature of young Bradford's crimes, and the cause of his seeking the protection of their Government, he was dismissed with assurances of safety and welcome, and joyfully repaired to the appointed place of rendezvous of his friends at Amsterdam.

(To be Continued.)

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O tried and weary soul?
His ways art thou discerning
Who works to make thee whole?
In the haven of submission
Art thou satisfied and still?
Art thou clinging to the Father,
'Neath the shadow of His will?
Now while His arms enfold thee,
Think well, He loveth best,
Be still and He shall mould thee,
For His heritage of rest.

The vessel must be shapen
For the joys of Paradise;
The soul must have her training
For the service of the skies;
And if the great Refiner
In furnaces of pain
Would do His work more truly,
Count all His dealings gain.
For He Himself hath told thee
Of tribulations here;
Be still and let Him mould thee
For the changeless there.

From vintages of sorrow
Are deepest joys distilled,
And the cup outstretched for healing
Is oft at Marah filled.
God leads to joy through weeping,
To quietness through strife,
Through yielding into conquest,
Through death to endless life.
Be still, He hath enrolled thee
For the kingdom and the crown;
Be silent, let Him mould thee
Who calleth thee His own.

Such silence is communion,
Such stillness is a shrine;
The fellowship of suffering
An ordinance divine.
And the secrets of abiding
Most fully are declared
To those who with the Master
Gethsemane have shared.
Then trust Him to uphold thee,
'Mid the shadows and the gloom;
Be still and he shall mould thee
For His Presence and for Home.

For Resurrection stillness
There is Resurrection Power;
And the prayer and praise of trusting
May glorify each hour;
And common days are holy,
And years an Eastertide,
For those who with the Risen One
In Risen Life abide.
Then let His true love fold thee,
Keep silent at His word;
Be still and He shall mould thee;
O rest thee in the Lord.

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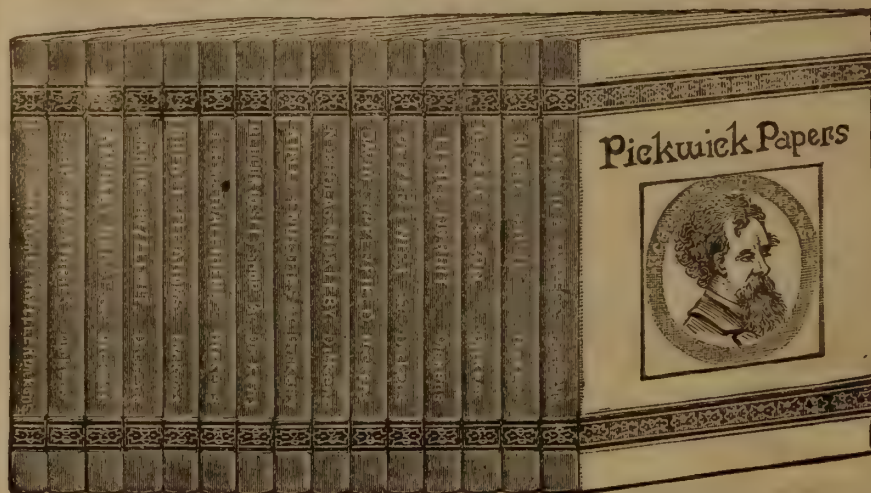
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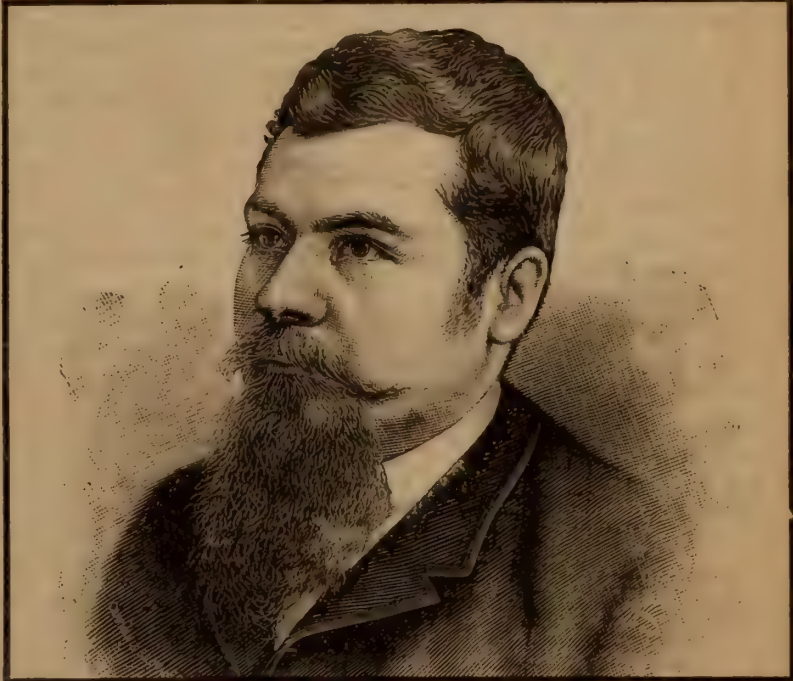
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The New President of Brazil—A Mexican Evangelist—The Government Building at Buenos Ayres.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE general interest aroused throughout the country by the Pan-American Conference in the political, social, and religious condition of the countries to the south of the United States is fully shared by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they have, in a practical way, manifested their recognition of the duties of Christians in regard to them. The closer bond that is now being arranged between the United States and those countries appeals to churches, merchants, and statesmen. It is in recognition of this fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, true to its principle of dealing with the subjects of general interest, publishes the portraits and picture on the preceding page.

Deodoro da Fonseca, President of the United States of Brazil, is fifty-five years of age. He comes of Portuguese stock; his father, while living in Portugal, received some concessions of land in Brazil, and went there to turn them to account. He married a Brazilian lady, and had three sons, of whom the present President is the eldest. He was sent to the Polytechnic School in the Brazilian capital, and at the end of his course entered the army. He was at once sent to the front in the expedition then engaged against Paraguay, and by his valor and strategic skill rose to the rank of general. Dom Pedro, the Emperor, was highly pleased with the young General, and gave him the command of the army in Matto Grosso. Subsequently the Emperor gave him control of the arsenal and military arms manufactory at Rio. He was thus the most influential military officer in the Empire. In that capacity he was frequently annoyed by the lax management and general deterioration which, during the Emperor's later years, affected all departments of the Government. He, with a few other officers, organized a military club, in which these subjects were discussed. Fonseca became its president, and it was the popularity he gained in that office which, doubtless, led to his being chosen President of the country after the revolution.

The Rev. Enrique Hernandez y Ortiz, whose portrait also appears on the first page, is a man of very different type. He is a devoted laborer for Jesus in Mexico. The hatred manifested against gospel preachers in that country is so virulent that to preach there needs the moral courage and intrepidity of a soldier in an enemy's land. He is the son of an earnest Christian family in Mexico, and was educated in one of the schools established by Bishop Riley in that land. He was converted early in life; and showed so much intelligence, true piety, and zeal that the Bishop encouraged him to devote his life to the work of the ministry. The careful training he enjoyed has not been wasted. An earnest, faithful, devoted laborer he has proved, and is now one of the foremost of the little band of preachers who are proclaiming the gospel as it is in Jesus through the country. He is the pastor of one of the churches belonging to Bishop Riley in the city of Mexico, and, not content with the labors involved in that position, he is a diligent teacher in the schools in which he received his education. He is married to a charming lady who was also educated in those schools, and who zealously helps him in his work. It is a sign of the diligence and perspicacity of this young couple that, finding that the best works on evangelical religion are in the English language, they have laboriously learned that tongue, and read and speak it easily. We may add that they are readers and admirers of this journal, and appreciate the help it gives them in their work.

The Government Building of Buenos Ayres, a picture of which also appears on the first page, is an evidence of the wealth and magnificence of the Argentine Republic. The picture will prove to our readers that the people who can erect such a structure are not the semi-civilized, disorderly people they are supposed to be by the great bulk of the public here. The growth of the country is enormous, and the fortunes which are being made there by immigrants are prodigious. Every immigrant going there is entitled to 250 acres of good land, free, and may purchase, at seventy-five cents of our money an acre, as much more as he wishes, up to 1,500 acres. Last year 124,000 immigrants from Europe took advantage of this liberal offer. The city of Buenos Ayres is much like an American city. The streets are straight, and intersect each other at right angles at distances of 150 yards. The chief buildings are the Capitol, represented on the first page, a Roman Catholic cathedral, two large hospitals, and the University. It is interesting to learn that a few years ago about twenty school teachers

from the United States were brought to Buenos Ayres. One of these, Miss Clara Armstrong, was made the subject of complaint to the Government. She was recently accused, by the Papal envoy, of teaching heresy in the schools. His charges were investigated by the Minister of Education, who reported to the President. The Government decided to support Miss Armstrong in her position, and the Roman Catholic complainant was expelled from the country for interfering in civil affairs.

The Christian work in Mexico has frequently been the subject of comment in this journal. The noble effort Bishop Riley is making, against formidable obstacles, to make the glad news of salvation, through Christ alone, known throughout the country, cannot be too highly commended. He has given all his large private fortune to it, and all the labor of his life. Our readers have given him their cordial support thus far, and we hope they will continue to do so. They will be glad to have the following encouraging report of his work from his pen:

CHRISTIAN WORK IN MEXICO.

By the Rt. Rev. H. Chauncey Riley, D. D.

MUCH earnest Christian work has been faithfully done in Mexico for years past. By God's help and blessing, very important results have been obtained in connection with that work. Congregations have been gathered in many parts of the republic of Mexico, that meet regularly for Christian worship, and that maintain the Christian faith in its primitive purity and integrity.

Over forty of these congregations were, years since, carefully organized into a general Mexican Church organization. This general Mexican Church organization, embracing more than forty congregations, is known in Mexico by the title of

"The Church of Jesus."

Abroad it is often spoken of by the fuller title of the "Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ." In connection with this Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, Christian schools and orphanages have been established, where a large number of bright boys and girls have received a good secular education and been carefully taught the Holy Scriptures. Faithful and earnest Christian young men have been carefully educated for the ministry by members of this Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, and many able publications teaching the great truths of the gospel have been printed from its press. The gospel has been faithfully preached, and congregations of the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ have gathered regularly for Christian worship in two beautiful stone church buildings in the city of Mexico for many years past.

The Workers.

Besides the *Rev. Enrique Hernandez y Ortiz*, to whom reference has already been made, another very faithful worker in the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ is Mr. Albert E. Mackintosh. He is the son of an English gentleman who for many years resided in Mexico and married a Mexican lady. Mr. Mackintosh has been instrumental in gathering an English-speaking congregation in the City of Mexico, that meets regularly for Christian worship in a hall connected with one of the church buildings of the Mexican Church of Jesus Christ, in the City of Mexico.

Another devoted laborer is the Rev. Mr. Puerto, who is a faithful minister in the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who has been doing a very important work in the State of Puebla, in the republic of Mexico. Two lay evangelists, Mr. Leon and Mr. Delgado, are also indefatigable in service. They have been laboring with success in the Valley of Mexico during the year 1889.

The Christian

Influence of the Church

of our Lord Jesus Christ has extended to Spain and Portugal. Having been asked to visit Spain and Portugal to aid Christian work in those lands, I did so in the year 1880, and assisted in organizing several faithful congregations in Spain into a Spanish church, and some earnest congregations in Portugal into a Portuguese church.

In the *Hand-book of Foreign Missions* published by the Religious Tract Society in London, in the year 1888, the clerical Secretary of the South American Mission Society, the Rev. R. J. Simpson, alludes to the work in Spain and Portugal in the following terms: "In Spain and Portugal a 'Reformation' movement has for some time been in progress, and has already taken the form of a 'Reformed Spanish Church.' This movement will certainly extend to South America."

The poor have been the first to publicly welcome

and defend the pure gospel, as preached for years past in Mexico. The congregations of the Mexican Church have been gathered from among the poor. To support the preachers in those congregations and the teachers in their Christian schools, and to meet many of the incidental expenses connected with this important Christian work in Mexico, until the work shall be more firmly established the generous gifts of our fellow Christians living in lands more blessed with gospel privileges than Mexico yet is, are most pressingly needed.

The Society

To aid in gathering the necessary funds with which to befriend and continue this Christian work of the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to try and extend that Christian work into other portions of the vast Spanish American field, the Spanish-American Society has been organized with an office at 43 Bible House, New York. The income of this society during the year 1889, largely gathered by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mailing contributions to my address at the office of the society, amounted to three thousand and one dollars and sixty cents. To continue by God's blessing this Christian work in Mexico effectively during the year 1890, we most earnestly ask our fellow Christians to continue to forward contributions in its behalf as the Lord may prosper them. Remember that every little helps.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE story of the tour of Dr. Talmage and his friends in the Holy Land is continued by Mr. Klopsch as follows: My last letter ended with a description of Samaria, where we staid for the night. There, among other things, we saw the site of Ahab's Ivory Palace, to the magnificent architecture once surrounding which over fifty gigantic columns or pillars, still in upright position, give abundant testimony. In fact, so numerous are the evidences to the faithfulness and trustworthiness of the Scriptures, that Dr. Talmage, although ever orthodox, claims that now the Bible has become to him a new book of which the Holy Land itself is the most stunning commentary.

Early up and early at it—the only practicable way of making a trip like this truly successful—was again the order of the day, and 7 o'clock found us in the saddle ready for the occasion.

Mohammedan Cemeteries

are very numerous in this country, and we had long before this become quite accustomed to seeing them; but this morning our attention was specially directed to one by a large throng of women, who were moaning and weeping as though they had just laid away one very dear to their hearts. On inquiry we found that with the Mohammedans it is customary for the women to visit and weep every Friday for one year at the grave of their departed, and their grief manifested on such occasions exhibits all the freshness and earnestness usually occasioned by recent loss. And here, this chilly morning, thinly clad, were probably a hundred and fifty women comforting each other as best they could while grieving and mourning their own bereavement.

On we went, crossing the magnificent plains of Esdraelon, the great battle-field of Palestine, every inch of which, at some time or other, has been drenched with the blood of the slaughtered. To the right of us lay Nain, from which the widow's only son was borne out for burial, when Christ, moved to pity, caused him to be restored. To the left was Gilboa, where King Saul and his three sons, and among these Jonathan, lost their lives while in contention with the Philistines. Gideon's Pool, where his faithful three hundred lapped water like dogs, lay an hour's journey off our path, and we were about to pass it by, rather than delay more than two hours making the round trip, when Dr. Talmage objected, insisting that he must see it if it took all day. Thither we went, and a refreshing draught of its delicious water fully repaid us for the effort. Soon

Nazareth,

up among the hills, the scene of the Saviour's childhood and early manhood, burst on our view. Our hearts rejoiced at its sight, and all the weariness caused by nearly nine hours' saddle-work immediately left us. An hour later we entered the village, and the very first house that we saw had a carpenter-shop on the ground-floor in full blast. Nothing, it seemed to me, could be more appropriate. Never were we so eager to get to our encampment, which, for this night, was in the Russian Convent. Once dismounted, we did not even linger long

ough to adjust our somewhat disordered toilet, off we sped as quickly as possible to make the most of the few hours between then and sunset, to spend them among the interesting points of the charmingly located and very attractive little town, so dear to the hearts of the Christian world. Naturally we first wended our way to the Church of the Annunciation, said to cover the site of the miracle described by its name. This church, it is aimed, enshrines as it were the home of Mary Joseph, and rooms in it were pointed out as the kitchen of the Virgin and the carpenter-shop of her husband. All these are hewn in solid rock. As to its authenticity is divided, yet there is no doubt in its favor than against. But a discussion of that point may be received with better grace from the eloquent preacher who engages public attention than from the scribe who chronicles his adventures. Some things, however, admit of no dispute, among these the site of the village itself, the hills that surround it, and the diminutive valley that nestles sweetly at the foot of the town. This was the place, and these were the surroundings of Christ's boyhood, and as such none can rob them of their interest to the hearts of His followers. The sun had now set, and already it was beginning to darken, so we hastened back to the convent, in Eastern towns no lights illumine the streets and the wayfarer on his journey home. Here we set practically ends the day, though sunrise begins it. Shops open about 9:30 or 10 o'clock, and invariably close at sunset. The lights in the homes of the people are still of the most primitive character, candles and olive oil meeting the requirements. At the convent we were hospitably entertained, and our comfort promoted in every possible way, and that night we rested surrounded by comparative luxury.

While exceedingly interesting in connection with many Biblical associations that cluster around Nazareth in itself has nothing of any account to commend it for a protracted stay.

The Russian Convent

Which we passed the night was scrupulously clean, and materially helped us to relish the breakfast. We found temptingly spread before us on entering the dining-room. After breakfast we called for the bill, and found it to contain charges that bankrupt the hotel fraternity throughout our journey long before the Columbus Exhibition pro-jesses tangible form. Among other items found thirty cents charged for lodging, three for toast and tea, and ten cents for lodging of servants. It is needless to add that we paid the bill without a protest.

On our way out we called at the telegraph office, and sent the first cablegram ever transmitted from Palestine to America. The operator was obliged to telegraph to Beyrout for instructions as to charges. It was quite a journey between huge hedges of mammoth cactus plants, the barb-wire fence of nature's manufacture, over hills representing the refuse of centuries, amid the barking and howling of incredible dogs, which by the Mohammedans are considered sacred animals, we reached

Can of Galilee,

where Christ once graced with His presence a marriage-feast, the occasion of His first miracle. Dismissing in front of a neat little chapel, which tradition says covers the exact site of the interest-event, we awaited the coming of the patriarch, who admitted us, and exhibited several large water jars about two and a half feet high, and capable of holding about twelve gallons each. These he claimed to be the identical jars that once contained the product of the miracle, a statement which was received with *grano salis*. About midway between Nazareth and Lake Galilee we halted long enough to rest the camels, and while so doing a large caravan of camels passed us.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered

Tiberias,

to which we were to encamp on the Sabbath. Tiberias is largely inhabited by Israelites, and nearly all the shops were hermetically sealed, while the streets were thronged with a motley crowd, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and apparently engaged in exchanging visits and making the most of their day of rest. It is beyond doubt the filthiest town we ever saw, and profoundly grateful were we when, after passing through it, we learned that a return to it was optional, but not necessary. Although once the winter resort of royalty, to-day it is the cesspool of all Palestine. Nearly the entire native population was down with fever, includ-

ing all the physicians connected with the English Church Mission. We encamped about half a mile away from the town, right on the banks of the Galilee, from the sweet, crystal water of which we imbibed freely that evening, a statement that will find a more just appreciation when it is remembered that of all the discomforts of travel in Palestine, the greatest is the lack of fresh, pure, and palatable drinking-water, from the want of which we frequently had to endure the most intensely parching thirst. But here, at last, was an abundant supply of the cool, precious liquid, the mere sight of which seemed to refresh our very souls. We fairly ached for it, and when at last a pitcherful was secured, we drank and drank again and again.

Our joy, however, lasted but for a while, and a little while at that. There is plenty of water there still, and whosoever will may partake of it freely, but we must really decline. Horrors upon horrors! The mere thought of it compels me to clench my teeth lest a catastrophe overtake me! Those Russian pilgrims—men and women indiscriminately—bathing in the very water from which we drank! Phew! The hot sulphur baths in which invalids seek health and purification emptying into the same stream! Aye, and still more. The bodies of the dead taken down to the banks and there washed in the floods of the lake, out of which every true Israelite hereabouts faithfully believes the true Shiloh shall yet arise!

For the following morning the Doctor had arranged a sail on the lake as far as

Capernaum,

for which we secured one of the two boats that now constitute what shipping facilities Galilee can boast of, though once the sails of four thousand ships enlivened its waters. It was an ordinary rowboat, with rudely constructed sails, which latter seemed quite superfluous, as its propelling power was six oars manned by as many Arabs. We got off swimmingly, and keenly enjoyed the sail for a while, but suddenly the sky was overclouded and rain began to fall—the first we had experienced since we left New York; and in less time than it takes to pen these lines white caps appeared, a heavy under-current became manifestly plain and the boat began to toss to and fro at an alarming rate. Most of the party were painfully seasick, and orders were given to land with the utmost speed. But this the oarsmen found impossible. We got as near to the land as was considered safe and waited for a tidal wave to carry us over some of the rocks between which we could not pass, but tidal waves did not move in that direction just then, and finally three of the men, divesting themselves of their outer garments, jumped into the shallow water and held the boat from being dashed to pieces. Soon the rest of the crew followed, and one by one the party were carried ashore. The excitement did not last very long, but it afforded another page of Galilean experience that will not soon be forgotten.

We found Capernaum and ancient Bethsaida utter ruins, the former abounding in choice specimens of artistically sculptured marble, while the latter offers nothing of any account in the way of antiquities, but is now being repopulated and brought under cultivation by a colony of German vine-growers, whose beautiful gardens, artistically designed, and few neat, substantial buildings, scrupulously clean, are in striking contrast with the evidences of shiftlessness and dirt that characterize everything possessed by the natives.

It had been arranged that on the morrow we were to pass out of Palestine and into Syria, and unless six hours more were spent in the saddle we could not push ahead far enough to render this practicable. On our way we visited

An Old Khan

(inn) built in the time of the Roman occupation, and still in use. Here the caravans from Damascus to Jerusalem, and vice versa, are prone to halt, and so on this occasion we found the inner court filled with camels, burdened and otherwise, and dark-visaged, fiery-looking men armed to the very teeth. In the rooms on the lower floor, which were simply holes in the wall that surrounded the court, and without windows or doors, veiled women were preparing the evening meal over little wood fires started on the ground in the most primitive style imaginable. Each apartment was filled with smoke, there being neither stove nor chimney, and no civilized human being could breathe its air and live, yet these women apparently suffered no inconvenience whatever. The men looked so vicious that we felt quite afraid, being but a little company and

comparatively unarmed; and more grateful were we than we cared to admit to each other when we got out and away from that place. And yet one more experience that day was destined to cause us no little uneasiness. We had jointly agreed to cover a larger territory than usual and to travel later than ordinarily, and were now

On the Mountain Range

that divides Palestine from Syria. The afternoon was quite clear, though the morning had been showery. When on the mountain-top a fog began to settle, and within ten minutes it became so dense that the riders could not see their horses' heads. We journeyed in silence, while the darkness increased perceptibly momentarily, wondering when and where we were to encamp for the night. Presently our dragoman called a halt, and hallooed, evidently expecting a response, but none came. He then confessed that he had lost his way, and had hoped that some one at the encampment would hear his cry, and answer. Our feelings can better be imagined than described. Away from habitations of any kind, in a dense wet fog without shelter, or food, night fast approaching, and in imminent danger of accident from misstep and precipice. But happily our anxiety lasted but a little while, for, halting again after a slow, cautious ride of ten minutes or so, we repeated the call, and the welcome response away off was distinctly heard by all.

Early the next morning, brightened and cheered and full of enthusiasm, we entered upon

The Last Day in Palestine.

Yet our experience had been such an agreeable one that we would gladly have lingered had Dr. Talmage been able to find any more material for his *Life of Christ*, but he claimed to possess all that he could utilize, and now was anxious to visit the place of Paul's triumphs and trials. The sun shone grandly as we started off, and very few clouds recalled the heavy fog that caused us so much uneasiness the night before. Dr. Talmage felt, he said, "as though he could take the whole trip over again." Nearing Mount Hermon, the tops of which were capped with snow-white clouds, he pointed up to the beautiful sight, and said "that while the sun was doing its very best, there were just enough clouds left to make every hill a mountain of Transfiguration." Within a short time afterward we reached Dan, at which the Jordan takes its start. Here over an hour was spent in selecting a stone for the baptismal font of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, which when filled with the Jordan water, of which Dr. Talmage laid in an abundant supply, will make a very interesting reminder of the most pleasant trip of all his life. Bidding farewell to the old Jordan we pushed on, and soon learned that the lunch-place and the extreme limit of Palestine were at hand by hearing our dragoman exclaim, "Now the end is drawing nigh, Casarea Philippi." And so it was. We encamped for an hour, visited the town, read the biblical references to it, and passed on, grateful that throughout our trip through the Holy Land no accident or evil had befallen us, but that, in place of all the rain, robbery, and ruin that evil though well-intentioned prophets had predicted, there was nothing but pleasure, sunshine, profit, and success.

DOUBLE FETTERS.

AN incident which may serve as an illustration of the gospel message, is related by Dr. Cullis in his *Times of Refreshing*. He says that in the great struggle in India, between the British and Tippoo Sahib, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day, a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners; the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official: "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but the noble friend who had been fettered for him died in prison. Up to his death, he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn the fetters of all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever?

THE GLORIOUS CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, last Sunday Morning, Feb. 16, 1890.

"He that cometh from above is above all." John 3:31.

The Alpha and Omega—Worthy All Words that all Letters can Spell—I. Above all in Preaching—The Primary Subject—Not Limited to Conventional Phraseology—The Power of Words—Endless Varieties of Presentation—The Most Glorious of Themes—The Royal Robe of Demetrius—Martin Luther's Letter to Staupitz—II. Above all in Sorrow—III. Above all in Death—Saladin's Funeral—Only Two Styles of Departure—IV. Above All in Heaven.

THE most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the *vox humana* in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedrals of grandeur, and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter,

The Alpha and the Omega,

He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

What does it mean? It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else

In Our Preaching.

There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have

An Imperial Power.

They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to

death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take

Tenderest Phraseology

wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these

Glorious Themes.

These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimme death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the Church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wannest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

Martin Luther's Letter.

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying, "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him

In Our Sorrows!

We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark, that Christ is above all in dy alleviations. I have not any sympathy with morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after a while would need. And there are men who are morbidly maniacal on the subject of departure from this by death, and the more they think of it the more they are prepared to go. This is an unmanly not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, dying, ordered that the tunic he had on be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and a should stop and say: "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such a surd demonstration, or with much that we utter in regard to departure from this life to next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only

Two Styles of Departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and bro on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. A mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken beds and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through heart, the gun-carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous, and the death of the wicked—and we want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you be at home. You want the hand of your kind in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from that have long reflected your love. You want a room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want to be kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? earthly friends hold us up when

The Billows of Death

come up to the girdle? Can human voice open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot through the narrows of death into heaven's hall? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the rows of death, and in the hour when Satan's practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from rain, alone, vultures circling through the air, lying for our body, unknown to men, and to have burial, if only Christ could say through the tudes: "I will never leave thee, I will never for thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder will soar heavenward, angels coming and going; across the solitude and the barrenness would the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Dying Utterances.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to The God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us go to heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Haniel More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What Mr. Toplady, the great hymnwriter, say in his hour? "Who can measure the depths of the heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in. Before a few hours have passed I shall start Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty-four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at stake, on his way thither broke away from his guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping, jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in last moments

such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, and upward!" And so great was the peace of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed and so great was his placidity that after a while said: "Stopped!" and His life had ended here in heaven. But grander than that was the money of the worn-out first missionary, when,

In the Mamartine Dungeon,

cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the of my departure is at hand; I have fought the fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me, but to all them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying agonies?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a dead, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The clocks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a hand. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, the men are now living who will, with solemn adieu, carry us to our resting-place. Ay, it is down in heaven whether our departure will be

A Coronation or a Banishment.

Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the end of trumpeters will be the sepulchre through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. I will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

Also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His one, all the palms waved before His face, all the knees down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the liant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Triads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus, whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say:

"This is the Jesus

who took us in His arms and blessed us, and, when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into paganism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed £60,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

(See S. S. Golden Text for March 8.)

A COLD night with drizzling snow in a large city. The sidewalks were getting slippery, as an elderly man found out when, in looking up at the lettering over a store, he tripped and would have fallen but for the friendly grasp of a policeman.

"Thank you," said the man, "I was not taking heed to my steps. Just like me! Pray, friend, would you add to your kindness by telling me where I am likely to find John Westfield? This seems to be his store, but the house is all in darkness."

"Mr. Westfield is at home by this time; he does not live at his store. Come with me and I will show you the car that goes near his house."

After riding about an hour the conductor said, "Here you are," and, pointing to a handsome house, added, "that is Mr. Westfield's."

The stranger alighted, and ascending the marble stoop, rang the bell. In the flood of light which poured on him when the man-servant opened the door, the stranger looked a very poor man indeed. His garments were glossy with long wear and were travel-stained, his hat, though carefully brushed, was very shabby, and his boots had been patched more than once. He seemed to be a gentleman, but a gentleman in very needy circumstances.

No, Mr. Westfield was not at home, nor Mrs. Westfield. Was it particular business? Well, they were at Mr. Luke Westfield's house on the South Side. There was a party there. The stranger had better not disturb them. Had better come again in the morning, or better still, go to the store. That was where Mr. Westfield did business.

The traveller made no reply; but when he was on the sidewalk again, he said to himself: "I'll go. Surely my boys will give me a welcome."

Mr. Luke Westfield's house was not so handsome as that of his brother John; but it showed signs of prosperity too. A maidservant answered the stranger's ring here, but she hesitated about disturbing her employer, and when she consented to do so she called another servant to take care of the overcoats, while she went on the errand.

"Father!" exclaimed Mr. Luke Westfield when he came out in response to the summons, looking very elegant in his full evening dress. "Why, you don't mean it! How are you? Who could have expected you would come East, and turn up in the night, like a ghost, in this fashion! Well, this is a surprise! Come in this room. Here, Jane, light the gas. I will go and call John. He is here with his wife. We have a few friends to see us to-night."

The old man sat alone in the room, which seemed gloomy and inhospitable with only one of the burners lighted in the large chandelier. Presently the two brothers returned, looking very much alike, though John, the elder, was more corpulent than Luke, and more impressive in manner.

"You have taken us quite by surprise, father," he said. "It is so long since we heard from you we feared you were dead. Why, it must be fifteen years since you went away."

"Seventeen," said the father.

"You must have quite a story of adventures to tell. We must hear it all to-morrow. Luke has his house full of guests just now. You won't mind going over to my house for a bed. My son Henry will go with you to show you the way. You would not care to go in among strangers to-night."

Henry was called, and with not a very good grace undertook to pilot his grandfather over to his father's house. "You can come back, you know," said his father. "Find Arthur and tell him to see that his grandfather has a comfortable room. Don't sit up for us, father, we shall be late; we shall see you at breakfast in the morning."

The old man bade his sons good night and retraced his steps to John's house. His companion was silent, not to say surly, and evidently grudged the good time he was losing. He handed the old gentleman over, on their arrival, to the care of a delicate lad of some sixteen years whose appearance showed him to be a chronic invalid. It was a bright cheery face, however, that he turned to his grandfather on being told who he was, and there was a graceful reverence in his greeting and in the concern he showed for the old man's comfort.

"Not a very cordial welcome," said the old man, as he sat meditating in his room. "Well, well, we shall see." Seventeen years before, a great crushing blow had fallen upon him. He was engaged in several lines of business and was very prosperous. Each of his two sons was trained under his own eye and was a good business man. John was twenty-

three years old and Luke twenty-one. Mr. Westfield in those days was an active business man, looking forward to the time when he should leave business to his sons and travel with his wife to see the world. But his wife was killed in a railroad accident, and Mr. Westfield felt he had nothing more to live for. He turned his business over to his sons, each of them taking the branch with which he was familiar. The father went away, taking a comparatively small sum of money with him and giving all the remainder to his boys. "I have enough to last my time," he said, as he counted the contents of his pocket-book. "It will not be a long one." But he had lived much longer than he expected.

His welcome was little more cordial in the morning. His son and daughter-in-law were civil and hoped he would make a long stay. The old man did not like to tell them that he had thought of living with them the remnant of his days. His grandchildren, with the exception of Arthur, were light, flippant boys and girls, who were astonished that their father's father wore such shabby clothes and seemed so poor.

Arthur was the only one of the two families who really showed any pleasure in the old man's society, and as the days passed they became close friends. The boy was evidently sorry for his grandfather, and seemed apologetic when the others showed him scant respect. The old man often saw the look of reverential pity on his face, and loved him for it.

"I have some money, all my own," said Arthur one day; "you need some new shoes, grandfather. I wish you would let me have the pleasure of getting them for you."

"Certainly, my boy," said the old man; "it is very kind and thoughtful of you. I shall appreciate them; these are certainly the worse for wear."

Arthur's whole store of pocket-money went in the same direction, and the boy took more pleasure in his grandfather's changed appearance than the money could have brought him in any other way. Mr. John and Mr. Luke often spoke together of the old man's condition, and finally agreed that they would make up a joint fund and settle him with a small income in some other town, where his shabby and woe-begone appearance would not disgrace them. John was to acquaint his father with the project on a certain morning, but the old gentleman forestalled him.

"John," said he, "I have about worn out my welcome, I think, and I have made up my mind to go back West."

That idea suited his son exactly, but he decided that the cost of the journey should be deducted from the sum to be paid him.

"I want you to let me take Arthur with me," the old gentleman went on. "He and I have become attached to each other. I like the boy, and I have decided to make him my heir."

John looked up astonished at the word. What kind of endowment could the old man make?

"I speculated a little," said Mr. Westfield, "when I went out first. It took my mind off my trouble. You in the East would be astonished at the success I had. I suppose if I sold my lands to-day I could get twenty times their cost. I have sold some, and the profit trebled all my capital. It is quite a big pile altogether, John, and I mean Arthur to have it all. I will take him back with me, and see if we cannot make a healthy man of him, and I will make him rich beyond your wildest dreams."

"Why did you not tell us, father?"

"I thought I should like to see how you and your brother would treat a poor old man to whom you owed everything, and," said the old gentleman, with a significant look, "I have seen. Arthur is a boy after my own heart; he deserves his good fortune."

The brothers looked very much confused as John told Luke the story. "Well," said Luke, "I am glad the money is not going out of the family; but it would have been better if he had given it to us. We could have used it to better advantage."

"It is one of father's eccentricities," said John; "we can do nothing."

No, it was too late to do anything. The father could give his wealth to whom he would, and he had made his choice. Their opportunity had passed. The despised man had found them unworthy, ungrateful, undutiful, and he passed them by.

So men have missed, and are missing every day, not only eternal riches, but eternal life. The Son of God came with both gifts in His hands, but they despised Him and rejected Him and He is still rejected. "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not." (John 1:11.)

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jefferson's Diplomacy.*

In studying the effect which the strong language toward Spain was meant to produce at the Tuileries, Jefferson had in mind the effect which his strong language produced at the Tuileries in 1803. He played a game of *finesse* hardly safe in the face of men like Godoy, Talleyrand, and Napoleon, whose *finesse* was chiefly used to cover force, and was not betrayed or derided by factious opposition in the press. Besides being unsafe, it was unfair to himself. Jefferson was an honest man, and in putting on the outward appearance of a Talleyrand, he resembled an amateur imitating Talma and Garrick. Gestures and tones alike were unnatural, awkward, and false; they exposed him to ridicule.

If President Jefferson had taken the public into his confidence, he would have told the people that under no circumstances would he consent to war; but that if the great Powers of Europe combined to injure America, she would close her ports, abandon her commerce, shut herself within her own continent, and let the world outside rob and murder elsewhere. Such an avowal involved no disgrace; the policy it proclaimed was the alternative to war; and as the radical doctrine of the Republican party, the course was not only that which Jefferson meant to take, but it was that which he took. The avowal might have invited aggression, and have been followed by failure; but he would have done better to fail on a direct issue of principle, than to fail after evading the issue until the issue itself was lost.

The Trial of Aaron Burr.

March 30, 1807, in a room at the Eagle Tavern, in Richmond, Aaron Burr was brought before Chief Justice Marshall for examination and commitment. Although Burr had been but a few days in the town, he was already treated by many persons as though he had conferred honor upon his country. Throughout the United States the Federalists, who formed almost the whole of fashionable society, affected to disbelieve in the conspiracy, and ridiculed Jefferson's sudden fears. The Democrats had never been able to persuade themselves that the Union was really in danger, or that Burr's projects, whatever they were, had a chance of success; and in truth Burr's conspiracy, like that of Pickering and Griswold, had no deep roots in society, but was mostly confined to a circle of well-born, well-bred, and well-educated individuals, whose want of moral sense was one more proof that the moral instinct has little to do with social distinctions.

In the case of Burr, Jefferson himself had persistently ignored danger; and no one denied that if danger ever existed it had passed. Burr was fighting for his life against the power of an encroaching Government; and human nature was too simply organized to think of abstract justice or remote principles when watching the weak fighting for life against the strong. Even the Democrats were more eager to see Burr than to hang him, and had he gone to the gallows he would have gone as a hero, like Captain Macheath among the admiring crowds of London. Between Captain Macheath and Colonel Burr was more than one point of resemblance; but no part of Burr's career was more humorous than the gravity with which he took an injured tone, and maintained with success that Jefferson, being a trivial person, had been deceived by the stories of Eaton and Wilkinson, until, under the influence of causeless alarm, he had permitted a wanton violation of right.

A SERMON IN AN EMPTY ROOM.

In the biography of a humble worker for Christ in southern Spain, who died recently, a suggestive incident is related. It appears that a simple Spanish peasant, Francisco Gutierrez by name, was converted, through reading the Word of God, in 1870. In the early days of his Christian life his zeal was an all-devouring one. He was a man of the Book; early and late, anywhere, everywhere, he was preaching the glorious old, but to him new, gospel, till people told him that the book was turning him mad.

Of course such a John the Baptist was soon persecuted, and was brought before governors, both civil and ecclesiastical, for Christ's sake. None of these things moved him; fearlessly he held on his way, and God upheld and blessed him. Of the few who followed him in those dark days, some turned

back to Rome, while others were afraid to confess Him. Thus it came to pass that one Sunday morning, Francisco found himself all alone in the little room in which he had been wont to preach the gospel. *Opening door and windows, he preached to an empty room* with all the force of his powerful voice. "If they won't hear inside," he said, "they shall hear outside." This would appear to have been a turning-point in his life, for ever afterwards men and women gained courage to come to the front, and were converted.

Thus, amid storm and persecution, was founded a true church in his native town of Tznatoraf, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada. To-day, in the largest room of Francisco's house, forty souls meet every Lord's day to worship God in spirit and in truth. As the direct and indirect effect of his labors, there exist in his native province five other little groups of Christians, who speak of Francisco as their "father in God." It is said that one hundred souls have been led to Jesus through him.

AN INDIAN'S ORDEAL.

In a recent address at Chicago, Bishop Whipple related the following incident as an illustration of the moral courage of Christian Indians: One day an Indian came to our missionary and said: "I know this religion is true. The men who have walked in this new trail are better and happier. But I have always been a warrior, and my hands are full of blood. Could I be a Christian?" The missionary repeated the story of God's love. To test the man, he said, "May I cut your hair?" The Indian wears his scalp lock for his enemy—when it is cut it is a sign he will never go on the war-path again. The man said, "Yes, you may cut it; I shall throw my old life away." It was cut. He started for home, and met some wild Indians, who shouted with laughter, and with taunts said, "Yesterday you were a warrior, to-day you are a squaw." It stung the man to madness, and he rushed to his home and threw himself on the floor and burst into tears. His wife was a Christian, and came and put her arms about his neck and said: "Yesterday there was not a man in the world who dared call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for Him who died for you as you were to kill the Sioux?" He sprang to his feet, and said, "I can, and will." I have known many brave, fearless servants of Christ, but I never knew one braver than this chief.

RECLAIMED BY LOVE.

THE reclamation of a dissipated government clerk was described last week by a statesman in Washington, D. C., who witnessed the process. He said that a young man of good family, formerly one of the most efficient and diligent clerks in the department, became dissipated and spent his evenings in drinking and gambling. The chief of his department expostulated with him, and warned him that he would be dismissed, but without avail. Recently a number of new clerks were appointed, one of whom was a lady so pretty and graceful that her friendship was eagerly sought by the young men, the dissipated clerk among the others. Very strangely, the young lady preferred him. One of the older ladies warned her against him, and assured her that he was a dissolute fellow not deserving her notice. "I think there is good in him," said the pretty clerk. "He might reform if he had encouragement." After this a wonderful change came over the young man. He stopped drinking, abjured gambling, attended to his work with a will, and was altogether a new man. A short time ago both the young people resigned, the young man to occupy a more lucrative position in a merchant's office and the lady to become his wife. The statesman whose influence had originally secured the government appointment for the young man, received a visit from the young couple recently and says there is no doubt about the permanent character of the young man's reformation. When hope and love enter the heart there is no limit to the effect that may follow on the life. It is when the miserable and depraved learn that Jesus loves them and desires to save them that they turn from their sin. (II Cor. 5: 14, 15.)

A BAR-TENDER'S RESCUE.

THE appeal of a Christian woman to a young man in South Dakota was marvellously blessed some time since. The Baptist Home Missionary says that in 1884 a young man came to South Dakota. He was finely educated at Upsala and Stockholm, Sweden—able to speak half a dozen languages. He was at first thrown among the cowboys, then became bar-

tender in a low saloon. He had abandoned himself to the dissipations of frontier life. He was of staid build, standing six feet and four inches. He quickly became a leader. One day a Christian woman entered the saloon. She had not known him personally, but she extended her hand, saying, "You are too much of a man to stand behind the bar." "Yes, I know it," he replied. "Would you not like to become a Christian?" "Yes; but how can I?" "Would you like to have me pray for you?" "Yes, if you please."

Then she knelt on that dirty floor and prayed for him. He left that saloon, and never again went inside of it. He was unable to get either his pay or his clothes. Just then the Baptists were holding revival meetings in a school-house. In these meetings he was converted, and began to bear testimony for Christ. Soon they sent him to Chicago. He studied at Morgan Park, and worked among the Swedes. He began his ministry in South Chicago, where he gathered blessed fruit. After two or three years he went to Kansas as missionary among the people at Clay Center. His abounding labors were richly blessed. By exposure, incident to excessive labor and scanty clothing, he took cold, which resulted in quick consumption, and in six weeks he died in the triumphs of a loving faith. His name was George Lindhagen. His call to Morgan Park as professor, I am told, was contemplated. He was one of the most modest and humble of men.

DIED STEALING.

THE saying about the ruling passion being strong in death was illustrated in the experience of the Rev. Henry White, a London clergyman who visited much in the homes of the poor. He says that one night recently, after he had gone to bed, he was summoned by a woman to the bedside of her dying husband. It was a squalid room, but Mr. White noticed that the thin candles were set in massive silver candlesticks, whilst about the room were strewed many articles of portable property of a character strangely diverse from the ordinary poverty of the apartment. He spoke to the sick man some words of comfort, and finally promised to pray with him. As he spoke he observed a gleam in the sick man's eye, and, following his glance, saw that it rested on the slight gold watch chain that hung from the pocket of his waistcoat. Leaning over the man he prayed for him, the while sobbing bitterly. Where "Amen" should have come in he heard the death-rattle in the man's throat, and moved away. Then he discovered that the dead man's fingers were entwined in his watch chain, and as he quickly started back the watch came out and fell on the bed. The man was noted burglar and pickpocket; and even in the throes of death had been unable to resist the temptation unconsciously put in his way.

PROPHETIC ASPECT OF THE EPIDEMIC.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

"I will send a blast." (Isaiah 37: 36.) The Hebrew term *ruach* is put for the Spirit of God, for the spirit of man, for wind, for whirlwind, for temper and blast. It is nearly a hundred times rendered "wind," and is made "blast" in the verse "blast of the nostrils" (Ex. 15: 8), explained as the strong east wind (Ex. 14: 21) that drove the sea over Pharaoh and his host. Josephus's Ant. B. 10, ch. 1, quotes Berosus as calling the death blast that smote the Assyrian army a plague, or pestilence distemper; but the other old Jewish writers, say Dr. Gill, say it was a hot blast or fiery wind that took away the breath and killed without burning the clothes or body. Just so does the sirocco; and such, no doubt, was the secondary cause of the destruction of the Assyrian army; but we must not forget that an angel was behind the wind.

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast, and breathed in the face of the foe as he passed, and the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill. Their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still."

When the morning sun shone on that tented field, there lay stark in death (Isa. 37: 36) one hundred and eighty-five thousand mailed warriors. It was not a bloody battle between hostile armies, nor a natural catastrophe, nor an accident, nor a common occurrence in nature. It was a sudden death by the hand of God.

"For the might of the Gentiles, unsundered by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

But how did God do it? By an angel's hand that poisoned the air, a sirocco blast, a hot wind that stifled all life in man and beast! How easy for God to do this!

We are led to these criticisms and reflections in

* From the *History of the United States During the Second Administration of Thomas Jefferson*. By Henry Adams. A clear and concise narrative of the events of that critical period of our national existence. 2 vols; price \$4. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

meditating upon the changed, poisoned, and epidemic air which has spread over the entire globe during December, 1889, and January, 1890. Two hundred thousand square miles of aerial change in some mysterious manner, totally unknown to science, causing fevers, burnings, inflammations, diseases of the respiratory membranes, prostration and a score of unpleasant symptoms; men, women, children, kings, queens, nobles, paupers, rich and poor, high and low, millions of people all over the earth, suddenly made sick and suffering, and thousands dying of the aerial malady. God was in the hot blast that swept to death an invading army long years ago. Is not God in the aerial plague of the last two months? Who can explain the cause of its coming? With reverence and awe let us exclaim, O Christian people, "This is the finger of God," as the magicians exclaimed of the Egyptian plagues. And we infer from prophecy that this Influenza Epidemic is the first of a series of plagues that are coming on the earth during the closing eleven years of this age, from 1890 to 1901.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 2, Luke 4: 16-30; Golden Text, John 1: 11.

The Living Word and the Written Word—The Preparation of Conquered Temptation—The Power of Experience—The Gospel Proclaimed—The Defect in Man's Gospel—The Captives Delivered Not Delivering Themselves—The Result of the Preaching—God Willing, Man Unwilling—Unbelief of the Nazarenes.

JESUS at Nazareth, at home, and amidst home surroundings—but Jesus no longer the subject Child, the industrious carpenter, but now the religious Teacher, the Prophet, the Healer—how would He act? How would He be received? "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and, as His custom was (as He probably had done many times there before), He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Isaiah." The living Word was about to read the written Word. Jesus is Himself the Word of God, the message of God to man; "the express image of His Person, and upholding all things by the Word of His power." (Heb. 1: 3.) He is not, as John the Baptist was, and as every other true preacher should be, a *voice*; the Word of God is that which the voice communicates. "Never man spake like this Man" was the testimony of His enemies. (John 7: 46.) "Thou hast the words of eternal life," was the testimony of His friends.

Conquered Temptation

was the immediate preparation for the preaching of Jesus; it was the Word of His Father which He was about to read, and He had just tried and proved its power against the enemy, and found in the forty days and forty nights of fasting through which He had passed, that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." John the Baptist's school for his ministry of repentance was the lonely desert, where he was shut up to God; but the Lord Jesus graduated in quite another school, in fighting and gaining every inch of ground, in every conceivable temptation, from the enemy of souls. He, as man, could speak of God's deliverance with all the authority of conscious experience; He had "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2: 18), but was yet "without sin," because He had counted on the stability of the Father's written Word.

There is no such preparation for preaching as the personal experience of God's faithfulness: there is a weight in the words of those who have proved it, which no power of eloquence, no acquaintance with doctrine, no amount of preaching can give. Let a preacher be himself awed under the solemnity of his message, and all his hearers will be awed with him; let him break down under the power of his own words when speaking of the love of God, and no heart in the audience will be unmoved. It is easy to discern whether a preacher lives in the known presence of God, for when he does so there is something about him akin to that radiance which lit up the face of Moses when the children of Israel could not look on it; something of that power which made Elijah master of the situation wherever he was—whether with the dead child, the persecuting Ahab, the trembling Obadiah, or the captain of fifty; there is a something which men feel, without being able to explain it; it is the presence of the unseen God. Joseph had it in Egypt, and Potiphar felt it; Stephen had it when before the council, and the power was irresistible; Paul had it, and neither Felix nor Agrippa could bear it long; it was

simply God's presence with them, which they felt in him.

The Lord Jesus, fresh from His conflict with the devil in the wilderness "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." It is a glorious thing to come forth from temptation stronger than before. Every preacher who comes out of temptation strengthened, carries his tested strength into his preaching. It was so with Jesus, "There went out a fame of Him through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all." "He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." (Mark 1: 22.) "They were astonished at His doctrine, for

His Word was With Power."

Just so far as Christ speaks through us is our word with power; just so far as we come out of temptation "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might" (Eph. 6: 10), will the simplest words with which He charges us tell with power upon those to whom He sends us. Jesus "opened the book." When, after His resurrection, He opened the Scriptures to His amazed disciples, their hearts burned within them. (Luke 24: 32.) "And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." It was the written Word of God, His Father's message—nothing original, although He was the Son of God! He was anointed to be the Messenger of another. It takes more grace to fill a second place than a first. And the message? "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel—the good news—to the poor." "Do your best, live according to your conscience, struggle against sin, and then rest satisfied that no man can do better, and that God, who is love, cannot demand impossibilities, and so none can stand a better chance:" such is

Man's Gospel!

But how utterly false it is! It meets men who are already debtors to God, and already bankrupt, and says, "Do all you can to pay your way," while the accumulated arrears of debt frown darkly from the past. We want a gospel which will meet us when we are helpless, hopeless bankrupts. Jesus came to rescue those who could not help themselves. Reader, are you "poor," a debtor to God, with nothing to pay? Knowing that you ought to love Him, do you find no love in your heart to pay that debt of love you owe Him? Knowing that your sins are grievous, do you find no power in your heart to grieve over them? Do the consequences of sins long past speak of a misspent life which you cannot undo? Knowing that you ought to believe on Christ, do you look into the resources of your poor undone heart and find there nothing, no love, no sorrow for sin, no faith in Jesus? Then you are poor; poor enough to want a friend. Jesus brings good news to such. Poor debtor, your debt is paid; paid by Jesus on the cross. He says, "I have found a ransom." (Job 33: 24.) "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." (Isa. 44: 22.) "But my love is so cold and my faith so weak," some may say. Do you think He does not know that? and yet He says, "I have redeemed thee." Praise him until faith and love awake.

"But," another may say, "I am a slave to sin which I cannot conquer; my temper is beyond my control; I am fretful and anxious; I have secret temptations which are irresistible." Oh, thank God, the anointed Saviour came "to preach deliverance to the captives." You say, "I pray and strive, but all to no purpose." No wonder. For Jesus did not come to preach that the captives should pray themselves free, or struggle themselves free. He undertook to do the fighting, and He has won the victory. "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Satan gets you to look within, and whispers, "You have always fallen into such and such a sin; learn by experience that there is no help for it." But he is a liar; by the word of the living God, your old man is nailed up tight to the cross that you should not serve sin.

You say, "I feel sin working in me." Then you are not abiding in the safe place which God has given you. "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ." (Rom. 6: 11.) Let a woman take the situation of

cook in a family; that becomes her place, and she is out of her place in other work. Let a man reckon himself to be a printer, and get a situation as one, and he would be quite out of place as a footman or a gardener. Let a man reckon himself to be dead, because God says he is, and he accepts of the situation; then let him keep it, and then every attempt of Satan to find him alive to sin will be futile, because he keeps his place in Christ, and in that place Satan cannot enter. Bless God, there is deliverance from all sin in Christ, open to the experience of all who will take and keep their place in Christ.

But what was the result of the Master's preaching? If Paul knew that the words spoken by the Holy Ghost through him were "a savour of life unto life" or "of death unto death" (11 Cor. 2: 16), how much more must the very words of God, delivered by Him who is the Word of God, be "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart"! (Heb. 4: 12.) "He closed the book," but its contents were working on the hearts. Then He "sat down" but "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him." They expected something, and he said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." This was all; it was the application of the gospel of salvation. "This day" God is all He says in His Word; and He implied, "This day every sinner may be saved, every captive freed, every blind eye opened, every sick one healed." The impression was profound; it was caused by the simple reading of a passage from Isaiah, accompanied by an application only nine words in length, but every word was

A Living Reality;

the spirit of God was upon Him who uttered them, it was the revelation of the Messiah who sat there waiting to be trusted. Alas for Nazareth, He waited in vain. Were there in that company no poor, no broken-hearted, no captives, no blind? Yes, the place was full of them, but the great enemy was at hand, and suggested, "Is not this Joseph's son?" "He is only a carpenter, if He had been a prophet you would have found it out before now; this is only a moment of excitement; it will all pass." And so, after having bowed before the power of God, and been within a hair's breadth of deliverance, they missed it! Oh how this history has been repeated; how many thousands of times has the Saviour had to turn sorrowfully away, and say to those He died for, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life"! They wanted His credentials, and He said, "Ye will surely say unto Me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself; whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in Thy country." There was a hindrance at Nazareth; "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief" (Matt. 13: 58), or, as told in another gospel, "He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk and healed them. And he marvelled because of their unbelief." (Mark 6: 5, 6.)

God willing, man unwilling; it has been the history of every age. If God had His way, and men would come to His terms, would one unpardoned sinner remain upon the face of the earth? If He had His way, would one child of God be struggling with sin another hour? If He had His way would not the teaching of His children be carried on directly by the Spirit without the disease and suffering which is now so general? He said, so sorrowfully, "Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. But I tell you, of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elijah sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." God was ready to be the God of every widow, but not one in Israel was found to trust Him; He must get this Gentile to shew his own people the might and tenderness of Israel's God! "And many lepers were in Israel in the days of Elisha the prophet, but none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian." Again a Gentile must shew Israel that "the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15: 26) still liveth among His people. The truth was unwelcome; those who had known Him in His boyhood, who had passed and repassed Him in the street, "rose up" against Him, for no other sin but that He brought truth home to their consciences. They sought to throw Him over the rocks, but a wondrous something delivered Him, "He passing through the midst of them, went His way."

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NOTICE!

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., has consented to become Editor-in-chief of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is with no ordinary gratification that the publisher makes this announcement. There is no man so popular as Dr. Talmage, as a preacher, and he is appreciated by none more than the readers of this journal, who have perused his sermons, week by week, for so many years. As an editor Dr. Talmage is not so widely known, though in that sphere, also, he has had considerable experience, and has displayed conspicuous ability. Dr. Talmage needs no introduction to our readers, and we are confident that they, with us, will hail his advent to the editorial chair as an augury that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will become under his charge abler, brighter, and more useful than ever. Dr. Talmage takes control next week.

Dr. Talmage intends to preach next Sunday on the life and death of his friend Henry W. Grady, the editor and orator, of Georgia. A verbatim report will appear in the next issue of this journal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Elaborate Preparations for the Taking of the census are being made. The actual enumeration is to commence on Monday, June 2, and will be closed within fifteen days in cities and towns, and within thirty days in rural communities. The country has been divided into 175 districts, for each of which a supervisor has been appointed, who in turn has subdivided his district into sections, each of which contains, as nearly as possible, 4,000 inhabitants, according to the figures of the last census. For each of these an enumerator is appointed, and there will probably be 40,000 of these assigned to as many subdivisions. The results of this census will be printed in thirteen volumes. About 80,000 postal-cards will be required daily for the enumerators' reports, as each has to send two copies per day, one to his Supervisor, and one to Washington. The cost of the work will be enormous. The pay of the enumerators alone is expected to exceed four million dollars. Their work will be very arduous. Ten years ago complications arose through the resignation of nearly five thousand who had undertaken to do the work but found it too great. The present law visits with fine and imprisonment any enumerator who fails to perform his duty, unless he can give satisfactory reasons for his failure. It also provides that citizens refusing to answer questions shall pay a fine of one hundred dollars.

Still Another Claimant for Admission to Statehood is urging its demand. Arizona contends that she is fully qualified for self-government, and by wealth, population, and progress has proved her eligibility for admission. The people of the Territory are deeply wounded by the disposition Congress has manifested to slight their claims. Delegate Smith, whom the Territory sends to Congress, said last week: "We have at least a hundred thousand of the best-educated and most energetic people in the United States. We have the most liberal common-school system in America. Our population is rapidly increasing. Every industry is being rapidly developed. A north and south railroad from the Southern Pacific to the Atlantic and Pacific is now in course of construction, which

will bring in close relation the fruit and grain products of the south with the vast lumber and mineral products of the north, thus lessening the cost of each to the consumer. We have at least \$75,000,000 of taxable property. Our cattle will number near, if not fully, two million. We produced last year agricultural and horticultural products which were worth \$9,207,000, live-stock \$6,000,000, gold and silver \$4,431,500, copper \$2,000,000, and lumber, wool, &c., \$1,500,000, making a total of over \$23,000,000 worth of products, of which \$13,000,000 are exported." With such a showing, it is not surprising that Mr. Smith hazarded the prediction that Arizona will yet be one of the most prosperous States in the Union.

No Material Progress was Made by the Pan-American Conference last week. It now appears probable that only by special reciprocity treaties can the great obstacle which our tariff presents to the development of trade with our Southern neighbors be overcome. Dr. Albert Nin, the delegate from Uruguay, said in a speech in Washington that the hope of being able to bring about a customs union has been abandoned by the committee having the subject in charge without any discussion and with the consent of the United States representative. It was realized that the firm attitude taken by our Government on protection would preclude all hope of a general agreement for the mutual exchange of products. The project of a common coin current throughout the continent is also blocked, owing to a division in the United States delegation.

A Scheme to Establish a Telegraph System in connection with the Post Office was submitted on February 11 by the Postmaster-General to a committee of the House. The first section establishes the "Limited Post and Telegraph Service" as a bureau of the Post Office Department, and directs that all post offices in places where the free delivery system now exists, or may be established, shall be "postal telegraph stations," together with those in any other places where, in the judgment of the Postmaster-General, the wants of the public "may be supplied under the operation of the act." It is then provided that the Postmaster-General, with the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Attorney-General, may sign contracts for ten years with any telegraph company for the furnishing of lines or the transmission of dispatches. The dispatches may be prepaid by ordinary stamps if the words "Postal Telegram" are written upon the blank and dropped into any letter-box or post office. The charge is to be ten cents for twenty words to any point within the same State as the issue of the dispatch, and proportionate rates for longer distances. Another section provides for the transmission of money by telegraph at moderate rates. The public will have reason for self-congratulation if Mr. Wanamaker is able to push his scheme through Congress.

Portugal, in Spite of Assurances that the Dispute with England on the African matter is amicably settled, is evidently preparing for future trouble. The Portuguese Ministers of War, Marine, and Finance have signed decrees authorizing the completion of the defences of Lisbon and the arming of the ports with guns. The decrees also provide for the purchase of torpedoes, the reorganization of the army, and the buying of eight war-ships. Bonds will be issued to cover the indebtedness thus incurred. The additions that the Government intends to make to the Portuguese navy will include four cruisers and four gunboats. The Government will send a floating dry-dock to St. Paul de Loanda, and another to Mozambique. Meanwhile, in order to avoid irritating England by the utterances of irresponsible orators, the Government has forbidden patriotic meetings and processions. The prohibition has the effect of fostering the smouldering discontent, and in two cases recently was not enforced without fighting.

Intense Excitement in Paris was Produced last week by the arrest of the Duc d'Orleans. He has attained the age of twenty-one years, and in obedience to a law passed in July last, presented himself on February 7 for military duty at the recruiting office in Paris. The law requires all Frenchmen to thus report, on attaining the age of twenty-one, and, by an oversight on the part of the framers of the law, no exception was made in the case of banished persons. The Duc d'Orleans is the eldest son of the Comte de Paris, and grandson of Louis Philippe, who was King of France from 1830 to 1848. By a law passed in 1886 he, and all other heirs of French monarchs, were expelled from the

country, and forbidden to return. His appearance in the French capital was therefore treated as a violation of the law, and his plea that he was obeying the later law as a pretence. The young man had gone openly to the recruiting office, stating his name and station, and his desire to enlist as a private in the army. He was promptly arrested, and on February 12 he was tried and condemned to two years' imprisonment. It is expected that after a few days he will be pardoned and conducted over the frontier, as the Government does not wish to make a martyr of him. The nobles and aristocracy made a great show at his trial, and even the men struggled for a sight of the young prince, but there was no attempt to interfere with the course of justice. It is an encouraging sign of the strength of the Republic that this scion of royalty could be arrested, tried, and condemned like an ordinary law-breaker without exciting serious disturbances.

A Terrible Volcanic Eruption is Reported from Japan. A steamer which arrived at San Francisco on February 12 from Yokohama brought the report that Mount Zoo, near Fukuyama, commenced to rumble at 8 o'clock on the evening of January 16. This continued two hours, followed by a short cessation, during which period the inhabitants of the neighboring villages rushed away from their homes in great confusion. Soon the top of the mountain was lifted off. There was a din equal to a dynamite explosion, and sand and stones were belched forth, falling in the neighborhood of Fukuyama, where smoke and fire were blown by the wind. At the entrance of the town the ground was covered with sand and earth to a depth of over a foot. Stones and earth also fell at Midsunomimura, a village six miles away. No previous eruption of Mount Zoo is recorded. Only one man lost his life, but fifty-five houses were destroyed.

The Emperor of Germany Made an Address to his Council of State on February 14, which indicated that he is in earnest in his attempts to improve the condition of the workingmen. He said that the object for which the Council was summoned was the consideration of the measures necessary to regulate the position of the working people before submitting these measures to the legislative bodies. He invited both criticism and suggestion, the task he had undertaken being one so serious and responsible. The most surprising remark of the Emperor, however, was a practical endorsement of the leading principle of trades-unionism. He said: "Not less important for assuring peaceful relations between masters and men are the forms of the guarantees to be offered to workingmen to secure to them the right to express, through representatives enjoying their confidence, their own statement of their interests in any difference. The endeavor must be made in this connection to place the representatives in communication with the mining officials and State superintendents, to enable both sides to be thoroughly informed, and to be kept in constant touch with each other."

The Report of the Parnell Commission was Issued on February 13. It disappoints all parties—the *Times* and its friends most of all. The three judges, who all sign the report, find that Davitt, Dillon, O'Brien, Harris, Redmond, O'Connor, Condon, and Kelly joined the Land League with the intention of using it to bring about the independence of Ireland; that they disseminated various newspapers which tend to incite sedition and the commission of crime; that they did not denounce intimidation, and refrained from denouncing it, though they were aware that it led to crime; that they defended persons charged with agrarian crime and supported their families; that they paid compensation to persons injured while committing crime; and that they invited and accepted aid from the physical-force party in America. On the other hand, the judges acquit the same men of insincerity in denouncing outrages, of directly inciting outrages, of being intimately associated with notorious criminals, and of paying them money to assist them to escape from justice. As to Mr. Parnell, the judges acquit him of the charge of being an accessory after the fact to the Phoenix Park murders of sending money to Byrne to help him to escape and of holding intimate relations with Sheridan and Boyton, knowing them to be criminals. I will be seen that, while the report does not clear the character of the accused persons, it acquits them of the charges which degraded them in the esteem of the English public, and which the *Time* most persistently pressed against them in its article on "Parnellism and Crime."

A Copy of this Journal may Figure as a Historical curiosity at some future day. When the foundation-stone of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle was laid on February 10 by Dr. Talmage, a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 1, 1890, was placed in the cavity of the stone. It was the number which had for its frontispiece a portrait of the Brooklyn preacher and a picture of the new Tabernacle. Among the other articles deposited in the cavity were the church records, photographs of the ruins of the burned Tabernacle, photographs of the trustees, a Bible, a set of current coins and copies of the daily journals. The stone itself is unique. Its weight is 3 feet 4 inches and its radius 1 foot 4 inches. On its face it bears the inscription "The Brooklyn Tabernacle. Erected 1890." The ceremonies were brief, as there will be a more general assembly to witness the laying of the corner-stones which Dr. Talmage secured from Calvary and Mount Sinai. Dr. Talmage said that he hoped to reach in the new edifice by the end of September or the beginning of October.

A Triple Celebration of Methodist Triumphs was held in New York on February 13. The events celebrated were, the seventieth anniversary of the Missionary Society, the centennial of the Book Concern, and the completion of the handsome new mission and publication house on Fifth Avenue. The meeting was held in the Metropolitan Opera House, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Not only were local celebrities of the Methodist Episcopal Church present, but distinguished members of the Church from nearly all the States of the Union came to participate in the rejoicing. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Sandford Hunt, the senior book agent in New York, said that, as the financial outcome of the century, the agents and the book committee, under whose supervision they act, had the high honor of presenting to the Church the grand fire-proof structure on Fifth Avenue, with its presses driven with steam and its apartments illuminated with lightning, and all free from debt. The building referred to is an eighty-story structure of granite and brick, and has cost over a million dollars. Clinton B. Fisk incidentally mentioned, in the course of an able speech, that the Methodist Episcopal Church was the first religious body to congratulate Washington on his election to the Presidency.

Dancing in a Burning Hall was Going On in Paterson, N. J., on February 8. The order of Red Men of that city fixed their customary ball for February 7, and a large company gathered to enjoy the festivity. The dancing went on till about two o'clock on the following morning, when there was an intermission. Then the dancers had time to look around them, and they had reason to be grateful for the opportunity. They saw that while they had been dancing, the hall had been burning. The fire had attained such headway before they noticed it that tongues of flame protruded from the floor near the orchestra, and a dense smoke was rising and passing through the open windows. There was a general panic. Women screamed and some fainted. Happily, all were enabled to get out in safety. The janitor of the building, and his family, who had retired to rest, had a narrow escape of being burned to death. They were asleep, and did not know of the fire until the furniture in their rooms was actually burning. Then they rushed out without staying to dress, and joined the panic-stricken dancers on the street. The abrupt interruption of festivity, the sudden awaking from sleep, were a type of what will take place, the world over, on a day fast approaching. Christ warned us that the world would be eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, in the day of His coming. (Matt. 24: 38, 39.)

A Mother and Father Sacrificed their Lives to save their children on February 8. In the Wallkill Valley, eight miles from Kingston, N. Y. are the Binnwaters, four beautiful sheets of water. They have been frozen over for some time past, but the ice broke during the last thaw. The low temperature of February 8 caused a coating of new ice to form over the old, but it made the sheet more treacherous by concealing the breakages of the old ice beneath. Three children of a family living on the margin of the lake ventured with a companion on the ice in a hand-sled. They had travelled half across when the ice broke, and with loud screams the children disappeared in the water. The mother of the three heard them, and ran to the edge of the hole to try to rescue them. But the ice broke under her, and she too went under. Her husband

saw her sink and ran to the spot. He, too, plunged through the gap and was seen no more. Several neighbors saw the fatalities but none dare venture on so perilous a work of rescue. They got ropes and threw over the hole, hoping that some of them might rise to the surface and save themselves by grasping the rope, but none of them did. Kind hearts were there, torn by the thought of their friends perishing before them, but it was impossible to save them. Not less helpless was the whole human race when God gave His Son to die, that He might rescue all who trust Him. (John 3: 16.)

An Ex-Soldier Pleading for his Enemies Astonished the Virginia House of Delegates on February 13. The question before the House was the propriety of making an appropriation for the relief of soldiers of the State who had served in the Confederate army. One of the members of the House is Mr. B. Chambers, who served in the Union army. It could not naturally be expected that he would vote for the appropriation; but he not only voted for it, but advocated it in a strong speech. He said that though he had fought against the men whom the bill was intended to relieve he heartily supported it. His only objection to the bill was that it was not liberal enough. He regretted that the State of Virginia was not able to do a great deal more than was to be done for the soldiers by the bill. This is only one of many instances of the magnanimity of the soldiers of the late war toward their former enemies. Though politicians try to keep alive sectional ill feeling, they very rarely receive the aid of the soldiers. The Virginia legislator not only sets a laudable example, but is himself following that example to which the world owes its opportunity of salvation—the example of Him who prayed for His murderers, and, while we were yet enemies, died for us. (Rom. 5: 8-10.)

A Curious Question has Arisen in the Pension Department. For some years past a woman has been receiving a pension as the widow of a deceased soldier. Recently some one notified the commissioner that the woman had obtained a divorce from the soldier not long after the war. On being questioned, the woman firmly denied that she had been divorced, and declared and proved that she had lived with him until he died. But the record of the divorce was found, and the woman was confronted with it. She said that she knew nothing of it, and it must have been procured without her knowledge and consent. Her husband was a worthless, drunken fellow, who was wasting his property; and thinking it would all be spent, she went to a lawyer and asked him if he could not obtain protection for her, and get her the right to control the property. She remembered giving testimony in court as to her husband's brutality and general business incapacity, but had no idea that the suit was one for divorce. She continued living with him, seeking to reform him, controlling the property, and treating him as her husband in every way. During his last sickness, as her neighbors attested, she waited upon him with the tenderest kindness. Still, the record shows that she was not his wife at the time, and is, therefore, not entitled to the pension. Her surprise and vexation are extreme. There will be many at the last great day who will be similarly astonished. Though living good moral lives, and in some cases engaging in Christian work, and fully expecting to go to heaven at last, they will be answered by the Lord, "I never knew you," because they have never entered into living union with Him. (Matt. 7: 22, 23.)

A Remarkable Discovery in Military Explosives was tested in New York last week. A practical chemist invited some friends to his laboratory to see the effect of a neutralizer of nitro-glycerine, explosive gelatine, and other dangerous substances. On the ledge of his window was a glass bottle. "It contains nitro-glycerine," he explained. "I keep it outside because it is too warm here. A temperature of 45 degrees would explode it. Now," he continued, "I'll show you my secret." Before the friends had time to run, the inventor had opened the window and brought the bottle of nitro-glycerine into the warm room. "A temperature of 45 degrees would explode it," he said, "but before it gets that warm I just mix it with twenty per cent. of this neutralizer, and now a child could play with it." As he spoke he mixed the explosive with his "neutralizer." To show that his nitro-glycerine was "neutralized" he poured some of it into a saucer and touched a lighted match to it. A blue flame arose, like that from burning alcohol, but there was no explosion. "That," said the inventor,

"is the secret I have discovered after fifteen years. The other problem is to instantly restore its destructive power. I'll show you how that is done." Taking a small quantity of the neutralized nitro-glycerine, he poured a little cold water upon it, and immediately the explosive and the neutralizer separated, as does oil from water. "The neutralization," he said, "has not weakened but strengthened the explosive. A nation that could use explosive gelatine in projectiles," continued the inventor, "would be invincible with a very small armament." There are terribly destructive forces in human nature for which the philosophers of all ages have labored to find a neutralizer. They miserably failed, and the world was without a remedy until the infallible one was revealed from heaven. (Mark 7: 21, 22, and Ezek. 36: 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. John Corbett, an Englishman, has presented a miniature on silver of George Washington to Harvard University.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is making arrangements to establish a national University in Washington. Negotiations for a site near Oakview are in progress.

Rev. Chapman Harris, famous in slavery days as one of the organizers of the Underground Railway, died on February 10, at Madison, Ind. He was eighty-eight years of age.

Rev. Hiram Hutchins, the beloved pastor of Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has resigned his charge. He is seventy-seven years of age, and in April will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the eminent organizer of the Medical Mission work, speaking at a meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, said that his society had already sent out twenty qualified medical missionaries and had many more ready to graduate.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, preached at Trinity Church, New York, on February 9, on behalf of the British and American Homes for girls in Paris, which were founded by his wife, formerly Miss Ada Leigh. Portraits of the Bishop and his wife were published in this journal on May 8, 1889.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is being much blessed in Jersey City. On February 9 the Tabernacle was thronged in the morning, and at the North Baptist Church, where the evening service was held, not more than half those who came could gain admission. At some of the meetings no person over thirty years of age is admitted.

Mr. Louis Klopsch received an enthusiastic welcome, after his tour with Dr. Talmage in Palestine, from the M. E. Sunday-school in Seventeenth Street, New York, of which he is superintendent. When he resumed his duties in the school on February 9, Miss S. Selbert, one of the pupils, made an address on behalf of the school, and the Rev. A. C. Morehouse spoke for the church and presented him with a beautiful basket of flowers.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, of the Hebrew-Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, publicly baptized another Hebrew convert on February 9. The ordinance was preceded by a powerful logical sermon on Abel and his offering, which set many of his Jewish hearers thinking. Mr. Freshman is being greatly blessed in his labors among the Jews of New York, and only needs a little financial help to largely extend his work.

Mr. Rankin, the Mayor of Elizabeth, N. J., has issued an order to the police directing them to enforce the Sunday-keeping ordinance. He says that he has a list of 150 stores open for business on a recent Sunday. The list comprised cigar stores, confectioners', fruit stores, saloons, butchers' shops, bakeries, barbers' shops, groceries, shoe shops, dry goods and clothing stores. The offenders make matters worse by their protest against interference, in which they say that the Sunday receipts equal the receipts of the other six days.

Mr. Malachi Taylor continues his daily Bible readings from 12 to 1 o'clock in room 235, Stewart Building, New York. Every afternoon and evening he has meetings in Brooklyn, Jersey City or some adjacent city. Cards announcing date and place of meeting may be had on application to Mr. Taylor at the Stewart Building. All persons are cordially welcomed to these meetings. Thousands of the Lord's people have been helped to fuller spiritual life by Mr. Taylor's teaching, which is remarkable for its close adherence to the letter of the Word.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton has been preaching for three weeks at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile of that church there are 8,000 Roman Catholics, many of whom attended his meetings, and some were converted. Dr. Fulton is now holding services in Dr. Wild's church, Toronto, during the pastor's absence in California. Of the services in Boston, a local report says: "The meetings are characteristic. That is always true where Dr. Fulton is. Their special direction is indicated by the heading of the hand-bills circulated, 'Loving Words for Romanists.' The Doctor is making those words both tender and strong, and the results watched, prayed, and worked for are appearing."

SOMETHING DONE FOR JESUS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"She hath wrought a good work upon me." Matt. 26:10.

The Ointment Sacrificed—The Censorious Critics—The Race not Extinct—What is Waste?—The Offering Unwittingly Appropriate—I. The Motive Impulses to Personal Service—Gratitude—A Poor Woman's Gift—Veneration—Sympathy—Affection—II. Modes of Personal Service—Life Consecration—Forgiveness of Injuries—Distinct Christian Work—III. Cautions—Beware of Selfish Motives—IV. A Good Defence for Work—A Missionary's Farewell.

Study carefully the story of the enthusiastic Christian woman who poured the alabaster box of very precious ointment upon the head of our ever-blessed Lord and Saviour. Honored as that action is by the universal Church of God, it did not escape criticism among the religious people of her own day. The disciples censured her, but Christ defended her; and in the course of His vindication of her He said, "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me." There is no reason for troubling gracious men and women; and specially no cause for so doing when their work is good, and is done for their Lord. Yet are there plenty of

Troublers Around Us

to this day, and we could spare a few of them from our own immediate neighborhood. They are only able to worry us so far as we think of them, and therefore we will let the wasps alone, and feed upon the honey which flowed from the lips of our Lord Jesus. Observe that this woman had wrought a good work—good in intent, and good in itself. Her Lord said so, and His verdict ends all debate.

Observe specially that her good work was a good work upon the Lord Jesus. It was of no immediate benefit to anybody else, nor was it meant to be. "This ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." So Judas and the other disciples said. The five hundred pence which it would have produced might have been spent in bread, and so have fed many poor people; but she expended it on Jesus, and meant that it should all be used in His honor, and that only. Poor or no poor, she thought only of Him. The ointment might have been used for certain purposes at festivals or otherwise, and so have been more or less beneficial to a number of persons; but on this occasion the benefit was to the Lord alone, and she meant it so to be. On this account the practical, philanthropic people called it "waste."

What is Waste?

Is anything wasted which is all for Jesus? It might rather seem as if all would be wasted which was not given to Him. This box of precious ointment was all for Him. Other persons in the room might smell the sweet perfume, but that was not what the grateful woman aimed at; she intended all the sweetness for Jesus; it was a good work wrought upon Him. The woman's thought was that she would honor the Lord; her only intent was to show her reverence for Him; and, provided He should be pleased with her deed, she would be perfectly content, though no one else might be gratified. Her first and last thoughts were for Jesus Himself.

We know from another evangelist that she broke the alabaster box. Was there need for that? Not in order that the ointment might be poured forth. She might, we should suppose, have opened the box in a less hasty manner; but the manner of a gift has frequently as much in it as the matter of a gift.

She Broke the Box

to display her eagerness, and to show that the choicest thing she had was not good enough for Jesus. She banished every notion of economy when she thought of her Lord. If she had possessed ten thousand times as much, she would have given it all to Him, and have poured it out without stint. Had some of us been there, we might have called it eccentricity, or fanaticism, or precipitancy, or waste; but she did not consider what onlookers might have to say; her only consideration was what Jesus might think. To please Him was the height and range of her ambition. Happy woman, to have reached this gracious absorption!

The good work which she performed was, far beyond her own thought, a most appropriate one. Our Lord said—and here I am free from all charge of following my fancy, and am sure to be correct—that there was another meaning, more remarkable by far. Whether this woman, with some prophetic spirit resting upon her, saw further into our Lord's words than His disciples did, we do not know; but Jesus declared that she did it for his burial—as it

were, embalming Him a little before the time for His closely approaching sojourn in the tomb. There was a great appropriateness, then, in the act; and, we think, more appropriateness than she herself knew of at the time she did it; but it is ever so with loving hearts, reason does not guide them; but by holy instinct they hit upon the right thing.

On this occasion I wish to speak of good works wrought on Jesus, and therefore I shall not be speaking to you all. Many of you are incapable of working a good work for Christ; for you are not saved yet. How can an evil tree bring forth good fruit? How can those who do not believe in Jesus do anything for him? It is not yet time for you to do anything for Him. Your first business is that He should do everything for you. You must go to Him as guilty sinners, and find mercy in Him. I speak at this time only to those who have trusted in the Lord Jesus, and so have been set apart by Him, and sanctified for ever by His one sacrifice. These, owing as they do, so much to their Lord, are those to whom I would speak now, and say, render unto Him good works that shall terminate in Him, and shall be made to express your love to Him.

Motive Feelings.

I. And, first, there are feelings which prompt true believers to do works as unto Christ. To bring forth these peculiar services, certain feelings move within the believer's bosom. The first, and most powerful, probably, is *gratitude*. "We love Him, because He first loved us." He lived for us; He died for us; He rose for us; He pleads for us. We owe all to Him. The natural impulse of the renewed heart is to say, "What can I do for Him? I love His people, but I love Him best. I want to tell Him how I love Him; I want to show Him, by some direct act done for Him, that my heart adores Him for all He has done for me." Beloved brethren and sisters, have you never felt in that way? How often I have had my hand grasped by loving persons, who have said, "I wanted to tell you that you led me to the Saviour!" They wanted to say it to me; and often have they written to me, and cheered my heart, because they felt a personal gratitude which wanted a personal expression.

A Poor Woman

once forced me with tears to receive a small sum of money for myself. I declined it till I saw that it would hurt her feelings, for she had evidently longed for this opportunity for expressing her thankfulness for the sermons she had read. If we feel thus toward an earthly friend, how much more toward Him who has saved us by His blood!

Another feeling that will prompt us to the same course is that of deep veneration. Then, oftentimes, the feeling of *sympathy* will come in, and blend itself with veneration. Such sympathy is by no means to be condemned, but to be commended. I mean by sympathy this: have you not felt, when you have heard of our Redeemer's sufferings and death, that He deserved a great reward for them? Have you not wished that you could put a crown upon His head for having so disinterestedly laid down His life for His enemies. We have said in our hearts, How can we fitly honor this paragon of perfection, this Mirror of unbounded love? Such a One as He is, having suffered so deeply, ought to be rewarded plentifully with the honor of all who can appreciate a great and noble deed.

In the midst of all this, as a central flame burning like the sun in the centre of the lesser lights, our affection for Jesus will make us long to serve Him. We love our dear ones upon earth, but we love Jesus better than all of them put together. And, Master, when we have looked at thee, and seen the nail-prints, and beheld the scar in thy side; when we have beheld thee standing before thy Father's throne still pleading for us, and revealing thine undying affection towards us, in thine intercession for us, we have said, "We must serve Him. We must find out some way by which we may give Him new honor." Oh, for the power to live, to die, to labor, to suffer as unto Him, and unto Him alone! You know better than I can tell you, many of you, what these aspirations are. I am merely traversing a road with which you are continually familiar. Let us keep company in thought; and may I beg that, on some sunny day, when my Lord gives me special work to do for Him, you will be at my side with your gifts and efforts of love for His dear name?

Modes of Work.

II. I shall pass on, in the next place, to notice the modes in which this suggested service of good works done unto Him may show itself. We will begin, as it were, at the base of the pyramid, and

go upward; and may we commence by saying that the entire life of the Christian ought to be, in many respects, a good work done unto Christ. Albeit that there must be in our life an eye to the good of our fellow-men, yet we may do it all unto the Lord. The same law which saith, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength," adds, "and thy neighbor as thyself;" which proves that it does not necessarily take away any part of our love from God when we act in love to our fellow-men. In all the obligations of life, Jesus should be before us. We should be honest, not only for our reputation's sake, for that would be an unworthy motive, but for Christ's sake. Would we have Christ's disciples called "thieves"? We should be sternly upright, never by any means under suspicion of untruth or double-dealing, because we serve the Lord Christ, who is faithful and true. Of us more is expected than of others, since we serve a better Master.

Certain matters ordinarily overlooked in common life, the Christian must look to for Christ's sake. For instance, that of

Forgiveness of Injuries.

Some will not forgive at all: this is fatal to all hope of salvation. Others will forgive, but not till after some considerable time of wrath: good delayed in evil indulged. But you, Christian, you are to do a good work upon Christ by forgiving for His sake. He has forgiven you, and therefore you will forgive others freely, and continually. Your revenge is the noble vengeance of heaping coals of the fire of kindness upon your enemy's head. You might have smitten him, but for Christ's sake you bless him. May your whole life, then, ordinarily, be lived as unto Jesus; and may special gems of forgiveness glisten in it!

Now go a step higher. That which is purely Christian work ought to be done also upon Him, and for Him. I mean by Christian work evangelic service which grows out of the plan of salvation. I refer to those things peculiar to Christians—such as spreading the gospel, teaching, instructing, consoling, almsgiving, and the like. All this should be done for Jesus more really than it often is. And that other part of Christian service, namely, endurance, the bearing of shame for Christ's sake, the patient suffering of the will of God in providence—all this should be done for Christ most distinctly. I know there will be a second motive here, as in the former, and properly so. When I preach, I have an earnest desire to do good to my hearers; I ought to have such a desire. But yet, I desire to be moved by a higher motive than love to your soul; I desire that, by the stirring up of your minds, Christ may get glory; that you may be led to do something for Him which will bring Him honor, and please Him. May you as saints be prospered, that the Lord of saints may be honored!

Consecrated Gifts.

We will go a step higher. There are works of the consecration of our substance. In these all Christians ought to abound. It is ours to give often, give largely, give even till we feel the pinch of giving. But we must take care that we truly give as to the Lord. When you give your money to the Church of God to maintain the preaching of the gospel, or to assist missionary enterprise, or whatever else the church has in hand, you are doing a good work to others; you are helping on the gospel, which has been a blessing to you, and will be a blessing to them. But, over and above that, your desire should be to do it as unto the Lord.

The same should be true of what is bestowed upon the poor. When you noiselessly and quietly give to the poor, who need your help, you are doing it for Christ—if such, indeed, be your motive and it ought always to be so. We are getting still nearer when we give to the Lord's poor because the

Poor Saints

are in living union with Jesus; they are a part of Christ's body, and in giving to them we are giving to Christ Jesus himself. I suppose the day will come in this age of novel reforms when we must not dare to help the poor and needy. We can hardly do so now without coming under the censure of the school of hard economists. I see notices in the windows requesting us by no means to give alms. I should like to put at the bottom of such placards the text of Scripture which commands us to give to him that asketh of us. Law or no law, trust, when a Christian sees a case of necessity, he will not be held back by any motives of political economy, or any of the hard and fast teachings of the social scientists.

We will go a step higher dear brethren. There are two great duties which the Lord has appointed for His people only, and these we should observe because they are appointed by Him. I refer to the two commands regarding

Baptism and the Supper

of the Lord. In keeping these commandments there is a great reward to our own souls, but we ought to come *as believers* to be baptized out of love to Jesus. We ought not to ask, "What is the good of this?" We may not say, "Shall I get anything by it?" But we are to say simply this, "He bade me, and I will do it for the love I bear His name." I feel shocked when I hear people say, "But it is not essential to salvation." Thou mean and beggarly spirit! Wilt thou do nothing but what is essential to thine own salvation? A Pharisee or a harlot might talk so. Is this thy love to Christ—that thou wilt not obey Him, unless He shall pay thee for it, unless He shall make thy soul's salvation depend upon it? Oh, if you love the Master, the least of His commandments will seem very precious in your sight, and you will feel that, because you love Him, you obey Him.

But I will come to the point by saying, dear brothers and sisters, seek to do something for Jesus which shall even be above all this a secret sacrifice of pure love to Jesus. Do special and private work towards your Lord. Between you and your Lord let there be secret love-tokens. You will say to me, "What shall I do?" I decline to answer. I am not to be a judge for you; especially as to a private deed of love. The good woman in our text did not say to Peter, "What shall I give?" nor to John, "What shall I do?" but her heart was inventive.

Cautions.

III. But time fails me, and therefore I must, briefly, and with extreme brevity, offer you a counsel or two about doing good works for Jesus. *Take care that self never creeps in.* It is to be all for Jesus; let not the foul fingers of self-seeking stain your work. Never do anything for Jesus out of love for popularity. Be always glad if your right hand does not know what your left hand does. Hide your works as much as possible from the praise of the most judicious friend. At the same time, let me also add, never have any fear of censure from those who know not your love to Jesus. This good woman did her work publicly, because it was the best way to honor her Lord; and if you can honor Him by doing a good work in the market-place before all men, do not be afraid. To some, the temptation may be to court the publicity; to others, the temptation may be to dread it. Serve your Lord as if no eye beheld you; but do not blush though all the eyes in the universe should gaze upon you. Let not self, in either case, come in to defile the service.

Let us, above all, keep out of our heart the thought which is so common in this general life, that nothing is worth doing unless something practical comes out of it—meaning by "practical" some manifest result upon the morals or temporals of others. It is almost universal to ask the question, *Est bono?*—"What is the good of it? What good will it do to me? What good will it do to my neighbor? To what purpose is this waste?" Nay, not if it will glorify Christ, do it; and accept that motive as the highest and most conclusive of reason.

IV. I will not detain you longer, but just close my saying that there is

A Good Defence

of any kind of work which you may do unto Jesus, and unto Jesus only. However large the cost, nothing is wasted which is expended upon the Lord, for Jesus deserves it. What if it did no service to any other; did it please *him*? He has a right to it. Jesus deserves that there should be such done altogether for Him. Do you doubt it? There is brought into the house, on his birthday, a present for father. That present is of no use to mother, or to the children; it cannot be eaten, it cannot be worn; father could not give it away to anybody, it is of no value to anybody but himself. Does anybody say, "What a pity it was to select such a gift, even though father is pleased?" No, everybody says, "That is just the thing we like to give to father, since he must keep it for himself. We meant it to be for him, we had no thought of any second; and we are glad that he must use our gift for his own pleasure." So with regard to Jesus. Find out what will please him; and do it for him. Think of no one else in the matter. He deserves all you can do, and infinitely more.

Besides, you may depend upon it that any action

which appears to you useless, if you do it prompted by love, has a place in Christ's plan, and will be turned to high account. This anointing of our Lord's head was said to be useless. "No," said Jesus, "it falls in just in its proper place—she has done it for my burial." There have been men who have done an heroic deed for Christ, and at the time they did it they might have asked, "How will this subserve my Lord's purpose?" But somehow it was the very thing that was wanted. When Whitefield and Wesley turned out into the fields to preach, it was thought to be a fanatical innovation, and perhaps they themselves would not have ventured upon it if there had not been an absolute necessity; but by what seemed to that age a daring deed they set the example to all England, and open-air preaching has become an accepted agency of large value. If you, for Christ's sake, become Quixotic, never mind; your folly may be the wisdom of ages to come.

A Farewell.

I shook hands, after the sermon this morning, with a good missionary of Christ, from western Africa. He had been there sixteen years. I believe that they reckon four years to be the average of a missionary's life in that malarious region. He had buried twelve of his companions in the time. For twelve years he had scarcely seen the face of a white man. He was going to Africa to live a little while longer, perhaps, but he expected soon to die; and then he added (I thought sweetly) as I shook his hand, "Well, many of us may die; perhaps hundreds of us will do so; but Christ will win at the last! Africa will know and will fear our Lord Jesus; and what does it matter what becomes of us—our name, our reputation, our health, our life—if Jesus wins at the last?" What heroic words! What a missionary spirit! Live in that spirit, dear brethren and sisters, and in that spirit come now to the communion-table! Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Physician's Daughter's Faith.—Mr. Hamilton says: "A famous doctor had an only and much-loved daughter. Once when her father was from home, she was suddenly seized with a fever. Her illness was becoming more and more serious, but she thought if only her father would return there would be no danger; he would certainly be able to stop the ravages of the disease, and enable her to recover her usual health. Word of his daughter's condition was sent to him, and at once, with all the speed of a father's love, he hurried to his daughter's bedside. 'Now, my dear,' he said, 'don't be afraid. I understand your disease, it has been taken in good time. I have cured hundreds of such cases, and I am quite sure I can cure you.' At once her alarms fled. She believed her father's word implicitly. She had faith in him, in his power and willingness to save. And that trust was not in vain, for in a short time she was restored to her usual health. Have faith in Christ's power and willingness to save. He is the great Physician, and has healed thousands upon thousands of cases."

A Pugilist Becomes a Preacher.—The Rev. James Wells relates: "In 1845, Hugh Miller visited Olney. He found the whole town in a stir. All the evil-looking fellows in the neighborhood seemed to have gathered there. They had come to witness a fight between two pugilists, named Bendigo and Caunt, for championship and a large stake. After ninety-three rounds Bendigo beat. When the fight was over, Hugh Miller saw him standing at the door of a saloon with his face all bruised. He seemed the last man one would have expected to become an earnest worker for Christ, yet that transformation did take place. Thirty years had passed since that great fight and Bendigo, now about sixty years of age, was in gaol for the twenty-seventh time. One Sabbath he heard in the prison chapel an address on David and Goliath. He understood it; Goliath was just another Caunt. So interested did he become that at the close he cried out, 'Bravo! I am glad the little one won.' Next morning the sermon was about Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. He fancied that the name of the third was Bendigo, and said to himself, 'If one *Bendigo* may be saved, why not another?' He began to think deeply about his sins, and remembered that Jesus was the Saviour of sinners. Upon leaving gaol he found his old companions waiting for him, but, instead of going with them, he went to a mission meeting, and yielded himself to the Saviour. He afterward testified, 'I have been in twenty-one

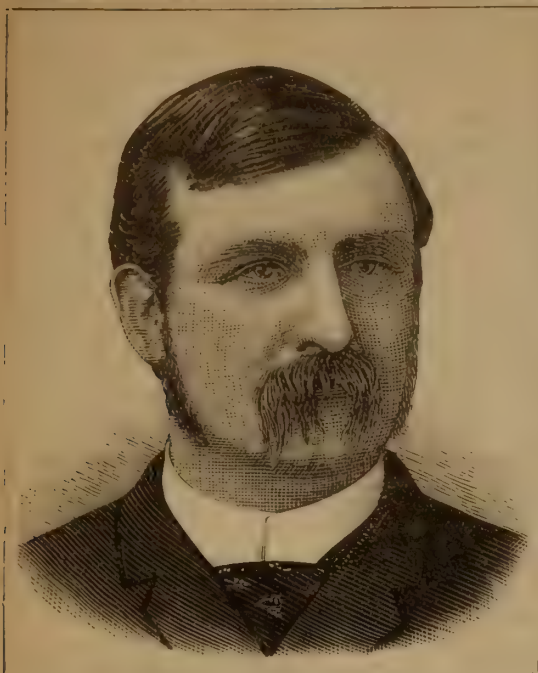
prize-fights, and have not been beaten in one; but when I came to the cross of Christ I was beaten at the first round.' Such triumphs of grace show us that the Gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto the salvation of all who believe."

Saved from a Passing Train.—"A Little Girl and her younger brother were playing on a narrow cutting of the railway. The railway at that point made a very sharp turn, and trains could not be seen until they were very near. As the children were playing, a train swept swiftly round the curve and was almost upon them ere they perceived it. The little girl had just time to place her brother under a small jutting piece of rock, then herself stood flat against the face of the rock, clinging to it with both hands. A passenger in that train heard, as it passed rapidly along, the voice of the little girl, crying to her brother, 'Cling fast to the rock, Johnny! Cling fast to the rock!' And Johnny did as he was told, and the train swept harmlessly past. God has provided a place of safety for us, even the sheltering Rock, Christ Jesus. He has set our feet upon it, but we must cling to the Rock, and cling to it with all our heart."

The Wife of a Sporting Man Gives the Following testimony: "It was a good thing for my husband and me when Shaftesbury Hall was opened. We never went to any church since we were married. He used to go with betting men, and at night attended a low music-hall. But the second Sunday your hall was opened, we were going by, and my husband stopped a minute to listen. He said, 'They are singing nicely in here, let us go in.' We went in. The next week he was so different, he would not go to the music-hall, and when Sunday came round, he said to me, 'Get your things on, mate. I'm going to the missionary's hall.' This led to the conversion of us both." The missionary says: "They are both also total abstainers, and two of my workers. It is very encouraging to look at the faces of those reclaimed, and to see the reformation in their lives and homes. The threadbare shawl is exchanged for a new mantle, and the shabby, shapeless bonnet for a new one. A friend remarked, 'Your people are getting quite respectable.' I replied, 'Part of the mission of Christianity is to make people respectable.'"

A Young Jew's Testimony.—The London City Mission has now seven missionaries to Jews, all of them being themselves converts from Judaism; and it is encouraging to find that they all speak of the existence of many Jews in London who secretly believe in Christ as the long-looked-for Messiah, and of not a few who have been given grace to confess Him openly by baptism. "Only a short time ago," writes one missionary, "I was cheered by the testimony of a young Jew at the first meeting in connection with the newly appointed missionary at Mile End. After the meeting he came up to me, showing me the Bible from which he had been reading to the Jews assembled, and, addressing me, said, 'Do you see this Bible? You gave it me four years ago at the Strangers' Rest. I was then living among the Jews, and therefore tore out the title-page, because it had on it, "The Old and New Testaments," and I did not wish the Jews with whom I lived at the time to know that I possessed the New Testament. I am now rejoicing in God my Saviour, and would not like to part with this blessed book for anything.' This young Jew has been baptized at the Jews' Episcopal Chapel, Palestine Place, and is now working as a journeyman printer at the Jewish Converts' Institution, devoting his spare time to the Lord's work."

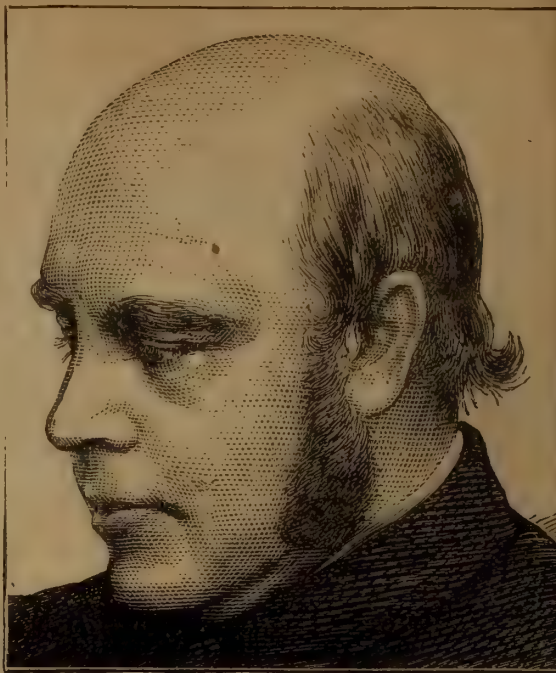
A Woman "Mad for Drink."—"The B—s have been a remarkable couple. Fond of singing and music, they both visited traveling circus and concert parties. Drink and bad companions led them into trouble and to prison. They got their living by playing and singing outside of prisons. For years this went on, but B. was induced to sign the pledge, and three years ago I was the means, in God's hands, of leading him to Christ. His wife, however, continued her drunken habits, often staying out all night, frequently fighting, and often locked up. She would at times insult me, but generally came to me in her trouble. She signed the pledge, only to break it the next day. Sometimes she would come into our meetings under the influence of drink. When I have pleaded with her she would say, 'Oh, give me a penny for a half-pint! I am mad for drink.' I never gave her up. I knew that God was able and willing to save, and I looked to Him for His power. For the greater part of two days we sought Divine help on our knees at



Prof. D. B. Towner.



Mrs. D. B. Towner.



The Late Bishop Lightfoot.

her house, and, praise God, her cry for deliverance from her besetting sin was heard. Through much conflict she came forth victorious, threw off her drinking companions, and for some months has been a living monument of God's sparing mercy. The husband and wife, though very poor, are now a happy Christian couple.

How the Lark was Made to Sing.—"A Man was going through a bird-fancier's place, and was examining with interest a fine collection of larks. He noticed one very quiet and sad-looking bird at the top of the cage, and asked the keeper what was wrong with it. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'it is going to die. It has never sung since we have had it.' 'Ah, what price do you put upon it?' 'Oh, sir, if you want a bird I would not recommend that one. It has never whistled a note since it has been here.' 'But what do you want for it?' he asked. A price was stated, and immediately the bird was bought. As its purchaser took it away he said to himself, looking at the bird, 'If you can sing, I will make you.' He tried sugar, different kinds of seed, and shifted the cage from one situation to another, but it was of no use; the bird remained dumb. At last he said, 'I have only one more resource.' He took the bird out to the green fields, and, opening the cage door, said to it, 'Now, go! You are free.' The bird at first looked curiously at the door, as if it could scarcely realize that it was free, then looking up at its owner seemed to say, 'Am I really free?' Then it spread its wings and flew away, and as it mounted higher and higher it opened its mouth and sent forth a perfect flood of song. Oh, poor sinners, who are living in the cage of sin, the Lord who has bought you with His blood, has opened a door of escape. It is wide open and all may pass through it. Will you do so? or will you continue to dwell in your cage? Harken to those hymns of praise! They are the song of joyful thanks from those who have been set free."

A Woman Who Had Never Washed.—A Devoted Christian worker says: "One of the hill tribes in the north of India have, as a part of their religion, the law that the human body should never touch water. A few hundred miles from that part was a mission-station, and one day the missionary was surprised to see a very dirty young woman knock at his door. 'Sir,' she said, 'I have heard in my country that you teach a new religion, a religion for women as well as for men. I started weeks ago, and have come hundreds of miles, through jungles, over hills, and along burning highways, to learn about it. Will you take me in and teach me?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'on one condition, that you take a bath.' 'Take a bath?' she repeated, starting back, 'No, I cannot; I have never washed, nor any of my people before me. No, I cannot.' 'Then,' said the missionary, 'I cannot take you in.' The girl turned sadly away, for she would not yield. Thirteen days, one after the other, she came with the same request, 'Teach me about Christ' and each time she got the same answer, 'Be washed first.' On the fourteenth day the missionary's wife took a mirror and put it in the

hall just opposite the door. As she was sitting in her room in the forenoon, she heard a shrill scream, and this young woman rushed into the room, shouting, 'Lady, lady, there is an awful wild beast in your house!' The lady suffered herself to be led out, and was taken up to the mirror, when she proved to the poor girl that it was her own reflection. When she saw herself as she really was, within an hour she was in the bath. Not only was she washed bodily, but soon her soul was washed white in the blood of the Lamb."

The Lighthouse on the Rock.—"A man once said to the keeper of a lighthouse, 'Does your lighthouse ever shake?' 'Well,' replied the keeper, 'when there has been a terrific storm, and the waves washing over us, and breaking upon us, sometimes I have thought that it did shake somewhat. But there is one thing of which I am perfectly sure, and that is that the rock upon which the lighthouse is built never shakes.' Individual Christians, or even individual churches may shake, when the great billows of trial or adversity break over them, but there is one thing upon which we may rest assured, that the Rock, Christ Jesus, upon which we are built; never shakes. He remains strong and steadfast to the end, making secure all who have put their trust in Him."

PROF. AND MRS. D. B. TOWNER.

(See Portraits.)

THE name of Towner has a double claim on the regard and gratitude of the Christian public of the United States. Not only have their voices thrilled large audiences of worshippers solemnizing the minds of the people and preparing them for the preaching of our best evangelists, but they have given to the Church that precious volume entitled *Hymns, New and Old*, which is incomparably the best of all works of Gospel song. Many of our readers have listened to the singers with profit and delight, and a still larger number have used their book with sincere thankfulness to the authors and compilers. Their portraits and a brief sketch of their lives, therefore, will be very welcome to all.

D. B. Towner was born in Rome, Pa., on March 1850; he is now, therefore, in his fortieth year. In early boyhood the singular sweetness and power of his voice attracted the attention of all who knew him, and several competent judges urged him to study music, assuring him that such a gift was worthy of the most persevering cultivation. The hint was not disregarded, and such progress did the youth make that in 1868, when he was eighteen years of age, he was music teacher in a famous singing-school, and was recognized as one of the most efficient professors of the art.

During the next five years he devoted himself assiduously to study and practice. In 1873 he went to Binghamton, N. Y., to lead the singing in the Centenary M. E. Church, and on week days he conducted musical institutes and conventions in neighboring cities. Subsequently he removed to Cincinnati, O., where he continued teaching, drilling church choirs, etc. About five years ago the call of God to enter His service could not be mistaken.

Manifest tokens of His blessing were frequent, and invitations of various evangelists for his help showed the way to service. Mr. Towner, after prayerful consideration, felt it to be his duty to resign his lucrative connection and give himself wholly to evangelistic work. He removed to Northfield, Mass., at Mr. D. L. Moody's suggestion, and took charge of the music in the annual College Conference, and aided Mr. Moody in other important services. Since then he has been associated with Dr. L. W. Munnhall, Rev. B. Fay Mills, Major Whittle, and other well-known evangelists, who all place a high value on his services and acknowledge the valuable aid he has rendered them. The pastors of churches in which revival services have been held have also spoken in the most earnest terms of the benefit of Mr. Towner's musical services, adding to their encomiums on the tender pathos and appropriate expression of the feeling of the hymns, unstinted praise of the musical accuracy of his performances. They have thus been a delight to musical critics equally with a power in evangelistic work among the unskilled masses. It may be added that Mr. Towner is no mere mechanical worker; his heart is in the gospel service, and it is his delight to go from seat to seat in the inquirers' meeting directing individual souls to Christ.

Mrs. Towner is truly a help meet for her husband. She possesses, like him, a wonderful natural musical taste, and in accompanying him on the organ and joining her rich, melodious voice to his just at the right moment, contributes to the sweetness and power of the service. Mr. Towner speaks of her as his "strong right arm." They were married December 20, 1870.

THE LATE BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

(See Portrait.)

THE death of Bishop Lightfoot is a loss not only to his own Church and his own country, but to all Christendom. In these days of assault on the inspiration and authority of the Bible, the enemies of the Book encountered no opponent so able to fight them with their own weapons as Bishop Lightfoot. His general learning was equal to theirs, and his knowledge of ancient literature was immeasurably superior. It appeared that God had especially prepared him to be a champion of His Word. His natural gifts and his educational training were precisely those needed by the Christian leader in the conflict which has waged so fiercely during the past sixty or seventy years.

Joseph Barber Lightfoot was born at Liverpool, England, in 1828. His preparatory education was gained at a famous school in Birmingham, under the famous Dr. Prince Lee, one of the most learned biblical scholars of his day, and himself subsequently a bishop of his Church. From his hands Lightfoot passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and obtained the highest honors in his degree. He was Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's medallist in 1851, and was also a Wrangler, or a First Classman in mathematics. His subsequent life was for many years mainly devoted to the University, to which he was intensely attached. He became Fellow of

Trinity in 1852, and subsequently tutor. In 1861 he became Hulsean Professor of Divinity, and in 1875 Margaret Professor. In 1871 he was appointed Canon Residentiary at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His name will always be cherished in that cathedral as one of its great ornaments, and Dr. Liddon, in his sermon on the occasion of his funeral, paid a graceful tribute of honor and regret to his former colleague. His influence there was of the utmost value, as he brought the gifts of his unsurpassed learning to the work of the practical instruction of a great London audience. In April, 1879, he was made Bishop of Durham.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL IN MADAGASCAR. (See Illustration.)

THE recent consecration of the Cathedral of St. Lawrence, at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, is practical evidence of the progress of Christian missionary work in that island. The building is 125 feet long, and 54 feet 6 inches wide. With the transepts the entire width is 76 feet 6 inches. Its cost up to the present time has been \$40,000; the whole of which has been raised by friends of the mission in Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. The two great Church societies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, each contributed \$5,000. An effort is now being made to raise a further sum for the erection of towers to the cathedral. The picture here given is from a photograph taken on the day of consecration, when great crowds of native Christians were wending their way to the new edifice to join in the dedication service.

This mission in Madagascar is one of the most interesting of all the many enterprises undertaken by missionary societies. It was inaugurated in 1818 by the appointment of the Rev. Messrs. Jones and Bevan, who, with their families, entered upon their labors the following year. Within two months after their arrival at Tamatave, five of the little band—namely, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Bevan, and two children—sickened and died, and Mr. Bevan was left alone. He, nevertheless, determined to go on with his work, and the following year, being reinforced by the arrival of other missionaries, the mission soon entered on a career of success. Within the next fifteen years the entire Bible was translated into the Malagasy language, and the missionaries sometimes preached to congregations numbering as many as a thousand persons.

But now arose that fearful persecution of the Christians, under the reign of the pagan queen, Ranavalona Manjaka, in which the missionaries were driven from the island, hundreds of Christian converts were slaughtered, and the mission lay altogether in ruins for more than a quarter of a century. In 1867, by the death of the queen, the way was opened once more for preaching the gospel in Madagascar, and when the next band of missionaries entered the country they were delighted to find that, through all those dark and terrible years, many native Christians had secretly clung to their faith, and also that, as in apostolic days, they had gained accessions to their numbers, in spite of, and possibly, in part, by reason of, the dangers attending their devotion. Several memorial churches were now erected to the memory of the martyrs, and the work of the mission began to be pushed out in other parts.

In 1871 there were twenty-three European missionaries in Madagascar, besides a number of native evangelists. The self-denying liberality of the members of those churches was conspicuously shown by their home missionary zeal and enterprise, thus giving still further proof of the genuineness of the gospel work among them. The event of recent interest is the completion of the revised edition of the Malagasy Bible in 1888.

The island of Madagascar is the largest in the



Dedication of the New Protestant Cathedral in Madagascar.

world except Australia, being nearly as large as the State of Texas. It contains a population of about 5,000,000, mostly a scattered one, for the reason that there are almost no navigable rivers, and but very few harbors on the coast, so that there are no favorable locations for the massing of great populations. Tamatave, on the east coast, is the principal port, with a population of about five thousand.

Besides the missionary churches, about a hundred in number, there is what may be called a native national Church, the congregations of which are mostly to be found in the interior, where they seem to have grown up during the days of persecution, which raged most fiercely in the seacoast towns. The Church has an itinerant ministry, but is not governed exactly on the principles of any other Christian Church. Of late abuses have crept into it, originating in the avarice of some of its leading members, which, it may be hoped, will soon be reformed.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 110.)

The Famous Governor.

WILLIAM BRADFORD appears to have devoted himself at an early period to supply the deficiencies consequent on his neglected education. Of the course pursued by him we have no note, though doubtless the natural desire of an intelligent mind for extended knowledge would be fostered and increased in him by the domestic habits which illness forced on him during his early years. By his own exertions he amply supplied the defects of a neglected education. He thoroughly mastered the Dutch language, and was conversant with French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. In the narrative he gives of the arrest of the Nonconformists, in 1607, by the officers of the English Government at Boston, he states that they were "rifled and stripped of their money, books, and much other goods." Young Bradford was doubtless one of those whose library was spoiled by the lawless agents of the Government; as we know that he afterward possessed a considerable collection, which he took with him to New England. Among the records of the founders of the old colony, which have been preserved, is a catalogue of its historian's library, which includes 275 volumes, sixty-four of which are in the learned languages.

In Holland, however, the young exile had to turn his attention to other objects than the acquirement of learning, and the amassing of books. He applied himself to study the art of dyeing and washing silks; and so soon as he was of age, he converted his estate in England into ready money and endeavored to establish a successful trade at Leyden. But he was a stranger in the country, and inexperienced in the manufacture by which he sought to support himself in the land of his adoption. He met with many disappointments and losses, which he piously esteemed as the chastenings of God, lest the cares of the world should spring up and choke the good seed in his heart. God, in truth,

had far other work for him, and was training him for the duties of the high trust that was to be committed to him.

William Bradford was in his thirty-second year when he landed with the band of the *Mayflower's* Pilgrims in Plymouth Bay. He had been with them in every step of their progress, from the time when, as a thoughtful boy, he cast in his lot among the despised Nonconformists of Yorkshire, and shared in their prison and their flight, to that period when the expedition, in which his energies and his worldly means had been alike freely embarked, was safely anchored in its destined haven beyond the Atlantic. The sickly boy had grown to be a man of robust frame, of vigorous judgment, great firmness, and self-reliance, and a gentle patience and sweetness of temper, such as is rarely found, combined with the sterner virtues of a mind

fitted for command. Above all Bradford had no ambition to rule, or to assume any prominent part in the new State.

We owe to his own pen the most ample historic annals of the founding of New England, yet, save by inference, we would hardly discover that the writer had borne any part in the great work. It is, perhaps, well that its history should be so considered even now; that it should be viewed solely as a community animated by one feeling, and inspired by the same faith and humble trust in the God and Father of all. It was, indeed, a noble band of Christian men and Christian women, that breasted the billows of the stormy Atlantic in the little *Mayflower*, "freighted with the destinies of a continent." True, it may be, as one of their descendants exclaims, that, "on their heroic enterprise the selectest influences of religion seemed descending visibly; while beyond their perilous path were hung the rainbow and the western star of empire."

But it was no spirit of worldly ambition that animated these Christian soldiers. Their unobtrusive virtues sought room for action, not an arena for display. Each stepped into his own place, and fulfilled the duties of this station without thought of honor or reward; and were it not that the great nation, which now fills the land where they struggled for a foot of earth, has learned to look back on these Pilgrims with the pride of ancestry, we might forget the worth of that freight which the little *Mayflower* bore, as she battled with the storms of the mighty ocean, and struggled onward to their haven of rest. Of this, however, there is little danger. In the annual and occasional festivities with which the anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' landing is celebrated throughout America, oratory exhausts itself in the attempt to clothe their virtues in language of fitting honor, and worthily to picture an event wherein Americans behold the advent of their national greatness and renown.

"Let us go up," exclaims Edward Everett, in an address delivered at one of these popular celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrims, which took place throughout New England in 1839,—"Let us go up in imagination to yonder hill, and look upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown Harbor; and there she lies with all her treasures, not of silver and gold (for of these she has none), but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So, often, as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the *Mayflower*, utterly incapable as she was of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator, who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection

of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel.

"As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point at which, for hundreds of miles, she could with any ease have made a harbor, and this perhaps the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies. I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of His mercy and His power in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of His worshippers as in the hollow of His hand."

It is just that the virtues of the colonists of New England should be remembered, while acknowledging the worth of their Governor. Had Governor Carver lived, his successor would have pursued the even tenor of his way, contented with the humble duties and virtues of private life; and had the latter died, there were not wanting others to fill his place. It is not detracting from the merits, or diminishing the worth, of Governor Bradford, thus to picture him as the willing ruler of a band of noble and virtuous colonists, who, like one family, rejoiced and suffered together, and acted in sympathy with the wise guidance of their head, even as the blood circulates through every vein and artery of the healthy frame, and throbs responsive to the heart's pulsations.

The colonists of Plymouth, it must be borne in remembrance, had exercised the rights of legislation and self-government without the sanction of a royal patent. The social compact, which becomes little more than a figure of speech when adopted as a term descriptive of the complicated relations of the most republican government, was literally realized among the New England settlers. Each individual member of the settlement voluntarily subjected himself to the will of the majority, and to the guidance of him whom they had chosen to govern. In every community the virtues of each individual member constitute an element in the prosperity of the state; but in the first little republic of New England one vicious member was sufficient to have destroyed the equilibrium on which the stability of the whole depended.

Had some proud rebel, refusing either to subject himself to the will of the majority, or to leave the society, to the arrangements of which he was unwilling to submit, chosen to appeal directly to the king, in all human probability the settlement would have been dissolved, and scattered as effectually as the abortive colony of Weston. The latter, indeed, abundantly suffices to illustrate the instability of such a union when attempted with vicious and discordant elements. What would all the virtues and all the wisdom of Governor Bradford have sufficed had his lot been to govern the colonists of Wessagusset instead of those of New Plymouth? Nevertheless, the wisdom and sagacity of the Governor did stamp, as with his own character, the whole early history of the colony. While he lived, his influence never failed to be directed for its best interests, and no eulogium can too strongly commend the wisdom and sagacity with which he administered its affairs.

It must not be forgotten in estimating the virtues of him who held, during so many of its early and eventful years, the chief post in the first colony of New England, how unenviable were the duties of his station. Did provisions fail, he must be appealed to. Did Indians prove treacherous, or companions false, or friends desert their cause, or enemies increase around them, he must be ready for each emergency. Nay, did even seed-time and harvest seem to belie the gracious promise of mercy made to Noah and his posterity—did the earth refuse to yield her increase, or did death cut down old man and maiden and child, until the soil beneath their feet was thickly sown with the moldering dust of friends; all these created new calls for his wisdom and sagacity, or his long-suffering and heroic endurance. The very patient and virtuous forbearance of the colonists added to his cares: for when with sad yet uncomplaining wistfulness each one turned to him in their adversity, and with tearful eyes silently appealed to him for aid, he must have felt as the father of one great family, whose

every want and suffering becomes even more keenly his own. It is no mean award to him that he proved equal to the task.

"From the time when Governor Bradford enters upon his administration of the affairs of the colony, year after year its history is his. He was in an eminent degree the moving and guiding genius of the enterprise. His conduct toward the Indians was marked with such wisdom, energy, and kindness, that he soon gained a powerful influence over them. With the people of the colony—not merely his first fellow-pilgrims, but all that came successively afterwards—he had equal authority and power, without the necessity of assuming it. The most heedless among them seem to have feared and respected him. He set them all at work, and would have none idle in the community, being resolved that 'if any would not work, neither should they eat.'

"Cotton Mather gives an account of a company of young fellows, newly arrived, who were very unwilling to comply with his orders, or rather with the arrangements of the colony, for working in the fields on the public account. But on Christmas Day they excused themselves from the labors of the public industry, under the pretence that it was against their conscience to do any work on that day. The Governor told them if that were the case, he would spare them till they were better informed; but soon afterwards he found them all at play in the street, hard at work upon their diversions, as if in obedience to the Book of Sports. That being the case, he very quietly took away the instruments of their games, and gave them to understand that he had a conscience as well as they, and that it was against his conscience as the Governor that they should play while the others were at work; so that, if they had any devotion to the day, they should show it at home, in the exercise of religion, and not in the street, with their pastime and frolics. The reproof was as effectual as it was happy, and the Governor was plagued with no more such tender consciences.

"His administration of affairs as connected with the merchant adventurers, was a model of firmness, patience, forbearance, energy, and enterprise. Along with a few others, he took the whole trade of the colony into his hands, with the assumed responsibility of paying off all their debts, and the benevolent determination to bring over the rest of their brethren from Leyden. His activity in the prosecution of this great undertaking was indefatigable. Meanwhile, no other business, either of the piety or the civil polity of the colony, was neglected. He made such arrangements in conjunction with his brethren, to redeem their labor from the hopelessness of its conditions in the adventuring copartnership under which they were bound for the seven years' contract with the merchants, as inspired them all speedily with new life and courage. Under the pressure of the famine his example was as a star of hope, for he never yielded to despondency; and while with Brewster he threw them upon God for support and provision, he set in motion every possible instrumentality for procuring supplies."

But it is needless to follow out the eulogy, or enter further on the evidence of its truth. Most justly may it be said that Governor Bradford's history is the history of the colony. He was annually re-elected so long as he lived—excepting only five years, during which, at his own earnest request, he was relieved from the cares of his great trust. Winslow filled his place during three years, and Prince during the remaining two. To his moderation and public spirit, much of the character permanently stamped on the institutions of New England may still be traced. Had he been ambitious, much was in his power. Had he been the narrow-minded sectary that prejudice has pictured the Nonconformists of England in the seventeenth century, the elements of spiritual pride, and the despotism of bigotry were within his reach. But he was none of these; nor was that free colony of exiles for conscience' sake, the fit arena either for unsatisfied ambition or intolerant sectarianism.

"The frame of civil government in the colony," says Bancroft, "was of the utmost simplicity. A governor was chosen by general suffrage, whose power, always subordinate to the general will, was, at the desire of Bradford, specially restricted by a council of five, and afterward of seven, assistants. In the council, the governor had but a double vote. For more than eighteen years, the whole body of the male inhabitants constituted the legislature; the State was governed, like our towns, as a strict

democracy; and the people were frequently convened to decide on executive not less than on judicial questions. At length, the increase of population, and its diffusion over a wider territory, led to the introduction of the representative system, and each town sent its committee to the general court. We subsequently find the colony a distinct member of the earliest American Confederacy; but it is chiefly as guides and pioneers that the fathers of the old colony merit gratitude.

"Through scenes of gloom and misery, the Pilgrims showed the way to an asylum for those who would go to the wilderness for the purity of religion or the liberty of conscience. Accustomed 'in their native land to no more than a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry,' they set the example of colonizing New England, and formed the mould for the civil and religious character of its institutions. Enduring every hardship themselves, they were the servants of posterity, the benefactors of succeeding generations.

"In the history of the world, many pages are devoted to commemorate the men who have besieged cities, subdued provinces, or overthrown empires. In the eye of reason and of truth, a colony is a better offering than a victory; the citizens of the United States should rather cherish the memory of those who founded a state on the basis of democratic liberty, the fathers of the country; the men who, as they first trod the soil of the New World, scattered the seminal principles of republican freedom and national independence. They enjoyed, in anticipation, the thought of their extending influence, and the fame which their grateful successors would award to their virtues.

"'Out of small beginnings,' said Bradford, 'great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort to our whole nation.'—'Let it not be grievous to you—such was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrims in the season of their greatest sufferings—let it not be grievous to you, that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end.'"

Governor Bradford lived to the age of sixty-nine. He rejoiced in beholding the reward of his labors. The refuge of freedom, which he had anticipated as he embarked with the first Pilgrims in the *Mayflower*, had been realized. It may be that he looked forward with still higher hopes, and anticipated the future history, not of the colony only, but of the vast continent which he had helped to rescue from the wandering savage, that it might become the home of a race sprung from the old Saxon Fathers of England. He died on the 9th of May, 1657, "lamented," says Mather, "by all the colonies of New England, as a common blessing and father to them all." He was laid to rest, amid the Fathers of New England, on the brow of Burial Hill, from whence he had so often looked out in earlier years over the broad ocean that lay before him, watching in hope of tidings and of help from the land of his birth.

Two centuries had elapsed since the landing of the Fathers at Plymouth, when, on the 22d of December, 1820, the founding of New England and its liberties was celebrated with unwonted honors and rejoicing by the inheritors of their great bequest. The name of William Bradford, the Governor of New England, was then breathed with pride and veneration, and his memory revived as chief among the Fathers of the State. Subscriptions were entered into to provide some fit memorial of his worth, and in 1825 a marble monument was erected on the Burial Hill at Plymouth, to mark the spot where he and his son William lie buried.

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for February:

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Signs of the Last Day. Sermon by Martin Luther. (Concluded.)
The Coming European War. An Address by Rev. W. H. Daniels.
Former False Messiahs Among the Jews. By Dr. Towers.
Types, Forerunners, and Coming of Antichrist. By Rev. S. Johnson.
The Midnight Cry. Discourse by Rev. W. E. Chrismas.
Prophetic Aspect of the Influenza Epidemic.
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But his smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt or a fear,
Not a sigh or a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief, or, a loss,
Not a frown, or, a cross,
But is blest when we trust and obey.

But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them that will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet,
We will sit at His feet,
Or, we'll walk by His side in the way.
What He says we will do;
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear; only trust and obey.

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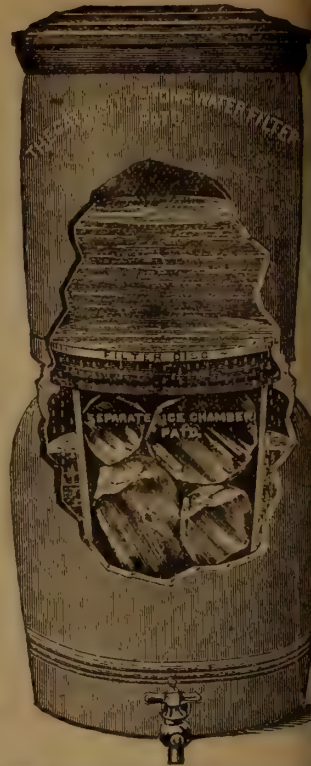
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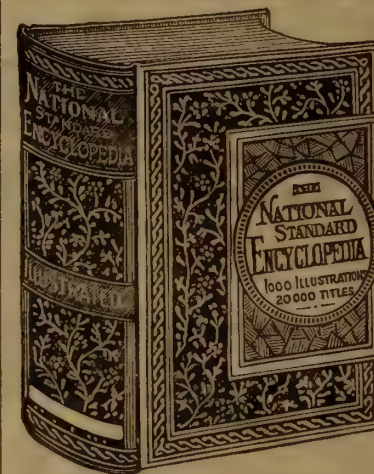
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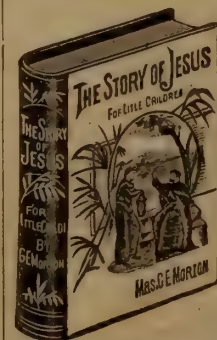
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Vol. XIII., No. 9. Office, Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1890.

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Rev. B. Fay Mills, the Eminent Evangelist—The Scotch Presbyterian Church in New York.

REV. B. FAY MILLS.

The Eminent Evangelist.

A Famous Father—A Thorough University Training—Becomes Pastor at Cannon Falls, Minn.—Home Mission Work in Dakota—Revival Services at Greenwich and Champlain, N. Y.—Pastorate at Rutland, Vt.—A United Appeal for Help from Middlebury—Services at North Adams—An Unmistakable Call to Evangelistic Service—Successful Meetings in Many Cities—Incidents in His Meetings in New Jersey.

READERS of this journal have noticed in the news columns from time to time records of wonderful seasons of blessing in connection with the labors of the Rev. B. Fay Mills. In nearly every section of the country, in cities and country villages, in churches of no less than twenty-one different denominations, Mr. Mills has preached, and wherever he has gone the result has been the same. God has blessed the word preached, and many souls have been converted. It will therefore be a gratification to the readers to have the portrait of him published on the first page this week, and some details of the life of one whose labors God has so signally honored.

Education.

B. Fay Mills was born in 1857 in New Jersey, where his father, the Rev. Thornton A. Mills, D. D., was well known and loved, not less for his philanthropic than for his ministerial labors. He commenced his college career at Andover at the early age of sixteen, and then proceeded to Hamilton College, N. Y. Subsequently he studied at Lake Forest University, Ill., where he graduated with high honors. After pursuing a course of special theological study under some of the ablest theologians in the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Mills was ordained at Cannon Falls, Minn., in 1878. While there he added to his pastoral labors some very arduous work in connection with the American Home Missionary Society.

First Revival Services.

During an extended evangelistic tour in the Black Hills, Dakota, Mr. Mills broke down under the strain, and came East to recuperate. He did not, however, discontinue labor, but preached at Greenwich and Champlain, N. Y. To the surprise of all, a revival of religion ensued, and there was a time of great blessing. No thought of evangelistic work was induced in the mind of Mr. Mills by this movement. He accepted an invitation to the West Parish of Rutland, Vt., and settled there in 1883. He found there a deplorable state of dissension, and much that made the prospects of success very dark, but he labored on in love and faith, and had the joy of seeing harmony and brotherly love take the place of unchristian feeling. Three years of happy successful labor followed before there was an unmistakable

Call to Evangelistic Service.

In January, 1886, the pastors of Middlebury had been praying for a deeper spiritual work in their churches, and were led by the reports they had heard of the happy results which had followed the work of Mr. Mills in Rutland, to invite him to hold special services in Middlebury. He accepted, and held meetings for two weeks, in which all the churches united. Over three hundred persons, including nearly all the students in the college, were led to Christ at those meetings. It was a blessed time for Middlebury, and the service of thanksgiving was a time of great enthusiasm. A call to North Adams shortly afterward had a similar result, and then Mr. Mills recognized that God had appointed him to this field of service. He accordingly resigned his pastorate in May, 1886, and from that time to this he has continuously labored in this deeply interesting but arduous work.

The Scenes of His Labors

have been many and varied. They commenced in Vermont, at Burlington, Brandon, and Vergennes. In New Jersey he held services in Washington, Morristown, Montclair, and Jersey City. In March, 1888, he was invited by Dr. Theodore Cuyler to hold services in his church in Brooklyn; and though Dr. Cuyler had never before asked the help of any evangelist he thanked God that he had been led to invite Mr. Mills, when he saw fully six hundred persons stand up and pledge themselves, in Christ's strength, henceforth to live for Him who had died for them. Dr. S. M. Hamilton, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in West Fourteenth Street, New York, also a few weeks ago gave manly testimony of a similar experience, owning that he had been prejudiced against special efforts of this kind, but that he was sincerely thankful for the results of

the meetings Mr. Mills had conducted. Only last week Dr. Hamilton spoke again with thankfulness of the permanence of the good achieved by Mr. Mills's visit.

At Charlestown, Lowell, and Fall River, Mass., the results of Mr. Mills's services were still more remarkable. Among the converts were some whose conversion seemed the most improbable of all events. They came from infidel clubs, from saloons and gaming tables, and from the haunts of vice. Cold, worldly Christians, the hardest of all men to move, became zealous, and a deep, earnest movement went through society. At Fall River four hundred new converts met at the closing service to join in the way appointed of celebrating the Lord's death "till He come." Still more remarkable was the harvest at Jersey City Heights, where no less than 1,250 persons made a profession of faith in Christ at his two weeks' meetings.

One important feature of Mr. Mills's work is the spirit of brotherly love between churches of various denominations which seems to spring up under his labors. Minor differences are forgotten; and pastors and people are surprised to find how much they have in common, and how readily they can work together in Mr. Mills's meetings. In Worcester, Mass., thirty churches joined in the work; in Providence, R. I., fifty churches; in Indianapolis, Ind., twenty-three churches; in Springfield, Mass., twenty churches; in Boston, Mass. (to which city Mr. Mills has paid four visits), thirty-four churches; and in Philadelphia (where he has been five times) fifty-four churches.

Remarkable Incidents

are related in connection with Mr. Mills's work. The Rev. William H. Belden, of Bridgeton, N. J., writing to a contemporary of the work in his city, mentions among others the case of "a young man who went in an unbelieving, scoffing spirit, but was broken right down in the prayer, and then and there gave his heart to the Lord; he became, and is now, a consistent member of one of the churches. A very wild young fellow, who was thoroughly linked in with boon companions, was won by the judicious personal approaches of the evangelist himself—certain other providential causes co-operating—and broke the circle of his set by an out-and-out surrender. A gay, giddy girl, who had long resisted the most zealous efforts of pastor and friends, came to the Lord through Mr. Mills's preaching, and she and her mother and four sisters renounced the world together. A man who confessed he had not looked into a Bible for five years, yielded himself; his sincerity has been demonstrated by the thoroughgoing way in which he has mastered and cast behind him his love for tobacco. A good man's bad son—two such—are reclaimed, gladdening their fathers' hearts and filling the streets with delightful testimony to the Lord's work. The latest house-building is a token of a father's new hope and joy in his child. It is all the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes; we rejoice that He sent us His servant, whom He so greatly owns and blesses for His appointed work."

THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE building in which some of Mr. Mills's services were held in New York was the Scotch Presbyterian Church, a picture of which appears on the first page. It is additionally interesting from the fact that the long and earnest discussion on revision recently took place within its walls. The call to the first pastor of this church—Rev. John Mason—was dated May 25, 1762. The beginning was small, but the people had an indomitable perseverance and a reliant faith. The numbers grew rapidly. Their first house of worship was a small frame building on the south side of Cedar Street, between Broadway and Nassau. In 1768 this building gave way to a more substantial stone edifice. Mr. Mason's labors were very successful up to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when he, with many members of his church, were compelled to leave the city because of their espousing the cause of the colonies. Mr. Mason entered the Continental army as a chaplain and served through the war. At its close he returned to the city and, by energetic work, soon had the church restored to comparative prosperity. This good and great man, after having the happiness of seeing a large increase in his beloved church during his ministry, died, greatly lamented, April 19, 1792.

In September of that year, Rev. John Mitchell Mason, son of the former pastor, began to act as supply. In March, 1793, the church presented him

a unanimous call, which he accepted. On May 12, 1810, he resigned his charge.

Rev. B. B. C. McLeod succeeded him, and pastor for about twelve years. During his ministry the congregation left the Associated Reform Church and joined the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. On May 26, 1824, Rev. Jos. McElroy, a man full of the Holy Spirit, was stilled as pastor of this church. During his pastorate of nearly fifty years, the church grew and prospered.

In 1836 a new and elegant house of worship, built on the corner of Grand and Crosby streets. In 1845 the church had 675 communicants. At the tide of population still moving northward in 1853 it was deemed best to buy land and build present edifice, on the north side of Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. Not long after this, McElroy's health began to fail under increasing years, and he died near the close of his eighty-fourth year, on October 16, 1876. On Sabbath evening October 19, 1873, Rev. S. M. Hamilton, D. D., present pastor, was installed.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE close of the interesting narrative of Dr. Talmage's tour in the Holy Land, which his companion, Mr. Louis Klopsch, has written, is as follows:

Dr. Talmage, in a recent letter to his multitudinous friends, has described in his own peculiar style our strange and interesting experience while sheltered from the inclemency of the weather beneath the roof of one of the many mud houses which constitute the ambitious Bedouin settlement known as the "Village of the Sun." So exceedingly licentious of the reverend gentleman's welfare are the two dusky wives of our amiable host, that their bright eyes were continually employed watching his movements from an opening in the wall, at the farther end of the hovel, large enough to enable them to alternately poke their heads into the room itself, until the candles were extinguished, and ensuing darkness rendered futile further effort in that direction. It was our first night in Syria—a never-to-be-forgotten night it was.

Early dawn the next morning found us in saddles ready for the journey to Damascus, the most ancient city on the face of the earth. We were on the most ancient of all highways, once the scene of the pursuit by Abraham of Chedorlaomer, and, many centuries after, of Saul's memorable journey while on his bloodthirsty mission to persecute and extirpate the early Christians. We descended a shoulder of

Mount Hermon,

eight thousand feet above the Mediterranean and near the reputed site of the scene of Transfiguration. From this great elevation we enjoyed command of our best view of Palestine. The Jordan and the Dead Sea were plainly visible, while before us in the distance lay Damascus, shaped like a spoon, and surrounded by those beautiful orange and pine groves. At our right Mount Hermon continued to rise five thousand feet higher than the place on which we were standing. A large portion of the snow crowning its summit finds its way to Damascus, there to be flavored with lemon and orange and pineapple and melon, after which served in the daintiest of dishes to the innumerable harems.

Nowhere in all Syria are the inhabitants more tolerant than in the villages that lie between Mount Hermon and Damascus, or more devout in religious duties. The sight of a Christian immediately results in all manner of manifestations of pleasure and contempt, and any expression relating to Mohammedanism is sure to result in a plosion of wrath. Everywhere we found Moslems engaged in prayer; and so formalistic are their devotions that they keep a strict account of the number of prayers offered, and should, for reason or other, there be an omission of the numerous prayers required of the faithful, at the very devotional exercise the service is repeated as many times as may be necessary to make up for the deficiency.

As it appeared quite evident that we could reach Damascus traveling at the customary rate, we wired for a carriage to come and meet us. Katana, near which, the inhabitants insist, is the site of Saul's marvellous vision and miraculous conversion to Christianity. While there may be no doubt as to the particular spot where that memorable event took place, there can be no question as to its having occurred somewhere in

mediate neighborhood, no other road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus. With the aid of the carriage, which came promptly, as ordered, we were enabled to accomplish our object; and while the setting sun was gilding the housetops and minarets we rode along the banks of the Abana, at divides Damascus its entire length.

The first impression one gets of
Damascus

is an exceedingly favorable one, and the principal approach to it is perfectly beautiful. Even in December the luxuriance of the foliage of the gardens, through which we passed to enter the city, defies description, and the deep glades with their pretty houses, the roofs of which are below the level of the well-graded road, which is completely shaded by majestic trees, planted on either side, present a scene that an abler pen than mine may shrink from describing. A Mohammedan mosque stands at the very entrance of this approach, and here daily are fed the poor of the city at the expense of the Church. It was already quite dark when we entered the city, and within a few minutes thereafter we found ourselves comfortably housed in the finest hotel Damascus can boast of. And no mean hotel it was. In fact, it was the first hotel since we landed at Joppa, at had a comfortably warmed dining-room. After sumptuous dinner we lingered a while at the table, and engaged with the host in a most interesting conversation; in the course of which he vehemently expatiated on the intolerance of the Turks, and the innumerable obstacles they put in his way. Among other things, they refused him the privilege to have windows facing the street, unless they are closely latticed, and hence the front rooms are almost entirely dark. Immediately off the dining-room, he showed us another, about fifteen feet square, which was rendered absolutely useless by the order of the Governor to wall up the windows. The Turks dared to do it they would repeat, he said, the massacre of 1860, when over six thousand Christians were ruthlessly slain by merciless hordes, who first set fire to their houses, and then hewed them down as they fled from the flames.

Although the largest of the cities of Turkey in Asia, Damascus is likewise one of the dirtiest and most fanatical; and yet, in spite of its filth, it is very attractive. Its bazaars are wonderful, and contain the most beautiful fabrics in bewildering profusion. But shopping is not enjoyable, as in our American cities. The ladies of our party were *up on*, and frequently treated with other expressions of marked contempt, because they appeared unveiled on the streets. Even the Turkish women join the men in these demonstrations, and visit to any of the shops was sure to draw a curious crowd. Deformities of all kinds are shamelessly exhibited, and specimens of elephantiasis, which causes limbs to swell to almost incredible proportions, and covers them with sickening, festering sores, are exposed at street corners. The dirty appearance of most of the houses found curious illustration in the reply elicited by an inquiry of the writer as to the location of a bank. "There," said the informant; "do you see that house on the next corner? Well, right next to it is another with clean windows, and that is the bank." Naturally

The "Street Called Straight," which is said to be the oldest street known, interested Dr. Talmage greatly, and thither we drove the morning after our arrival. It never was a very straight street, but recently it has actually been straightened out, and now deserves its name. A large portion of it is devoted to the use of shops, which form part of the bazaars, and is covered in order to make shopping practicable, and comparatively pleasant during the rainy season. There, also, we found the house on the wall, from a window of which Paul was let down in a basket to escape the wrath of the unbelieving Jews. The house of Naaman the Leper, on the site of which there is now the House of Lepers, is not far distant. Opposite the house on the wall is the tomb of George, the porter, who abetted Paul's escape, as tradition says, at the expense of his life.

No Eastern city can boast of more minarets than Damascus, and five times daily the cry resounds from each, "God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet," which constitutes a call to prayer to all faithful Moslems. Near every minaret are shops for the sale of camel's meat, of which every devoted follower of the Prophet makes a meal once each year. Huge sides of this meat are hung out, and attractively ornamented with garlands of colored paper similar to those used for the ornamentation

of Christmas trees. In addition, each quarter bears the Government tax stamp imprinted in pink and plainly visible. The Koran prescribes the use of camel's meat because Mohammed, when a shepherd, frequently subsisted on it. It is very popular with the poor people on account of its exceeding cheapness, and it is said to be as tough as it is cheap.

We remained in Damascus three days and then left for

Beyrout,

the most Christian city in Asia. Probably the swiftest and pleasantest diligence service in the world is that from Damascus to Beyrout. A French company owns and manages it, and it would be needless to say that this enterprise is in striking contrast to any enterprise conducted by the unspeakable Turk. The road between the two cities is in excellent condition and is a marvelous bit of engineering, crossing the mountains of Lebanon at a height of seven thousand feet. Six horses are harnessed to each conveyance, and these are changed every hour. The trip is of fourteen hours' duration, so that eighty-four horses are brought into use before its completion. With the exception of the beauty of the scenery, which increases in attractiveness all the way, there is nothing of special interest within the hundred and twenty miles along which the road extends. The villas which dot the approaches to Beyrout are surrounded by gardens of rare beauty, giving evidence of the good taste and ample means of their owners, most of whom are merchants in the city.

The gas-jets illuminating Beyrout were the first we had seen since leaving Athens. They afforded expectations of its appearance by daylight which, happily, we found to be fully justified. Beyrout is a handsome city containing about a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, a large percentage of whom are Christians, and civilized according to the highest European standard. These have gained a solid footing in Beyrout, which accounts for its being the most attractive city of all Turkey in Asia.

On Christmas Day we started on the journey homeward. Our parting from those who had accompanied us in various capacities during our pilgrimage through Palestine and Syria was full of sadness and tenderness. The guide was affected deeply, and we shall never forget his prayer invoking for us divine protection and heavenly benediction during the remainder of our trip. After our property had been inspected and our baggage thoroughly overhauled by the revenue officers, who collected one per cent. duty on all purchases made in their own country, we entered a rowboat and were taken over to the *Pandora* for a seven days' trip

On the Mediterranean.

Three days would have been an amply sufficient time for reaching Constantinople by a fast steamer, but as passenger traffic between the two cities is but incidental, and carrying freight the main consideration, the ship stops at all ports of importance, and the cargo is exchanged as the demands of trade may require. But a more interesting trip than this particular one, with its frequent interruptions, affording opportunities to go ashore and make observations on an average of once a day, cannot be imagined. Our first stop was at the island of Cyprus, where Larnica, an interesting city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, was the inducement to disembark. The Greek church, which claims the tomb of Lazarus as one of its attractions, was visited first. Here, it is said, Lazarus was buried after dying the second time, but the claim rests solely on unsupported tradition. After this we visited the scene of General di Cesnola's excavations, which we learned were interdicted by the Government. We bought a number of beautifully colored tear-bottles, of which only a few survived the energetic offices of the baggage-master. At Limasol, where we did not disembark, we enjoyed the pleasure of receiving on board a Grecian bride and groom, who during the balance of the trip treated us to Moody and Sankey's hymns sung in modern Greek. Between Limasol and Smyrna, the next stopping-place, lay Samos, Rhodes, and Patmos. This is the island on which St. John wrote the Book of Revelation. Every moment of the time not necessarily required for refreshment and sleep was spent on deck. The weather was simply grand and the scenery enchanting. Frequently away off among the mountains, rainbows took their start and rose in graceful curves along the sky, further ornamenting and beautifying what nature had already rendered bewilderingly glorious.

We reached Smyrna about 9 in the morning, just too late to catch the train to

Ephesus.

But such a trifle as this did not at all discourage us from making good our intention of visiting a city of such great importance in Scripture. We chartered a special train, and telegraphed in advance for horses and lunch. At half-past 9 our train started, rushing along with all the noise and confusion of a lightning express and the speed of an ordinary American freight train. We arrived at Ephesus, a distance of forty-eight miles, at twenty minutes past 1. Soon after reaching the hotel we were seated on six of the most miserable nags that this generation can boast of, for the use of which we agreed to pay one dollar each. On our return, after two hours, we men found ourselves each compelled to pay a dollar and sixty cents, and two dollars for each of the horses ridden by the ladies of the party. When we remonstrated with our host on the overcharges, he quietly informed us that the use of the horses was one dollar for each one, but this price did not include the hire of the saddles, which was three francs for an ordinary one and five francs each for those used by the ladies.

A visit to Ephesus pays. The old Roman aqueduct, with its innumerable stork nests, is the first object of antiquity that one sees in the city. After that there is no end of attractions. Even the very hedges teem with broken statuary and choice specimens of sculpture, which are used as common stones. The gigantic ruins of the Temple of Diana are imposing in the magnificence of their proportions, and their magnitude we found to exceed all that we had seen elsewhere. In comparison with them the Parthenon of Athens is as a village to a city. Two hundred and twenty years were spent in building the structure, and no known edifice has ever equalled it in dimensions or grandeur. Beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art abound in the ruins. The ruins of the theatre, which was once the scene of the great uproar recorded in Acts 19, enable one to form a pretty definite idea of what the building must have been at the time when it had a capacity for over fifty thousand visitors; and the stadium, or race-course, afforded accommodations for no less than seventy-five thousand spectators. It still exhibits the terraces which were cut in the rock for the convenience of its frequenters. But I must not linger longer among the ruins.

After an excellent lunch, of which various delicious preparations of rice formed the principal part, we again boarded the train and returned to Smyrna, where the glad news awaited us that the *Pandora* would not resume her trip until midnight. This afforded us the welcome opportunity of viewing the city. We found Smyrna a delightfully clean and attractive place. Dr. Talmage visited an everyday mission church, where he charmed the auditors with his matchless eloquence.

The next morning found us at *Mytilene*, where the American Consul received us cordially and insisted on showing us around. He presented us to Constantinos Valiadis, the Greek archbishop, and to Fahri Bey, the Turkish Governor. The former of those dignitaries conversed with us in German, and insisted on our partaking of Turkish Delight, the most popular, because the most delicious, of sweets, recommending it as a sure cure for dyspepsia, with which he had heard the American nation particularly was afflicted. The Governor, who was fairly covered with diamonds and other precious stones, spoke perfect English. He invited us to inspect the Turkish fortress at Mytilene. Before we left he sent one of his servants out into his garden to pick the choicest oranges, which included, as a matter of course, the delicious mandarin variety, for our refreshment.

At all these places we had recently visited Paul had stopped. In Ephesus, for three years, he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." From Mytilene he sailed to Samos, and thus pursued his journey to the end. How full of interest these places were to Dr. Talmage only he himself could tell. He delighted to roam about in them, and read habitually those passages in the Bible which made references to them. In the train on the way to Ephesus he read aloud the entire Epistle to the Ephesians.

Of our subsequent travels in Europe there is no necessity that I should write, the cablegrams published in the newspapers having kept the public fully informed regarding them. I therefore end here the recital of my experiences as his travelling companion with Dr. Talmage on his recent tour abroad.

TO BUILD THE NEW TABERNACLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE faced the usual multitude at the Academy of Music on Sunday morning, February 23, the building being crowded to the doors. He created somewhat of a sensation by making the following statement while he was giving out his notices:

We are building a new church. We will be worshipping in it next September if the means are furnished. All the congregation, and our friends the world over, want to know how we are going to accomplish it. The annual report of the treasurer, February 1, shows we have what represents \$104,000. We must have \$150,000 more in order to dedicate the church free of debt. We propose to raise it in this way:

Many know that I have become editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that this week I take that chair. Now all the subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received during this year through the efforts of this congregation and its friends, up to 150,000, will be paid directly to Mr. John Wood, Treasurer of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, for the Building Fund. The Board of Trustees of the Tabernacle will pay the bare cost of printing.

The price of the paper is \$1.50 a year. We intend through that paper to ask all the present subscribers in the various cities and neighborhoods in the United States, where the paper already circulates, to help us, and, more than all, we are going to ask every man, woman, and child here to-day, or connected with our church, or friendly to it, to go to work and see how many subscribers can be had. You will get a full equivalent for the \$1.50 that the paper costs. It will be a paper of compressed news, and as wide-awake and useful as we can make it. It will contain the sermons of this pulpit. We want you to subscribe for yourself, and to get your friends to subscribe, to appeal by letter to your friends abroad, and to subscribe for those in whose spiritual welfare you are interested. If you all lay hold of the work you can accomplish it, as I believe it will be accomplished, this year. This will in no wise interfere with other styles of subscription by those who want to give their money directly to the church, and without any reference to the newspaper spoken of. Please let us hear from you all this week. Many are anxious to help. Do not wait for some one to call on you. The more manly and womanly way will be to send or go direct to Mr. John Wood, treasurer of our church, 223 Fulton St., two doors from Concord. Do not send any of the money or subscriptions to me. A meeting of the congregation and their friends will be held immediately after the benediction this morning, when you will please come up and report how many CHRISTIAN HERALDS you will be responsible for, or how much you will subscribe directly to the church building fund. As for myself, I subscribe a year of service without any salary. For the rebuilding of our church I do not propose to beg and implore and beseech, as ministers generally do when building churches. I did that for the two previous churches we built in Brooklyn, and the anxieties and worriments nearly took my life. I cannot do it again. Why build to expensive a church? Because nothing is too good for the Lord. Though He was born in a manger, that is no reason why He should be worshipped in a barn.

HENRY W. GRADY.

A Memorial Sermon to the great Editor and Orator preached by Dr. Talmage last Sunday morning, February 23, 1890.

"Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen." Isa 8:1.

God's Mandate to Editors—The Pen Laid Down Forever—Tidings of Mr. Grady's Death—Where they were Received—The Orphaned Boy—The University from which Orphans Graduate—Senseless Praise of Longevity—Lives Measured by Achievements—Can an Editor be a Christian—Grady's Life a Practical Proof—A Great Intellect Gospelized—Mr. Gladstone's Testimony—Editorial Responsibilities—The Patriot Editor—A Representative of the New Era—The Influenza Scourge.

To Isaiah, with royal blood in his veins, and a habitant of palaces, does this divine order come. He is to take a roll, a large roll, and write on it with a pen, not an angel's pen, but a man's pen. So God honored the pen, and so He honored manuscript. In our day the mightiest roll is the religious and secular newspaper, and the mightiest pen is the editor's pen, whether for good or evil. And God says now to every literary man, and especially to every journalist, "Take thee a great roll and

write in it with a man's pen." Within a few weeks one of the strongest, most vivid, and most brilliant of those pens was laid down on the editorial desk in Atlanta, never again to be resumed.

I was far away at the time. We had been sailing up from the Mediterranean Sea, through the Dardanelles, which region is unlike anything I ever saw on earth where God has done so many picturesque things with islands. They are somewhat like the Thousand Islands of our American St. Lawrence, but more like heaven. Indeed, we had just passed Patmos, the place from which John had his apocalyptic vision. Constantinople had seemed to come out to greet us, for your approach to that city is different from any other city. Other cities as you approach them seem to retire, but this city, with its glittering minarets and pinnacles, seems almost to step into the water to greet you. But my landing there, that would have been to me an exhilaration, was suddenly stunned with the tidings of the death of my intimate friend, Henry W. Grady.

I could hardly believe the tidings, for I had left on my study table at home letters and telegrams from him, those letters and telegrams having a warmth and geniality, and a wit, such as he only could express. The departure of no public man for many years has so affected me. For days I walked about as in a dream, and I resolved that, getting home, I would, for the sake of his bereaved household, and for the sake of his bereaved profession, and for the sake of what he had been to me, and shall continue to be as long as memory lasts, I would speak a word in appreciation of him, the most promising of Americans, and learn some of the salient

Lessons of His Departure.

I have no doubt that he had enemies, for no man can live such an active life as he lived, or be so far in advance of his time, without making enemies, some because he defeated their projects, and some because he outshone them. Owls and bats never did like the rising sun. But I shall tell you how he appeared to me, and I am glad that I told him while he was in full health what I thought of him. Memorial orations and gravestone epitaphs are often mean enough, for they say of a man after he is dead that which ought to have been said of him while living. One garland for a living brow is worth more than a mountain of japonicas and callalilies heaped on a funeral casket. By a little black volume of fifty pages containing the eulogiums and poems uttered and written at the demise of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Lincoln and Sumner, the world tried to pay for the forty years of obloquy it heaped upon those living giants. If I say nothing in praise of a man while he lives I will keep silent when he is dead. Myrtle and weeping-willow can never do what ought to have been done by amaranth and palm branch. No amount of "Dead March in Saul" rumbling from big organs at the obsequies can atone for non-appreciation of the man before he fell on sleep. The hearse cannot do what ought to have been done by chariot. But there are important things that need to be said about our friend, who was a prophet in American journalism, and who, only a few years ago, heard the command of my text, "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen."

The Orphan Boy.

His father dead, Henry W. Grady, a boy fourteen years of age, took up the battle of life. It would require a long chapter to record the names of orphans who have come to the top. When God takes away the head of the household, He very often gives to some lad in that household a special qualification. Christ remembers how that His own Father died early, leaving Him to support Himself and His mother and His brothers in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and He is in sympathy with all boys and all young men in the struggle. You say: "Oh, if my father had only lived I would have had a better education, and I would have had a more promising start, and there are some wrinkles on my brow that would not have been there." But I have noticed that God makes a special way for orphans. You would not have been half the man you are if you had not been obliged from your early days to fight your own battles. What other boys got out of Yale or Harvard you got in

The University of Hard Knocks.

Go among successful merchants, lawyers, physicians, and men of all occupations and professions, and there are many of them who will tell you, "At ten, or twelve, or fifteen years of age I started for

myself; father was sick, or father was dead." But somehow they got through and got up. I account for it by the fact that there is a special dispensation of God for orphans. All hail! the fatherless and the motherless! The Lord Almighty will see you through. Early obstacles for Mr. Grady were only the means for development of his intellect and heart. And lo! when at thirty-nine years of age he put down his pen and closed his lips for the perpetual silence, he had done a work which many a man who lives on to sixty and seventy and eighty years never accomplishes.

What is Long Life?

There is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity, as though it were a wonderful achievement to live a good while. Ah, my friends, it is not how long we live, but how well we live and how usefully we live. A man who lives to eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he did not accomplish anything which seemed worth record. Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methuselahs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methuselah's nine hundred and sixty-nine? Robert McCheyne died at thirty years of age, and John Summerfield at twenty-seven years of age, but neither earth nor heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness. Longevity! Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness, but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

An Editor's Question.

One of our able New York journals last spring printed a question and sent it to many people, and among others, to myself: "Can the editor of a secular journal be a Christian?" Some of the newspapers answered, No. I answered, Yes; and, lest you may not understand me, I say, Yes, again. Summer before last, riding with Mr. Grady from religious meeting in Georgia on a Sunday night, he said to me some things which I now reveal for the first time, because it is appropriate now that I reveal them. He expressed his complete faith in the gospel, and expressed his astonishment and his grief that in our day so many young men were rejecting Christianity. From the earnestness and the tenderness and the confidence with which he spoke of these things, I concluded that when Henry W. Grady made public profession of his faith in Christ and took his place at the holy communion in the Methodist Church he was honest and truly Christian. That conversation that Sunday night, first in the carriage and then resumed in the hotel, impressed me in such a way that when I simply heard of his departure without any of the particulars, I concluded that he was ready to go. I warrant there was no fright in the last exigency, but that he found what is commonly called "the last enemy" a good friend, and from his home on earth he went to home in heaven. Yes, Mr. Grady not only demonstrated that an editor may be a Christian, but that a very great intellect may be gospelized.

His Mental Capacity

was so wonderful it was almost startling. I have been with him in active conversation while at the same time he was dictating to a stenographer editorials for the *Atlanta Constitution*. But that intellect was not ashamed to bow to Christ. Among his last dying utterances was a request for the prayers of the churches in his behalf. There was that particular quality in him that you do not find in more than one person out of hundreds of thousands—namely, personal magnetism. People have tried to define that quality, and always failed, yet we have all felt its power. There are some persons who have only to enter a room or step upon a platform, or into a pulpit, and you are thrilled by the presence, and when they speak your nature responds, and you cannot help it. What is this peculiar influence with which such a magnetic person takes hold of social groups and audiences? Without attempting to define this, which is indefinable, I will say it seems to correspond to the waves of the air set in motion by the voice or the movements of the body. Just like that atmospheric vibration is the moral or spiritual vibration which rolls out from the soul of what we call magnetic person. As there may be a cord or rope binding bodies together, there may be an invisible cord binding souls. A magnetic man throws

wer others as a hunter throws a lasso. Mr. Grady was surcharged with this influence, and it was employed for patriotism and Christianity, and elevated purposes.

Mr. Gladstone's Testimony.

You may not know why, in the conversation which I had with Mr. Gladstone a few weeks ago, he uttered these memorable words about Christianity, some of which were cabled to America. He was speaking in reply to this remark: I said, "Mr. Gladstone, we are told in America by some people that Christianity does very well for weak-minded men, and children in the infant class, but it is not it for stronger-minded men; but when we mention you, of such large intellectuality, as being a pronounced friend of religion, we silence their batteries." Then Mr. Gladstone stopped on the hillside where we were exercising and said: "The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith in religion. Sir," said he, with flashing eye and uplifted hand, "talk about the questions of the day, there's but one question, and that is the Gospel. That can and will correct every thing. Do you have any of that dreadful agnosticism in America?" Having told him we had, he went on to say: "I am profoundly thankful that none of my children or kindred have been blasted by it. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. Why, sir," he said, "I have been in public position fifty-eight years, and forty-seven years in the Cabinet of the British Government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century and all but five of the sixty were Christians. He then named the four leading physicians and surgeons of his country, calling them by name, and remarking upon the high qualities of each of them, and added, "They are all thoroughly Christian."

My friends, I think it will be quite respectable for a little longer to be the friends of religion. William E. Gladstone a Christian; Henry W. Grady a Christian. What the greatest of Englishmen said of England is true of America, and of all Christendom.

The Men at the Top

are the friends of God, and believers in the sanctities of religion, the most eminent of the lawyers, the most eminent of the doctors, the most eminent of the merchants, and there are no better men in all our land than some of those who sit in editorial chairs. And if that does not correspond with your acquaintanceship, I am sorry that you have fallen into bad company. In answer to the question put last spring, "Can a secular journalist be a Christian?" I not only answer in the affirmative, but I assert that so great are the responsibilities of that profession, so infinite and eternal the consequences of their obedience or disobedience of the words of my text, "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen," and so many are the surrounding temptations, that the men of no other profession more deeply need the defences and the reinforcements of the grace of God.

Editorial Responsibility.

And then look at the opportunities of journalism. I praise the pulpit and magnify my office, but I state a fact which you all know when I say that where the pulpit touches one person the press touches five hundred. The vast majority of people do not go to church, but all intelligent people read the newspapers. While, therefore, the responsibility of the ministers is great, the responsibility of editors and reporters is greater. Come, brother journalists, and get your ordination, not by the laying on of human hands, but by the laying on of the hands of the Almighty. To you is committed the precious reputation of men and the more precious reputation of women. Spread before our children an elevated literature. Make sin appear disgusting and virtue admirable. Believe good rather than evil. While you show up the hypocrisies of the Church, show up the stupendous hypocrisies outside the Church. Be not, as some of you are, the mere echoes of public opinion; make public opinion. Let the great roll on which you write with a man's pen be a message of light and liberty and kindness, and an awakening of moral power. But who is sufficient for these things? Not one of you, without divine help. But get that influence, and the editors and reporters can go up and take this world for God and the truth. The mightiest opportunity in all the world for usefulness to-day is open before editors and reporters and publishers, whether of knowledge on foot, as in the book, or knowledge on the wing, as in the newspaper. I pray God,

men of the newspaper press, whether you hear or read this sermon, that you may rise up to your full opportunity and that you may be divinely helped and rescued and blessed.

Editorial Usefulness.

Some one might say to me: "How can you talk thus of the newspaper press, when you yourself have sometimes been unfairly treated and misrepresented?" I answer that in the opportunity the newspaper press of this country and other countries have given me week by week to preach the Gospel to the nations, I am put under so much obligation that I defy all editors and reporters, the world over, to write anything that shall call forth from me one word of bitter retort from now till the day of my death. My opinion is, that all reformers and religious teachers, instead of spending so much time and energy in denouncing the press, had better spend more time in thanking them for what they have done for the world's intelligence, and declaring their magnificent opportunity, and urging their employment of it all for beneficent and righteous purposes.

The Christian Patriot.

Again, I remark that Henry W. Grady stood for Christian patriotism irrespective of political spoils. He declined all official reward. He could have been Governor of Georgia, but refused it. He could have been Senator of the United States, but declined it. He remained plain Mr. Grady. Nearly all the other orators of the political arena, as soon as the elections are over, go to Washington, or Albany, or Harrisburg, or Atlanta, to get, in city or State or national office, reward for their services, and not getting what they want spend the rest of the time of that Administration in pointing about the management of public affairs, or cursing Harrison or Cleveland. When the great political campaigns were over Mr. Grady went home to his newspaper. He demonstrated that it is possible to toil for principles which he thought to be right, simply because they were right. Christian patriotism is too rare a commodity in this country. Surely the joy of living under such free institutions as those established here ought to be enough reward for political fidelity. Among all the great writers that stood at the last Presidential election on Democratic and Republican platforms, you cannot recall in your mind ten who were not themselves looking for remunerative appointments. Aye, you can count them all on the fingers of one hand. The most illustrious specimen of that style of man for the last ten years was Henry W. Grady.

A Representative of the New Era.

Again, Mr. Grady stood for the new South, and was just what we want to meet three other men, one to speak for the new North, another for the new East, and another for the new West. The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was that made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. I sat with him that evening and knew something of his anxieties, for he was to tread on dangerous ground and might by one misspoken word have antagonized forever both sections. His speech was a victory that thrilled all of us who heard him, and all who read him. That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for pacification, great for bravery, will go down to the generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, William Wirt's speech at the arraignment of Aaron Burr, Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings, Robert Emmet's speech for his own vindication.

Who will in conspicuous action represent the new North as he did the new South? Who shall come forth for the new East, and who for the new West? Let old political issues be buried,

Let Old Grudges Die.

Let new theories be launched. With the coming in of a new nation at the gates of Castle Garden every year, and the wheat-bin and corn-crib of our land enlarged with every harvest, and a vast multitude of our population still plunged in illiteracy to be educated, and moral questions abroad involving the very existence of our republic, let the old political platforms that are worm-eaten be dropped, and platforms that shall be made of two planks, the one the Ten Commandments, and the other the Sermon on the Mount, lifted for all of us to stand on. But there is a lot of old politicians grumbling all around the sky who don't want a new South, a new North, a new East, or a new West. They have some old war speeches that they prepared in 1861, that in all our autumnal elections they feel called upon to inflict upon the country. They grow louder and

louder in proportion as they are pushed back further and further, and the Henry W. Grady's come to the front. But the mandate, I think, has gone forth from the throne of God that a new American nation shall take the place of the old, and the new has been baptized for God and liberty, and justice and peace, and morality and religion.

And now our much-lamented friend has gone to give account. Suddenly the facile and potent pen is laid down, and the eloquent tongue is silent. What? Is there no safeguard against fatal disease? The impersonation of stout health was Mr. Grady. What compactness of muscle! What ruddy complexion! What flashing eye! Standing with him in a group of twenty or thirty persons at Piedmont, he looked the healthiest, as his spirits were the blithest. Shall we never feel again the hearty grasp of his hand, or be magnetized with his eloquence? Men of the great roll, men of the pen, men of wit, men of power, if our friend

Had to Go When the Call Came.

so must you when your call comes. When God asks you what you have done with your pen, or your eloquence, or your wealth, or your social position, will you be able to give satisfactory answer? What have we been writing all these years? If mirth, has it been innocent mirth, or that which tears and stings and lacerates? From our pen have there come forth productions healthy or poisonous? In the last great day, when the warrior must give account of what he has done with his sword, and the merchant what he has done with his yardstick, and the mason what he has done with his trowel, and the artist what he has done with his pencil, we shall have to give account of what we have done with our pen. There are gold pens, and diamond pens, and pens of exquisite manufacture, and every few weeks I see some new kind of pen, each said to be better than the other; but in the great day of our arraignment before the Judge of quick and dead that will be the most beautiful pen, whether gold or steel or quill, which never wrote a profane or unclean or cruel word, or which from the day it was carved, or split at the nib, dropped from its point kindness and encouragement and help and gratitude to God, and benediction for man.

The Influenza Plague.

May God comfort that torn up Southern home, and all the homes of this country, and of all the world which have been swept by this plague of influenza, which has deepened sometimes into pneumonia, and sometimes into typhus, and the victims of which are counted by the ten thousand! Satan, who is the "Prince of the Power of the Air," has been poisoning the atmosphere in all nations. Though it is the first time in our remembrance, he has done the same thing before. In 1696 the unwholesome air of Cairo, Egypt, destroyed the life of ten thousand in one day; and in Constantinople in 1714 three hundred thousand people died of it. I am glad that by the better sanitation of our cities, and wider understanding of hygienic laws, and the greater skill of physicians, these Apollyonic assaults upon the human race are being resisted, but pestilential atmosphere is still abroad. Hardly a family here but has felt its lighter or heavier touch. Some of the best of my flock fell under its power, and many homes here represented have been crushed.

Reunion.

The fact is, the biggest failure in the universe is this world, if there be no heaven beyond. But there is, and the friends who have gone there are many and very dear. Oh, tearful eyes, look up to the hills crimsoning with eternal morn! That reunion kiss will more than make up for the parting kiss; and the welcome will obliterate the good-by. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Till then, oh departed loved ones, promise us that you will remember us, as we promise to remember you; and some of you, gone up from this city by the sea, and others from under southern skies, and others from the homes of the more rigorous North, and some from the cabins on great western farms, we shall meet again when our pen has written its last word, and our arm has done its last day's work, and our lips have spoken the last adieu.

And now, thou great and magnificent soul of editor and orator! under brighter skies we shall meet again. From God thou camest, and to God thou hast returned. Not broken down, but ascended. Not collapsed, but irradiated. Enthroned one! Coroneted one! Sceptred one! Emparadised one! Hail and farewell.

THE DAY OF CONSUMMATION.

By the Earl of Cavan.

Signs of Christ's Second Advent—The Blindness of the World to the Signs of the First Advent—Two Watchers Then—Simeon and Anna—The Right Attitude for Christians Now—Three Duties Incumbent—The Transfiguration Typical—Three Events Predicted—I. The Restoration of the Jews—II. The Development of Antichrist—A Man, not a System—The Speaking Image—III. The Appearance of Christ—First, to His People—Second, to the World—Three Vivid Contrasts.

THE subject of our Lord's Second Advent is one that has been too much overlooked, but now, in these latter days, those who have closely studied the Word of Christ, and are looking forward to His glorious appearing, cannot but rejoice to give the more earnest heed to it, because it is evidently

Fast Approaching.

Just as on the occasion of the First Coming of our Lord there were some, of whom mention is made in Holy Scripture, who were looking for and expecting that First Coming, so, in like manner, how much more essential and important is it for us who are living in the Last Days to be anxiously looking for and expecting a speedy return of our Blessed Lord when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe on Him. We read in the second chapter of Luke about Simeon, who, it is said, was "just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was upon him." We find still further in that chapter that "Anna, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." Now I believe that the Lord's people ought to be in a similar expectant and

Waiting Attitude,

looking for the speedy pre-millennial Advent of our Blessed Lord. And I hold it to be clearly shown in Scripture that the personal return of Christ, as foretold in Acts 1:11, will take place before the millennium of a thousand years, and that He will reign during that period with the saints of the First Resurrection over the nations of the earth.

Our Lord Himself opened up the subject of the prophetic events which will accompany His Second Advent, in the thirteenth chapter of Mark, when His disciples asked Him, "What shall be the Sign when all these things shall be fulfilled," or, as St. Matthew expresses it, "What shall be the Sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age." That prophetic discourse concludes with most admonitory words, "Take ye heed: watch and pray; for the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work; and commanded the porter to watch: watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." Here are mentioned

Three Duties Incumbent

upon every Christian—to be *watching*, to be *praying*, and to be *working*: each individual has his appointed work. Our Master has given to each of us one or more talents, and He has said, "Occupy till I come." We are to be diligently occupying until He returns. We cannot but fear that, at the present day, there is a tendency to spiritual torpor. Even the very activity and bustle of the world around us tend to lead us away from a close walk with God, and from steady, prayerful working in His service. It is needful for us to keep in mind the apostle's exhortation in Ephesians, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." While our Lord has gone away to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return, let us, who are children of the light and children of the day, be stirred up to greater diligence in His service, and "not sleep as do others, but watch and be sober."

The Apostle Peter, as well St. Paul, refers fully to this subject. In his Second Epistle he speaks of the scene of the transfiguration, which he had witnessed, as

A Typical Representation

of the future coming of Christ in His kingdom of glory; and he adds, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye may take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

Most animating is this prospect which lies before

us, "of the power and coming of the Lord Jesus Christ" to raise from their graves the bodies of the deceased saints, and to transfigure and translate His waiting people, who shall then be living on the earth, to meet Him in the heavens and to gather them all together into His presence in one united and glorified company.

Let us endeavor to keep prominently in our mind

Three Leading Events,

which are to characterize the last days of this dispensation: first, *the restoration of the Jews*; secondly, *the manifestation of a personal Antichrist*; and thirdly, *the Lord's personal advent in glory*.

I. First, as regards *the national restoration of the Jews*, we have this fully predicted in the last chapter of Zechariah, as well as in the four previous chapters, and also in the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel, and in the 11th of Romans. It appears that a restoration of some of the Jews to Palestine in an unconverted state will take place about seven years before the end of this dispensation, as foretold in the concluding verse of the 9th chapter of Daniel. "He shall confirm a covenant with many for one week, or hebdomad [a week of seven years], and in the midst of the week, He shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the over-spreading of abominations He shall make it desolate, even until that determined shall be poured upon the desolator." (Daniel 9:27.)

It thus seems that a "Prince that shall come," spoken of in the previous verse, will promote their return to Palestine by making a seven years' covenant with many of them, but in the midst of the seven years will put a stop to their renewed sacrifices, and temple-worship, and will cause his image, the abomination of desolation, to be set up in their rebuilt temple during the remaining three and a half years. This is referred to by our Lord in Matthew 24:15.

II. And this brings before us, in the second place, *the manifestation and career of this*

Personal Antichrist

who, after appearing as the friend of the Jews, and promoting their restoration, will, during the latter half of the week of years, mentioned by Daniel, become the great persecutor both of them and of Christians. This final period of three and a half years, during which the great tribulation and persecution by the Personal Antichrist is to prevail with such unequalled violence and severity, is clearly predicted in Daniel and Revelation as 1260 days, or 42 months, or a time, times, and half-time. I understand these expressions beyond all doubt to signify literally three years and a half. And although the Pope and Popery have been a dreadful Antichrist, yet there will still arise this Last Personal Antichrist,

An Individual Man,

as distinctly foretold in St. John's first epistle, "He is an Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." (2:22.) Instead of being a professing Christian, like the Pope, he will be an avowed infidel.

He is further described, in the second chapter of 11 Thessalonians, as *the Man of Sin*, who shall sit, as God, in the Temple of God at Jerusalem, showing Himself that he is God, and whom the Lord shall at last destroy with the brightness of his personal Coming. His career is particularly set forth in the 13th and 17th chapters of Revelation, where it is stated that he is to be Head over the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire, which are to give their power and strength to him, and is to have "authority given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations;" and is to make war with the saints for forty-two months, or three and a half years, and is to overcome them, and all that dwell upon the earth, except the elect, are to worship Him; and all the world is to wonder after him, and exclaim, "Who is like him? who is able to make war with him?"

The Speaking Image.

I fully believe that nothing has ever yet happened at all approaching to the fulfilment of this description; the power of the Pope and Popery has by no means ever yet approximated to the degree of power here depicted. In fact, the Pope has never claimed or received divine worship as God from any one at all, and far less from *all that dwell upon the earth except the elect*. (Rev. 13:8.) Moreover, the nature of this persecution for three and a half years is further particularized. The Man of Sin is to have an image of himself fabricated by human hands; and by Satanic power this naturally lifeless image is to have life given to it so that it shall speak; and as many as refuse to worship it, or to receive the mark of this Man of Sin in their foreheads or right hands, are to be killed. (Rev. 13:15-18.)

Let us carefully bear in mind that it is by the energy and power of that great and mysterious being, Satan, that the Antichrist will be enabled to accomplish his miraculous and unparalleled career of evil. The tremendous power of Satan, which is incessantly at work, has been too much overlooked by Christian people, but events are approaching which will demand for it much deeper attention. The apostle warns us that we wrestle not merely against foes of flesh and blood, but against wicked spirits in the regions of the air. (See Ephesians 6:12.) Satan is the Prince of the power of the air as well as the god of this world.

Satan Incarnate.

We find, however, in the 12th chapter of Revelation, that he is to be dislodged and cast down, with all his evil angels, from the air upon this earth previously to the great tribulation of three and a half years; and is then to enter into and energize the Personal Antichrist, and is to give to him "his power and his throne, and great authority," and thus to raise him up as the prime agent by whom to conduct the final struggle against Christ and His people (Rev. 13:2). Most solemn is the voice from heaven uttered in reference to that period, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12:12).

Two Stages of the Advent.

III. In reference to the third leading event which we should keep in view, namely, *the personal Second Advent of Christ in glory*, it is generally agreed that it will take place in two stages or acts. The earlier stage is when He descends into the air, and when the bodies of the dead in Christ shall be raised to life and be caught up, together with those living Christians who love His appearing, and look for His coming, and are ready for it, to meet Him in the air; this occurrence precedes the final three and a half years which is the term of Antichrist's career (1 Thess. 4:16, 17; Matt. 25:10).

The later and concluding stage of our Lord's Advent will consist in His descent from the air upon the very surface of the Mount of Olives, as predicted in Zechariah 14:1, 2, when Antichrist and his hosts will be totally overthrown at the final conflict. This is also set forth in the 19th chapter of Revelation, where we have

Three Vivid Contrasts:

the two women, the Bride, the Lamb's wife glorified, and the Scarlet Woman, harlot Babylon, at the same time consumed with fire; *the two suppers*, the joyous Marriage Supper of the Lamb (which may God grant every one of us may be admitted to sit down at), and the dismal Supper of vengeance, to which the birds of prey are invited to feast upon the flesh of Antichrist's hosts; and *the*

Two Armies,

the army of the Lamb, composed of His Saints clothed in fine linen and mounted upon white horses, and the army of Antichrist, consisting of the kings of the earth and their armies under his leadership, gathered together to Armageddon to war against the Lamb and against His army; but the imperial Antichrist and his ecclesiastical minister, the false prophet, will be cast alive into the lake of fire, and their vast military hosts slain with the sword of the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Then Satan will be bound in the bottomless pit for a thousand years, and the surviving inhabitants of the earth that are spared, will become converted to true Christianity, and, together with their posterity, will constitute the subjects of

The Millennium

kingdom of Christ and His glorified Saints of the First Resurrection, who will reign over them from heaven during the thousand years. At the close of this period Satan, being loosed from the bottomless pit, will produce a general apostasy of mankind, but is once more captured and consigned to the lake of fire. Then is to follow the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, and the entire disappearance of the sea, in conjunction with the general judgment of the wicked at the Tribunal of the great White Throne. (See Revelation 20 and 21:1.) Well may we exclaim, in looking forward to these impressive and solemn scenes, "Oh the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!"

Holy Ghost Days. By Mrs. M. Baxter.—A volume containing 144 pages. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 35 cents including postage. Address Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 41 Bible House, New York.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

3. Lesson for March 9, Luke 4: 31-44; Golden Text, Matt. 8: 16.

Statute and a Promise—The Threefold Power of Jesus—Satan Causing Sickness and Death—Jesus Informed by Circumstances—Willing to Change the Sphere of His Work—A Momentous Question—The Confession of the Unclean Demon—Its Obedience to Christ—Disease Rebuked—The Sick Brought into the Streets—Jesus the Healer Still.

WHO is the Great Physician? Let God answer in His own Word. "I am the Lord that heal thee," or, as translated by Luther, "I am the Lord thy Physician." It was spoken in connection with the first law or statute which is on record as given in the Word of God. "There He made

A Statute and an Ordinance,

and there He proved them and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee." Before the ten commandments were given this statute was made, binding obedience and instituting God Himself as His people's Physician. The study of medicine is not only known (Job 13: 4; 11 Chron. 16: 12; 1 Sam. 8: 22), but had made considerable progress in Egypt. Yet God reserved to Himself the right of healing for His own people when they were sick, and as we find that, when Jacob was sick, his sons were called around his dying bed, but the physicians were only called in to embalm his dead body after death! (Gen. 48, 49, 50: 1-3.)

Jesus is essentially the Great Physician, because His power comprehends the whole being in each case which he undertakes, that "spirit and soul and body be preserved entire." (1 Thess. 5: 23.) Sickness came into the world, like sin, as a fruit of the fall and a work of the devil. Our great enemy is "the power of death" (Heb. 2: 14), and God's Word shows that he has much to do with sickness, not only within limits which God prescribes. It is Satan who "smote Job with sore boils," but He healed him. Satan bound the poor woman fifteen years with her infirmity. (Luke 13: 11, 16.) The healings of Jesus are declared to have been performed on those who "were oppressed of the devil" (Acts 10: 34), and in His work of healing He destroyed the works of the devil. (1 John 3: 8.) The devil has power to make man blind and dumb (Matt. 12: 22), to cause epilepsy (Matt. 17: 14-18, R. V.), to lead to self-destruction. (Mark 5: 5.) Jesus came with quite another mission.

It is an "old wives' fable" that sickness is God's chosen way of blessing His people. None can deny that in times of sickness, when men are forced to stay away from their ordinary occupations, God has the chance to get their ear, as He cannot in the press and hurry of commercial or fashionable life among the rich, or in the struggle for a living among the poor. But if it were the sickness itself which was the blessing, then Jesus must have done anything but His Father's will when, in connection with His teaching the Gospel of the kingdom, "He healed in manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." (Matt. 4: 23.) Yet He could not "do always those things that please Him." (John 8: 29.) It pleased the Father that the blind should receive their sight, and the lame walk, the deaf be cleansed, and the deaf hear (Matt. 11: 5), and, thank God! what pleased Him then pleases Him now also. It is

A Strange Blindness,

which has fallen upon many of the Christian workers of this day, that they should count it almost a disgrace to trust the Lord to do that which He has said He would do, when He has never recalled His promise. One of the most prominent Christian workers in London, "whose praise is in all the churches," was crossing over from New York last year, and declared to a fellow-passenger that there was no well-authenticated case of the Lord's healing without remedies! Can he be ignorant that the numbers number thousands, and are increasing every day? This man of God has never taken the trouble to attend a meeting for Divine healing, where he might question those who give their testimony. He takes for granted that a faith which he has never exercised in some of the promises of God is necessarily not true in others. Let us beware of judging others by ourselves.

Jesus left Nazareth; the attempt upon His life by

those who had been impressed in the synagogue had failed. Until His hour was come, the Son of God could not fall into the hands of man. He came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and He was teaching them on the Sabbath day (R. V.). Jesus was not discouraged by persecution. Hindered in one city, He did precisely the same thing in another. He knew His Father overruled all, and as He never set His heart on a certain plan of work in a certain place, but was willing to be interrupted at any time, He was not put out by circumstances. He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. (John 6: 38.)

The same power which accompanied Him at Nazareth was manifest here also. "They were astonished at His teaching, for His word was with authority." (R. V.) But it was the authority of Another, of His Father; very unlike the self-assertion of some, who are wise in their own conceits (Rom. 12: 16). Wherever the Word of God is preached with power, there the enemy of souls will be present to withstand it. "In the synagogue there was a man with an unclean devil" (or demon). The power of God was too much for this inhabitant of hell. Oh, it is strange, yet terribly true, that demons are more sensitive than lost sinners to the power of God. The poor possessed man, the helpless instrument of the demon, cried out, "Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth; I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God."

"What Have We to do With Thee?"

It is a question which every unsaved man and woman and child would do well to ask. God has sent His own Son into the world to save my soul; what have I to do with Him just now? What has He to do with me? He has undertaken my cause, prevailed for me, obtained a free pardon for me, but is waiting for my signature, and I have delayed. He has fought the devil for me, regained the ground which was lost through sin, and is become the devil's master, and He offers me the place of victory, and I—am I waiting for my signature to my own death-warrant as crucified with Christ, that not I may live, but Christ in me? Is He, indeed, my Healer? Has He, indeed, taken my infirmities, and borne my sicknesses, that He might purchase healing power for me, and have I failed to sign away that body which He bought with blood as His? Am I tending it, doctoring it, nursing it, as though He, the great Physician, had forfeited His right? "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth?"

The demoniac confessed Him to be Christ, God's Holy One, before one disciple had made the discovery. He, whose word of authority had awed the assembly in the synagogue, now exercised that authority upon the demoniac; "Hold thy peace," he said, "and come out of him." The people were looking on;

There Were No Ceremonies

to be seen, such as were practiced by the exorcists. It was a simple command. They saw the man fall to the earth, but the glaring eyes ceased to glare, and the face lost its uncanny look; the demon went out, and Mark says, "when he had cried in a loud voice;" and the man arose, and was free. Again, a deep impression was made; the people who were present were amazed, and said, "What a word is this! For with authority and power He commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." Many cases of lunacy are really the possession of the devil, who gets power over the brain, and unhinges it; and in hundreds of cases we have known, in these days, poor lunatics delivered by Jesus in answer to the prayers of their friends.

But Jesus did not heal only in the synagogue; He was at this time staying in Peter's home, and there was sickness in the house. Peter's mother-in-law was down with fever, which ran very high. "They besought Him for her." Jesus did not direct them to seek a doctor, or to have recourse to certain remedies, but "He stood over her, and rebuked the fever;" this was all; "and it left her, and immediately she arose, and ministered unto them." When Jesus came into a house, then sickness went out; sickness could no more stand before Him than sin. He came to remedy the fall in its root of sin, and in its fruits of sorrow, sickness, and, finally, of death. He never said to any sick one, "Be patient, it is the will of God that you should see in this; you can glorify Him by it." Those who know most about sickness, know well that in times of weakness and pain temptations of all kinds have much more strength. Oh, the temptation to be irritable when all the nerves are unstrung, and every noise, every vibration, every jar causes suf-

fering! Oh, the temptation to despondency, and to self-pity when there is work to be done, and every movement causes pain, and there is no strength to do it; when we would fain tidy up, but the cost would be an access of agony; and the poor sufferer has not only the pain to bear, but also the reproach of those who find the room all in disorder. There is much more opportunity for the display of Christian graces in a sufferer who cannot rise from bed than in one, very suffering, who still struggles on in pain and weakness. But let Jesus come in, poor sufferer; tell Him you want only His will as

Your Physician,

but you want all He means to give by taking your infirmities and bearing your sicknesses. He "healed all that were sick" of old time, that He might fulfil this word (Matt. 8: 16, 17); will you trust Him to fulfil that word in your body, "Himself took my infirmities, and took my sickness," just as He has fulfilled in your soul, "Who His own self bears our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness, with whose stripes we are healed." (1 Pet. 2: 24.)

The healing of Peter's mother-in-law, combined with the deliverance of the possessed man in the synagogue, had a very practical effect on the people of Capernaum. The news ran from house to house, from mouth to mouth, and thus it came to pass that "when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him." They did not so much as wait for daylight; why should their poor sick friends have one more night in helplessness and pain when deliverance was so near? They did not wait to get a doctor's certificate of the disease, as we are often recommended to do before we pray for the needy sufferers;

These Were Practical People.

Their object was, not to reconcile the work of Christ with science, but to get their friends in contact with the great Physician, that they might be healed; and not in vain. He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them. "And devils also came out of many, crying, and saying, Thou art [the Christ, the Son of God, and He, rebuking them, suffered them not to speak: for they knew that He was Christ." Such was the work of the great Physician; such is His work still, wherever men will trust Him, and obey the only command to the sick which is given in the Word of God, and which has never been revoked, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. (James 5: 14-17.)

Why are men so prejudiced against the Lord's healing? Are they not afraid of the simple obedience required by the Lord, which is connected with His promise of healing? And are there not many who shrink from exercising faith in any way that is tangible, and which can be easily proved or disproved by others? There are some who dare not tread on ground which the ordinary class of Christians can not or do not understand; they follow the sheep rather than the Shepherd, and thus fail to know Jesus in one of His most precious relationships. It gives a wonderful rest to the soul when the whole being—spirit, soul, and body—is in the same blessed hands; when, instead of thinking how to avoid or counteract sickness, the first thought is, What has my Lord to say to me? When fear is hushed by the blessed consciousness that the great Physician cannot make a mistake, and the quiet certainty that, if He is calling us home, it is so much better to depart and be with Christ. But it must be no experiment to trust Him as a Physician, you must rest on His Word, and you will find that it is trustworthy, and your relationship to Him immeasurably enriched.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to call special attention to the announcement made in the Brooklyn Academy of Music by Dr. Talmage, which appears on page 132 of this issue. The object therein outlined is nothing less than to defray the cost of erecting the New Brooklyn Tabernacle. Such an object cannot fail to enlist the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who were among the earliest of the American public to appreciate Dr. Talmage's printed sermons. The publisher has not underestimated the magnitude of the undertaking; but he believes that it may be achieved by a plan which will at the same time largely extend the circulation and influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He proposes to donate to the Building Fund of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle his entire interest in all new subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which can be obtained by Dr. Talmage and his church this year, up to the number of 150,000. He believes that 150,000 subscriptions can easily be obtained by the thousands of friends Dr. Talmage has throughout the land, and thus the whole amount needed for the New Brooklyn Tabernacle will be raised. The few conditions attached to this large donation are as follow:

I. That all such subscriptions shall be endorsed "For the Brooklyn Tabernacle Fund," and sent to the Treasurer of that fund, Mr. John Wood, 223 Fulton Street, near Concord, Brooklyn, N. Y.

II. That they shall be of the full amount of \$1.50, with no deduction for commission, agents' fees, etc.

III. That all shall be bona fide new subscriptions, not the renewals of present subscribers.

The publisher has full confidence that this effort will accomplish the object proposed, and thus achieve the first of many good works which he hopes to effect through the agency of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; he trusts, also, that many who thus make the acquaintance of the journal will learn to love it, as its present subscribers do, and will continue to be numbered among its permanent friends.

A GREETING TO ALL.

IN taking the editorial chair of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a paper already widely known, and which has accomplished a vast good under previous management, I wish to announce the principles on which it will be hereafter conducted.

First of all, the paper shall have the widest catholicity. A man's religion is something between him and his God, and not to be made light of. The best way of combatting Error is to proclaim the Truth. We must remember that other people do not differ more from us than we differ from them. A recent visit to Europe, Asia, and Africa has enlarged our sympathies.

Furthermore, it is a cultivated sentiment of our life never to attack a Christian worker. Liberty to

do things in our own way implies the right of other people to do things in their own way. Further, our ambition is to be spirited, enterprising, and, in a wide-awake sense, evangelical. Poor and pious ought not to be characteristic of any religious newspaper. The religion that in the Bible is compared to fountains and day-dawn, and a bridegroom and victory, ought not to be stupid, inane, or insipid. We want our paper full of compressed news. We want the articles contributed short, cut in two in the middle, and set on fire at both ends. We invite all lay workers to send us all the encouraging things they know of about men and women and children and good institutions. If you know anything bad about anybody, do not send it, or send it with all the alleviating circumstances. We mean to put the virtues of good people in large letters and in most conspicuous column, and their frailties in small type and in obscure corners, looking for honey like the bee, instead of extracting poison like the spider. We have no grudges to settle, and no wrongs to right. Do not send us March sleet or December fog, but panels out of the sky of a June morning. And now, asking the prayers of all good people in behalf of this religious journal, and their help in its increased circulation, we conclude this editorial salutatory.

T. De Witt Talmage

CURRENT EVENTS.

Epidemic of Crime.—The Week Has Had Sad stories of villany. What is the matter? First, there are more people in the world than there used to be, and therefore more people to be bad if they so choose. In a million people you would expect to find more crime than in a hundred thousand. Beside that, the Associated Press is a great wire rake which twice a day gathers up the crimes of all nations. Beside that, Satan, who is prompt in seizing opportunities, has taken advantage of the world-wide atmospheric depression. In a bracing, tonic atmosphere public morals are better; damp or relaxing weather is sure to unstring nerves and weaken the fibre of body, mind, and soul. We are making no apologies for evils abroad. We are only accounting for the great number reported. Our opinion is that the climates of the world are in a transition state, and that is always disturbing. The severe climates of the world are changing toward the more genial. Before the final garden into which the whole world is to turn, our winters and summers will have to be mightily fixed up. We cannot have the millennium until the thermometer stops rising to ninety-five degrees above zero or drops to ten degrees below. But this unpleasant transition period, when the winters try to be summers and the summers try to be winters, will soon be passed. The gulf streams are changing their course, and the solar and lunar influences are working new chemistries, and the world will yet be so delightful that it will not make much difference whether a man is in heaven here, or a heaven in some other world.

The Temperance Cause is now so Mixed up With politics that moral suasion is being sadly neglected. There used to be held a hundred temperance meetings where now there is one meeting. While we are discussing the laws on the subject of liquor-selling we are letting hundreds of men and women go to ruin for the lack of proper instruction on the importance of abstinence. We want in the country ten thousand old-fashioned John B. Gough temperance meetings. But, you say, where are the John B. Goughs? They are now in our schools and colleges and farm-houses or already in the occupations and professions of life. The eloquence to come is greater than the eloquence passed away. By all means make the laws right, but let us by force of Christian persuasion stop the stampede to death of multitudes who will not wait until we get the laws what they ought to be. We need to work more rapidly on this subject than formerly. In olden times it took most men five or ten years to become thorough drunkards. Now they may reach the foot of that stairs by one jump, because of the worse adulteration of liquors. Young men used to go on a spree and then come back and go to work. Now we have confirmed drunkards at twenty-one,

It is the most urgent duty of all ministers of religion and all reformers to put forth unwonted effort in the direction of moral suasion. Other things need to be done, but this must not be left undone.

An Important Project was Submitted to the Pan-American Conference on February 21, which if realized, will do much to promote that union of interests which was the chief object contemplated in calling the conference. It is proposed to construct a railroad which will connect the majority of the nations represented in the Conference. A committee which formed the project advises that a commission be organized of three civil engineers from each nation, who shall study the possible routes, determine their true lengths, estimate the respective cost, and compare their reciprocal advantages. That, as far as possible, existing lines shall be utilized, and an effort made to obtain from each nation a guarantee of a minimum rate of interest. The United States Government is to be authorized to request the appointment of the engineers so soon as it has been notified of the approval of the project by the respective Governments.

The New Extradition Treaty with England which was ratified by the Senate on February 17 will be a distinct benefit to both countries, chiefly to the United States, which has been its greatest sufferer from the lack of such a treaty. Many citizens are now in Canada, living in luxury on their ill-gotten gains, who might have been stored to their native country, and provided for here in a manner appropriate to their deserts. Such a treaty as this had been ratified a few years ago. The treaty under which we have been living since 1842 allowed the extradition of only seven classes of criminals. The crimes it covered were murder, murderous assault, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, and the utterance of forged paper. To these are now added manslaughter, counterfeiting, embezzlement, fraud by a banker or trustee, perjury, abduction, burglary, and mutiny at sea. The treaty also provided for the extradition of persons obtaining money or valuables by false pretences, but the Senate thought that this clause might lead to abuses, and therefore struck it out. Happily for the fugitives over the border the treaty is not to be retroactive.

The New Postage-Stamp Placed on Sale at the first-class post-offices on Saturday last are more superior as works of art to any previously produced. They are smaller by about one-eighth than the predecessors; and the portraits upon the various denominations have been changed, and in some instances the colors also. The one-cent stamp remains blue, and bears the portrait of Franklin; the two-cent is carmine, and bears the portrait of Washington; the three-cent is purple, with the portrait of Andrew Jackson; the four-cent is chocolate, and has the portrait of Lincoln; and the five-cent light brown, and bears the portrait of Gen. Grant. New stamps of the value of six, ten, fifteen, thirty and ninety cents have also been issued. They bear the portraits, respectively, in the order named, Garfield, Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas Jefferson and Commodore Perry. The Postmaster-General has ordered nearly forty-four millions of them, representing \$784,323.

The Trial of the Temperance Crusaders of Missouri has stirred the whole neighborhood. It commenced at Trenton, Mo., on February 21. Sixteen women were arraigned for raiding the liquor saloons at Lathrop, and breaking up a notorious resort at Spicardville. They were escorted to the court-house by two hundred prominent citizens carrying banners. The Rev. John Cox, of Trenton, offered a prayer for the women, and Rev. B. Deering, of Lathrop, addressed the crowd. After the adjournment of the court the citizens of Trenton would not allow the women and their friends to return to Spicardville for the night, but insisted that their remaining as the guests of the town. Nearly every lawyer in Trenton offered his services to the accused, gratuitously, and the prosecuting lawyer found it almost impossible to get any lawyer to assist him. On February 22, when the court opened, there was strong excitement, all present being in sympathy with the crusaders. The judge, however, ruled against them on a point of law which excluded the evidence as to the character of the places raided. They were convicted and fined five dollars each. All the ministers of the town, Protestant and Romanist, attended a large meeting in the evening, at which a committee was appointed to see that the business of the saloons was resumed.

A Law to Afford Special Protection for United States officers has been framed by Senator Edmunds, and was introduced in the Senate on February 21. It is intended to meet such cases as the outrageous attack on Justice Field, and the shocking murder of Deputy Marshal Saunders. It will be remembered that an effort was made to evade justice by stirring up a conflict between Federal and State rights of jurisdiction in those cases. This bill is an attempt to settle that question. It provides for the punishment of any person trying to prevent an officer of the United States discharging his duties, or to do bodily harm to an officer on account of such duties, and fixes penalties of fine or imprisonment or both in cases of conviction.

The Deadlock in New York on the World's Fair project has been ended by a happy suggestion for which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has the credit. The Republican politicians at Albany were apprehensive that the large amount of money which the committee in charge of the fair would have to spend in a Presidential year might be diverted to political purposes. They contended that if the mugwumps on the committee voted with the Democrats, as was probable, the fair might have an important influence on the vote of the State. They therefore proposed to add a number of Republicans to the committee to protect the interests of their party. The contention on this proposal was so fierce that it seemed likely that the whole project, so far as New York was interested in it, would be torn to pieces. It has ended, however, in the acceptance by the Republicans of a suggestion which promises to lift the project out of the political slough. It is, to add no politicians to the committee, but to make a two-thirds vote necessary to any important action. Thus, as the committee will consist of 104 members, no measure can be carried without the affirmative action of seventy of them, and this of necessity will include the vote of some Republicans.

The National Education Association, at its meeting in New York on February 20, took notice of the "hostile criticisms openly made against the public schools of the country," and resolved that the best means of meeting them was "to make the schools sources of the most wholesome moral influence, without at all interfering with religious denominational differences." The resolution has wisdom in it. Boys and girls are leaving our public schools, at the end of their course, with their moral natures tainted by association with precociously depraved classmates, with whom they are brought into compulsory association in the schools. Their modesty of thought and speech, carefully fostered by their parents, is exposed to frequent attacks, open or insidious, from their companions; though they close their ears to vicious words and filthy stories, the evil reaches them when they find an open dictionary or some other school-book on their desks with some word marked which no child should use or understand. The child would go to the teacher for help with a difficult example, or some mental problem, but undergoes the moral strain in silence. Meanwhile the teacher's efforts are directed to cramming the child's brain with facts and dates and rules, and no word is spoken to help the tempted one to resist the moral evil. Every right-minded parent will rejoice if the resolution of the National Education Association bears fruit in increased vigilance in this matter on the part of teachers. It is not expected nor desired that teachers undertake the religious education of the children, but they will not have done their whole duty if they have restricted their work to imparting mental instruction, and have made no effort to preserve and promote moral strength.

Idaho's Prospects of Admission to Statehood were advanced a stage on February 18 by the presentation of the favorable report of the Senate Committee on Territories. The report describes the settlement, growth and development of the Territory as rapid and substantial, and states that the foundations of a rich and prosperous commonwealth are already laid. The committee believes that the Governor's estimate of the population, which places it at 117,225, is conservative, and expresses the opinion that it would reach 150,000 within the first year after admission. Quoting from the report of the Surveyor-General of the Territory, it states that 240,000 acres are reclaimed or in process of reclamation. But Idaho will not be dependent on a single industry. Its forests, its mines, and its grazing lands supplement its agricultural resources. The value of live-stock is estimated at over \$11,000,000. The production of minerals has reached the

enormous total of \$157,720,962. The assessed value of property in the Territory is about \$25,000,000. The actual value of property in the Territory is estimated at \$85,000,000. It has eighteen counties organized, 385 school districts, 24,071 children of school age, and school property valued at \$344,300. It has built a capitol building at a cost of \$100,000, an insane asylum at a cost of \$50,000, has located and begun work on a university, all without the aid of the General Government. Its annual expenses are \$533,000, of which the General Government pays only \$28,000. It is on the question of population that the opponents of admission join issue with its advocates. They point to the fact that in 1880 the total population as stated in the census reports was only 32,619 and that in the election last month only 14,185 votes were cast. As this is the chief subject of dispute, Idaho may not gain admission until after this year's census returns have been made up.

The Elections in Germany Last Week Have Set all the world thinking and talking. What do they mean? Emperor William a few days before they took place assumed a new character. He appeared as the friend of the workingman. He was concerned for his welfare. He was anxious about the workingman's family. He wanted facilities arranged for easy life-insurance. He was concerned about his relations with his employer. He urged the appointment of representatives of labor for conference with representatives of capital. He summoned all Europe to help him in consultation, that the condition of the workingman in all lands might be improved. Surely the German workingman would rejoice that his Emperor had become his champion. Yet when the workingman came to the polls last Thursday he cast his vote, not for the Emperor's friends, but for his enemies, the Socialists. Fifteen seats in the Reichstag have been captured by that party, and when the second ballot takes place there will be more gains. A conservative estimate places the number of Socialists in the next Reichstag at forty. Relatively the number is small; but the Reichstag is broken up into a dozen political groups, in which a compact body of forty may easily hold the balance of power. The Emperor is grievously disappointed. He thought he had cut the ground from under the feet of the Socialists. He expected gratitude, and now the workmen tell him by their votes that they do not trust him, but prefer their old leaders. The situation is interesting. No man knows what it will bring forth.

The Whole Empire of Austria-Hungary has been thrown into mourning by the death on February 18 of the great statesman, Count Julius Andrássy. His illness has been a long one, but until his death was announced the people refused to abandon hope of his recovery. His career was one of the most romantic of modern times. He came of a distinguished Hungarian family, and in the troubles of 1848, he, then a young man of twenty-five years, was active on the patriotic side. After the suppression of the revolt Andrássy would have been sent to the scaffold for his share in the movement if the Austrians could have caught him, but, happily, he was out of their reach. He had been sent on a mission to Constantinople by the revolutionary Government shortly before the collapse of the insurrection. The Austrian conquerors hung him in effigy to show what they would do if they could capture him. He settled in Paris, and remained there, with occasional sojourns in London, until 1857, when an amnesty was granted. Then he returned to his native land, and in 1860 entered the Diet, where he was speedily known as one of the most able of the party led by the patriot Deak. After the Constitution was granted to Hungary, Andrássy rose into greater prominence. The Emperor recognized his abilities, and in 1871 the man who, fifteen years before, had been an exile under sentence of death became Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Austrian Cabinet.

The Irish Question is Taking a New Aspect in England. Men of character are indignant about being misled by the London *Times*. When they read in that journal that the Parnellites were allied with criminals they believed. When the *Times* published letters in Mr. Parnell's handwriting which showed that he was an accomplice of assassins, men who had been disposed to listen to him, and half disposed to support his plea for home rule in Ireland, turned against him, and voted with the Conservatives. Now that it is proved that the information given in the *Times* was false, and the letters forgeries, many prominent men feel that they were

duped. Among them is Mr. Caine, a member of Parliament, who is a personal friend of Lord Hartington. He was so stirred by the articles in the *Times* that he published the whole series at his own expense, and circulated them among his constituents. Now he has publicly acknowledged his error in an open letter, in which he says that he cannot find language strong enough to express his horror at the foul conspiracy against Mr. Parnell, or his opinion of the conduct of the *Times* in lending itself to the printing of infamous libels on the flimsiest possible evidence of their supposed genuineness. It looks very much as if the articles in the *Times* would prove to be a boomerang.

BRIEF NOTES.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon spent his period of retirement at Mentone in the preparation of a commentary on St. Matthew's gospel.

Dr. Pentecost has been holding meetings in Greenock, Scotland, where he addressed large congregations with most encouraging tokens of blessing.

Samuel Leonard Parsons, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who originated the Chinese Sunday-schools, died on February 13, aged seventy-three. He was a Congregationalist.

The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church has appropriated \$100,000 to the relief of superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans for the current year.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, have arranged with Mr. H. M. Stanley for the exclusive publication of his personal narrative of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Rev. George Alexander, D. D., pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, had the pleasure of dedicating his new Bethlehem Mission Church on February 14. It has cost \$40,000 and is paid for.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York, announces among those who will take part in the Friday evening services to be held through Lent, the Rev. Drs. Newman Symth, T. T. Munger, and Lyman Abbott.

Rev. M. Baxter has been giving prophetic discourses at Gateshead, England. Increasing interest in the study of unfulfilled prophecy has been manifested of late throughout the country, and Mrs. Baxter's interpretations are being widely discussed.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., has completed the twentieth year of his pastorate of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church. In recognition of the event his church presented him with \$1,000, to be used for his missionary training-school or for any other of his numerous evangelistic enterprises.

Mr. E. P. Telford is conducting a three weeks' mission in Dr. Miller's M. E. Church, Haverhill, Mass. At the close of that work he has promised to work with Dr. Schauffer, in New York City, for a month, after which he will visit several churches who are seeking his services, and in the fall he expects to go South.

Eli Jones, the widely known Friend preacher and philanthropist, died in South China, Me., February 2, aged eighty-three years. He and his wife, Sybil Jones, began their missionary labors in 1840. After travelling all over this continent, their tours were extended to Liberia, England, Ireland, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, and the Holy Land.

Major George A. Hilton is laboring in the Temperance cause in Michigan. Testimonies of the valuable results of his work on the Pacific coast come from all the cities. The *Pacific Express*, of Portland, Oregon, says "one might hear temperance sentiment grow in the audience while he was speaking" there, and the results were seen in the enlistment of many new workers in the ranks.

Mr. D. L. Moody is giving a series of morning Bible addresses in the Collegiate Church, at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, this week. The first of the series was given yesterday. They will be continued every day till Friday. Admission is by tickets, which may be obtained by sending a request, naming the day of desired attendance, in a stamped envelope to F. L. Bussing, No. 52 East Twenty-third St.

Dr. R. R. Meredith, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., hopes to dedicate early in March an enormous Sunday-school Hall which is being erected on the lot next his church. It is a model building, affording abundant seating accommodation for 2,000 children. It will also be used for Dr. Meredith's Tuesday evening Sunday-school teacher's training class, which has grown to enormous proportions. The new building costs \$80,000.

Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, has succeeded in raising the necessary funds for his gospel car. On February 19 he signed his contract with the Pullman Palace Car Company for a car with a seating capacity of eighty persons and supplied with a robing room, pulpit, and font. The car is to be of rich design, and is to be completed in fifty days. The Bishop, with his car, will now be able to conduct confirmation services with appropriate surroundings in the barren country where few churches exist.

LOVE'S COMPETITION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged." Luke 7: 42, 43.

God's First and Last—I. The Presumption that Pardoned Sinners will Love—A Natural Result of Kindness—Napoleon Astonished on a Battle-field—The Obligation in this Case Infinite—The Holy Spirit Implants It—Many Strangely Unmoved—Various Signs of Love—II. Differences in Degree—How It Grows—Sincerity Essential—III. A Question Pounded—Interesting—Practical—Simple—IV. A Reply Expected—Five-Hundred-Pence Debtors—Foolish and Pernicious Boasting—How the Exceeding Love May be Shown.

I REMEMBER seeing, somewhere or other, as a sign upon an inn, the words "The First and Last." I do not know what that may happen to be among men, but I know that love is *God's first and last*. It is there that He begins with us in mercy—"We love Him, because He first loved us." His love at the first springs up like a fountain in the midst of a desert, and freely flows along the wilderness to the unworthy sons of men. In the end, the result of that love is that men love Him; they cannot help it any more than the rock can prevent the echo when the voice falls upon it. Love is not a creature of law: it comes not on demand, it must be free or not at all. Love is a duty certainly, but it does not come to us that way: it comes to us like a roe or a young hart, over every mountain and hill, leaping and bounding; it comes not as a heavy burden dragged along an iron way. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be condemned.

A Spontaneous Emotion.

Men do not make themselves love by a course of calculation; but they are overtaken with it, and carried away by its power. When godly men consider and enjoy the great love of God to them, they begin to love God in return; just as the bud, when it feels the sunshine, opens to it of its own accord. Love to God is a sort of natural consequence which follows from a sight and sense of the love of God to us. I think it is Aristotle who says that it is impossible for a person to know that he is loved without feeling some degree of love in return. I do not know how that may be, for I am no philosopher; but I am sure that it is so with those who taste of the love of God. As love is the first blessing coming from God to us, so it is the last return from us to God; He comes to us loving, we go to Him loving.

I. I intend to keep to my text, and handle it red-hot, by first noticing that it is

Taken for Granted

that pardoned sinners will love. "Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?" It is implied that the two debtors who had been frankly forgiven would both love their benefactor. The question was not, "Which of them will love him?" but "Which of them will love him *most*?" So, then, I say, it is taken for granted in the text that those who are pardoned will love Him who has so freely pardoned them.

And this, first, because it seems most natural that where kindness is received gratitude should be felt. This is so generally admitted that gratitude is found among the lowest and worst of mankind. "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them." It is manlike to return good for good, and ingratitude is looked upon, most rightly, as one of the basest of vices. Why, we find gratitude not only in men and women—intelligent creatures—but we find it in the very beasts of the field! "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." How a dog that has received benefits from you will be attached to you, and by every possible means will endeavor to show his affection! You remember that there is a picture in which Napoleon is represented as riding over the battle-field, and he stops his horse, as he sees a slain man with his favorite dog lying upon his bosom doing what he can to defend his poor dead master. Even the great man-slayer paused at such a sight. There is gratitude among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. And, surely, if we receive favors from God, and do not feel love to Him in return, we are worse than brute beasts.

But gratitude should surely arise when the benefit is surpassingly great. When favors are far above the common run of blessings—when these favors are not such as are confined to time and to the body, but when they reach to eternity and bless the soul; when favors are of such weight as the forgive-

ness of sin, the salvation of the soul from wrath to come; surely here love must spring up with the greatest force and freedom.

And moreover, not only is this natural and necessary, because of the greatness of the mercy, but the grace of God always takes care that

Wherever Pardon is Given

love shall be ensured; for the Holy Spirit co-operates with the work of Christ, and if we are cleansed from the stain of our former evil through the blood of Christ, we are renewed and changed in the spirit of our minds by the Holy Spirit. He does not take away our sin, and then leave us that old heart of stone, insensible, ungrateful; but as He gives us a garment of righteousness He gives us a heart of flesh. The Spirit works in us a degree of love at the same time that He creates the first look of faith. Anon our faith increases by which we received remission, and then He works in us more and more that love to Christ by which we cling to Him. This love works in us hatred of sin and a spirit of obedience whereby we yield ourselves up to the service of Him who has bought us with His precious blood. You know that it is so, brethren.

Now I want to make a little practical use of this inference from the text. That pardoned souls love their pardoning God is a great truth, and a very solemn one in its bearings upon us at this time, for there are persons in this house of prayer who were never forgiven, and we are sure of that unhappy fact, since they do not love God. Their sins must be still upon them, because they have not the token of pardon, inasmuch as they have no love to Jesus Christ our Lord.

Oh, listen unto me, ye that do not love God, and yet, perhaps, dream that you are saved! Are there not some here that seldom *think of* God, who do not care if a day, a week, a month, a year, should pass over their heads, and yet they have no thought of the Almighty Judge of all the earth? They receive His mercies; but they do not thank Him. They feel His power; but they do not fear Him. "God is not in all their thoughts." O my hearer, if this be your case you do not love Him; for if we love any person we are sure to think of him.

Some men evidently do not love God, for they have *no care* about anything that concerns Him. They do not refrain from sin because sin would grieve God. The idea of grieving God, perhaps, has not crossed their minds; so they vex the Holy Spirit thoughtlessly. But if you love any one you

Will not Like to Cause Him Grief;

you will not do the evil thing which he hates. He that loves God will often have a check put upon him, and feel that he cannot do this great wickedness and sin against God. To sin against God is the greatest of sin, and the essence of sin. The venom of sin lies there. This makes sin so exceedingly sinful, that it is against the God of love. But if you never felt that, then you do not love Him; and, for certain, you are not forgiven.

Look at others: they do not love God, for they do not care for His house where His people meet. They seldom come to the meeting for worship; and if they come, it is from some other motive than to meet with God. They do not care for *His day*. Sundays are very dreary in London, so they say. There is nothing to interest them, for they have no interest in the great Father, or his incarnate Son; they have no care to hear of Him, or to praise Him, or to pray to Him. They do not care for *His Book*, though it is a world of delights and comforts. The Bible is perfumed with the love of God, but they perceive not its fragrance. The Saviour's face is to be seen reflected in almost every page, and yet some think that the Bible is more dull than an old almanac; and though they must keep it in their house—for it is respectable to have a copy of it—yet to read it, and to read it with pleasure, why, that has never happened to them; nor is there any likelihood that it will, unless they get made anew.

Nor do they care for God's people. In fact, they like a quiet joke against Christian people; and sometimes, if they can see faults in them—and oh how readily they may!—they report those faults with considerable exaggerations, and feel pleased to eat up the faults of God's people as they eat bread! Want of love to the children argues want of love to their Father. "He that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him;" and we know that we love God when we love His children. But if in your heart there is no such love to His children, to His Book, to His day, to His house, or to His service, you may rest quite certain, my friend, that your guilt clings to you still.

II. But now, secondly, it is suggested in the text, that there are

Differences of Degree

in the matter of love to God. "Tell me, which of them will love him *most*?" These words evidently show that some persons love God more than others, and that, albeit there must be a sincere love to God in all pardoned sinners, yet there is not the same degree of love. Love is evidently a grace which is not stereotyped, and cast in a mould, so as to be the same in every case, and at every time. Love is a thing of life: it is, therefore, a thing of growth. It is certainly so in our own selves. There was a time when we did not love God so much as we do now; and I grieve to say that there are even now times when we do not love God so much as we once did, for we grow cold and backsliding. Love is not like a piece of cast iron, fixed and set; but it grows, and has its times of budding, flowering, and leaf-shedding. It is like a fire; at one time it may burn low, and at another time it may be blown up to a very vehement heat. Love rises and falls: I speak not of God's love to us; but of our love to God. It has its ups and downs, its summers and its winters, its flood-tides and its ebbs; and if we find a change in love, in the same heart, we are not at all astonished that it differ in different hearts.

The practical point I would reach is just this: Let us look, first of all, to our love in its sincerity. What if my love may not be compared with yours as to degree? Yet the Lord grant that I may truly love Him. Peter could not say that he loved Christ more than others, but he did say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." A little pearl is a pearl as much as a great one, though every one of us would sooner have the greater pearl. So, if love be real love, that is the main point. Do you love the Lord with all your heart? If so, strive to have more love, but do not fling away what you have, for you would thus despise what the Spirit of God has wrought in you.

Endeavor also, dear friends, to have growing love. Do not be satisfied to be to-day what you were twelve months ago. I am afraid that some Christians do not grow much. I am very glad when I see them

Grow Downward,

when they are rooted in humility, when they have truer views of themselves than they ever yet had, and a deeper sense of their indebtedness to God. That is good growth. Try to have, however, a love that grows, so that you may more forcibly love Jesus Christ than you did in days that are past.

And if you have but little love at present, cry to God to give you an intenser love; and, though I have said that to use your love is a good way to increase it, yet there is something still better, and that is, to know more, and feel more of the love of Christ to you. In proportion as you live close to the glorious central sun of the love of Christ, you will yourself be warm.

III. Thirdly, the text puts to us

A Question,

"Who will love Him most?" I want to introduce the question to you by saying that it is a very interesting one. After what the Lord has done for us, one takes pleasure in thinking what will come of it. One likes to think of the farmer's harvest. After all that ploughing and sowing, what will come of it? It is interesting to begin to calculate the crop, and to anticipate the shouts of harvest-home. Now, what will come of infinite love, the supreme act of God's heart to men? What will come out of the gift of His only begotten Son, and the putting away of sin through the death of Jesus? What will men do for God after this? How much will they love Him? It is an interesting question. What have you to say upon it?

It is a practical question—"Which of them will love Him most?"—for everything in conduct depends upon love. Where there is much love, there is sure to be much service in proportion to the strength. Give us a church that loves Christ Jesus much. You will have mighty prayer-meetings; you will have a holy membership; you will have liberal giving to the cause of Christ; you will have hearty praising of His name; you will have careful walking before the world; you will have earnest endeavors for the conversion of sinners. Missions at home and abroad will be set on foot when love is fervent. When the heart is right, everything is likely to be right; but when the heart goes wrong, oh, what a fatal thing it is!

It is a very simple question, too, not at all hard to answer; for even this Simon, the Pharisee, who

ke the rest of the Pharisees, was very badly instructed, yet, nevertheless, could see his way to answer the question correctly. So he answered, "I suppose that he to whom he forgave most;" and the Lord replied, "Thou hast rightly judged." Thus I have set before you the question.

A Reply Expected.

IV. And so, lastly, it is expected that we give a reply; and I do wish for myself—and therefore wish the same for you—that each one of us may say, "I am the man that ought to love the Lord Jesus most; and by His grace I will surely do so." The most indebted should love most. Have we not here many five-hundred-pence debtors? Some of my dear brethren here present were among outward sinners the very chief—men who could drink and wear and lie, ringleaders in everything that was evil. Blessed be God that such have been here led to Jesus! We heard the other night a dear brother tell us of what he used to be. With modesty and unfeignedness he mentioned how great his sin had been; but his sin was put away; he was pardoned, and he knew it, and rejoiced in it. Such a man must say, "I will love Him most." Where there has been overt sin, palpable, undeniable, here the outward character has been defiled and tainted with it, forgiveness involves us in deep obligation to grateful love. You may stand in the front rank, and love Jesus most.

But I am not going to let you rise to that eminence of obligation, or rather, sink to that depth of indebtedness without having a struggle for it myself. Some of us take that place of eminent obligation on another ground, and yet it is the same ground; for while some of us never were openly prone, or drunken, or immoral, we have to confess the equal greatness of our sin on account of our offending against light and knowledge, against early convictions, against a holy training, against a tender conscience, against singular favors received from God; and therefore with shame we begin to take the lowest room, acknowledging that to us belongs the greatest debt of grateful praise to God.

How is it that some who shout that they have been snatched from the burning, and according to their own statement were the very chief of sinners, and make a great trumpet-blowing over their own conversion, yet do not love the Lord Jesus one-half so much as these dear, quiet souls who never went into sin? I take it the reason is this: Our estimate of sin is, after all, the thing which will create and inflame our love; for if a man thinks sin to be exceedingly sinful, and feels it to be so, he has a deep sense of his indebtedness than the man who may have committed grosser vices, but has never seen them in their real blackness, as they appear in the light of God's countenance. Too many believers know little of what it is to be amazed and astounded at the heinousness of their transgressions. I am sorry to say it, but I believe that some make a glory of their shame, and dare to

Brag of What They Used to be.

They stand up and make confession without a tear in their eye or a blush on their cheek. Such testimony ought never to be heard, for it is a positive creator of evil in the minds of those that hear it. I am sorry to have to say it; but I know that it is so. Testimonies are published which are provocatives to vice, and rather tend to make men immoral than to make them turn to God. In certain circles one is treated as a hero who can prove that he has been a great rascal. It was not thus that the prodigal was received by his father; *he never hung up his old rags as a trophy*. O brethren, when we talk about what we were, we had better veil our faces. Our former follies are things to be confessed to God in secret; and if they must be spoken in public, to the praise of divine grace, there must be a careful avoidance of anything like boasting, for it is a shame even to speak of the things that were done of them in secret.

And, dear friends, I believe that some whom God has preserved by preventing grace from going into great sin will, nevertheless, love Him most because they have a clearer view than others of what it cost in order that they might be pardoned. Happy are they who remember well the griefs of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane.

"There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows

But cost His heart a groan."

For in proportion as you estimate the sacrifice you will love Him whose own self was the sacrifice for sin. Brethren, I hope you all love Christ Jesus more than I do; for I would have Him possess the highest love of every human heart; and yet I will

not be willingly excelled by any one of you in a competition of love to Jesus. I will run my very best that no man take my crown.

But supposing, dear friends, any of you do love Him most, then *show it*, just as that woman did who brought the alabaster box of precious ointment. If you love Him most, *do most*. Do everything that is possible to humanity, quickened by the Spirit of God. Yet do somewhat distinctly for Jesus. It is a blessed token for good when our work among men is not so much for the sake of sinners as for love of Jesus. When we love the brethren, it should be because they belong to Christ. It is sweet to serve the Lord Christ Himself. See how the holy woman offered homage distinctly to her Lord: tears for His travel-stains, hair to wipe His feet, ointment to anoint His flesh. Do your choicest and best

For Jesus Personally.

Try to do it most humbly. Stand behind Him. Do not ask anybody to look at you. Do it very quietly. Do it feeling that it is a great honor to be permitted to do the least service for Jesus. Do not dream of saying, "I am somebody. I am doing great things. I do more even than Simon the Pharisee. Come see my zeal for the Lord of hosts." Jehu talked in that fashion; but he was good for nothing. Do your personal part without seeking to be seen of men.

Do it self-sacrificingly. Bring your best ointment. Pinch yourself for Christ. Make sacrifices—go without this and that to have something wherewith you can do Him honor. Never mind what the cold-hearted think, for they cannot understand you. They will say, "Ah! that young person is too fast by half." Never mind. Be faster still. Wise people cry out, "He has too many irons in the fire." But I say to you, blow up the fire; get all the irons red-hot; and hammer away with all your might. With all your strength and energy plunge into the service of your Master. If you love your Master, you can best show your love by ardent service. The Lord bless you with the utmost degree of love, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Sad End of a Gifted Student.—"On Coming home one day I saw that my housekeeper had been weeping. 'What a wretched prodigal was here to-day,' she said. 'The sight of him was enough to make a poor body ill. He was in rags, his teeth were chattering with cold, and he could scarcely speak for yawning, for he had passed the night on a stair-head. He was perishing with hunger, and implored me to give him something to eat. He knew you well in your boyish days, he said, and he is coming back to-night.' The man proved to be Tom, an old fellow-student. He had excellent prospects. What a splendid horse and gig he drove! but now and again the horse seemed to be more sensible than his master; and now Tom had come to this! He was a helpless, destitute drunkard! His rags were changed for decent clothing, and I got him a good situation, but it was all of no use. The chains were too tight upon him. He could not break them, and he had no faith that God would help him to fight his enemy, and he sunk into a grave of darkness and everlasting dishonor."

Thanking God for Snakes.—The Rev. W. Haslam relates that a gentleman and his three sons, worldly people, went out from England to America to make money. They worked seven days a week, and said they could not afford to keep Sundays. The minister of the place tried in vain to induce them to attend church. One day there came one of the sons, named William, to his house in a great hurry. The poor boy was quite out of breath with running. "How goes the work?" asked the minister. "Oh," says the boy, "father says, will you come at once and see him? he is in great trouble." "Certainly," was the reply; and, putting on his hat, the minister returned with the boy. On the way, he asked, "What is the matter?" "Oh," said the boy, "my brother Richard has been bitten by a snake." "But what is the use of sending for me, then?" said the minister. "I cannot cure that." "Oh, but do come," cried the boy, "father is very anxious to see you." On arriving at the house, the minister said, "I am very sorry to hear of this dreadful accident; but what can I do for you?" "Oh," said the distracted father, "do come and pray with us." "Pray with you?" exclaimed the minister; "certainly I will. Let us pray." The father and his two sons knelt down,

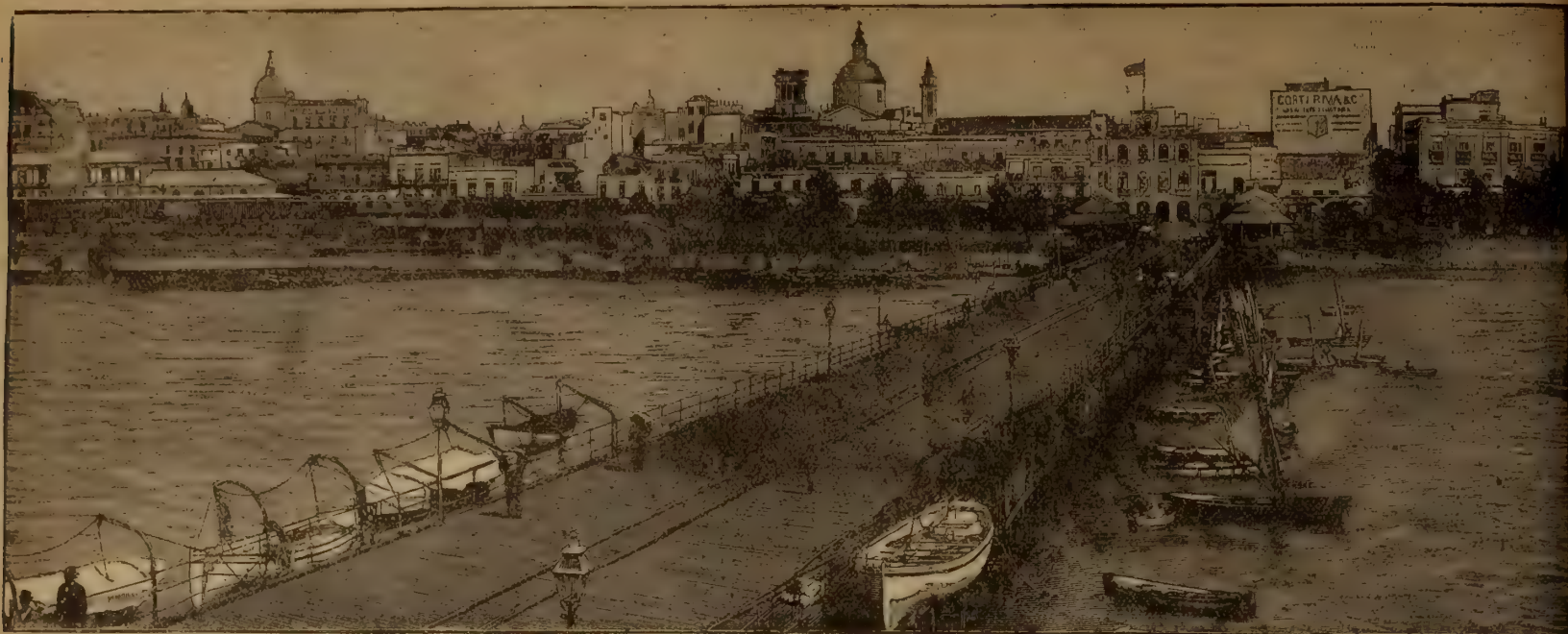
while the suffering boy remained on the sofa. The minister commenced his prayer by thanking God for making snakes, and particularly for that one which bit Richard. "Now, Lord, send another for John, and one for William, and a big one for the father, for nothing else brings them to their knees."

Two Fortunes Made and Lost.—An Evangelist said: "A friend of mine made a fortune, but soon lost it. Undaunted by his disaster, again he entered the world's arena, and again success crowned his efforts; but, alas, again misfortune dogged his steps and hurled him from the pinnacle of wealth to the depths of poverty. Even this second catastrophe did not dismay him, and to-day he is in a distant part of the world making his thousands, and for the third time building up a fortune. He had three opportunities of acquiring wealth, and seized them; but we cannot assure you of three opportunities of accepting salvation; we have only the warrant to say, 'now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation,' and if you do not come just now, we cannot assure you that the offer will be renewed to-morrow, and instead of being enriched with heavenly wealth as an heir of God, you may die morally and spiritually ruined."

Whiskey Too Much for the Doctor.—Rev. J. Wells said: "One afternoon I was walking down the quadrangle of the Edinburgh University, when a gifted student put his arm in mine. He was tipsy, and would have me go with him to the 'Pump.' He meant an adjoining saloon, which has helped to ruin scores of our Scotch students. 'I am an abstainer, and you ought to be one too,' I replied. He crossed the street to the 'Pump,' which maddens the thirst it promises to slake. He soon began to practice as a doctor, and two or three years afterward I saw the notice of his death in the newspapers. I asked a friend about the doctor's death. He only shook his head and said sadly, 'Whiskey.' And thus died poor Jim. His fast living turned out to be fast dying. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. If ye sow to the wind you will reap the whirlwind. The punishment may seem to tarry, but surely sin ever brings its own reward. There is no way of escape, except in Christ the Saviour."

A Valuable Two Minutes' Talk.—Mr. McLaughlan said: "The other day I was walking toward one of our railway stations, and at the Exchange I met a gentleman, who remarked to me, 'I was at your meeting last night, and I have not slept since with troubling myself about my soul's salvation.' 'I am glad to hear it,' I replied, 'and I hope you will not sleep again until you come to Christ.' 'That is just what I want,' he exclaimed, emphatically. I glanced at my watch, and saw I had only two minutes to spare, so coming to the point at once I said, 'Now, put out of your mind all the other people at the meeting last night, and do not think of me, but only of the message I brought, and come to Christ with that verse—'All we like sheep have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way; but the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' I was obliged to leave him; but this was his testimony as I afterward heard it: 'I considered that verse, and very soon I rejoiced more than I can tell, for God had laid on Jesus Christ all my iniquities, and I knew I was free.' This gentleman is now an elder in the church, and actively engaged in helping others to get quit of their burden of sin."

The Martyr Surgeon of Marseilles.—"There is a monument in the city of Marseilles, and on it is this inscription: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' The monument is in honor of Dr. Guyon, who died during a pestilence which had come upon the city, and which swept many people away, as large a number as seven thousand perishing in one week. The physicians, of whom there were eleven in the place, seemed powerless, and it became evident that if the plague were to be stayed, some means of obtaining a more intimate knowledge of it must be devised. The doctors held a consultation, and one of them, Dr. Guyon, said, 'What must be done is that one of us dissect the body of a man who has died of the plague, and write down the details of the disease, which will thus enable the others to combat it.' Then turning to the ten, he said, 'You are all married men, and cannot be spared as easily as I, who am single. I will take the first body that is brought in and dissect it.' He did so, and wrote down the results of his investigation; but he contracted the fell disease himself and died. The other doctors got his notes, and by their aid were enabled to stay the disease and save many lives.



The Harbor and Pier of Buenos Ayres, the Capital of the Argentine Republic.

How those who recovered afterward of the disease through the discoveries that Dr. Guyon made at the cost of his life must have honored him! But their debt was infinitely smaller than that owed to Christ by every one who, through His death, receives eternal life."

A MODERN EXORCISM.

By J. W.

(See S. S. Golden Text for March 9.)

It was a mild, bright Saturday in March. Sunshine everywhere—over the stately homes of the wealthy, and equally in the squalid quarters of the poor. But it seemed to shine with special brightness into a room of a pretty little dwelling-house in a retired street—the home of Margaret Winston.

Here Margaret lived with an invalid mother, and an elder sister, Alice, who was a teacher in the public school. Margaret's duties being the care of the mother, who, although almost helpless and needing constant attendance, yet was so patient, so loving, that far from feeling it a burden, it was the chief joy of Margaret's heart to serve and tend this dear mother. On Saturdays and Sundays, however, when the sister was free from her school, she claimed this privilege, and left Margaret at liberty.

On this Saturday morning Margaret arose with the feeling that in some way this was to be a day in her life different from any that had gone before, though at first she did not remember wherein this difference was to consist, but soon it all came back to her with a warm glad feeling at her heart.

On the previous Sunday she had openly confessed herself one of Christ's disciples, and resolved to do some special work for the dear Lord whom she loved. Her desire was to seek out five or six poor girls and form them into a class, and tell them of One who could make them happy and useful in this life, and she now set out with a prayer for guidance and success. At the same time, in a far different home, another young girl arose on this morning, but in her heart bitterness and anger and envy, with all their attendant evils, reigned supreme. She, too, had an invalid mother and one sister, little Katie, a bright, winsome child of seven. Agnes, the older girl, worked in a neighboring factory, but to her life was all drudgery; no loving thought ennobled her work, and before her dark spirit all joy fled from the heart and the life of the poor, timid little mother, and it even cast a shadow over the sunny face of little Katie. It was to this home Margaret Winston's steps were directed, as Katie was playing in the sunlight. Attracted by the lady's bright smile, Katie readily entered into conversation.

"No," she said, "I don't go to Sunday-school. Mamma is sick, and Agnes is cross, and I can't dress myself."

The mother, to whom Margaret then went, said: "I am willing to have Katie go; the child has little enough of pleasure."

Sunday morning Katie came, shy and happy, and was Miss Winston's only scholar, and out of the abundance of the love and joy in the teacher's heart she spoke to the little one, telling her of the beautiful home where Jesus lives, and of how He wanted

Katie to be good, kind to her mother and sister, and how He loved her.

Katie could talk of nothing else all through the following week, and the next Sunday she begged so earnestly that Agnes would accompany her, that she whose one tender point was her pride in and love for her little sister—half sullenly consented.

Margaret's heart leaped as she saw them enter, but she was too wise to do more than throw an added warmth of welcome into her greeting. She thought, with almost a sigh of disappointment, of the lesson for the day, wishing it had been one fuller of the Saviour's loving invitations. "What can I find in our lesson to reach and touch this embittered, gloomy soul?" she thought to herself. She repeated to herself the words of the golden text, "He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick," and looking upon the sullen face before her, words not her own came to her lips. She spoke of One, tender, compassionate, all-powerful touched with the feeling of our infirmities and able with His word to cast out the evil spirit, whatever it may be that clouds our life; envy, pride, temper, intemperance, all are subject to Him if we but let Him work in us, and in their stead will come in love, joy, peace, rest.

Agnes went home apparently unmoved, but in her heart, like a refrain, the words repeated themselves, "He cast out the spirits with His word." With His word—the man possessed need not do it, could not do it; the spirits went not of their own accord, but He did it all. The words haunted her; she tried to but could not get away from them; all the evil in her nature seemed to arise to crush out the good seed. Katie, too, helped to keep alive the whole matter by again and again asking Agnes to hear how well she could say the text, until in despair Agnes once for all faced the question, and from the tortured heart the prayer went up, "Lord, cast out the spirit with thy word," and the Lord healed her.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Minister in the Johnstown Flood.*

THE day preceding the flood was Decoration Day. Although the sky was overcast and there was a slight rainfall occasionally, this Thursday upon the whole was rather pleasant. The citizens of Johnstown were out in their strength, and a large number of strangers were present from Altoona, Holidaysburgh, Wilmore, Ebensburg, Somerset, Latrobe, and other neighboring towns. The great concourse of people on the sidewalks, the long procession of soldiers and of various secret orders, the numerous bands of music, the display of flags and bunting along the principal streets, the strewing of flowers on the graves of deceased patriots, and Colonel W. D. Moore's eloquent oration, all contributed to make this a red-letter day for Johnstown.

*From *Through the Johnstown Flood*. By a survivor. A thrilling, truthful, and official history of the most appalling calamity of modern times, prepared in response to a request of the leading citizens of Johnstown, and many of the foremost men of the nation, by Rev. David J. Beale, D. D. With numerous portraits and illustrations. Pp. 418; published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.

After nightfall the clouds grew heavier, hanging nearer the earth, and at 9 o'clock a gentle drizzling rain set in, which after 11 o'clock was followed by an unprecedented outpour. In fact, there seemed to be a series of waterspouts during much of the night. Before morning the banks of both the Conemaugh and the Stony Creek were full, and the lower parts of the city were under water. . . . From 2 o'clock the water seemed to rise slowly, until ten minutes after 4, when the great avalanche rushed upon us. In a moment I heard a sound as of an approaching railroad train, when all at once the mighty torrent struck our residence. I cried, "Upstairs! up-stairs!" and when I saw all my family, and Mr. Lloyd and his sisters—neighbors who were with us at the time—safely in advance of me, I followed with the family Bible in my hand, pushed upward by the incoming water. The water was on the second story sooner than I was, and carried the hat-rack with such force as to strike me on the back, just as I reached the head of the stairs up to my waist in water. In a moment the family had rushed on to the attic, when a man was washed through a window beside me as if shot out of a catapult. He had been carried on a roof a mile and a quarter, and was dashed through the window into my second story as the roof, on which he had been borne, with a great shock struck the parsonage.

Soon we were all together on the third floor, and I had found the Forty-sixth Psalm, a part of which I read to our company, consisting of ten persons. Several of them wished to see and read the passage for themselves, which they did, as the Bible was passed around. The entire company engaged in ejaculatory prayer, and I also led them in prayer, renewing dedicating ourselves to God and our Saviour, expecting in a moment to be present with the Lord. . . . Soon the wreckage to the west of us began to move off, and our house began to shake and rock and sag in the middle. Captain Hart and Mr. Lloyd insisted that we were in immediate peril, as, in their judgment, the house was giving away. Finally, after some hurried conference and an unsuccessful attempt to get upon our own roof, we gained egress from our highest window upon a floating roof below. This was indeed a hazardous alternative. Seizing a rope at hand, let Captain Hart down first. He assured me that the roof was worthy, and then, in quick succession, all the occupants of the attic were passed out the window, and I followed them.

We had hoped to have reached the church, but we soon ascertained that an intervening space—fifty feet or more was entirely uncovered with the wreckage on which we hoped to have walked; as so we abandoned the attempt, and began a perilous journey to Alma Hall, the largest, strongest building in the city, of four very high stories, in a square distant, walking and jumping from one floating house or roof or box-car to another; at sometimes we were on opposite sides of roofs, and therefore, out of sight of each other; then, again, we were compelled to bridge over deep watery space with loose boards or planks. One of the you

adies, when walking over piece of scantling, fell into the watery chasm, so that we could see nothing but her hair floating in the surface. She was rescued and pulled on some floating timbers, and just before dark we succeeded in reaching the wall. We found that very many from different parts of the city had sought refuge there before our arrival. Some of our number then went out on the wreckage, taking the rope brought from the parsonage, and succeeded in extricating a number who were either fastened in among the timbers, or were too much exhausted to help themselves.

Two hundred and sixty-four persons were in the hall, and at their request offered prayer, giving thanks to God for His gracious deliverance of those present, and seeking sustaining grace for the beleaguered ones. It was indeed a solemn and impressive occasion. In this service Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Africans and Chinamen, united. . . . It is doubtful if any one in that entire building on that awful night, the last of May, 1889, refused to pray to his Maker. One can scarcely conceive of an assembly convened under circumstances more affecting than those which massed us together on the floors of Alma Hall.

THE WHARF OF BUENOS AYRES.

(See illustration on page 140.)

THE progress in commercial enterprise which the Argentine Republic has made in recent times may be inferred from the picture here printed. Buenos Ayres, the capital of the country, is one of the busiest ports to the south of us, and its business is growing rapidly. Already its merchants are formidable competitors with those of the United States for the trade in provisions and breadstuffs in the markets of South America. Their exports of wheat, corn, and rye, alone, to Brazil and Great Britain, have now reached the total value of eight millions. Beside this the pampas can produce sugar, coffee, rice, and cotton. They also supply excellent grazing-ground for cattle. These advantages are now being well developed, and chiefly by settlers from the United States, who are making enormous fortunes.

Buenos Ayres is the Chicago of the nation. Five railroads have their termini there; twenty-one daily newspapers are published in the city; nine banks, with a capital of over a million dollars each, are doing a large business; and there are more telephones and electric lights in proportion to the population than in an American city. It is a singular, and to us a humiliating fact, that while the value of the imports from the United States which arrive in Buenos Ayres have increased during the past ten years by three million dollars, the imports from England have increased during the same period by twenty-two millions. The public-school system is well developed; seventy-two per cent. of the children of school age are enrolled, and the annual appropriation is over ten dollars per pupil, which is more than with us, and nearly double that of Germany. It includes not only free tuition, but all books and educational apparatus. The Argentine Republic promises to be one of the most progressive of our neighbors, whose friendship is worth cultivating.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS PARTY.

(See illustration.)

THE group of men represented in the accompanying picture are the most interesting men of our time. Stanley, the central figure, is beyond all question the hero of this generation. His latest achievement is the crown and culmination of all the triumphs of a heroic life. He has traversed lands unknown to white men, braving the perils of malarial lands, the perils of starvation, the perils of savage warfare, and has returned triumphant, bringing with him the men whom he undertook to res-



Mr. H. M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Mr. Vizetelly, and Party.

cue. Had England sent him instead of the vain-glorious Wolseley to rescue Gordon from Khartoum, the gallant Christian soldier might have been to-day in the land of the living, pursuing his work as a soldier of the Cross.

Immediately behind Mr. Stanley in the picture, is Mr. E. Vizetelly, the emissary of the *New York Herald*, whom Mr. James Bennett sent out to meet Mr. Stanley, and to relieve the wants that the great explorer might be expected to experience after his long absence from civilization. It was fitting that Stanley should be relieved from that source. It was the proprietor of that great journal who first introduced Stanley to the world, recognizing in him the qualities which have since made him the admiration of all lands. In his extremity, Mr. Bennett sent him succor, as he had years ago sent Livingstone succor by Stanley's hands. Owing to the uncertainties of the route Stanley would take, the difficulty of meeting him was hugely increased, and Mr. Vizetelly was unable to deliver the welcome supplies so early as he had hoped; but Stanley must have been deeply touched by the kind intention of his friend and former employer.

Mr. Stanley has himself indicated the character which he hopes to have in history. "I feel," he said, in a recent speech, "as if the mantle of Dr. Livingstone had fallen upon me." The world hopes it has. To be the Elisha to such an Elijah is the greatest honor that could come to any man. Livingstone, however, was a missionary as well as an explorer. If Stanley would have a double portion of his spirit he must look for the blessing to the same source from which Elisha obtained the boon. God is as ready to grant it to the humble, earnest seeker as He was then.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 136.)

Another Band of Pioneers.

In previous chapters we have followed out the early history of the planting of New England with considerable minuteness. The first years of occupation of their chosen place of settlement were years of anxiety, apprehension, and suffering. It was a constant warfare against foes without and within. Famine stared them in the face; armed savages menaced them in the field; death stalked amid their ranks, and threatened their utter annihilation; and from within, their worst foes appeared among those on whom their only hope had seemed to depend. It was a struggle for life, wherein the most undaunted courage seemed hardly equal to the strife. But the Pilgrim Fathers were as the forlorn hope of liberty to the persecuted Nonconformists of England; and even when most fearful they yielded to no thought of retreat. There was the appointed place of conflict, and the only choice they seem ever to have placed before themselves was victory or death. It was with something of the calmness of the soldier on the battle-field that the survivors of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims committed

their friends to the grave, on the bleak shores of Plymouth Bay, in that first dreadful winter of their landing. They had fallen the foremost in the strife, and their companions stepped into the breach.

Even before the death of King James I. the English Nonconformists were anxiously watching the success of the planters of New Plymouth, and so early as 1624 the Pilgrims found the deserted scene of Weston's colonial establishment re-occupied by a more congenial band of settlers. "The early history of Massachusetts," says Bancroft, "is the history of a class of men as remarkable for their qualities, and their influence on public happiness, as any by which the human race has ever been diversified. The settlement near Weymouth was revived; a new plantation was begun near Mount Wollaston, within the present limits of Quincy;

and the merchants of the West continued their voyages to the islands of New England.

"But these things were of feeble influence compared with the consequences of the attempt at a permanent establishment near Cape Ann; for White, a minister of Dorchester, a Puritan, but not a Separatist, breathed into the enterprise a higher principle than that of the desire of gain. Roger Conant, having already left New Plymouth for Nantasket, through a brother in England, who was a friend of White, obtained the agency of the adventure. A year's experience proved to the company that their speculation must change its form, or it would produce no results; the merchants paid with honest liberality all the persons whom they had employed, and abandoned the unprofitable scheme. But Conant, a man of extraordinary vigor, 'inspired, as it were, by some superior instinct,' and confiding in the active friendship of White, succeeded in breathing a portion of his sublime courage into his three companions; and, making choice of Salem, as opening a convenient place of refuge for the exiles for religion, they resolved to remain as the sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts.

"The design of a plantation was now ripening in the mind of White and his associates in the southwest of England. About the same time, some friends in Lincolnshire fell into discourse about New England; imagination swelled with the thought of planting the pure gospel among the quiet shades of America; it seemed better to depend on the benevolence of uncultivated nature and the care of Providence, than to endure the constraints of the English laws and the severities of the English hierarchy; and who could doubt that, at the voice of undefiled religion, the wilderness would change to a paradise for a people who lived under a bond with the omnipresent God? After some deliberation, persons in London and the West Country were made acquainted with the design.

"The council for New England, itself incapable of the generous purpose of planting colonies, was ever ready to make sale of patents, which had now become their only source of revenue. Little concerned even at making grants of territory which had already been purchased, they sold to Sir Henry Roswell, Sir John Young, Thomas Southcoat, John Humphrey, John Endicot, and Simon Whetcomb, gentlemen of Dorchester, a belt of land, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, extending three miles south of the River Charles and the Massachusetts Bay, and three miles north of every part of the river Merrimac. The zeal of White sought and soon found other and powerful associates in and about London, kindred spirits, men of religious fervor, uniting the emotions of enthusiasm with unbending perseverance in action—Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, Eaton, Saltonstall, Bellingham, an eminent lawyer, famous in colonial annals, besides many others, men of fortune, and friends to colonial enterprise, who desired to establish a plantation of

'the best' of their countrymen on the shores of New England, in a safe seclusion, which the corruptions of human superstition might never invade. Three of the original purchasers parted with all their rights: Humphrey, Endicot, and Whetcomb retained an equal interest with the new partners.

"The company, already possessing the firmness of religious zeal and the resources of mercantile opulence, and having now acquired a title to an extensive territory, immediately prepared for the emigration of a colony; and Endicot—a man of dauntless courage, and that cheerfulness which accompanies courage; benevolent, though austere; firm, though choleric; of a rugged nature, which the sternest form of Puritanism had not served to mellow—was selected as 'a fit instrument to begin this wilderness work.' His wife and family were the companions of his voyage, the hostages of his fixed attachment to the New World. His immediate attendants, and those whom the company sent over the same year, in all not far from one hundred in number, were welcomed by Conant and his faithful associates to gloomy forests and unsubdued fields. Yet, even then, the spirit of enterprise predominated over the melancholy which is impressed upon nature in its savage state; and seven or more threaded a path through the woods to the neck of land which is now Charlestown. English courage had preceded them; they found there one English hovel already tenanted.

"When the news reached London of the safe arrival of the emigrants, the number of the adventurers had already been much enlarged. The 'Boston men' next lent their strength to the company; and the Puritans throughout England began to take an interest in the efforts which invited the imagination to indulge in delightful visions. Interest was also made to obtain a royal charter, with the aid of Bellingham, and of White, an eminent lawyer, who advocated the design. The Earl of Warwick had always been the friend of the company; Gorges had seemed to favor its advancement; and Lord Dorchester, then one of the Secretaries of State, is said to have exerted a powerful influence in its behalf. At last, after much labor and large expenditures, the patent for the Company of the Massachusetts Bay passed the seals; a few days only before Charles I, in a public state-paper, avowed his design of governing without a Parliament."

Here we find the elements of a more rapid and extensive colonization than that of the exiled church of Leyden in Plymouth Bay. Charles I. and Laud, with his Star Chamber and High Commission Court, were most effectual agents in carrying out this scheme. By such means many of the noblest and worthiest among the people of England were selected and sent out to plant religion and free institutions on the shores of New England. Happily the history of the country proves that many more, noble and worthy, tarried behind to establish the same in their native land.

The new settlements in Massachusetts Bay date from the very commencement of Charles's reign. Hope long deferred was waxing dim in the hearts of earnest men in England, and some of her well-wishers had already despaired. Roger Conant and a few zealous associates had proceeded to New England in 1625. It might be wondered why, while they were still few in number, the religious emigrants from England did not seek shelter within the hospitable refuge of Plymouth settlement. But already the harsh spirit of religious persecution was forcing into premature growth many forms of diversity in the opinions of Christian men, and the victims of intolerance did not always learn by their sufferings to practice toleration and grant liberty of conscience to others.

"The settlers at Massachusetts Bay," says Price in his *History of Nonconformity*, "were distinguished from those at Plymouth by some shades of theological opinion. The latter were Independents, who had separated from the Church of England, and conducted divine worship in harmony with their own views; but the former, for the most part, belonged to the more moderate class of Nonconformists, who, without seceding from the communion of the Hierarchy, acknowledged its corruptions, and earnestly sought its reform. Before their departure for America they drew up a letter, addressed 'to the rest of their brethren in and of the Church of England,' wherein they say, 'We desire you would be pleased to take notice of the principals and body of our company, as those who esteem it our honor to call the Church of England, from whence we arise, our dear mother; and cannot part from our

native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart, and many tears in our eyes; ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts. We leave it not, therefore, as loathing that milk wherewith we were nourished, but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body, shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her; and, while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavor the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus.'

"The settlement of their ecclesiastical polity engaged their earliest attention. The main principles which it embraced were precisely similar to those now held by the Congregational and Baptist Churches; but the following article, which was also adopted, betrayed their imperfect acquaintance with the rights of conscience, and led to acts of persecution which disgraced their early history. It is thus expressed by Hubbard, 'Church government and civil government may very well stand together, it being the duty of the Magistrate to take care of matters of religion, and to improve his civil authority for the observing the duties commanded in the first as well as in the second table; seeing the end of their office is not only the quiet and peaceful life of the subject, in matters of righteousness and honesty, but also in matters of godliness.' There is more truth in these latter conclusions of the historian of Protestant Nonconformity than in the first; for certainly the early history of New England will lead few indeed to assign to the colonists of Massachusetts the palm of moderation when compared with the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth.

The history of the settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritan Pilgrims of Charles I. reign is scarcely less interesting than that of their predecessors in Plymouth Bay. Both were of the same class. Both had been driven forth from their native country by the intolerable burdens of enforced conformity, and both sought, in the colonial possessions of England, to enjoy liberty of conscience without the sense of exile and banishment, which even prosperity cannot efface from the forced resident in a foreign land. It is not to be wondered at that the same degree of harmony and mutual agreement on all the thorny questions of polemic controversy which prevailed in the little settlement of Plymouth, was not always found among the Puritan settlers that occupied the broad lands of Massachusetts. The exiles who escaped from England to Holland were winnowed and sifted again and again, ere the passengers of the *Mayflower* effected a landing in the New World. At Amsterdam some were left behind, more tarried at Leyden, and even of those who proceeded to England in the *Speedwell* the faint-hearted and faithless abandoned the enterprise when successive disappointments had allowed their early hope and enthusiasm to give way at the chill touch of experience.

It was very different, however, with those who fled from the systematic persecutions of Laud, and the intolerant High Commission Court and Star Chamber of Charles I. There was no time for sitting then; happily for them, too, less need of it than before. The Pilgrim Fathers had led the way. The wilderness had been proved to be a safe and sure refuge for the persecuted sufferers for conscience' sake, and now hundreds crowded from their native shores, without waiting for the personal experience of the wrongs they saw inflicted on their brethren, longing to breathe the free air of these distant wilds, where no bigot king or merciless zealot strove to constrain the soul within the straitened bonds of established formulas.

All wanted liberty for themselves, but unhappily all were not prepared to exercise toleration, or extend the same liberty to others. Even at the first difficulties arose from this source. Yet why should we wonder that such was the case? The principles on which mutual toleration finds its true basis were then unknown. Even in the Commonwealth, which bold spirits soon after established for a time in England, it was only a small minority, with England's great Protector at their head, who battled for equal privileges and the like liberty to all.

True, indeed, both the Pilgrims of Plymouth and the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, were even more intolerant of the Service Book and observances of the Church of England than the Puritan rulers of the Commonwealth, but the dictates of sound policy may plead an abundant excuse for this.

It was impossible for Prelacy and Puritanism to live amicably together under the counsels of Laud and the Government of Charles I. The refugees of New England had no choice but to banish or to be banished; to root out the green shoots of emigrant prelacy, or to let it grow until it added to the trials and privations of these planters in the wilderness, the very restraints to escape which all these lesser evils had been braved.

The name of the Rev. John White merits a prominent place among those who fostered the first New England colonies and promoted the work of emigration among the suffering Puritans. He was minister of Dorchester, a borough and market-town in the county of Dorset, a district of England which has borne a prominent share both in the glory and the sufferings of the nation's struggles for liberty. It was the scene of some of the fiercest contests between the forces of the Parliament and the King during the great civil war; and when the despotic bigotry of Charles's infatuated son, James, had driven thousands to peril their fate under the questionable leadership of Monmouth, Dorset was one of the chief scenes of Judge Jeffries's bloody assizes.

Doubtless the zealous administration of such a teacher as John White helped in no slight degree to sow the seed which bore such vigorous fruit. The attention of White was early attracted, and his interest excited, by the settlement effected at Plymouth in New England, and he devoted himself with unwearied zeal to establish similar Christian communities along the unoccupied shores of the New World.

The first settlement at Salem was an offshoot from the Pilgrims' colony at Plymouth Bay. When Roger Conant led forth his little company of hardy adventurers to Cape Ann, and then to Salem; and, disheartened by the perils that surrounded them, all but three of his companions abandoned what seemed to be a desperate project, Mr. White wrote to these last lingerers amid the wreck of many hopes entreating them not to desert the settlement, and promising speedily to reinforce their numbers, and furnish them with supplies of provisions and other requisites from England.

The indefatigable minister of Dorchester amply fulfilled his promises to Conant and his faithful adherents. It was in 1628, only seven years after the sailing of the *Mayflower* that the Council of Plymouth, as the English company was termed, sold to the six gentlemen of Dorchester the vast tract of land stretching across the vast continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Mr. White was unwearied in his exertions for furthering this noble scheme of establishing Christian communities, governed by free institutions, amid the uncultivated wilds of America. Chiefly by his exertions, a numerous body of zealous Christian men from his own neighborhood were induced to unite themselves with the original purchasers of the unoccupied tract of land; and among these were men of large fortune and high rank, and distinguished no less by an earnest zeal for spiritual religion, and for the liberty of conscience denied to them by the haughty rulers of England.

Thus constituted, the colonists of Massachusetts were far more fortunately situated than the first Pilgrim Fathers, who had to contend with mercenary greed, envious rivalry, and the overreaching exactions of unfriendly speculators. They immediately began the work of emigration. Mr. John Endicot, one of the six original purchasers, was the leader of the company of colonists who left England to reinforce the forlorn band that still maintained their uncertain footing at the settlement of Salem. That same year an exploring party set out to examine the character of the neighboring country chartered to them by the Council of Plymouth. To their surprise and delight, they discovered at a distance of about twelve miles from Salem, a cottage (the same which the historian of the United States designates an English hovel), where a countryman of their own had already won the favor of the Indians by his skill in working metals.

The locality seemed favorable for settlement, and the ability of their countryman was scarcely less valuable to them than to the wild Indians. A body of the colonists established themselves around the forge of Thomas Walford, the English blacksmith, and with the old patriotic feeling, which no wrongs or sufferings can altogether eradicate, they named their new settlement 'Charlestown, in honor of the King whose severities had driven them from the land of their fathers.

(To be Continued.)

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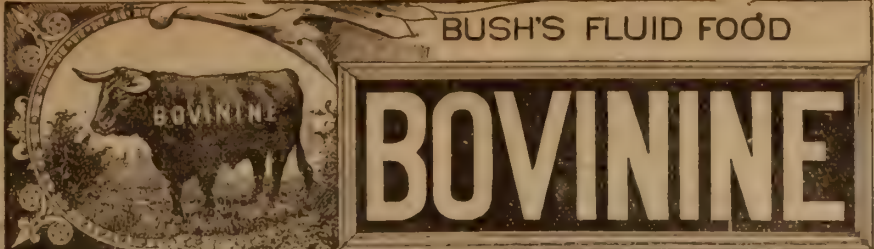
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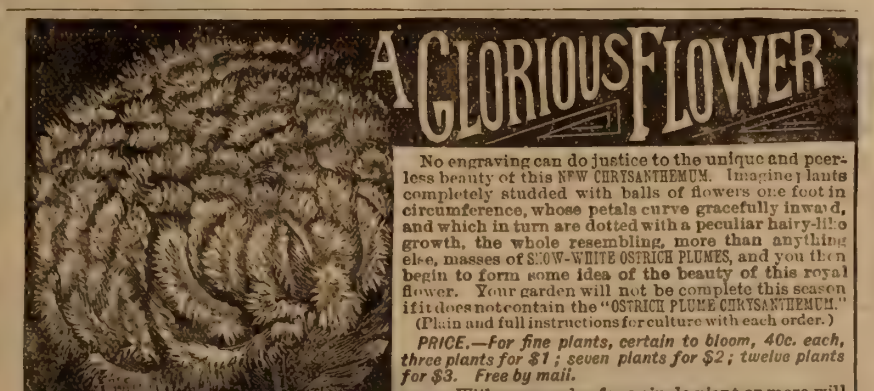
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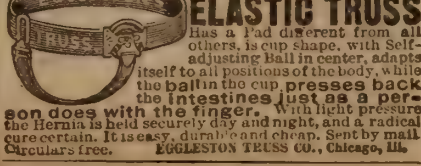
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And seek for Jesus in the skies?
Is He so far apart?
Are skies a better dwelling place
Than man's celestial heart and face
Made pure and bright with heavenly grace?
Oh! find Him in thy heart.

Why wouldst thou teach my thirsty soul
To wait till death shall make it whole?
Is Christ so far away?
Oh no! I see Him now and near,
His throbbing life, His word of cheer,
He turns my night to day.

Then cease thy looking here and there,
And first of all thy heart prepare
By purity from sin;
And then lit up with Heaven's bright glow,
Thy soul of truth and love shall know
That Heaven above is Heaven below,
And Christ is found within.

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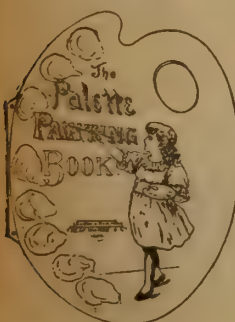
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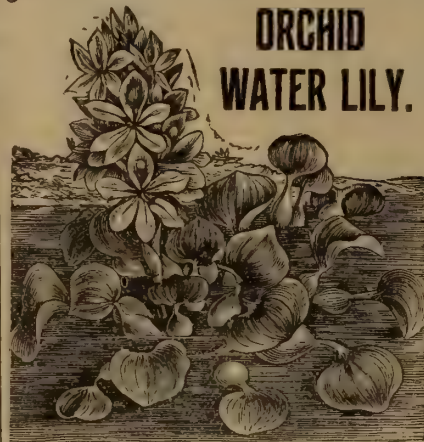
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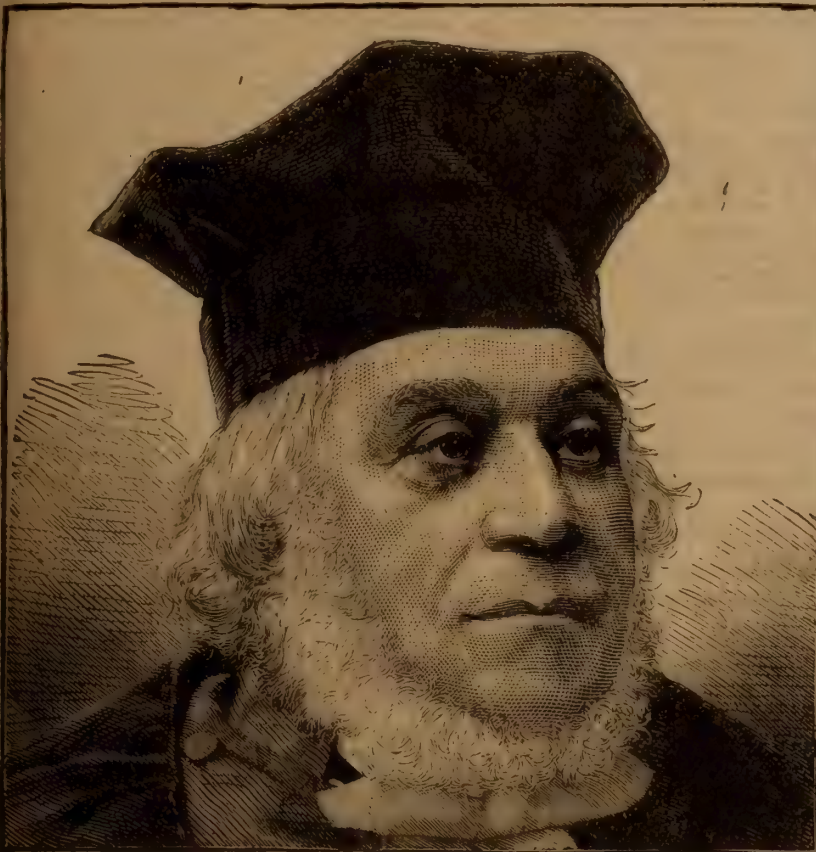
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SCENE AT THE GRAVE.

The Late Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, Chief Rabbi of English-Speaking Jews—Scenes at His Obsequies.

THE LATE DR. NATHAN ADLER.

Chief Rabbi of the English-Speaking Jews.

A Unique Priest and People—Aaronic Descent—Universally Respected—Birth in Hanover in 1802—Becomes Chief Rabbi of Hanover—Appointed Chief Rabbi of English-Speaking Jews in 1845—His Early Polemical Controversy—Later Years of Retirement—Literary and Theological Works—An Interesting Funeral—A Pillow of Earth from Palestine—His Interest in Theological Education.

IN almost every country there were men on whom the news of the death of Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler fell with the sense of personal bereavement. Yet no nation was, as a whole, concerned about his death or felt that, as a nation, it had suffered loss. The event brings vividly before us a strange, indeed an unparalleled, aspect of human life. Here, among ourselves, across the Atlantic in England, far away in Australia, large numbers of men and women looked to Dr. Adler with veneration, not only on account of his personal qualities, but on account of his official position, and in every country on the globe are a few men who, on account of nationality and the language they speak, were moved by the news of his death, when it reached them in the land of their sojourn.

These men as they go about their business are men of like feelings, emotions, and pursuits with their fellows, yet separated from them, and united to each other by reason of a strong race power. A people scattered and peeled, enormously wealthy, yet holding themselves loose from the ties of country; carefully abstaining from all interests and investments that would render difficult a sudden removal from the land of their present sojourn. A people delighting in portable property, possessing but few houses or lands, yet rich in money, bonds, stocks, and jewels. A people without a home or a government; adapting themselves to the conditions of life and yielding obedience to the Government of any land in which they locate themselves. Unassimilated, yet with strong affections and friendships, peaceable, law-abiding, intelligent, they are a race unique among all the races of the earth. It was of the English-speaking portion of this race that Dr. Adler was the recognized head. To his words they gave ready heed, and to his declaration in all questions of morals and religious doctrine they rendered profound respect.

The Jewish High Priest,

so far as the present condition of the Jewish race admits of a survival of that office, was Dr. Adler, yet with no Urim and Thummim, no gorgeous ritual, no magnificent temple. Looking sorrowfully back to past glories, looking hopefully forward to future glories, patiently enduring the chastisement of Jehovah, and unable to perceive its cause, Dr. Adler, as the head of his race, must have felt a heavy responsibility, as he was conscious that much of guidance and direction lay within his power, and, as he thought of his people, must have been moved by mingled feelings of pride and humiliation. The secret of their condition is by this time known to him, and he realizes the terrible import of the words uttered by his predecessors as they surrounded that meek, inoffensive martyr long ago, "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

A Descendant of Aaron

Dr. Adler was believed to be; but it was not for him to lead his people to the promised land, nor to have the visible endorsement of his God. A man of great learning, eminent and commanding abilities, and high moral character, he enjoyed the respect of all who knew him, even of those who were not of his faith. The student of prophecy, knowing how grand and influential is the future of the Jewish race, cannot but be deeply interested in the man who was its acknowledged leader, and will like to know who and what he was.

Nathan Marcus Adler was born in Hanover in 1802, and was therefore in his eighty-eighth year when he died. The family was one of the most ancient among the Jewish people. It has among its most treasured possessions a genealogical tree tracing descent from Aaron, the first High Priest. Many of his ancestors held the priestly office, and his father was Chief Rabbi of Hanover when he was born. Dr. Adler was educated at the Universities of Würzburg and Erlangen, at both of which he took a distinguished position. In 1829 he married Miss Henrietta Worms, of Frankfort, and so became connected with the leading Jewish families of that town, including the Rothschilds. As Chief Rabbi of Oldenburg, and afterward, on the death of his father, of Hanover, he gained the experience

which materially contributed to his being invited, in 1844, to succeed Rev. Solomon Herschell as Chief Rabbi of the English-speaking Jews.

At this time the Jewish world was much agitated by a reform movement which aimed, among other things, at the alteration of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, and the chanting of the prayers in the vernacular. A reformed congregation of British Jews was already established in London, and Dr. Adler, taking the orthodox side, was soon engaged in a paper controversy with the innovators, but his gentle spirit soon eliminated from it whatever bitterness it originally possessed. His first wife died in 1853, and four years later he was married to his second wife, Miss Lehel, of Berlin.

Last Days.

For the last few years, by reason of failing health, Dr. Adler has lived in close retirement, his official duties being performed by his distinguished son, Dr. Hermann Adler, the Delegate Chief Rabbi. The last official part he took in any public service was in 1887, on the occasion of the Centenary of Sir Moses Montefiore, when he attended the special service at the Synagogue, at which he recited the Special Prayer composed by him for the occasion. There were personal reasons for his thus emerging from his enforced retirement. From the moment Dr. Adler set foot in England to the day of the death of Sir Moses, there was an unbroken bond of personal affection between these two leaders of the Jewish community.

Dr. Adler was an industrious worker, and in addition to his ministerial duties and the self-imposed toil which his keen interest in controversial subjects involved, he found time to occasionally use his pen. He wrote a volume of "Sermons on the Jewish Faith," and a number of other Hebrew works, the chief of which is a commentary on *The Targum of Onkelos*.

Of late years Dr. Adler has spent most of his time at Brighton; his son, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, acting in his place as Chief Rabbi, and being also minister of one of the London synagogues.

The Funeral,

which took place on Thursday, January 23, at the Jewish Cemetery, was an interesting ceremony. The body, which was brought up from Brighton on the previous day, was taken to the "Great Synagogue," in Aldgate, where a special service was held (as shown on our front page) and there a procession was formed for the burying-ground. A large number of carriages containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, together with numerous prominent representatives of the Jewish body, were drawn up in order outside the Synagogue. The coffin, which bore no inscription, was of plain wood, covered with cloth, in which, as a pillow for the head, was

A Bag of Earth from the Holy Land

—a fitting link to bind the deceased to the land of his fathers, and a fulfilment of the sentence, "dust to dust," passed upon man at the beginning. The body was wrapped in a white shroud, such as is usually worn by the heads of families at the annual Passover Supper.

The chief mourners were the three sons—the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Mr. Marcus Adler, and Mr. Elkan Adler. Among those who took part in the funeral were the Chief Rabbis of the Orthodox Jews at Berlin; and of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London; Dr. M. Friedlander, Principal of the Jews' College in London; Mr. J. Sebag Montefiore; Mr. S. Montague, M. P.; Mr. Arthur Cohen, M. P., etc. The funeral service, in Hebrew, was read by the Rev. Marcus Hast, of the Great Synagogue, in the chapel of the cemetery (as shown on our front page). The coffin was then borne to the grave and lowered into it, the three sons of the deceased Chief Rabbi assisting in this mournful task of duty (as shown in our illustration).

Dr. Adler was an eminent scholar, being versed in the Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic languages, as well as in the chief modern languages of Europe. He gained his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Erlangen in 1828, just before he was admitted to ordination and elected Chief Rabbi of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. It was owing to his deep interest in the education of the rabbis of his race that, ten years later, the Jewish College was opened in London, near which he himself resided until his removal to West Brighton in 1880. The name "Adler" (*Eagle*) was adopted by one of his ancestors, who, on the occasion of the recall of banished Jews to Frankfort, in 1616, bore the standard of the empire, the German Eagle, at the head of the grand procession.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR DR. ADLER.

THE memorial service held on the afternoon of January 30, at the Great Synagogue, served as a fitting conclusion to the week of mourning for the lamented Chief Rabbi. The selection of this Synagogue, in which Dr. Adler had worshipped during his long Rabbinate, as the scene of the religious tribute of the London Jewish community to their lamented spiritual chief, was in itself a mark of respect to the dead, and at the same time a recognition of the fact that the Synagogue, though less imposing than some others in London, still remains the "Cathedral" Synagogue of the metropolis.

Upward of twelve hundred invitations had been issued; every Synagogue in the city, and every institution, educational and charitable, having been asked to send its representative men.

The scene on entering the Synagogue was impressive and solemn. The building was lit as on festivals and other joyous occasions, but in striking contrast to this illumination was the sombre clothing of the visitors, and the heavy black draperies along the front of the ladies' galleries and over the Ark, the black covering on the Reading Desk. Most touching sight of all was the small light over the seat which used to be occupied by the late Chief Rabbi, and which also was covered with black.

After appropriate Scripture selections had been read or chanted by the choir, the memorial sermon was delivered by Rev. S. Singer, who gave, as an appropriate picture of the life of the deceased Rabbi, the following selection from the prophet Malachi 2:5-7: "My covenant was with him of life and peace; and I gave them to him as a source of fear so that he feared Me and bowed himself before Me. The law of truth was in his mouth, and no injustice was found on his lips; he walked with Me in peace and rectitude, and did turn many away from iniquity. For the priest's lips shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth; for he is a messenger of the Lord of Hosts." One could not but deplore that a character so lovely as that of the preacher depicted, and a man so distinguished by learning and high morality, should have gone to the grave with the veil still over his heart. It is marvellous that such a man could not see in Jesus of Nazareth Him of whom Moses and the prophet did write.

"Judge our departed Chief Rabbi by any of the conditions mentioned by the prophet," said the reverend eulogist, "that fear of God, which frees man from all other fear; the hold on truth, accompanied by the desire for more truth, and the yearning to share it with others; the passionate love of the law of God for its own sake; the unswerving pursuit of righteousness; the love of peace, because it alone makes the enjoyment of other blessings possible; and, finally, the steadfast purpose to see and restore the lost, and turn many from iniquity; and it is hard to repress the thought that in his case there has been, even on this earth, some relation between human effort and heavenly reward."

"His was essentially a refined nature, high strung and sensitive in regard to the best human emotions. The ideal of his life was in the highest degree elevated. It was a simple and a strong piety—strong partly because it was simple. Purity of purpose, large-hearted sympathy for others of every condition, and the old prophetic devotion to the God of his fathers were certainly amongst the fine traits in his lofty character. How tender he was when he entered into the personal sorrows of others. How gentle was his effort to impart religious consolation! And somehow there seemed to attach to his words at such times an unusual strength. An outsider beyond his immediate circle could fully know the sweetness of his character as it was revealed in all the nearest relations of his life."

AN INFIDEL AT ABSALOM'S GRAVE.

DR. EREMETE PIEROTTI, a French scientist, architect, and engineer, a few years ago, when an infidel journeyed through Palestine with the avowed intention of disproving the truth of the Bible. Visiting the heap of stones over Absalom's grave, he sat down to meditate with a heart full of unbelief and while he tarried there an Arab woman came with her little child, which she held by the hand. In passing she threw a stone upon the heap marking the tomb of Absalom, and bade her child do the same. "What do you do that for?" he inquired. "Because it is the grave of a wicked son who disobeyed his father," was the woman's answer. "And who was he?" asked the doctor. "The son of David," she replied. He started as if a bolt

struck him. Here was an Arab woman, a Semite, who probably had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and could not read a word of it, yet she held these ancient facts, and was using her child to fling a stone at a monument dedicated by the name of the son who rebelled against his father. Dr. Pierotti, Bible in hand, turned to the story of Absalom, and as he read it a new light came on him. This was the first of many convictions, which so wrought upon him that at length he renounced the faith he once attempted to destroy, and devoted the remainder of his life to the proof and illustration of the Sacred Scriptures.

A NAIL IN AN OAK.

The course of an interesting article just published by Dr. A. J. Gordon is the following excellent illustration of hidden and secret evil. He says: "The oak-tree was recently felled in the grove adjoining Avondale, near the centre of which was a small nail, surrounded by twenty-nine concentric circles, the growth of as many years. The tree in its annual ascents and descents, had carried it the oxyd from the metal, till a space of some three or four feet in length and four or five inches in diameter was completely blackened. It was, I thought, a striking illustration of the effects of sin upon the heart. There may be no outward sign of the corrupting influence within; the outward may be as fair, the reputation as spotless, as the heart is black. 'Is it not a little one?' the man says when he first begins to love the forbidden; and then, before he is aware, it has become a cancer in him, poisoning the stream of his life, spreading desolation in his heart. To the doctor, indeed, there may appear to be growth, but the world only sees the bark. There are concealed sins in the chambers of his soul, of the existence of which none but God and himself know, and which many times, perhaps in the agony of remorse, he discloses to him the dire consequences of this single cherished sin."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Two Cases of Delirium Tremens.*

KEEN-EYED New England observer, in telling of the drinking customs which prevailed in his early days, spoke of the frequency in those times, of *delirium tremens* even among persons of the best class of the community. As an illustration in line he mentioned a father and son, living close door to him, who were often thus carried away by their appetites, and whom he was sometimes called to assist in controlling, when the members of the family were unable to manage them. "And is very singular," he said, "to note the difference in the two men when they had the horrors. The father was a genial, jolly man; and he always saw his boys in his visions. He would laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks as he pointed out the misdeeds of the monkeys with their cornstalk fiddles which he all about him in his visions. On the other hand, the son was morose and sullen; and when his father was excited he always saw Spaniards coming to murder him, and devils ready to torture him. One of the men showed what was in him by what he said at such a time." And in that discriminating suggestion the New England observer declared a truth that has its application in other realms than that of visions and dreams. In all that one sees as a doctor about him in the world as it is, in his character, his characteristics, and his aspirations.

Travelling Companions.

Three men were accidental companions in a journey along the Pacific coast, including a visit to the Yosemite Valley. All three had the same scenery before them, but no two of them saw the same things as they looked out on that scenery. One of them seemed to see nothing but sheep-pasture or lack of it. He was all the time talking of the possibilities of raising sheep on the hill-sides and the mountains traversed by the party. He proved to be a Pennsylvania wool grower. A second one was continually measuring the big trees, and was engaged in calculation as to the amount of timber which the redwood forests would supply, and as to the time and cost necessary to bring that timber to market. He was found to be a lumberman from Michigan. The third man was constantly looking away from the attractions of the scenery by observed peculiarities of his travelling companions, and of their guide, and of the persons whom he met on their way. Nothing in inanimate

From *Seeing and Being*, one of six little volumes of essays. Dr. M. Clay Trumbull. Published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

nature could command his sustained interest in comparison with human beings. He was a Christian worker from the East, who cared more for persons than for things.

Yet farther on in their journeyings those three tourists met two other travellers, who again had other sights to see in that which was common to all, yet which was singular to each. One of the two new observers saw only beauty in the natural scenery, and picturesqueness in any group of living personalities. The other was on the lookout for signs of former life and of ancient days, and of natural changes in the country about him. The one was an artist; the other was a scientist.

And just what was observable in those five observers on the Pacific coast at that time, might have been noted among other observers elsewhere as indeed it could be noted everywhere at all times where men who observe are intelligently observed. In one sphere as in all spheres, what one sees shows more or less what one is; or in other words, the observer's personality is unconsciously projected into the object which commands his attention and interest as an observer.

A STATE MURDER.

A DELICATE Russian lady has been flogged to death by jailers in Siberia. Prior to March, 1888, political exiles to Siberia were confined together, and were exempt from the severities of the prisons in which burglars, highwaymen, and other criminals were incarcerated. At that time, however, the St. Petersburg Government, in one of its paroxysms of inhuman brutality, sent an order to Siberia that in the future the political exiles should be separated and distributed so that no two should be together in the same cell. In every case a political prisoner must be put into a cell with a common criminal, must wear the same kind of leg-fetters, do the same work, and be subject to the same punishments. Among the prisoners in the mines of Kara was an educated, refined lady named Hope Sigida, who had been sent there on the charge of conspiracy against the Government. She and three friends, one of them the wife of a professor, were subjected to coarse insult and brutal and licentious outrages at the hands of the jailers. Goaded to desperation, they determined to commit suicide by starving themselves to death. They were thwarted by crafty and violent means. Then Mme. Sigida appealed personally to the Governor of the mine. She did not return to her companions. She was stripped and received a hundred lashes on her bare flesh. She was carried away bleeding and unconscious, and died shortly afterward. But it was not the heavy whip that killed her; her heart broke under the brutal outrage. One more victim was added to the long list of those whose blood cries to heaven for vengeance. Let our Senators think of Mme. Sigida when they are asked to ratify the extradition treaty which has been negotiated between this country and Russia, and let them refuse to surrender any man or woman who has escaped from the tyranny of such a demoniacal Government.

BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IN a speech made recently by the Rev. J. J. Fuller, who has returned for a brief rest from his labors as a missionary on the West Africa coast, he thus described the difficulties against which he had to contend in rearing his first place of worship. He said: "We went up to a place among the Cameroons and tried to put up a little rude house to gather the people into to tell them of our mission. One of their chiefs came one day dressed up in all his charms, sash, horn, war-cap, sword, &c., and said that the missionaries had come to stir up resistance, and his people did not want anything new, but wanted to continue in the habits and customs of their fathers. 'You come,' said he, 'from a strange land to introduce your customs, and we won't have them.' We tried to show him we were his friends. He said, 'You sha'n't put up the house,' so we thought it would be best to leave it alone."

But in our difficulty we read the Bible, and seemed to read a voice to us in the words, "Go forward," and we began to make holes to put in the posts for our house. The news of what we were doing went to the town, and when we had some of the holes dug for our posts, six men came up to stop us. Instead of saying anything to them, we knelt down and asked God to help us. We then took up the post and put it into its place. As we put in the first post the men stood aghast to think that we dared to resist them. They were so overcome

with our quietness and steadfastness, that although they came to stop us, it brought them for a moment to a standstill. At last the first post was put up and rammed, and then a chief who was present took off his ornaments and trappings, and then darted at the post, and used all his muscular strength in trying to shake it out. While he was doing this, we went off to the next corner, and while the chief was fighting with the first post, we rammed the second. When he had taken out the first, he came to the second, and we passed on and put in a third. So we went round and put in one post after another, until the poor man had completely tired himself, and after taking out about half a dozen he thought he had had enough for one day's work. After he left we had the holes reopened and the posts put up as fast as we could.

The chiefs could not understand us, and thought we were very determined, and the man who pulled out the posts was anxious to find out more about us, so he came to our meetings. At that time we could only preach through an interpreter, and he stood outside and heard the gospel, and we told the message in such a simple way that the man was drawn into the house. In a few days we had him sitting listening, and by-and-by he came to the mission-house and asked us to tell him something more about this good news. He said he had heard a little, but he wanted to know more. In six months from that time we saw him with the tears running from his eyes as he listened to the message from our interpreter; and in eighteen months more we had the privilege of seeing him baptized on a profession of faith in Christ.

To-day we have a native Baptist church formed there, where about four hundred persons gather together every Sunday to hear the gospel.

THE EFFECT OF THE BOOK.

SEVERAL illustrations were recently given by an agent of the Bible Society of the results directly traced from the reading of the Bible unassisted by oral instruction. He said: "A colporteur in the maritime province of Almeria, Spain, had sold to the crew of a fishing vessel six or eight copies of the Scriptures. He found that they had been blessed. There had been nothing but cursing and swearing in the intercourse of this crew before. Now the songs of Zion float over the moonlit waters of the Mediterranean, and the men's spare moments are jealously improved in the perusal of the Word of Life. A little further inland, on the slopes of the Sierra Morena, you find a man who cannot read himself, but carries about with him a copy of the large-type Testament, and whenever he meets with people who can read, he sets them to read the story of the Divine life on earth. Near Valladolid, the old capital of Spain, a man received a copy of the Scriptures, and perhaps opened it at a long list of names in Genesis or Chronicles, and did not feel specially attracted. On a holiday he was in Valladolid, and heard an evangelist. Remembering where he had placed the book, he went home, took it down, found the place, began to read, and in a short time went back to the evangelist, saying that he had resolved to declare himself a reader of the Bible. That man had so commended himself to the villagers that he is now town clerk against his own will; but they were so convinced of his uprightness that nothing would content them but that he should take the direction of affairs in that place."

THE POET AND THE PREACHER.

A POET'S sympathy with a preacher was exhibited in England a short time ago. In an article on Lord Tennyson, just published, the writer relates an incident which occurred on a bitter, windy morning in the Isle of Wight. It was almost a blizzard, against which few dare expose themselves. One veteran local preacher, while pressing on against wind and rain, fell down dead within a short distance of Freshwater Methodist Chapel. Lord Tennyson came upon the scene in a few minutes, with his friend Professor Ralston. The kindly interest taken by the poet in the widow and friends of the honored local preacher will never be forgotten. He sent a letter of sympathy, in which he expressed his personal belief as to the honor and blessedness of being engaged in so glorious a work as that of the local preacher. Lord Tennyson wrote, "I cannot but look upon his death as a happy one; sudden, painless, while he was on his way to his chapel to render thanks and praise to his Maker. Our liturgy prays against 'sudden death,' but I myself could pray for such a sudden death as Porter's."

REVISION OF CREEDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning,
March 2, 1890.

"Loose him and let him go." John 11:44.

An Opulent Home—Sickness in the Household—The Bereaved Sisters—Arrival of the Omnipotent Healer—The Summons from the Tomb—Lazarus Unbound—Christians Only Half Liberated—An Antiquated Creed—New Applications of Old Truths—No Infants in Perdition—Metaphysical Dissection of a Rose—A Scripture Creed Wanted—The Essential and Non-essential Articles—Imperative Necessity of a New Creed—Injurious Introspection—The Dread of Death—Innumerable Stellar Homes—Dissolution Painless—A Dreaded Landing at Joppa.

My Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead-pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem He would come out there almost every evening to the house of His three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him, and were proud of him, for he was very popular and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha, a first-rate housekeeper, and Mary, a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also.

Disease Did Its Quick Work.

How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all. From the characteristics elsewhere developed I judge that Martha prepared the medicines, and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus, until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn, and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as He so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days, and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

At the Door of the Sepulchre

is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over His cheeks, and plash upon the back of His hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before?

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon His lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to His tongue, and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and

comes to the foot of the steps, and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him, and his feet are fast, and his hands are fast, and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him, and let him go!"

Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus He went on, and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk, and the breaking off of the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation, and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying, "Loose him, and let him go."

Christians Only Half Liberated.

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave-clothes on them. They are, like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me, and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let him go."

First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian Church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand-new one.

An Antiquated Creed.

It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died three hundred and twenty-six years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats, and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation; and go back to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses; and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals, or the burning of bonfires on the hill-tops, and reject the magnetic wire which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists, and the theologians of the last three hundred and twenty-six years, and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth-century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

New Application of Old Truths.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam-engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning-footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning, and some of them now mean more, and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants. A man who believes in the damnation of infants

himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the new world I conclude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out into this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt the living friends. But when the darling children die there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses.

The Autopsy of a Rose.

We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician, and by the properties of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use, and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy, fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says, "I will show you the structure of this rose, and he proceeds to take it apart, and pulls off the leaves and he says, 'There are the petals,' and takes out the anthers, and he says: 'Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars!'" then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will show you how this rose of religion was fashioned, and it pulls off of it a piece, and says: 'That is human will,' and another piece, and says: 'That is God's will,' and another piece, and says: 'That is sovereignty,' and another piece and says: 'That is free agency,' this is this, and that is that. While I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in, and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says, 'Inhale the sweetness of this, wear it on your heart, and wear it forever.' I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart.

The Best Creedmaker.

What a time we have had with the dogmatic apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been content had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that we harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, let us Paul's statement and leave out your own. After one chapter of Paul on that subject than a Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now; much less the mysteries of His government five hundred quintillion of years ago. I move for a creed for all our denomination made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyon's assault. That would be

Beyond Human Criticism.

The denomination, whatever its name be, that will rise up to that will be the Church of the millennium will swallow up all other denominations, and become one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer, let people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not be elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable non-essentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is indispensable.

But there are those who would add unto the list rather than subtract from them. There are the sands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine, or if they smoke cigars, or if they attend the theatre, or if they

ds, or if they drive a fast horse. Now I do not
nk wine or smoke or attend the theatre, never
a game of cards, and do not drive a fast
se, although I would if I owned one. But do
substitute tests which the Bible does not estab-
There is one passage of Scripture wide enough
et all in who ought to enter, and to keep out all
ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord
Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's
rt right, and his life will be right.

Action Must be Taken.

now that the old creeds have been put under
ilic scrutiny, something radical must be done.
ne would split them, some would carve them,
ne would elongate them, some would abbreviate
m. At the present moment and in the present
pe they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but
pered with the old grave-clothes. If you want
glorious Church, free and unencumbered, take
the ceremonies of old ecclesiastical vocabulary.
her, and let her go!

gain, there are Christians who are under sepul-
l shadows, and hindered and hopped by doubts
fears and sins long ago repented of. What they
is to understand the liberty of the sons of God.
y spend more time under the shadow of Sinai
at the base of Calvary. They have been sing-
the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His or am I not?

ong to know, do you? Why do you not find out?
to work for God, and you will very soon find

The man who is all the time feeling of his
e and looking at his tongue to see whether it is
ed, is morbid, and cannot be physically well.
doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and
active life, and stop thinking of yourself, and
will get well and strong." So there are people
are watching their spiritual symptoms, and
call it self-examination, and they get weaker
sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and
something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise
then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's
nine and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you
sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

What Christians Need.

that many of you Christians most need is to get
grave-clothes off. I rejoice that you have been
ght from the death of sin to the life of the
el; but you need to get your hand loose and your
feet loose and your tongue loose and your
loose. There is no sin that the Bible so ar-
s and punctures and flagellates as the sin of
ief, and that is

What is the Matter with You.

"you say, 'if you knew what I once was, and
many times I have grievously strayed, you
I understand why I do not come out brighter.'
I think you would call yourself the chief of
rs. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I
a promise that fits into your case as the cogs
e wheel between the cogs of another wheel, or
e key fits into the labyrinths of a lock. A
who was once called Saul, but afterwards Paul,
ed: "This a faithful saying, and worthy of all
tation, that Christ Jesus came into the world
e sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that
f whom I am chief." "Put down your over-
and hats and I will take care of them while
ill Stephen"—so Saul said to the stoners of
rst martyr—"I do not care to exert myself
but I will guard your surplus apparel while
the murder." The New Testament account
"The witnesses laid down their clothes at a
man's feet, whose name was Saul." No wonder
d, "Sinners, of whom I am the chief."
ist is used to climbing. He climbed to the
f the temple. He climbed to the top of
t Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs
Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha.
o the top of the hills and the mountains of
ansgression He is ready to climb with pardon
ery one of you. The groan of Calvary is
ier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt
ed for all your indebtedness. If one throw
e at midnight into a bush where the hedge
osts, it immediately begins to sing; and into
idnight hedges of your despondency these
I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem.

Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the
major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you
to be carrying around with you the débris and car-
casses of old transgressions? You make me think
of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at
sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps
on its davits the damaged lifeboats and the splinters
of a shivered mast and the broken glass of a smashed
skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard
with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the
salted smoke stacks, open a new log-book, haul in
the planks, lay out a new course, and set sail for
heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long
enough. You will please the Lord more by being
happy than by being miserable.

Have you not sometimes started out in the rain
with your umbrella, and you were busy thinking, and
you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and
though it had cleared off you still had your um-
brella up, and when you discovered what you were
doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of
you are doing in religious things. You have got so
used to sadness that though the rain has stopped
you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the
shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulchre. Step
out into the broad light of noonday. We come
around you to help remove your grave-clothes, and
a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omni-
potent, commands, "Loose him, and let him go."

The Dread of Death.

Again, my text has good advice concerning any
Christian hampered and bothered and bound by
fear of his own dissolution. To such, the Book
refers when it speaks of those who through fear of
death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.
The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope,
are cowards about death. If a plank fall from a
scaffolding and just grazes our hat, how pale we
look! If the Atlantic ocean plays with the steam-
ship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it
suddenly drop, how even the Christian passengers
pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there
is any danger, and the captain, who has been all
night on the bridge, and chilled through, coming
in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole bat-
tery of questions as to what he thinks of the weath-
er. And many of the best people are, as Paul says,
throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of
death. My brothers and sisters, if we made full
use of our religion we would soon get over this.

Backed up by the teachings of your Bible, just
look through the telescope some bright night and
see how many worlds there are, and reflect that all
you have seen, compared with the number of worlds
in existence, are less than the fingers of your right
hand as compared with all the fingers of the human
race. How foolish, then, for us to think that ours
is the only world fit for us to stay in. I think that
all the stars are inhabited, and by beings like the
human race in feelings and sentiments, and the
difference is in lung respiration, and heart beat, and
physical conformation, their physical conformation
fit for the climate of their world, and our physical
conformation fit for the climate of our world. So
we shall feel at home in any of the stellar neigh-
borhoods, our physical limitations having ceased.

One of our first realizations in getting out of this
world, I think, will be that in this world we were
very much pent up, and had

Cramped Apartments.

and were kept on the limits. The most, even of
our small world, is water, and the water says to the
human race, "Don't come here or you will drown."
A few thousand feet up the atmosphere is uninhab-
itable, and the atmosphere says to the human race:
"Don't come up here or you cannot breathe." A
few miles down the earth is a furnace of fire, and
the fire says, "Don't come here or you will burn."
The caverns of the mountains are full of poisonous
gases, and the gases say, "Don't come here or you
will be asphyxiated." And, crossing a rail track,
you must look out or you will be crushed. And,
standing by a steam boiler, you must look out or
you will be blown up. And pneumonias and pleuri-
sies and consumptions and apoplexies go across
this earth in flocks, in droves, in herds, and it
is a world of equinoxes and cyclones and graves.
Yet we are under the delusion that it is the only
place fit to stay in. We want to stick to the wet
plank midocean while the great ship "The City of
God," of the Celestial line, goes sailing past, and
would gladly take us up in a lifeboat. My Chris-
tian friends, let me tear off your despondencies and
frights about dissolution. My Lord commands me
regarding you, saying, "Loose him and let him go."

Heaven is ninety-five per cent. better than this
world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per
cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most
jubilant days you ever had on earth, and compress
them all into one hour, and that hour would be a
requiem, a fast-day, a gloom, a horror, as compared
with the poorest hour they have had in heaven
since its first tower was built or its first gates
swung or its first song carolled. "Oh," you say,
"that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing
over from this world to the next, and I fear the
snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well,
all the surgeons and physicians and scientists
declare that there is

No Pang at the Parting

of the body and soul, and all the restlessness at
the closing hour of life is involuntary, and no distress
at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they
say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were
drowned, or were submerged until all consciousness
departed, and were afterward resuscitated, declare
that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness
was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage
of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when
that door of the physical cage opens, the soul sim-
ply puts out its wings and soars.

"But," you say, "I fear to go because the future
is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to
treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased
bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts
often do. They hear all the arguments in the case
and then say: "I will take these papers and give
you my decision next week." So I have heard all
the arguments in regard to the next world, and
some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and
so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next
world my decision about them. I can there study
all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light
will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will
ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all
the advantages of heaven for centuries, to help me,
and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the
Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery
left: that will be how one so unworthy as myself got
into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the
sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by
faith in Christ, come up into the light; and if you
are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have
your grave-clothes on, get rid of them. The com-
mand is: "Loose him, and let him go."

Landing at Joppa.

The only part of my recent journey that I really
dreaded, although I did not say much about it be-
forehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the
port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are
many rocks, and in rough weather people cannot
land at all. The boats taking the people from the
steamer to the docks must run between reefs that
looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one
mistake of an oarsman, or an unexpected wave,
has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have per-
ished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left
Port Said the evening before, an old traveller said:
"The wind is just right to give you a rough land-
ing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able
to land at all." The fact was, that when our Med-
iterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and
we put out for shore in the small boat, the water
was as still as though it had been sound asleep a
hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came
on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured
for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voy-
age of life, and they say that the seas will run high
and that the breakers will swallow you up; or that
if you reach Caanan at all, it will be a very rough
landing. The very opposite will be true if you have
the eternal God for your portion. Your disembark-
ation for the promised land will be as smooth as
was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will
meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete
safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one
side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

"Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hill of fadeless green,
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil!

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, Contain-
ing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth,
may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A
few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. None
are on hand prior to 1884.

THE COMING THEOCRACY.

By the Late J. Denham Smith.

The Interval in Isaiah's Prediction—The Latter Part as Literal as the Former—The True Principle of Interpretation—Distinguish the Periods—The Assurances of the Angels at the Ascension—The Disappointment of the Apostles—The First of Future Events—The Unassimilated Nation—The Jewish Nation and the Gentile Bride.

THE Deliverer to come out of Zion is none other than the Messiah-Saviour, whose whole course, as such, though extending over thousands of years, is told in a few words in Isa. 9:6, where it is said, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." How is it so many stumble as to the true principle of interpreting prophecy? Some, looking to the first portion of this passage, say, "Oh, that has been accomplished—literally so!" but regard the latter part of the passage as having a spiritual and not a literal fulfilment. But no; why make the difference? What is so plainly predicted in this verse is for different periods. Already near two thousand years have intervened between "the Child born" and the times when "the government shall be upon His shoulder."

The ancients had a saying, remarks Hugh McNeile, "Distinguish the periods, and the Scriptures will harmonize." The Jew had so fastened his attention on one portion of the prophecies that he saw but one period—the glorious period of Messiah's reign; and the Church has for centuries so fixed its attention on one part of the prophecies only that it saw but one period—the coming of the Messiah to be crucified. Jewish prejudices arose from partial attention to the prophecies, and the Christian prejudices have arisen from partial attention to the prophecies. It should be our privilege to

Distinguish the Periods;

and while we maintain, as Christians, the literal fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy of the Virgin's Child, and the birth at Bethlehem as foretold by Micah, and therefore that the Messiah has come, we ought to maintain also, with the Jews, the literal interpretation of Isaiah's prophecy, that the Messiah shall reign at Jerusalem; and the prophecy of Micah, that Jerusalem shall be chief of the nations, and therein to believe with the Jews that the Messiah shall come. Christ has come, and He shall come. Surely this was the real nature and genius of what the angels said to the disciples, as may be read in Acts 1. The disciples in astonishment saw their divine Master carried up into the air from them, and disappearing in the cloud; and, while they were looking up in amazement, two angels appeared, and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

This Same Jesus Shall so Come

as ye have seen Him go." Was that calculated to abate their astonishment at the miracle which had taken place? Nay, but it was to assert another miracle. How, then, shall we interpret the incident? What was the basis and ground of their astonishment? I think it very plain and instructive. They had learned unmistakably that Jesus was the Messiah; they were present when they heard Peter's confession and the remarkable approbation which was expressed of it by the Lord Jesus; they knew then that He was the Messiah, the One that was to come, and they expected great things for their nation; they knew that a number of the prophecies, still unfulfilled, were connected with the Messiah's name; they were looking for them, and when He was taken from them and put to death, their expectations were dashed to the ground.

When, however, they saw Him again after the resurrection, their expectations revived, and they said, "Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Wilt Thou finish it all now? And when He had given them an answer, not, indeed, to reject their idea that the kingdom would be restored, but only to tell them the time was not for them to know—when He had done this, He was suddenly taken up from among them, and they were

Left in Amazement.

What were they ready to say within their own minds and hearts? "After all, is He not the Messiah? Is it possible that we were wrong? And if He be, how can He have gone away, leaving so much undone that was predicted of the Messiah? He has done enough to assure us that He is the Messiah. He has fulfilled some prophecies—at His word the deaf man heard; at His word the tongue

of the dumb man sang; at His word the lame man leaped for joy; at His word the dead has come to life. He must be the Messiah; and yet He is gone! no kingdom restored to Israel! no reigning at Jerusalem!" There was ground for astonishment, and in that state of astonishment the angels addressed them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" as if He had left undone what had been promised. Do not imagine that all is to be done at one time. "Distinguish the periods." He is gone, it is true, but He is not gone forever. That same Jesus whom you have seen go "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Hence the kingdom will yet come. As to

The Order of Events,

the first is clearly defined, "The Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left." (Isa. 11:11.) Note, they have never yet been restored a "second time." He "shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." (Isa. 11:12.) Note again, they were never in the four corners of the earth until the time of this dispensation. "And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord." (Amos 9:15.) This obviously is not yet. The planting of them is still future, when it shall be said, "The King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more." (Zeph. 3:15.)

Wonderful to a simple student of the Word that such a one as Macaulay should have said, as if it were something strange: "The Christian believes, as well as the Jew, that at some future period the present order of things will come to an end. Nay, many Christians believe that the Messiah will reign visibly over a kingdom on the earth. The number of people who hold it is much greater than the number of Jews, many of them distinguished by rank, ability, etc. They expect that the kingdoms of the earth will be swallowed up in one divine empire." Certainly! No intelligent Christian could read prophecy without seeing that He who suffered would reign, and that as the sufferings were literal, so also the reign.

The question is, How do we read? and what is

The Object of Prophecy?

We do not read prophecy that we may subject it to our own opinion. No; all its ideas are absolute; the splendors and shades of heaven and hell are in them, not as candidates for our opinion, but for our acceptance. Nor do we read to put, each one, a construction of our own on what we read, or to see that God is true; we know He is true. We read that we may learn His ways and know His will, so as to have our minds, our lives, and expectations all adjusted thereto. Yet much that God has foretold of the Jewish people is history now, and so His unchanging truth is obviously and unmistakably seen. It was foretold that Messiah would be "cut off" (rejected), "and," as to His kingdom at His first coming, "have nothing;" it was foretold that His people in the last days should be scattered over all lands; that their existence as a nation should cease, their temple be thrown down, their city lie in heaps. This is what we see in each particular.

Before our eyes, in every land under the sun, the Jews are seen, a homeless, and, often just now, a suffering people—a people distinct from, and as not belonging to, any one nation in which they are exiles. They form a sort of international nation, an element inassimilable by the European and other nations among which they dwell. They mix with the people of all lands over the face of the whole earth, but are not of them. Truly they are living witnesses of the foreknowledge, the truth, and the righteousness of God, and of how the literal is the only true principle for interpreting what God has said concerning them. Agreeable to what other prophets have said, our seer sings of a time far different to the present—the time of

A Coming Glory.

He says, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her"—that is, He will speak to her heart—"and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt."

But in those days it will not be as a mere Master that He will reveal Himself to them. He says, "It shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me *Ishi*" (that is, "my Husband"); "and shalt

call me no more *Baali*," Baal (my Lord), by what title that false god was known. God says He put into her mouth the tenderer word of love—literally "my man," the title of love for one who is a husband. (Chap. 2:16.) And He will not rest till they know His desire, and are to Him what His heart could conceive. And what His heart has conceived is thus tenderly told: "Thou shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name. . . . The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God. . . . Oh thou afflicted, to whom thou wast comforted, and not comforted, in righteousness shalt thou be established." "Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."

"I Am Married Unto You."

All this respecting the nation and kingdom on earth, not in disagreement with, but in contrast to, the glory of the kingdom which is heavenly, and which will be possessed by raised and glorified saints, who will in another aspect of blessedness form the Bride, the Lamb's wife, whose scene will be, as we shall see, not on the earth, but in the heavens. She will come down from God out of heaven. Let any one read Hosea 2:14; Isaiah Rev. 3:12; 21:2-10, and 22, and they will see the blessed, ineffable, bridal love applied not only to the nation in its Millennial blessedness, but also especially to the glorious risen saints, whose joy at that time will be in the city in the heavens.

A LEGISLATOR'S SERVICE.

A LEGISLATOR in waiter's attire performed a waiter's duties in his own house in Warrington, Fla., recently. The Pensacola News states that a lady, whose father was a planter before the war, recently visited Pensacola, and inquired for a colored family, the head of which, when a young man, had been a slave on her father's plantation. She was informed that the family had removed to Warrington. She went there accompanied by another lady. The colored family received them with pleasure, and were extremely hospitable. As there was no hotel near, the colored man begged the former mistress to stay and dine, and, seeing he would give him pleasure, she consented. While waiting for the meal, the lady who accompanied the chief guest whispered to her friend that she did not like the idea of dining at the same table with a family, but the other only replied, "Wait and see." In a short time they were ushered into a smaller apartment, where stood a table, covered with a clean white cloth, on which was spread a meal. The dishes, knives, and forks were set out, and there, holding a chair in which to seat the mistress, with a fly-brush in one hand and a napkin covering his person from throat to waist, stood the head of the house; and that man was a member of the Legislature of Florida. If all legislators were as loyal to their lord as that colored legislator was to his former mistress, there would be less difficulty in finding volunteers for street cleaning, mission work among the depraved, and other work, which many foolishly suppose they cannot do, without lowering their dignity (John 13:14).

A MAN OF ONE BOOK.

THE power of God's Word alone to speak convincingly to an earnest soul is illustrated in a remarkable manner in an incident reported by a well-known missionary in China, Mr. T. E. O. He says:

A Chinaman named Li, being anxious about his soul's salvation, applied to one of the local teachers, who, not knowing how to advise him, gave him a book, which proved to be a misapprehension. He had a copy of the "Acts of the Apostles," he read the book and made inquiries of his friends as to the doctrine contained therein. They could do him no more than to tell him that men who sold such books came from Hankow. From that time he formed the resolution to go to Hankow to search into the matter. Last he reached Hankow. One morning, after breakfast, he strolled along the street, hardly knowing what was to be done next, when his eyes were caught by the gilded characters over the entrance of our chapel. He entered, and after the prayer he was introduced to me. I asked if he had come to pray. He said, "No; as a sinner he came to pray to God," and it was only after a little conversation that he followed the example of Mr. Shi myself, by kneeling down whilst we commended him to the Lord in prayer. After rising from

knees, he seemed for a moment or two lost in thought, and then said, 'Do you really mean to tell me I have a right to pray?' I replied, 'We are all sinners, and have no right of access to God in ourselves, but since the Saviour has come we have the right, through His merit, of intercourse with God.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I know Christ was a Saviour, but He was a Jew, and I had not realized before that we Chinese had a right to trust in Him for salvation.' During the next ten days he attended constantly, and made remarkable progress in Biblical and religious knowledge. After a while, he expressed his intention of returning home. He had found peace and rest through faith in Christ. I found that he had some time before abandoned idolatry, and induced his mother to do the same. I agreed to baptize him, after which, on our last Sacrament Sunday, he was received into the Church. At my request he gave a short account of his past life, and the history of his conversion."

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 16, Luke 5: 1-11; Golden Text, Luke 5: 10.

The Worker in Hiding—Not Seeking Flattery—The Divine Open—Air Preacher—The Preaching that Feeds—A Command with a Modern Application—The Fishers Near Shore—How the Early Church Launched Forth into the Deep—The Weary Toiler—The Heavy Burden Lifted—Obedience the Secret of Power—Even Experience Yielding—Peter's Confession—The Promise of a Better Occupation.

JESUS became popular in Capernaum, although He was persecuted at Nazareth. Capernaum knew for the day "the time of (her) visitation." (Luke 19: 44.) On the morrow after that memorable evening on which so many were healed, and so many demons were cast out, Jesus "departed and went into a desert place." Whenever Jesus had done mighty works His instinct led Him away from the people, and alone with God. So it is always with those who truly follow Him. It is the shallow workers, those who still "have confidence in the flesh" (Phil. 3: 34), those who think that *they* are indispensable to God, who tarry with the people after they have done their work, and receive to themselves the flatteries with which those who know not God attribute His work to the creature. The instinct of a worker who is full of God is to

Hide Away in Him,

lest one eye should be arrested in its look heavenward, or one note in the new song of one who has been blest be out of harmony with the strain which attributes all to God. But "the people sought Him, and came unto Him, and stayed Him that He should not depart from them." (Luke 4: 42.) Just like the selfishness of man! Jesus has been blest to us, and we will keep Him and the blessing for ourselves. A God-filled man, who receives blessing through another, instinctively desires that people in other places, and in other churches, should obtain a like blessing. The selfish believers who are not yet God-filled men, who do not know the indwelling of Christ by the Holy Ghost, instinctively say, "Stay with us, we are blest, and want more blessing of the same kind." When a work of God breaks out in any church, the God-filled members will instinctively pray for all the other churches in the place, that they may have a similar blessing, but the selfish members will do what they can to circumscribe it, and say by way of justification, "We must keep up the cause, you know." The answer of Jesus cut at the root of human selfishness, "He said unto them, I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also; for therefore am I sent." A servant does as he is bidden. "And He preached in the synagogues of Galilee." "And it came to pass that as the people pressed upon Him to hear the Word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesaret." Wherever there is a longing soul, the Saviour is not far away. "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." (Ps. 107: 9.) Jesus had no great choice in the places where He gathered His audiences. He was a true open-air preacher, and He utilized the mountain-side, the seashore, the private house, the synagogue, or the temple, just as occasion served. But He never complained of the place of meeting; outward circumstances did not affect Him who was always in the will of His Father. Two ships (or boats, R. V.) were standing by the lakeside, but the fishermen were on the shore washing their nets. Jesus went on board one boat, which belonged to Simon Peter, and asked him to "put out a little from the land,"

(R. V.) By this means He would be better able to make all the people hear. There was

No Excitement

about the teaching of Jesus." "He sat down and taught the people out of the ship." Men resort to all kinds of methods to secure the attention of their congregations—anecdotes, humor, attitudes, gesticulations, anything and everything but that which will feed hungry souls—the power of the Holy Ghost. Men always listen to Holy-Ghost-inspired words; they may hate them, oppose them, controvert them, but they command attention. "Now when he had left speaking, He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." This is His word to us all—away from the shore out into the deep. O how many of us there are who hang round the shore in our prayers, and dare not so much as ask the things which God has promised.

When the Church was in her infancy it was not thus; there was a vigor in her early days which promised far beyond what the ages since have realized. Peter and John were under persecution. God had made use of the healing of the lame man at the gate of the temple to attract a large audience of people, and the Holy Ghost so used Peter's words and John's prayers, that the number of men who believed was augmented to five thousand. But the powers, both ecclesiastical and political, were stirred up against them; they apprehended them, and, after having them one night in prison, they sat in judgment upon them, and commanded them to speak no more in the name of Jesus. But they did not hang round the shore, and think of what *they* had to suffer, and how hardly they were treated; they launched out into the deep, looked from earth up to heaven, and said, "Lord, thou art God," these are but men, "Thou art God, which made heaven and earth." These men are doing only what "Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done." And then they launch out into the deep in their prayers, "Now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word, by stretching out Thy hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy Holy Child Jesus, we will testify, but Thou must do the mighty works. They were out in the deep, no cord of self-pity or of fear of man holding them to the shore. They asked only what God had promised, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in My name they shall cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark 16: 17, 18.) But they believed; they launched out into God's faithfulness, neither occupied with themselves, nor yet with their enemies.

"Simon, answering, said unto Jesus, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing." Oh when will men learn that by their toiling they never will take anything that is worth taking.

We Have Toiled.

Peter was indeed among the shallows. When *we* toil it is always night. Oh how good it is to come to the end of our toiling, and to see its uselessness! How many an evangelist gets discouraged, and says, "I have toiled until I am almost worn out; I have gone from house to house, I have entreated the people to attend the meetings, I have carefully prepared my subjects, I have had good singing, I have obtained special preachers, etc." Ah, dear friend, all this is working in the shallows; it is man attempting to do the work of the Holy Ghost. The weight of lost souls in a place who are living as though there were no heaven and no hell, as though there was neither eternal life, eternal death, nor any judgment day, is too heavy a burden for you to carry; it needs the present power of the Holy Ghost. As soon can you create a world by your own unaided strength as move a mass of unsaved people out of spiritual death into spiritual life. And yet we are called to do it. Our vocation is to turn men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among all them which are sanctified by faith that is in" Christ. (Acts 26: 18.) Where, then, is the power? Simon Peter said, "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net."

At Thy Word, I Will.

Now Peter was in his place; he was no longer the master fisherman, the master worker, but a simple, obedient instrument of Christ. Now he undertakes nothing, but only carries out what another commands. This is the secret of power. This is to "launch out into the deep." Our own efforts are in the shallows, the works which God does

through us are in the depths of His almightiness. Our own efforts lead only to disappointment. How many will say: "I believe God heals the sick; I can believe for others, but for myself I cannot. I have prayed, and believed, and claimed the blessing, and praised God for it, and I am no better." The very fact that you mention what *you* have done in connection with your healing is evidence that you had some expectation from yourself. Get out of the shallows. What is there in *God's* heart concerning you? Has He ceased to be

"The Lord that Healeth

thee," because your faith and your prayers fail? Does He heal only those who over-persuade Him by their earnestness? Or does He heal "without money and without price" because He "took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses? Would He rather see us racked with pain, helpless and weak, or strong and joyous in His own strength? Launch out into the depth of what God is.

Peter turned away from his own doings, and threw himself entirely on the dependability of the Word of Jesus. In the very waters where he had cast it over and over again in vain, he now let down the net in simple dependence on Him who calleth those things which be not as though they were. (Rom. 4: 17.) Peter's experience as a fisherman went for nothing here; he knew the habits of the fish, and had good reason for doing his fishing by night, but here was One present who had made the laws which governed the fish and all creation, and Simon trusted Him. When the time came for drawing the net they found it heavily laden; so much so that it broke, and they had to "beckon to their partners which were in the other ship to come and help them." But even then they were in a dilemma; the fish filled both the ships, and they began to sink! "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse"—above all the tithe of your heart's trust in Me—"and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3: 10.) Peter

Recognized the Master Hand

which had been at work; instead of exulting over the success, he fell upon his knees and acknowledged his unbelief. "Depart from me," he said, "for I am a sinful man, O Lord." It is a good sign when a Christian worker is crushed and emptied, rather than exalted, by success. The uplifted worker sees his own share in the work very strongly; the crushed worker is overawed that the mighty God should so come down as to link Himself with such a fellow-worker as he is. "For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken: and so also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men," or, "Follow Me; and I will make you fishers of men." (Matt. 4: 19.) Did Jesus know beforehand that Peter would actually take upon himself to rebuke his Lord? Did He know that Peter, in his selfishness, would propose to establish himself, with James and John, Moses and Elijah, on the mount of transfiguration, and leave the lost world to perish? Did He know that Peter would have so little of His spirit that he would want to limit forgiveness of his brethren? Did He know that Peter could not so much as forsake all to follow Him without asking what he should get by it (Matt. 16: 22; 17: 4; 18: 21; 19: 27), and that this very Peter would one day deny Him with oaths and curses? (Matt. 26: 74.) Yes, He knew it all. But Jesus

Looked Far on Ahead,

and loved Peter for what He was going to make of him, and He anticipated the time when that Peter, not John or any other, should be His leading witness on the day of Pentecost, and should indeed "catch men." "And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed Him," *i. e.*, all they knew of at the time—their nets, their ships, but not their self-life. Yet Jesus did not reject them because they did not see or enter into the true Christ-life all at once. He bore with them wonderfully. Oh, the long suffering of God! "By the space of forty years, suffered He their manners (the children of Israel) in the wilderness." (Acts 13: 18.) "Consider Him which endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself." (Heb. 12: 3.) There is wondrous patience in our God. Oh let us take refuge in Him, and in every moment and every circumstance of our life launch out into Him, without fear, away from things, away from people, away from ourselves, into Him.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Our Contemporaries, One in New York and one in Boston, are not happy about this newspaper. Bless your dear old souls! Go ahead, brethren, and make the best paper you can, and widen your circulation as fast as possible. We wish for you all happiness. The world is large enough for all of us three!

The World's Fair is a Subject Settled. Now the rival cities will cease saying mean things about each other. No city is advantaged by belittling other cities. Each city, like each individual, has characteristics good and bad. I do not know of one city that we could afford to spare from the procession of our national prosperity. It is a lesson that all cities, as well as all persons, should learn, that we cannot build ourselves up by pulling others down. So far as I know, all our cities are advancing. Larger churches, better school-houses, mightier commercial developments and more noble men, and more good women than they ever had before. So let New York and Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Tacoma and Seattle, and all approximate cities, speak only in kindness of their neighbors. Wherever the World's Fair is held, let us all, as far as possible, attend it.

Cooper's Institute Was the Mother of Most of the free libraries, now being opened week by week in the cities. The munificence of Peter Cooper suggested to all millionairessdom how a man might do while living that which the affluent sometimes did after they were dead by "Last Will and Testament." How many quarrels over the property of a deceased father or uncle might be avoided if the example of Andrew Carnegie were followed! That is the way the old fight between labor and capital is to be ended. All the prejudice on the part of the hard-working people against the rich will cease when men of large means, by the endowment of libraries and churches and hospitals, show their interest in the less prosperous. Communism would be forever silenced, and the lives of multitudes of the unfortunate would be illumined. We are glad that the roll of public benefactors is being enlarged by the week, and the day, and the minute.

Rev. Phillips Brooks's Preaching at the Head of Wall Street is just what we want. Think of one of his good sermons rolling out from the door of Trinity Church and clear down to Wall Street Ferry! The fact is, we want more gospel in the business life of America. If Wall Street should get converted, all the other streets might catch the benign influence. The same blessing is going forth from John Street daily meetings and Fulton Street prayer-meeting. What a help to business men if, toward noon, finding some big note to pay and no money to pay it, or some annoyance or disappointment accosting them, they can drop in an hour at a place of prayer or preaching, and have their heart encouraged and their nerves quieted! By the time they get back to their office or store again, they would think of some new way of getting through the business exigency, or if they suffered loss they would have grace to bear it. What is the matter with the old churches of New York and Boston and Philadelphia, from the region of which all the families have moved, leaving those churches surrounded by stores and offices and shops? I think the providential indication is that they should be opened on week days, and sermons should be preached and prayers offered for business men who can run in a little while and be helped and reconstructed. Such churches might do more good than when they were surrounded by dwelling-houses.

Let the doors of the old churches that still stand in the business districts, every day of the week some time between 12 and 4 o'clock, resound with doxology.

A Legal Decision on the Quorum Question is likely to be sought. On February 27 the Democratic party in the House refrained from voting on the question of unseating Mr. John O. Pendleton, of West Virginia, and seating his opponent, Mr. George W. Atkinson. The result was that only 162 votes were cast, or one less than a quorum. The Speaker counted, under the rules, the members present who did not vote, and ruled that a quorum was present. It is now proposed that Mr. Pendleton shall apply to the Speaker at the end of the month for a certificate of salary, and, being refused, apply to the courts for a mandamus. This would raise the question of the legality of the rule by which his unseating was declared valid by the Speaker.

The Exclusion of an American Native Clergyman under the Alien Contract Labor law is another of the anomalies of which that clumsily worded act has been fruitful. On February 27 Acting Secretary Batcheller informed the trustees of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Lewisburg, Pa., that the Canadian clergyman called by them is regarded as an "alien" within the meaning of the law. In answer to the general question, as to whether that law prohibits the landing in this country of a foreign clergyman who comes under a contract, Mr. Batcheller refers them to the decision of the court in the case of the Church of the Holy Trinity of New York, now pending before the United States Supreme Court on appeal. The decision in that case was in effect that the law prohibits the landing of foreign clergymen who come under contract. The minister in the present case was born in the United States of American parents, and when three years of age was taken to Canada by his father, who subsequently became a citizen of that Dominion. He is thus technically an alien, and as the law is now interpreted he is excluded. There is, however, no reason why the church should not withdraw its invitation, and renew it whenever the clergyman happens to be on a visit to New York.

Reports of a Grievous Loss of Life by the Bursting of a dam come from Arizona. Two prospectors who arrived in Prescott, A. T., on February 24 stated that on the night of February 21 they camped near the dam which the Walnut Grove Storage Company erected across the Hassayampa River, about forty miles from Prescott. The company stores the water there in the winter to use for irrigation purposes in the summer. The water was very high, say the prospectors, at nightfall, and shortly after midnight they were awakened by a loud roar. The dam had burst, and the water was rushing down the cañon in a solid wall, apparently eighty feet high. In two hours the three billion cubic feet of water in the dam had flowed out in a mighty torrent, carrying all before it. A huge boulder which must have weighed a hundred tons was swept lightly away. What the total loss of life has been can never be known, as gangs of workmen were at points lower down the river, who it is feared must have been drowned. Thirty-seven dead bodies were found, but that is likely to be only a small portion of the loss of life. The officials on duty at the dam saw the danger before the catastrophe occurred, and sent a messenger to warn the people lower down the river. Unhappily the messenger went into a saloon and became intoxicated, and the warning was not given. It is supposed that he and another messenger who was sent later were both drowned. The dam was built in 1886, and was believed to be of enormous strength, capable of resisting any pressure to which it might be subjected.

An Interview with Louis Kossuth, the Veteran Hungarian patriot, was reported last week by the Italian correspondent of the New York Herald. Kossuth is now eighty-eight years old, and during the past twenty years he has lived in Turin, steadfastly refusing to return to his native land. He has been a quiet but close observer of events during his exile, and his remarks to the correspondent proved him to have been less easily deceived than some more active participants in them. He expressed his belief that the social industrial question was the paramount question of the day. He appears, however, to have no faith in any of the remedies that have been proposed. Having dismissed the idea of obtaining help from monarchy, which he believed was going down the world over, he said: "But republicanism will not cure the malady, for is there not in America the nearest possible ap-

proach to a real republic, with an enfranchised democracy free education and popular institutions. Still, America has this social malady too. There seems to be no remedy." Neither in socialism has the aged statesman any faith. His only hope was in a complete reorganization of the world under new conditions. Therein he is in accord with students of prophecy, though, unlike them, he does not perceive the means of realizing it. While they look forward for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, Kossuth is expecting that "some day the present population may be swept from the surface of the earth, and a new race, capable of a new civilization, may appear. A cataclysm is the only hope of solution."

The Emperor William's Invitations to an International Labor Conference have been accepted by England, France, Austria, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Belgium. An amusing suggestion was made in the Senate of Belgium when the subject of the Conference was being discussed by that body. It was embodied in the request of Mr. Van Put that the delegates of Belgium to the Berlin Labor Conference be instructed to propose that another international conference be held to arrange for a general disarmament. The Emperor would probably deem the suggestion irrelevant, yet a disarmament would do more for the relief of workingmen than will any remedy the Conference may devise.

Spain has been the First European Nation to express the alarm prevalent in Europe about the probable results of the Pan-American Conference now sitting in Washington. On February 27 the conference was the subject of discussion in the Cortes. In the course of the proceedings one deputy predicted that a South American policy injurious to Spain would be adopted. Another deputy said that the South American policy of the United States excited alarm in Europe, and was dangerous to the whole Latin race. This policy had always shown a profound dislike for Spain and Spanish America. The "Monroe doctrine" of America for the Americans really meant America for the United States. The only consolation which the Spanish Government was able to administer for the relief of the apprehensions of the deputies was the prediction that the Pan-American Conference would prove to be a fiasco as far as its main object was concerned.

Heroic Measures have Become Necessary to maintain order in the French Legislature. There has been increasing difficulty for some time past in dealing with Deputies who, being called to order directed to take their seats, or otherwise referred to, insolently defy the command of the Speaker, so that the authority of the House, as represented by the Speaker, is seldom respected unless actual force is appealed to, as was recently the case, when a military guard had to be called in to remove members from the floor of the House. This trouble reached its climax in the recent revolt of the Boulangists, who practically made a riot in the House. It became evident then that their view of the relation of members to the Chamber, if indulged in by others, would make Parliamentary proceeding impossible. Hence a new rule has been made which affixes a penalty to every refusal on the part of a member to obey the order of the President. The penalty is that the member shall be suspended from his functions, and excluded from the Chamber of Deputies during thirty-six sessions of the Chamber. Vigorous protests were made against the adoption of the rule, but it was passed by a vote of 277 to 236.

The Mobbing of Mormon Missionaries in London, which is reported by cable, shows that the English people are awaking to the evil results of their work. On February 23 a band of Mormons began an open-air meeting in the East of London, and were gaining the attention of a large crowd when an intelligent man interrupted them and told the meeting that not very long ago a young woman, one of their number, who had been induced to emigrate by Mormon missionaries, had returned to her mother's home, shoeless and starving, with two little children, having tramped the whole distance from Liverpool. He concluded by producing the young woman in question, and asking if they wanted more of their sisters to be served as she had been. This excited the crowd, who groaned and hooted. Finally the missionaries were attacked, and would have been in serious peril of their lives had not a passing vehicle furnished them with the means of escape from their assailants.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$24.25. They are from Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Paw Paw, Mich., \$1; Jacksonville, Fla., \$5; Galt, Ont., Can., \$3; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Shelton, Neb., \$1.50; Franklinville, N. Y., \$1; Hespeler, Ont., Can., \$5; Petrolia, Pa., 50 cts.; Maywood, Ill., 50 cts.; Highland, Ill., 75 cts. A letter recently received from one of the ministers who have been supplied through this fund says that the help he has derived from the journal during the past year has opened the meaning of the Bible more clearly to him than he ever supposed to be possible, and that his congregation has increased largely as he has been enabled to preach more lucidly. What is still more gratifying is his statement that God is blessing his work more than before to the salvation of souls. The small sum of money which paid that minister's subscription appears to have been, in the true sense of the words, a productive investment.

A Life was Sacrificed for an Umbrella in New-ark, N. J., on February 18. Early on that morning, while most of the occupants of three large houses were still in bed there was a cry of "Fire!" A baker in the basement of one of the houses had accidentally overturned a pan of fat on the range; it had ignited, and the flame spread to the wood-work around. He did his utmost to extinguish it, but without avail. He then ran to the fire-alarm box, where the key was kept in a saloon, which was closed. He hastened back, and aroused the sleeping people, who hurried on their clothes, and ran down-stairs. No time was to be lost, for the buildings were beginning to burn fiercely. On the third floor was a lady who was on a visit to the family occupying that flat. She rose with her friends, and started on her way to the street; but when she had descended one flight of stairs she remembered that she had left an umbrella behind. She ran back to her room to get it. When she again set out on her way, the stairs had caught fire, and her escape was cut off. It was impossible to save her, and after a fire was put out, her charred body was found among the ruins. She could not have realized the gravity of her situation, or she would not have imperiled her life to save her umbrella. Thousands of men are making a mistake, the folly of which differs from hers only in degree. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8 : 36.)

A Suit on an Ante-nuptial Contract was Tried in Kingston, N. Y., on February 14. A short time ago a prosperous citizen of Ulster County died, and on his will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed all his property to his children and grandchildren. His widow thereupon entered a claim for a share of the estate. She was confronted with a document which she had signed in 1867, shortly before her marriage. It was a legal contract which she and the man who was to become her husband had agreed that neither of them should have any interest in the estate of the other. It appeared that though in 1867 the wife was the richer of the two, her husband had so prospered in the interval that at his death her fortune was trivial compared with his. She had always expected that she would share in his estate if he died before her, in spite of the contract. She also claimed that the contract was not good in law. The court, however, decided that the contract was valid, and she is therefore excluded from participation in her husband's estate. It frequently happens that those who enter into union with Christ are tempted to repudiate the pledges they made to Him in the joy of conversion. But it is not with them, as with the woman, in His provision for them that they are disappointed. Their difficulty is in renouncing their love of the world and its riches for His sake, as they promised to do. (James 4 : 4.)

Suggestive Domestic Trouble Came Before a court at Yonkers, N. Y., for adjustment a short time ago. A remarkably attractive German young man was the complainant. She said that before leaving her own country she was engaged to a young man, who, in order to earn a sufficient income to marry on, emigrated to America. He promised to send her funds to follow him as soon as he had established himself. He did not keep his promise, but the girl worked hard and had saved sufficient money to pay for a steerage passage. On her arrival here she found her lover already married to another woman. She was in great distress, and did not know what to do, as all the money had been spent on the journey. A

Western farmer saw her, and was attracted by her beauty. He could not speak German, nor she English, but through an interpreter he made her a proposal of marriage, which she accepted. The couple settled at Yonkers, N. Y., where, for a time, they lived happily. The wife speedily acquired a smattering of English, and as soon as they could understand each other they began to quarrel. Matters grew worse until the man struck his wife, and then she appealed to the judge. As the husband was evidently sorry and promised not to repeat the offense, the judge discharged him with an admonition. In relating the incident recently his honor expressed the opinion that most matrimonial troubles had a similar origin. They proceeded from words more frequently than from actions. The fact, which is noticed in other relations of life, emphasizes the Apostolic warning. (James 3 : 5-8.)

A Strange Discovery of a Man by a Dog is Described in a Chicago journal. It states that a farmer named Barber, on removing from Ashtabula, Ohio, to Lyndon, Wis., left behind him with the people who rented his farm a dog, which was supposed to be of no value. A year afterward, late one night, Mr. Barber heard a dog whining and scratching at the door of his home in Wisconsin, and, on getting up and opening his door, what was his astonishment to see the little dog he had left in Ohio jump upon him with joy and lick his hands. He was so interested in the matter that he wrote to Ashtabula to find out how the dog could have discovered him. The reply stated that the people to whom he had given the dog had removed to Wisconsin, taking the dog with them. They arrived at Sheboygan, Wis., on a day when Mr. Barber also visited that city, but he did not see them. The dog, however, must have come across the track of his former master in the street, and so have traced him to his home, sixteen miles away. When those who call Jesus "Master" are separated from Him, they may find Him again by following in His steps of beneficent service. (John 13 : 13-15.)

A Railroad Passenger's Narrow Escape from death was described recently by the conductor of the train who witnessed the event. He said that a few years ago, as his train was going through an open section of country in New Jersey during the prevalence of a wind that was almost a blizzard, a passenger, who proved to be an important member of the State Government, attempted to pass from one car to another. The statesman was a small man of slight build, and as he stepped upon the platform between the two cars, the wind lifted his hat. He involuntarily raised both hands to keep it on his head, and the next instant the wind lifted him, too, off his feet. It carried him clear of the train and deposited him on a bank of frozen snow a few feet from the track. The train was stopped, and when his friends reached him they found that he had sustained no dangerous injuries. His arms and legs were somewhat bruised, but he was able, with a little assistance, to make his way to the train again and continue his journey. His escape from death seemed almost miraculous. In the storms of political life the statesman's intellectual capacity enabled him to hold his own, but in resistance to the elements, physical capacity is essential to success. A storm is coming in which neither physical nor intellectual power will avail, but only those who will be safe who are strong in faith. Of all others it will be said, "The east wind carrieth him away: a storm hurleth him out of his place." (Job. 27 : 21.)

The Propensity of Public Speakers and Writers to indulge in slanderous attacks on the characters of prominent men has of late been more active than usual. The fact is deplorable, not only on account of its effect on the public mind, but because it degrades the character of those who should be public teachers. A man who has the opportunity of raising the moral tone of the community is culpable when he neglects that opportunity and gives his time and labor to smirching the reputation of some other man who is held in general respect. We have a loathing for an animal whose favorite food is offal, and the same sense moves us to disgust with a man whose favorite subject of discourse is the faults he sees, or thinks he sees, in his fellows. There are times when the public safety demands that it should be put on its guard against evil doers who are seeking to gain more power, or to attain positions of influence in which they may do greater evil; but when a journalist publishes a detailed narrative of the domestic infelicities of a great and just judge, or holds a patriotic and sagacious statesman up to ridicule by a witty and spiteful description of his

personal eccentricities, he is engaged in a shameful occupation. Even when his statement is true it is in bad taste, and when it is false, as it too frequently is, it is criminal. Christian men will do well to mark their disapprobation of all such attacks. They usually proceed from an impression that the public enjoys them, and they will cease when it is made clear that the best part of the public is disgusted with them. While the Christian holds fast by his faith, and cherishes and feeds upon his hope, let him not let go his charity, which is the greatest of the three, and which "thinketh no evil," and "rejoiceth not in iniquity." (1 Cor. 13 : 4-7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus has been invited to take the lectureship in Christian Evidences in Johns Hopkins University.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor is asking for a thousand evangelists for China, to preach there under the auspices of the China Inland Mission.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Bangor, Me., has decided on plans for a new building to cost \$30,000, exclusive of fitting.

A Spanish class has been added to the Sunday-school of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, New York. The school had previously set apart one room in which only Chinese was spoken.

In one week recently 185 new Societies of Christian Endeavor were reported. Of these, so far as the denominations were known, forty-three were Presbyterian, twenty-six Methodist, twenty Baptist, and fifteen Congregational.

The new General Secretary of the Societies of Christian Endeavor is Mr. J. W. Baer, of Rochester, Minn. He formerly had charge of the work in southern Minnesota, in which he established a reputation for consecration and energy.

A contemporary states, on the authority of a physician of eminence, that the effects of *La Grippe* on the whole country have been as disastrous as an average epidemic of Cholera would be. Many of the victims are still suffering from nervous prostration.

Rev. Edward Judson announces that the erection of the Judson Memorial Church will be commenced on May 1, and its construction will go on "as long as the money holds out." About \$100,000 remains on hand after paying \$111,000 for the site of the church. \$40,000 will be required to finish the work.

The first Young Men's Christian Association in the United States Army has recently been established at Fortress Monroe, Va. Although only two months old it now has eighty members. Books and papers for the library would be gratefully received at the office of the depot-quartermaster, No. 25 Whitehall St., New York.

The Rev. W. E. Needham, the youngest of the six Needham brothers, who are all preachers or evangelists, is holding special meetings in his newly built church in Germantown, Philadelphia. He is assisted by his brother Thomas, who has returned from his evangelistic work in South America. Many young people are among the converts.

The People's Mission, 97 Varick Street, New York, is in need of funds. Beside its religious and philanthropic work, the mission undertakes the conduct of legal disputes in cases where the poor are oppressed and unable to pay a lawyer to protect their interests. The appeal for help to continue the work is signed by Hiram Duryea and other well-known men.

Mr. D. L. Moody's Bible Readings in the Collegiate Church, New York, last week attracted large audiences. The applications for tickets were so greatly in excess of the capacity of the church that a supplementary meeting was held at 11:30 A. M., in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Fifty-third Street, to which Mr. Moody went at the conclusion of the earlier service. The Readings are continued this week.

The China Inland Mission has established its headquarters for North America at Toronto. The council includes some of the best-known missionary workers in Canada. The representatives of the United States on the council are the Rev. W. J. Erdman, of Asheville, N. C., and J. S. Helmer, of Lockport, N. Y. The Secretary is H. W. Frost, formerly of Attica, N. Y.

Rev. A. B. Simpson announces that the annual Convention for Christian Life and Work will be held March 10-17 inclusive, at the Gospel Tabernacle, Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York. The dedication of the new Tabernacle, Missionary Training College, and Berachah Home will take place during the Convention. Visitors needing accommodations may address the Secretary, 692 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va., celebrated on February 27 the forty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city. There was a large assembly in the Academy of Music, at which Governor McKinney presided and Dr. John Hall, of New York, made the principal speech. Dr. Hoge said that out of the sixty-three people with whom he started the church nearly half a century ago, only one is now living.

THE TWO HEAVENS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."—Revelation 7: 16, 17.

"They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them; for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them."—Isa. 42: 10.

The Two Barriers to the Promised Land—The Red Sea Crossed Before the Jordan—One Barrier to Heaven Crossed at Conversion—Streets now Open to the Believer—I. The Heaven Above—Includes the Supply of every Need—The Removal of every Ill—A Good Disease to Die of—Drinking at the Fountain—II. The Heaven Below—A Parallel Picture—How the Believer's Wants are Supplied on Earth—His Steps Protected—Led by His Lord—The Inexhaustible Fountain—The Holy Spirit's Teaching.

JORDAN is a very narrow stream. It made a sort of boundary for Canaan; but it hardly sufficed to divide it from the rest of the world, since a part of the possessions of Israel was on the eastern side of it. Those who saw the Red Sea divided, and all Israel marching through its depths, must have thought it a small thing for the Jordan to be dried up, and for the people to pass through it to Canaan. The greatest barrier between believers and heaven has been safely passed. In the day when we believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, we passed through our Red Sea, and the Egyptians of our sins were drowned. Great was the marvel of mercy! To enter fully into our eternal inheritance, we have only to cross the narrow stream of death; and scarcely that, for the kingdom of heaven lieth on this side of the river as well as on the other.

I start by reminding you of this, because we are very apt to imagine that we must endure a kind of purgatory while we are on earth, and then, if we are believers, we may break loose into heaven after we have shuffled off this mortal coil. But it is not so.

Heaven Must be in Us

before we can be in heaven; and while we are yet in the wilderness, we may spy out the land, and may eat of the clusters of Eshcol. There is no such gulf between earth and heaven as gloomy thoughts suggest. Our dreams should not be of an abyss, but of a ladder whose foot is on the earth, but whose top is in glory. There would not be one-hundredth part so much difference between earth and heaven if we did not live so far below our privileges. We live on the ground, when we might rise as on the wings of eagles. We are all too conscious of this body. Oh that we were oftener where Paul was when he said, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth"! If not caught up into Paradise, yet may our daily life be as the garden of the Lord.

Listen a while, ye children of God; for I speak to you, and not to others. To unbelievers, what can I say? They know nothing of spiritual things, and will not believe them, though a man should show them unto them. They are spiritually blind and dead: the Lord quicken and enlighten them! But to you that are begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, I speak with joy. Think of what you are by grace, and remember that what you will be in glory is already outlined and foreshadowed in your life in Christ. Being born from above, you are the same men that will be in heaven. You have within you the divine life—the same life which is to enjoy eternal immortality. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" it is your possession now. As the quickened ones of the Holy Spirit, the life which is to last on forever has begun in you.

Look ye, beloved: the inheritance that is to be yours to-morrow is, in very truth, yours to-day; for in Christ Jesus you have received the inheritance, and you have the earnest of it in the present possession of the Holy Spirit, who dwells in you. It has been well said, that all the streets of the New Jerusalem begin here. See, here is

The High Street of Peace,

which leads to the central palace of God; and now we set our foot on it. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." The heavenly street of Victory, where are the palms and the harps, surely we are at the lower end of it here; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Everything that is to be ours in the home country is, in measure, ours at this moment. As sleeps the oak within the acorn, so slumbereth heaven within the first cry of "Abba, Father!" Ay, and the hal-

lujahs of eternity lie hidden within the groans of penitence. "God be merciful to me a sinner" has in its bowels the endless "We praise thee, O Lord." O saints, little do you know how much you have in what you have!

Thus I have conducted you to my two texts, which I have put together as an illustration of what I would teach. In the New Testament text we have the heavenly state above; and in the Old Testament text we have the state of the Lord's flock while on the way to their eternal rest. Very singular, to my mind, is the sameness of the description of the flock in the fold, and the flock feeding in the ways. The verses are almost word for word the same. When John would describe the white-robed host, he can say no more of them than Isaiah said of the pilgrim band, led by the God of mercy.

I. First, let us consider

The Heaven Above.

The beloved John tells us what he heard and saw. The first part of the description assures us of the supply of every need. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." In heaven no need is unsatisfied, and no desire ungratified. They can have no want as to their bodies, for they are as the angels of God. Children of poverty, your straitness of bread will soon be ended, and your care shall end in plenty. The worst hunger is that of the heart; and this will be unknown above. There is a ravenous hunger, fierce as a wolf, which possesses some men: all the world cannot satisfy their greed. A thousand worlds would be scarce a mouthful for their lust. Now, in heaven there are no sinful and selfish desires. The ravaging of covetousness or of ambition enters not the sacred gate. In glory there are no desires which should not be, and those desires which should be are all so tempered or so fulfilled that they can never become the cause of sorrow or pain; for, "they shall hunger no more."

And as there is in heaven a supply for every need, so is there the removal of every ill. Thus saith the Spirit, "Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." We are such poor creatures that excess of good soon becomes evil to us. I love the sun; if you had ever seen it shining in the clear blue heavens, you would not wonder that I speak with emphasis. Life, joy, and health stream from it in lands where it is enough of pleasure to bask in its beams. But too much of the sun overpowers us; his warmth makes men faint, his stroke destroys them. Too great a blessing may prove too heavy a cargo for the ship of life. Hence

We Need Guarding

from dangers which, at the first sight, look as if they were not perilous. In the beatific state, if these bodies of flesh and blood were still our dwelling-place, we could not live under the celestial conditions. Even here, too much of spiritual joy may prostrate a man and cast him into a swoon. *I would like to die of the disease;* but still, a sickness cometh upon one to whom heavenly things are revealed in great measure, and enjoyed with special vividness. But when the redemption of the body has come about, and the soul has been strengthened with all might, we shall be able to be at home with our God, who is a consuming fire.

But, further, the description of the heavenly life has this conspicuous feature—the leading of the Lamb. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them." It is heaven to be

Personally Shepherded

by Him who is the Great Sacrifice. In this present state we have earthly shepherds; but when God graciously feeds us by men after His own heart, whom He Himself instructs, we prize them much. Those whom the Lord ordains to feed His flock we love, and their faith we follow, for the Lord makes them of great service to us; but still, they are only underlings, and we do not forget their imperfections, and their dependence upon their Lord. But in the Gloryland "that Great Shepherd of the sheep" will Himself personally minister to us.

Then the last point of the description is full of meaning. The drinking at the fountain is the secret of the ineffable bliss. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water." We are compelled to thirst at times, like the poor flock of slaughter which we see driven through our London streets; and, alas! we stop at the very puddles by the way, and would refresh ourselves at them, if we could. This will never happen to us when we reach the land where flows the river of the water of life. Of the wells of earth we may say, "Whosoever

drinketh of this water shall thirst again;" but when we go beyond temporal supplies, and live upon God Himself, then the soul receives a draught of far truer and more enduring refreshment; even as our Lord Jesus said to the woman at the well, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up in everlasting life."

Inexhaustible Wells.

"He shall lead them unto fountains." There eternal source is unveiled: they not only receive mercy, but they see how it comes, and whence flows: they not only drink, but they drink with the eye upon the glorious Well-head. Did you ever see a boy on a hot day lie down, when he has been thirsty, and put his mouth down to the top of water at the brim of the well? How he draws the cool refreshment! Drink away, poor child! has no fear that he will drink the well dry, nor have we. How pleasant it is to take from the inexhaustible! That which we drink is all the sweeter, cause of the measureless remainder. O my God, in thee I feel that I have not only all that I can contain, but all that containeth me. In thee I live, move with perfect content. Such is heaven! Shall have bliss within and bliss around us; we ourselves dwelling by the well for ever.

Thus I could occupy all the morning with my head; but I must not tarry, or I shall miss my point, which is to show you that, even here, we may have line glory and in the wilderness we may have pattern of things in the heavens. This you will see by carefully referring to the second text.

II. Let us consider

The Heaven Below.

I think I have heard you saying, "Ah! this is about heaven; but we have not yet come to it, we are still wrestling here below." Well, well; I cannot go to heaven at once, heaven can come to us. The words which I will now read refer to days of earth, the times when the sheep feed in the ways, and come from the north and from the south at the call of the shepherd. "They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them; for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them." Look at the former passage and at this. The whole description is the same. When I noted this parallel, I stood amazed. John, thou a great artist; I entreat thee, paint me a picture of heaven! Isaiah, thou also hast a great soul; paint me a picture of the life of the saintly ones on earth when their Lord is with them! I have both pictures. They are masterpieces. I look at them, they are so much alike, that I wonder if there is not some mistake. Surely they are depicting the same thing. The forms, the lights and shades, the touches and the tones are not only alike, but identical. Amazed, I cry, "Which is heaven, and which is the heavenly life on earth?"

All Wants Supplied.

First, here is a promise that every want shall be supplied. "They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor sun smite them." We are the Lord's people and are trusting in Him; this shall be true in every possible sense. Listen, "your bread shall be given you, your water shall be sure." You shall have no anxious thought concerning what you shall eat, and what you shall drink. But, mark you, if you should know the trials of poverty, and should be greatly tried, and be very low in temporal things, yet the Lord's presence and sensible consolations shall so sustain you that you shall be spiritually and inwardly you shall know neither hunger nor thirst. Many saints have found rich consolation in poverty, ease in labor, rest in pain, and delight in affliction. There may be many things that you would like to have, and you may never have them; but then you will prefer to be without them, saying, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

I do not mean that the saints find a full content in this world's goods, but that they find such content in God, that with them or without them they live in wealth. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of that which he possesseth; and of a man who has had next to nothing that could be seen with eyes or handled with hands, has been very millionaire for true wealth in possessing the kingdom of the Most High. The Lord has brought some of us into that state in which we have no things in Him; and it is true to us, "They shall hunger nor thirst."

Then, next, there is such a thing as having all evil removed from you while yet in this wilderness. "Neither shall the heat nor sun smite them."

pose God favors you with prosperity; if you live near to God you will not be rendered proud or worldly minded by your prosperity. Suppose you should become popular because of your usefulness; you will not be puffed up if Christ Jesus is your continual leader and shepherd. If you live near to Him, you will be lowly. If your days are spent in sunlight, and you go from joy to joy, yet still no sunstroke shall smite you. A man that is without God may be in the safest part of the road, and traverse a level way, and yet he will stumble. It is not the road, but the Lord that keepeth the pilgrim's foot. O heir of heaven, commit thou thy way unto God, and make Him thine all in all, and rise above the creature into the Creator, and then shalt thou hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the heat nor the sun smite thee.

Further, it is said that on earth we may enjoy the leading of the Lord. See how it is put: "For he that hath mercy on them shall lead them." Here we have not quite the same words as in the Revelation, for there we read, "The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them." Yet the sense is but another shade of the same meaning. Oh, but that is a sweet, sweet name: is it not? "He that *hath* mercy on them." He has saved them, and so *has had* mercy on them. Yes, that is very precious, but the word is sweeter still—"He that *hath* mercy on them," He that is always having mercy on them, He that follows them with mercy all the days of their lives, He that continually pardons, upholds, supplies, strengthens, and thus daily loadeth them with benefits: "He that hath mercy on them shall lead them."

Do you know, beloved friends, what it is to be
Led of the Lord?

Many are led by their own tastes and fancies. They will go wrong. Others are led by their own judgments. But these are not infallible, and they may go wrong. More are led by other people; these may go right, but it is far from likely that they will. He that is led of God, he is the happy man, he shall not err. He shall be conducted providentially in a right way to the city of habitations. Commit your way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass. It may be a rough way, but it must be a right way if we follow the track of the Lord's feet.

I do not know anything more delightful than to be such a fool, as the world will call you, as to yield your intellect to the teaching of the Lord; and to be so weak that you cannot judge, but accept His will; and so incapable that even to will and to do must be wrought in you of the Lord. Oh, to be so unselfed as to take anything from Christ far more gladly than you would choose of your own accord! If your Lord puts His hand into the bitter box, you will think the potion sweet; and if He scourge, you will thank Him for being so kind as to think of you at all. When you get to that point, that you are as a sheep to whom God Himself is the Shepherd, it is well with you. Then you will realize, even in the pastures of the wilderness, how the rain from heaven drops upon the inheritance of the Lord, and refreshes it when it is weary. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

But now the last touch is the drinking at the spring-head. We were not surprised to find, in our description of heaven, that the Lamb led them to the fountains of waters; but we are delighted to find that, here below, "even by the springs of water shall he guide them." Beloved, covet earnestly this drinking at the springs. It is not all who profess to be Christians who will know what I am talking about this morning: they will think I have got into the way of the mystics, and am dreaming of things unpractical. I will not argue with *them*; let me speak to those who understand me.

Beloved in the Lord, you can even now live upon God himself, and there is no living comparable to it. You can get

Beyond all the Cisterns,

and come to the river of the water of life, even as they do in heaven. To live by second causes is a very secondary life; to live on the First Cause is the first of living. I exhort you to do this with regard to the inspired Word. This is a day of man's opinions, views, judgments, criticisms. Leave them all, good, bad, and indifferent, and come to this Book, which is the pure fount of inspiration undefiled. When you study the Word of God, live upon it as His Word. Blessed are they to whom the Word is meat and drink. They quit the cistern of man for the fountain of God; and they do well.

Yet I would exhort you not even to tarry at the letter of God's word, but believingly and humbly advance to drink from the Holy Ghost Himself. He will not teach you anything which is not in the Bible, but He will take of the things of Christ, and will show them unto you. A truth may be like a jewel in the Word of God, and yet we may not see its brilliance until the Holy Spirit holds it up in the light and bids us mark its lustre. The Spirit of God brings up the pearl from

The Depths of Revelation,

and sets it where its radiance is perceived by the believing eye. If ever you get a hold of truth in that way, you will never give it up. A man who has learned truth from one minister, may unlearn it from another minister; but he that has been taught it of the Holy Ghost has a treasure which no man taketh from him.

Beloved, we would exhort you to drink of the springs of living water while you are here. Christ's presence, and fountain drinking—give me these two things, and I ask no more. The Lamb to feed me, and the fountain to supply me; these are enough. Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? Come poverty, come sickness, come shame, come casting out by brethren; yea, come death itself, nothing can I want, and nothing can harm me if the Lamb be my Shepherd and the Lord my fountain.

Before another Sunday some of us may be in heaven. Before this month has finished, some of us may know infinitely more about the eternal world than the whole assembly of divines could tell us. Others of us may have to linger here a while. Yet are we not in banishment. Here we dwell with the King for His work. We will endeavor to keep close to our Master, and if we may serve Him and see His face, we will not grudge the glorified their fuller joys. The Lord bless you. Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Highland Woman's Trust.—Mr. D. M'Lauchlan, the evangelist, relates: "There was an aged believer in the Highlands, who had great faith in Christ. One day a visitor said to her, 'What if after all you should fall, and falling perish?' 'Oh,' was her reply, 'whenever did you hear of a person falling from the centre of a Highland rock? And I am on a far surer and firmer Rock than any in the Highlands; I am firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages, and He is between me and the pit.' Thank God, as long as we remain on the Rock we are safe. The waves of the world, and the fury of the prince of the power of the air may beat upon us, but we are safe as long as we are on the Rock, and God will never put us off."

In the Wishing Chair.—Mr. Thorne Observes: "A friend of mine visited the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland lately. He was with a number of tourists, and one by one they all got into the so called wishing-chair and expressed a wish, which the legend says is sure to be fulfilled. When my friend had seated himself in the chair, the company stood around to hear his wish, and one inquired, 'Now, what is your wish?' Raising his voice so that all might hear him, he replied, 'I wish that all may come to Christ and trust Him as their Saviour.' I am not certain, but I think that two of his friends were converted on the spot. That is the greatest and best desire that any man could have for his fellows. May the time not be far off when it will be fulfilled in the case of each one of us."

Sad End of a Minister's Son.—A Scotch Evangelist relates: "I was preaching at Stirling some years ago, and was grieved to find that the son of the godly minister with whom I was staying was taking to drink, going to the theatre, and, indeed, was on the broad road to ruin. He was only twenty-three, yet he seemed to have shaken himself free from the control of both his parents. I spoke to him about his soul, and urged him to stop his career of sin, and come to Christ at once, but he excused himself, saying he was too young. 'But you are not too young to go to the theatre, nor too young to swear or drink. Why, then, do you deem yourself too young to serve God?' 'That is quite true, sir,' he replied, 'but please excuse me to-night, I have an engagement; but to-morrow I shall be at the Union Hall and give myself to Christ.' He left me, and I never saw him alive again. He was out late that night and the gas was left on for his convenience, but in the morning the gas was still burning brightly, and his bedroom showed he had not been home. 'Is Master George not in?' inquired the housekeeper; and being told that he was not, she

went down-stairs to see if she could find any trace of him; and there, half-way up the stairs, he lay dead. He had his boots off, presumably that he might make less noise as he slipped into the house. And he had not, as far as I know, accepted Christ. He had intended to do so *to-morrow*, but for him there was *no to-morrow*."

Two Striking Pictures.—Mr. W. Thomson Remarks: "I once stood and looked at two striking pictures, which impressed me very much. The first represented a stone cross upon a rock, around which the billows were beating fiercely, and in the surging water was a poor sailor, with outstretched hands. He was very near to the rock and cross, but he was not at it. The other picture was the very same, but only *upon* the rock was a sailor, looking very like the one in the first picture, and he had one arm thrown around the cross, while the other was reaching out to grasp the outstretched hand of another poor sailor who was battling his way toward the cross. And I turned away thinking, 'Thus should it be with Christians. When we are safe on the Rock ourselves, we should be ever ready to lend a helping hand to our struggling brethren, that they also may enjoy that blessed security.'"

A Town Councillor and a Blind Man.—Mr. McFarlane remarks: "Some time ago I met a wealthy man, a town councillor of Glasgow. We began to speak about a mutual friend who had died some time before, and I took the opportunity to say, 'Well, we cannot live forever. Both of us will have to die sometime.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I know that; I don't expect to last very much longer.' 'Then,' I continued, 'doubtless you have made a preparation; you know that the Bible says—'Bible,' he interrupted, with a sneer, 'the Bible is all bosh. How can you believe it?' About the same time, in another part of the city, a poor blind man lay dying. His daughter sat by the bedside comforting him from the Scriptures. She read the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' Then the dying man feebly raised himself, and said, 'Put my fingers on these words and read them over again. Now, if anyone asks how I died, tell them I died resting on that blessed text, that "*the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin.*"'"

How a Spanish Peasant "Sought Jesus."—A young English lady was seated in a cottage in the northwest of Spain, trying, in imperfect and recently acquired Spanish, to make plain the way of salvation to a group of poor villagers. She had just said, "Jesus is able to save you to-day; is there anyone here really wanting salvation?" Immediately a curious-looking little man rose and threw himself on his knees and cried, "Oh! I do so much want to be saved!" The lady replied, "Only Jesus can save; seek Jesus." In his ignorance the poor peasant took her words literally, and started off after the meeting to seek Jesus, climbing the mountains, hunting the pine forests and the seashore. At length, weary and disheartened, he threw himself on the ground and groaned out his agony of soul to God, and prayed for mercy. In his tender compassion He heard this poor man's cry, and filled his soul with joy and gladness, enabling him to trust in the unseen Lord. He had sought the bodily presence of Christ, while the loving Saviour, by His Holy Spirit, lifted the veil from his understanding, and revealed Himself, the Light of Life.

A Profane Millionaire's Death.—The Rev. Sholto Douglas says: "I remember a very rich man who began life as a poor working lad, and who by his efforts had amassed a very great fortune, being at his death worth more than a million dollars. At the dinner after the funeral, as the gentlemen sat round their wine, one of them rose to his feet, and addressing the dead man's son, said, 'Your father began life with nothing, and has amassed this fortune of more than a million dollars. You begin where he ends, and before you die should be worth more than five million.' The guests waited to hear what answer the son would give. After a moment's silence he rose and said, with great emphasis, as he brought his hand down upon the table to enforce his words, 'I will make more than five millions, though it should cost me my soul.' Time passed, and ere that young man had reached middle age, he had obtained his ambition, and was worth five millions. But he lay on a death-bed raving mad with *delirium tremens*. So terrible was the scene that every one fled from the room in terror. But outside his room door some of his people stood listening as he threw himself about cursing and swearing. Suddenly the sounds ceased. There came a spell of quietness. 'Ah,' they said to one another,



The Imprisoned Duke of Orleans.



Abyssinians Singing the Song of Moses.

'he is calmer now; perhaps he is asleep;' and opening the door a little, they looked in. What a spectacle met their view! The furniture of the room was literally smashed, not a whole article remained, and there in the middle of the floor, stretched out stark and stiff lay the dead body of the millionaire. He had obtained the summit of his ambition, but he died blaspheming God; and what would his riches profit him in the world to which his soul had taken its flight? 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

A Voice From a Prison Cell.—A Minister says: "To-day I heard of a young man who, a few days before his holiday, was earnestly asked to give himself to Christ. He was a little anxious about his soul, but as he thought of the fast approaching holiday, his old habits asserted themselves strongly, and he said, 'No, I shall wait till my vacation is over, and then I may give myself to Christ.' When that time came he went from home, and not being in the best of company got into evil, and to-day instead of being here praising God, as he might have been if he had obeyed God's call, he is in a prison cell. When Satan sees you are thinking of leaving him, he always endeavors to put fresh and stronger chains around you; but do not give him the opportunity; come right away at once to Christ, the Omnipotent Saviour, and be made free."

THE DUC D'ORLEANS.

(See Portrait.)

MENTION has been made, in a previous number, of the escape of the young scion of French Royalty, whose portrait we give this week. He is the son of the Comte de Paris, and the great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, and is consequently one of the possible heirs to the throne of France; his father being the chief representative in the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family.

The act of this young man in presenting himself for enrolment as a recruit in the Army of France, is one of the recent sensations in that sensational country. It appears that having reached his twenty-first birthday on Thursday, the 6th of February, the young Prince, after disguising himself, left Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he had been staying, and travelled to Paris in company with the Duc de Luynes. In so doing he broke the law of June 22, 1886, which forbids the entrance into France of the chiefs of the families who have reigned in France, and their direct heirs; thus rendering himself liable to a term of imprisonment of from two to five years. On arriving in Paris the young Prince went to the recruiting-office of the Seine and asked to be inscribed upon the conscription register, and to be permitted to perform three years of military service "like every good Frenchman."

From the recruiting-office he was politely sent to the office of the Mayor, and from the latter to the Minister of War. Finding he could get no satisfaction there, he wrote to M. de Freycinet, the Minister of War, stating that he did not intend, by prolonging his stay in Paris, to give any pretext for a manifestation, and that he was well aware that

he could not take any rank in the French army, but that he thought the Law of Exception did not forbid him from *serving as a common soldier*. "It is a great honor," concluded the young gentleman, "of which I am ambitious, and on this point I hope for a prompt reply based upon your sense of equity and upon your patriotism." The reply came within half an hour in the shape of a police commissary, who arrested the Duke and took him at once to the Prefecture of Police, whence he was

Conducted to the Conciergerie,

the same place of confinement as that once occupied by Louis Napoleon after his unsuccessful attempt at Boulogne to follow the fortunes of his uncle Napoleon I. On Wednesday, February 12, his trial came off. An enormous crowd of citizens, anxious to see a prince in the prisoners' pen, filled the court. The Prince, who had been taken from the Conciergerie by an underground passage, took his place on the prisoners' bench in front. He was dressed entirely in black—a close-fitting frock coat showing off his graceful figure. In his hands he carried a pair of black gloves and a cane. His brilliant blond complexion, his hair parted mathematically in the middle, his collar, his cravat, the cut of his clothes, his smile, his bow, his manner—everything gave him far more the air of an elegant young Englishman than of a pretender to the throne of Henry IV.

Being asked what he had to say to the charge brought against him, the Prince frankly admitted his liability to punishment, declined to advance any arguments in extenuation of his offence, and requested his advocates to abstain from defending him. "I came to France," he said, "to serve as a common soldier. I have nothing to do with politics, which only concern my father, whose obedient son and faithful servant I am. . . . I wished to serve my country in a regiment. Is that a crime? I love my country. Is that a fault? No, I do not believe myself guilty. . . . I expect no clemency; but if I am condemned I am sure of acquittal on the part of the two hundred thousand conscripts of my class, who, more fortunate than myself, are permitted to serve their country."

This little speech evoked murmurs of approbation from the Royalists present, and the President said: "The Court has not to criticise or to discuss the law, its duty being to apply it to everybody with impartiality, without passion and without weakness." The young man was then sentenced to

Two Years' Imprisonment,

the minimum punishment allowed by the law of banishment of pretenders to the throne of France and their direct heirs. On his way back to his prison at the Conciergerie he was enthusiastically cheered by crowds of Royalists, who shouted "*Vive le Duc d'Orleans! Vive le Prince! Vive le Roi!*"

The Prince is now the chief object of interest in France, and obtains the position of a "martyr" in prison for two years, provided he is not sooner pardoned and sent off again from the frontier. The young Prince may be said to inherit the military

spirit; for his grandfather, the Duc de Montpensier, the fifth son of Louis Philippe, was wounded in battle with the Arabs in 1844; and his father, the Comte de Paris, saw service in America, when, with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, he volunteered on the staff of General McClellan.

THE ABYSSINIAN TE DEUM.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most suggestive incidents connected with the capture of Magdala, in Abyssinia, which was described in this journal on February 12, is depicted in the illustration. When Lord Napier's forces had captured the city on April 13, 1868, and released the European captives from their dungeon, the citizens of Magdala were strangely moved. It was a triumph which astonished them, for the city had been considered impregnable. But their sympathy was with the conquerors rather than with the tyrant, King Theodore. They had suffered too much under his caprices to have any loyalty or affection left for him. They had, however, too much regard for their own safety to openly display their feelings at first. Later came the news that the dreaded monarch had committed suicide, and then, the restraint of fear being removed, public enthusiasm found vent.

A large number of Mohammedan priests and officials of the mosques went in procession to Napier's quarters and serenaded him. With that delicacy and tact in which the Oriental mind never fails, they sought a common ground for the subject of their musical tribute in which Christian and Mohammedan alike could unite. They found it in the song of Moses as we have it in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. Moses is profoundly revered by Mohammedans, and they therefore joined cordially in chanting the song with which he celebrated the overthrow of the Egyptians as an appropriate psalm of joy over the downfall of their own oppressor.

A FISHER OF MEN.

An Illustration of the Golden Text for March 16.

(See illustration on page 157.)

"Is Dr. Craig at home?" asked a little girl with a bright, eager face, as the one servant the clergyman kept responded to a timid ring of the door-bell. "Who wants him?" was the servant's non-committal reply.

"I do," said the child, but she added quickly, as she saw rejection in the girl's face, "Mr. Willoughby sent me, and he told me to be sure I saw the dominie himself."

"Oh! well, if Mr. Willoughby sent you it's all right, I suppose. Come in, and I'll tell him."

Dr. Craig was working on his next Sunday morning sermon. That was a serious matter with him, for his congregation was an intelligent one, which looked to him for light and leading. Vague generalities, resounding periods, or mere eloquence would have been out of place in that pulpit. The people Dr. Craig had gathered around him were men and women intensely in earnest about getting good and doing good, and he realized his responsibility too vividly to allow them to go away disap-

pointed of the help he might give them. The interruption to his work could not, therefore, be anything but unwelcome. But Mr. Willoughby was the superintendent of his Sunday-school, and was, besides, a man after his own heart, ready for every good work. He laid down his pen with a sigh, and went into the hall where the child stood.

"Please, sir," she said, looking up earnestly; "Mr. Willoughby is with a sick man in our building. He wants you to come to him, if you can. He said he did not like to leave him, so he said, would I come, and I said I would. He says it's urgent," added the child, as if she was giving the name of a disease.

Dr. Craig made a memorandum of the address, which was that of a big tenement-house—a teeming hive of human life in one of the most squalid districts of the city—and promised to come at once. The child went away, but when a few minutes later the clergyman sallied forth he found her at the door, waiting to be his guide.

At the door of the house the clergyman and his young companion met Mr. Willoughby. "Don't go up now, Doctor," he said; "the physician has given him an opiate to lull his pain and he is just going to sleep. But walk with me; I should like to tell you about him."

The clergyman turned with his friend and walked through the narrow street reeking with garbage and filth. Men and women in ragged clothes, with blotched faces, met them at every step, or leaned half helpless against the walls. At nearly every corner was a saloon, which seemed the only thriving kind of business being done in the neighborhood.

"There," said Mr. Willoughby, as they passed one of them, out of which a bold, immodest woman leaned on unsteady feet and accosted them after the manner of her kind, "the devil sets his traps to catch men, and seems successful in it too."

"Yes," said Dr. Craig, "and the sad feature of it is that all we can do is so little compared with this stupendous mass of sin and misery. Life is so short and we are so weak."

"We do not seem to have the right system," said Mr. Willoughby. "Indeed, I do not know what is the right one."

"No; it is hard to devise it, but the closer we follow our divine model the nearer we get to the best. It is as true now as it was when Jesus called Simon and Andrew. *If we follow Him, He will make us fishers of men.* The best of us do as the scribes did, follow Him afar off."

"This poor fellow whom I have just left is a case in point," said Mr. Willoughby. "He is quite young—not more than five and twenty, I should say. He came up from the country some six years ago. He knew no one here, and we might have caught him, for he was piously reared, but he fell to these Satanic traps and they have held him. Poor fellow, he is quite in despair now, and he is very sick. He is a brilliant fellow, well worth saving. I think if you could see him and talk with him and impart some hope he would come back, and the prodigal. He cannot believe that he will be received."

"I will certainly see him," said Dr. Craig. "The prospect is better than if he thought lightly of his illness."

"That is by no means his difficulty; he thinks he has sinned beyond hope of pardon, and that even if he were pardoned he would fall again."

"Then he will not make the fatal mistake of trusting to his own strength."

It was, as Mr. Willoughby said, a dark case. Dr. Craig found it so when he called the next day. It could have been easier to deal with one who had never known the truth.

"I know all you would urge," he said, "but you do not know my life. I have sinned against light; I have quenched the Spirit; I am one of those of whom the Apostle said it is impossible to renew them again to repentance. No, it is too late. If I could I shall go back to my evil ways."

"No, please God, you shall not," said Dr. Craig.



Dr. Craig Summoned to Labor.

"To Him that is able to keep you from falling we will commit your case. But first you must be reconciled to God."

The journey to the light was a long and painful one. The enemy of souls held his victim bound as firmly by the chain of despair as he had formerly held him by the chain of evil habit. But at last He, who was anointed to set at liberty them that are bound, set him free.

"What can I do?" said the rejoicing man when he was really assured of pardon and acceptance.

"Use me in some way. Let me be an example of what Christ will pardon and save. Point to me as an instance of unlimited mercy, perhaps it may encourage some despairing man. I cannot hope to work for Christ, but I can be a specimen of His power and love."

"How shall you earn a livelihood when you get well?" the clergyman asked.

"Oh, I can go back to my former position. There is plenty of money in it."

"Would you quit it if you could do effectual work for Christ by giving all your time to it? There is little or no money in that."

"I would do it gladly. I have learned how little worth money is as an object of life. I know that pleasure does not satisfy. I am ready for poverty and hardship, if you think I could be of any use, but I am so unworthy and so incapable."

"Look around you," said Dr. Craig; "men and women are perishing everywhere. If some one took them the good news many could be saved. The life is hard, there are many trials in it, many disappointments, and if you gave your life to it you would probably die not worth a dollar. But it is a grand service. You could do it. No one better. Go into these wretched homes, into these dreadful dives. You know by experience where they are. Tell the victims what you know, and how you have been saved, and you will be the means of saving many."

"I should like to try. I do not care for money or pleasure now. But I am so weak and unprepared."

"You will do," said the clergyman. "You know where strength comes from for yourself and others. A man who will leave all to follow Christ has the best preparation. Fear not; 'henceforth you shall catch men' and bring them into the Master's treasure-house."

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 142.)

New Hardships.

In the following year, 1629, a band of three hundred and sixty English Puritans arrived at Salem—one hundred of whom chose Charlestown for their final resting-place; and now the interest excited by such extensive emigration was productive of the most momentous results for the liberty of New Eng-

land. All attempts to procure a royal charter for Plymouth had proved unavailing, but the Puritans of Salem and Charlestown were more successful. After some little difficulty and delay, Charles I. affixed the royal seal to a charter, dated March 4, 1629, by which the holders of the purchase from the Council of Plymouth were erected into a body politic, by the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, New England.

The Pilgrim Fathers found their transactions with the merchant adventurers who constituted their governing company, the source of perpetual wrongs and disappointments, and were glad at length to purchase relief from such an intolerable yoke on the most exorbitant terms. But the result was altogether different with the colonists of Massachusetts Bay. They had anticipated persecution, moreover, instead of waiting until the galling yoke of the oppressor could no longer be borne. They were not, therefore, driven to the necessity of accepting such terms as might be offered. They could husband their resources and wait their time; and therefore it was that they achieved so readily what their predecessors had sought in vain, and secured for their Puri-

tan brethren free institutions in the New World, which tempted them to emigrate, without tarrying till their worst anticipations were realized.

The leaders in the establishment of the new colony were actuated solely by the honest desire to secure beyond the Atlantic a safe and abiding shelter for the suffering Nonconformists of England. When, therefore, the royal charter had given the highest legal security for the permanence of their corporate rights and privileges, many of the leading members of the company gladly avail themselves of a guaranteed liberty over which they held so great control, and soon the governor and company were themselves settled amid the early clearings of Salem and Charlestown. The consequences that flowed from this were altogether momentous. At the very time when the English sovereign was seeking to overthrow the chief privileges which the British constitution secured, and was entering on a contest which involved the absolute supremacy of Crown or Parliament, he had unconsciously established an independent provincial government within his own dominions.

The granting of the royal charter had furnished to the chief projectors of the settlement a strong inducement to emigrate, but the transference of the governing power to the colony itself produced a far more extensive movement. The suffering Nonconformists throughout England learned with delight of a Puritan settlement established in the New World, governed by Christian men who sympathized in their opinions, and who guaranteed to them, by the security of the King's own charter, the liberty of conscience and the civil privileges, which he was then employing all the means that policy and unprincipled ambition could suggest, to wrest from them at home.

During a single season fourteen vessels sailed from England for Massachusetts Bay, crowded with Nonconformist emigrants fleeing for shelter to this land of promise. About fifteen hundred persons landed in New England, and immediately formed themselves into an independent settlement under the new charter. Mr. John Winthrop, one of the first associates whom Mr. White had induced to unite with the original purchasers of the tract of land on which they were settling, was unanimously chosen Governor; and we owe to his pen the most complete record of the early history of the Puritan settlements of New England.

The settlers of Massachusetts Bay forsook the land of their nativity under a less pressing necessity than that which had driven forth the Pilgrim Fathers to a foreign shore, ere they gratified the indomitable love of their country by seeking to shelter themselves within the skirts of its Government, amid the far wilds which modern adventure had added to its possessions. Nevertheless, the stimulus to emigration originated among the early

Nonconformists under Charles I. from similar causes, and they were actuated by a scarcely less passionate attachment to their native land when, on the eve of their departure from Yarmouth Roads, they published the affectionate farewell to England and her Church, to which we have already referred. They would not willingly break every tie that bound them to England. They still regarded it with filial reverence, and encouraged the fond hope that some bond of mutual sympathy would keep alive the union of love between the parent and child.

The privations attendant on the founding of a new settlement produced their usual consequences on the new colonists. They dispersed themselves in various directions, the Governor choosing Charlestown as the place of his residence. Thither many followed him. The place lately occupied by a solitary English cottage was become the populous capital of an extensive colony. But there, as at Plymouth Bay, the colonists had their houses to rear ere they could be occupied; their harvests to sow and tend ere they could be reaped; their streets to lay out, to drain, to pave, ere they could enjoy, in the land of freedom, the thousand necessary comforts and luxuries which they had possessed in England almost without a thought of their necessity, or of the possibility of their absence. Sickness spread among them. There also many reached their destination only to win a grave in the land of promise; and nearly the whole of the survivors deserted Charlestown, and established themselves on the site now occupied by the great city of Boston. On the 19th of October, 1630, the Governor summoned there the first Colonial Assembly to deliberate on the affairs of the settlement, and begin their work as the free legislators of the New World.

The change of locality did not suffice to rescue the colonists from sickness and death. The true sources of their privations still remained; and, doubtless, among the large body of honest, industrious, and wealthy emigrants, who had forsaken England from the love of freedom and the desire for liberty of conscience, not a few were ill fitted by previous habits for enduring the exposures and sufferings attendant on the clearing of the forest, and the rearing of the log huts wherein the exile finds his first shelter from unwonted exposure and the inclemencies of the season, in the strange country of his adoption. Nearly two hundred died after the removal to Boston, and about a hundred more, including some of the leading men of the colony, fled from the dangers which seemed to threaten destruction to the whole settlement, and precipitately returned to England. The survivors, however, did not despair.

It was hardly to be looked for that so numerous a body, necessarily to a great extent strangers to each other, should manifest the same magnanimity and unflinching courage which animated the little Christian family of New Plymouth. Still they did not fail in deeds of generous charity and love. Many noble acts of disinterested kindness proved to the colonists the value of the high Christian principles by which the great body of them were actuated. Like the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, they saw their provisions failing, and looked in vain for the distant sail that should cheer them with the hope of new supplies from England. But like them rich and poor shared together their scanty stores; and it is related among the old traditions of the colony, that Governor Winthrop was in the act of dividing *his last handful of meal* with a poor neighbor, when the joyful tidings reached him that the long-expected ship from England was in sight.

It has already been hinted that the plantation of Massachusetts Bay was speedily found to include among its settlers sufficient diversity of opinion to produce at a very early period the elements of discord. That the Puritan settlers of New England should have ejected from among them those who wished to adhere to the Church of England, and to retain its ritual and forms of worship, was both natural and perhaps necessary. Sound policy required it, even from those who might see its inconsistency with the free toleration of religious belief. But unhappily the great majority of the settlers went beyond this, and, imitating the earlier English Nonconformists, became almost as strenuous maintainers of enforced uniformity as their English persecutors had been. They differed only on the standard of uniformity, not on the principle. It is folly for either American or English encomiasts to seek to disguise this.

It is an important fact in the history of the human

mind—as the impartial records of both countries abundantly prove—that only a very few, even in the seventeenth century, had any just conception of the grand principles of toleration, which acknowledge God as the sole judge of every man's faith, and interfere with opinions or creeds only when they develop consequences inimical to social virtue and order. The emigrant settlers who founded the Puritan colony of New England were composed of the very class among whom diversities of opinion on religious faith and ecclesiastical polity were most likely to arise. They included many of the most devout and earnest thinkers of the age. Religion was with them a thing so momentous that all temporal interests became mean and little worth in comparison with it. But the sufferer for conscience' sake is ever too apt to conclude that the faith which he has maintained in defiance of persecution must be true. He is unwilling to believe that there may be martyrs for error; sincere confessors, worthy of all admiration for their heroic fidelity to what, after all, may prove an unworthy cause.

It is a fact, moreover, too well established to need now to be argued, that suffering has rarely taught the persecuted to show moderation to others; and of this the annals of New England furnish abundant evidence. Above all, it is to be remembered that common sufferings and perils had produced unanimity among the Puritan emigrants who crowded the little fleet that sailed like a triumphant armament to take possession of the chartered land of freedom which they had won in the New World.

It need not greatly surprise us that those who were at one in their opposition to the ritual of the English Church, or to the restraints and formalities imposed on its honest and conscientious adherents by Laud and his disciples, should discover that they were not equally unanimous when they came to give their own creeds and systems practical form. Protestantism in all its phases is but a negative creed. Thousands unite in the protest against error who have little common ground in their ideas of truth. Surely it is not needful for the validity of their protest that they should! Let it suffice that they do not rest their hopes in such a negation. They triumph without a victory who discover in the divisions of Protestantism a proof that it originated in error. Human nature is ever the same, and rarely indeed do the most clear-sighted of men comprehend the ends which Providence is working out by such imperfect means.

There were noble men among these Fathers of Massachusetts. Winthrop, Johnson, and Dudley; Wilson, the chosen minister of the first church formed among them; Cotton, a man who had won distinguished honors at the University of Cambridge ere he became an object of persecution for no less distinguished piety; Eliot, the generous and self-denying apostle of the Indians; Francis Higginson, the enthusiastic but truly catholic Nonconformist, who esteemed the invitation of the first emigrants as a call from heaven; and Roger Williams, the noble pastor of Salem, who has won an unenviable distinction as the object, and in some degree the origin, of much unseemly strife among the first New England churches, but who was notwithstanding a man of true piety, great moral worth, and generous consistency as the advocate of perfect toleration.

Others were not without characteristics less worthy of admiration. The historian of the United States describes Endicot, the foremost among the leaders who planted the new colony, as "benevolent, though austere; firm, though choleric; of a rugged nature, which the sternest form of Puritanism had not served to mellow." Some of the deeds of the stern Puritan are still remembered among records of the past which New England has little pride in recalling, and one will long live in the nervous stanzas of Whittier's "Ballad of Cassandra Southwick," the production of one of the most vigorous and truly national of America's living poets. Yet Massachusetts is justly boastful of her ancestry. Many others might be singled out for notice from among the Puritan Fathers of New England. They were "a chosen generation, a peculiar people." A great work was before them, and the fruit of it has been a rich and abundant reward, though the weakness and failings of human nature mingled with their work; and they proved, to use the modest anticipations of the Pilgrim Fathers, but as stepping-stones to others for the accomplishment of their high aim.

When sickness and death threatened the loyal founders of Charlestown with utter annihilation,

the place to which they removed presented the appearance of a promontory stretching into the bay. Its surface swelled into rising grounds of considerable height, now known to the New Englander as Copp's Hill, Fort Hill, and Beacon Hill. The colonists ascribed their sufferings at Charlestown to the dampness of the locality, and, what might perhaps seem an unlikely concomitant of this, to the want of a sufficient supply of water. The neighboring promontory seemed to promise a remedy for both evils. Its rising grounds offered security for the dryness of the locality, while its old name of *Shawmut*, or the living fountain, pointed it out as a spot celebrated among the Indians for its abundant springs of pure water. Thither, accordingly, the first occupants of Charlestown removed in a body, on the 7th of September, 1630, leaving only seventeen colonists who preferred retaining possession of that earlier settlement. The outlookers were then daily watching the distant horizon, in anticipation of a ship in which their minister, the Rev. John Cotton, had sailed from Boston, in England; and it was in honor of him, and perhaps also of the town with which many of them may have had the dear associations of nativity and kindred, that the colonists conferred on their new settlement the name of Boston.

Shawmut, however, had one occupant, previous to its hasty adoption by the deserters from Charlestown, not unworthy of a passing glance among the good men who first sought for freedom amid the wilds of New England. The following brief notice of him occurs in an American work devoted to the early history of Boston and its founders: "The first settler of Shawmut was Mr. William Blackstone. He probably came over with the company under Endicot, who settled at Salem. Mr. Blackstone built a cottage at a point somewhere near Leverett Street, not very far from Craigie's Bridge, and became sole proprietor of the whole peninsula, which was afterwards bought of him. Here he lived nine or ten years, and saw the foundation of society laid. He was a very eccentric character. He was an ordained minister of the English Church, but holding Puritan sentiments, he preferred to enjoy them unmolested in the wilderness. He loved his liberty so well that he would not connect himself with the church established in his new country.

"He said, 'I came from England because I did not like the Lord-Bishops; and I cannot join with you because I would not be under the Lord-Brethren.' He retained nothing while here of his ministerial character but his canonical coat. He devoted himself to the cultivation of the six acres of land which he retained in his possession, and planted there, it is said, the first orchard of apple trees in New England. It is supposed that he left Boston because he was annoyed by the strict sectarian laws that were established by the colony, and banished himself again to the wilderness, in a place now called Cumberland, on the banks of Pawtucket River. Here he built his house in the midst of park, planted an orchard near it, and divided his time between study and labor. He called his rural retreat Study Hill, and made it his permanent residence until the day of his death, which happened May 26, 1675, two years after he had buried his wife.

"He was a man of a kind and benevolent heart, and when he went to Providence to preach, which he did occasionally, notwithstanding his disagreement in opinion with Roger Williams, he would carry with him some of his beautiful apples as presents to the children, who never had seen such fruit before. Indeed, the kind called yellow sweings were first produced from his orchard; and the older inhabitants, who had seen apples in England had not before seen that sort. His eccentricity, seen in the fact that he used, in his old age, to ride on a bull, which, for want of a horse, he had trained for that purpose. 'The death of this venerable pilgrim,' says the historian, 'was at a critical period, the beginning of an Indian war. His estate was deserted, and his house burnt by the natives. His library, which contained 186 volumes, from folios to pamphlets, shared the same fate. His family is now extinct.'

(To be Continued.)

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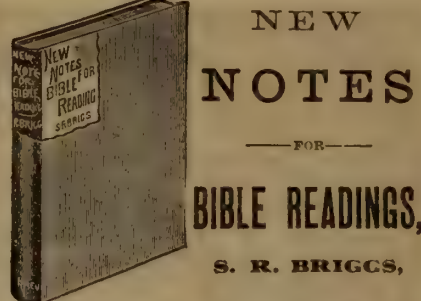
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MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE—THE FREE LIBRARY HE HAS GIVEN TO ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN.

ANDREW CARNEGIE,

The Millionaire Donor of the Allegheny City Free Library.

The Difficult Problem of the Age—Mr. Carnegie's Attempt at Its Solution—His Astonishing Career—A Poor Boy Seeking Work—A Telegraph Messenger at Three Dollars a Week—Becomes a Telegraph Operator—Made Superintendent of the Road—His Successful Speculations—Vast Iron Work Enterprises—His Appeal to men of Wealth—His Munificent Gifts.

THE great problem of our day is how to deal with the inequalities in social condition. It is the problem everywhere. In the United States, under republican institutions, equally with the nations of Europe, under despotisms and limited monarchies, the question demands an answer. The poor man labors, and receives, when he is fortunate, a weekly wage which enables him to purchase food and clothing for himself and his family, but does not enable him to accumulate a provision for old age, for times of sickness, or for his family after his death. Meanwhile his employer grows rich, lives in luxury, and becomes a millionaire. The question presented by this anomaly is one of stupendous difficulty, and thoughtful men in all lands are giving it their most earnest consideration. Even the Emperor of Germany is exercised by it, and has summoned an international council to consider in what way the burdens of the workingman can be lightened. It is gratifying to see that one of the favored class, like a few of his predecessors—Peabody, Peter Cooper, Mr. Pratt, of Brooklyn, Mr. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, and others—is concerned about the subject, and, having thought it out from his side, has not only published the solution he has discovered, but has, at an immense expenditure of money, given practical effect to his theory. All honor to the man who has done this! May many such givers appear among us to benefit the cities in which they live? It is a pleasure to the Christian, who is enjoined to regard every man as his brother, to honor a man who thus consecrates his wealth, and therefore we publish this week the portrait of Mr. Carnegie and a picture of the magnificent building which he has given to Allegheny City.

The Solution of the Problem

which is thus presented by Mr. Carnegie in theory and in practice is not, however, final. We do not believe for a moment that it is a solution at all. But it is a noble effort to reach it, and it shows a right spirit. It does honor to the head and heart of the man; but it is very far indeed from a solution. The real trouble lies far deeper than any gift can reach. The problem, with all its hideous injustice, with all its awful danger, still confronts society, and if millionaires by the hundred were to act as nobly as Mr. Carnegie has done, the problem would still remain unsolved. Not until every business enterprise is conducted on the principle that the capitalists and the toilers are sharers in just proportions in the profits and proprietary rights of the enterprise will this gigantic problem approach solution. The idea may appear Utopian, but every man who has talked with intelligent workingmen knows that until this principle is adopted there will be no genuine content. It is not gifts, not charity, that they ask for, but justice. The value of gifts like this of Mr. Carnegie's consists chiefly in the confidence they inspire in workingmen. Such gifts show a concern for the public welfare, a recognition of personal responsibility, and a disposition to deal on reasonable and righteous terms with the poor. That disposition leads men to hope that when the true remedy is formulated Mr. Carnegie and men like him will become the advocates of the workingman and the pioneers in the cause of social justice and righteousness.

Andrew Carnegie's Career

has been a very remarkable one. He was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1835, and came to America when he was only twelve years of age. He had a hard time looking for work, but at last succeeded in obtaining employment in looking after a stationary engine in a cellar. His next position was as a messenger in a telegraph office at Pittsburgh at three dollars a week. The late Thomas A. Scott was then superintendent at Pittsburgh of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He engaged young Carnegie as operator in his office, and favored him in many ways, giving him opportunities to speculate in oil and coal, by which he made considerable money. He thought out a plan for governing the running of the trains by telegraph, which saved the company an immense sum of money, facilitated business, and was an additional security against ac-

cidents. The value of this plan was appreciated, and young Carnegie was removed to the chief office at Altoona, where his splendid organizing faculties were speedily recognized. So high were the company's opinions of his abilities that he was made Superintendent of the western branch of the Pennsylvania road before he was twenty years of age.

Carnegie was now on the high road to wealth. Under Col. Scott's guidance and with his help he bought several farms in upper Pennsylvania, where oil was shortly afterward found in large quantities. The output became enormous, and Mr. Carnegie soon had a large capital at his control. With the quick perception of opportunities which distinguishes Scotchmen above all other nationalities, Mr. Carnegie embarked in the iron trade at the moment when railroad development and the rapid growth of population made it most profitable. In quick succession he became chief owner of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, the Homestead Iron Works, the Union Iron Works, and the Keystone Bridge Works at Pittsburgh. To-day, at the age of fifty-five, he is the largest iron and steel manufacturer in the world.

The Responsibilities of Wealth

might not have been expected to touch the conscience of a man who owed his fortune to his own enterprise, energy, and industry. A man who had inherited his wealth might be so affected, but a "self-made man" would naturally be supposed to say, "May I not do what I will with my own?" Mr. Carnegie, however, realized these responsibilities and considered them in the light of conscience. He was anxious that other wealthy men should do so likewise, and he therefore wrote two thoughtful articles in a magazine, presenting in forcible terms the considerations which weighed heavily upon himself.* In these articles Mr. Carnegie did not shrink from stating in plain terms truths which could not be very palatable to wealthy men. Writing of the duty of men of wealth, he said: "This, then, is held to be the duty of men of wealth; First, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming *the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren*, bringing to their service his superior wisdom, experience, and ability to administer, doing for them better than they could do for themselves."

Living Benefactors

are esteemed by Mr. Carnegie far higher than men who, being unable to take their millions with them, bequeath them in charity in their will. In his pamphlet he specially dwells on the superiority of the benefactions which are done in life, and he eloquently urges these benefactions as the best method of dealing with this difficult problem of the day. He says: "Thus is the problem of rich and poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free; the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor; entrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the development of the race, in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows, save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and which is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: '*The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced.*' Such, in my opinion, is the true

* These articles have been reprinted in pamphlet form under the title *The Gospel of Wealth*, and have had a large sale in England as well as in the United States. They are published in this country, price ten cents, by *Jenkins & McCowan*, 224 Centre Street, New York.

gospel concerning wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the rich and the poor, and to bring 'Peace on earth, among men good-will.'"

The Practical Example

which Mr. Carnegie has given to men of wealth is a proof that with him the words he has written are not mere theory. He has given large sums to found free libraries in his native land, and now he is given the magnificent building, a picture of which appears on the first page, to Allegheny City. He has further offered a still more magnificent gift of a Free Library to Pittsburgh, which will cost him less than a million dollars, and he is prepared to make it two millions on the sole condition that the city pay \$40,000 annually for its maintenance, the money to be raised by taxation. Mr. Carnegie, who has spent much time in the examination and study of public buildings of an educational character, proposes first to construct and furnish a grand central library building, the books of which are to be used both for reference and circulating purposes. The central building, which is to be fire-proof, will contain a fine room for the reception of works of art, it being intended by the giver that in time it will become a magnificent art museum. The building also will contain rooms for the meetings of the various learned and scientific societies comprised in the Academy of Sciences. The intention of Mr. Carnegie is to furnish rooms for such societies to meet in, leaving it for other wealthy men of Pittsburgh to raise a fund for scientific research. The branch buildings will contain portions of the circulating library from the main structure, and books are to be dealt out in the manner that experience may demonstrate to be most in accordance with the needs of the people. These branch libraries will contain rooms for reading and literary societies, and such other organizations as will lead people to read, which is the great object desired.

The Organization.

The proposition includes site and building of a monumental character, and it is intended that the central building and the branch buildings shall be models of architectural skill. As far as has been determined, the Commission or Board of Trustees in the management of the library will consist of twenty-one members; nine of these, who represent the city Government, are to comprise the Mayor, the presidents of the Common Council, the Select Council, and the Central Board of Education, and five members of a Library Commission to be appointed by the Councils; and twelve citizens upon the commission will provide for the election of their successors; and the officers representing the city Government are directly responsible, of course, to the people, and their place, when vacant, will be filled in the ordinary manner of municipal elections. Mr. Carnegie will furnish some books for the library, but the city revenue of \$40,000 is the one relied upon to maintain the annual growth of desirable literature.

Mr. Carnegie is the author of several books which have had a wide circulation. His *Four-in-Hand* story of an English coaching trip, but more especially his glorification of American institutions under the title *Triumphant Democracy*, have rendered him a literary fame.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

THE handsome building of which a picture appears on the first page is described in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* as "a perfect temple of art." Its exterior is of granite from the Fox Island quarries, of Macungie. The straight columns and pointed arches of the architecture are Romanesque. One of the first examples of that style of architecture ever erected is the tower, which rears its pointed turret 100 feet aloft. The graceful finials and capitals crown a series of small columns, which are very symmetrical in appearance. The deep arches of the entire building, worked out both in windows and doorways, are very strong in effect. Two Moorish arches are features of the library frontage. Around the entire building is a terraced wall, erected after-thought, but in perfect harmony with the enclosed building. Externally, no more graceful building can be seen in the United States. Singularly do the various sections of the building conform to each other that the blending of towers, columns, arches, and gables is perfect. Not a feature of the exterior is extraneous, nor does anything seem lacking.

Passing into the vestibule, a noble marble floor

leads to the art rooms and the scientific hall. Directly in front of the visitor are the doors leading into the library. This section of the building is divided into nine separate rooms, viz., the reception-room, reading-room, ladies' reading-room, bibliographic room, inner office and repair room, librarian's room, and lavatory. The reception-room is the chief glory of the building, and is a notable example of refined art. The floor is in an irregular mosaic of white marble tint with a heavy black mosaic border. In the centre is a circular pattern of reddish tint, with arabesque designs surrounding the words, worked in mosaic "Carnegie Free Library." The tint of the walls is a rich light brown, and the dimensions of the room, 36 by 40, are imposing enough to make the height of 26 harmonize. Facing the entrance is the enormous chimney in the terra cotta style. In the middle of its broad face is the strongly drawn picture of Andrew Carnegie, the contribution of the members of the commission to the attractions of the building.

Five feet below the ceiling level, running around the sides of the room, is a series of serrated arches forming a colonnade, the contrast in color between the tints of the arches and the wall being very pleasing. Each arch encloses a chocolate-tinted panel, upon which appears the private mark of every noted American publisher, ancient and modern. They are a study for an enthusiast. At the base of the colonnade is a lacquered band of deep blue. On this appear the names of the following distinguished American authors, representative of all fields of literature: Audubon, Bancroft, Bryant, Cary, Channing, Cooper, Edwards, Emerson, Franklin, Fuller, Hodge, Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, Longfellow, Motley, Parker, Prescott, Sigourney, Silliman, Story, Stowe, Taylor, Thoreau, and Whittier. The band of blue where it crosses the chimney bears the sentiment: "Choose Your Master as You Choose a Friend."

The Dedication by the President

Thursday, February 20, was a fête-day in the city. Long before the hour for beginning the exercises the splendid music-hall of the building was crowded. President Harrison, Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, Mayor Pearson, of Allegheny, and many other persons of note were present. Bishop Doane offered the invocation. Mr. Carnegie presented the key of the library to Mayor Pearson, remarking: "I wish that the masses of working men and women, the wage-earners of Allegheny, would remember and act upon the fact that this is their library, their gallery, and their hall. The poorest citizen, the poorest man, the poorest woman that toils from morn till night for a livelihood (as, thank heaven, I had to do in my early days) as he walks this hall, as he reads the books in these alcoves, as he listens to the organ and admires the works of art in this gallery equally with the millionaire and the foremost citizen, I want him to exclaim in his own heart, 'Behold, all this is mine.' I support it and I am proud to support it. I am joint proprietor here."

The Mayor, in accepting the key in trust, extended the thanks of the citizens of Allegheny for the grand, beautiful, and costly gift. "It is a noble gift, an immortal testimonial of our beneficence, and will keep your name before us—a name that will never be forgotten." President Harrison was then introduced, who made an appropriate address, closing with these words: "It gives me great pleasure to be associated in the inauguration of this great enterprise. No one can tell how wide and deep and strong the influence will be that shall have its origin here. We must follow it through the generations that are to come. It is left in your charge, citizens of Allegheny, and speaking for its generous donor, I desire it now to be opened to public use as a place of assembly for all, and I charge you that you care in such manner that its highest usefulness be reached, and that it may not in your hands fall below the high thought which was in the mind of the man who has, out of his own personal means, founded and dedicated this library to public use."

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, is had from this office; price, \$2 50, including postage. Volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. Are on hand prior to 1884.

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AN EXILE'S LIFE IN SIBERIA.

SINCE Dr. Baedeker's conversion he has devoted his life to evangelistic work among the exiles in Siberia. Speaking during his recent visit to England of the state of these unhappy creatures, he said that they are generally sent far north in Siberia, to Yakootsk. There is no town. The thinly populated district is inhabited by the native race, who speak a language of their own. They are, generally speaking, a heathen people, though a few are baptized. Here, in the intensely cold and bleak country, the exiles settle down in wooden huts. They do not understand the people, and they cannot make themselves understood. They have nothing to do. No wonder that many of the educated and intelligent lose their reason! It was a great satisfaction to carry to these Russians the glad tidings of the gospel.

On his latest tour in Siberia he met, among others, a young man and his wife who had been so long in exile that, although highly educated, they had become excessively awkward in walk, dress, and manner. They were Polish exiles, who had at length been set at liberty. The man had been taken prisoner on the death of the late Emperor. There was no charge against him; merely a suspicion. He had been kept six months in solitary confinement in Russia. He had never been permitted to speak aloud, or to hear a word spoken aloud. He was not even allowed to clean his cell or make his bed. He was kept in forced idleness and silence. He did not go mad, as many do. But he got very ill with scrofula. The doctor thought he would die. He was taken out of solitary confinement, and put into another prison. He might have what he liked to eat. He recovered, and then had chains placed on his feet, and was sent off to Siberia. One-half of his hair was shaved off, and, escorted by soldiers, he was sent forward by train and steamer till he reached his destination, Tomsk. He narrated his whole story. His brother filled a high political office, and gave himself no rest till, at the close of six years, he obtained his liberation. When he was originally arrested his wife heard nothing of it, and knew nothing of his whereabouts, until she herself came under suspicion, and was similarly arrested, and sent to Siberia. There, to their intense joy, they met again.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Science and the Bible.*

I REMEMBER that when I was a boy an old infidel addressed me: "How can you believe the Bible, which says there was light before the sun appeared?" I was not able to answer the objection, but science now can do so when it tells us that the formed earth is older than the formed sun, and that there must have been light nourishing plants before the sun was condensed. In the present advanced stage of science the infidel would have started an objection which could not be answered if Genesis had represented the sun as appearing on the first day.

The correspondence between Genesis and Geology has been demonstrated of late years by very competent men, whose writings are accessible to all. In particular, this has been done by the three men on this continent who have the best right to speak on this subject from their knowledge of physical geography and geology—Dr. Guyot, Dr. Dana, and Sir William Dawson. In the one of these, the written record, we have an account of the genesis of the earth as it would have been witnessed by a spectator who had lived through the unremembered ages; in the other the combined results of the researches of geologists within the last few ages; the one is ocular, the other is scientific. This accounts at once for their essential sameness and their superficial differences—which do not imply any contradiction. . . . I believe that if you would ask a geologist to write for us a true account of the production of our earth in as brief a space as the first chapter of our Bible, he would confess his inability to do so. Suppose that the opening chapter of Genesis, all unknown before, were discovered and published in our day, it would at once be denounced as a forgery, constructed by one who

* From the *Religious Aspect of Evolution*. By James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., ex-President of Princeton University. Dr. McCosh is probably one of the most able, as well as the most learned, theologians of our time. It must reassure many apprehensive minds to find from this, his latest work, that he believes that even if the evolutionists should be able to prove their theories the Christian need be under no apprehension as to the stability of the Bible record. Pp. 119. Price \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

knows geological science, and who varies the record simply to keep the trick from being detected.

A Proof of Inspiration.

The question arises and demands an answer, How comes it that there is such a correspondence between Genesis and science, which has been formed in so much a later age? According to the common reckoning, which can be justified, the Pentateuch was written by Moses 1,400 years before the Christian era. The wildest German neologist are sure it could not have been written later than the time of Ezra, 500 years before Christ. Every one acknowledges that the Pentateuch was translated into Greek between 300 and 200 years before Christ, and that after this copies of it were to be found in many libraries. How, then, were the early Scriptures able to publish truths which have been discovered by science only in this century? truths many and varied and minute, and covering a lengthened series of years amounting to at least a hundred millions. There is only one answer to which reason will listen for an instant—the truths must have been disclosed to Moses, as they profess to be, by the immediate inspiration of God.

The Closing Scene.

I have tried to unfold a panorama of our earth's history from its commencement to its close, so far as I can see it by the light of Scripture and of science. It is a flickering light, with crossings and interferences of rays. At times I am dazzled with excess of light, and at times there is a dimness by reason of distance, and I can scarcely distinguish land from cloud. The several Ages rise, like mountain ranges, one beyond the other, apt to be covered with clouds, but their outlines visible, one beyond the other, with valleys between. The history is one throughout, the evening and the morning always making the day.

A PERSECUTED CHINAMAN.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Hager reports an instance of the treatment Chinamen receive who return to their own country after professing Christianity in America. He says:

"In one village I found a sick brother recently returned from California and a member of the Oakland Church, Rev. Dr. McLean, pastor. He was prostrated with a nervous fever, and had been sick for some months, but was getting better. The saddest part of all was that, when his fever was at its highest point, the women of the village arose *en masse* and demanded of his mother that she should worship the idols, and declared that her son was sick because he had refused, since his return to China, to worship his ancestors and the idols. Their anger was also directed against the old mother, who received baptism this summer and who no longer worshipped the idols. After a good deal of persecution this mother finally yielded to worship the spirits.

"After this worship of idols the son was reported to have immediately mended, but when we saw him he was still very feeble. At first we did not know that the villagers were so bitter against us, but, as we were about to depart, an old lady almost raved as she cursed us and the sick brother, who was at this time sitting in an arm-chair. All that was vile and evil she wished would befall this unfortunate brother; she hoped he would die and after death have his head cut off. We tried to pacify the infuriated woman, but all to no purpose, for she did not wish to hear anything of the foreigners' religion, and this is the feeling of many villagers. It is only occasionally that we find some one glad to see us."

A PRAYING WEAVER'S SONS.

THE godly home is the school from which God takes His instruments of evangelical usefulness. This has never been illustrated more forcibly than in the autobiography of the Rev. John G. Paton, lately published. Mr. Paton's father was a stocking-weaver. He, his wife, and their eleven children lived in three rooms, near Dumfries, Scotland. One of these rooms was the father's workshop, the second, a closet, where frequently the head of the household retired to be alone with God. When the father entered that room the children knew "that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the high-priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy." The mother of the family was also a devoted Christian. What wonder that three honored preachers of the gospel went out from the humble home of the poor weaver?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE YOUR LIFE OVER AGAIN?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 9, 1890.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Job 2:4.

A Satanic Libel on Humanity—A Falsehood Built on a Truth—A Captain's Defence on Court-Martial—Why Many Would Like to Live Their Lives Over Again—Conscious of Mistakes—The Search for the Fountain of Youth—A Stale and Stupid Experience—An Undesirable Repetition of Sorrows—A Visit to Pompeii—Temptations Renewed—Postponement of Reunion in Heaven—How a Better Opportunity May be Had—Make the Best of What is Left—An Experience With Green Apples—Buoys on the Voyage of Life—The Lesson for Beginners—An Indian Chief Releasing a Captive.

THAT is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle-valve or his foot on the brake until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open draw-bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, sacrificing his life in the attempt; and thousands of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headsman's axe and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

A Falsehood Built on a Truth.

But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all, there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis of accident. An admiral of the British navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged, but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it, they would like to try it again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, from thirty to twenty. I purpose, for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others, and others have again and again asked of us, Would you like to live your life over again?

A General Wish.

The fact is that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life. We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not have been said, and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least ninety-five per cent. of improvement. Now would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will by a word turn your hair to brown or black or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple and cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint and the rheumatic twinge from the foot, and you shall be twenty-one years of age and just what you were when you reached that point before." If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it.

That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called the Fountain of Youth, the waters of which, taken, would turn the hair of the octogenarian into the curly locks of a boy, and however old a person who drank at that fountain he would be young again. The island was said to belong to the group of the Bahamas, but lay far out in the

ocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, fellow-voyager with Columbus, I have no doubt felt that if he could discover that Fountain of Youth he would do as much as his friend had done in discovering America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were, and its waters were bottled up and sent abroad at

A Thousand Dollars a Bottle,

the demand would be greater than the supply; and many a man who has come through a life of uselessness, and perhaps sin, to old age would be shaking up the potent liquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful would take a glassful.

But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance.

Beside that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a

Stale and Stupid

experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man in mid-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be blasé at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at fifty. The most inane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life. It is amusing to hear people say: "I would like to live my life over again, if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved auspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with your present attainments in a child's mind. No one would want such a boy around the house: a philosopher at twenty, a scientist at fifteen, an archaeologist at ten, and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an acorn. A Rocky Mountain eagle thrust back into the egg-shell from which it was hatched.

A Repetition of Sorrows.

Beside that, if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep sadnesses over again. Would you want to try again the griefs and the heart-breaks and the bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process of losing your father again, or your mother again, or your companion in life again, or your child again? If you were permitted to stop at the sixtieth milestone or the fiftieth milestone or the fortieth milestone and retrace your steps to the twentieth, your experience would be something like mine one day last November in Italy.

I walked through a great city with a friend and two guides, and there were in all the city only four persons and they were those of our own group. We went up and down the streets, we entered the houses, the museums, the temples, the theatres. We examined the wonderful pictures on the walls, and the most exquisite mosaic on the floor. In the streets were the deep-worn ruts of wagons, but not a wagon in the city. On the front steps of mansions the word "Welcome," in Latin, but no hu-

man being to greet us. The only bodies of any of the citizens that we saw were petrified and in a museum at the gates. Of the thirty-five thousand people who once lived in those homes and worshipped in those temples and clapped in the theatres, not one left! For eighteen hundred years that city of Pompeii had been buried before modern exploration scooped out of it the lava of Vesuvius. Well, he who should be permitted to retrace on the pathway of his earthly life and live it over again would find as lonely and sad a pilgrimage as would be an exploration of the dead past. The school house, the old church, the old home, the old play-ground either gone or occupied by others, and for you more depressing than was our Pompeian visit in November.

Temptations Renewed.

Beside that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that, though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unimproved, you have got on so far tolerably well, nothing more than tolerable. As for me, though my life has been far from being as unimproved as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would be worse. Why, just look at the temptations we all have passed through, and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under! Just call up the roll of your school-mates and college-mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store, the bank, or the operatives in the same factory, just as good prospects as you, who have come to a complete mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire, and owned the fastest trotters on Westchester turnpike, and by the time he was thirty-five years of age, you not hear from for many years, and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your room and asks for five cents to get a mug of beer.

You, the good mother of a household, and your children rising up to call you blessed, remember when you were quite jealous of the wife of the village, who was so transcendently fair and popular. But while you have these two honors, and queenly names of wife and mother, she becomes a poor wail of the street, and went into the land of darkness forever. Live life over again. Why, if many of those who are now respected were permitted to experiment,

The Next Journey

would be demolition. You got through, and says, by the skin of the teeth. Next time you might not get through at all. Satan would say, "I know him now better than I did before, and have for fifty years been studying his weakness, and I will weave a stronger web of circumstances to catch him next time." And Satan would concentrate his forces on this one man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the chance. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1890. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice—yea, a thousand times. But life is a certain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifference, and some take on evil passion, and some lose their bearings and drift into the Skerries, and some are never heard of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough.

Postpones Heaven.

Besides all this, do you know, if you could live your wish and live life over again it would play so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life, the evening of life, you are not very far from the gate at which you are to meet your transportation to emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years, or ten years, or one year of celestial conjunction. Now suppose you went back in your earthly life thirty years, or forty years, or fifty years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were sent to San Francisco to a great banquet, and you were to go to Oakland, four or five miles this side of the city, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to the banquet; better start; as though you were going to England to be crowned, and having come in sight of the mountains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken-up companionship.

o; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and forward, rather than three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and backward. But hear ye! hear while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You make the coming ten years worth the preceding year or fifty years. When a man says he would like to live his life over again because he would do much better, and yet goes right on living as he always lived, and you not see he stultifies himself. He proves that if he could go back he would almost the same as he has done.

Green Apples.

A man eat green apples some Wednesday in the winter time and is thrown into fearful cramps, and on Thursday: "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet; oh, if I could live Wednesday over again!" and then on Friday eat apples just as green, and proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again. And if we, looking over our past life, and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same mistakes, and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. It was green apples before, and it would be green apples over again.

As soon as a ship-captain strikes a rock in the sea or sea he reports it, and a buoy is swung over the reef, and mariners henceforth stand off from the rock. And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys, warning us to keep in the right channel. There is no excuse for us if we split on the rock where we were split before. Going along the shore at night where excavations are being made, we frequently see a lantern on a framework, and we turn aside, for that lantern says, keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life, warnings are set as warnings, and by the time we reach mid-life we ought to know where it is safe to walk, and where it is unsafe.

The Best Atonement.

Since that, we have all these years been learning to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God, and the Church, and the world, than in any previous four decades. The way to atone for past indolence or past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet you often find Christian men who were not converted until they were forty or fifty, as old age comes on, saying: "Well, my work is about done, and it is time for me to rest." They gave forty years of their life to God and the world, a little fragment of their life to God, and now they want to rest. Whether that is comedy or tragedy I say not.

A man who gave one-half of his earthly existence to the world, and of the remaining two quarters to Christian work and the other to rest, would I suppose, get a very brilliant reception in heaven. If there are any dried leaves in heaven, it would be appropriate for his garland; or if there is any throne with broken steps, it would be appropriate for his coronation; or any harp with a broken string, it would be appropriate for his finger. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to Satan and then get converted, and then while in sanctified laziness, and then go up to God for his heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not be the cashier of the royal banking house a great deal to count out to you all your dues. He will ask you whether you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one line of my sermon in Italics, and have it underlined, and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we can never live our lives over again, *the nearest we can come to living over the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the future.*

This rail-train of life has been detained and held off and is far behind the time-table, the engineer for the rest of the way must put on more steam and go a mile a minute in order to arrive at the right time and place, under the approval of conductor and directors.

I supposed it would be, there are multitudes of people listening to this sermon on whom the subject has acted with the force of a galvanic ray. Without my saying a word to them, they soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again, and I can make only one trip, I must live it out and make no mistakes; I have but one

chance, and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says, "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermon application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who, in substance, said: "I shall be along this path of life but once, and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to-day I look up and see

Two Large Wings

in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of three hundred and sixty-five, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, and they are the flying hours, and each of these is followed by sixty, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go a-gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows, or the robins that last year caroled in the sky, as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterwards." Young men and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats, to the end of their short life sowed wild oats, and that those who start sowing Genesee wheat always sow Genesee wheat.

And then the reaping of the harvests is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eyesight for heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from supernatural spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence, and women say, "What a good old man he is!" Seventy or eighty years, all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent! He will have hard work getting into heaven, because those whom he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates, to tell him how glad they are at his coming, until he says: "Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast my crown at the feet of Him whom, having not seen, I love." I do not know what you call that. I call it the harvest of Genesee wheat.

A Man on Fire.

Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire—on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits; out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child, or the strong step of a young man, or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is, a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this august assembly I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Do not go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home!

Your father will be glad to see you; and your mother—I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

A Captive Son Restored.

A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: "I lost my son in battle and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?" The young man said: "I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive." Then said the Indian chieftain: "Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring." So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin: Your father is waiting for you. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

THE LATE COUNT ANDRÁSSY.

(See Portrait.)

THE death of Count Julius Andrassy, Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, as mentioned briefly in our news columns two weeks ago, occurred at Volosca, Istria, on February 18, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The Count, who was for many years one of the finest types of Hungarian chivalry, patriotism, and statesmanship, was born at Zemplin, on March 8, 1823. He was the second son of Count Charles Andrassy, an energetic reformer and progressist. He was with his father when the latter died in Brussels (1845), and shortly afterward returned to Hungary, where his remarkable administrative and oratorical talents soon attracted the attention of the patriots who were preparing to shake off the Austrian yoke, and whose efforts led to the national movement that culminated in the general uprising of 1848.

On the failure of this patriotic movement and the flight into Turkey of Kossuth, accompanied by the leading Hungarian generals, the subjection of Hungary was complete, and Andrassy was condemned to death with many other gallant patriots, and was actually hanged in effigy by order of the Austrian authorities. He was at the time on a diplomatic mission in Turkey, whence, as his liberty was threatened, he fled to France, and during the following eight years resided in Paris and London.

In virtue of the general amnesty granted to political "offenders" by the Austrian Emperor in 1857, Andrassy returned to Hungary. The Imperial Government, anxious to obtain the countenance and support of so popular and influential a personage, showed him great attention, and at length, as one of the leaders of the National Party in the Hungarian Diet, he was entrusted with the negotiations of the Treaty of 1867, whereby Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, having been defeated at Sadowa, recognized and confirmed the suspended rights of the kingdom of Hungary, making every concession that he had refused to the patriots of 1848.

On Beust's retirement Count Andrassy succeeded him as Premier of the joint Austro-Hungarian Ministry. He steered the ship of state very skillfully through the storms of 1875 (Herzegovinian insurrection), 1876 (Serbian rebellion), and 1877 (Russian invasion of Turkey), and played no inconsiderable part at the Berlin Congress of 1878, in securing a huge slice of the spoils of the Ottoman Empire for his country. Since then he has lived in comparative retirement, and abstained from any active participation in public affairs. He remained, however, the intimate personal friend and confidential adviser of the Emperor and Empress alike, and enjoyed to the last day of his life the love, admiration, and cordial sympathy of his fellow-countrymen in general, as well as of every person, native or alien to Hungarian soil, privileged to claim his personal acquaintance. His death makes a notable gap in the thin rank of the patriot heroes of 1848.

THE APPROACHING NATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

By Rev. W. H. Daniels, of Boston, Mass.

THE ten coming kingdoms which are to be formed out of the existing twenty-three kingdoms of Europe are represented in the Book of Daniel, where we have the prophetic basis of this theory given us in the image of a man in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Daniel gives us the interpretation. The head of gold signifies the Babylonian kingdom. After this was to arise another kingdom, and that kingdom was represented by the breast and arms of the image, which were of silver. That was the Medo-Persian kingdom. You will notice this was a divided kingdom. The Medes were represented by one of the arms, and the Persians the other. Then follows another section of the image, which is of brass. This is the body, which is a single mass in the structure. This is the kingdom of Greece. Next we come to the legs of the image, which are of iron, and any school-boy can tell you that after the ruin of the great Grecian empire, founded by Alexander, came the great Roman empire, which was at length divided, as represented by the legs of the image, the capital of the eastern empire being Constantinople, while the capital of the western empire was Rome.

Let us now look at the political
Significance of the Image.

The single head of the image corresponds with the actual history of the case, and all the other sections of the image have had their fulfilment in the history of the empires they represented. Now we have come down to the feet of the image, which are part of iron and part of clay. Last of all we reach the ten toes, and the peculiarity is that when we come down to them we read of a stone cut out of the mountain, which struck the image, and it crumbled and vanished, like dust from the summer threshing-floor. This last part of the vision must be literally and exactly fulfilled just as the first parts have been.

Now you see the reason for the prediction concerning the change of the present twenty-three kingdoms into ten kingdoms. This must come to pass, for the Word of God cannot fail. Everything, so far, has been fulfilled, and we are just

Now Living in the Feet

of the image. There never has yet been a time, for any considerable number of years, or months even, when the original territories comprising the Grecian and Roman Empires have existed as ten kingdoms, but we see that events in Europe and Asia are now leading in this direction. On the continent, in spite of the assurances of peace, great military preparations are being pushed forward, and enormous burdens are laid upon the nations in the form of war taxes, under which, at no distant day, the present social order must break down, and when the crisis comes we shall see Europe, and large parts of Asia as well, bursting into a blaze of destruction.

In Germany every man must carry a soldier on his back; that is to say, on an average, every man who is head of a family, must not only support himself, and his wife and children, but he must also support one other man as a soldier. What is true of Germany is true largely of France, and largely of Austria, and very largely throughout Italy. Italy is rolling up debts for war purposes at such an enormous rate that there is actual danger of the Government breaking down. Of course this state of things is telling on Great Britain also. How long will the nations stand up under this strain? A little more of this, and there will come the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Then will come

A Universal Break-up

of the present condition of affairs, and you will have the fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy on the setting up of the ten kingdoms made out of the same countries as those which composed the Empire of the Cæsars. You may say it is improbable that ten kingdoms should be made out of the twenty-three between 1890 and 1892. Not so. How long did it take Prussia to change the map of Europe at the battle of Sadowa? A six weeks' campaign made a united Germany possible, and reduced Austria to the position of a second-rate power. When the French armies started out with the cry, "To Berlin!" how long did it take to settle that question? On the Sunday when Napoleon III. had ordered "rest for the entire army" in and around the fortress of Sedan, with the break of day the sentries caught sight of their enemies, the Germans, posted on all the heights which closed in that great valley,

and instead of "rest," the hosts of the chief French army found that day their rout and ruin. In these days war does not creep like a snail, but rushes

Like a Whirlwind,

and two and a half years, with the present means of destruction, will give ample time for the rise of the ten kingdoms which must soon appear on the map of the Eastern World. Here are the nations with which God will make good the word of ancient prophecy. Now, with this link supplied to complete the chain, where is the difficulty?—where is the occasion for doubt? You say it is so horrible. But God declares, "As it was in the days of Noah, so it shall be in that day." They were buying and selling, building and planting, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away. I used to wish that I might be snug in my grave when that awful day should come, but now my heart goes out—my soul rejoices that I am living in the End of this Age, and that it shall be my glad privilege not to die, but to be one of the humblest of the 144,000 watchful ones to be taken up in the glorious retinue of my divine, adorable King. May you be there also.

A CHINAMAN'S REBUKE.

A CHICAGO lady travelling through New Mexico was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs they wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short way off went to it. She asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, "No, me no washee to-day." The friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash and renew the request. So she held out a dollar bill, together with the handkerchiefs, and again asked him to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand, pointed to it with the other, looking into her face while a tear stood in his eye, and said: "Me Chinaman, and you Melican lady, and I lovee that book. You no good lady." The handkerchiefs were not washed that day. A profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the one who relates the incident.

THE EARTH'S FUTURE.

A DISCUSSION has recently taken place in the columns of the press, started by a letter in a daily journal, on the probable failure of the earth's fertility, owing to the artificial exhaustion of the soil in the process of cultivation. The teachings of Liebig give countenance to such an idea, and we remember that a scientific journal several years ago drew an alarming picture as to the using up of the *humus*, or vegetable mould, which is necessary to agriculture. The poet has described how

"Ships were drifting with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb."

But, although it is argued at some length that we are on the very verge of the long decline—the down-grade of the earth's physical history—it is admitted that the complete descent must occupy an enormous period of time. If time be allowed, of course the descent must be a greatly prolonged phenomenon. But will such time be granted?

As might be expected, there are those who believe that there are compensatory forces at work, which will serve to maintain the earth's fertility so long as the solar heat remains undiminished. On this latter point there is a general concession that the sun will ultimately lose its splendor and its power, and with its decline the solar system will become a desolation. Thus it is acknowledged that, from one cause or another, at some period as yet undetermined, the glory of this world will absolutely pass away. The date may be nearer or more remote, but earth cannot "with eternity endure."

Science scans the prospect so far. But Revelation is more precise, and brings the subject closer home, telling us that the final scene will not be ushered in by "slow gradations of decay." The human race will not find the earth ceasing to sustain them. On the contrary, there is the covenant, with the rainbow for its token, that "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." All things will continue "as they were."

But there is a day fixed, and a veritable hour, when the present order shall terminate. In the meantime, science and Revelation agree that "the things which are seen are temporal." Beyond all, the children of God look, according to His prom-

ise, for "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Unto the last hour the earth shall yield her fruit, and the husbandman shall gather in the harvest. So fair shall all things be that men shall be crying "peace and safety" in the very hour of doom. So rose the sun on the Cities of the Plain. The birds sang among the branches, and the flowing waters flashed in the sunlight; but in a moment all was changed, and the catastrophe was accomplished.

A BRUISED REED.

IN one of his sermons Mr. William Birch says "I remember some years ago, while riding over one of the deserts of northern Africa, meeting with company of Arab travelers, and dining with them in the primitive way of sitting on the sand. After dinner, one of the men brought out his pipes to play. These pipes were two reeds, something like the tin whistles on which boys sometimes play, but made of cane. The man put the end of the reed in his mouth and played Arab tunes with them, the music thus produced being soft and tremulous. When he had finished playing, he placed the reed on the ground, and a horse happening to tread on one, it was injured. I at once thought of the passage of Scripture referring to Christ, which says, 'bruised reed shall he not break,' and I wondered for a moment what this Arab would do. He took up the reed, and though it was bruised he did not throw it away, but sat down on the ground, and probably half an hour tried, gently and patiently, to straighten and repair it, so that he might be able to use it again for his cheering tunes, as it was the only instrument in that little caravan."

A CHINESE FARMHOUSE.

WRITING to the *Christian Alliance* Miss F. says: "The other day I went into a Chinese farmhouse. If you could but one moment have the opportunity of seeing such a sight, you could never cease to thank God for our own country and its enlightened people.

"It was merely a mud hut. The roof was covered with straw and looked something like our haystacks at home. As we approached the house, an old woman came out and took us in. And what a scene! In one corner was a nest of pigs, and the mother pig was walking around the room. In another corner was the place for chickens, and right in the centre was the feeding-trough for the animals.

"On one side of the room was a bed where the family slept. It was made of a few boards and only a little covering on it.

"As we came in the woman brought out an old bench for us and we took our seats. Dr. S., who was also along, found another seat. He talked with them for a while, and this gave me time to meditate on what was around me. How strange it all seemed! I could hardly believe it to be true, and yet millions throughout this land are living just such a life.

"After I sat there a while, my eyes caught sight of something on the wall, and upon looking closer I found it was a shrine where they worship. It was the picture of an idol. How much that meant to them, and yet what an abomination to God.

"We stayed only a short time, but I had suffered enough to make my heart sick and to make me long to do something for these dying souls, and I ask you, dear reader, have you ever asked God, 'What wilt thou have me to do?' The doors are open, will you enter the field and labor?"

A WIND THAT DISAPPOINTED CANNIBALS

SPEAKING at Northfield, Mass., Rev. J. H. Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, related the following thrilling personal experience: "I have had all sorts of experiences in all sorts of circumstances, and when I have come to God and pleaded His own promises in His own Word, I have never been disappointed. I have been in circumstances of great difficulty, and have been led to ask for remarkable help. I was nearly wrecked when I was going out to China the first time. Our vessel was becalmed, and gradually drifting upon the coast of New Guinea. We could see the savages on the shore. They had kindled a fire, and were evidently expecting a good supper that night. When I was a medical student some of the other students used to jeer at me because I was going among the heathen, and they would talk about 'cold missions.' Well, it did look that night as if something was going to have a piece of hot missionary. The captain said to me: 'We can't do anything else but

down the long-boat.' They had tried to turn the head of the vessel around from the shore, but vain. We had been becalmed for several weeks, and never a breeze, or any sign of one. In a few minutes we would be among the coral reefs. We would be at the mercy of those savages, and they would not look as if they had much mercy. 'Well,' I said, 'there is one thing we haven't done yet. Let the Christians on board pray about it.' There was a black man on board, a steward, who was a Christian man, and the captain was a Christian, and myself. I proposed that we should retire to our cabins, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ ask our Father and His Father for a breeze immediately. They agreed. I went to my cabin and told the steward that I was just on my way to China; that He had sent me; and that I couldn't get there if I was wrecked and killed; and then I was going on to ask Him for a breeze, but I felt so confident that it that I couldn't ask Him. So I went up on deck; there was the second officer, the chief mate, a very godless man. I went up to him and said; 'I were you I would let down the mainsail.' He said: 'What do you want me to let down the mainsail for?' I said: 'We have been praying for a breeze, and it is coming directly, and the sooner we are ready for it the better.' With an oath he said he would rather see a breeze than hear of one. He was speaking I instinctively looked up, and noticed that one of the sails was quivering with the coming breeze. Said I: 'Don't you see that the masts of the royals are already shaking? My dear fellow, there is a good breeze coming, and we had better be ready for it.' Of course the man went to work, and soon the sailors were tramping over the deck. Before the sails were set the wind was down on us. The captain came up to see what was the matter. He saw that our prayers had been answered; and we didn't forget to praise God for so great a deliverance from the perils to which we were exposed."

CHRIST FORGIVING SIN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for March 23, Luke 5:17-26; Golden Text, Luke 5:21.

Leper in the Last Stage of Disease—Moral Leprosy Christ's Vocation—The Leper's Only Doubt—The Crowded Assembly—The Sick Man's Persistent Ends—Faith Only for Healing—Christ's Clearer Diagnosis—A Disease Needing Prior Treatment—The Healing Commenced in the Heart—Christ's Credentials Challenged—The Power to Forgive Proved by the Power to Heal—The Thing Seen an Evidence of the Thing Not Seen.

God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power; who went about doing good, healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for he was with Him." (Acts 10:38.) "Doing good healing," fit occupation for Him who came to be Saviour of mankind! "When He was in a certain city, behold a man full of leprosy, who, seeing Jesus, fell on his face, and besought Him, saying, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.'" "Full of leprosy," and yet "in a certain city." Was it not written in the law, "The leper from the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his lips, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean! All the wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean; he shall dwell alone; out of the camp shall his habitation be" (Lev. 13:6)? Why, then, was this leper at large in the city? He was

"Full of Leprosy."

If the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he (the leper) shall pronounce him clean that had the plague; it is all turned white; he is clean." (Lev. 13:3.) No longer infectious, but a disfigured, helpless being, needing the Great Physician. Are there not here and there among us such lepers? Men who have entirely given up the attempt to conceal their condition, who know and are not afraid to own, that in them, that their flesh, "dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7:5); that there is "no soundness" in them (Isa. 60:21). Such are not infectious sinners; they warn more than any others to flee from sin; they are not detained "without the camp," for the Father of God has shown them their need; they are obtaining deliverance, and they know where to be had.

Lord," said the poor leper, "if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Never before, and never after, in the days of Jesus upon earth, was a question ever raised of His willingness to heal.

His every-day life showed that it was His vocation, and no unusual thing to Him to heal the sick. He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of His Father, whose name is, "I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15:26); and thus it could not but be His will to heal the sick.

"Thou Canst."

The poor man had got thus far. How should He, who healed all manner of disease, be unequal to this case? "Thou canst"—this was a settled point. "If Thou wilt." The poor leper looked back at himself; he had no claim on Jesus, no worthiness for which he could expect something from the Lord, no reward to give Him; his look at self had crushed him; he must have an assurance from Jesus before he could believe in His willingness to heal him. But he did not carry his doubts abroad, and sow them broadcast, so as to spread the infection of unbelief among others; he brought them all to Jesus. Our most loving Lord never despises a doubt when it is expressed to Him. "He put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean; and immediately the leprosy departed from him." He was another man, his whole being and aspect had changed; "old things"—the hideous disfigurement, the pain and listlessness, of his disease—"are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (II Cor. 5:17.)

Jesus charged the leper to tell no man, "but go shew thyself to the priests, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them." The priests could pronounce a man clean, but they could not make him clean, they could not extract the disease from the poisoned blood, or reform the crippled or the maimed limbs and members. But when the very leper who had long been known to them, and who, that very day, had been seen in their streets a hideous object, now walked with a firm step to the house of the priests and presented himself for examination, with the wondrous story of the healing of Jesus, the priests could not but know that a greater power than theirs was at work in the land. If the leper told no man but the priests, some one, nevertheless, spread the news abroad. "So much the more went there a fame abroad of Him; and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by Him of their infirmities." Jesus was for the time popular.

Most evangelists go on the principle of making hay while the sun shines; and when an awakening breaks out they think then is the time to multiply meetings, and to bring all the methods possible into play to keep up the work of God. It may be, or it may not be, the right thing. Sometimes the work of God is stopped by these very methods.

Jesus "Withdrew Himself

into the wilderness, and prayed." When many sought Him, He had more business with His Father than at other times. The people came to Him "to hear, and to be healed," and "on a certain day, as He was teaching," it is expressly stated that "the power of the Lord was present to heal them" (or "with Him to heal," R. V.). It was at this very time that "men bring on a bed a man that was palsied." (R. V.) The house was filled, the approaches were thronged, numbers were hanging on the words of Him who "spake as never man spake." They would not, or could not, give way to admit the sick man and his bearers to the presence of Jesus. But the four men who carried him were not to be foiled. They had come to bring their sick friend in contact with Jesus—they knew there was no other help for him, and so they resorted to an unusual mode of procedure. Ceremony is all right in its way, but when a man is sick or dying, when his life is at stake, ceremony has to be waived. They conveyed him by some means to the house-top, and having uncovered the roof and made a considerable aperture, which let the light of day down upon the crowd beneath, they put cords to the mattress on which the paralytic lay, and let him slowly down over the people's heads, then lower and lower, until gradually he found himself just at the feet of Jesus. It was a mute appeal, but irresistible. They made no apology: the right place for one who was bound was at the feet of the Deliverer. What was going to happen? The persevering friends looked down from above, expecting to see some miracle of healing, and that all the pains they had taken should not be in vain. But the man asked for nothing, and Jesus did not at first heed him. Those eyes which search the hearts and try the reins of the children of men, detected a disease far more malignant, far more deep-seated, than the palsy from which he suffered. "When He

saw their faith He said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee."

"To Hear, and to be Healed."

What does an unsaved sinner need first to hear? Surely the message of pardon. And Jesus hastens to give this gift of gifts, this blood-bought pardon, to poor sinners. So deeply in earnest is He to forgive, that it was only "when He had by Himself purged our sins" that He could sit down "on the right hand of the Majesty on high." (Heb. 1:3.) No rest for Jesus till He had purchased pardon for the sinner. Oh the wondrous wealth of His forgiving love! Only as the Holy Ghost makes known to us our sins do we see the depth of His pardon. He tells us to forgive a brother who asks pardon seventy times seven times. But He exceeds even this. "Thy sins be forgiven thee!" What then? No condemnation? "There is therefore, now, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." What a thrill of life from above enters an immortal soul when first the voice of Jesus speaks forgiveness! This the palsied man now knew.

The healing had commenced deep down in his soul. The palsied spirit was healed, the palsied body would soon follow. Oh how often is the healing of the body retarded because the purpose for which God permitted the sickness has not been accomplished. Eternal life is of more value than life in this world; the immortal soul of more value than the perishing body! God's order was observed here, "to hear and to be healed." God's promises of healing are always more or less connected with hearing His voice. "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee." (Ex. 15:26; also 23:20-25; Deut. 7:12-15.)

There were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, who, hearing of the wonderful awakening which was taking place in Galilee, were come out of every town of "that province, and out of Judea,"

To Investigate

the manifestations of power of which they had heard. They did not come to learn, but to patronize, or to criticise, as occasion might be. Men who are wise in their own conceits cannot learn. They assume beforehand that they know all which is to be known, and, therefore, they approach every subject with suspicion. Oh how few of us have learned the lesson of the Child Jesus, to hear and to ask questions! The scribes and Pharisees "began to reason." Instead of being awed at the presence of God in their midst, they were so puffed up with self-conceit that they were glad to find something to which they might raise objection, "Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" The words were not spoken, but the Heart-Searcher "perceived their thoughts," and before He wrought any other miracle He shewed them that they were in the presence of a Master from whom they had no power to hide anything. "He, answering, said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk?" A simple question, but one which exposed their powerlessness. In their hearts they had judged the Teacher in whose presence they were. He proposed material things as

A Test of His Authority

in spiritual things. If by His word He could make a paralyzed man walk, then they must know that by His word He had authority to forgive sins also. Thus He said, "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house." Every eye was on the prostrate man, and, in the presence of them all, "immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God." The supercilious critics were silenced. Who dared to say that the man's sins were not forgiven? Who could deny that his sickness was departed? Who could question the power of Jesus? The man who had lain mute before the Lord was now praising Him for a double salvation! "And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, saying, We have seen strange things to-day." Jesus had conquered, sin was conquered, sickness was conquered, critics were conquered, the multitude was conquered! It was a bloodless victory, won by Him who forgiveth sins!

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Snow, the Snow, Thank God for Every flake of it! for it has spoiled the prophecies of ten thousand pessimists, who declared that next summer the crops would be small because the fields this season had no enrichment from the crystals, and that next summer would be a time of great sickness because the frosts have failed to kill the microbes, and the ponds are not cured of their miasma. We are happy to inform our readers that we expect next summer will be unusually healthy, and that the crops will be unusually large. Anybody out yesterday or to-day in this region knows that the frosts have done their work, and the snows have pronounced their benediction. I guess the long procession of the seasons has not broken down, and that the promise is still good: "Seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." We change the Episcopal prayer-book only a little, so as to make it fit the occasion, and say, "From all grumblers and growlers and pessimists, good Lord, deliver us!"

The Race Question is Now Agitating the people North and South. This question will never be settled by the professional politicians. All they do, whenever they touch it, is to make people mad. Any course of treatment that accomplishes nothing but profanity is a failure. After partisans have fully demonstrated before heaven and earth their incapacity, the gospel of Jesus Christ will come in and settle the question, and settle it gloriously, and settle it aright. Evangelism is the catholicon for all disorders, social and political. The world will after awhile discover its own impotency, and say to the Church of God, "Take these perplexities of state and nation, and do that which we have failed to do." Then the negro question, and the Chinese question, and the labor question, and all the other agitations will be calmed into eternal righteousness. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Practical Joking has of Late Been Overdone. For genuine and healthful sport we have keen appreciation, but we cannot see the fun in pulling a chair from under a person, who falls and has lifelong spinal disease as a consequence; nor in aiming a gun at some one in play, not knowing that death would ensue from the fact that it was unexpectedly loaded; nor in the advertisement of the marriage of persons who are only friends, thus embarrassing families; nor in any of those styles of fun which annoy or perplex or hurt any human being. Nay, a man who will kick a dog or tease a cat or maul a mouse has in him all the elements of a first-class devil. The only reason that such a man does not fully develop diabolism is suppressing circumstances. Kindness is heavenly, cruelty is hellish.

Abraham Lincoln, the Son of our Beloved Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of St. James, has expired at London. I was in his father's house in a day of January, when the family, for the first time in months, had begun to hope for the boy's recovery. Mr. Lincoln told me then that Mrs. Lincoln had not for twelve weeks been fifty feet away from the bedside of her suffering boy. How much the life of the father and mother were bound up in the life of that boy only those of us can realize who were in that house during the days of languishing. He was a splendid boy. His father with pride showed me his picture, and told me many things that revealed the fact that he was as brilliant as he was beautiful. While he was sitting up in bed, I was told by a friend of the family, young Abraham busied himself in translating French into Greek, and this at fifteen years of age. The departure of

such a bright and promising nature is a grief immeasurable. Let all who know how to pray beseech the Lord for the comfort of the bereft father and mother. What an inscrutable Providence that so many young persons who were born amid all disadvantages, and to whom life promises nothing but struggle and hardship, should live on to fight a battle from cradle to grave, and that one to whom life promised everything of comfort and usefulness should be taken! Surely, our thoughts are not as God's thoughts, but God is always right, and we must postpone for explanation that which is now inexplicable.

Opposition to the Admission of Idaho and Wyoming to statehood has arisen from two strange sources. The admission of Idaho originates with the Mormons in the Territory. The new constitution contains a strong test clause, and the Mormons perceive that if Idaho becomes a State with that constitution they will be disfranchised. They are, therefore, opposing admission, and Mr. Springer, of Illinois, is championing their cause. On March 5 he raised the curious objection in Congress that it was wrong to sanction a constitution under which a large and important class of citizens are disfranchised because their religious views are called in question by people with no religious convictions of their own. He seemed to have forgotten that the quarrel with the Mormons is not on the question of religious belief, but because they will not obey the laws. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, put the case on its merits in delivering the report of the court to the committee. He said: "If the Mormons or any other persons belong to an organization which teaches and encourages acts defined by law to be crimes, they should not be entrusted with the franchise. Whenever the Mormon Church abandons its advocacy and practice of polygamy and bigamy there is nothing in this clause to prevent its members from voting." In the case of Wyoming, the difficulty is that of woman suffrage. The beer drinkers of the Territory are afraid of the clause in the new constitution according the right of voting to women. They contend that women are friends of total abstinence, and if they are allowed to vote the new State may be deprived of beer.

The Pan-American Conference, Whose Work is of more momentous importance to the business interests of this country than is generally realized, is now considering a plan for communication by the Pacific with the various States represented in the Conference and the United States. At present there are ports in which seven hundred vessels in a year arrive for trading purposes, and of those scarcely one carries the flag of the United States. Nearly all of them are European vessels, which do a profitable business with our Central and South American neighbors. The chief obstacle to increased trade is our prohibitory tariff, but a very formidable obstacle is the lack of communication. Our neighbors do not buy of us because they have little opportunity of doing so. The proposal for increased facilities, which is now before the Conference, includes the building of six iron or steel steamships, which shall ply between San Francisco and the western ports of Central and South America, as far as the most southern port of Chili. In order to secure regular service it is proposed to subsidize this line, the subsidy to be raised by the several countries in proportion to population. The United States on this basis will provide for four steamships, Mexico and Central America for one, and the other countries combined for the sixth. The entire yearly subsidy required will be about \$600,000.

Anxiety About the Fate of Eight Men Imprisoned in a burning mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa., was felt throughout the whole country last week. On March 3 a driver-boy entered the Rock tunnel which connects a new mine belonging to the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company with the Stanton mine. The tunnel was driven on an incline for the sake of ventilation, and is seven hundred feet below the surface. Seven men were at work in the tunnel when the boy started in with two mules to bring out their loaded cars. He had not gone five hundred feet from the foot of the shaft when the naked light he carried on his head fired a heavy blower of gas that was escaping from a crevice in the coal. The flame was strong, and in a few moments the dry, half-rotten timbers of the sides of the roof had caught and were in a bright blaze. The boy at once realized the danger. He called to some men behind him to take back his mules, while he went on to warn the miners. He did not return, nor did any of the seven men come out of the tunnel. The fire made such

rapid progress that if they had attempted to get out by the way the boy went in, the heat would have driven them back. It was hoped that they might have taken refuge in one of the gangways or have made their way into the Stanton mine, but no sign of their existence was given, and at last the company, having abandoned hope of saving them, decided to flood the mine. Before doing so, a party of brave men made their way into the mine from the Stanton side, and reached the place where the men were working when the fire broke out. Their tools were found, but they were in a position which indicated that the men had tried to escape by way of the tunnel in which the fire was raging. Had they fled in the opposite direction, toward the Stanton mine, they might have been saved. When the explorers made their report, the conviction that the eight men must have perished could not be avoided.

The Fatal Railroad Disaster on the Lake Shore Railroad near Buffalo, N. Y., on March 6 appeared to have been one of the very few unavoidable calamities that occur. The train was travelling from the West toward Buffalo, and was a few miles west of Hamburg, when the engineer discovered that broken coupling had separated the train into two parts, the placing the rear part, consisting of five heavy sleeping-cars, beyond the control of the brakes. The forward part of the train was quickly brought to a standstill, but though the brakemen in the rear part did their utmost with the handbrakes to check its speed, it went rushing on, being on a down grade, and crashed into the standing cars ahead. One car was telescoped, and the others mounted upon it, crushing it to splinters. There was a huge pile of wrecked cars full of human beings, and fire at any moment might break out. The officers of the train forced their way through at considerable risk, and extinguished the lamp and so averted that calamity. But six persons are known to have been killed outright, and about fifteen badly injured.

The Emperor of Germany is Pressing Forward his scheme for the International Labor Conference in spite of the rebuff administered to him at the polls. In addressing the Council of State he made a confession as to how the supreme difficulties of the social problem had unfolded themselves to him since he had begun the attempt to reach a practical solution of them. He declared that his aims were not ideal. He did not hope to discover some grand remedy for the cure of all social evils. He desired rather and simply that a determined effort should be made to find means to satisfy the legal demands and the just wishes of the working people. He expressed himself as being sanguine of some practical result from the conference. Conversing with members of the Council of State after the business, he referred to the project of creating through the conference a permanent international board of control empowered to convene international congresses to report how the condition of each country is affected by the international agreement to which the conference may consent. It is evident, however, that other Governments do not share his sanguine hopes. Both England and France are endeavoring to limit the scope of the inquiry and show a lack of enthusiasm on the subject that is ominous.

Disturbances in the Transvaal in South Africa are reported. It was predicted by persons who knew the country and the people of that land at the time when Great Britain withdrew her claim and recognized the Republic, that the Government would not be able to maintain order at home or peace with its neighbors. The first part of the prophecy appears to have been well founded, though it is possible that English residents may have had something to do with fomenting the disorder. Advice from South Africa, received last week, says that a serious demonstration has been made there against the existing Government. It appears that Mr. Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, attempted to make a public speech, but the crowd refused to listen to him, and he was compelled to retire. A mass-meeting was then organized, and resolutions were adopted denouncing the Transvaal Government. After the meeting the crowd proceeded to the government buildings and tore down the flag of the Republic. Subsequently a mob went to a house at Landdrost, where Mr. Kruger was receiving a deputation, and sang "Rule Britannia." The railings around the house were destroyed by the crowd, and the Transvaal flag which floated from a pole in front of the house was hauled down and trampled under foot by the excited people.

Revivals Everywhere Rejoice Our Hearts. We wonder not that the daily papers give account of them. We look at such work from a religious standpoint, but they look at it from a worldly standpoint, and find revivals of pure religion interesting and worth mention in reportorial and editorial column. Why not? There is more good speaking, and more stirring incidents, and more portable circumstances in a rousing religious meeting than in almost any other kind of meeting. Besides that, the secularities are mightily affected by evangelism. Let the people who groan about high taxes understand that when our populations are converted and live Christian lives the city, State, and national taxes will be lowered. Prisons out of use, criminal courts with little or nothing to keep them in session, almshouses almost vacant because the pauper ceases impoverishing families, the spirit of war driven out and no standing armies necessary, would all that lower the taxes? The most expensive thing on earth is sin, and the most economic thing is religion. We are glad that the world begins to appreciate the fact that while religion makes one right before God, it also makes him right manward. Hence the large attention now paid in secular journals to religious proceedings.

An Excellent Year's Work was Done Last by the Wetmore Home for fallen and friends' women in New York. The annual report of the institution, issued last week, shows that 251 girls were admitted, in addition to the forty in the home at the beginning of the year, making a total number of inmates for 1889 of 291. Of these sixty were sent to situations, thirty-seven were sent to friends, fifty-five to hospitals, and fourteen to institutions. Eight left at their own request, five were dismissed on bad conduct, three left without permission, thirteen were temporarily cared for, and fifty-one were inmates of the home at the close of the year. This was the largest year's work ever done by the home. The expenses were \$11,467.55, besides contributions of clothing, literature, supplies, and furniture. There is scarcely any department of Christian work so Christlike and so valuable as this. It deserves the active and pecuniary sympathy of every Christian.

The Restoration of Speech to a Dumb Man has resulted from an operation recently performed in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, by Dr. McBurney. The patient is a well-known doctor of Rochester, N. Y. In August last he was thrown from a buggy, striking on his head. He was made unconscious by the blow, and when the doctors brought him to, it was found that his right arm and leg were paralyzed, and though he could understand what was said to him, he had lost the power of articulation. Under medical treatment there was a partial restoration of the use of his arm and leg, but he was still dumb. He was finally brought to Roosevelt Hospital and placed in the care of Drs. McBurney and Starr. After long and careful study in the case, they came to the conclusion that he was suffering from a clot of blood on the brain, and decided to perform an operation. The patient was placed under the influence of ether. A portion of his hair was shaved off, and a circle of the skull about an inch in diameter was raised. To the great satisfaction of the surgeons a clot was found and removed. Recovering consciousness the patient was able to speak, and is making satisfactory progress. A man ignorant of anatomy would have supposed that if an operation could help a dumb man it must be performed on his tongue or his throat, but the surgeons understood better where the cause of the trouble was located. It is so with the Great Physician. To those who submit themselves to Him, He gives a new heart in place of the heart from which proceeded the evil that defiled. (Matt. 15: 19.)

Prisoners Working With the Jailers Against common danger was the strange sight witnessed at Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, on March 2. One of the prisoners that afternoon noticed a peculiar sound in the wall of his cell, but thinking it was only a rat, paid no heed to it at first. As it continued and grew louder, he looked closely at the place from which it proceeded. He was horrified to find a line of fire eating its way up the woodwork and the radiator and making rapid progress. He once gave an alarm, and a keeper, coming with a pail, cut away the wainscot and flooring. Then he saw that there was imminent peril of the building being burned down, as the flames had spread over the floor, and were making their way to the ceiling. A fire-alarm was sent out, and while waiting for the engines, about a dozen prisoners went to

work with buckets to extinguish the fire. They were as energetic and industrious as the jailers, and did effective work until the firemen arrived. The warden spoke in the highest terms of their exertions, and said it was mainly due to them that the building was so soon saved. The prisoners congratulated themselves on their escape from a dreadful death, which, as they were confined on the top floor, might have befallen them had the fire not been early discovered and speedily checked. But as they are still in prison, their lot does not furnish much reason for congratulation. It is not so with Satan's captives whom Christ delivers. They are not only saved from the dreadful doom prepared for the impenitent, but they are brought in this life into the glorious liberty of the children of God. (Rom. 8: 21.)

An American Lady Rejoicing in the Title of Countess deplores the step by which she took the title. A few years ago a handsome, distinguished-looking man took up his quarters in a hotel in Philadelphia. He described himself as Count von Bresendorf. He remained there some time, paying his way duly, but did not appear to have an income in keeping with his title. The daughter of the wealthy hotel-keeper, however, was fascinated by his manner and appearance, and still more by his rank. Eventually she married him, and for a year or two all went well. But recently her mother took a trip to Europe, and while in Berlin made some inquiries about the family of her son-in-law. She discovered that he was not a count at all, but the son of a small storekeeper of that city. The indignant woman hurried home and informed her daughter of the deception practiced upon her. A quarrel between the husband and wife resulted, and after a stormy scene he acknowledged his deceit. The wife tried to continue living with him, but his charm was gone. There were continual quarrels, and finally the husband left his home, declaring he would never return. On March 3 the wife was granted a divorce from him. Other American girls who have been attracted by a title have had reason to regret their marriage, even when no deceit has been practiced upon them. It is to be deplored that they are not more anxious to enter into union with Christ. He is King of kings and Lord of lords, and in union with Him they would enjoy eternal happiness. (Rev. 17: 14.)

A Young Man is Trying to Discover his Name in New York. Last week a well-educated and well-dressed young man called at a charitable institution and asked the managers to search their books for information respecting himself. His story is a very painful one. He had lived from infancy with a prosperous man and woman in Harlem, whom he had always supposed to be his father and mother. They had supported him, and had given him a good education, and the thought of their not being his parents had never crossed his mind, nor had it ever been hinted to him. Last year his supposed mother died, and recently her husband was laid in the grave. There was no will found, and the young man proceeded to take possession of the property as heir. He was astonished when his right was disputed by the aged man whom he had been accustomed to call grandfather. The old man told him that he was not the child of his son, but had been taken when only a few weeks old from a charitable institution, and adopted. The old man claimed the property as nearest of kin, and bluntly told the young man he had already had too much of the estate. The disclosure was a great shock to him, and he is now trying to discover who he is and who are his parents, as he does not even know his own name. It is improbable that he will succeed, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which as a babe he was taken into the institution. To him and to all friendless youths, however, a refuge is open which can never fail. Christ died that all who come to God by Him might receive adoption and become sons and heirs of God with Him. (Rom. 4: 5-7.)

How a Man Lost his Life through Pride is Described by an Ohio physician. He states that he was called to attend a man in Dayton, Ohio, who had formerly been in high position in the State. He had been away for some years but had returned in poor circumstances. He sought suitable employment, but without success. He tried his hand at any kind of business where he could find an opportunity, and finally was compelled to shovel gravel to get a crust for his wife and seven children. He worked at this for a few days, until one night he was brought home in a wagon unable to walk. The

physician was called in, but it was too late to save him, and three days later he was dead. The man had actually starved to death. The family had been without money for nearly two weeks, during which time they subsisted on a few dry crusts divided between nine persons. The father was too proud, however, to make known his wants. His wife told a horrible story of his death, saying that while he lay dying, the children surrounded his couch and sobbed piteously for bread. When food was brought, the dying father was so far gone that he could not swallow. Not even the next-door neighbors knew that the family were suffering for the want of food. If the man would have humbled himself to ask the proper authorities for assistance, he need not have died. It is seldom that men are too proud to accept help in such an extremity, though in spiritual matters the case is only too common. One of the Christian worker's greatest difficulties is to persuade men who can never earn salvation to accept it as a free gift. (Eph. 2: 8, 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Duncan J. McMillan, D. D., President of the College of Montana, has been elected one of the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Ten gentlemen have given an aggregate sum of \$50,000 to the Central Young Men's Christian Union of Springfield, Mass., toward the erection of a new building.

Miss Susannah Warfield, of Groveland, Md., who died on March 2, has left all her property to found an Episcopal college, which is to be named after her. The endowment amounts to about \$100,000.

Dr. L. W. Munhall began a series of meetings in the East New York Reformed Church on Sunday, March 2. Several denominations represented in the Twenty-sixth Ward of Brooklyn have united in these services.

The revival interest in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church at Newark, N. J., of which the Rev. F. G. Iglehart, D. D., is pastor, still continues. The results have been over one hundred and twenty conversions.

On March 3 C. D. W. Bridgman, D. D., of New York City, read a paper on "The Future State in the Old Testament" before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, No. 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

The ninth National Convention of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor is to be held in St. Louis this year. From five to eight thousand delegates are expected to be in attendance. The dates fixed for the Convention are June 12, 13, 14, and 15.

The Methodists of Philadelphia have dedicated their new Deaconess Home. The movement is inaugurated in a pleasant three-story dwelling-house, No. 547 North Sixteenth Street. It has been tastefully furnished by donations of friends in the several city churches.

Mr. G. H. Bradt, a business man of Flint, Mich., is conducting a series of services at Bulter, Ind., which are being wonderfully blessed. Husbands and wives, with their children, have been brought to Christ. Already 141 persons have made a profession of faith, and the interest is increasing.

A deep religious interest is now prevailing in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Of the nine hundred and seven students in attendance this term, six hundred and twenty-eight were reported as Christians on the Day of Prayer. Since that day ninety students have been added to the Christian list.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor of the Hebrew-Christian Church, had the pleasure of baptizing another Hebrew convert on Sunday, March 2. This is the second baptism in a month. There are yet other converts who are looking forward to a like confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are asked to remind our readers that Union Bible conferences are held every Sabbath afternoon in the Calvary Baptist Church, Fifty-seventh Street, west of Ninth Avenue, New York. The purpose is to examine Bible facts and Christian evidences under modern lights, and the signs of God's hand in history.

Mr. D. L. Moody's Bible addresses are being continued this week in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifty-third Street, New York. They commence at 11:30 A. M. each day except Saturday. Tickets of admission may be had at the Y. M. C. A. building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, or the Lecture room of the church.

A Congo native who has been taught to read and write has just sent a letter (his first) to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is as follows: "Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more Gospel and less Rum. In the bonds of Christ, Ugalla."

We are glad to hear that the Rev. Stephen Merritt has accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of Bishop Taylor's African Mission. It is a work for which he is well adapted, and which he will find not the less congenial because it will entail much gratuitous work. Mr. Merritt has just returned from Florida looking all the better for his sojourn in the South. He celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday last week.

PLEADING, NOT CONTRADICTION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"She said, Truth, Lord: yet." Matt. 15: 27.

A Happy Combination of Circumstances—The Meeting Between the Deliverer and the Sufferer—Faith's Athletic Exercises—The Woman Repulsed—Her Pathetic Argument—What it Teaches—I. Agree With the Lord—Acknowledge Unworthiness—Admit that the Lord Knows the Truth About Human Nature—Don't Cavil With Him—II. Plead With the Lord—Set One Truth Against Another—Doctrines Which Are Met by Others—Comfort From Hard Truths—III. In any Case Have Faith—He is a Shepherd—A Great Householder—A Splendid Faith.

DID you notice in the reading of this narrative of the Syro-Phœnician woman, the two facts mentioned in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses? "Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts." See, Jesus goes toward the coast of Sidon on the land side, and the woman of Canaan comes from the seashore to meet Him; and so they come to the same town. May we find that case repeated this morning in this Tabernacle!

Our Lord was drawn toward this woman, but she, also, was driven toward Him. What made her seek Him? Strange to say, a devil had a hand in it; but not so as to give the devil any of the praise. The truth was, that a gracious God used the devil himself to drive this woman to Jesus: for her daughter was "grievously vexed with a devil," and she could not bear to stay at home, and see her child in such misery. Oh, how often does a great sorrow drive men and women to Christ, even as a fierce wind compels the mariner to hasten to the harbor! I have known a domestic affliction, a daughter sore vexed, influence the heart of a mother to seek the Saviour; and, doubtless, many a father, broken in spirit by the likelihood of losing a darling child, has turned his face toward the Lord Jesus in his distress. Ah, my Lord! thou hast many ways of bringing thy wandering sheep back; and among the rest thou dost even send

The Black Dog of Sorrow

and of sickness after them. This dog comes into the house, and his howlings are so dreadful that the poor lost sheep flies to the Shepherd for shelter. God make it so this morning with any of you who have a great trouble at home! May your boy's sickness work your health! Yes, may your girl's death be the means of the father's spiritual life! Oh that your soul and Jesus may meet this day!

Now, you would suppose that as the two were seeking each other, the happy meeting and the gracious blessing would be very easily brought about; but we have an old proverb, that "the course of true love never does run smooth;" and, for certain, the course of true faith is seldom without trials. I never saw the Saviour before in such a mood as when He spake to this woman of great faith. Did you ever read of His speaking such rough words? Did such a hard sentence, at any other time, ever fall from His lips as, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs"? Ah! He knew her well, and He knew that she could stand the trial, and would be greatly benefited by it, and that He would be glorified by her faith throughout all future ages: therefore with good reason He put her through the *athletic exercises which train a vigorous faith*. Doubtless, for our sakes, He drew her through a test to which He would never have exposed her had she been a weakling unable to sustain it. She was trained and developed by His rebuffs. While His wisdom tried her, His grace sustained her.

Now, see how He began. The Saviour was come to the town, wherever it was; but He was not there in public; on the contrary, He sought seclusion. Mark tells us, in his seventh chapter, at the twenty-fourth verse, "From thence He arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it: but He could not be hid. For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Him, and came and fell at His feet."

Why is He Hiding

from her? He does not usually avoid the quest of the seeking soul. "Where is He?" she asks of His disciples. They give her no information; they had their Master's orders to let Him remain in hiding. He sought quiet, and needed it, and so they discreetly held their tongues. Yet she found Him out, and fell at His feet. Half a hint was dropped; she took up the trail, and followed it until she dis-

covered the house, and sought the Lord in His abode. Here was the beginning of her trial: the Saviour was in hiding. "But He could not be hid" from her eager search; she was all ear and eye for Him, and nothing can be hid from an anxious mother, eager to bless her child. Disturbed by her, the Blessed One comes into the street, and His disciples surround Him. She determines to be heard over their heads, and, therefore, she begins to cry aloud, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou son of David." As He walks along, she still cries out with mighty cries and pleadings, till the streets ring with her voice, and He who "would have no man know it" is proclaimed in the market-place. The woman's noise was very distracting to everybody, and so the disciples came to Jesus, and they said, "Send her away, send her away; do something for her, or tell her to be gone; for she crieth after us; we have no peace for her clamor; we cannot hear Thee speak because of her piteous cries."

Meanwhile she, perceiving them speaking to Jesus, comes nearer, breaks into the inner circle, falls down before Him, worships Him, and utters this plaintive prayer—"Lord, help me." There is

More Power in Worship than in Noise;

she has taken a step in advance. Our Lord has not yet answered her a single word. He has heard what she said, no doubt; but He has not answered a word to her as yet. All that He has done is to say to His disciples, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." That has not prevented her nearer approach, or stopped her prayer; for now she pleads, "Lord, help me." At length the Blessed One does speak to her. Greatly to our surprise, it is a chill rebuff. What a cold word it is! How cutting! I dare not say, how cruel, yet it seemed so. "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs."

Now, what will the woman do? She is near the Saviour; she has an audience with Him, such as it is; she is on her knees before Him, and He appears to repulse her! How will she act now? Here is the point about which I am going to speak. She will not be repulsed, she perseveres, she advances nearer, she actually turns the rebuff into a plea. She has come for a blessing, and a blessing she believes that she shall have, and she means to plead for it till she wins it. So she deals with the Saviour after a very heroic manner, and in the wisest possible style; from which I want every seeker to learn a lesson at this time, that he, like her, may win with Christ, and hear the Master say to him this morning, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

I. My first advice to every heart here seeking the Saviour is this,

Agree With the Lord.

In the Revised Version, we read that she said, "Yea, Lord," or, "Yes, Lord." Whatever Jesus said, she did not contradict Him in the least. I like the old translation, "Truth, Lord," for it is very expressive. She did not say, "It is hard, or unkind," but "It is true. It is true that it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. It is true that compared with Israel I am a dog: for me to gain this blessing would be like a dog's feeding on the children's bread. Truth, Lord; truth, Lord." Now, dear friend, if thou art dealing with the Lord for life and death, *never contradict His word*. Thou wilt never come unto perfect peace if thou art in a contradicting humor; for that is a proud and unacceptable condition of mind.

Remember, dear friends, that if the Lord reminds you of your unworthiness and your unfitness, *He only tells you what is true*, and it will be your wisdom to say, "Truth, Lord." Scripture describes you as having a depraved nature: say, "Truth, Lord." It describes you as going astray like a lost sheep, and the charge is true. It describes you as having a deceitful heart, and just such a heart you have. Therefore say, "Truth, Lord." It represents you as "without strength," and "without hope." Let your answer be, "Truth, Lord." The Bible never gives unrenowned human nature a good word, nor does it deserve it. It exposes our corruptions, and lays bare our falseness, pride, and unbelief.

Cavil not at the faithfulness of the Word. Take the lowest place, and own yourself a sinner, lost, ruined, and undone. This woman took the very lowest possible place. Great faith is always sister to great humility. It does not matter how low Christ puts her, she sits there. "Truth, Lord." I earnestly recommend every hearer of mine to consent unto the Lord's verdict, and never to raise an argument against The Sinner's Friend. When thy

heart is heavy, when thou hast a sense of being the greatest of sinners, I pray thee remember that thou art a greater sinner than thou thinkest thyself to be.

We should be the more ready to give our assent and consent to every syllable of the divine word, since Jesus knows us better than we know ourselves. The Word of God knows more about us than we can ever discover about ourselves. We are partial to ourselves, and hence

We are Half Blind.

Our judgment always fails to hold the balance evenly when our own case is in the weighing. Nothing can be gained by cavilling with the Saviour. A beggar stands at your door and asks for charity: he goes the wrong way to work if he begins a discussion with you, and contradicts your statements. If beggars must not be choosers, certainly they must not be controversialists. If a mendicant will dispute, let him dispute; but let him give up begging. If he cavils as to how he shall receive your gift, or how or what you shall give him, he is likely to be sent about his business. A critical sinner disputing with his Saviour is a *fool in capitals*.

Now, mark this: if you find your heart agreeing with what Jesus says, even when He answers you roughly, you may depend upon it, this is the work of grace: for human nature is very upstart, and stands very much upon its silly dignity, and therefore it contradicts the Lord, when He deals truthfully with it, and humbles it. Woe be to the crown of pride which rivals the Lord Christ! If, my hearer, thou art of another mind, and art willing to own thyself a sinner, lost, ruined, and condemned, it is well with thee. If thou art of this mind, that whatever humbling truth the Spirit of God may teach thee in the Word, or teach by the conviction of thy conscience, thou wilt at once agree therewith, and confess, "It is even so;" then the Spirit of God has brought thee to this humble and truthful and obedient condition, and things are going hopefully with thee.

II. And now my second point is this: although you must not cavil with Christ, you may

Plead with Him.

"Truth, Lord," she says; but she adds, "yet." Here, then, is my first lesson: set one truth over against another. Do not contradict a frowning truth, but bring up a smiling one to meet it. If a truth looks black upon me, I shall not be wise to be always dwelling upon it; but it will be my wisdom to examine the whole range of truth, and see if there be not some other doctrine which will give me hope. David practised this when he said of himself, "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee." And then he most confidently added, "Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand." He does not contradict himself; and yet the second utterance removes all the bitterness which the first sentence left upon the palate.

For instance, I meet with men who say, "Oh sir, sin is an awful thing; it condemns me. I feel I can never answer the Lord for my iniquities, nor stand in His holy presence." This is assuredly true; but remember another truth: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin;" "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Set the truth of the sin-bearing of our Lord over against the guilt and curse of sin due to yourself apart from your great Substitute.

Some are stumbled by the sovereignty of God. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy. He may justly ask, "Shall I not do as I will with my own?" Beloved, do not dispute the rights of the eternal God. It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good. Do not quarrel with the King but come humbly to Him, and plead thus, "O Lord, thou alone hast the right to pardon; but thy Word declares that if we confess our sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive us our sins; and thou hast said that whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." This pleading will prevail. The same key which locks will also unlock very much depends on the turn of the key, and still more on the turn of thy thought.

This brings me to a second remark:

Draw Comfort From a Hard Truth.

Take this advice in preference to that which I have already given. The Authorized translation here is very good, but I must confess that it is not quite so true to the woman's meaning as the Revised Version. She did not say, "Truth, Lord: yet," as if she were raising an objection, as I have already put

to you; but she said, "Truth, Lord, for." I have zone with the old translation, because it expresses the way in which our mind too generally looks at things. We fancy that we set one truth over against another, whereas all truths are agreed, and cannot be in conflict. Out of the very truth which looks darkest we may gain consolation. She said, "Yes, Lord; for the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

Do I hear you say, "How can I have hope, for salvation is of the Lord?" Why, that is the very reason why you should be filled with hope, and seek salvation of the Lord alone. If it were of yourself, you might despair; but as it is of the Lord, you may have hope. Do you groan out, "Alas! I can do nothing?" What of that? The Lord can do everything. Since salvation is of the Lord alone, ask Him to be its Alpha and Omega to you. Do you groan, "I know I must repent; but I am so unfeeling that I cannot reach the right measure of tenderness?" This is true, and therefore the Lord Jesus is exalted on high to give repentance. You will no more repent in your own power than you will go to heaven in your own merit; but the Lord will grant you repentance unto life; for this, also, is a fruit of the Spirit.

A Ground of Hope.

Beloved, when I was under a sense of sin I heard the doctrine of divine sovereignty, "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy;" but that did not frighten me at all; for I felt more hopeful of grace through the sovereign will of God than by any other way. If pardon be not a matter of human deserving, but of divine prerogative, then here is hope for me. Why should not I be forgiven as well as others? If the Lord had only three elect ones, and these were chosen according to His own good pleasure, why should not I be one of them? I laid myself at His feet, and gave up every hope but that which flowed from His mercy. Knowing that He would save a number that no man could number, and that He would save every soul that believed in Jesus, I believed and was saved. It was well for me that salvation did not turn upon merit, for I had no merit whatever.

I will not give you further instances and particulars; for time would fail me. I leave you just there with this advice: it is not yours to raise questions, but submissively to say, "Truth, Lord." Then it is your wisdom to set one truth over against another, till you have learned the better plan of finding light in the dark truth itself. God help thee to catch honey from the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

III. Thirdly, in any case, whatever Christ saith doth not say,

Have Faith in Him.

Look at this woman's faith and try to copy it. It grew in its apprehension of Jesus. First, He is the Lord of mercy: she cried, "Have mercy on me." Have faith enough, dear hearer, to believe that thou needest mercy. Mercy is not for the meritorious: the claim of the meritorious is for justice, not for mercy. The guilty need and seek mercy; and only they. Believe that God delighteth in mercy, delighteth to give grace where it cannot be deserved, delighteth to forgive where there is no reason for forgiveness but His own goodness. Believe also that the Lord Jesus Christ whom we reach to you is the incarnation of mercy: His very existence is mercy to you, His every word means mercy; His life, His death, His intercession in heaven, all mean mercy, mercy, mercy, nothing but mercy. You need divine mercy, and Jesus is the embodiment of divine mercy—He is the Saviour for you. Believe in Him, and the mercy of God is yours.

This believing woman might have been cheered by another theme. Our Lord said to His disciples, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "Ah!" thinks she, "He is a shepherd for lost sheep. Whatever His flock may be, He is a shepherd, and He has bowels of compassion for poor lost sheep; surely He is one to whom I may look with confidence." Ah, dear hearer! my Lord Jesus Christ is a shepherd by office and by nature, and if you are a lost sheep this is good tidings for you. There is a holy instinct in Him which makes Him gather the lambs with His arms, and causes Him to search out the lost ones, who were scattered in the cloudy and dark day. Trust Him to seek you; yea, come to Him now, and leave yourselves with Him.

Further than that, this woman had a faith in Christ that He was like a great householder. She

seems to say, "Those disciples are children who sit at table, and He feeds them on the bread of His love. He makes for them so great a feast, and He gives to them so much food, that if my daughter were healed, it would be a great and blessed thing to me, but to Him it would be no more than if a crumb fell under the table, and a dog fed thereon." She does not ask to have a crumb thrown to her, but only to be allowed to pick up a crumb that has fallen from the table. Is not that

Splendid Faith?

And now, canst thou exercise such a faith? As for me, I believe my Lord to be such a Saviour that I can trust my soul wholly to Him, and that without difficulty. If I were good I could not trust in Jesus. Why should I? I should trust myself. But because I have nothing of my own, I am obliged to live by trust, and I am rejoiced that I may do so. My Lord gives me unlimited credit at the Bank of Faith. I am very deeply in debt to Him, and I am resolved to be more indebted still. May you come to this point, all of you; that Jesus is abundantly able to save.

You have been a thief, have you? The last person that was in our Lord's near company on earth was the dying thief. "Oh!" but you say, "I have been foul in life; I have defiled myself with all manner of evil." But those with whom He associates now were all of them once unclean; for they confess that they have washed their robes, and made them white in His blood. Their robes were once so foul that nothing but His heart's blood could have made them white. Jesus is a great Saviour, greater than my tongue can tell. "Look unto Me," saith He, "and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Look! Look now! Look to Him alone; and as you look to Him with the look of faith He will look on you with loving acceptance, and say, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Thou shalt be saved at this very hour; and though thou camest into this house of prayer grievously vexed with a devil, thou shalt go out at peace with God, and as restful as an angel. God grant thee this boon, for Christ's sake. Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Recorder Behind the Curtain.—"I Heard of a man who, during a time of religious persecution, was apprehended and brought to trial. After one or two minor examinations, he was at last brought before the tribunal that would condemn him to death or set him free. Just beside the prisoner, and in imitation of the custom at the Spanish Inquisition, was a curtain, behind which there sat men taking down every word he uttered. The prisoner was not supposed to know this, but a friend had warned him that such was the case. As he came in, and glanced towards the curtain, he thought to himself, 'Now, I must speak carefully, for, by my own speech, I shall be condemned or acquitted.' And by their own words and actions will every person, when brought before God's bar of justice, be either blessed or condemned."

Ladies Converted Like their Coachman.—Mr. M'Lauchlan said: "I was once staying in a family where the coachman got converted. Not long afterwards the two ladies by whom he was employed became anxious about their souls, and for five days they were in great distress. When I had shown them the way of salvation they asked, somewhat tremulously, 'And must we be converted in just the same way as our coachman?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'just in the same way.' They held back for some time, but at last they saw that in God's sight there was no difference between them and their coachman. Both were sinners, and deserving of God's wrath both in this life and that which is to come. They came to our common Father, and, pleading the merit of the finished work of Christ, received salvation. Kings and beggars stand on the same platform before God. In His presence all distinctions sink into insignificance."

Filling an Empty Church.—"I Heard of a Minister who, after some years' ministry, had almost preached his church empty. One by one the congregation had dropped away, until only a handful of saints remained. One Sunday, as the pastor was going up the pulpit steps, a church officer, in imitation of something he had read, put a paper into his hand. On gaining the pulpit, he opened it and read: 'Sir—We would see Jesus.' He preached from a text about Christ that day, for he had been losing sight of Jesus. A new life was given to that

church, and a glorious revival set in. About three months afterwards, as the minister was about to address the congregation, now crowded to the doors, a second paper was put into his hand, and on it was written, 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord!' Oh, the beginning, the centre, and the end of all true preaching of the gospel is Jesus. Without Him there is no good news; and no learned platitudes will ever give a sinner salvation."

Drink, Remorse, and Suicide.—An Evangelist said: "I well remember a young man whom I rejoiced to think I had been instrumental in rescuing from drunkenness and bringing to a knowledge of the truth. For years he was a total abstainer and steady worker. When his first child was born, the men in the workshop urged him to treat them. He was unwilling, but it being the custom among them, he did not wish to appear mean, so he yielded. His old passion was rekindled. He could not stop. He must have more drink. For a few days he continued to drink to excess, then, seized with a fit of remorse, he poisoned himself. His widow came and told me the sad story. The sight of her grief and distress would have melted a heart of stone. Who made that mother a widow, and that baby an orphan? You who tempt your fellows to their downfall are guilty of murder—murder of their souls if not of their bodies, though alas, too often, both body and soul are overwhelmed in the one great devastating flood."

How Janet Got Her Glass.—Mr. M'Lauchlan said: "While I was engaged at a certain church in Glasgow, one of the deacons came to me and said, 'Do you think that Mr. So-and-So and his wife'—naming a couple who had applied for church-membership—are all right?' 'What makes you think otherwise?' I inquired. 'Well, I am afraid they are drinking people. I was passing their home on Sunday morning, and just looked in to see them, and found they had not a loaf of bread in the house. They had been drinking on Saturday night, and had not a penny left, and I had to supply them with food.' We found out afterwards that the worst was on Monday morning. As the man got up he said to his wife, 'Oh, Janet, I wish I had a glass this morning.' 'Well,' was the answer, 'if I were a man I would have one at once.' 'But, Janet, have you a plan for getting it?' he asked. 'Take off your coat,' she said, 'roll up your sleeves, and go up the street as if you were at work. Mr. S., the saloon-keeper, will be sure to be at the shop door, and is sure to ask you in.' The man did as his wife advised, and as he passed the saloon the bar-tender was there washing his window. He looked round, and noticing the man's shirt-sleeves, said, 'Hulloa, Sandy, are you working? Just come in and have a glass!' 'But I have no money,' said the man. 'That's all right; you will pay it on Saturday,' the bar-tender answered. He went in, and had not only one glass, but two. As he entered his own house he said, 'Well, Janet, you are a first-class wife; I have had two glasses of whisky through your cleverness,' and as he spoke he turned round to put on his coat; but, to his surprise, no coat was there. When he asked where it was, Janet answered, 'Do you think I did not need my glass as well as you?' While he was out she had pledged his coat, in order to get drink." Such are the cunning stratagems of people who are set upon drinking whisky."

The "Down Grade" of Drink.—The Rev. Jas. Wells observes: "Near a gate one day some girls were busy with their skipping-rope. One of them was a perfect picture of rosy health and buoyant glee. Her dress showed that she was nursed in the lap of luxury, and anyone seeing her bright innocent face would have predicted a future of happiness for her. Alas! Not long ago a poor woman stood in my study. 'I am Miss —,' she said, 'and I hope you'll—' 'You Miss —!' I exclaimed, in tones of astonishment. She let drop the tattered discolored shawl which covered her head; and, in spite of the matted hair and blood-shot eyes, I recognized the once fair girl with the skipping-rope. But what a change! Her feet were stockingless, and almost shoeless on that stormy winter day. She was trembling from cold and hunger. She wore only a few unwomanly rags, all of which were borrowed. She confessed she had pawned for drink her every article of clothing. She had tasted no food that day, and on the previous one had had only one pennyworth of broth, bought with a borrowed penny. Yet fortune had once smiled on her. She once had money of her own, and a lady's maid too."



The Late Count Andrássy, the Hungarian Statesman. (See page 165.)



A Bishop's Robes Towed Across a South African River.

And there she stood, all the fair promise of her young life trampled in the dust. 'What has brought you to this?' I asked. 'Nothing but drink,' was her reply. 'When you first knew me (she was then about seven or eight years of age) three or four of us girls used to buy porter with our pocket-money, and drink it in a woman's house, and that is why I am here to-day.' Her words might have melted a heart of stone. She begged for food, and for another chance. Some Christian ladies took her by the hand. That day her clothes were redeemed and given to her; and a widow took her to her own home, and showed her a mother's love. But in a week or so she grew restless and broke away. She was sought for, but not found, and what has become of her I know not. O women, if by your total abstinence one sister could be saved from such a fate, is it not your duty for their sakes to abstain from all intoxicating beverages?"

A Church Without Conversions.—A Christian worker says: "A gentleman, some time ago, went to his minister and said, 'I have been twenty years in your congregation, sir, and still I am unconverted. I hear that in a certain church God is using its pastor mightily for the conversion of souls, and as I want to be converted I am going to that church.' The minister wished him to stay a little longer, and in the course of his persuasion said, 'You know the man was at the pool of Siloam thirty-eight years before he was cured?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but I think twenty is long enough, and I may be in eternity before the thirty years are completed. And, excuse me, but there is a little difference between me and the man at the pool; he heard of others being saved, but in all the twenty years which I have been in your church I have never heard of a single person being converted.'"

A BISHOP'S ADVENTURE.

(See Illustration.)

THE correspondent in Africa of a daily journal relates an amusing incident in the labors of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which occurred recently. He states that the bishop had arranged for a confirmation service at a village on the extreme borders of his diocese in South Africa. He had to make a journey of five hundred miles across the country, in which he was delayed considerably by the bad state of the roads. There had been a season of heavy rains, and travelling was unusually heavy work. However, he arrived, on the day previous to that fixed for the service, within sight of the village. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The shallow stream between him and the village had been changed by the rains into a broad, deep river. There was no boat nor raft to be had. The bishop waited until the next day, hoping that some means of crossing the stream would be found; but without avail. The day of the

confirmation service broke, disclosing the river as high as before. The bishop being a punctilious man in the matter of keeping his engagements, was not to be thwarted. He is an excellent swimmer, and he decided to breast the stream. His companion, a physician, persuaded a native to loan them a tub, in which the bishop's robes were packed. The bishop and he then undressed and put their clothing in the tub. The bishop, plunged into the stream and succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. There he sat among the rushes, waiting for the doctor, who swam across towing the tub by a rope which he held with his teeth. The triumph was complete. The service was held according to appointment, and the bishop, who has overcome many spiritual obstacles by faith and prayer, has now another victory to his credit won over physical obstacles by his natural vigor.

THE SOLDIER'S HEARTBREAK.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for March 23.

(See illustration on page 171.)

I NEVER saw an attitude more expressive of poignant sorrow than that of a soldier of whom I caught glimpses as I passed under the over-hanging foliage of a country lane one summer evening. He had thrown his bundle on the ground and was leaning on a low wall. When I first saw him I thought he was asleep, but as I drew nearer I could see that his body was convulsed with sobs, and my ear caught the sound of low moans, as of one in agony. There was a poor cottage beyond the wall, where, if the man was really sick he might have help and shelter. So I quickened my steps and was soon at his side.

"What is the matter, my friend?" I said, laying my hand gently on his shoulder, for my steps did not arouse him. He looked up almost fiercely as I touched him, and turned upon me a face as woe-begone as I had ever seen. It was weather-beaten and strongly marked, as if by hard living as well as by long exposure to wind and sun, but it was still a handsome, frank, brave visage. He was evidently about to tell me to mind my own business, or to give me some such rough greeting, but seeing only kindly concern and sympathy in my eyes he restrained it. "Can I help you in any way?" I asked; "you seem to be in trouble."

"Ah, sir," he said, "trouble enough, but not of the kind you or any one can help. I have brought it on myself, and I must bear it myself. God help me!"

The three words were probably a common expression with him—a mere habit of ejaculation, not a prayer—but they afforded an opening for direction. "Yes," I said, "that is good. When human help fails God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. I am glad to hear you call upon Him. There is no comfort like that He can give."

"Ah, sir, that is only my way; I didn't mean it;

it would be no use for me to look to Him. I am not the kind of man for that. If I were, He could do nothing for me now, unless He could bring the dead to life."

"He will do that one day, my friend. That is a sure promise. Who is it that you have lost?"

"All who ever really loved me. I wish I could die myself, I was just wishing I had brought a pistol with me, when you touched me. There's nothing left to live for now."

"Tell me your story, my friend," I said; "it may relieve you to tell it. If I can do nothing else I can give you my sympathy. I know what trouble is by experience."

We sat down together on a rustic seat near the old wall, and the soldier said: "It is easily told but no one can tell the heartbreak there is in it. I was born in that cottage. My father and mother were hard-working folks, but as good as gold. I was their only son. They had others, but they died young, as I wish I had; I had only one sister. She was a good bit older than me; the boys came between us—those who died, I mean. Well, the old people, I suppose, were real glad to have a boy to live at last, and they made no end of fuss over me. I was a good-looking youngster, though you wouldn't think so to look at me now. My mother, kinder spoiled me, perhaps. Anyhow, my father took a notion she was doing it. So he got rather strict with me when I was about ten or twelve. But looking back now, I see he loved me. Oh, sir, they both loved me, and I—oh, my God, what have I done?"

The poor fellow stopped, covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly. After a few minutes he looked up again and went on with his story.

"My sister went into the Squire's family. The Squire's wife took a fancy to her and trained her to be a lady's maid, and when they went to live in Europe, she went with them. It was pretty dull at the old place after she was gone, and I used to sit out in the evening to play with the village boys. They were not any of them very good lads, and somehow, I liked the worst best. We got into mischief pretty often, and my father would hear of Mother used to shield me all she could, but I had to stand a licking every once in a while. They were both pious, and I used to hear them pray for me at night after I was in bed. Mother would come and kiss me, and cry over me, and beg me to be a good boy."

His voice was breaking again. He controlled himself by a strong effort.

"It's no use trying, sir; I can't tell it you. I'm ripping my very heart open. Let me cut it short. Things went from bad to worse, and when I was fifteen I ran away. I knocked about for a time, and out of work, and at last, after a pretty long drinking spell, I was out of work and hungry. I made up my mind to go to sea, but I had not a

money to get to the coast, so I took the next best thing by flinging myself away: I enlisted in the army. I was in Canada then, and it was a British regiment that I joined. I did not care what became of me. Well, I have been everywhere since then. In India, in Egypt, in Ireland, with the regiment. Fourteen rough years of it. I had a bad spell of sickness last year, and while I was lying in hospital I made up my mind that the first thing I did if I got over it and got my discharge, should be to come home and see the old folks. I was softened, and I used to please myself by thinking of how my mother would rejoice at seeing me, and how I would work for them and make up for all my bad treatment by keeping them in comfort in their old age. I wouldn't write because I meant to take them by surprise. The thought of that meeting grew on me till I was like a boy again. I thought how I should tell them that I was sorry for all the past; and I could hear my mother forgiving me, and my father thanking God for bringing his son back. I painted it all and dwelt on it day and night, on sea and land, all the way home. Well, sir, I came here this afternoon, and instead of seeing the old folks, as I pictured, there was the empty house, and the bills on the walls telling of the sale of the furniture a month ago. Yes, sir; I'm just a month too late. They are both dead, and my heart is clean broke."

I let him have his cry over, and then I persuaded him to come with me to the hotel where I was staying, and be my guest for the night. He was docile as a child, but utterly despairing. He listened quietly as I tried to show him that his sin had been against God, and that it was more important to get His forgiveness than that of his parents even if they had lived. He was apathetic until I spoke of the joy of his mother and father in heaven if, through Christ, he had God's pardon, and went to meet them there.

"Is that possible?" he asked, looking up quickly. It was the first time he had shown any interest in what I was saying, and I saw I had struck the right note.

"Not possible, but certain," I answered, "if you are in earnest in seeking it."

"Thank God! then there is hope yet," he said.

He listened intently now while I explained to him what sin really is. How every wrong done to others is a rebellion against God. How our whole lives are a rebellion against the holy and loving God while we are unreconciled to Him, and how Christ died to bring us into peace with Him. How all sins against men sink into insignificance beside the stupendous guilt in His sight, and how His forgiveness is the first and chief thing to be sought. I illustrated the idea with a story of a mutiny in a regiment in time of war, and he caught the principle directly. The man was really anxious. Even the thought of his parents was dwarfed by the concern for God's pardon. Like the Pharisees, but in a better sense than they had, he realized that none "can forgive sins but God alone," and he knelt with me and humbly begged for pardon through Christ. He rose from his knees a saved man, and there was a peace and joy in his face that transfigured him.

I was much agitated by the long interview, and wanted to be alone. He readily consented to go to bed, while I went out to walk in the still summer night, as my habit was. My steps unconsciously led me to the spot where I had seen him first, and I stood leaning on the old wall, and looking at the cottage. As I stood lost in thought, the keeper of the hotel passed and recognized me.



The Returned Soldier's Disappointment.

"Thinking of buying the old place, sir?" he asked, jokingly.

"No, I was thinking of the poor old folks who used to live here, I have been hearing about their troubles to-day. Ah well, they are better off now."

"Yes," he said, "they are doing finely. It's a great surprise for them."

"What do you mean? I was told they were dead."

"Dead! oh no, nothing of the kind. They are well and hearty. Their daughter has had a little property left to her by her old mistress, and she has come back here to live. She has quite an elegant house over yonder, and she made the old folks sell up their sticks of furniture and go to live with her. They're all right."

"Thank God," I said, reverently, "Like the palsied man who was brought to Jesus for healing only, and received pardon too, my poor friend will now have a second blessing."

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 172.)

The Famous Governor.

MR. JOHNSON, who has been already referred to, occupies a somewhat similar place among the founders of Boston to that which is conceded to Governor Carver among the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth. He was a man of considerable wealth, and highly connected in England. He was one of the largest contributors to the original cost of the settlement, and removed to Salem among the first band of emigrants who were tempted by the securities for their liberty and religious privileges which the destination of the royal charter seemed to furnish. He was accompanied by the Lady Arabella, his young and devoted wife, a daughter of the noble house of Lincoln; but, alas, ill-fitted by the delicacy of her early nurture to brave the dangers and hardships of a new colony.

The rank, and the generous liberality of Mr. Johnson naturally led the colonists to look up to him as a leader. No feeling was then stronger in the breasts of Englishmen than that reverence for rank, when allied to corresponding virtues, which includes some of the best features of the old patriarchal state, and is peculiarly calculated to exercise a beneficial influence in a new colony. Those, however, who have been brought up amid the refined delicacies and luxuries to which the wealthier ranks of society are accustomed, are ill-fitted to contend with the thousand hardships and privations that must be endured by the first settlers in the wilderness. So it proved with him whom local historians still name with reverence as the father of Boston.

The Lady Arabella lived long enough to share in such homely comforts as the first log hut of Salem could afford. With generous fortitude she encouraged the desponding settlers, and smiled at the rude substitutes furnished by her new home for the comforts which had been familiar to her from childhood. But she was too delicate an exotic to transplant to the unprepared soil. She wasted under slow-consuming sickness, and was one of the first buried at Salem. Her loss was deeply mourned by the colonists, and visibly preyed on the health of the sorrowing husband. Notwithstanding this, however, and the sad tie which such an event was calculated to create to the place which held the dust of one so dear, Mr. Johnson accompanied the band of emigrants who abandoned Salem and selected Charlestown, the colonial seat of Government, for their place of settlement; and

he again joined the survivors who hastily deserted it when a death-plague seemed to threaten the destruction of all.

He lived long enough at Boston to aid in the distribution of its first lands, and to build a house on the lot appropriated as his own share of the soil. The ground allotted to the "Father of Boston" is still pointed out by the citizens of that flourishing sea-port. The court-house now appropriately occupies the site of his dwelling, and his grave was the first which consecrated the burying-ground, where it is still pointed out as one of the memorials of the founders of the State. The esteem in which he was held among the companions of his toil and the sharers in his trials is shown by the terms in which his loss is mentioned by the early historian of the settlement.

"He was endowed with many precious gifts, and a chief pillar to support this new-erected building, so that at his departure there were many weeping eyes, and some fainting hearts, fearing the failure of the undertaking." In life he was the greatest furtherer of the plantation, and by his bequest a benefactor of the infant State. It is not, perhaps, an altogether inappropriate destination that the chief portions of "Johnson's lot" is still occupied only with the little mounds which mark the resting-place of successive generations who have gathered around the grave of the founder of Boston.

But the true father of Boston was Governor Winthrop. He was a man of more enlightened views, and juster ideas of the basis of true liberty, than were acceptable to the stern Puritan colonists of Massachusetts. He did much to temper the severity of their proceedings, when ecclesiastical discipline was converted into civil law. It is an enviable tribute which Williams, the martyr-advocate of toleration, bears to the memory of the Governor of Massachusetts, while suffering from the intolerance of its laws: "That ever-honored Governor Winthrop privately wrote to me to steer my course

to the Narragansett Bay, encouraging me from the freeness of the place from English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a voice from God." But more of him hereafter.

Meanwhile the following summary of Governor Winthrop's character is furnished by the historian of the *Settlement of Boston*. "A more interesting character than Winthrop is scarcely to be found in American history. Some of my readers have often seen his portrait in the State-house. He was tall and well formed, his visage long, a high forehead, with dark blue eyes, and dark hair worn in the form of a wig. His countenance beamed benevolence and wisdom. Made a justice of the peace in his native town in England at the early age of eighteen, he grew up in the exercise and art of government. His prudence, patience, courage, and energy made him the successful pilot of the ship of state in the uncharted waters into which she was launched.

"The best part of a community," said he, "is always the least; and of this least part the wiser is always the less." He was liberal in his natural disposition, and it was with reluctance that he yielded to the reigning spirit of intolerance in religion. Having been applied to in his last illness to sign an order for the banishment of a minister, he refused, saying he had done too much of that already. In private life he was frugal and temperate, hospitable, and exceedingly generous to the poor.

"One hard winter complaint was made to him that a person frequently stole wood from his pile. 'Does he?' said Mr. Winthrop; 'send him to me, and I will take a course with him that will cure him of stealing.' The man appeared, trembling under the terrors of the law. 'Friend,' said the Governor, 'it is a cold winter, and I doubt you are but poorly provided with wood. You are welcome to supply yourself at my pile until the winter is over.'

"His religion shone out through all his life, and gave a higher lustre to his character. He was zealous for truth and righteousness. Often would he bear witness to the minister in the congregation; and frequently he visited the neighboring towns to prophesy, as it was called, that is, discourse religiously. His character was admired, not only throughout New England, but in the mother country, and at the court. Charles I. remarked of him that it was a pity that such a worthy gentleman should be no better accommodated than with the hardships of America.

"A wonderful control of his own passions was a proof of the grace of God in him, and associates him in the mind with that other great model of virtue which will for ever adorn our country. On a certain occasion, one of the officers of the colony wrote him a 'sharp letter,' complaining of his official acts. He handed it back to the messenger, after he had read it, remarking that he 'was not willing to keep such a letter of provocation by him.' Not long afterwards, while the colony was suffering from scarcity of food, the same gentleman sent to buy some of his cattle. The Governor sent them to him, begging that he 'would receive them as a token of his good-will.' The gentleman wrote back, 'Sir, your overcoming of yourself, hath overcome me.'

"This admirable temper he carried in all his public life. Cotton Mather says of him that he had 'studied that book, which, professing to teach politics, had but three leaves, and on each leaf but one word, and that word was moderation.'

He died at the age of sixty, worn out with public cares and domestic afflictions. New England owed much to his moderation. It would have been well had the state been more completely under his control. The deputy-governor, Mr. Thomas Dudley, studied law in his youth, and had borne a captain's commission in the service of one of the German States during the continental wars. He attached himself to the Nonconformists after his return to England. His views coincided far more completely with the general opinions of the colonists than those of Governor Winthrop. He several times held the office himself, and was almost always elected deputy when Winthrop was chosen Governor. "He was," says the historian of Boston, "a man of sound sense, sterling integrity, and uncompromising faith. He was rigid in his religious opinions, and went far beyond Winthrop in enforcing the sectarian laws of the state. He considered that the various opinions that were struggling to manifest themselves from time to time tended to licentiousness; and he was desirous that it should be inscribed on his gravestone, that he was no friend to unlimited toleration, which he called *libertinism*."

The following quaint but very characteristic lines, embodying his protest against toleration, were found in his pocket after his death:

"Dim eye, deaf ear, cold stomach, show
My dissolution is in view;
Eleven times seven near lived have I,
And now God calls, I willing die,
My shuttle's shot, my race is run,
My sun is set, my day is done;
My span is measured, tale is told,
My flower is faded and grown old;
My dream is vanish'd, shadow's fled,
My soul with Christ, my body dead.
Farewell, dear wife, children, and friends,
Hate heresy, make blessed ends,
Bear poverty, live with good men,
So shall we live with joy again.
Let men of God in court and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's, I died no libertine."

With such a colleague, it needed all Winthrop's liberality to moderate the severities of Puritan discipline. Governor Winthrop proved himself well suited for the ruler of the new settlement; nor did he want efficient coadjutors, whose virtues are still recorded in the annals of the State. The survivors did not despair amid the difficulties that surrounded them. Like the pioneers of Plymouth Bay, their trust was still unshaken, and they doubted not but the God of heaven had better things in store, though the ways of His providence seemed dark, and the blessings of liberty were being purchased at a costly price. It was not in vain that the brave settlers looked forward to brighter days. They had many friends still in England; nor were they, like the founders of Plymouth, dependent on the niggard returns of merchant adventurers. Ships arrived from time to time, laden with provisions and needful stores, and bringing fresh emigrants to fill the vacancies created by death and desertion. Their dangers and difficulties were far fewer than those experienced by the solitary band of exiles from Leyden. They were speedily able to constitute their civil and ecclesiastical systems, and to establish themselves into a well-ordered state, the beneficial influences of which were shared, in some degree, even by the founders of Plymouth, though their worst dangers and difficulties were already at an end.

The government of the new State was necessarily moulded in consistency with the peculiar views of its founders. It was a religious settlement, and the ecclesiastical and civil rights of its members became, accordingly, as completely interwoven as those of England were when the Queen assumed to be Defender of the Faith and supreme head of the Church. One of the first procedures was to enter into what was styled "*A Church Covenant*." On the 30th of July, 1631, while the colonists still held their headquarters at Charlestown, a solemn day of fasting and prayer was observed. The public services were conducted in the open air; after which the following Covenant was signed in the name of the whole community, by Governor Winthrop, Deputy-Governor Dudley, Mr. Johnson, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson:

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in obedience to His holy will and divine ordinance, We, whose names are here underwritten, being by His most wise and good providence brought together into this part of America, in the Bay of Massachusetts, and desirous to unite into one congregation or church, under the Lord Jesus Christ, one head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, do hereby solemnly and religiously, as in His most holy presence, promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the gospel, and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect to each other, as near as God shall give us grace."

It was, in fact, the constitution of the colony as a religious republic, and it stamped an enduring character on the history of New England. The government of the colony of Massachusetts, as finally settled, was vested in a Governor, Deputy-governor, board of Assistants, and Deputies from each town. At first they constituted one deliberative assembly, but when the dependencies increased, and the number of representatives became proportionably great, they were formed into two houses, modelled to a considerable extent after the Parliament of England. One most momentous element, however, was infused into the political scheme of

the Republic. No man was entitled to a vote at any election, *unless he was a member of the church*. This test was not immediately felt to be irksome where nearly every member of the community was already possessed of the requisite qualification, and it cannot surprise us that it should have been adopted.

The Puritan Fathers of New England were actuated by no visionary schemes of republican liberty. They sought only permission to hold and to carry out their own views, and from the very first they laid it down as an essential element in their scheme of policy to exclude from the settlement all who differed from them in religious opinions, or who refused to be subject to their ecclesiastical discipline. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that this singular union of ecclesiastical and civil polity was afterward productive of many evils to the colony. But it must not be overlooked that this novel establishment of a state religion and of a civil constitution, wherein the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were the acknowledged basis of legislation, was not adopted without protest.

Most men love extremes. It is rare indeed to find the happily constituted mind that can hold fast to the golden mean which stands fast between the oscillating points of the balance. Yet, with self-complacency and faith in our own moderation, we look back on these strugglers, and smile as we see them with like complacency appeal to

"His golden scales, hung forth in heaven,
Which quick up-fly and kick the beam!"

Among the passengers that crowded the Puritan fleet which bore onward to the land of promised liberty there was one, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having many precious gifts," who, with the keenest sympathy for the doctrinal faith and ecclesiastical polity advocated by the Nonconformists, could yet conceive of a higher good than the absolute supremacy of these, as the unbending rule of life in the new state. Roger Williams was little more than thirty years of age when he landed, on the 5th of February, 1631, at the old port of Nantasket, as Hull was called by its Indian owners. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from England, but his sagacious intellect could discern the spirit of intolerance, whether it decked itself in the white surplice and the cassock of Prelacy, or assumed the demure gown of Geneva. He had perceived, amid the strife of opinions and the struggle of rival sects for supremacy, the force of the Scripture's golden rule—the new commandment which Christ gave to His Church, and which includes in its comprehensive summary the whole spirit of the Decalogue graven of old on the tablets of Sinai—"Do to others as ye would that men should do to you." He sought, in the land of promise, a far nobler liberty than that of making it an occasion of bondage to others.

He was not, indeed, perfect. In his desire to divorce the civil from the spiritual power, so as to destroy the source of those evils which he most dreaded in the new state, he undoubtedly ran to some extremes. He maintained that it was wrong for a magistrate to tender an oath to an unregenerate man, "for he would thereby have communication with a wicked man in the worship of God, and cause him to take the name of God in vain." With still greater austerity, he publicly taught "that it was not lawful for an unregenerate man to pray, or for a good man to join in family prayer with those he judged unregenerate." Another opinion of his will not probably sound quite so heinous in modern ears as it did to his old New England auditors, when he told them that the charter of Charles I. was utterly worthless, for the King of England had no right to cede to them the possessions of the Indians. But if ever man had established the right to hold his own opinions unchallenged it was Roger Williams.

His lofty principles of unqualified toleration were scorned and condemned by his fellow emigrants, because they were altogether in advance of his age. Cromwell, perhaps, more than any man of the seventeenth century, was capable of appreciating them, yet it may be doubted if even he had so early discerned the true spirit of liberty. It was the great doctrine by which the Protector of the Commonwealth of England afterward sought to secure her liberty, and to prove himself her protector against her foes, and against herself, no securing the liberty of the Puritans by giving supremacy to Nonconformity, but uprooting Nonconformity as well as despotism, by extending equal liberty to all.

(To be Continued.)

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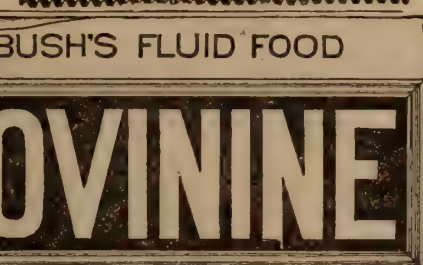
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No glorious deed, no mighty task;
But just to sit and patiently abide,
Wait in My presence, in My word confide.

But oh! dear Lord, I long the sword to wield,
Forward to go, and in the battle field
To fight for Thee, Thine enemies o'erthrow,
And in Thy strength to vanquish every foe.

The harvest-fields spread out before me lie,
The reapers toward me look, and vainly cry—
"The field is white, the laborers are few;"
Our Lord's command is also sent to you."

My child, it is a sweet and blessed thing,
To rest beneath the shadow of My wing;
To feel thy doings and thy words are nought,
To trust to Me each restless, longing thought.

Dear Lord, help me this lesson sweet to learn,
To sit at Thy pierced feet and only yearn
To love Thee better, Lord, and feel that still
Waiting is working if it be Thy will.

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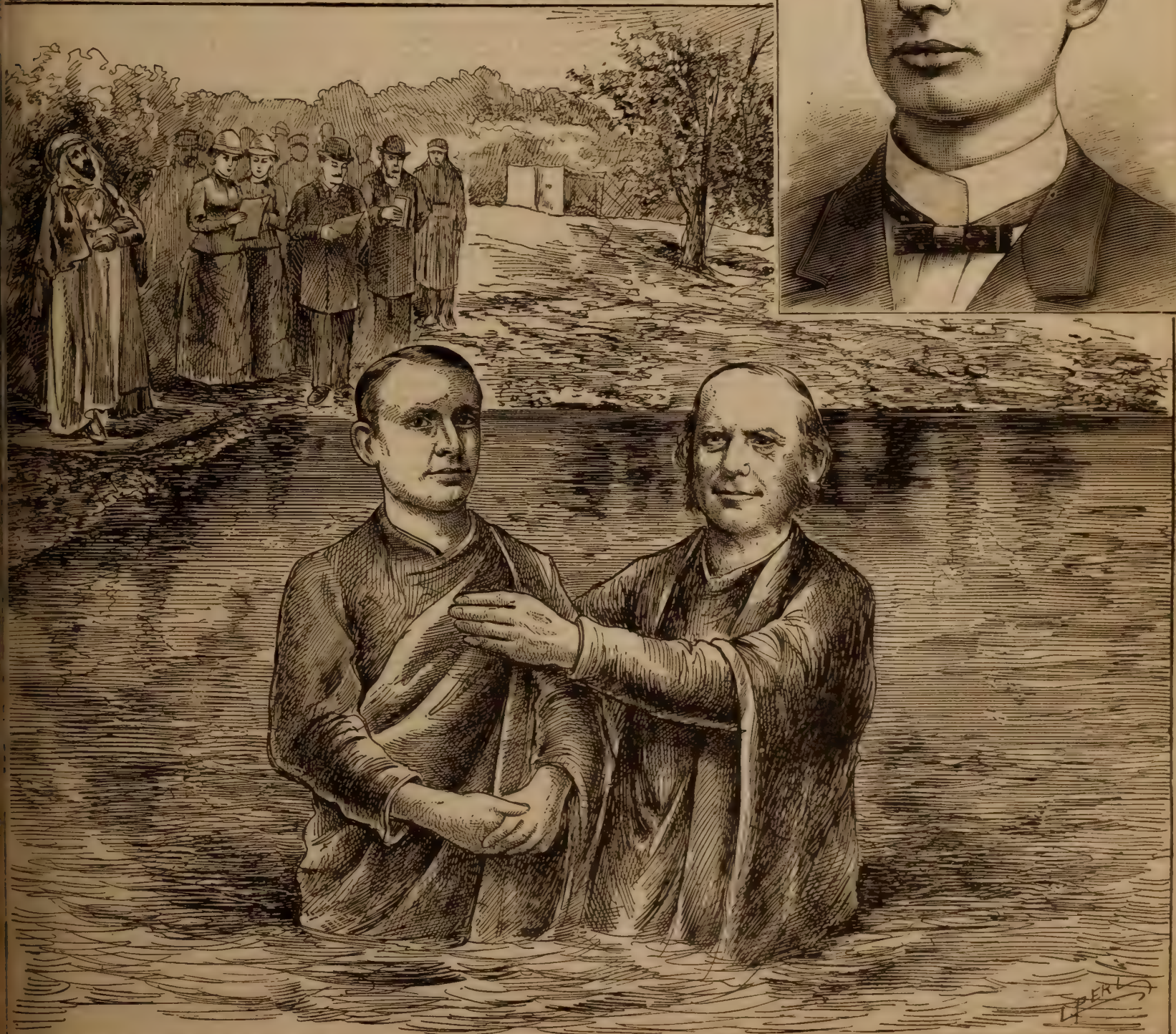
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the Baptism in the Jordan by Dr. Talmage of Mr. Ulysses Grant Houston, of Manhattan, Kans., on Dec. 6, 1889.

THE BAPTISM IN THE JORDAN

On December 6, 1889.

Dr. Talmage and His Party in Jericho—Associations of the City—Meeting with Another American Party—A Pleasant Journey Together—Arrival at the Dead Sea—The Effect of Its Waters—The Ride to the Jordan—A Request by One of the Party—Preparations for Performing the Rite of Baptism—An Appropriate Hymn—Native Witnesses—The Sheik Affected—The Ceremony—Local Tributes to Mr. Houston.

THE picture on the preceding page is engraved from one of a number of photographs brought home from the Holy Land by a member of Dr. Talmage's party, several of which we hope to reproduce in this journal at appropriate times. This picture represents one of the most solemn and deeply interesting incidents of Dr. Talmage's tour—that of the baptism in the river Jordan of Mr. Ulysses Grant Houston, of Manhattan, Kans., a theological student, whose portrait accompanies the illustration. The baptism took place on December 6, 1889, in the presence of two friends and travelling companions of Mr. Houston, and of Dr. Talmage's party, with their dragoman, muleteers, and an Arab sheik, who had been retained to protect the travellers on their journey. Such precautions are necessary now in the neighborhood of Jericho, as they were in the Saviour's time, when "a certain man going to Jericho fell among thieves."

The Journey

commenced at Jericho. This is the third of the cities which have borne that name, and was the city of our Lord's time. The first of the three was that of Rahab, to which the spies went, and which was destroyed by Joshua. The second was built by Hiel, who paid the penalty pronounced by Joshua (Josh. 6:26) against the man who should rebuild the city. His eldest son died when the foundations were laid, and his youngest son died when the gates were set up. There it was that Elisha "healed" the spring of water (II Kings 2:18-21), and near there Zedekiah the king was defeated, and his eyes put out. (II Kings 25:5.) The third city was built under Herod the Great, and improved by Archelaus, who diverted a stream of water from Nœra to water the plain, and it became a city of palms. It was located about half an hour's journey from the site of the earlier city. This Jericho still flourished in Christ's time, and there He wrought the cure of the blind man (Matt. 20:30), and paid His memorable visit to Zaccheus.

From this place, so rich in sacred historical associations, Dr. Talmage and his party set out, mounted on horses, in a southeasterly direction for the north of the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. About half an hour's ride brought them to Riha, or the modern Jericho, a collection of houses built in modern style, and boasting a hotel of some pretensions, whose chief support comes from foreign visitors to the Holy Land. As they passed the hotel three travellers emerged from it whose dress and manner suggested their being

Fellow Countrymen.

The suspicion was confirmed when their leader greeted Dr. Talmage in English. It appeared that he was a Bostonian, and he expressed the pleasure it would afford him and his companions, as they also were going to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, to make the trip in company with the preacher's party. The Bostonian frankly said that he had been concerned in the publication of a hostile criticism on Dr. Talmage's sermons, but he trusted that would not prevent their good-fellowship on such an excursion. In this view Dr. Talmage good-humoredly concurred, and the two parties rode on together in company. In such a scene, and on a road so hallowed by the most wonderful and momentous events of Bible history, merely personal concerns were forgotten in the solemn

Associations of the Locality.

Surrounding them were the mountain-peaks on which Jacob must have looked when with his "staff he crossed this Jordan," and again when he returned, having "become two bands." Over that road the children of Israel must have passed when, having miraculously crossed the Jordan, they went toward Jericho to make their strange processions around its walls. That was the last earthly scene on which the eyes of Elijah rested when, over against Jericho, beyond Jordan, in a chariot of fire, with horses of fire, he "went up by a whirlwind into heaven." And still more impressive was the thought that He who went about doing good had passed this way, had looked upon the same scene, and had worked miracles in those same surroundings.

Little remains now by that road to please the eye. Everything appeals to the imagination and the associations of the past. Ruins are everywhere, and even the structures which still stand, modern as they are, seem to have been built out of the ruins of more imposing edifices, degenerate descendants of far nobler predecessors. Only nature is beautiful there, and she will put on a more intense loveliness still in that coming time when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name; for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Conversation on the subject that was uppermost in all minds—the past glory and present decadence of the country—occupied the party as they rode through the scenes whose names and associations had been familiar to them from childhood. The remarks of the new acquaintances proved that they were well read in Bible history, as well as generally intelligent. About an hour's ride brought the party to the shores of

The Dead Sea,

about which so many strange stories have been related by travellers. It is an inland sea about forty-six miles long, and ten wide at its greatest width. It receives the waters of the Jordan at its northern end, but has no known outlet. The tradition that its exhalations are so poisonous that birds flying over it are overcome and fall into it dead proves incorrect, as the visitors saw several flocks of them pass over it unharmed. But no fish live in it; and on tasting the water it was found to be much more saline than ordinary sea-water, and to have a peculiar taste not unlike sulphuric acid. Several members of the party laved their hands and faces with the water and found that when dry a perceptible deposit of salt remained on the skin. The region bears marks of natural convulsion, especially the deep ghor or chasm by which the Jordan flows into the sea. The whole aspect gives color to the belief that the sea owes its existence to a sunken depression, and that its placid waters lie over the site of the cities of the plain which were destroyed because of the moral degradation of their inhabitants. It is still a gloomy, desolate scene, shunned by the Arabs, and having no village or human habitation on its borders.

The River Jordan,

to the Christian the most interesting stream in the whole world, was not far away, and the travellers, after spending half an hour on the shores of the Dead Sea, remounted their horses and rode thitherward. In about three-quarters of an hour their eyes were gladdened by a sight of the river. Not a great river, certainly. Its length from source to mouth is only 200 miles, and only 136 in a straight line. Its width varies from 45 to 180 feet, and its depth from 3 to 12 feet. An insignificant river, truly, but how rich in associations! Its waters have been parted to let the great host pass through dryshod. (Joshua 3:15, 17.) They parted again when Elijah and Elisha passed through (II Kings 2:8), and they gave the first proof that the spirit of Elijah had fallen upon Elisha. It was in its despoiled waters that Naaman, the Syrian, dipped seven times, and was cleansed of his leprosy. (II Kings 5:14.) But still more precious are its New Testament associations. In one of its numerous quiet eddies John baptized when "all Jerusalem and all Judea went out to him and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins" (Matt. 3:5, 6), and—crowning glory of all—in its waters the God-man Himself was baptized, and as He came up those very banks the heavens opened and the voice of God Himself proclaimed His Sonship. (Matt. 3:16, 17.) It was indeed a privilege to stand upon those banks, and one that was evidently appreciated by every member of the party.

On the way Mr. Houston had fallen into conversation with a member of Dr. Talmage's party, and had delicately broached a request which was evidently a matter of very strong desire on his part. He said that he had often heard Dr. Talmage preach, and had been much blessed under him. He would count it a high privilege to be baptized by him, and a still greater privilege if the rite could take place in the Jordan. His desire was communicated to the Doctor, and he cheerfully consented. Three o'clock was the time set for the ceremony, and meantime the tents were pitched, and one of the servants who could swim tested the bottom of the river for a suitable place for the cere-

mony, as there are deep places at intervals near the banks, and an accident was possible.

It was a delightful day, and though the month was December, the temperature was that of a summer day. At the hour appointed, Dr. Talmage emerged from his tent clad in a long brown robe borrowed for the occasion from the sheik. It was not unclerical in shape, though somewhat short for the Doctor's tall form. The candidate for baptism had secured a long white robe from the Nubian attendant of his party, and thus clad, came to the bank where Dr. Talmage, and the other members of the party waited. It was an interesting group, composed of the American ladies and gentlemen, the sheik, the muleteers and other attendants.

The Service

was opened by singing. No hymn-books were at hand, but the ladies of the party had provided for that deficiency while the tents were being pitched and the Doctor and Mr. Houston were robing themselves. They had written out from memory the stanzas, so appropriate to the occasion and the scene, which now rose in cadence on the river bank:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

It was a solemn scene; even the sheik was affected by it. To the surprise of the Americans he prostrated himself on the earth and prayed to Allah, as if the spirit of worship could not be resisted. As the singing ceased, he rose and closely watched the ceremony. Dr. Talmage then led in prayer, invoking the Divine presence and blessing. Opening his Bible, he then read from the third chapter of Matthew the account of the baptism of Jesus. The customary questions to the candidate were asked, and satisfactory answers were given. Dr. Talmage then read his commission in Matthew 28:19, 20, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," etc. Looking the candidate squarely in the face, Dr. Talmage said: "In this historic river, which parted three times to let God's people pass dryshod, in which Naaman plunged seven times for healing from disease, and from the banks of which Elijah ascended in equipage of fire, and in which Christ was baptized, and which for ages has been the symbol of the division between earth and heaven, I baptize thee." Then taking the candidate by the hand, he led him into the water. Reaching the sufficient depth he immersed him three separate times, repeating the usual formula: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, after which he pronounced the benediction. At the close of the ceremony Dr. Talmage said: "The ordinance was observed under the direction of no particular denomination of Christians, and no particular Church could be responsible for it, I feel it my duty to report what I did to the Church universal."

After the ceremony, and when Dr. Talmage and Mr. Houston had resumed their usual attire, the latter went to Dr. Talmage and thanked him for acceding to his request; and said, reverently, that it would be a blessed and hallowing memory while he so long as he lived. Dr. Talmage took of his note-book and wrote a baptismal certificate stating the time and place of the administration of the rite, which he handed to Mr. Houston.

The Candidate.

Concerning the young man who was thus baptized, and whose portrait appears on the first page of the *News*, of New Haven, Conn., says that last summer he was under the tuition of Prof. W. V. Haskell of that city, making a special study of New Testament Greek, with the intention of entering Yale University, but had deferred entering for time. A deeply interesting work of art, "one of the most interesting that it had ever been the writer's good fortune to see," designed and executed by Mr. Houston, was in October, 1889, on exhibition in the Yale Reading-Room. The *News* says: "It

Houston has also patented an 'Educational Model of the Universe,' which presents very ingenious methods of illustrating the movements of the human body, and also material illustrations of mental and moral truth. The model is now at the Northwestern University, in Chicago. His invention for illustrating the movements and positions of the planets of our solar system is very ingenious. In the same mechanism are represented a heavenly plane, a terrestrial plane, a spiritual plane, a vicious plane, a plane of art, a commercial plane, and a portion of a celestial plane exterior to a portion of the solar system. Ex-President Porter is greatly interested in his mechanism for representing the free action of the will, and other mental and moral truth. Prof. Thayer, of the Howard Divinity School, has also shown great interest in the work. When in England, Prof. Drummond and many of the English scholars became interested in his work."

A MEXICAN BELLE.

A GRAPHIC description of a beautiful Indian girl from the pen of Mrs. Lew Wallace, appears in a contemporary. It shows how lovely a coporeal form may be the abode of a soul untaught and untrained. It is very sad to think how many such girls and bright boys there are in Mexico who might be won for Christ if Bishop H. C. Riley had sufficient funds to multiply the excellent schools he has in Mexico, and from which already several have come forth to preach the good tidings of salvation. Mrs. Lew Wallace says:

"There passes my window at this moment a young Indian girl from Tezuque. She is dark but comely, and without saddle or bridle sits astride her burro in cool defiance of city prejudice. Gayly dressed, with ready and quick smile, showing the whitest teeth, we call her Bright Alfarata, though the interpreter says her true name is Rising Moon. Neither of us understands a word of the other's language, so I beckon to her. She springs to the ground with the supple grace of an antelope, and comes to me, holding out a thin, slender hand the tint of Florentine bronze, seats herself on the window-sill, and we converse in what young lovers are eased to call eloquent silence. Her burro will not stray, but lingers patiently about, like the lamb she resembles in face and temper, and nibbles the sweet grass which fringes the acequia. I think his mistress must be a lady of high degree, she wears such a holiday air, unusual with Indian women, and is so richly adorned with beads of strung perikinkles. She wears loose moccasins—shoes of lence—which cannot hide the delicate and shapely outline of her feet, leggins of deer-skin, a skirt reaching below the knee, and a loose waist of cotton. Her head has no covering but glossy jet-black hair, banged in front, and is tricked off behind the ears in the shape of a wheel, which resembles the handle of a cup—the distinguishing fashion of maidenhood now, as it was more than three hundred years ago. Tied by a scarlet cord across her forehead is a pendant of opaline shell, the lining of a mussel-shell. Our pueblo belle wraps about her a flowing mantle which has followed the march of progress."

A NEW ZEALAND HERO.

It is the fashion for worldly persons to speak lightly of the value of missionary work in heathen lands. An incident commemorated in a stained-glass window is a standing reproof to all such cavillers. The window is in the Cathedral of Exeter, England, of which the good Dr. Selwyn, the famous missionary to New Zealand, afterward became Bishop. It was presented by army officers who had served in New Zealand, as a mark of gratitude for the Bishop's kindness when he and they were in that country. One of its panels depicts the Bishop in the act of pouring out the longed-for water of the well of Bethlehem, procured for him by "the three mighty men" at the risk of their lives. This medallion commemorates the similar heroic action of a Christian Maori, who had been a pupil of Dr. Selwyn's when he was in New Zealand. His Maori, Henere Taratoa, when the war broke out felt bound to join his tribe. He was placed in charge of a fortified village known as the formidable "Gate Pa." The British troops stormed the place and were repulsed with great slaughter. Several wounded officers were left inside the village, and some of them feebly moaned for water. There was no water to be had, the nearest being within the British lines. At night this young Christian Maori crept down, at the risk of his life, within the line

of English sentries, filled a vessel with water, and carried it back to the pa to refresh his dying enemy's lips. The next day the British again stormed the place, and Henere was killed. Whoever might speak lightly of Christian missions after that, it would not be the wounded British officer, who, as he refreshed himself with the cooling drink, had reason to bless God that Bishop Selwyn had taught a young Maori to obey the Master's command, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

A GRATEFUL JAPANESE FATHER.

IN Tsuruga, Japan, where the Rev. Theodosius S. Tyng recently commenced mission work, is located the headquarters of the idolatrous Shinshu religion. It was a most discouraging field of labor, but Mr. Tyng now writes to the *Spirit of Missions* a most hopeful report of his success and future prospects. He says: As a matter of course the opposition to Christianity is stronger than in any other part of the country; but the religious spirit is also stronger, and though our work may be slow, we are likely to have here very earnest and steady Christians when once they are brought in. So far the work has developed with most unexpected rapidity. Our first service, in a theatre, was held at the end of June, and I have already baptized five adults and three children. They are all from one family—a retired physician and his wife, with a married son and daughter-in-law, daughter, and three younger children. The father, who had before been favorable to Christianity, was greatly influenced to become a Christian by the remarkable reformation under the influence of the Gospel of his son, who had before been very dissipated. The older man is possessed of some means, and has offered to give a *kura*, or fire-proof storehouse, to be turned into a church. It is 30 x 48 feet in size, strongly built, and will answer its purposes admirably. Of course I am delighted to have the church, and still more delighted with the earnestness which has led this man to make such an offering to God on the very day of his baptism. He will contribute something also toward fitting up the building, and I hope to have it ready for use very shortly.

A SICK MOTHER'S SUFFERING IN INDIA.

IN a little pamphlet issued by Mrs. George D. Dowkontt, the wife of the devoted servant of Christ, who is training medical missionaries in New York for service in heathen lands, she cites several incidents in proof of the fact that in the cause of mercy and common humanity there is awful need of intelligent, trained Christian physicians of both sexes to go out. One of these incidents is from the pen of Miss Emma J. Cummings, M. D., who is laboring as a missionary in India. That lady says:

"I shall never forget (I wish I could) one experience that I had; I was called up at midnight to see a woman in the last stages of puerperal fever.

"I found her tossing and muttering in a delirium that ran into stupor and then death. I did what I could to make her comfortable, bathing the hot skin, and moistening the parched lips, etc., then inquired if the child—born seven days before—were living. One of the women answered indifferently, 'Yes, it's alive yet.' I asked where it was, and she replied, 'Oh, it is in there,' pointing to another room, 'but never mind the baby; it's not worth while to do anything for it; it is nothing but a girl.'"

"I went in at once, and found the poor little thing lying on a rough cord bedstead, with only one thickness of thin cloth beneath it. It had never been washed, and for four days had not been fed, and every tiny bone was visible through the drawn skin.

"Physician though I am, my eyes filled with tears as I took up the little skeleton. I did what I could to save, but a merciful Father took the little soul to where it would be loved and developed, even though it had been 'only a girl,' and as I thought of the blessed change I thanked Him that my efforts had been unavailing. The mother died a few hours later, but I wonder if you ladies, in your refined homes, can imagine the death scene in India? No sooner did they learn that death was near, than neighbors began to swarm in, until the miserable hut had twenty or thirty in, all vying with each other in groaning, shrieking, smiting their chests, and screaming. In vain I showed them that the noise was torture to her poor brain, and that her head began to roll from side to side again. I could not even keep them from throwing themselves full weight on her poor chest, laboring harder and harder in the effort to get her breath, and when I

wanted to give a few drops of medicine, but failed because her jaws were already set, I turned cold and faint to see her own mother strike her to compel her to swallow. I saw that I could do no good, and as the strain was too severe to be borne unnecessarily, I left her two hours before she died, but the scene haunted me for months."

The International Medical Missionary Society which Dr. Dowkontt has organized has several students in training for the work abroad. They are taught medical science by Dr. Dowkontt, and they gain experience by accompanying him in his missions of mercy to the homes of the poor in New York. Contributions to aid the Doctor in his work may be sent to him at 118 East 45th St., New York.

THE WORK IN LONE WOLF'S CAMP.

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that the mission in the Indian Territory which, through their gifts, the Rev. W. F. Re Qua has been enabled to establish, is prospering. Chief Lone Wolf has sent his own son to Mr. Re Qua's school, and all the children are making progress and showing an eager desire for knowledge. Three more teachers, who are able to maintain themselves, have volunteered to this truly Christian work, and are now laboring there for Christ, teaching the Kiowa children and their mothers the doctrines of the gospel and the arts of civilization. The Kiowa women are learning to cut out and make garments, and are delighted with the accomplishment. Mr. Re Qua writes in excellent spirits about the work, and expresses his conviction that in one or two years at most the mission will be self-supporting. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who has contributed to this enterprise must feel thankful that he made the sacrifice. It is a truly missionary, Christ-like work right at our own doors, for the Kiowas were in utter darkness when Mr. Re Qua went among them. The good, self-denying missionary, who, with his devoted wife, quitted his comfortable home and gave up his regular salary to go out to this arduous work, has been sustained almost entirely by the readers of this journal, and we earnestly hope that they will continue to regard it as their concern, and keep him in the field. He requests us to gratefully acknowledge in his behalf \$417.35 received from our readers last year. Also six barrels and four boxes of clothing. Mr. Re Qua and his wife are full of faith and hope, and make light of the hardships through which they have passed. They believe that God has called them to the work, and will support them in it in the years to come. McAlester is now a money-order office, so that such of our readers who may prefer it may now send money-orders or cheques, instead of currency, to him. His address is, Rev. W. F. Re Qua, McAlester, Ind. Ter.

"THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD."

SPEAKING of her religious experience in a meeting of God's people, held in New York a short time ago, Mrs. J. F. Willing, the accomplished wife of a Methodist minister stationed in that city, related the following account of the way in which she was led to an even and blessed state of walking with God. "What we get of the Lord," she said, "we get by faith. I used to have a great many ups and downs in my life of entire devotion to God. I held my consecration intact to the limit of my knowledge, and I trusted hourly that Christ cleansed my soul, but my experience was variable. A friend came to me at Lake Bluff, where we were summering, and began to tell me of revelations of Christ to her heart that quite staggered me. She had lived with me; and I never knew anybody whose profession of perfect love would more surely stand the microscope, but I was afraid she was getting a little fanatical. We went East together to some camp-meetings, and the Lord took hold of me one night to show me the defects in my trust. In His light every little fault—'infirmity,' as I had called it—seemed a fearful blotch. For five mortal hours I was under that calcium light, and it seemed as though soul and body would part under the pressure. At last I was reminded that according to my faith it would be done unto me. So I took 1 John 5:14, 15. I said, 'It is according to His will He hears me, and I know that I have the petition that I desire of him.' So, without an iota of feeling that it was done, I asserted that Christ was now my Saviour from all these things that so surely perplexed me; and He would keep me in what a barefoot Carmelite lay brother of the seventeenth century called 'the practice of the presence of God.' From that hour there have been no more ups and downs."

TREATMENT OF PARENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning,
March 16, 1890.

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."
Prov. 10:1.

The Significance of Bible Names—Parents Sometimes the Cause of Unfilial Conduct—An Experience in a Farm-House—Why Vice-President Wilson Changed His Name—Reasons for Forbearance—The Trials of Parents with the Boys—A Mother's Cakes in a Hospital—How a Foolish Son Makes Heavy-Hearted Parents—He Hurts the Family Pride—The Trust of a Great Name—Comes in Old Age—Is Heinous Ingratitude—The Memory of an Old Cradle—Means Spiritual Disaster—Mother in Heaven Waiting News.

ALL parents want their children to turn out well. However poorly father and mother may have done themselves, they want their sons and daughters to do splendidly. Up to forty years of age parents may have ambitions for themselves, after that their chief ambitions are for their children. Some of the old-time names indicate this. The name of Abner means "his father's lamp." The name Abigail means "her father's joy." And what a parental delight was Solomon to David, and Samuel to Hannah, and Joseph to Jacob! And the best earthly staff that a father has to lean on is a good son, and the strongest arm a mother has to help her down the steep of years is of a grateful child.

But it is not a rare thing to find people unfilial, and often the parents are themselves to blame. Aged persons sometimes become querulous and snappy, and the children have their hands full with the old folks. Before entering my profession I was for three months what is called a colporteur. One day in the country districts I stopped at the house of a good, intelligent, genial farmer. The hospitality of such a country house is especially pleasing to me, for I was born in the country. This farmer and his wife were hardworking people, but tried to make their home agreeable and attractive. The farmer's father, about sixty-five years of age, and his grandfather, about ninety, were yet alive and with him. Indeed, there were

Four Generations in the House,

for the farmer had some little children playing about the room. We gathered at the dining-table. After the blessing was asked the farmer put some of the meat upon his plate and courteously passed it to me, when his father of sixty-five years of age cried out to his son, who was at least thirty years of age: "Why do you not pass the meat as you always do, and let us take it off the plate ourselves? you are trying to show off because we have company." Meanwhile his grandfather of ninety sat with his hat on at the table, his face unclean, and his apparel untidy. Still the farmer kept his patience and equipoise, and I never think of him without admiration. He must have had more grace than I ever had.

Because people are old they have no right to be either ungentlemanly or uncanny. There are old people so disagreeable that they have nearly broken up some homes. The young married man with whom the aged one lives stands it because he has been used to it all his life, but the young wife, coming in from another household, can hardly endure it, and sometimes almost cries her eyes out. And when little children gather in the house, they are afraid of the venerable patriarch, who has forgotten that he ever was a child himself, and cannot understand why children should ever want to play "hide and seek," or roll hoop, or fly kite, and he becomes impatient at the sound from the nursery, and shouts with an expenditure of voice that keeps him coughing fifteen minutes afterwards, "Boys! stop that racket!" as though any boy that ever amounted to anything in the world did not begin life by making a racket!

Profligate Parents.

Indeed, there are children who owe nothing to their parents, for those parents have been profligates. My lamented friend, good and Christian and lovely Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, in early life changed his name. Henry Wilson was not his original name. He dropped his father's name because that father was a drunkard and a disgrace, and the son did not feel called upon to carry such a carcass all his life. While children must always be dutiful, I sympathize with all young people who have disagreeable or unprincipled old folks around the house. Some of us, drawing out of our memories, know that it is possible, after sixty or seventy or eighty or ninety years of age, for the old to be kind and genial; and

the grandest adornment of a home is an aged father and an aged mother, if the process of years has mellowed them. Besides that, if your old parents are hard to get along with now, you must remember there was a time when they had hard work to get along with you. When you were about five or seven or ten or twelve years of age what a time they had with you! If they had kept a written account of your early pranks and misdoings, it would make a whole volume. That time when you gave your little sister a clip; that time when you explored the depth of a jar of sweet things for which you had no permission; that havoc you one day made with your jack-knife; that plucking from the orchard of unripe fruit; that day when, instead of being at school, as your parents supposed, you went a-fishing; and many a time did you imperil your young life in places where you had no business to climb or swim or venture. To get you through your first fifteen years with your life and your good morals was a fearful draft upon parental fidelity and endurance. Indeed, it may be that much of this present physical and mental weakness in your parents may have been a result of

Your Early Waywardness.

You made such large and sudden drafts upon the bank of their patience that you broke the bank. They were injured in being thrown while trying to break the colt. It is a matter of only common honesty that you pay back to them some of the long-suffering which they paid to you. A father said to his son, "Surely no father ever had as bad a boy as I have." "Yes," said the son, "my grandfather had." It is about the same from generation to generation, and parents need to be patient with children, and children dutiful to their parents. Taking it for granted that those who hear me to-day have had a good parentage, I want to urge upon all the young the fact that the happiness and longevity of parents much depend upon the right behavior of their children, and I can do this no more effectually than by demonstrating the truth of my text, "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

A Visit to a Hospital.

Perhaps some young man astray may be brought back by a thought of how they feel about him at home. A French soldier lay wounded and dying in the hospital at Geneva, Switzerland. His father, at home, seventy years of age, heard of his son's suffering, and started, and took the long journey, and found the hospital; and as he entered the son cried: "O father, I am so glad you have come to see me die." "No," said the father; "you are not going to die; your mother is waiting for you, and I am going to take you home; I have brought you money and everything you need." "No," said the soldier, "they give me here everything that is nice to eat, but I have no appetite, and I must die." Then the father took from his knapsack a loaf of rye-bread such as the plain people of his country ate, and said, "Here is a loaf of bread your mother made, and I am sure you can eat this; she sent it to you." Then the soldier brightened up, and took the bread and ate it, and said, "It is so good, the bread from home, the bread that my mother made!" No wonder that in a few days he had recovered. O young man, wounded in the battle of life, and discouraged, given up by yourself, and given up by others, the old folks at the country fireside have not given you up. I bring you bread from home. It may be plain bread, but it is that bread of which if a man eat he never again shall hunger. Bread from home!

The Family Pride.

Carrying out the idea of my text, I remark that a reckless or dissipated son makes a heavy-hearted parent because it hurts the family pride. It is not the given name, or the name which you received at the christening, that is injured by your prodigality. You cannot hurt your name of John or George or Henry or Mary or Frances or Rachel, because there have been thousands of people, good and bad, having those names, and you cannot improve or depreciate the respectability of those given names. But it is your last name, your family name, that is at your mercy. All who bear that name are bound, before God and man, not to damage its happy significance. You are charged, by all the generations of the past and all the generations to come, to do your share for the protection and the honor and the integrity of that name. You have no right, my young friend, by a bad life to blot the old family Bible containing the story of the marriages and births and deaths of the years gone by, or to cast a blot upon the family Bibles whose records are

yet to be opened. There are in our American city-directories names that always suggest commercial dishonesty or libertinism or cruelty or meanness, just because one man or woman bearing that name cursed it forever by miscreancy. Look out how you stab the family name! It is especially dear to your mother. She was not born under that name. She was born under another name, but the years passed on and she came to young womanhood, and she saw some one with whom she could trust her happiness, her life, and her immortal destiny; and she took his name, took it while the orange blossoms were filling the air with fragrance, took it with joined hands, took it while the heavens witnessed. She chose it out of all the

Family Names

since the world stood, for better or worse, through sickness and through health, by cradles and by graves. Yea, she put off her old family name to take the family name you now wear, and she has done her part to make it an honorable name. How heavy a trouble you put upon her when, by misdeeds, you wrench that name from its high significance! To haul it down from your mother's forehead and trample it in the dust would be criminal. Your father's name may not be a distinguished name, but I hope it stands for something good. It may not be famous, like that of Homer, the father of epic poetry, or Izaak Walton, the father of angling, or Aeschylus, the father of tragedy, or Ethelwold, the father of monks, or Herodotus, the father of history, or Thomas Aquinas, the father of moral philosophy, or Abraham, the father of the faithful, but your father has a name in a small circle as precious to him as theirs in a larger circle. Look out how you tarnish it!

Further, the recklessness and dissipation of a young man are a cause of parental distress at a time when the parent is less able to bear it. The vicissitudes of life have left their impression upon those parents. The eye is not as clear as once, nor the hearing as acute, nor the nerves as steady, nor the step as strong, and with the tide of incoming years comes the weight of unfilial behavior. You take your parents at a great disadvantage, for they cannot stand as much as they once could. They have not the elasticity of feeling with which once they could throw off trouble. That shoulder, now somewhat bent, cannot bear as heavy a burden as once it could. At the time when the machinery getting worn out you put upon it the most terrific strain. At sixty and seventy years the vitality not so strong as at thirty or forty. Surely they are descending

The Down Grade of Life

swiftly without increasing the momentum. They will be gone soon enough without your pushing them away. Call in all the doctors who ever lived since Hippocrates raised medicine from a superstition to a science, and they could not cure the heartbreak of a mother over her ruined boy. There may be as some suppose, enough herbs on earth, if discovered, to cure all the ailments of the body; but not one save a leaf from the tree of the heavenly Paradise can cure a wound made by a foolish son who the heaviness of his mother.

Perhaps it is a good thing that cruel treatment by a child abbreviates a parent's life; for what there desirable in a father's life or a mother's if its peace is gone? Do you not think death something beneficent if it stops the mother's heart from aching and her eyes from weeping, and say, "You need not bear the excruciation any longer. Go and sleep. I will put the defence of a marble slab between you and that boy's outrages. Go now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"? At the departure of such mothers let the music be an anthem instead of a dirge. While you and I hear no sound, yet there are at this moment tens of thousands of parental heart-breaking. All care was taken with the boy's schooling, all good counsels given, and the equipment of a sober and earnest and useful life was provided, but it has all gone, and the foolish son has become the heaviness of his mother.

The Ingratitude of It.

Much of the poignancy of the parental grief arises from the ingratitude of such behavior. What an undertaking it is to conduct a family through the ailments and exposures of early life. Talk about the skill demanded of a sea-captain commanding a ship across the ocean! That requires less skill than to navigate a young soul safely across the infantile and boyhood years. The sicknesses that assault, the temptations that

trap, the anxieties that are excited! Young man, you will never know what your mother has suffered for you. You will never know how your father has toiled for you. You have been in all their thoughts, in all their plans, in all their prayers, from the time your first breath was drawn to this moment's respiration. What they could do for your health, what they could do for your happiness, what they could do for your mind, what they could do for your soul, have been absorbing questions. To earn livelihood for you has not always been an easy thing for your father. By what fatigues of body and what disturbances of mind, and long years of struggle, in which sometimes the losses were greater than the gains, he got bread for you, paying for in the sweat of his own brow and the red drops of his own heart's blood! He looks older than he ought to look at his years, for it has been work, work, work. Many a time

He Felt Like Giving Up

in the battle, but then he looked at your helplessness and the helplessness of the household, and then he served himself up anew and said: "By the help of God I will not stop; my children must have home and education and advantages, and a comfortable living in the world, and I must get a little something ahead, so that if I am taken away these help-ones will not be turned out on the cold charities of the world." Yes, your father has been a good friend to you. He has never told any one, and he never will tell any one, of the sacrifices he has made for you. And he is ready to keep right on until that hand that has been toiling for you all these years shall come the very numbness of death. You cannot afford to break his heart. But you are doing it. Yes, you are. You have driven the dagger clear in up to the hilt.

And your mother—I warrant she has never told you much about the nights when you were down with scarlet fever, or diphtheria, and she slept not wink, or falling into drowsiness, your first cry awakened her, and brought the words, "What is my dear?" Oh, if the old rocking-chair could speak! Oh, if the cradle could only tell its story of years! And when you got better, and were fretful and hard to please, as is usual in convalescence, she kept her patience so well, and was as kind as you were unreasonable and cross. Oh, midnights motherly watching, how can you keep silence? Speak out and tell that wandering young man the story that he so much needs to hear.

By the bye, I wonder what has become of

Our Old Cradle

in which all of us children were rocked! I must kiss my sister when I see her next time. We were a large family, and that old cradle was going good many years. I remember just how it looked. It was old-fashioned and had no tapestry. Its sides and canopy all of plain wood, but there was a great deal of sound sleeping in that cradle, and many aches and pains were soothed by it as it rocked to and fro by day and night. Most vividly I remember that the rockers, which came out from under the cradle, were on the top and side very smooth, so smooth that they actually glistened. They must have been worn smooth by a foot that long ago ceased its journey. How tired the foot that pressed it must sometimes have got! But it did not stop for that. It went right on and rocked Phebe the first, and for DeWitt the last. And it was a cradle like that, or perhaps of modern make and richly upholstered, in which your mother rocked you. Can it be that for all that care and devotion you are paying her back with harsh words, or neglects, or a wicked life? Then I must tell you that you are the "foolish son who is the saviness of his mother." Better

Go Home and Kiss Her,

and ask her forgiveness. Kiss her on the lips that have so often prayed for you. Kiss her on the forehead that so often ached for you. Kiss her on the eyes that have so often wept over you. Better right away, for she will be dead before long. And how will you feel then after you realize it is your waywardness that killed her? Romulus made law against patricide, or the slaying of a father, fratricide, or the slaying of a mother, because he considered such crimes impossible, and for six hundred years there was not a crime of that sort in Rome. But then came Lucius Ostius, and slew his father, proving the crime possible. Now, do you not think that the child who by wrong behavior sends his father to a premature grave is a patricide, and who by misconduct hastens a mother into the tomb is a matricide?

The heaviness of parents over a son's depravity is all the greater because it means spiritual disaster and overthrow. That is the worst thing about it. In the pension regulations a soldier receives for loss of both hands or feet \$72. For loss of one hand and one foot \$36. For loss of a hand or foot \$30. For loss of both eyes \$72. But who can calculate the value of a whole man ruined body, mind, and soul? How can parents have any happiness about your future destiny, oh young man gone astray? Can such opposite lives as you and they are living come out at the same place? Can holiness and dissipation enter the same gate? Where is the little prayer that was taught you at your mother's knee? Is the God they loved and worshipped your God? It is your soul about which they are most anxious, your soul that shall live after the earth itself shall be girdled with flames, and the flames, dying down, will leave the planet only a live coal, and the live coal shall have become ashes, and then the ashes shall be scattered by the whirlwinds of the Almighty.

"But," says some young man, "my mother is gone; my behavior will not trouble her any more."

"Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed

With me but roughly since I heard thee last."

What! Is she dead? How you startle me! Is she dead? Then perhaps

You Have Her Picture.

Hang it up in your room in the place where you oftenest look. Go and study her features, and while you are looking the past will come back, and you may hear her voice, which is now so still, speak again, saying: "From my heavenly home, my dear boy, I solicit your reformation and salvation. Go to the Christ who pardoned me, and He will pardon you. My heaven will not be complete till I hear of your changing. But I will hear of it right away, for there is joy up here when one sinner repenteth; and oh, if the next news of that kind that comes up here might come up regarding you, oh my child of many tears and anxieties and prayers! Come, my boy, do you not hear your mother's voice? O my son, my son, would God that I could die for thee! O my son, my son! Young man! what news for heaven would be your conversion. Swifter than telegraphic wire ever carried congratulations to a wedding or a coronation would fly heavenward the news of your deliverance; and whether the one most interested in your salvation were on river-bank, or in the temple, or on the battlements, or in the great tower, the message would be instantly received, and before this service is closed angel would cry to angel: "Have you heard the news? Out yonder is a mother who has just heard of her wayward boy's redemption. Another prodigal has got home. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! Amen!"

THE CONVERSION OF A LADY IN INDIA.

AN account is given by Miss Fulton in the *Indian Female Evangelist* of the conversion of a Hindoo lady, a Begum, named Pujari, who is the first-fruit of her zenana work. This lady was gentle and refined, the wife of a man leading a wicked life, but, up to the time of her conversion, not unkind to her. She had learned to read, and derived much comfort from the Scriptures. Miss Fulton says: "As she had been ailing for some time, I advised her to go to Lucknow to be treated by Dr. Alice Marston. Strange to say, her husband took her to the hospital there. At the Zenana Mission Hospital the Begum heard more about the Saviour she was beginning to love; and though she returned to her home, she now began to think seriously of coming out and declaring herself a Christian. This desire could not remain concealed from her husband, and then began a course of persecution which eventually drove her from her home. She used to sit up late at night reading her Testament, and he would taunt her and call her a 'purdit' and a 'saint.' He told her if she became a Christian she would soon be begging on the streets! He even threatened to poison her. But He who said, 'Not a hair of your head shall perish,' was watching over this poor persecuted woman. Four times she went to the hospital in Lucknow, each time meaning to leave her home and confess Christ, but she yielded to her husband's entreaties and went back to him, not to receive the kindness he promised, but to be treated more cruelly than ever. About three months ago, Pujari Begum finally left her husband, and went to her mother in Lucknow. Being familiar with the Medical Mission Hospital, she found her way there, and declared her intention of being baptized. From the hospital she sent me

a letter, and I at once sent the teacher she knew, and brought her here. I expected to see a trembling, agitated woman, but, instead of this, there she was, calm and quiet, and when I asked her how she was so, she said, 'I am wondering at myself, but I have given myself to Jesus, and He is giving me this peace.' The next day Mr. Baumann came, and she confessed her faith publicly by baptism.

A REMARKABLE HEATHEN PROPHECY.

THESE are times of marvels in missions. Here is an incident of the work of the Baptist Missionary Society among the Telugus by Rev. Dr. Clough. He was making a visit at Ravalporum, a village thirty miles from Ongole. When he reached the village, he pitched his tent at a spot where, unknown to himself at the time, a fakir some twenty-five years before had prophesied that a teacher from God would at some time pitch his tent, and would bring a message to the people from God. It seems this fakir who made the prophecy ordered the people to keep three big pots of *ghee* (clarified butter), and give them over to the teachers whom God would send them. So when Dr. Clough pitched his tent on the designated spot, the people brought the pots of *ghee*, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He took them, and stuffing old rags into each of the pots, lighted them, making a great blaze throughout the night. This attracted the people, and they came in crowds, and the golden opportunity was seized for preaching Christ. Hundreds heard the word of salvation in the light of this blaze, before which idols were brought out and broken in pieces. The preaching was continued until dawn, and for some days subsequently. It was a remarkable scene, and it is believed many saving impressions were produced. Nearly 1,500 of these Telugu people are reported to have received Christian baptism since the beginning of 1889.

A SOLDIER'S SHELTER FROM BULLETS.

CHRISTIAN workers are often surprised that many persons who attend our churches, and who profess to believe the doctrines taught there, and who do not doubt that the day of God's wrath will yet come upon the earth, do not seek the safe shelter of Christ's atoning sacrifice. Too often they are trusting in their own merits, their church-membership, or unstained moral character as their refuge in the day of judgment. Over and over again, the Bible teaches the worthlessness of such a shelter. It is seldom in worldly affairs that men trust in an obviously inadequate protection, but one such case is described by General F. A. Walker in his *History of the Second Army Corps*, and the foolish man who figured in it is a good illustration of all who are sheltering themselves in any refuge out of Christ. General Walker says in his description of the battle of Fredericksburg:

It happened that some members of the band of a new nine-months' regiment, whose colonel had ordered "the music" to remain behind while the fighting men went over the bridge, strolled up the bluff, attracted by curiosity; and the fellow whose business it was to beat the big drum set it deliberately down, and cast his eyes in an interested way over the exciting scene—the river wreathed in the smoke of a hundred guns, the city beneath, torn by their bursting shells, the broad plain, and the heights beyond bristling with intrenchments.

Altogether unused to war, the genial recruit had no conception that, at such a distance, he could be in any danger, until suddenly the fire of a battery was turned upon the corps staff close by.

When three solid shot had struck the ground, throwing the mud ten feet into the air, and as many shrapnel had burst in front, sending their fast-spreading fan of bullets whistling over the bluff, a sense of the situation struck our new friend, and, with ludicrous precipitancy, he ensconced himself behind his drum, where, though the case would not have shed a pistol-shot, he cuddled up with an apparent feeling of relief and security, which, fortunately, was not disturbed by the impact of a three-inch ball.

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

THE DECEM-REGAL CONFEDERACY.

By Thomas Neatby.*

The Identity of the Beast—The Roman Empire With Satanic Head—The Ten Kings in League—Anti-Christ their Federal Head—The Little Horn's Blasphemies—The Beast Held Responsible—The Great Persecution—Some Will Come Out of it Undeiled.

IN Revelation 13 and 17 a beast is brought before us, which is evidently the Roman Empire in its last form. In Revelation 13 we read, "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the names of blasphemy." The leading features here identify this beast with the fourth beast of Daniel. Here there is no mention of other beasts, for they had disappeared. Moreover, it is this one with which the Spirit is occupied, because in it

Satan Leads Gentile Power

into open revolt against God, and it is upon it that judgment is executed. There are several things of solemn importance here said of this beast, which we have not yet seen. The most momentous is that which we find in the latter part of verse 2, "and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." This is never said of the Roman Empire in its first form, although the Lord Jesus Christ suffered under it, and although it put to death thousands of His saints. However cruel it was, however wicked were its rulers, it is never said that Satan gave the power to the empire then ruling the world. On the contrary, Christians are told in Romans 13 that the powers that be are all ordained of God. It was from God that the Roman Empire received the power it wielded in its first state, that which existed when the New Testament was written. It inherited providentially the supreme authority, committed by God directly to Nebuchadnezzar. Its future form it will owe its greatness and its authority to Satan.

The Revived Empire.

That the Roman Empire will exist again, and with this striking and frightful difference, will become very clear to you in comparing with the portion we are considering chapter 17 of this book. The "seven heads and ten horns" serve to show that the beast of chapter 17 is the same as the one we are looking at. In verse 8 we have, as distinctly as can be put, the fact that there was a time when the Roman Empire existed, a time of non-existence, and a time of existence anew. In this third condition, the re-existent state—if I may use the word—it will come out of the bottomless pit and go into perdition. This is a truth of awful solemnity! The kingdoms of Europe that formerly belonged to the Roman Empire will be again united as kingdoms under an Imperial head, but it will be by Satanic power, and its end will be "perdition."

In verse 12 we read, "And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power as kings one hour with the beast." We saw that there were ten toes in the image of Daniel. That these ten toes represented kings, or kingdoms; we gathered from the words, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom." They formed, however, a part of the one image; that is, there was imperial unity. It was in these toes that the image was struck by the stone. Now here we have the same thing under another figure. Instead of ten toes in the image we have ten horns upon the beast. This we have seen also in Daniel 7, where the prophet is told that

The Ten Horns are Ten Kings.

The Spirit of God tells us once that these ten horns are ten kings, and adds, "which have received no kingdom as yet." They will receive power as kings one hour with the beast. That is to say, during the same period of time as there is a united empire there will be ten kingdoms. This will be an entirely new thing. Here it is so clearly brought out that I call your attention to it again. There has been a Roman Empire. It had its day and was broken up. Various kingdoms were formed, but the empire ceased to exist. By-and-by this Empire will be resuscitated. Its form will be different, for with an emperor there will be ten vassal kings. This is perfectly clear from the verse just read. It accords entirely with the figure of toes in the image, and with the vision of Daniel 7. We have already seen that it is in this condition that the stone strikes that part of the image which represents Rome, but it destroys the whole image. The

* From his Lecture in the *Prophetic News*; for sale, price six cents, at this office.

judgment before the Ancient of Days tells the same tale in language too clear to require any further comment. We must now see its end, as presented in this chapter.

But is this indeed the end of the "most Christian" nations of Europe? Will kingdoms which now profess the name of Christ give their power to the beast, and with him be led by Satan into

Open War With the Lamb?

Will all the boasted improvements and progress of the day in which we live end thus? As surely as the living God knows the end from the beginning! Do I say it lightly, my brethren? God knows! I blush and grieve for the future of Christendom, for the fast-approaching day of Satan's power in the land through which we pass as strangers and pilgrims to our heavenly home.

The world cast out Christ; it now professes His name. Was the world changed when it took upon itself the profession of Christ? No doubt Christianity civilized the nations of Europe and it became respectable. Thank God for His providential goodness as well as for His rich and precious grace to souls! But has national Christianity made the nations cease to love the world? Have the nations of Christendom written the sentence of the Cross upon "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and pride of life?" Is the world around us—Christian in name though it be—is it affianced to a rejected Christ? Does it even wish to be? Nay, it would rather forget Him who had not where to lay His head, and make itself happy in the scene of all His woes. Nominal Christianity answers its present end. It lulls the conscience and leaves it at liberty to seek its rest and pleasure in present things. It gives also a tone and saivuty to the world which ministers to its comfort; but so little is the world changed, that a very brief space of time will suffice for it to abandon the forms of Christianity. This it will do, as we read in II Thessalonians 2, when the Holy Ghost has led the heavenly Bride to her Lord. But not that only. The powers that are now ordained of God in His providence will give their power to the beast, to whom Satan gave "his power and his seat, and great authority."

We can now turn back to look at one or two important points in the description of the Beast which the Spirit of God gives in chapter 13. "And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed; and all the world

Wondered After the Beast."

That a great empire like Rome should rise to great splendor and gradually decline and even become extinct has caused no surprise. It is the history of all great empires. But, that it should rise again, that it should embrace in its vast extent ten kingdoms with apparently conflicting interests, and that it should reach a greater splendor than ever it attained before, will indeed astonish the world. Tell the world that this is about to happen; tell the "Christian" world that such will be the case; point them to the clear testimony of Scripture here that it will be so, and they will not believe you. How will they then wonder after the beast, when they actually see him! "And

They Worshipped the Dragon

which gave power unto the beast." Satan has so far gained his point. He is worshipped in the person of the beast by those who lately professed the name of Christ. "And there was given to him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given to him to continue forty and two months." This recalls the little horn of Daniel 7, both in his blasphemous character and in the time he is permitted to rule. When we considered the passage in Daniel we saw that the little horn assumed such a preponderance in the empire as to control it and bring down the judgment of God upon the whole. So true is this that the Spirit of God here attributes all the blasphemy of the little horn to the beast, that is, to the future great Latin empire, without giving the history of the little horn itself which we find detailed in the prophecy of Daniel.

It is, however, sadly sufficient to know, as we are taught here, that the great empire of the last days will speak "great things and blasphemies" against the living God. It will be infidel. The principles are already at work which will culminate in this. Alas, that we should have to say it! infidelity rears its hideous head in this so long privileged country, so sadly indeed as to be, to a spiritual mind, an evident prelude of the day we are considering. The platform, the club, the scientific society, the schools, great and small, the pulpit, alas! the family circle,

where once a breath of the sad *miasm* of hell would not have been tolerated, all abound now with infidelity more or less pronounced. Ah me! that I should have to say it of the land of the Bible, the bulwark of orthodox Christianity! And it is called progress! True, all too true—but toward what end?

The Future Empire

will not be infidel only. It will be a blasphemer "against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven." Open revolt against God! Positive blasphemy of His name! Surely we bow our heads in deepest worship as we contemplate the contrast! Apostate Christendom blaspheming God and His habitation, some living stones of which will only recently have disappeared from the streets of the very cities which shall resound with the praises of the beast and the worship of the dragon. But why this wrath against the Church and the saints? Because God has taken to Himself the habitation of His eternal counsels of grace, and bidden the guests to the marriage supper of the Lamb. The casting down of Satan is but the natural consequence in divine counsels of the entrance of these saints into their heavenly home. God will no longer tolerate "wicked spirits in heavenly places." (Eph. 6.) They are cast down forever. Hence the rage of Satan. Hence his determination to make himself worshipped upon earth. Hence his blasphemy against God "and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven." Woe to the inhabitants of the earth!

Pagan Rome has persecuted the saints. Christian Rome has outdone it in shedding the blood of the saints. No wonder that Satanic Rome shall

"War with the Saints."

For God will have His saints even in that dark, rebellious, and blasphemous day. There will be those who come "out of the (the article should be read here) great tribulation and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship Him, whose names are not written, from the foundation of the world, in the book of life of the slain Lamb." Thank God, even in that dark day He will have His witnesses. There will be those who will not "worship the beast, nor his image, neither receive his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands." God knows them all, has their names in the book of life. We find from Rev. 20:4 that they have part in the first resurrection, that is, the resurrection of life, and that they live and reign with Christ a thousand years.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Why Immigrants Come.*

THE course of immigration into the United States may be pictured as a succession of waves. There is always a flood and an ebb, but the succeeding tide is, as a rule, higher than the preceding one. The movement increases, though it does not do so by regular gradations, and there is no sign that we have reached the end of it, or even the end of the increase.

Since 1820 over fifteen million persons have come to this country, and more than one-half of these have come since 1870. No cause that works merely on the disposition or the sentiments can account for such a movement. Some part has been due to political discontent, but that is no longer a determining influence. Political discontent is not so widespread in Europe to-day as it was in 1846. The Socialists do not look upon the American republic as any nearer their ideal than the monarchies of Europe, and they find no better treatment here than at home. Again, it is no potato famine now, as it was in 1846. It is true that in the history of immigration we can trace the effect of economic distress in Europe in increasing immigration, and of economic distress in the United States in decreasing immigration. The great Irish emigration in 1846, and the great German emigration of 1850 were undoubtedly due to famine in the old countries. So also immigration to this country was decreased by the commercial disasters of 1836-37, by the civil war of 1861-64, and by the commercial depression of 1873. But absolute famine is not so frequent in Ireland as it was once, and mere har-

* From *Emigration and Immigration*. A study in Social Science. By Prof. Richmond M. Smith, of Columbia College. Professor Smith leaves unexplored none of the details of the problem, and none of the considerations which bear upon it however remotely. The result of his study is to place in the clearest light the scientific justification and necessity for a change in our entire public policy with regard to immigration. Pp. 31. Price \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

mes extend over the world, and are commonly it as keenly and at the same time in the United tates as in Europe. Doubtless the immigrant es expect to better his economic condition by e migration, but it is not the direct pressure of ant or the definite knowledge of how he will gain at leads him to change his domicile.

Trials of Early Immigrants.

Mr. Friedrich Kapp has given a vivid account of e sufferings of the immigrant during his voyage id upon his landing in New York, previous to the ssage of the passengers' acts and the establish- ent of the board of Commissioners of Emigration. he vessels were small sailing vessels; the emi- ants were crowded into the space between-decks, hich was seldom more than five feet in height, id sometimes less, lighted and ventilated only by e hatches, which were battened down during bad ather; sometimes the orlop-deck below that was o used for passengers. The emigrants were ligned to provide their own food and cook it at e galleys, which were insufficient in number for e passengers, so that there was a constant strug- e to get to them, and the food was badly cooked, ne filth, bad air, and insufficient nourishment ve rise to disease and sickness, against which ere was no adequate provision for medical treat- ent. The emigrants were at the mercy of the utality and greed of the officers and crew of the ip, and often suffered corporal punishment, or ere put on a small allowance of food. The voye- lasted many weeks, often months; the mortal- was enormous, often ten, and sometimes twenty, r cent.; and those who arrived were sick, or en- abled and unable to take care of themselves, and ickly became applicants for admission to the hos- tals and almshouses of the State. Many of these evils have been remedied by the stitution of steamships for sailing vessels, by hich the voyage is shorter and the space and ac- commodations more generous. Legislation has o been invoked to protect the immigrant.

CHRIST AND THE SABBATH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for March 30, Luke 6: 1-16; Golden Text, Heb. 4: 3, 10.

God's Rest in Creation—Rest the Time of Renewal—Mary's Place of Rest—The Sabbath Always a Relation to God—A Commemoration of Deliverance—The Law of Rest—Sabbaths of Weeks and Years—Suffering Entailed by Violating the Law—The Pharisaic Spirit—Censorious Critics—The Lord of the Sabbath—Faith Producing Obedience—Power Given—A Night of Prayer.

God set man the example of Sabbath keeping. On the seventh day (of the creation) God ended his work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from His work which God created and made." (Gen. 2: 3.) If God can rest, surely His children can rest too. If He who has the universe to uphold can stand aside from His labors, so can those whose share of work is so infinitesimal. There is a dignity in God's resting, so unlike the feverishness of fleshly worry. God blessed the day of rest more than all the six days of labor, for it is the day of His satisfaction in His works. It is then we have learned and entered into the great rest that "we which have believed do enter into it," and that "he which hath entered into it, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His," that God can have satisfaction in us.

Rest is the Time for Renewal

of soul and body. Just as the weary brain, the nerves which have been upon the stretch, the over-worked muscles, etc., receive new vigor when the body is resting, so our faith in God and our love to Him are renewed just when and while we lie in Him, and cease from our own works, from initiating anything, that we may simply follow His leading, and do only those "good works which God hath before prepared that we should walk in them." (Eph. 2: 10.) It is not in ceaseless activity, but in Mary's place at the Master's feet, that we are renewed and strengthened.

God gave man the rest time before He gave him labor; He sanctified the Sabbath before He put man into the garden "to dress it and to keep it." He provided rest for His creatures before the weary strife with thorns and thistles began after the fall. The Sabbath had ever a relation to God, and

the atonement rested the convicted sinners whose sins were confessed over the head of the scapegoat (Lev. 16: 21) in their God, who had provided the atonement for them. God's Sabbaths were given, first, because of His own rest on the seventh day (Ex. 20: 11); secondly, in commemoration of deliverance from Egypt, "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. 5: 15.) Again, God's Sabbaths were "a sign between Me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them, . . . that ye may know that I am the Lord your God." (Ezek. 22: 12, 20.) "It is just so in the Sabbath of the soul, which comes from 'the law of the Spirit of life,' or the law of faith, by which we enter into His rest and cease from our own works. True deliverance from Egyptian bondage, 'the law of sin and death,' comes only as we rest in God; it is the sign that God does sanctify us when we can rest in Him and trust 'the power that worketh in us' rather than our own poor efforts; it is the attitude of soul in which we can truly 'know the Lord our God.' So much did the Lord insist on this

Law of Rest,

that He instituted Sabbaths of days, of weeks, of years, and of jubilees, that so the principle of rest should pervade His rule over His people. One of the sins for which He so constantly reproved His people was the disregard of His Sabbaths, "Ye bring more wrath on Israel by profaning the Sabbath." (Neh. 13: 18.) "The adversaries . . . did mock at her Sabbaths." "The Lord hath caused the . . . Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion." (Lam. 1: 7; 2: 6.) "My Sabbaths they greatly polluted; then I said I would pour out My fury upon them." (Ezek. 20: 13.) "Thou hast despised Mine holy things, and hast profaned My Sabbaths. Her priests . . . have hid their eyes from My Sabbaths." (Ezek. 22: 8, 26.) It was for this very sin that the children of Israel were carried into captivity "until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years." (II Chron. 36: 21.) Oh how much of the captivity of God's children to sickness of body, and to the thwarting and friction of circumstances, arises from the want of a rest of soul, which would enable God

To Lead Rather Than to Compel

His child into the path which He sees safe for Him! The true Sabbath rest is comprised in calling the Sabbath (God's rest) "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable . . . not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isa. 58: 13.) As we rest in the Lord, *our own* is merged into *His own*; He leads, we follow.

Jesus was passing through the corn-fields on a Sabbath-day, and "His disciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat, rubbing them in their hands." Probably the larder of Him who "had not where to lay His head" was not very lavishly supplied, and they were simply satisfying the natural cravings of appetite. The law permitted them this. "When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make a clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger; I am the Lord your God." (Lev. 23: 22.) But "certain of the Pharisees," whose object in accompanying Jesus was but to cavil and to criticise, "said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath-days?" How strange it is that some men seem as though they could not open their lips but to wound others! Did they not know that even at the Pass-over feast, when no manner of work was to be done, the one exception was made, "Save that which every man must eat, that only may be done of you?" (Ex. 12: 16.)

Jesus answered them, as He so often did, by Scripture: "Have ye not read so much as this, what David did when himself was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he went into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, and gave also to them that were with him; which it is not lawful to eat, but for the priests alone? And He said unto them, That the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Could not Jesus have worked a miracle, and shown that His disciples could be as independent of earthly nourishment as He was during the forty days of His temptation? Undoubtedly He *could* have done so, but the disciples, in

such a case, would not have learned that men would take exception to them on the most trivial grounds, because they were His disciples, and that God's Word of truth, and no words of their own, could answer such objectors. "The Son of man is

Lord Also of the Sabbath."

but He has not constituted His people lords of the Sabbath, and a great deal of the Sabbath desecration of the present day comes from the idea of man that he is his own master; that he can do as he will, and he does as he wills. If anyone has a question about what he should or should not do on the Lord's day, which is generally now observed as the Christian Sabbath, let him go to the Lord of the Sabbath, and settle the matter with Him.

"On another Sabbath He entered into the synagogue and taught; and there was a man whose right hand was withered; and the scribes and Pharisees watched Him, whether He would heal on the Sabbath-day, that they might find an accusation against Him." To what an extent must their jealousy of Jesus have come, for them to look on Him with such an object! Oh, how desperately wicked is the heart of man! These leaders of the people were not intent to prove what was good in Jesus, and then yield to it if it were of God; they were mortified that there was nothing in the work of Jesus which could reflect credit upon them, they were no gainers by it, but rather losers, as it showed up their powerlessness so much by contrast. But "He knew their thoughts, and said to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst." It was

An Appeal to His Faith.

While the man stood there under the eyes of the whole company, Jesus asked a question of His critics: "I will ask you one thing: Is it lawful on the Sabbath-day to do good, or to do evil? To save life, or to destroy?" "To do good, or to do evil!" Jesus counted the healing of sickness by His own divine power, doing good. There are thousands of Christians who condemn the Lord's own healing in our day as strongly as the scribes and Pharisees did when He was upon earth, and avoid those who take the Lord at His word. "Looking round about upon them all, He said unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand." Now was the test of faith; now it was a question whether he should look at his helpless hand, or at the mighty power of Jesus. He obeyed, and with the obedience came the power, "his hand was restored whole as the other." The Healer of withered hands can heal withered souls too; withered faith and withered love are all within His power. What effect had this miracle upon His critics? Were they convinced? It is not miracles which convince; it is the Holy Ghost alone. Instead of being convinced "they were filled with madness," enraged with anger, "and communed one with another what they might do to Jesus. What had He done? 'Broken the Sabbath,' they would say. But He had neither taken doctor, nor nurse, chemist, nor electrician from the rest of their Sabbath; He had but spoken two sentences; but the work was done. When men are enraged 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear.'" (Psa. 46: 1, 2.)

"It came to pass in those days that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." Jesus needed

Time to Listen

to His Father in His resting spirit. We need time to hear what the Lord our God shall say to us. Jesus, the Anointed Man, needed to take counsel with His Father as much as we do, but He availed Himself of this glorious privilege of power more than most of His disciples do. He had important business on hand; His own testimony was being rejected by the men of position, and He would ordain other witnesses, and send them out with the same power which His Father had committed unto Him. But He could not choose one without distinct direction, and thus He took all night to ascertain His Father's will. "And when it was day He called unto Him His disciples, and of them He chose twelve, whom He also named apostles," or "sent ones." They were a very imperfect set of men. He did not choose them for their goodness; their future history revealed a great deal of evil in them; He loved them not for what they were, but for what He would make them. He saw in them the faith which would accept His teaching, and, such as they were, He chose them. His Father had given them to Him, and, as His Father's gift, He took them, and loved them, and trained them for His service.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

What a Delight to an Editor to Come in and sit down beside his readers and talk familiarly about the affairs of life! He who stands before a congregation on Sabbath sees the people amid conventionalities, and others are looking on, and both speaker and hearer are somewhat in reserve. Not so when the reader of a family newspaper sits down in his chair by register or fireside, and takes in what the editorial pen says to him. How are you getting on, reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? I warrant that the world is not treating you as kindly as it ought. Well, it has treated others before you very much as it treats you. One good thing about it is that you are not dependent upon it for happiness. If a man keep his heart right he has sources of happiness that the maltreatment of the world cannot be foul. Beside that, out of these bitter weeds he extracts a honey. There are many classes in the Lord's school, but those students learn the fastest who read their lessons by the light of the furnace. It is wonderful with how little of this world a man can get on, and live usefully and die well. Pluck up courage, dear reader. We shall have many a fine talk together, before we get through, on all these matters. Many of the perplexities we will explain, and those which are beyond solution we will adjourn to the high place, where we shall understand all, and find out that the best things that ever happened to us were our trials. But, in comparison with those who have had it so much harder than you ever had it, your misfortunes and hardships, at the last, will be found to have been hardly any trials at all. Meanwhile, let us cheer each other on. What one does not think of in the way of hope and promise, the other will call to mind. May pen and voice and smile always be found on the right side!

The Romance of Crime has Had the Wind knocked out of it by the recent decision of the courts that there shall be no newspaper report made of the cases of death-penalty by electric stroke. The baneful effect of minute and graphic accounts of the departure of criminals from this world has been evident, and productive of more crime. No! the scoundrel may have benefit of clergy and all kindnesses from jailer and sheriff, but no opportunity for display of mock heroism, no time to formally and conspicuously forgive the relatives of the man he murdered, no chance to ask the audience to meet him in heaven. There have been assassins who, because of bouquets sent them and the curious eyes that looked upon them, and the skilful reportorial pencils sharpened to take down their dying utterances, were really the martyrs of the law, and worthy of commemoration. Thanks for the decision of the courts throwing complete privacy over the departure of miscreants.

The Adulteration of Food Still Goes on, Notwithstanding the protests. Honest old-fashioned butter has melted and run out of the world, and instead thereof we have trichinosis in all styles served up morning, noon, and night. All the ailments of the brute creation set before us in raw shape or done up in puddings and pies and gravies. Even the candies that we bring home to our children, under chemical analysis, are found to be crystallized disease. Lozenges of red-lead and sweetened death. Coffee and teas, the innocent beverages of millions, are so depraved that we feel like saying with Charles Lamb, when an unseemly mixture was placed before him, "If this be coffee give me tea, and if this be tea give me coffee." Even the medicines to which we appeal in time of dire distress, through apothecarial admixture fail us and kill

when they ought to cure. Alas for the clum in the bread, and the chalk in the milk, and the gloss in the sugar, and the Venetian red in the cocoa! If a man not at all bigoted, but very liberal, on the subject of temperance wants to imbibe some inspiration to help him fight down the fanaticism of teetotalism, and he goes up to the counter and pays for an honest drink, he swallows and smacks his lips over *cocculus indicus* and potash and cochineal and blue vitriol and other delectables, some of these things put in the beverage to make it hot, and some to make it red, and some to make it mix, and some to make it counteract the fatality of the others. What a state of things when even an honest drink is impossible!

Marriage for Fun is Again Reported. Two young folks think it will be a great joke to go through the marriage ceremony with no idea of going into life-time companionship. Then the case goes into the courts, and judges and lawyers put their wits together to get the two fools parted. It is much easier to tie a knot than to untie it, as many have found out. The frequent occurrence of mock-marriage is a result of the frivolous talk about life-long alliance. Older people speak lightly of the conjugal relation, and young people are led to carrying on still further the jocularity. When people marry, they marry for heaven or hell. When that fact is understood sham weddings will be less frequent, and marriage will be taken out of the realm of mirth into one of sincerity and earnestness.

If Young Americans, Wanting Quills to Write with, have plucked the American eagle till, featherless and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions; the entrance of houses flanked with lions; the signs of stores adorned with lions, fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal. When French and German sculptors attempt one, it is merely a lion in the abstract, too weak to rend a kid, and never having seen a jungle. But lying on the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square are four lions, that look as though they had a moment before lain down there and curled their long tails peacefully around, or had just stopped there a few minutes to see what was going on at Charing Cross and the Cockspur. On the top of Northumberland House is a lion with mouth open and tail extended in rigid rage, so that it is uncertain which way to run, as you know not with which end he will assault you. There are more lions in London than in Numidia. Beef and mutton are liked well by the Englishman, but for regular diet give him lion.

That Mr. Wanamaker's Postal Telegraph scheme is practicable was proved on March 14, when Mr. J. M. Seymour, a member of the New York Exchange, and representing a number of well-known capitalists, appeared before the House Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, and said they were prepared to establish a postal telegraph at the terms and rates proposed in the bill prepared by the Postmaster-General, or a uniform rate of *twenty-five cents per message*. These capitalists, he said, were the owners of a system of telegraphy by which with but few wires many circuits could be worked. They would ask the Government for the right to build and maintain lines on post-roads, to be exempt from Federal and State taxation. It would require about \$7,000,000 to equip a postal system under the terms of the Wanamaker bill.

The Chief Difficulty in the Solution of the Behring Sea question appears to have been removed by the withdrawal of the claim that it is a closed sea, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. It was understood that Mr. Blaine had insisted on this claim, and it was well known that England disputed it. Mr. Bayard did not believe that the claim could be substantiated, because in 1822 Mr. Adams protested in the name of the United States against the claims of Russia for jurisdiction. The United States had not acquired Alaska at that time, and the claim of Russia for jurisdiction over the sea was based on her possession of Alaska. If, as Mr. Adams contended, the possession of Alaska did not confer on Russia jurisdiction over the sea, it cannot confer it on the United States. It is stated, however, that apart from the authority of Mr. Adams, Mr. Blaine has been convinced that the claim is wrong in principle, and that he has therefore abandoned it. It will now, therefore, be possible for our Government to arrive

at an agreement with England for the protection of the seal fisheries, which caused so much trouble last year.

Apprehensions of a Most Disastrous Flood were prevalent last week in the West and South. The Ohio and all its tributaries were very high, the Upper Mississippi and Missouri rose, and rain fell heavily at the beginning of the week in Missouri and in the Northwest. The snowfall in the mountains was known to be very heavy, and the mild winter makes it a certainty that this snow will melt early. This was regarded as an omen that an immense volume will be poured down upon the streams that were already full. On Thursday the lower part of New Orleans was flooded, and reports from St. Louis, Memphis, and other cities described the country as being for miles under water. Much stock and property had been lost, but happily there was no report of loss of life. At the end of the week it was hoped that the worst was over. There was a marked decrease in the volume of water, and the levees, which have been strengthened, were holding out. The danger had by no means passed, but the indications were less alarming.

A Government Crisis Developed in France on March 14. On the preceding day, during the discussion in the Senate of a commercial treaty with Turkey, the Prime-Minister, M. Tirard, made a motion which the Senate rejected by a majority of seventy-eight. M. Tirard deemed the vote, though on an unimportant question, equivalent to a refusal to vote confidence in the Government. He then tendered his resignation to President Carnot, but the latter persuaded him to remain in office until after Easter. A Cabinet meeting was held the next day to discuss the situation, at which M. Tirard reconsidered his determination to remain, and after the meeting was over he went to the Palace of the Elysée, President Carnot's residence, and tendered the resignations of all the members of the Cabinet. He has held office but little more than a year.

Ghastly Prison Statistics Come from Siberia and give indirect confirmation to the recent charges against the Russian Government, which have been denounced as Nihilistic slanders. Dispatches from Tomsk, the central Siberian depot for prisoners say that the prison now holds 490 healthy and 27 sick exiles, but that in 1886 the number of exile brought to the prison was 16,184, of which only 14,966 were transported further into the interior. In 1887 the arrivals numbered 14,277, in 1888 they numbered 15,015, and in 1889, up to September they numbered over 12,000. Of these prisoners there were taken to the interior 13,522 in 1887, 14,239 in 1888, and 11,000 in 1889. The daily average number of prisoners in 1888 was 1,380, and the daily average number on the sick-list was 396. A majority of the sick had typhoid fever. An official report declares that, owing to a lack of room, hundreds of sick-beds had to be placed in the open air while the temperature was as low as six degrees Reaumur, and that in consequence of this exposure the mortality among the sick was enormous.

A Remarkable Prognostication of the Future of Europe was made last week by the distinguished French statesman, Jules Simon, to the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald. Referring to the advance of socialism in all lands, especially in Germany, he said: "I shall not see the day, any you may not see it, but the day is coming when the autocratic Powers of Europe will be forced to unite against a united socialistic army, and to stand or fall together. Your ancestors in the New World were able to build up out of fragmentary governments what is to-day the United States of America. Why may not our descendants in the same way succeed in establishing the United States of Europe? He believed that the German Emperor's rescript and his proposals for an international conference on the labor question, would promote socialism, though evidently intended to overthrow it. He said: "The Emperor fancies in his inexperience that by showing himself conciliatory and philanthropic he will win the socialists from their discontent. But he is mistaken. He will find the socialists are so constituted that the more you concede them more they demand. . . . Already I can hear the mutterings of what must be the struggle of the future, the bitter struggle between the many and the few; between the toiling millions who have thus far suffered silently, and those who have made them suffer; between capital and labor; between luxury and starvation; between misery and wealth. No human being can avert that struggle, but human power may do much to hasten its approach."

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$27. They were from: South Manchester, Conn., \$10; N. Y. City, \$5; Natick, Mass., \$3; Interbury, N. H., \$1; Lewistown, Pa., \$1; Occidental, Cal., \$1; Providence, R. I., \$1; Chicago, Ill., \$3; Minneapolis, Kan., \$1; Carlyle, Ill., \$1. We have on hand many letters from ministers to whom we were, by means of this fund, enabled to read the paper, which express their appreciation of the paper. We quote from one: "I cannot tell all the good it has done me and my little congregation; please accept my thanks, and if possible let me continue to get the paper this year. I can say that no colored preacher of the South will be more thankful than I; also I have a neighbor that has in one of the February numbers, and he puts in claim for the same paper if you can possibly send it to him."

An Invitation to Three Months of Bible Study issued by Mr. D. L. Moody. The Bible Institute of Chicago, of which he is the head, has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Prof. W. Moorhead, of Xenia, Ohio, for the months of April, May, and June. Prof. Moorhead's reputation for suggestive, thorough, and stimulating Bible teaching is well known. Mr. Moody's invitation to all ministers, evangelists, theological students, and other Christian workers in all parts of the land is to wish a new inspiration in the study of the word of God, to come to Chicago for the entire three months, or a portion thereof, and take advantage of the great opportunity. The new building the Institute is open; and those who come will, far as possible, be accommodated in it. Those who desire rooms in the building should send their names and references at once to the Supt., R. A. Grey, 80 W. Pearson St., Chicago. Those who cannot be accommodated in the building will find furnished rooms near at hand, and can board in the institute restaurant. Four dollars per week will cover all necessary expenses.

The Use of the Type-Writer Has Given Needless offence to a church member in Illinois. A letter in a contemporary says that a short time ago a man living in a rural district was bereaved of his wife. His pastor being absent from home, but hearing of his loss, wrote him a letter of condolence and directed him to the promises of God specially applicable to the trial through which he was passing. It was a long letter, for the clergyman deeply sympathized with the widower, and was anxious that he should have all the alleviation of his sorrow that religion could give. He wrote it, however, on his type-writer, and when the bereaved man received it he cast it away in disgust. He was not familiar with the instrument, and said as he threw the letter down unread, "It is only a circular that he sends to everybody." Even had it been so, the letter might have been just as valuable as one specially prepared for him. The same disposition frequently expressed still more serious mischief. Christian workers have no greater difficulty in dealing with persons under conviction of sin than to convince them that the invitations of the gospel and the offers of salvation are intended for them, and are not vague general expressions meant for others. (Acts 13: 26.)

A Romantic Girl in Chicago has had to Confess her disillusion in the very court room in which she lived under the illusion. The Chicago Tribune says that in October, 1888, a handsome man of gentlemanly manners was tried for murder. At his first arraignment a girl of respectable family who had some business in court, saw him and fell in love with him. His situation and the story of the desperate struggle which he slew his victim fascinated her. She sent him flowers, and helped him to employ skillful counsel in his defence. Her admiration of him grew, and when he offered to marry her she consented. He escaped conviction for murder, but was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Before he went to the penitentiary the marriage ceremony was performed. The wife secured a position as matron of a charitable institution, and supported herself during her husband's imprisonment. By her intercession and the influence she secured, her husband received pardon at the end of one year. She welcomed him joyously on his liberation and took him to her home. They have lived together four months, and it appears they have been sad months for the wife. She told the story in the court-room in which she first saw her husband. He was in the dock again, and this time his wife was his accuser. She said

that she was afraid to live with him any longer, for he had already made ten deliberate attempts to kill her. He had tried poison, had tried to asphyxiate her by turning on the gas in her bedroom when she was asleep, had tried to cut her throat, and in other ways had attempted to end her life. She bitterly regretted marrying him, and begged that she might be protected from his violence. The desperate character of the man which had won her admiration at the first, seemed less admirable when it was vented on herself. A similar discovery is made sooner or later by every one who is drawn in spite of God's warning by a love of sin into close alliance with sinners. (Judges 23: 13.)

A Fatal Order to the Miners in the Burning pit at Wilkesbarre, Pa., is now said to have been given by some one. As was stated in these columns last week, the eight men in the tunnel when the fire broke out on March 3 might have escaped had they taken the turn to the adjoining Stanton mine instead of that which led to the place where the coal and timbers were burning. It is now reported that in going to the fire they were acting in obedience to orders. The driver-boy whose carelessness in carrying a naked light caused the fire, and who was sent on to warn the men at work in the tunnel, carried to them, also; it is stated, an order from some person in authority to come and fight the fire. The men would not know the extent of the conflagration, nor the hopelessness of any attempt they might make to extinguish it, and would naturally obey instead of making good their escape in the opposite direction. As the boy who is said to have carried the order is one of the dead, the fact may never be clearly established. If the order was really given, the person who gave it must have made a very grave error of judgment, or have been more concerned about the saving of the property than about the saving of the men's lives. In either case the result has been a melancholy and useless sacrifice of human life. Unhappily, men sometimes lose their souls in the way these poor men lost their lives. In the battle of life, when fierce temptation assails the soul the only safe course sometimes is to fly from it at any cost of position or property, rather than to stay and fight against it with human strength. (Matt. 5: 29, 30.)

A Somnambulist on Broadway, New York, startled a policeman on March 10. While going his rounds before daybreak he saw a lady strangely clad walk briskly up Broadway and approach the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She had on a light gray wrapper over a night-dress, and only a pair of thin slippers on her feet. Her hat was set on awry, and there was a general appearance of déshabillé about her, unusual with pedestrians on that thoroughfare. She carried a riding-whip, which she flourished in a threatening manner. Her eyes were wide open, but had a vacant look. The policeman put his hand on her arm and asked her where she was going. For reply she screamed and sank down half fainting. She explained that she must have been walking in her sleep, for she had no recollection of rising from her bed, or of the two miles she had walked. She accounted for carrying the whip by saying that when she went to bed she was feeling very angry with a rival, and she supposed that in her sleep she had set out to horsewhip her. The policeman took her back to her home, where it was learned that she was subject to somnambulism. Whether she would have assaulted her rival had she met her in her sleep cannot now be known; but it is unlikely that she would have done so in her waking senses. Control of the angry passions may be lost, however, in other ways beside that of sleep. Hard words are often spoken, and wicked crimes committed, by persons whose minds are momentarily unbalanced by long brooding on their wrongs. Even Christians too often forget that retaliation and the punishment of those who injure them was forbidden by their Lord. (Matt. 5: 38-40.)

Two Citizens of Georgia Have Been the Victims of a crafty trick in New York. The Times, of Calhoun, Ga., states that a circular was recently received by a man in Gordon county, whose character is not of the highest, from New York. It set forth in guarded language that spurious bills of various denominations were for sale at ten cents on the dollar. He and another man of similar reputation put their money together and came on to buy five hundred dollars' worth of the counterfeits. They were met by the vendor on their arrival in New York and conducted by devious ways to a room in a squalid quarter of the city. There the bills were shown to them. The imitation was so exact that the Geor-

gians could not tell the counterfeits from the genuine notes. They paid their \$500 and received \$5,000 in the spurious paper. They were just leaving with their prize when four men broke into the room and, showing their policemen's shields, placed the Georgians and the men they had been dealing with under arrest. They were searched and the counterfeit money seized. The captors showed their prisoners the statute providing a long term of imprisonment for any person found with counterfeit money in his possession, and prepared to take them to police headquarters. The Georgians pleaded for release, and finally they were allowed to depart on condition that they left the State within twelve hours. They did so promptly, and it was not until they were far on their way home that they realized that they had been tricked. The arrest had been a farce, and the men who had captured them were not detectives at all, but confederates of the vendors of the spurious money. Many a man has been similarly duped by the great enemy of souls. The riches he gains at the cost of his soul he has to leave in the midst of his days, and finds at the end that he has been a fool. (Jer. 17: 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Judson Memorial chapel at Mandalay, Burmah is completed to the roof.

The Baptist national anniversaries are to be held next May in Chicago. It is many years since that city was chosen for these gatherings.

The proceeds of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in Brooklyn, N. Y., amount to \$5,267. The money was distributed last week among eleven hospitals.

The official report of the Evangelical Alliance Conference, held in Boston, has been published by the Baker & Taylor Company, under the title *National Needs and Remedies*.

A proposal is before the British Parliament to pass a law prohibiting any person performing or singing in a Variety theatre unless he or she holds a license which can be withdrawn for improper behavior.

Mr. E. W. Bliss is holding meetings at Plattsburgh, N. Y. The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches are uniting in the work. A large number of Sunday-school children are among the converts.

Evangelist Avis held very successful services at Paterson, N. J. last week. His meetings, for women only, were held in the Union Baptist Church, and large numbers came to listen to his earnest and faithful words.

Mr. Hammond has been laboring at Centralia, Ill., since the middle of February at the united invitation of the ministers of that city. The Opera House has been crowded daily, and the Spirit of God has been present.

A fourteen days' mission is being held at St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church in New York. The meetings are conducted by various pastors in alternation. A deep interest has been aroused, and much good has already resulted.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, leaves for China early in March. He is to take part in the general conference of delegates and representatives of the Evangelical Protestant Missionary Societies to be held in Shanghai in May.

The Annual Convention of the Christian Alliance was held last week in Rev. A. B. Simpson's Gospel Tabernacle in New York. There was a large attendance of friends from all sections. The meetings continued throughout the week, and were of a deeply spiritual character.

The Margaret Strachan Home for friendless and fallen girls held its seventh anniversary on March 17. A business meeting was held in the morning when the reports were read, and a public meeting in the evening at which many prominent ministers and laymen spoke in high terms of the value of the work done in the Home.

Mr. D. L. Moody stated his idea of socialism in his address at the Collegiate Church, New York, on March 11. He said: "Why don't some of the people who have made their fortunes stop, and go out into the highways and byways, and help the poor fellows who are famishing there? That's my idea of socialism, and it's founded on the teachings of Christ Himself."

Chaplain Jones continues his successful labors among the sailors in Cleveland, O. In his little mission chapel on River Street he frequently has an audience of two hundred seamen. Chaplain Jones was himself a sailor for seventeen years. Subsequently he was a bar-tender, and worked in a saloon just opposite where his mission is. His first religious impression was received in the Cherry Street Mission, New York.

Mr. D. L. Moody has been conducting an interesting series of services at Princeton University. On March 9 he held five services and on March 10 four services. In the mornings he spoke to students only, in the Seminary chapel and in the evenings in the First and Second Presbyterian Church. At the earnest request of his friends in New York, Mr. Moody is continuing his Bible Readings this week in the Collegiate Church at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, at 10:30 A. M.

THE CRAFTY ENEMY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day: lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Heb. 3:13.

The Greatest of All Evils—Sin the Peril to be Dreaded—I. Its Power to Deceive—In Its Approaches—In Its Adaptation to Circumstances—In Its Object—In the Names it Assumes—In Its Promises—II. Its Hardening Power—By Familiarity—By Security—By Unbelief—III. To be Fought Against—By Faith—Confession—By Exhortation—The Lord's Keeping.

SIN is the greatest evil in the universe. It is the parent of all other ills. All manner of evils draw their bitterness from this fount of wormwood and gall. If a man had every possession mortal could desire, sin could turn every blessing into a curse; and, on the other hand, if a man had nothing for his inheritance but suffering, but stood clear from all sin, his afflictions, his losses, his deprivations, might each one be a gain to him. We ought not to pray so much against sickness, or trial, or temptation, or even against death itself, as against sin. Satan himself cannot hurt us, except as he is armed with the poisoned arrows of sin. Lord, keep us from sin. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." There is no evil like the evil of sin: deliver us from it, O Lord!

Alas! we are sadly prone to sin, and evil has great influence over us. When I say this, I refer not only to those who are "dead in trespasses and sins," in whom sin is the great reigning power, for they are the servants of sin; but I refer also to the people of God. Even we that have been born again, and are, in a measure, sanctified by the Spirit of God; even we, I say, have a fleshly nature, whose tendencies are evil, whose desires draw towards sin. How soon we slip! How much we need to be held up! How ought we daily to cry for grace, lest we also should be "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin"! Upon that subject I am going to speak this morning, dwelling, for the most part, upon "the deceitfulness of sin."

I. First, then, sin has

A Singular Power

to deceive. We have only to look back to the beginning of our race to be sure of this. Eve, in the garden, was pure, intelligent, and filled with good dispositions: her faculties were well balanced, for no original sin or natural depravity had put her mind out of order. Yet that lovely woman, without a taint upon her heart or will, perfect as she came from her Maker's hand, was overcome by Satan, who embodied in himself the deceitfulness of sin. The serpent played his part right cunningly with the woman, and soon withdrew her from her loyal obedience to the Lord God. She began to question, to parley, to argue, with rebellious suggestions, and after a while she put forth her hand, and she took of the fruit, which had been forbidden, and she gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat. If man in his perfectness was so readily deceived by sin, what think you of yourself, fallen and inclined to evil as you are? Will not sin soon deceive you?

The deceitfulness of sin will be seen in several points, to which I call your attention. Its deceit may be seen in the manner of its approaches to us. Sin does not uncover all its hideousness, nor reveal its horrible consequences; but it comes to us in a very subtle way, offering us advantage. Intellectually, it comes with a question, or an inquiry. Ought we not to question and to inquire? Are we to receive everything implicitly? The question is, however, full often the thin end of the wedge, which Satan drives home in the form of carnal wisdom, doubt, infidelity, and practical atheism. The practice of sin may be encouraged by a doubt as to its penalty. "Yea, hath God said?" is the speculative question which is meant to undermine the foundations of godly fear in the heart. How tiny a drop of sinful distrust of God's Word will poison all the thoughts of the soul!

The Gate of Imagination.

Sin frequently comes as a bare suggestion, or an imagination; an airy thing, spun of such stuff as dreams are made of. You do not think of committing the fault, nor even of talking of it; but you think of it pleasantly, and view it as a thing bright and lustrous to the imagination. The thought fascinates, and then the spell of evil begins its deadly work: thought condenses into desire, and desire grows to purpose, and purpose ripens into act. So slyly doth sin come into the soul, that it is there before we are aware of it.

I have known a sin insinuate itself by the way

of the repulsion of another sin. A man has wasted his substance in profligacy; and by way of repentance, in after days he becomes a miser—greedy, wretched, living only for himself and his hoard. So have I seen the publican reform and develop a Pharisee. The pendulum went sadly far in this direction, and now, to make amends, it swings too far the other way. The shivering fit follows upon the burning heat—it is but the same fever of sin in diverse phases. A man will fly from pride to meanness, from moroseness to jollity, from obstinacy to laxity. Thus the shutting of one gate may open another, and one sin may crawl in as another creeps out. You set all your guards to keep the northern border, and the enemies come up from the south, taking you at unawares. You pursue a virtue till you hurry into a vice, and shun one evil so much that you fall into a worse.

Sin has a way of adapting itself to us and to our circumstances. One man is of a sanguine temperament, and he is tempted to speculate, to gamble, and ultimately to become dishonest. Another man is of a sober frame of mind, and he is tempted to be melancholy, disputatious, peevish, rebellious against God. To the young man sin will come with fire for passions, which are all too ready to blaze; to the old man sin will come with the chill frost of parsimony, or the frost of sloth, or the canker of care.

Sin's Quiver

has an arrow for the rich, and a dart for the poor: it has one form of poison for the prosperous, and another for the unsuccessful. This master fisherman in the sea of life does not use the same bait for all sorts of fish; but he knows the creatures he would capture. If sin find thee poor as an owl, it will tempt thee to envy, or to steal, or to doubt God, or to follow crooked ways of gain. If sin find thee abounding in riches, it will follow quite another tack, and lure thee on to self-indulgence, or to pride, or worldly fashion. Satan knows more about us than we know about ourselves: he knows our raw places and our weak points, and in what joint there was a breakage in our youth.

Next, sin is deceitful in its object, for the object which it puts before us is not that which is its actual result. We are not tempted to provoke our Maker, or wilfully cast off the authority of righteousness. We are not invited to do these things for their own sake. No, no: we are moved to do evil under the idea that some present good will come of it. In every case, this object is a piece of deceit. Evil does not lead to good, nor sin promote our real profit: we are fooled if we think so. Yet, in most cases, the man does not commit the sin with the design of breaking the law of God, and defying his Maker, but because he fancies that something is to be gained; and, in his judgment, he better understands what is good for him even than the Lord God, by whose wisdom he ought to be guided.

Sin is deceitful, next, in the names it wears. It is very apt to change its title: it seldom cares for its own true description. Fine words are often used to cover foul deeds. We read, at times, in the newspapers, of

Gentlemen Who Have an Alias,

or possibly half a dozen: in such cases there is always a reason for it. Sin has many names by which it would disguise its real character. In his "Holy War," Mr. Bunyan tells us that Covetousness called himself by the name of Prudent-thrift; Lasciviousness was named Harmless-mirth; and Anger was known as Good-zeal. Nowadays, anger is known as "proper spirit," and infidelity is "Advanced Theology." Almost every sin, nowadays, has a pretty name to be called by on Sundays, and silver slippers to wear in fine society. The paintbrush and the powder-box are much used upon the wrinkled countenance of sin to make it look fair and beautiful. To-day, "worldliness" is "being abreast of the age;" false doctrine is described as "advanced thought." Indifference to truth is liberality, heresy is breadth of view. Yet names do not alter things.

Sin also shows its special deceitfulness in the arguments which it uses with men. Have you never heard its voice whispering to you, "Do not make much ado about nothing. Is it not a little one? There is no need to boggle over so small a matter as this. It is not right, but still, it is a mere trifle, unworthy of notice. Do it! do it!" My friends, can there be such a thing as small sin? The point of the rapier is small, and for that reason the more deadly. Then will sin raise the question, and say, "Is this really wrong? May we not be too precise? Are not the times changed? Do not circumstances

alter the command?" Sin is great at raising difficult points of casuistry. "Are there not some points of view in which this act may be allowable, though from more usual points of view it must certainly be regarded as an unhallowed thing?" He that wills to do wrong is eager to find a loophole for himself. He that has begun to seek an excuse is on the border-land of the enemy.

With feeble minds the argument is, "Beware lest you be singular. As well be out of the world as out of the fashion. When you are at Rome you must do as Rome does." Weak minds are plentiful, and to these, to be thought singular and odd is a thing to be dreaded and shunned: they must be in the swim, though the water should be of the foulest.

Sin will also flatter a man with the notion that he can go just so far, and no farther, and retreat with ease. He can tread

The Verge of Crime,

and yet be innocent. Another person would be in great danger; but this self-satisfied fool thinks that he has such power over himself, and that he is so intelligent and so experienced, that he can stop at a safe point. This moth can play with the candle and not singe its wings. This child can put its finger between the bars, and yet never burn himself. I know you, my self-contained friend, and I know you boast that you can stand on the edge of a cliff and look down upon the foaming sea, and while other people's heads grow giddy, your brain is clear and your foot is firm. You may try the experiment once too often.

Then sin will suggest, "Well, you can soon make up for lost time. Live nearer to God, and be more useful! and then your little divergence will soon be made up." It even ventures coarsely to propose price for pardon. "Give something extra to the good cause, and make amends for offences." The old Popish idea of purchasing pardon by some extraneous piece of religion comes up in many forms.

The deceitfulness of sin is seen again in its promises: for we shall not go far into sin without finding out how greatly it lies unto us. It promises liberty and the man who yields to it becomes the veriest slave. It promises light, and the man gives up the old faith to go after the new light, and before long the darkness thickens about him into sevenfold midnight. Sin promises elevation of mind and spirit, and before long the wretch is worldly, pleasure-loving, grovelling, superstitious.

Thus will sin, by any means, by all means, endeavor to keep men under its tyranny, so as to work their ruin. Let no man in this place think that he cannot be deceived; he is already deluded by his pride. Let no woman dream that she has come to such a state of perfection that she cannot be deluded by sin; she is even now in imminent peril.

II. I want you, in the second place, to notice very carefully that this deceitfulness has

A Hardening Power

over the heart: "Lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." How does this come about? Partly through our familiarity with sin. We may look at hateful sin till we love it. It has the eye of a basilisk, and its gaze is fascinating. At first you are shocked by sin; but if you see every day it will cease to distress you. Persons who have never heard profane language are greatly grieved as they go down the streets of London; and yet even good people who live in certain localities come to hear it without horror. This is one of the sad influences of sin: it makes the heart horny and contact with it.

Security in wrong-doing leads also to this kind of hardening. A man has been dishonest; he has found out, and he suffers for it. I could almost thank God, for now he may cease from his course. But one of the greatest curses that can happen to a man is for him to do wrong with impunity: he will do it again, and again, and again, and he will proceed from bad to worse. I am always glad when I hear of a young gambler whose pocket is cleaned out at his first venture: if he is any wit he will quit the way of destruction; at least we hope he will. But if he gains at first he will stake more and more, and become a confirmed gamester. It is just so with sin: its deceitfulness is assisted by a man's being able to go a little further and a little further without any great hurt appealing to come of it: for the heart grows used to the increasing heat, and is hardened to it, till he can live in a furnace heated seven times hotter by sin. Sinners descend by an inclined plane till they fill themselves far down in the abyss, and think it impossible to rise out of it.

In time comes in the help of unbelief. When a man begins to doubt his Bible, to doubt the atonement, to doubt the wrath to come, and so on, there generally a cause for it; and that cause is not always intellectual, but moral and spiritual. "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark;" "I am something rotten in the heart, and this makes nothing rotten in the head. Very naturally a man does not like that truth which does not like him. That which condemns him he tries to condemn. A truth makes him uneasy, and so he tries to doubt it, and the tone of

Society Soon Helps Him

discover a stale objection which will answer his man, and enable him to set up in business as a believer. Then he ceases to feel the preaching; as a rule, we only feel under the gospel in proportion as we believe it to be true; and if we persuade ourselves that it is all a myth, or a fiction, we have made a pillow for our guilty heads.

O sirs! your hearts are every day either softening or hardening. The sun that shines with vehemence melts the wax, but it, at the same time, hardens the clay. The effect of the gospel is always sent in some degree: it is a savor of life unto us, or else a savor of death unto death, to all who hear it. You cannot listen to my plain rebukes and earnest warnings without growing worse, if you do not grow better. Pray God to give you a lively conscience, and when you have it, do nothing to offend it.

II. Now I conclude by a practical observation, that this deceitfulness of sin, and this tendency to become hardened, need

To Be Fought Against.

What is it to be done? I will not keep to my text now, but enlarge the scope of my discourse by going into the context. The way to keep from hardness of heart, and from the deceitfulness of sin, is to believe. We read, "To whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believe not?" So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief. Believe!—faith has saved you. Believe! faith will save you! Believe!—faith brought you to Christ. Believe!—it will keep you to Christ. Believe against the present temptation. Believe against all future deceitfulness of sin. I shall find that, just in proportion as faith grows in me, the deceit of sin will be baffled.

The next advice I would give is this—if you would be saved from the deceitfulness of sin confess it honestly before God. It is necessary to lay bare your heart before the living God. Though sin call itself another name, do thou call it by its right name. When thou hast sinned, make no excuses for thyself; but with weeping and lamentation cry, "Lord, I have sinned." Tell the Lord all the evil connected with your transgression, and try therein to spy out and humbly learn the villany of thy heart, the wickedness of thy nature, the crookedness of thy disposition, the loathsomeness of thy corruptions. Remember that sin may appear sin: it cannot appear in a false light.

A Delicate Duty.

But now the text itself says, "Exhort one another daily," from which I gather two lessons. First, an exhortation from others; and, secondly, practical exhortation to others. I have known people of this kind: that if a word is spoken to them, however gently, as to a wrong which they are doing, their temper is up in a moment. Who are they that they should be spoken to? Dear friend, who are you? You should not be spoken to? Are you such a hypocrite and such an outcast that your Christian brethren must give you up? Surely you do not intend to bear that character. I have even known persons take offence because the word has been spoken from the pulpit too pointedly. This is to take offence where we ought to show gratitude. "Ah," says one, "I will never hear that man again! it is too personal." What kind of a man would like to hear? Will you give your ear to one who will please you to your ruin, and flatter you to your destruction? Surely, you are not so foolish! We ought to be able to take a loving exhortation from our brethren and sisters. We must do so if we are to be preserved from the deceitfulness of sin. Another eye may see for me what I cannot see for myself. Reproofs should be given with great tenderness; but even if they wound us, we must bear them. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil." Let us be thankful that some saints are so well enough to give themselves the pain and trouble of exhorting us.

And then let us endeavor, if the Lord is keeping us by His grace, to "exhort one another daily." We are not to scold one another daily, nor to suspect one another daily, nor to pick holes in one another's coats daily; but when we see a manifest fault in a brother, we are bound to tell him of it in love; and when we do not see any fault of commission, but the brother is evidently growing lax and cold, it is well to stir him up to great zeal by a loving exhortation. Wisely said, a word may save a soul from declension and sin. A good fire may need a little stirring. The best of believers may grow better by the communications of his friends. Alas! we do not care enough for the souls of our brethren. If we thought more carefully of others, we should probably think more carefully about ourselves. "Exhort one another daily."

But oh, dear friends, after all that I have said, he is well kept whom the Lord keepeth. Commit yourselves unto the Lord, the Holy Spirit, who is able to keep you from stumbling. Let us, by a renewed act of faith, hand ourselves over to the Lord Jesus, that He may save us. You that have never done so, I pray that you may be moved to it. You cannot keep yourselves. If you have been greatly deceived by sin, yet come to Jesus now, who can undeceive you, and undo the damage you have suffered. Trust in Him who is the faithful and true Witness, to deliver you from all falsehood and sin, and to keep you true to the end. The Lord bless these words of mine, which, however feeble, have been earnestly meant for your good, for Jesus' sake!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Hero of Balaklava.—An Evangelist Relates: "I was speaking at a meeting in Edinburgh, assisted by an old soldier who had been in the Balaklava charge during the Crimean War. At the time of that famous event he was not only a soldier of the Queen, but also a zealous warrior in the service of his heavenly King. He said that in the morning, just before the charge, he took off his soldier's cap and had a prayer-meeting down in his heart, as he commended himself to God's keeping; and he testified that God gave him strength and steadfastness. He rode through the Russian soldiers, fearing no one, and knowing they had no power to harm him except it was his Father's will. Yes, God can give the needed strength for all our battles in life, whether it be to face a battery, to encounter the world in our family or workshop, or subdue the evil one in our hearts. God has all power, and He gives to each of His children according to their requirements."

The Sweep's Song in the Chimney.—A Christian worker says: "When I was a young lad I heard of a little boy, a chimney-sweep in the city of London, who, as was the custom then, went bodily up the chimney. One morning, while engaged ascending a chimney, he sang in a sweet, clear voice, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' etc. A lady in the house wondered where the music was coming from. As she could see no one she paid great attention, that she might discover the whereabouts of the singer. By-and-by the little fellow came to the words,

'And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.'

Just then he got to the top of the chimney, and, flourishing his broom, he cried, 'Hallelujah! I am saved!' The lady heard him, and rang the bell, and inquired of the servant where the voice was coming from. Being told, she ordered her to bring the boy in. In a few minutes, clad in his sooty clothes, the little fellow stood in the drawing-room before the lady. 'How can you sing like that?' she asked. 'Oh, ma'am,' was the reply, 'I am so glad that Jesus has saved me, and that I can sing always and everywhere for Him.' And that little chimney-sweep, by his song, was instrumental in bringing that lady to Christ."

A King's Daughter in Disguise.—Mr. Thomson relates, "I was in Greenock the other day at the funeral of an earnest worker for the Lord, whom it had pleased Him to call away. On my return journey a fellow-mourner told me of a gentleman who had been laboring for Christ in Glasgow, with evident success. At the close of one of his meetings a poor lost woman waited behind to be spoken with. It was so late before she decided to accept Christ's salvation, give up her evil ways, and live for Him, that there was no home open that night to which to take her. The gentleman was in some perplexity, when a lady worker by his side

said, 'Do not trouble; I will take her home with me.' She was taken to the lady's house, and after some refreshment, as they were sitting in the drawing-room the lady's son came to the door and was about to enter. He started in surprise to see his mother speaking to the woman, and recovering himself, was about to retire, when his mother recalled him, saying, 'Come in. This is a king's daughter whom you see; though at present, it is true, she is somewhat disguised!' Ah, when we Christians are down-hearted, or about to commit some mean action, if we would but remember that through faith in Christ we are sons and daughters of the King of Glory, we should do nothing that would bring shame on the name of our Father."

A Sect Consisting of One Man.—Mr. D. J. Finlay observes: "Some time ago I was in Ayrshire, and there I met an old man who had come through a strange religious experience. He was gray-haired, with a long white beard that gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. At one time he had been a Presbyterian Church member, but becoming dissatisfied with something he saw there, he left that church and joined the Open Plymouth Brethren; but becoming discontented with them, he withdrew to the Close Brethren; but even there he thought he saw corruption in their midst, and being unable to turn them to his way of thinking, he withdrew and formed a small sect of his own. Soon fresh dissensions broke out, and again there was a rupture; the old gentleman, leaving all religious bodies, he and his son, with their wives, met alone for worship in a private room. One would have thought there could have been no further schism, but at the time I saw him he had just parted from his son and formed a sect consisting of himself alone. That man was a Christian, but of a very narrow kind; but God's religion is not narrow, all religious bodies have their places in it; the one essential thing being that they believe and act upon the belief that Christ has died to save them, and they accept the salvation He offers. We pertain neither to Cephas nor Paul nor Apollos; all belong to the one glorious Church of Christ."

How a Chinese Preacher Fell.—Mrs. Leavitt, the all-round-the-world temperance evangelist, says: "Just before I arrived at the town of Shanghai, in China, there had been a church trial of one of the finest native preachers, a giant in learning and debate, a good and holy man, zealous for his Master's cause; but he had fallen, through strong drink. He was found guilty and deposed from his church. When the sentence was pronounced, the late minister stood up and asked permission to say a few words. Permission being granted, he said, 'I do not find fault with your judgment. It is just. I have disgraced the church and Christianity, but I would say this in my defence: I did not intend to be a drunkard, and did not deliberately take to drink. I was feeling over-wrought, almost done up, with the mission labors, and told my condition to a brother missionary—one of you who to-day sit in judgment on me. He said he knew exactly how it was, and whenever he felt in a similar condition he took a little wine, which he found did him good, and he advised me to do the same. I followed his counsel, and gradually the habit of drinking grew upon me until it has brought me to this.' When may we expect the cause of temperance to be victorious? Surely not until the Church of Christ is aroused to a sense of its duty on this question, and places itself boldly in front of the temperance army."

The Hostess and the Guest.—Mr. Hamilton observes: "Not long ago I heard of a minister who had been the pastor of a large congregation, but falling, through drink, he had been obliged to resign his charge. Then, filled with remorse and shame, he left his home, his children, and his wife, and fled to Liverpool, where he hoped to hide from all who knew him. But tidings reached his friends of where he was, and to what state he had sunk; and a lady, a member of his congregation, and a personal friend, resolved to make an effort to reclaim him. She went to Liverpool, found where he lived, and making her way through a densely populated and filthy court, came to a narrow and shaky staircase, at the top of which was the minister's room. She knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, she pushed it open and walked in. At first she could discern nothing in the darkness, but soon she discovered in a corner of the room her former pastor, clothed in rags, lying on a heap of straw. She spoke kindly to him, urging him to give up drink and begin his life anew. The man started



Jose M. P. Caamano, of Ecuador.



View of Montevideo and Its Bay.

up, shrieking almost in a frenzy, 'You ask me to give up drink! You, at whose house I dined Sunday after Sunday, and who with your own hands mixed me the glass of brandy and water, when striving to give it up, and overcome the demon within me, I refused it. You have been the ruin of my soul; leave me!' And the man fell back exhausted. When, in mistaken kindness, you press liquor on any one, you know not what you are doing. As Christians, you are your brother's keeper."

A Dying Girl's Despair Cured.—An Evangelist said: "I lately visited a dying girl. Her life had been singularly blameless, but she was much afraid of death. 'All is very dark,' she said, 'Christ seems very far off.' She was very weak, and could not speak much, so I gave her only one text, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'My heart is so very hard,' she said. Battling for breath, she brought charge after charge against herself, but still I kept to my text and repeated it after each. The words became firmly fixed in her mind, and took deep root in her heart. On her death-bed she sent special thanks for the text by which all her fears had been driven away. Oh the good news! God gave His only begotten Son, that 'whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

The Deadly Coils of the Serpent.—An Evangelist said: "I lately visited a friend who lived in a very large house and filled a good social position. I found him half intoxicated, and talked nonsense to me about the days of 'auld lang syne.' The evil genius of alcohol has since robbed him of his fine house and social position, and made him a bankrupt. I heard lately that the grasp of the serpent had tightened upon him, and now he is a ne'er-do-well among the unemployed. And all through drink! He despised teetotallers, and gloried in his liberty to take liquor or want it, but soon the servant became the master and a cruel tyrant. Do not such tragedies, enacted before our eyes, alas, only too often, call upon all to link themselves with the Gospel Temperance cause, if not for their own sake, at least for the sake of their neighbors?"

JOSE M. P. CAAMANO,

Delegate from Ecuador to the Pan-American Conference.

ONE of the most intelligent and sagacious members of the Pan-American Conference is Mr. Caamano, of Ecuador. He is probably the most popular man in his own country, and has been honored with the election to the Presidency. His career has been an adventurous one. He was born in Guayaquil October 5, 1838. He began the study of law and theology in the seminary of his native city, and was educated in Quito. Subsequently he was mayor of Guayaquil and chief of the custom-house service. Having conspired against the Dictator-General, Veintimilla, he was banished in 1882. The punishment, however, did not quench his patriotic ardor. He went to Lima, organized a

revolutionary expedition, and on April 17, 1883, returned to Ecuador. He organized a division and joined the forces that were besieging Guayaquil about the middle of May. The place was taken by storm by the combined forces under Caamano and three other generals. A provisional government was appointed until the national convention could meet with Caamano as president *ad interim*. On February 7, 1884, he was elected President of the Republic.

He is the leader of the Conservative party; but even his political opponents voted for him. On February 6, 1886, an attempt was made to assassinate him and he narrowly escaped death by throwing himself into a river. Under his administration, telegraphs, railroads and institutes of sciences, several colleges, and many new schools have been added to the resources of Ecuador.

MONTevideo.

(See illustration.)

THE capital of Uruguay, a picture of a part of which is here given, is one of the most modern and handsome cities on the South American continent. It is built on a peninsula but little more than half a mile in width, having the river on one side and the bay on the other. Towering above it is the mountain which is the landmark of the city. "I see a mountain," said the discoverers, and the exclamation in Spanish is Montevideo, the name which the city has borne ever since. Of the population of 800,000 which the whole of Uruguay contains, fully one-fourth are to be found in Montevideo by day, and in the city and its suburbs by night. The suburbs extend along the base of the mountain and skirt the bay. The people are Spanish or of Spanish extraction, though of late years there has been a large influx of Italians, who do the drudgery of road-making and most of the rough work of the city. Business has attracted also many Americans and English, and their number is rapidly increasing. The influence of their presence is seen in the activity and bustle of the streets. In no other South American city is there seen so much energy as in Montevideo.

The streets are wide, and are laid out with as much regularity as in a modern city of the United States. The buildings are of stone, and not a few are ornamented with shafts of polished granite. Its chief street, the Julio, is one of the finest thoroughfares on the continent. It runs through three plazas or squares, in one of which stands the beautiful cathedral, with its two towers and imposing front. The city enjoys an excellent climate. It is nearer to the equator than New York by about seven degrees, and in the coldest winter the thermometer seldom falls below freezing-point. It is astonishing that the visitor may see in the harbor the flags of every European nation flying from the mast-heads of ships, but not the Stars and Stripes. Very seldom, indeed, does an American ship visit the thriv-

ing port, and the trade is left for the competition of the peoples on the other side of the Atlantic.

THEODORE VINCENT'S THERAPEUTICS.

(See illustration on page 189.)

COMING home was a trying experience for Theodore Vincent. College life was nearly over. On once more would the gray old walls of the venerable seat of learning receive him as a student. At the close of this vacation he would go back to college pass his last term there, receive his degree, and then commence his career. But first there were these few weeks at home. As the train by which he travelled passed well-remembered landmarks his thoughts went back to his previous journeys homeward. Then his dearly loved father was alive, the life and light of the home, beloved by all in it, the guide and friend of each. He was dead now, and his body had been lying in the cemetery nearly a year. Theodore was at his funeral, and once, since then he had been home for a few weeks' vacation. It was a house of mourning then, and it was natural that it should be so. His mother and sister were overwhelmed by their loss, and were still weeping familiar objects in the house and home recalled their dear departed to their memory. Every day they spent an hour at the grave mingling their tears, a talking of the wisdom and goodness of the Lord. That was exactly what Theodore expected, and he could fully sympathize with their grief.

Theodore himself had been prostrated by the bereavement; but he was a young man among young men, and the natural elasticity of spirit recovered quickly. His father was no less sincerely mourning his love and admiration for him were in no way diminished, but he could be cheerful and enjoy the college sports and pastimes again. He was, however, aware that his mother and sister were still under the dark cloud. The letters that his sister Lydia regularly sent to him revealed that no ray of sunshine had reached them. Theodore believed that they were becoming morbid, and that it was his duty to arouse them to a better, brighter life. He knew the task would be difficult, that it would bring their reproaches upon him, but it would be better for them in the end, and he was fully determined on making the effort.

Both mother and sister were in tears when he arrived. It reminded them of former homecomings, when he whom they mourned had been foremost in preparing to welcome the young man. Though the summer sunshine, and the glory of flowers and foliage, made all bright outside the home, there was gloom and sadness within. A hushed, subdued, chastened air pervaded the house, and the two ladies started and almost shuddered at the clear, firm tones of Theodore's voice and the ringing laugh. A wan smile from his mother, a suppressed laugh, in which there was no mirth from his sister, were all that his utmost efforts could

duce. They liked nothing better than to go over again their remembrances of his father's words and ways, and weep over their loss. Vincent and her daughter were looking pale and thin, and their appearance confirmed Theodore's conviction that their grief continued too long.

"Come sister mine," said Theodore, the next day, "how shall we spend the vacation? Let us make a programme. I propose we hire a little carriage and take mamma to visit all our old-time resorts, and you and I will do some walking besides. Both you and mamma need some out-door air to bring the color back to your cheeks."

"Neither mamma nor I care for these things now, Theodore. We rarely go anywhere except to the cemetery and to church. You course will want some more lively society, and you have plenty of friends; but you must not expect us to join you. We cannot get."

"No, I do not expect or wish to do that. I do not forget, sister. I want you to remember a better way. Papa would be pained if he saw how your lives saddened. Nothing good can come of all these tears."

"Oh, I think there may, for me, any rate," said Lydia. "I am trying to reach a higher plane than I ever knew of before. I have more of my own heart since I have been in retirement. I have myself under discipline, and I know now how much evil there is to be eradicated. I have been thinking of going into some religious house, where I could give my whole time to self-mortification and penance. Oh, Theodore, since papa died, a life of mere pleasure and amusement seems impossible!"

"I do not think much of a conception of duty that would impel a girl to leave her widowed mother and shut herself up in a nunnery. Who has been talking to you?"

"There is no daily service at our church, so I have been to the Catholic church every week-day for some time. One of the fathers there has been very kind to me. You would call him an ascetic, I suppose, but to me he seems like one of the mediæval saints. He has helped me very greatly."

The entrance of Mrs. Vincent put an end to the conversation for the time. Theodore devoted himself to cheering her and diverting her thoughts to her own position and prospects, the one subject which in a mother so tender and loving had any chance of rivalling the one that had too long held her captive. But his sister's state troubled him, and later in the day he put on his hat and strolled through the garden alone, to think it over. Evidently the girl was treading the hard and futile road of self-salvation, which must end either in despair or Pharisaic conceit. He gathered mechanically, most unconsciously, a few flowers as he walked and meditated. A turn of the path brought him in view of the house. He looked up and saw his mother and sister watching him. Lydia stepped forward to join him, and he quickened his steps to meet her.

"Look at these," he said, putting the flowers in her hands. "See what open air and sunshine have done for them. What beauty! what fragrance! the close air of a room they would not have been at they are. Believe me, your soul is like them; it does not need seclusion. It is they who cease from their own works who 'enter into rest.'"

Lydia made no reply, but she took the flowers, and the brother and sister returned to the house, where Mrs. Vincent had to listen to her son's persuasions to join him in an excursion. He would make no denial, and though up to the last moment he resisted, he had the satisfaction of driving her and Lydia through country roads redolent with the scents of the sweet summer air. A perceptible change for the better marked the family gathering at night in the cheerfulness of both ladies, which



Theodore Vincent Prescribes for His Sister.

encouraged the young man to hope for success in the line of treatment he had planned.

"What did you mean by ceasing from work, Theodore?" asked his sister when they were alone. "Must not we strive to enter in?"

"Not in your way. The morbid introspection you are fostering can never bring rest or peace or attainment. Nothing but dissatisfaction comes from looking inward. You must look out and up. In Him your strength lies. Look to Him, believe in Him, trust Him and you will find rest, because He undertakes for you. When you have experienced that rest you will not want to shut yourself out of the world, but you will want to point poor overburdened souls to the same source of joy. It is with that as with this morbid grief over dear father's death; you do not live your love. You could better show your love for papa by cheering and comforting mamma as he used to do; you can prove your love for God by doing good to His children and telling sinners the way to Him."

The brother and sister had many such talks during the weeks of Theodore's vacation. By slow degrees, too, he enlisted his mother's interest, first in one or two widows in the village, who, being in like trouble with herself, were comforted by a sympathy which only a widow could give; and afterward other afflicted homes had her visits. In cheering others she was cheered herself. There was no more talk on the part of Lydia either, of retirement from the world. She was too happily occupied, and besides, through faith she had entered into rest about herself. When Theodore went back to college he left a home transformed by the peace and joy which come from faith and service.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 17.)

The Apostles of Toleration.

"ROGER WILLIAMS," says Bancroft, "announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence: it would blot from the statute-book the felony of nonconformity; would quench the fires that persecution

had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil Government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral.

"It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle, the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet, which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart."

A man can hardly commit a greater crime, according to the standard of his contemporaries, than that of being in advance of his age. It is an offence most hard to be forgiven; and assuredly the New England of that seventeenth century, upon which America now delights to look back as the cradle of liberty, was fully as little prepared as England to pardon the advocacy of the doctrine of perfect toleration, which, even in the nineteenth century,

neither America nor England have altogether carried out. It is the shame of England that the conscientious religious opinions of a good subject can still be a bar to literary honors, and a disqualification for civil office. It is not for either nation to cry shame on the other. Let their emulation be still which shall first win the noble goal of liberty that is the aim of both.

Roger Williams contended in vain with good men, strong in the sincerity of convictions which they had already endured much to maintain. The Puritan legislators of New England enacted that the observance of public worship was a duty every member of the community owed to the state. No difference of opinion could excuse regular attendance at the parish church, nor could either the unwillingness of worldly men, or the scruples of tender consciences, win any relaxation from the law which subjected every member of the community to taxation for the maintenance of the religion of the majority. In addition to this, the adopted creed became a necessary qualification for the meanest civil office, and no test act was ever enforced more stringently in the worst time of England's Stuart rule than this was under the Puritan governors of New England.

They had indeed this apology, that they had acquired the land as a refuge for themselves, and had endured not a few privations and sufferings, that they might establish there an asylum wherein English Nonconformity might be free to plume its wings, and soar, unrestrained by any shackles but its own. The discriminating reader will not fail to give them every advantage of this apology, nor will he refuse a just admiration for the uncompromising spirit with which they acted up to their imperfect views; although he still must own that they were two centuries behind the liberty of our age.

The evils consequent on the establishment of dominant Puritanism in the colony of Massachusetts, came to a height when the advocate of perfect toleration was chosen by the people of Salem as their pastor. All the worst consequences that had sprung from the religious intolerance of the High Church party in England, were repeated under new forms in America. By a decree of the General Court, Roger Williams was banished from the colony. In the depth of winter, under storms

more fierce than those that assailed the Pilgrim Fathers when they landed from the *Mayflower*, he had to skulk for many weeks amid the intricate wilds of the leafless forest, glad when he discovered a hollow tree to shelter him from the pitiless blasts of the north wind, laden with ice and snow. But "the ravens," said he, "fed me in the wilderness." The wild Indians protected the outcast; and through his long life he never forgot the debt of gratitude.

Williams removed at length to Rhode Island. Five companions, who shared with him the large views of liberty for which he had endured such sufferings, followed him thither; and there, with the advice of the benevolent Governor of Boston, and beyond the reach of the charter of Massachusetts, the martyr of liberty founded a new settlement, to which he gave the name of *Providence*. The history of Roger Williams has been written by his opponents. Tardy and grudging justice has been rendered to his memory. The eulogists of New England have been fain to magnify his errors, or to conceal his wrongs. England may now be proud that she gave birth to such a son, while America rejoices that amid the wilds of the New World he found at length a shelter, where it was not held a crime to acknowledge no judge of conscience but God.

The history of the Pilgrim founders of New England properly closes when their work as the pioneers is done. Difficulties, indeed, still beset the path of the colonists, and some of these of no ordinary character. In 1633 a number of ships, ready, with their emigrant passengers, to sail for New England, were stayed by an arbitrary order of Council, and forbid to depart, "because of the resorting thither of divers persons known to be ill-affected, not only with civil but ecclesiastical government at home." It has even been said that Charles and his wise councillors arrested a ship in the Thames some few years later, which, but for their interference, would have borne Hampden and Cromwell to exhaust their mighty energies contending with the difficulties of an infant settlement;—a pregnant theme for reflection, did we not remember that men are but the tools of Providence. Yet how different had all the new centuries of England's history been, with her Hampden and Cromwell building log huts in Massachusetts Bay!

Wiser men than Laud would have thought England well rid of a few ship-loads of *ill-affected persons*. But the pedant priest flattered himself that the nation could be ruled with a pedagogue's rod; and by and by he even volunteered to extend the discipline of his ferule to the New England colonists. In 1635 Archbishop Laud was commissioned with irresponsible power to remodel all matters, civil or ecclesiastical, belonging to the colony; and things proceeded so far that a writ was made out against the Governor, Deputy-governor, and assistants of the Corporation of Massachusetts Bay; and even the valued charter was revoked.

Mr. Winslow, one of the first Governors of Plymouth, visited England, and petitioned the Council to check some grievances which were felt to be injurious by the colonists. The Archbishop forthwith interfered, denounced Winslow as a separatist, had him clapped in durance in the Fleet; and fortunate it was for him that the Archbishop's hands were too full of more pressing work to allow him to attend to the "scandalous license" of the colonists, otherwise his escape would have been less easy than with only seventeen weeks' imprisonment.

But the miseries of England were the life of the colony. While the long death-struggle of despotism was tugging at the vitals of the mother country, and her liberty trembled in the balance, the colonies were slowly acquiring the needful strength and consistency that enabled them to cope successfully with the agents of restored despotism. With these early annals of New England we need not intermeddle. They belong to the history of the colony, and of the great nation into which it is now incorporated; they belong also to the history of the nation from whence they sprung; but they form no portion of the legitimate annals of the Pilgrim Fathers.

' The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure
dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

" The Pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the Bay where the *Mayflower* lay
Shall foam and freeze no more."

We run little risk of over-estimating the influence of the Pilgrim Fathers on the history not only of their direct descendants, but of the whole Saxon race who now fill the vast continent from the river St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. The memory of the Pilgrims of Plymouth is ever present, as an example or as a warning, calling on the American citizen to emulate the noble self-denial of his ancestry, and to imitate their simple piety and trust in God. The narrow-minded and cold-hearted utilitarian sneers at the enthusiast who thus looks behind him for encouragement and guidance in the onward race. But he who has discerned the spirit of man aright knows how powerful are the invisible links that unite him with the past.

The names of Bruce and Tell, of Hampden, Hoffer, Kosciuszko—the names of the fathers of liberty in every land—stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet, and bid the soul of man aspire to his great birthright of freedom. Let, then, those nations bless God who have given them such an ancestry; for there are some who, looking down the far vista of the past, discern no such leaders. It was not Napoleon who taught France that glory was a better prize than liberty. He only caught up the echoes of older voices, and summoned the nation to follow in the steps of her historic leaders. Napoleon was the fit Washington of France. It is still pride enough for her to be identified with his questionable glory.

When we look upon such gauges of the great tides of history, we may well regard with interest the spirit of veneration with which the American citizen treasures the homeliest relic of his Pilgrim sires. It is a hero-worship unallied to superstition. It was when the revolutionary conflict with the mother country was at its crisis that the citizens of Plymouth recalled the worth of their old Memorial Rock, on which a few poor and despised exiles had landed wellnigh two centuries before, and rescued it from the encroaching wharfage of the busy seaport. Again, in 1834, it was inaugurated with renewed ceremonial, and dedicated once more to the memory of the founders of New England liberty.

Nor does republican enthusiasm pause even here. The grave divine who has undertaken to illustrate the history of the "Plymouth Pilgrims" suggests that other duties still remain ere the men of New England shall learn to celebrate with fitting honors the landing of these conquerors of the wilderness. America must take a leaf from the page of old Europe's most eloquent ceremonial. Like Venice, "she must espouse the everlasting sea," in memory of those who triumphed amid its dangers, and bridged the Atlantic with a highway for the exiles of the Old World.

"The people of Plymouth," says Dr. Cheever, "will not have done their duty to the original Rock, till they make a little park around it, down to the water's edge, where annually there might be a pleasant ceremony of landing from the sea, as solemn and magnificent as that of dropping a ring into the Adriatic at Venice, and much more glorious in its meaning. The Rock now in front of the hall, with the inscribed names in black around it, might be apt to suggest to the mind the idea of a coffin or monumental urn, with the pall-bearers."

It looks too hearse-like for a pleasant impression, such as one would wish to have before that relic, which is the emblem of life, not death, for New England.

Whatever be the ceremonial, it should indeed be pleasant, though grave and earnest, as the deeds that it commemorates. America will do better, however, to trust to her own nationalities than to borrow her triumphant celebrations from such symbols of mediæval fancy, rich as they are in old poetic feeling. She has her green forests, and her Beacon Hill; her broad encircled bay, with its winding shallows, and the memory of the little *Mayflower* still present there, with its bent yards and tattered sails. She has her old flag, which replaced the older standard of England, with its red cross of St. George, that roused the ire of the stern Endicott, as a badge and relic of Antichrist! She has her old seal too, still bearing the cross which once excited

such strife and commotion in her early council, now quatering the armorial shield of Plymouth quaintly charged with four pilgrims at prayer.

America needs no Old-World fancies to prompt her celebrations, while she keeps alive for other generations the memory of these Fathers of a generation. Yet it is well that she should not, in her high republican pride, despise the pomps of old nations as antiquated and childish. Human nature is ever the same; and the noblest spirits feel the least condescension when they stoop to share in the pastimes of a nation's holy-days; for they know that beneath the rind and husk of such fantasies are hidden deeper things, kernels that germinate and produce worthy fruit in other times. The genial heart may well share in the rejoicings of such a festive commemorating the advent of liberty amid so clouded a dawn.

Scattered among the chief cities of the Northern States, there are still preserved with loving veneration a few precious relics of the Fathers of the New World. The Massachusetts Historical Society possesses the swords of Carver and Brewster. The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth preserves that of Miles Standish. At Boston, the lineal descendant of Governor Winslow retains the portrait of his ancestor, as well as that of his son Isaac, who succeeded to the like honors, and those of other members of his distinguished father's race. An engraving of the portrait of Edward Winslow forms the frontispiece to *Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, and shows the fine, dignified, manly chief to whom Cromwell confided the superintendence of the expedition against the West Indies, in 1655, from which he did not return.

Among the same priceless family relics, is included the Bible of Governor Winslow, with the old family register, avouching the noble pedigree of its present owner. His arm-chair too, a plain but substantial old oaken seat, still remains as a coveted memento of the New England forefather. Young appropriately introduces it as a vignette to the close of Bradford and Winslow's journal. In like manner he has preserved the form of Elder Brewster's and Governor Carver's chairs; the latter a plain rush-bottomed chair, worthy in its simplicity to be the throne and judgment-seat of the first presidents of Plymouth colony.

Such are the few and simple relics which command the devout reverence of a great nation. Trifles are they, truly, when estimated by their mere intrinsic worth, but such as America might well refuse to exchange for the gold which Spanish galleons bore back to Europe as the spoils of the New World. Nor are these the sole memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their monument is the nation that owns the little spot whereon they reared their wild home. Its free institutions, its generous and philanthropic deeds, its missionary labors, its ardent spirit of daring, its indomitable courage, its unquenchable love of liberty, all these are the memorials of the Pilgrims; nor are they all that shall be.

America has yet higher achievements and nobler victories before her. Other memorials shall be reared in America to the fathers of her liberty; and when freedom has had her perfect triumph, for fathers Day will be celebrated with rites worthy its old memories. But England also claims a share in these old memories; and an interest in the power with which their lessons are so pregnant. She too has triumphs to achieve ere the festival of liberty can be fitly celebrated. Slowly and with sore difficulty each step is won. But her progress, too, onward. The golden age is before her, her warring only behind. May the two nations learn to emulate each other only in such generous triumph while they cherish the feelings that ought to unite mate races in whose veins are circulating the same old Saxon blood.

THE END.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for March:

The Saints' Coronation Day—March 5, 1896.
The Wonderful Birthday of 144,000 Translated Ones—March 5, 1896. By Rev. M. Baxter.
The Coming Woe. By Rev. W. Christmas.
The Millennium. By Rev. W. Wood, A. M.
The Days of Noah and the Lord's Second Coming.
The Stone Cut Out Without Hands.
The Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
The Great Pyramid and Its Symbolism.
Curious Psychical Experience of Professor Stowe.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

Hast thou many burdens borne?
Griefs and pains thy heart have torn?
Dost thou roam on earth forlorn?
Tell it all to Jesus.

Hast thou told to Him thy woes?
Sought His aid 'gainst all thy foes?
Trust in Him, whate'er oppose;
Leave it all with Jesus.

Why wilt thou thy burdens bear?
Why be filled with anxious care?
Thou may'st every sorrow spare;
Rest thyself in Jesus.

"Come to Me, and thou shalt rest;
Lean thy head upon My breast;
Never be with grief oppress"—
'Tis the voice of Jesus.

All things we in Him receive;
May we fully to Him cleave;
Never waver, but believe:
Always rest in Jesus.

So His joy will fill our heart;
Perfect peace He will impart;
Ne'er from Him shall we depart:
We shall dwell in Jesus.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR—SCENES AT HIS RECEPTION IN INDIA.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

ONE of the most significant events of this year is the extraordinarily effusive reception which has been given in India to the young man who, in the natural course of events, will one day be King of England. The fact that a people differing so radically in customs, temper, and religion from the nation which rules them should make so much rejoicing, and should give so ostentatious a demonstration of loyalty speaks volumes for the tact of the rulers and the wisdom of their policy. The past quarter of a century has witnessed a decided improvement in both qualities. There has been more moderation displayed by the English in India since the Mutiny of 1857, a greater deference to the prejudices and wishes of the native people, and a more genuine concern for their welfare. Natives have been advanced to positions of trust, and they have proved exceedingly valuable, not only in inspiring confidence in their own people, but by giving information to the British representatives in India which has saved them from ignorantly outraging cherished sensibilities. The native races have not been slow to recognize this change for the better, and a more friendly feeling has sprung up between them and their rulers, of which the demonstrations of loyalty that the Prince meets with wherever he goes is an evidence.

The spectacle of these Orientals doing honor to the representative of British royalty is worthy of consideration by every Christian, of whatever nationality, because it is a testimony not so much to the greatness of the English nation as to the power of Christian principles, and the greatness of the kingdom of Christ in this world. With all her faults and failings, England stands out pre-eminently among European nations as the one distinguished by an open Bible, and the prevalence of vital religion, and in that fact must be recognized the key to its extraordinary power. The monarch of the little islands can boast that she reigns over a territory of ten million square miles, nearly three times the size of the whole of Europe, and over 350,000,000 of people. There must be some reason for so remarkable a fact, and it is to be found not in the wealth, nor in the military strength of the nation, but in the over-ruling providence of God in giving power and rule to a nation which trusts in Him, and is most active in promulgating the principles of His Book. (Prov. 14 : 34.)

Prince Albert Victor,

whose portrait appears on the first page, was born on January 8, 1864, and is therefore now twenty-six years of age. On March 10 the infant Prince was christened in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, and received the names of Albert Victor Christian Edward. Having received a careful elementary training under parental supervision, the navy was chosen as Prince Albert Victor's school, and that of his brother George Frederick, who is eighteen months his junior. On board ship it was thought that they would be brought under better discipline than was possible among the adulations of a court, and would run less risk of being spoiled by flatteries. They were therefore entered as naval cadets on board the *Britannia* training-ship for a two years' course of instruction. Here the young students devoted themselves diligently to their work, rendering to each branch of discipline prompt and cheerful obedience. Their studies embraced Algebra, Euclid, Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, Latin, French, Drawing, Essay Writing, Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, the uses of Instruments and Charts, and Seamanship. The proficiency they evidenced upon an examination, which was in all details the same as that of other cadets, proved that they had really worked at their studies. They were then transferred to the *Bacchante*, on which they continued the studies of their profession.

The *Bacchante* was commissioned on July 15, 1879, and the Princes' names were entered on August 4, and they joined the ship on September 17, the same year. She shortly afterward

Set Sail for a Protracted Tour,

calling at Palermo, Messina, Malta, Gibraltar, Madeira, and the West Indies. Upon the return home of the Princes in 1879, the Prince and Princess of Wales were so pleased with the instruction their sons had received that it was decided to continue the treatment, and as soon as the *Bacchante's* defects were made good she proceeded on a cruise to Australia and China with the Princes on board, and after an absence of seven months, the *Bacchante* again arrived in England. Prince Albert Victor

was then sent to complete his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. After his graduation he remained for some time at home, taking part in the ceremonies which form the chief function of royal personages, now that the real governing power in England has passed from the hands of the monarch to Parliament. Last year it was decided to send the young man on a more extended tour, so that if in the Providence of God he is called to reign over the vast Empire of Great Britain, he may know something by personal experience of the lands and peoples which acknowledge his government.

The Prince left London on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Oceana* on October 19, and reached Bombay early on the morning of November 9. The Hindoos attach an almost superstitious importance to the arrival of a royal personage. An amusing instance of this occurred when the Prince landed from the steam launch *Bee* at the Apollo Bunder. A group of Hindoos prayed devoutly that as he landed he might first place his right foot on the step, as then peace and plenty would prevail wherever he went. Fortunately the Prince put forward the desired right foot, and was thereupon lustily cheered by the Hindoos. The young Prince was welcomed by his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Reay, the Governor, and, after he had replied to the municipal address of welcome, which was presented to him on landing, proceeded to the Secretariat. The Prince drove in a carriage-and-four, escorted by a detachment of the Bombay Light Horse and by four of the Governor's body-guard. On the route

He was Enthusiastically Cheered

by dense crowds of people of all colors and castes, who had assembled on the footpath, as well as by numbers of European ladies and gentlemen, who surveyed the spectacle from the windows of various establishments. He then went by special train to Poonah. There he "assisted" at a grand military parade, a State ball, and a torchlight tattoo. The military parade took place on November 12, at 8 A. M., and long before that hour the ground was densely crowded, a space being roped off for privileged spectators.

From Poonah the Prince went to Hyderabad, Madras, and Seringapatam. It was thought well that the Prince should not confine his travels exclusively to British India, but that he should also visit the Indian Native States, of which Hyderabad, in the Deccan, is the most important, ruled by Princes who are the allies of the British Empire.

The Visit to Hyderabad

furnishes the occasion and the material of the various pictorial items which constitute the front-page engraving. No. 1 shows the *Hall of the Chow Mahal Palace*; No. 2—*An Arch of Triumph near St. George's Church*; No. 3—*Waiting the Arrival of the Prince at the Railway Station*; and No. 4—*An Officer of the Nizam's Guard*. Hyderabad, with territories extending about 475 miles from east to west and north to south, is in the middle of Peninsular India, between the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, and is bounded to the northeast by the Godavery, to the south by the Krishna River. It has a population of ten millions, exclusive of Berar, who are ruled by the Nizam, their hereditary Mohammedan Prince, with able and enlightened Ministers. The Nizam, retaining the internal administration of government, which has during the past thirty years been effectually reformed, yields all foreign policy to the control of the British Empire, and has voluntarily made a noble contribution to its military defences.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Hyderabad by railway from Poonah, in the Bombay Presidency, on November 16, using the Nizam's superb suite of railway carriages, sent to Poonah for his accommodation. His Royal Highness was met at the Hyderabad railway station by the Nizam, with his Ministers of State and chief officials, as seen in No. 3 frontispiece picture, and was escorted to the Bashiri-Bagh, a house belonging to Sir Asman Jah, the Nizam's Prime Minister, which had been fitted up and furnished for the Prince. The Nizam, with the highest nobles and official personages of Hyderabad, here called on his Royal Highness, who returned their visits in the afternoon. There was a ceremonial reception at the Chow Mahal Palace, also shown in No. 1 engraving on our front page, and a Durbar was held in another grand hall, which is adorned with a fine life-size portrait of Queen Victoria. At night there was a reception at the British Residency, to which all the Europeans in Hyderabad were invited. Next day Prince Albert

Victor went to see antelope-hunting with tam cheetahs; he was entertained with a grand breakfast at the Minister's city palace, and went out shooting in the forenoon. In the evening the Nizam gave

A Magnificent Banquet

in honor of the Prince to about 300 guests. The third day, being Sunday, was kept as at home; but his Royal Highness dined with the officers of the 7th Hussars in the British military cantonments at Secunderabad, which he left by train for Madras about midnight. The city of Hyderabad was splendidly illuminated at night. Prince Albert Victor, after visiting Trichinopoly, in the south, returned on December 12 to Madras. The city was brilliantly illuminated, and a native fête held at night amid much enthusiasm. He then left Madras for Rangoon, Burmah. Early in January he arrived

At Calcutta.

Long before that city was reached signs of welcome began to manifest themselves, crowds of people assembling from the villages on both banks, while shipping in the port and in the river was gayly decorated. About 4 o'clock the *Kristna* anchored opposite Prinsep's Ghaut, and was immediately boarded by a deputation from the Viceroy. Here the scene was very striking. A dais and blocks of seats had been erected on the ghaut for the accommodation of high officials, native nobles, and other spectators. Every seat was occupied, and the applications for tickets were about twice as great as the number of seats. The chiefs, dressed in gala attire and the civil and military officers, in their various uniforms, made a brilliant show. About half-past 4 o'clock the Prince landed under a royal salute and was received at the steps by the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor. Native nobles, representing the leading families of the province, were then presented in order of precedence, after which a deputation from the municipal corporation read an address.

His Royal Highness, in reply, said that ever since his arrival in India he had been immensely struck by the intense feelings of affection and devotion to the Throne and the person of the Queen-Empreress animating all classes, and by the splendid manner in which he had been received everywhere. His journey so far had been one of continual pleasure, wonder, and instruction, and nowhere was there more the case than in Upper Burmah, from which he had just returned. He was now looking forward with equal interest to his tour in North India. He would carry away a lively interest in the Queen's Indian subjects, and, as he knew the case with his father, these sentiments would ever find the foremost place in his heart. In conclusion, he thanked them for their cordial welcome, adding that since the steamer dropped anchor he had received no fewer than 116 messages of welcome from communities, municipalities, and associations of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Assam, the value of which he was deeply sensible.

A Characteristic Entertainment

was given to the Prince during his stay. This was the Kattaki sword-dance. A company of Sepoys belonging to the Kattaki tribe—a wild tribe on the Afghan border—arranged themselves in a circle around a blazing bonfire. They were dressed in long flowing white robes, and each man carried a naked sword. They began with a slow, stately movement around the fire, keeping accurate time to music strangely like that of the Highland pipes. Gradually the music became faster, till at last the living ring whirled around the fire apparently in a state of mad excitement, waving their swords in dangerous proximity to one another's heads.

The Prince is still continuing his travels in India, and will, it may be hoped, receive such impressions as may lead to his becoming a wise and enlightened man, fit for his exalted station.

HOW A SHIPWRECKED CREW WERE SAVED

THE following incident is related by Dr. A. Gordon in his *Watchword*, as an illustration of the way in which God provides for the relief of children in a time of peril:

One dark, stormy night a vessel was wrecked on a rocky island off the coast of Scotland. The crew had watched with terror the white waves as they dashed on the stately cliffs, and felt that to be dashed on these rocks was to seal their doom. The cabin was filled with water, and the captain's vessel was drowned. The sailors climbed into the rigging and prayed, as they never had before, that God would have compassion on them. That He would

them from temporal death seemed almost in-
ble. But the cruel waves drove the vessel on
ed, till the very foot of the awful cliff was
ed. Oh! if they could only reach its top, there
be safety, and, no doubt, friendly hands to
them. Just as they struck the rock, they es-
on the face of the cliff a ladder. Here was
despair changed to joy. They sprang from
ladders, and climbed the ropes as rapidly as
benumbed fingers would permit; but they were
scued, and in a few minutes more the vessel
to pieces.

at ladder seemed to them almost a miracle, yet
essence there was easily explained. It was used
e quarrymen as they climbed up and down to
work every day. Though usually drawn up
they left, the suddenness of the storm that
had caused the workmen to hurry to the shel-
their humble homes without taking time to
ve the ladder. It was God who had ordered
seemingly trifling matter for the preservation
eir lives.

me writer has well said, However long the
of second causes may be, the first link is al-
in God's hand.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Spurgeon's Proverbs and Quaint Sayings.*

ver stint soap and water. The soap makers
to judge by their advertisements, to be doing
ving business; but we still know a few people
need to patronize them. We do not admire
ees, but we should like to see some persons
ne Pharisees in one respect, namely in their
tion to eat with unwashed hands.

ver trust a wolf with the care of lambs. And
of all if he offers to do it for nothing. He
ake it out in lamb.

ver shirk the hardest work. Some do so habit-
If they can live on others, they will not do a
s turn. The age of chivalry is over, but the
f loafers lasts for ever. Let us be of another

Two colored men were loading goods into a
One of them was disposed to shirk; the other
ed, and looking sharply at the lazy one said,
a, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes."
in take hold and lift."

ture, no pay. A fair principle, but it might
ried further with advantage. King Long,
ror of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the
er in which physicians were paid in Western

When his Majesty was made to comprehend
istom of paying physicians for the time the
ists were sick, he exclaimed: "Is any man in
nd well who can afford to be ill? Now, I will
a you how I manage my physicians. I have o
whom the care of my health is committed;
tain weekly salary is allowed them; but the
nt I am ill the salary stops till I am well

My illnesses are always short."
ke not another's shoes by your own foot. For
which suits you very well may be quite unsuit-
o another person. Every foot needs a last of
n. Allow latitude of thought and manner
the bounds of truth and holiness. Avoid
se shoes for yourself and others.

be the best of a bad bargain. Say as little as
in about it, or you will be injuring your own
tion for good judgment. If you have entered
marriage and find yourself mistaken, bear and
ur. In all trying cases among a trying people,

"I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

ny a child is hungry because the brewer is rich.
should have been spent in bread and butter
e in malt and hops. A little fellow was asked
dy, "Why do you not come for cold victuals
ore?" and replied, "Because father's signed
edge, and we get hot victuals at home."

riage for love is risky, but it's right. Without
marriage is wicked. But love must not be
or mad. True love will not drag its object
opeless poverty. Where love reigns supreme,
arried life will be joyful, whether in wealth or
erty; yet love is apt to fly out of the window
the wolf of want comes in at the door.

rry in a hurry and live in a worry. Marriage

um The Salt-Cellars, a collection of proverbs with homely
hereon by C. H. Spurgeon. The extracts here given,
taken almost at random from its pages, show how full of
wisdom and sanctified common sense this book is. Pp.
ice \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, Broad-
ew York.

is harness for a pair, and it should be adjusted with
care, blinkers and kicking-straps included, wher-
ever they are required. The harness should be put
on with due deliberation. Take time to do that
which time cannot undo.

Mind how you feed, especially when you feed the
mind. For as the silk worm is colored by the leaf
it feeds on, so do men take the hue of their read-
ing. As we would not eat carrion, let us not read
garbage. Thackeray once said to a visitor: "I
read very few novels. I am a pastry cook. I bake
tarts and sell them. I do not eat them myself; I
eat bread and butter."

Money has no blood relations. There is no friend-
ship in business. Sad that this should be a proverb
in any land, but so it is. The Chinese say:
"Though brothers are closely akin, it is each for
himself in money matters." They also say: "Top
and bottom teeth sometimes come into awkward
collision." So little power has relationship in the
savage customs of business, that, in some instances,
one hand would skin the other if it could make a
profit by it.

Never comb a bald head. Don't criticise where
there is nothing to work upon. Treat a poor help-
less man with tenderness. If a man has no re-
ligion don't dispute with him about doctrines.
When you meet with a person who has no money,
don't ask him for a contribution.

Never hold a candle to the devil. Do not aid him
in his work, nor pay deference to the powers of
evil. To hold a candle to the devil is to abet an
evil-doer out of fawning fear. The allusion is to
the story of an old woman, who set one candle be-
fore the image of St. Michael, and another before
the devil, whom he was trampling under foot. Be-
ing reproved for paying such honor to Satan, she
naively replied, "Ye see, yer honor, its quite uncer-
tain which place I shall go to at last, and, sure,
you'll not blame a poor woman for securing a friend
in each." This policy is the sure way to ruin.

A DIFFICULTY OF CONSCIENCE.

IN a recent sermon to young men on the question
of Amaziah (II Chron. 25:9), as to what should be
done about the hundred talents which he had given
to the army of Israel, Dr. Thain Davidson related
an incident of the same kind of difficulty which
had come under his own observation. He said: "A man
never suffers in the long-run from obeying con-
science and listening to the call of duty. Believe
me, fidelity to principle is an article of high com-
mercial value. Let a youth be scrupulously truth-
ful, straightforward and honorable, he will not be
without his reward, even in this world. Any loss
he may at present encounter will be made up to him
by and by.

"I met with a striking illustration of this some
time ago. A man came to see me about a difficulty
of conscience. Closeted with me in my study, he
made a clean breast of his trouble. He was en-
gaged in a trade—and in a particular branch of it—
which his conscience could not approve of. He
said, 'I am making a capital living; but at the ex-
pense of all peace of mind. I feel I cannot ask
God's blessing on my daily employ, and therefore I
cannot pray at all.' With tears, he told me his
soul was wretched. 'But what am I to do? If I
give it up, what about my wife and children? I see
only beggary staring me in the face.' His difficulty
was just Amaziah's, only far more serious.

"The Lord is able, I said, 'to give you much
more than this.' Oh, what a struggle there was
within his breast! He left my house in deepest
distress of mind; and I prayed that the Lord would
open up his way. A few days after, I met him in
Cheapside, his face beaming with joy. He had
sacrificed the hundred talents; had thrown up his
situation; and already, in a remarkable manner,
God had provided for him another opening, in
which, with a clear conscience, he could earn a
living.

"But, even though compensation does not come
in the form of worldly substance, the path of duty
is no less plain; and the compensation will come
in other forms."

THE ORDEAL BY SAS WOOD.

IN a letter to the *African News* the Rev. B. F.
Kephart, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries in
Africa, describes the efforts he and his brethren are
making to abolish the barbarous customs of the
people. One of these, which they cling to most
tenaciously, is that of administering the poison of
sas wood to any person suspected of bewitching
any one. The native doctor is the authority on the

subject, and whoever he indicates as the person
guilty of practicing witchcraft is compelled to swal-
low the deadly potion. Mr. Kephart says:

"We thought the sas wood custom had passed,
but Satan was not going to yield without a struggle.
Sabbath morning last a little boy died; the family
went to the devil-doctor, according to custom. The
devil-doctor said the devil told him one man and
two women witched the child. Devil-doctor se-
lected them, and they were rushed through by six
o'clock Monday morning. They had received the
sas wood before we had time to reach town, the
mission-house being one mile away. We could
do nothing but look on a fearful sight. These
three innocent victims, one old man and two old
women, in the agonies of sas wood, driven over the
town with a soldier armed with a great club, crying
out: 'You bad man; 'You bad women; 'You kill
everybody.' Each victim was followed by a relative
disputing the soldier, saying: 'They are not bad;
they did not kill anybody.' The sas wood is pro-
fessedly a test of their innocence or guilt. If they
vomit up the poison, then they are innocent.

"We could do nothing but wait results, so we
hastened to our chapel and called the church to-
gether around the altar and poured out our hearts
to God. Let me say, to the praise of His name, our
prayers were answered. By 3 P. M. all three of the
victims were safe. We went to the king and re-
quested a sas wood palaver the next day, which he
granted. Tuesday we met in front of the king's
house. The king sent for the chiefs, and many of
the people were present. We said: 'How foolish
and wicked it is for you to listen to an old lying
devil, and murder each other! Death is natural,
and all must die when the appointed time from God
comes. Here you have nearly killed three persons
who were innocent, as your test proved. Though
the devil had said they were guilty, your own test
proved devil-doctor and devil both liars. Now,
what do you say?' They answered: 'The devil and
the doctor are deceiving us; we thank you for bring-
ing the truth. There shall be no more sas wood.
It ends here.'"

PROTESTANT WORK AMONG LEPEERS.

THE visit of "Sister" Rose Gertrude to this
country on her way to labor among the lepers of
Molokai, where Father Damien lived and died, has
revived public interest in his work. It would, how-
ever, be a mistake to suppose that only the Roman
Catholic Church interests itself in this self-denying
labor and furnishes instances of self-sacrifice. The
Rev. F. D. Hahn, writing in the *Indian Witness*,
says:

"In Molokai itself there are several Protestant
native pastors, who have been long doing for the
people all that Father Damien did; and in other
countries similar instances of self-forgetting ded-
ication to the cause of the lepers are by no means
unknown. I could give the names of Protestant
missionaries here in India who have nursed the
leper, dressed his sores with their own hands, and
carried his remains to the grave on their own
shoulders. Happily for the sufferers, Father Da-
mien's example is not quite 'unique.' There are
Moravian missionaries living with and nursing the
lepers in their asylum at Jerusalem. And away in
Robbin Island there are missionaries of the Church
of England similarly engaged. Only last October
there appeared in an Indian journal a letter by the
Rev. A. R. M. Welshe. Writing from Robbin
Island under date August 19, he says he has been
twelve years working as chaplain among the lepers
there. He is now sixty-eight years of age, and has
been apprehensive lest on account of his advanced
years he should be superseded in his work. But
rather than that, 'I am in hopes,' he adds, 'of
ending my days here.' This is another illustrious
example, only he has not yet attained to be 'a
hero-martyr of the nineteenth century,' because in
blessing others he has not disdained prudent care
for himself. 'Honor to whom honor is due.' We
gratefully affirm that there are many who, though
all unknown to fame, do not fall one whit behind
Father Damien in martyr-like consecration to the
cause of the loathsome dying."

A society has now been organized which sup-
ports three leper asylums with 150 inmates, besides
furnishing teachers and medical aid to fifteen other
leper asylums. A stipulation is made that distinct
religious teaching shall be imparted. Altogether,
through the efforts of this society, about one thou-
sand lepers have been placed under Christian train-
ing, and of these not less than three hundred have
accepted the gospel and are living consistent lives.

ANGELOLOGY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 23, 1890.

"And the angel did wondrously." Judges 13:19.

Angel Portraiture in the Bible—The Two Angelic Nations—The Capital of the Good Nation—Guesses of the Philosophers—The Only Reliable Authority—Their Birth and Life—Their Intelligence—Their Power to go Through a Five-Foot Wall—The Only Problem too Profound for Them—Their Velocity—A Quintillion of Miles a Minute—Their Number—A Hundred Million in One Place—Their Officers—Their Services—Unappreciated Fidelity Recorded—A Special Angel for the Believer's Bodyguard—The Decisive Battle Coming.

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in praise of God, and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But, as the flame rose higher and higher, their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an Angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on Angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral, and unknown. Such adjournment is unscriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full-length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other; the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former, I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are

A Distinct Race of Creatures.

No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath-school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman; but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level, or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed, and divided angels into super-celestial, celestial, and sub-celestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed, and divided them into three classes—the supreme, the middle, and the last—and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided into Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers. Their commander-in-chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes, and touch our tongue, and rouse our soul, while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Their Endless Life.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished, or their momentum slow up, or their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle, or a decrepitude, or a hindrance; as young after six thousand years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world has taken its last flight they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death,

in one night, one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortal!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke to King David of

The Wisdom of an Angel.

We mortals take in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and touch; but those beings have no physical encasement and hence they are all senses. A wall five feet thick is not solid to them. Through it they go without disturbing flake of mortar or crystal of sand. Knowledge! It flashes on them. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hindrance. No need of literature for them! The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are constellations. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are sunrises, and sunsets, and midnight auroras, and the Conqueror on the white horse with the moon under his feet, and seas of glass mingled with fire. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescope to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies at their feet. What an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wit's end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of Redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is

A Theme that Strains Their Faculties

to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God Himself can fully understand the wonders of Redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation. And what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by one hundred years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies these expressions are of course figurative, and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying, and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the centre of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel

Gabriel Flew from that Centre

to this periphery. Jesus told Peter He could instantly have sixty thousand angels present if He called for them. What foot of antelope or wing of albatross could equal that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelic momentum. Immensities before them open and shut like a fan. That they are here is no reason why they should not be a quintillion of miles hence the next minute. Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with His finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort are there to help it. Or some celestial may be standing at the furthestmost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Come!" and instantly it is in His bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Hagar, Joshua, Gideon, Manoah, Paul, St. John, could tell of their unhindered locomotion. The

red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegiras. This doubles-up and compresses infinitudes into infinitesimals. This puts all astronomical heavens into a space like the ball of a child's rattle. This mingles into one the Past and the Present, the Now and the Then, the Beyond and the Yonder.

Another remark I have to make concerning the illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken and no one God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them,

Armies of Them,

mountain-tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred million. But these are only the angels in one place. I counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the river rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says He took the companionship of ten thousand angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth full of them. The heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in the world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a

A Stairway of Angels

that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israel out of Egyptian servitude. It was an angel who showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the pail for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that brought Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel who announced to Mary the approaching nativity. It was angels that chanted when Christ was crucified. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in His agony. It was an angel that encouraged the disciples in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison, gate after gate, and Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stood by the Pool of Siloam where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. I believe an angel with uplifted hand, swearing that the world shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world, the reapers are the angels. Yea, the living shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernals! Fleets of them! Squadrons of them! Host beyond host! Rank above rank! Millions on millions! And all on our side if we have them.

The Duties of Angels.

This leads me to speak of the offices of the supernals. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to execute, to give victory to the right, and overthrow the wrong; that is their business. Just as alert and efficient as when in Bible times they stood with wing, or unsheathed sword, or rocked down the mountains with horses, or filled the mountains with horses, or hatched to chariots of fire and driven by reins of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you knew it not. You were on the way to some wrong thing, and they changed your course. They brought some thought of Christian parentage, or of loyalty to your own home, and that arrested you. They arranged that some one should help you at that crisis, and propose something honorable and elevating, or they took from your pocket a ticket to evil amusement, a ticket that you had not found. It was an angel of God, and perhaps the very one that guided you to this service, and now waits to report some holy impression to the morning made upon your soul, tarrying with one foot upon the door-step of your immortal life, and the other foot lifted for ascent into the next world. By some prayer detain him until he can tell of your repentant and ransomed soul! Or you were sometime borne down with trouble, bereavement, affliction, bankruptcy, sickness, and all manner of troubles beating their discords in your hearing. You gave up; you said: "I cannot stand."

onger. I believe I will take my life. Where rail-train, or the deep wave, or the precipice will end this torment of earthly existence?" suddenly your mind brightened. Courage surging into your heart like oceanic tides. said: "God is on my side, and all these ad- es He can make turn out for my good." Sud- you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of hat passeth all understanding. What made ange? A sweet, and mighty, and comfort- igel of the Lord met you. That was all.

at an incentive to purity and righteousness is loctrine that we are continually under angelic ation! Eyes ever on you, so that the most misdeed is committed in the midst of an ice of immortals. No door so bolted, no ess so Cimmerian, as to hinder that supernal ht. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eye- not baleful eyesight, but

Friendly Eyesight,

thetic eyesight, helpful eyesight. Confiden- ark of store, with great responsibility on your ler, and no one to applaud your work when it well, and sick with the world's ingratitude, of the angels in the counting-room rap- at your fidelity! Mother of household, stitch- ending, cooking, dusting, planning, up half ight, or all night, with the sick child, day in ay out, year in and year out, worn with the tony of a life that no one seems to care for, of the angels in the nursery, angels in all the of your toiling, angels about the sick cradle, ll in sympathy!

broad engineer, with hundreds of lives hang- i your wrist, standing amid the cinders and utch, round the sharp curve, and by appall- elivity, discharged and disgraced if you make ke, but not one word of approval if you take e trains in safety for ten years, think of the i by the throttle-valve, angels by the roaring e of the engine, angels looking from the anging crag, angels bracing the racing wheels e precipice, angels when you mount the erbolt of a train, and angels when you dist- ! Can you not hear them, louder than the ing of the car-coupling, louder than the bell crossing, louder than the whistle that sounds e scream of a flying fiend,

The Angelic Voices

g, "You did it well. You did it well"? If I speak of engineers it is because I ride so much hem. I always accept their invitation to join on their locomotive, because I not only get r destination sooner, but because they are the grandest men alive.

a and women of all circumstances, only partly ciated, or not appreciated at all, never feel r again or unregarded again! Angels all d; angels to approve, angels to help, angels to nber. Yea, while all the good angels are s of the good, there is one special angel your guard. This idea, until this present study of gy, I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it y stated in the Bible. When the disciples praying for Peter's deliverance from prison, e appeared at the door of the prayer-meeting, ould not believe it was Peter. They said: "It angel." So these disciples, in special near- o Christ, evidently believed that every worthy as an angel. Jesus said of his followers: ir angels behold the face of my Father." here it is said: "He shall give his angels e over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Angel-protected,

Angel-Guarded,

-canopied, art thou. No wonder that Charles y hymned these words:

"Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?"

erius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's in the year 287, and, after the day when their s had been whipped, and pounded into a jelly, e night in prison, and before the next day they were to be executed, they both thought saw angels standing with two glittering crowns g, "Be of good cheer, valiant soldiers of Christ! a little more of battle and then these as are yours." And I am glad to know that e many of those who have passed through sufferings in this life some angel of God has a blazing coronet of eternal reward.

a; we are to have such a guardian angel to take ward when our work is done. You know we

are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. That shows that none shall be so poor in dying he cannot afford angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space, we should shudder at the thought of going alone. But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow, or the place of your fatal accident, and say: "Hail, immortal one! All is well; God hath sent me to take you home;" and without tremor or slightest sense of peril

You Will Away and Upward,

further on and further on, until after awhile heaven heaves in sight, and the rumble of chariot wheels, and the roll of mighty harmonies are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift and you are inside the amethystine walls, and on the banks of the jasper sea, forever safe, forever free, forever well, forever rested, forever united, forever happy. Mothers, don't think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms into angelic arms. Out of sickness into health. Out of the cradle into a Saviour's bosom. Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses, the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of heaven. "Now angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.

Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it. When he warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept his deliverance. When tempted to a feeling of loneliness and disheartenment appropriate the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and heaven are thronged with these super-naturals taking tidings home,

Bringing Messages

here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defence, for terrific are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side, the nation of bad angels is on the other side. Paul had it right when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood but against Principalities, against Powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their swords on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battle-ground of England and France. Yea, Belgium more than once was the battle-ground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battle-ground between the angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander-in-chief on one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan as the Bible calls him, the commander-in-chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership, and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences, may we come in on the right side; for on that side are God and heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, and Powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

THE LATE GENERAL CROOK.

(See Portrait on page 204.)

IN the death of General Crook, which occurred on Friday last in Chicago, the United States loses an officer to whom the country was under heavy obligation, and whose excellent qualities as a general in Indian warfare were fully appreciated. Nor will the Indians hear without sorrow that "the old gray fox" is dead. They knew him as their friend, and had learned to trust him, though they feared him. The blow has fallen with startling suddenness. General Crook was believed to be in excellent health, and on the day before his death he was

busy, as usual, at army headquarters. His friend, the proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, who was his host at the time of his death, says that "General Crook arose just before 7 o'clock on Friday morning apparently in his usual health, and, in accordance with his custom, began exercising with the weights and pulleys connected with an apparatus for the purpose, which he kept in his room. After exercising for a few minutes, he stopped and went and lay down upon a lounge, saying that he felt a difficulty in breathing. A few moments later he called out to his wife, 'Oh! Mary, Mary, I need some help; I can't get my breath!' Assistance was at once summoned, and Dr. Hurlbut, who lives near by, was sent for. Everything that could be done was done, but he failed to rally, and died at 7:15.

General George Crook was in his sixty-second year, having been born near Dayton, O., on September 8, 1828. After his graduation at West Point in 1852 he was detailed to duty with the Fourth Infantry in California, and served in the West until 1861. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a captain in the regular army, but returned to his native State, and was made colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Infantry. He served in the West Virginia campaigns, commanding the Third Provisional Brigade, and was wounded in action at Lewisburg. When Sheridan made his way through the Shenandoah Valley, Crook was with him, and in March, 1865, he was in turn brevetted a brigadier and major general. After Lee's surrender, General Crook was stationed at Wilmington, N. C., and there remained until the following year, when he was mustered out of the volunteer service. He was shortly after commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., and stationed in Idaho Territory, where the Indians kept him busy until 1872. He was then transferred to the Arizona district, and notified the turbulent Indian chiefs to return to their reservations or take the consequences. The Indians neglected the warning, and were severely beaten, though they entrenched themselves in a supposedly impregnable stronghold in the Tonto basin.

The Sioux and Cheyenne Indians became troublesome in 1875, and General Crook was sent against them. He won three decisive battles, which so maddened the savages that they massed their forces, and succeeded in killing nearly the entire force of General Custer. General Crook followed up the victorious savages, and waged such successful warfare against them that by May, 1877, all the hostile Indians of the Northwest had been subdued. His next campaign was one of eviction against the Norman squatters on the Indian reservations, and in 1883 he gained a complete victory over the Chiricahuas, who had taken up their position in the mountains on the Mexican border. From this time on, General Crook practically had the sole supervision of the various Indian reservations, and taught the Indians to cultivate their land and become fairly peaceable citizens.

The most remarkable of General Crook's achievements was the capture of the 500 wild Indians in Mexico, the remains of a tribe who had held supreme control of the section of Mexico in which Crook captured them for two hundred years. It has been a tradition for that period in that country that the Apaches were unconquerable. The Mexican army was powerless before them. It still remains a mystery how this modest man, with only forty-three white soldiers and a hundred and ninety-three Apache allies, taken from this same band, went into the heart of Mexico without maps, without a known trail, over alkali plains, scaled mountain heights where white men had never set foot before, and brought back these 500 savages without the loss of one of his own men, and after having killed but nine of the Apaches. "The whole band," said General Crook, in telling the story in his simple way, "would have been captured without a single loss on their own side but for the accidental discharge of two guns by our Indian scouts."

No man in the country so well understood Indian nature, or could manage them so well. They knew him to be faithful to his word, and were sure that he would carry out any promise he might make at any cost. More than once he incurred animosity in his section and unpopularity with the Government by insisting that the pledges he had given to the Indians should be honorably fulfilled. It is mainly by his advice that the present system of giving the Indians land in severalty and breaking up their tribal relations has been adopted.

PROPHETIC INTERVALS.

By Rev. G. A. Redles.

"THE abomination of desolation" (Matt. 24:15) was to be a sign of our Lord's coming, and of the End of the Age. Christ said, "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet." There are three references in Daniel to "the abomination." One of these is found in Daniel 11:31. Another is found in Daniel 9:27. "For the overspreading of abominations, He shall make it desolate." The marginal reading is clearer—"Upon the battlements shall be the idols of the desolator." The context and other portions of the Word show that this refers to the close of this age. The Desolator plants the idols upon the battlements in the midst of the last of the seventy prophetic weeks.

Now what happens when the seventy weeks have expired? Daniel says, "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." Daniel's people are the Jews, and his city is Jerusalem. Concerning them the transgression is not yet finished, and everlasting righteousness has not yet been brought in. As a nation they are still rejecting Christ, and God's heavy hand is upon them, and their holy city which continues to be trodden down of the Gentiles.

But what are we to understand about the seventy weeks? The word translated "weeks" is indefinite. Tregelles, whose scholarship is of the highest order, says it means "a period of seven parts." The denomination here is to be taken from the subject of Daniel's prayer. He prayed about seven years, he is answered about periods of seven years.

Seventy Periods

of seven years, or four hundred and ninety years, cover the time which Gabriel announced to Daniel. The seventy years began in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes. Dr. Brooks says, "Archbishop Usher, after careful review, and without any doctrinal or prophetic object whatever to accomplish, announced, as the result of patient and particular attention to the point, that the twentieth year of Artaxerxes corresponds to the year 454 B. C., and not to the year 446.

"As all are aware, our Lord's birth occurred four years earlier than the time assigned in our common chronology, and hence, he was crucified in the Jewish month Nisan, A. D. 29, which added to the year 454 B. C., when in the same month, Nisan, the decree of Artaxerxes was issued, we have precisely four hundred and eighty-three years or sixty-nine (weeks) heptads from the command to restore and build Jerusalem to the very month when Messiah was cut off." Now if

The Seventieth Heptad

immediately followed, then according to Daniel 9:24, it was predicted that seven years after our Lord's crucifixion the sins of Daniel's people would be forgiven, and everlasting righteousness be theirs, whereas they were then rejecting the testimony of the apostles to the remission of sins through the crucified and risen Lord. About forty years later, their sins were brought into terrible remembrance when Jerusalem was destroyed. Therefore the seventieth week did not immediately follow the sixty-nine weeks, nor for the same reason has it yet been completed. Consequently there is a gap of more than eighteen centuries between the 26th and 27th verses of Dan. 9. So, there is in Isa. 61:2, between "the acceptable year" and "the day of vengeance," and for this reason our Lord omits the latter clause in Luke 4:19.

But, again, the seventy heptads relate to periods in which God regards the Jews as nationally gathered in Jerusalem. Consequently the progress of

The Heptads Stopped

at the crucifixion. Jerusalem was then virtually set aside. Our Lord said, four days before His death, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate." (Matt. 23:38.) The course of the heptads will not be resumed until the Jews, gathered to Jerusalem by the hand of God ("I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem," Ezek. 22:19), shall under a covenant formed with Antichrist again assume a national existence.

Ignorance of this principle of computing prophetic time has led some sceptics to charge the Scriptures with a false statement in asserting that from the Exodus to the building of Solomon's temple comprised four hundred and eighty years, whereas they tell us that the time was six hundred and one years. The explanation is that they in-

clude one hundred and twenty-one years during which time Israel groaned under the heavy hand of foreign oppressors, in the time of the Judges, which time of subjection the Lord does not count. Therefore we are now living in

A Parenthesis

between the sixty-ninth and seventieth week. God is now saying of the house of Judah, "Call his name Lo-ami; for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God." But the day is coming, "that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God." When God is preparing them for that day, the seventieth week will be ushered in. That week, the last seven years of this age will find a portion of the Jews (not of the lost ten tribes) dwelling in their own land, with the temple rebuilt and its worship restored. At the close of that week Daniel 9:24 will be fulfilled. Notice that the seventy weeks are determined upon *thy* people (Daniel's people, the Jews), and upon *thy* holy city (Jerusalem).

Do any ask how the transgressions shall be finished, etc. Turn for an answer to Zech. 14:3, 4, 20, 21:12; 10-14; 13:1.

In Dan. 9:27 we read, "He shall confirm the covenant," etc. Who? The antecedent is found in the previous verse—

"The Prince

that shall come." But it is there stated that "The people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary." This refers to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman people. The question arises, How can their prince confirm the covenant at the close of this age? The answer is that "The people (of the prince that shall come) shall destroy the city." That prince is yet to arise out of the Roman world, the fourth kingdom in Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. This kingdom, represented by the two legs of iron, the feet and toes, has never yet been fully developed according to the prophecy.

The Ten Toes,

five on each foot, represent the ten kingdoms of the Roman world, five in the eastern branch and five in the western.

These kingdoms with their kings must be in existence when "the stone cut out without hands shall smite the image upon his feet and break them in pieces." Smiting and breaking in pieces describe not the peaceful conquests of the Gospel in this age, but destroying judgments when "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Thess. 2:1, 7, 8), and when "He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked." (Isa. 11:4.) These same kingdoms are predicted in Daniel 7. The fourth beast represents the fourth kingdom. The ten horns upon its head are ten kings that shall arise. "Another king shall arise after them. And he shall speak great words against the Most High."

This last king (Antichrist) is "the prince that shall come, who shall confirm the covenant with many for one week."

A DAUGHTER'S DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

THE obstacles the missionaries in India have to encounter, especially those who are laboring among the women, may be realized from an incident related by Miss M. C. Lathrop in a letter to *The Missionary Link*. She says that among the pupils in the Allahabad mission was a girl named Lachmin, the only daughter of a widow. The mother was anxious to get the child married in accordance with the customs of India, but postponed it at the urgent desire of the ladies of the mission.

"At last the day came when she felt Hindu custom could not be farther defied, and she, leaving Lachmin in the care of friends, set out on foot for her native village, to search a fitting man for her son-in-law, all the men in the town being, as she said, very wicked and disagreeable. She returned, weary and footsore, her task well done, according to her mind, and the marriage soon took place. It was not long before we began to hear complaints. The man was entirely ignorant of books, and knew of no work he could do in the city; and, in fact, the scholarly ways of his young wife pleased him as little as his manners did her. They went on for a while, he spending a part of his time in the city, the remainder in his village, where Lachmin never accompanied him. She had now reached the age

of fifteen or sixteen, and on his return from a long sojourn she proposed a separation, drawn up in a way which among the lower castes of Hindus esteemed legal. This pleased him, and being accomplished, he returned to his home and took wife of his own kind. Lachmin rejoiced that she did so, feeling that her freedom was complete. She gave her work as a teacher, her mother gathered the girls to be taught into her own little house. She often told us she was a Christian at heart, and wished she could get her mother's consent, would be baptized.

"The old woman proved to be most bigoted, and in various ways tried to get this 'foolish notion' as she thought it, out of her daughter's head. One way was to get her consent to a kind of second marriage. This she utterly refused. When at a time Lachmin declared her intention of going to church, her mother's wrath knew no bounds, and she not only abused her daughter, but tried to make her an object of contempt to others by her slanders. All her efforts to move her daughter proved futile, she ceased to eat, saying she would not taste food until Lachmin promised never again to go to church, and that she would go to the Ganges to bathe, in token that she had given up all idea of becoming a Christian. To the Ganges she refused to go, but did promise that, without consent, she would not be baptized, and the mother had been satisfied and take her food.

"It has been a hard struggle for years between the two, and many a time, through the wretched intrigues of her mother and her friends, we have feared she would lose her good name. She continues teaching, and supports her mother out of her pay. No less than twelve girls taught by her are now helping in mission work. The mission decided some time ago to pay any one teacher no more than thirty pupils. Lachmin had more, but she continued to teach them, and we warned that she would get pay for only thirty. She said, 'I will teach the thirty for the mission and the others for the Lord.'"

A CHINESE BRIDE'S TROUBLES.

AMONG the recent additions to the Congregational church for Chinamen in Sacramento, Cal., is a Chinese lady who has had a singular experience which has tried herself and her husband severely. Mr. William C. Pond tells the story in the *American Missionary*. He says:

Several years ago, one of our steadfast Christian brethren in Sacramento requested me to conduct his marriage service. He had procured the bride in Marysville, purchasing her (I suppose) for her parents after the Chinese custom. I obeyed the summons; obtained for him the necessary license, and then at the Mission House awaited the coming of the bride. That which at length arrived resembled more a moving package of rich brilliant dry-goods of Chinese manufacture than a bright and blushing bride. Something could be seen of the shoes she wore, and when at length the course of the service, I somewhat firmly insisted on a joining of hands, a hand was made to appear but there was no bridal kiss, nor any sight or semblance of a face beneath the quadrupled or quintupled veils. However, the marriage was effected in a Christian way, and the next morning I came to me an invitation to call upon the bride. I found her to be the most beautiful Chinese girl I had ever seen, with manners all the more pleasing because so very shy. Her husband had prepared quarters for her which, as compared with the average Chinese home, were almost palatial, and everything seemed to promise a future peaceful and happy life.

After a few months the mother-in-law made a visit as she passed through Sacramento on her way back to her native land. What passed between mother and daughter we do not know. A few days after her departure, Fong Bow returned to his home was shocked to find his little wife hanged by the neck in an attempt at suicide. He rescued her, and when she was restored asked for the reason. She acknowledged that she had a good home and a kind and generous husband, but there was no shrine in the house, no ancestral tablet, no Joss, and she was convinced that some great evil must be impending from spirits thus neglected and provoked. She preferred to sacrifice her present comfort rather than incur the woes approaching—all the more dreadful in her apprehension—cause utterly unknown. Whereupon Fong Bow told her that while he himself could not work

things, and knew that an idol was "nothing but the world," he did not and would not forbid her to do what she thought right, and thus she proved herself with a shrine and gods and was content.

Meanwhile, the husband lived a Christian life before her, and she herself was willing to receive instruction from Mrs. Carrington and others. It is improbable that she saw the difference between some even half Christian, like her own, and those who are heathen customs made of a husband less a tector than a lord. Doubtless she thought much in silence before coming to the decision which changed the current of her life. This brought her to decision. With her own hands she removed the shrine she had erected, and then declared her purpose to worship her husband's God. Those who saw her—both Chinese and Americans—saw in the tokens of a real and radical change; and it was with great joy that I heard, some weeks ago, that she had been baptized and welcomed to the congregational church in Sacramento, to which her husband had belonged these many years.

CHRIST'S LAW OF LOVE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for April 6, Luke 6: 27-38; Golden Text Luke 6: 31.

Purpose of the Incarnation—An Exhibition of God's Love—Christ's Teaching in Contrast with Worldly Maxims—The Dangers of Wealth and Popularity—How Enemies Must be Treated—Christ's Own Example—Non-Resistance Enjoined—Stephen's Powerful Sermon—The Safest Investment—The Christian as the Exhibition of God to the World—Men to see God in Him.

God is love." Fallen man—man without God—incarnate selfishness. When Jesus came in our world, "God . . . manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. 3: 16). He came to exhibit a life and nature which was the exact contrary to that of man, in whose image and whose likeness He came. His teaching was His life were alike to this end. Having, in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5, 6, 7), taught His disciples, in the presence of the multitude, the laws and principles which should govern His kingdom, now, after choosing His twelve apostles, "He came down with them, and stood in the plain," and there repeated much of His teaching in the mountain. Usually, the people came "to hear and to be healed," and, as usual, "there went virtue out of Him, and He healed them all." The teaching of Jesus was always very personal. "He lifted up His eyes and said, Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God." It was the exact

Contrary to the Teaching of the World.

"As long as thou doest well unto thyself"—when thou dost get on in the world, and live in style; when thou dost keep a staff of servants and two or three carriages; when thou dost heap around thee things which gratify the eye and the ear and the senses, "men will speak good of thee." (Ps. 49: 2-B. V.) The shopmen will run to wait on thee, the railway porters will be most obliging and kind to thee, thou wilt be looked upon as a person of importance. But what about the kingdom of heaven? If all thine importance runs out here, there is one left for the next world. But ye poor, who take a back seat, who look on yourselves as nobody, whom everyone passes by, "blessed be ye; ye are room in your life for Jesus—He is everything to you, because ye are nobody; ye are the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are ye that hunger," that find nothing in earth to satisfy you, "ye shall be filled," yea, "with all the fullness of God." (Eph. 3: 19.) "Blessed are ye that weep now," ye do not try to forestall eternal blessedness by bringing earth into heaven, and finding a satisfying solution here. "Blessed are ye that weep" where ye wept, and, like Paul, seek for "fellowship in His sufferings," "for ye shall laugh." "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake." One who is full of self cannot do anything rather than to be misunderstood and misrepresented; he cannot accept that he shall suffer injustice, and he has forgotten that it is his calling, as the follower of Him who was "despised and rejected of men," to

"Do Well, and Suffer for It."

(Matt. 2: 20, 21.) It is asking no impossible thing when Jesus exhorts His own disciples to rejoice in suffering of this kind, for it is fellowship with Jesus. "Woe unto you that are rich"! Who takes warning? How many are there who fear to add

house to house and field to field, lest God's woe should come upon them? Who is there that dreads accumulating the things of this world, lest the sentence should go forth from God, "They have received their consolation." "Woe unto you that are full"! you who are filled up by something short of God Himself. Oh how many of God's children are filled with their own holiness, or their own usefulness, or their own knowledge, or their own success. "Woe unto you that are full." Now is the time for hunger, not for satiety. When the great testing time comes, and the wood, hay, and stubble is burnt up, then "ye shall hunger."

"Woe unto you that laugh now," that do not sigh and cry "for all the abominations" (Ezek. 9: 4) that are done in the city or in the country—you that do not lay these things to heart. (Mal. 2: 2.) "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." It is a dangerous thing for a Christian worker to become popular; he is on treacherous ground; the world loves its own and admires its own, and unless it finds something akin to itself in a Christian worker it will not speak well of him; the world treats the true disciple as his Master; "the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." (1 John 3: 1.) Men love to be appreciated, but the true child of God, who is living the Christ-life, shrinks intuitively from the world's adulation; the sting of the serpent is in it. Earthly riches, the fullness of self, the laughing now of the world's amusement, and the miserable flattery of the world, what is it all? Just self-pleasing, just the "all seek their own," which is the exact contrary of love.

"God is love;" where love is not, there God is not. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is Love." (1 John 4: 8.) The Master in His teaching says, "I say unto you which hear," you hungry, listening, yearning ones, "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." "No," says human nature, "I cannot do that; it is not just. A man who has wronged me ought to suffer for it, it is only right he should." But who is it that "commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us"—"died for the ungodly"? (Rom. 5: 6-8.) Christ only teaches us to do for others what He has done for us. He who "loved" Hezekiah's soul from the pit of corruption (Isa. 38: 17, margin) and has done as much for us, gives us the privilege of loving our enemies back from their enmity. "But I cannot; all my sense of justice rebels against such a course of action," you may say. Did not mercy rejoice against judgment when God saved you? He wants you to let Christ in, that you may manifest that same spirit to those who injure you. It is not in you to do it, but let Christ come into your heart, and He whose dying breath was a prayer for His enemies will love your enemies through your heart as you yield it up to him. "Christ suffered for us,

Leaving us an Example,

that ye should follow His steps." (1 Pet. 2: 21.) "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." A simple and most effectual rule. Before speaking a hard word, don't think whether your enemy deserves it, but just how you would feel if it were spoken to you. Consider him, and put yourself out of the question. This is the way in which the love of God was manifested. "Herein is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John 4: 10.)

Love includes non-resistance. "Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek," do not turn round and do the same to him, but "offer also the other;" it is the quickest way to cool his anger and bring him to a sense of shame. Resisting evil adds fuel to the flame, and brings you onto the same ground as your adversary. But non-resistance of evil leaves him with the humbling consciousness that the man who could not be moved to enmity against him is superior to him. "Him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also." A Christian-man can better afford the loss of cloak and coat than the chance of loving an enemy, which is the distinguishing mark of a true follower of Jesus.

"For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them." Shall men in whom Christ dwells do no more than sinners in whom Satan dwells? A man who loves only those who love him retaliates the injury of those who hate him. But when the martyr Stephen knelt down amidst a shower of stones from the howling, angry multitude, and, with his body

bruised and bleeding, cried aloud to God, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," he preached

A More Powerful Sermon

of the transforming power of the Christ-life within than any amount of word preaching could have effected. Stephen had nothing in his heart but love to his most bitter enemies. "And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them." In the world all is exchange; everyone expects fair compensation for whatever of time, money, love, or attention he gives another. Not so the true Christian. Look at Paul in the Philippian prison, smarting under the blows of the jailer. He neither groans nor pities himself, and when God works a miracle on his behalf, his first thought is not for his own safety, but for his enemy's, and he cries to the jailer, who was on the point of committing suicide, "Do thyself no harm"! (Acts 16: 28.) Surely this manifestation of God in him brought the sinner to his knees, and transformed the prison house that night into an assembly of the faithful. "And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again." The truest investments are those made on the security of God, and of His promises. As long as our expectation is from man, we shall be always disappointed. It is beneath the dignity of a child of God to expect recompense from man. Christ warns His disciples never to look for a recompense again from man. (Luke 14: 12-14.)

"But love ye your enemies, do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again (R. V., despairing of no man); and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." If God satisfies us, if He undertakes to be our Shepherd, and "supply all our need," so that we "shall not want" (Psa. 23: 1; Phil. 4: 19), we can afford to give without expecting a recompense from man. With the unchanging love of God warming us in its rich sunlight, we can afford to love those who return our love only with misunderstandings, with hard words, and uncalled-for deeds of enmity, for God loved us when we dealt so with Him. If we have the praise of God, and have the testimony that we please Him, we can afford to live on with those who refuse to be pleased with us, who set themselves to find fault, as the Pharisees did with Jesus, and we can praise God for the opportunity of shewing His Spirit to them. With God on our side, as the Lord who provides, and whose goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our life, we can afford to lose a cloak, or go a mile out of our way (Matt. 5: 41), or suffer the loss of our property, if by such little sacrifices we may maintain the spirit of our Master, who was as

A Lamb Led to the Slaughter;

and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth. (Isa. 53: 7.) Dumb about His own cause, but ever living to plead our cause. Oh how He has taught us to "resist not evil," and to love our enemies. Yet, is this the kind of Christianity which most Christians are living? Are they for the most part defenceless, non-resisting lambs, or sly, grasping, foxes, keen for their own interests, fighting dogs, unwilling to give in to one another? In God's law of love, He is made our example, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful," "perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." God likeness, Christ likeness, is our vocation on earth. (Rom. 8: 28, 29.) We were saved for this.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;" even Christ "came not to judge the world, but to save the world." "Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." Thus God's righteous hand makes us the final judges of our own cause; in judging others, we choose the measure of His judgment of us; in condemning others, we indicate the measure of our condemnation. In the measure of our giving we are making a rule for God's gifts to us, and for His influence upon the hearts of others toward us. Our privilege is to be as God to others, to look down on them from above, from His point of view, for Jesus says to us, "as my Father hath sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." It is our vocation to be His express image, as He was His Father's, (Heb. 1: 3.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Firemen of Indianapolis Have Again given illustration of vicarious sacrifice. Sometimes in one way and sometimes in another is demonstrated the willingness of men and women to die for others. We need not go back to history to find illustration for our pulpits, and our prayer-meetings, and our Sabbath classes. Why should it be so difficult for the world to understand the doctrine of Christ's dying for others when firemen and shipmasters and fathers and mothers are every day giving up their lives to save others? It would be well for all theological students, and all Christian workers to cut out from their newspapers and magazines such instances of self-sacrifice, and put them in scrap-books, for use when they come to explain vicarious sacrifice, the central thought of the New Testament. We have never done this, but we can think of what a rich storehouse of illustration we might have had to draw upon if we had saved for reference a fourth of the heroic deeds we have read about during the last ten years. Events recent and near by make more impression than events unrolled from Josephus, or Gibbon's *Rise and Fall*. We need in all our work more freshness and less humdrum.

Christian Science and Faith-Cure Have Recently been roughly handled, and threatened with law-suits, because patients have died under the process. Now the courts had better keep their hands off, for if all the doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic, and eclectic, were prosecuted whenever they lost patients, the whole medical profession would be in jail, or struck for damages. Beside that every family has the right of choosing their own physician, and if some one wants a doctor who does his work by prayer instead of pills and bitter solution he certainly ought to be allowed to use his own preferences. "There! I told you so," is apt to be the utterance after any failure at physical cure, and the world is full of wisacres who know how everything ought to be done in treatment of disease. It will be well, however, to note the fact that the whole human race must die, and there comes a time in the history of man, woman, and child when the strongest effort, whether by faith or the use of means for the recovery of the patient, will be discomfited.

Good-Humor is a Science. These People Who go around with their nose stuck up at the world are depending on their circumstances for happiness. Their circumstances changing from favorable to adverse, they drop into cynicism. Only by understanding that good-humor is a science, and that no one but God can implant it in the soul, can we be kept in proper equipoise. We will all live longer and better if we do not fret. Do not let us waste any of our time in trying to excoriate others. If any one deserves to be chastised and exposed, and made to travel a hard road, Satan will attend to that, and do it thoroughly. Let us have division of labor on this subject. Let the Father of all evil attend to the work of fault-finding and punishment of offenders, while we give our time to helpfulness and rescue and blessing. We cannot do both. Do not let us use the ammunition given us to war for the world's liberation in useless combat. Do not let our dispositions become ruffled by unfair treatment from the world. Good-humor declares large dividends, both for this world and the next.

The Age of Pictures is Here. Periodicals that decline them seem dull in the comparison with those adorned with wood-cuts and engravings. A picture will give in flash a lesson that two columns

of close print could not impart. We are apt to think that pictures are for children, but old people like them just as well. It is not so much the execution of a picture as the idea it conveys. The artistic work on newspapers, secular and religious, must necessarily be swift and rough, but the revelation they make in one glance may last for all time and all eternity. The work of a bad picture may go on in the devastation of many families. The work of a good picture may take hold of the everlasting happiness of all who see it. Not only in newspapers but on our walls, if we have pictures, let them teach kindness and purity and righteousness long after those who fashioned them and framed them and hung them have quit earthly residence. Meanwhile, let men and women whose faces in the public print are just the opposite of complimentary, in consequence of the haste of execution, cheerfully submit, for when the reader has an opportunity of seeing you face to face he will be the more delighted to find that you look more like the human race in general than he had been led to suppose.

The Rejection of the Blair Education Bill by the Senate was a surprise to the country. It reached a final vote on March 20, on the question of ordering it to a third reading. It was lost by a vote of 31 to 37. Eight Democrats and twenty-three Republicans voted for the bill, and twenty Democrats and seventeen Republicans against it. Two years ago the Senate passed the bill by a vote of 39 to 29. The different issue appears to have resulted chiefly from a change of views in regard to the measure by Republican Senators. Several who voted for the bill in 1888 voted against it last week. One of them frankly said that he had been opposed to it all along, but had voted for it because he had promised to do so to the Legislature which elected him. The aspect of the bill which appears to have secured its defeat was that of principle. There is no question as to the desirability of increased educational facilities in the South, but it was regarded as a bad precedent to appropriate Federal money to State purposes. The bill would have involved the expenditure of seventy-seven million dollars.

The Deliberations on the Tariff by the House Committee on Ways and Means have resulted in a compromise measure, which was published last week. Like all compromises, it has evoked protests on all hands, and its authors do not cordially endorse it in all its features. Senator Allison himself, on whose bill it is based, says it ought to be "amended to death." It is estimated that the bill in its present shape would reduce the revenue by sixty millions. The most prominent feature is the reduction in the sugar duty, which will cost over twenty-six millions. Reductions in the internal revenue taxes will cost about eighteen millions. This is a smaller reduction than was contemplated by the Randall and Mills bills. The duties on wool and agricultural products are largely increased. There can be no question that the proposals are substantially in accord with Republican promises at the last Presidential election; and with all three branches of the Government in Republican hands there seems no reason why they should not be passed. The rearrangement of burdens, however, must inevitably have a serious effect on some business interests, and there is evidence already that business interests are more potent than party affiliation. Beside this, there is not now the urgent necessity for reducing the revenue which was presented by the surplus. Congress has found in liberal appropriations a more effectual way of getting rid of the surplus.

The Resignation by Prince Bismarck of all His offices was the news that astonished the whole world last week. Still greater astonishment was caused by the announcement that his resignation had been accepted by the Emperor. The statesman in his letter of resignation assigns old age and failing health as his reasons for desiring retirement, but no one gives credit to that plea. The fact that his son, Prince Herbert Bismarck, also resigned, though the Kaiser declined to accept his resignation, implies that the reasons assigned by the Chancellor were not the real reasons for the step. Popular rumor has it there was a radical difference between Bismarck and the Emperor on the labor question, which it was found impossible to arrange. After the resignation was tendered, the Emperor sent to the Chancellor to try to effect a compromise, but as the latter would make no concession, the Emperor accepted his resignation. Another difference is reported to have arisen between the two men on the clerical question, the Emperor be-

ing inclined to yield to the appeal of the Roman Catholics for the interference of the German Government in the dispute between the Pope and the King of Italy. Such interference would inevitably be resented by Italy, and would imperil the stability of the triple alliance, which is the foundation of Bismarck's foreign policy. Whatever the cause of the rupture may have been, the fact remains that the man who has ruled in Berlin for twenty-eight years, and has guided the bark of Germany through the troubled waters of European diplomacy to unity and strength, has fallen. It is evident that the Emperor means to govern, as well as to reign; but it was not expected that the youth whom Bismarck had trained, and who was supposed to depend upon him for guidance, would so soon shake off his control. The Emperor has appointed General Caprivi chancellor in Bismarck's place. His portrait and a sketch of his life appear on page 204 of this number.

A Fierce Attack on the Parnellites was made in the House of Lords on March 21 by Lord Salisbury. In a motion for the adoption of the report of the Commission he asked: How could the country assent to committing the government of Ireland to men linked with criminality and immorality? The commission had laid bare and indicated the spirit of these aspiring would-be governors of Ireland. It would be a pitiful prospect if an industrious community, especially that of the prosperous Protestant section, which through good and evil report had clung to England, were handed over to such men. When the *American Revolution* was proceeding it might have been prophesied from the previous record of Washington what the future government would be, and that he would carry into the council-chamber the same high spirit of integrity that had distinguished him in the field. The same rule applied to the Parnellites, whose conduct ought to frighten the country from admitting the possibility of confiding to them the rule of Ireland. Baron Herschell, Earl Spencer, and Lord Rosebery vigorously defended the Parnellites, and warned the Lords that Ireland would never be content until she was governed by her chosen leaders.

The Cabinet Crisis in France has Ended as was expected, in M. de Freycinet's advent to power. The new cabinet outlined its policy in a statement read in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies on March 18. In it the new ministers say that the government will defend republican institutions and the entire democratic work of its predecessors. It appeals cordially to all sections of the republican party. Its object will be to effect a union of all the republican forces, and to exclude none. It will welcome to the republican fold all well-disposed men who will work with it for economic and social reforms. It will thus found a broad, open, tolerant and peaceable republic. Continuing, the statement says: "We live in a time of social transformation, when the condition of workingmen is the just object of special consideration. Our first duty is to turn to the toiling people and assist in improving their positions. No government, especially that of a republic, can escape this duty. We shall shortly propose laws the purpose of which will be to secure progressive improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, especially with a view to their making suitable provision for old age. The Chamber of Deputies expressed its confidence in the new ministry by an overwhelming majority."

An Appeal for Aid for Starving Farmers in South Dakota has been issued. It is stated that in five counties the harvest was practically a failure through protracted drought, and that in eleven other counties the land yielded barely sufficient to supply the farmers with bread for their own families. The appeal to public and private charity is made because the State constitution does not permit the Legislature to make a grant for the relief of the distress. It was at first suggested that the counties might give bonds, and thus raise the necessary funds, but the Supreme Court has ruled that the counties had no power to issue bonds for such a purpose. The same court has also vetoed a proposal for the farmers to borrow individually, giving a tax lien guaranteed by the counties as security. Governor Mellette now declares that prompt outside aid is necessary to prevent untold suffering. The farmers are provided with clothing for themselves and their families, but urgently need provisions and seed-corn. Mr. S. C. Leavell, of Ipswich, Edmunds County, S. D., is chairman of the Relief Committee, and will see that any contributions to the fund are properly expended.

The Return of the Jews to Palestine has been progressing more rapidly than has been generally known. A writer in a European journal states that in 1841 the number of Jews in Palestine was 8,000, in 1883 they had increased to 20,000, and in 1888 they had in five years increased by an addition of 5,000, numbering then no fewer than 70,000, about the number that came up from Babylon. Further, it is noted that the "latter rains" had been restored to the land, after a withdrawal for centuries; the withholding of these refreshing and fertilizing showers being, as stated in prophecy, an evidence of God's displeasure, and their bestowal a mark of His favor. These are very remarkable and important statements, and would seem to indicate that we are on the eve of great events.

The Recovery of Sight by a Blind Lady Occurred at the Christian Convention in Rev. A. B. Simpson's church in New York on March 14. Among the delegates to the Convention was Mrs. Sarah E. Ston, of Lansingburg, N. Y. She brought with her Miss Ida Benedict, who for the last five months has been totally blind, and has been partially blind twenty years. When she was thirteen years of age cataracts formed on both eyes and she was placed under the care of Dr. Robinson, of Albany. After performing an operation on her eyes, he advised that she should not undergo further surgical treatment, as the optic nerve was paralyzed. She returned home, and since that time her sight has gradually decreased, until in October of last year she could not distinguish night from day. Mrs. Ston, who conducts a faith home at Lansingburg, frequently spoken to her on the subject of faith healing, and when she was coming to the Convention brought her with her. They stayed at the Behn Home, where prayer was made for the afflicted lady. On March 14, as she sat in the meeting, the light gradually broke on her dark eyes. She rose testily, and being invited to the platform, she defied her way there unassisted. She told what had occurred, and said she could distinctly see the faces of the congregation. Since then her sight has continued to improve. Last week she walked for over a mile in New York streets without any guidance.

An Invitation to Become a Marriage Broker has been made to a New York lawyer. A few days ago a well-known lawyer received a letter from Vienna proposing an unusual matter of business. It stated that a prince connected with the Austrian imperial family needed a wife, and would like to marry an American heiress. The prince had heard of a friend who travelled in America two years ago, and that there were many marriageable girls here worth fortunes of millions of dollars, and that he had met one, a certain Miss —, who was beautiful as well as rich. The prince thought she would do him, but if she were engaged, any young lady of good family and with a fortune of not less than a million would do. The writer of the letter had been commissioned to undertake the business, and some well-known American, in reply to an inquiry for a reputable lawyer in this country, had given the name of New York man. The lawyer declined to act in such a prosaic matrimonial scheme, saying that the prince had better come and do his wooing himself. He takes the advice it may be hoped that American girls will perceive his mercenary motives and reject him. How infinite is the contrast of such an offer with that which the Prince of Peace commissions His servants to make! They are to seek the poor, and to tell them that He who seeks their souls, Himself loves them so well that He died for them. (Eph. 5:25.)

A Fireman's Conflict with a Dog in a Burning Building in New York on March 19 caused a delay in getting control of the fire, which increased the loss of the proprietor. About ten o'clock at night a policeman on Sixth Avenue sent out an alarm that a large dry-goods store was on fire. This was followed by a second alarm, as the contents of the store were highly inflammable and the neighborhood densely populated. No one slept in the building, and it was, therefore, necessary to break in the doors. This was done by one of the firemen who arrived first on the scene. He was confronted by a huge mastiff, who was acting as guardian of the premises. The dog growled and showed his teeth. The fireman tried coaxing, but the dog was unmanageable. As the fireman advanced he sprang at him viciously. The man grappled with the dog, narrowly escaped being severely bitten. The struggle was a severe one, but it was ended by a blow which another fireman administered with the head of his axe. The dog crawled away howling

with pain, and the firemen were able to get to work on the fire. Much valuable time had, however, been lost, and some \$15,000 worth of property was sacrificed. The dog could not be expected to understand that the firemen were come to effect the object for which he was himself concerned—the protection of his master's property. A similar lack of intelligence in sinners sometimes thwarts the efforts of Christian workers. They, like those who would bring them to Christ, are concerned for their happiness, but they resist because they do not realize that religion would give it them. (Matt. 23:37.)

A Snake Charmer was Caught in the Jaws of an alligator in a New York museum on March 17. She has been employed in the museum in giving exhibitions of snake charming for some time past. Recently two full-grown alligators arrived at the place, and she undertook to give an exhibition with them instead of with the snakes. She had some experience with small alligators, but had never before handled any so large as the new-comers. She handled them fearlessly, and for a time without injury. With the help of a man attendant she raised the bigger alligator, which was nearly six feet long, above her head and held him on the palms of her hands amid loud applause. Then she carefully lowered him to the floor. His head was turned from the spectators, and to enable them to get a better view of him she began to turn him about. The alligator opened his huge jaws, seized her hand, and, by rolling over, threw her down. The spectators screamed, and the attendants ran to her assistance. One of them pried the monster's jaws open with an iron bar and released the performer. A surgeon who was summoned dressed the crushed hand. One of the finger-joints was found to be broken and the flesh of the hand was badly bruised and lacerated. The performer, however, was in her usual place in the museum the next day, but though the alligators were securely muzzled with wire cages, she did not tamper with them. She showed more wisdom in that than is sometimes shown by men who have been caught in the jaws of vice. Even after they have had experience of its deadly power, they too often return to it, and again become its victims. (Prov. 23:35.)

A Remarkable Solar Phenomenon was Witnessed in Arkansas on March 2. In a letter to a contemporary, Mr. R. B. Crisp, of Garland City, Ark., says that early in the day a circle appeared in the heavens, the centre of which was the sun. The circle appeared to be formed of different colors, red, blue, and yellow being the principal ones. Within this circle the sky appeared dark as a storm cloud, but without it was the bluest of blue skies. Soon a much larger circle was seen to the northward of the first, formed of purest white, the periphery of which seemed to pass directly over the face of the sun and cut through the smaller circle below its centre on either side. And now appeared another wonder. On the large circle, and just outside the smaller, two mock suns, brilliant in light and beauty, were seen equi-distant from the first circle. Again, below the sun, and to the east and west of it, appeared two fiery swords, having somewhat the appearance of rainbows, one pointing to the northwest the other to the northeast, and crossing each other on the northern limit of the great circle described above, making a complete cross. Altogether it was a wonderful sight. In bygone times such a sight would have been regarded as a portent and would have caused general terror, but now familiarity with science enables men to explain it by natural causes. The time is coming, however, when celestial phenomena, whether so explicable or not, will have a message for watchful believers, who will recognize them as "the sign of the Son of man in the heavens." (Matt. 24:29, 30.)

Two Explorers Entombed in a Crater in New Mexico narrowly escaped death recently. A dispatch from Albuquerque, N. M., to the San Francisco Chronicle states that two travellers have arrived in that city who have had an extraordinary experience. Their story, which is corroborated by a reliable witness, is, that they had hired a Mexican to take them to the famous crater of the Malpais. He led them into a cave on the highest point, the floor of which was of lava. There were cracks in its hard, rocky surface, and they noticed that at intervals puffs of warm vapor rose from the cracks. As they were looking at the strangely-shaped formations above and around them, they were startled by a low, rumbling sound, like distant thunder. The Mexican clambered out of the cave, and ran for his life. The visitors tried to follow him, but

had not his agility. Before they could escape, a portion of the lava floor trembled for a moment beneath their feet, and then fell in. There was a sensation of rapid descent, and a splash. The men lay prostrate for a short space of time on the fragment of lava. Intense darkness prevailed, and there was a swaying motion beneath them that filled them with alarm. One of the men struck a match, and lighted his torch. The glare showed them that the lava block on which they lay was floating on a subterranean lake, the waters of which were black as ink. They gave themselves up for lost, but just then a cry was heard above their heads. The Mexican guide had returned, and was lowering ladders to them. They secured them around their bodies, and the Mexican attached the other end to his horse, and drew them once more to the surface of the cave, which now had but a slight rim of flooring. They got out of the cave with all speed, profoundly thankful for their escape. It was a marvellous, and probably unprecedented, experience, but every Christian knows that his spiritual experience furnishes a parallel to it. The darkness, the danger, and the utter powerlessness of self-deliverance, which made their position so desperate, he has felt, and he thanks God that in his extremity help came from above, and he was "brought up out of a horrible pit, and his feet set upon a rock." (Psa. 40:2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Dr. G. F. Pentecost has arranged to proceed to India in the autumn, to conduct an evangelistic mission there.

Mr. Spurgeon's church received 310 new members on their baptism last year. The total membership is now set down as 5,354.

Professor Drummond, in response to a numerous signed requisition from students at the University of Melbourne, is to leave for Australia in March.

Mr. D. L. Moody has consented to spend another week in New York. He will hold meetings through this week in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Avenue and Fifty-third Street, at 8 o'clock P. M. each day, Saturday excepted.

Evangelist H. W. Brown, of Chicago has been holding very successful meetings at Clay Centre, Kans. Besides the evening meetings, which have been densely crowded, he has had Bible-readings every afternoon; large numbers of converts are reported.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy will hold its next meeting on April 7, in the Lecture Room of the Y. M. C. A., Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, when the Rev. John Y. Dobbins will read a paper on "Social Life in the Church."

The Hon. Thomas Beaver, of Danville, Pa., a Presbyterian, is erecting at Lewisburg, Pa., in memory of his father, an itinerant Methodist minister, ordained by Bishop Asbury, a new church, costing \$125,000, which he presents to the Methodist Church of Lewisburg without incumbrance.

The Rev. C. Stauder, founder of the Italian mission in this country, and for many years its active, successful head, has been invited by the "Italian Church Reform Association" of England to work in the Reform movement in Italy, and to preside over the new seminary now nearly completed at Arrone in Umbria.

Evangelists Cannon and Leader have been conducting services during the past two weeks at South Third Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., with such success that they have been urged by the pastor and people to continue their labors another week. Meetings are being held every night, and many souls are being won for the Saviour.

At the March meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society grants of books were made to the value of \$3,472. Funds were also granted to the amount of \$69,408.21, including appropriations to various mission boards. The issues from the Bible House during the month of February were 109,179 volumes; issues since April 1, 1889, 922,493 volumes.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services in East New York have produced a deep impression all through the district. The buildings in which they are held are crowded to suffocation, and even the afternoon Bible-readings are thronged. Last week the evening meetings were held in the Williams Avenue Methodist Church; afternoon Bible-readings in the First Baptist Church. Dr. Munhall is laboring under the auspices of seven churches, representing four denominations: Reformed, Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist.

Mr. E. P. Telford, the English Methodist Evangelist commenced a series of meetings last Sunday in the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York. At the conclusion of those meetings he will go to the De Witt Memorial Church on Rivington Street. The services he has been conducting in the Olivet Church on Second Street during the past two weeks have been wonderfully blessed. Over one hundred persons made confession of faith in Christ and declared their intention, in His strength, to live Christian lives henceforth.

THE BELIEVER'S DRESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Rom. 13:14.

The Light in the Lantern—A Precept for Daily Life—
I. Where to Go for Daily Dress—To Christ for an Example—For a Stimulus—For Power—A Matchless Garment—Fit for Every Station—II. What the Dress Is—Put on Christ as Lord—As Saviour—As Prophet—The Wardrobe—A Missionary's Moose-skin Robe—III. How to Act in the Dress—No Tolerance to the Flesh—No Time for it—No Food—A Bridal Dress.

CHRIST must be in us before He can be on us. Grace puts Christ within, and enables us to put on Christ without. Christ must be in the heart by faith before He can be in the life by holiness. If you want light from a lantern, the first business is to light the candle inside of it; and then, as a consequence, the light shines through, to be seen of men. When Christ is formed in you, the hope of glory, do not conceal your love to Him, but put Him on in your conduct as the glory of your hope. As you have Christ within as your Saviour, the secret of your inner life, so put on Christ to be the beauty of your daily life. Let the external be brightened by the internal; and this shall be to you that "armor of light" which all the soldiers of the Lord Jesus are privileged to wear. As Christ is your food, nourishing the inner man, so put Him on as your dress, covering the outer man.

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." This we do when we believe in Him: then we put on the Lord Jesus Christ as our robe of righteousness. It is a very beautiful picture of

What Faith Does.

Faith finds our manhood naked, to its shame; faith sees that Christ Jesus is the robe of righteousness provided for our need; and faith, at the command of the gospel, appropriates Him, and gets the benefit of Him for it. By faith the soul covers her weakness with His strength, her sin with His atonement, her folly with His wisdom, her failure with His triumphs, her death with His life, her wanderings with His constancy. By faith, I say, the soul hides itself within Jesus, till Jesus only is seen, and the man is seen in Him.

But, you see, the text does not distinctly refer to this great matter; for the apostle is not referring to the imputed righteousness of Christ. The text stands in connection with precepts concerning matters of every-day practical life, and to these it must refer. It is not justification, but sanctification, that we have here. Moreover, we cannot be said to put on the imputed righteousness of Christ after we have believed, for that is upon us as soon as we believe, and needs no more putting on. The command before us is given to those who have the imputed righteousness of Christ, who are justified, who are accepted in Christ Jesus. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" is a word to you that are saved by Christ, and justified by His righteousness. You are to put on Christ, and keep on putting Him on, in the sanctifying of your lives unto your God. You are every day continually more and more to wear as the dress of your lives the character of your Lord.

Where to Go for Daily Dress.

I. May the Holy Spirit help us while we in the first place answer the inquiry, Where are we to go for daily dress? Beloved, there is but one answer to all questions as to our necessities. We go to the Lord Jesus Christ for everything. To us "Christ is all." "He is made of God unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." When you have come to Christ for pardon and justification, you are not to go elsewhere for the next thing. Having begun with Jesus, you are to go with Him, even to the end; "for ye are complete in Him," perfectly stored in Christ, fully equipped in Him. So, dear friends, I gather from this that if we seek an example we may not look elsewhere than to our Lord Jesus Christ. Of Him you may inquire as of an unfailing oracle. You need never inquire what is the general custom of those about you: the broad road of the many is no way for you. You may not ask, "What are the rulers of the people doing?" You follow not the fashion of the great, but the example of the greatest of all. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" will apply to each one of us. If I am a tradesman, I am not to ask myself, On what principles do other traders conduct their business? Not so. What the world may do is no rule for me. If I am a student I should not inquire, How do others feel towards religion? Let others

do as they will, it is for us to serve the Lord. In every relationship, in the domestic circle, in the literary world, in the sphere of friendship, or in business connections, I am to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." If I am perplexed, I am bound to ask, What would Jesus do? and His example is to guide me. If I cannot conceive of His acting in a certain way, neither must I allow myself to do so; but if I perceive from His precept, His spirit, or His action that He would follow such and such a course, to that line I must keep.

From our text I should also gather that we are to go to the Lord Jesus Christ for stimulus. We want not only an example, but a motive, an impulse and constraining power, to keep us

True to That Example.

We need to put on zeal as a cloak, and to be covered with a holy influence which will urge us onward. Let us go to the Lord Jesus for motives. Some fly to Moses, and would drive themselves to duty by the thunders of Sinai. Their design in service is to earn eternal life, or prevent the loss of the favor of God. Thus they come under law, and forsake the true way of the believer, which is faith. Not from dread of punishment or hope of hire do believers serve the living God; but we put on Christ, and the love of Christ constraineth us. Here is the spring of true holiness.

Beloved, the text means more than this. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;" that is, find in Jesus your strength. Although you are saved, and are quickened by the Holy Spirit, so as to be a living child of the living God, yet you have no strength for heavenly duty except as you receive it from above. Go to Jesus for power. I charge you, never say, "I shall do the right because I have resolved to do it. I am a man of strong mind; I am determined to resist this evil, and I know I shall not yield. I have made up my mind, and there is no fear of my turning aside." Brother, if you rely upon yourself in that way, you will soon prove to be a broken reed. Failure follows at the heel of self-confidence. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Once more, observe the *speciality* which is seen in this dress. It is specially adapted to each individual believer. Paul does not say merely to one person, "Put *thou* on the Lord Jesus Christ," but to all of us, "Put *ye* on the Lord Jesus Christ." Can all the saints put on Christ, whether babes, young men, or fathers? You could not all of you wear my coat, I am quite certain; and I am equally certain that I could not wear the garments of many of the young people now present; but here is a matchless garment, which will be found

Suitable for Every Believer,

without expansion or contraction. Whoever puts on the Lord Jesus Christ has put on a robe which will be his glory and beauty. In every case the example of Jesus is admirably suited for copying. Suppose a child of God should be a king; what better advice could I give to him, when about to rule a nation, than this, "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ?" Be such a king as Jesus would have been. Nay, copy His royal character. Suppose, on the other hand, that the person before us is a poor woman from the workhouse; shall I say the same to her? Yes, and with equal propriety; for Jesus was very poor, and is a most suitable example for those who have no home of their own. O worker, put on Christ, and be full of zeal! O sufferer, put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and abound in patience!

II. Secondly, let us inquire

What is This Daily Dress?

The Lord Jesus Christ is to be put on. We see how the sacred dress is *here described* in three words. The sacred titles of the Son of God are spread out at length: "Put ye on the Lord—Jesus—Christ." Put Him on as *Lord*. Call Him your Master and Lord, and you will do well. Be you His servant in everything. Submit every faculty, every capacity, every talent, every possession, to His government. Submit all that you have and are to Him, and delight to own His superior right, and His royal claim to you. Be Christ's man; His servant, under bonds to his service for ever, finding therein life and liberty. Let the dominion of your Lord cover the kingdom of your nature.

Then put on *Jesus*. Jesus means a Saviour: in every part be covered by Him in that blessed capacity. You, a sinner, hide yourself in Jesus, your Saviour, who shall save you from your sins. He is your sanctifier driving out sin, and your preserver keeping sin from returning. Jesus is your armor against sin. You overcome through His blood. In Him you are defended against every

weapon of the enemy: He is your shield, keeping you from all evil. He covers you all over like a complete suit of armor, so that when arrows of temptation fly like a fiery shower, they may be quenched upon heavenly mail, and you may stand unharmed amid a shower of deaths.

Put on Jesus, and then put on *Christ*. You know that Christ signifies "anointed." Now, our Lord is anointed as Prophet, Priest, and King, and as such we put Him on. What a splendid thing it is to put on Christ as the anointed *Prophet*, and to accept His teaching as our creed! I believe it. Why? Because He said it. This is argument enough for me. Mine not to argue, or doubt, or criticize; the Christ has said it, and I, putting Him on, find in His authority the end of all strife. What Christ declares, I believe; discussion ends where Christ begins. Put Him on also as your *Priest*. Notwithstanding your sins, your unworthiness, your defilement, go to the altar of the Lord by Him who, as Priest, has taken away your sin, clothed you with His merit, and made you acceptable to God. In our great High Priest we enter within the veil. We are in Him; by faith we realize this, and so put Him on as our Priest, and lose ourselves in His accepted sacrifice. Our Lord Jesus is also anointed to be *King*. Oh, put Him on in His imperial majesty, by yielding your every wish and thought to His sway!

The Wardrobe.

I now wish to take you to the wardrobe for a minute, and ask you to look over the articles of our outfit. See here (Col. 3:12), "Put on therefore;" you see everything is to be put on; nothing is to be left on the pegs for the moth to eat, nor is the window to be idly stared at: you *put on* the whole armor of God. In true religion everything is designed for practical use. See what follows—these choice things come in pairs—"humbleness of mind, meekness." These choice garments are no so much esteemed as they should be. The clot of one called "Proud-of-heart" is very fashionable and the trimmings of Mr. Masterful are much in request. It is a melancholy thing to see what great men some Christians are. Permit me to say to an dear brother who has not a very tender nature who is naturally hard and rasping, "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ," my brother, and make not provision for that unfeeling nature of yours. Endeavor to be lowly in mind, that you may be gentle in spirit.

See, next, we are to put on long-suffering and forbearance. Some men have no patience with others: how can they expect God to have patience with them? Our Lord was full of forbearance. "Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied, and faint in your minds." Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and bear and forbear. Put up with a great deal that really ought not to be inflicted upon you, and be ready to bear still more rather than give or take offence. "Forgiving one another,

If Any Man Have a Quarrel

against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Is not this heavenly teaching? Put it in practice. Put ye on your Lord! Have you fallen to loggerheads with one another, and did I hear one of you growling, "I'll, I'll, I'll—" Stop, brother! What will you do? If you are true to the Lord Jesus Christ you will not avenge yourself, but give place unto wrath. Put the Lord Jesus on your tongue, and you will not talk so bitterly; put Him on your heart, and you will not feel so fiercely; put Him on your whole character, and you will readily forgive, not only this once, but unto seven times seven.

"And above all these things put on charity which is the bond of perfectness." Love is the girdle which binds up the other garments, and keeps all the other graces well braced, and in their right places. Put on love—what a golden girdle! Are we all putting on love? We have been baptized into Christ, and we profess to have put on Christ; but do we daily try to put on love? Our baptism was not true if we are not buried to all old enmities. We may have a great many faults, but God grants that we may be full of love to Jesus, to His people and to all mankind!

Put on the Lord Jesus Christ

For Daily Wear.

Not for high days and holy days only, but for all time, and every time. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ on the Lord's-day, but do not lay Him aside during the week. Ladies have ornaments which they put on occasionally for display on grand occasions: a rule, these jewels are hidden away in a jewel-case

Christians, you must wear your jewels always. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and have no casket in which to conceal any part of Him. Put on Christ to keep Him on. I saw a missionary from the cold north the other day, and he was wearing a coat of moose-skin, which he had worn among the Red Indians. "It is a capital coat," he said, "there's nothing like leather. I have

Worn It for Eleven Years.

In the arctic region through which he had travelled he had worn this garment both by night and by day; for the climate was much too cold to allow the taking off of anything. Brethren, the world is far too cold to allow of our taking off Christ even for an hour. So many arrows are flying about that we dare not remove a single piece of our armor even for an instant. Thank God, we have in our Lord a dress which we may always wear. We can live in it, and die in it; we can work in it, and rest in it, and, like the raiment of Israel in the wilderness, it will never wax old. Put it on more.

Put on the Lord in every time of trial. Do not take Him off when it comes to the test. Quaint Henry Smith says that some people wear the Lord Jesus as a man wears his hat, which he takes off to everybody he meets. I am afraid I know persons of that kind, who wear Christ in private, but they off with Him in company, especially in the company of the worldly, the sarcastic, and the unbelieving. Put on Christ, intending never to put Him off again. When tempted, tried, ridiculed, hear in your ear this voice, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Put Him on the more as others tempt you to put Him off.

III. My time fails me, and I must hurriedly notice, in the third place,

How We Are to Act in This Dress

ward evil. The text says, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." By the flesh is here meant the evil part of us, which is so greatly aided by the appetites and desires of the body. When a man puts on Christ, has he still the flesh about him? Alas! it is even so. I hear some brethren say that they have no remaining corruptions. I claim liberty to believe as much as I like of a man's statements as to his own personal character. When he bears witness concerning himself, his witness may or may not be true. When a man tells me that he is perfect, I hear what he has to say, but I quietly think within myself that if he had been so, he would not have felt the necessity of spreading his information. "Good wine needs no bush; and when our town once holds a perfect man within its bounds there will be no need to advertise him." Foods that are puffed probably need puffery. Brethren, I fear we have all very much of the flesh about us, and therefore we need be on our guard against it. What does the apostle say? "Make no provision for the flesh." By this he means several things.

First, give no tolerance to it. Do not say, "Christ has sanctified me so far; but you see I have a bad temper naturally, and you cannot expect it to be removed." Dear brother, do not make provision or thus sheltering and sparing one of

Your Soul's Enemies.

Another person cries, "You know I always was a good deal desponding; and therefore I can never have much joy in the Lord." Don't make room for your unbelief. If you find a kennel for this dog, it will always lie in it. "But," says another, "I was always rather fond of gaiety, and so I must mix up with the world." Well, if you cook a dinner for the devil, he will take a seat at your table. This is to make provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts of it.

Moreover, give sin no time. Allow no furlough to your obedience. Do not say to yourself, "At all other times I am exact, but once in a year, at a family meeting, I take a little liberty." Is it liberty to you to sin? I am afraid there is something rotten in your heart. "Ah!" cries one, "I only allow myself an hour or two occasionally with questionable company. I know it does me harm; but we must all have a little relaxation, and the talk is very amusing, though rather loose." Is evil a relaxation to you? It ought to be worse than slavery. What a trial is foolish talking to a child of God! How can you find pleasure in it? Give no license to the flesh; you cannot tell how far it will go. Keep it always under subjection, and make no pace for its indulgence.

Provide no food for it. Carve it no rations. Starve it out; at any rate, if it wants fodder, let it

look elsewhere. When you are allotting your provision to the body, the soul, the spirit, allot nothing to the depraved passions. If the flesh says, "What is for me?" say, "Nothing." Some people like a little bit of reading for the flesh. As some people like a little bit of what they call "rather high" meat, so do these folk enjoy a portion of tainted doctrine, or questionable morality. Thus they make provision for the flesh, and the flesh takes care to feed thereon, and to give its lusts a meal. I have known professors, whom I would not dare to judge, dabble just a little in matters which they would forbid to others, but they think them allowable to themselves, if done in secret. "You must not be too exact," they say. But the apostle says, "Make not provision for the flesh." Do not give it a morsel; do not even allow it the crumbs that fall from your table. The flesh is greedy, and never hath enough; and if you give it some provision, it will steal much more.

"Put on the Lord Jesus Christ," for

He is Coming.

the beloved of our souls! Over the hills we hear the trumpet sounding; the heralds are crying aloud, "The Bridegroom cometh! The Bridegroom cometh!" Though He has seemed to tarry, He has been always coming post haste. To-day we hear His chariot-wheels in the distance. Nearer and nearer is His advent. Let us not sleep, as do others. Blessed are they who will be ready for the wedding when the Bridegroom cometh. What is that wedding dress that shall make us ready? Nothing can make us more fit to meet Christ, and to be with Him in his glory, than for us to put on Christ to-day. If I take pleasure in Jesus here, Jesus will take pleasure in me when He shall meet me in the air, and take me up to dwell with Himself for ever. Put on the wedding dress, ye beloved of the Lord! Put on the wedding dress, ye brides of the Lamb, and put it on at once, for behold, He cometh! Haste, haste, ye slumbering virgins! Arise and trim your lamps! Put on your robes, and be ready to behold His glory, and to take part in it. Oh ye virgin souls, go forth to meet Him; with joy and gladness go forth, wearing Himself as your gorgeous apparel, fit for the daughters of a King. The Lord bless you, for Christ's sake! Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

At a Christian's Funeral.—Mr. J. Thomson said: "When I was preaching in Dundee at a certain mission, one of the best Christian workers there was laid aside by illness. One morning while at breakfast she became unwell, and was taken up to bed. For a long time she lingered, then passed away. As she lay dying she said to me with great earnestness, 'Mr Thomson, stand out for God, for I am going to be with Him soon.' Her father and family of seven, with their friends, sung around her grave that hymn, 'A few more years shall roll.' Then, as each holding a cord, gently lowered the coffin, the mourners sang, what they felt to be true,

'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

They knew that she was then safe with Him whom in this life she had served so faithfully. Yes, we can rejoice with the dead in Christ. We know that the change for them means increase of joy and glory, but those who die in their sins perish everlastingly."

Liquor Casks Thrown Overboard.—Mr. Thomson said: "I have seen the whole of a ship's crew, consisting of fifty men, in jeopardy of their lives for seven days through strong drink; the crew all drunk and in a semi-mutinous state, the captain confined below, and the ship with no one at the helm, careering over the broad Pacific before the wind. I remember saying to the captain, 'This will never do; the vessel is foundering, and soon, if nothing be done, we shall all be lost.' The crew were somewhat sobered by the imminence of their danger. The captain was brought on deck, and gathering the crew around him, he said, 'We are in the middle of the Pacific, and unless something is done, and that quickly, we shall be lost.' Then turning to me, he said, 'Sir, will you take the helm?' 'I will,' I replied, 'and if you will do what I ask you there will soon not be a drunken man on board.' 'What is that?' he inquired. 'I fear you will not do it; yet it is our only chance. Throw all the liquor barrels overboard!' To my surprise the captain consented; and, sending the men below, the liquor casks were one by one thrown over the side, and in three or four hours there was not a drop

of liquor on board. Drink almost wrecked that vessel. How many noble vessels have been wrecked through drink, and how many human beings with precious souls on board have been wrecked on their voyage heavenward by that accursed thing! Is it not time that once and for all a stop should be put to traffic in the use of that which bestializes the body and sinks the soul into eternal woe?"

A Converted Sailor's Testimony.—"One Night some years ago I went into an evangelistic meeting, and there heard the 'blessed gospel.' After the address there were testimonies, and one man rose and said, 'When I left my house in West Beach I had sadly abused my poor wife. I was a perfect demon, and had kicked and bruised her until I thought she was dead. Then I left her lying on the floor. I was a sailor. Half-way across the North Sea our vessel was overtaken by a terrible storm. All thought we must perish. God seemed to speak to my heart, and in the midst of the gale, with almost as great a tempest in my heart, I cried for mercy, and there and then I found a friend in Jesus.' I remember thinking, as I sat and looked up into the face of the sailor who thus testified, 'Can I not get a friend like that?' I was then only a cabin boy, and it was seven or eight years before I came to a saving knowledge of Christ, and learned there was no joy like the joy which Christ gives the poor sinner who comes to Him."

"Dr. Thomas Chalmers was Preaching in His church, and he told the people to live morally, to strive to do good, to do the best they could, and keep the character of Christ before them as their pattern. He expected the people to get better and better, but there did not seem to be much difference; and, after eight years of ministry, when he looked back he saw his flock had been retrograding instead of advancing. He was greatly troubled, and spent three sleepless nights trying to discover the cause of this backward movement. Then the Holy Spirit showed him that there was no blood, no atonement, in his preaching. Then the blood of Christ was applied to his own soul, and on the next Sunday he entered the pulpit, a new man, to preach a new gospel, the old good news of salvation, remission of sins through the blood of Christ. At once a great revival sprang up in his church, which spread over Edinburgh and Glasgow, and gave a great impetus to the cause of Christ. We cannot be saved by good works, but by believing that Jesus Christ died for us."

A Change of Fortune and Friends.—"I Knew a gentleman who, when I first became acquainted with him, was very rich, and making money fast. He belonged to a certain Christian denomination, and subscribed very largely toward it. There was not a church built in Glasgow belonging to that denomination in which he did not own a good few stones. Of course he had friends by the dozen, who only regretted they had no opportunity to testify their friendship. Through no fault of his own this gentleman unexpectedly lost all his money. Then what became of his friends? One by one they fell away, and not one proved himself a friend indeed. About a year ago he died, after only an hour's illness, leaving behind him a wife and six children. Did his friends come forward then? No, but God did. He who is the Husband to the widow, and Father to the fatherless, took the family of His faithful servant under His protecting care; and now He has amply provided for them on the other side of the globe. 'He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.'"

The Rainbow Above the Martyr's Head.—"During the persecutions in Madagascar, a great many of the common people were tossed over a cliff or precipice, but the nobles could not be thus disposed of. It was against the law of the land to shed noble blood, so they were burned. Many, very many of them, thus suffered martyrdom, at a spot upon which now stands a church, called the 'Children's Church' because it was built by the contributions of the boys and girls of England and Scotland. On that spot perished the last noble who was burned. His execution took place immediately before the death of the wicked queen who persecuted the Christians. It was raining as he was led out to execution, and just as the pile was lighted, and the flames began to mount, a beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky, seemingly arched over the martyr's head. The Christians in the crowd, who had braved all danger of arrest in order to see the last of their companion, saw with joy this sign in the heavens, and said as they gazed upon it, 'It is a sign that



The Late Mr. A. Lincoln, Died March 5.



The Late General Crook, Died March 21. (See page 197.)



General Caprivi, Bismarck's Successor.

God has not forgotten us. Noah had his bow, and it was the beginning of a new era for him. It may be that it foretells the same for us.' And it did so. Very soon the queen died, and the Christians breathed freely, and were able once more publicly to worship their God. The Church seems to thrive best in persecution. The leaders may be removed, but others step into their places, and how futile are the efforts of the world's great ones to overthrow the kingdom of our Lord!"

THE LATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(See Portrait.)

THE young man whose early death has already been mentioned in our news columns, and whose portrait is here given, was the only surviving grandson of the "martyr President." He was the son of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, our Minister to England. He died on March 5 from the effects of an operation performed upon him for carbuncle under the arm seventeen weeks before his death. He was at Versailles, France, when the operation was performed, having been sent there to study French preparatory to a course at Harvard. After the operation he was taken to London in the hope that the skill of the English physicians might save him, but all their efforts proved unavailing.

Young Abraham Lincoln was born in Chicago in 1871, and was therefore in his nineteenth year when he died. He attended school in Washington while his father was Secretary of War, and afterward in Chicago. It was his father's intention to have him go to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H., and then to Harvard. He was so far along in his studies that he could have entered Harvard next year. His Latin, Greek, and mathematics, were up to a college examination when he left Chicago. Professor C. N. Fessenden, who was his teacher here for more than two years, said he was the best scholar in the school, being well grounded in English literature.

GENERAL CAPRIVI,

Prince Bismarck's Successor.

(See Portrait.)

It is a singularly significant fact that the German Emperor has selected a soldier to succeed Bismarck as the Chancellor of the German Empire. In European courts, the choice is felt to be ominous. It is thought to be an intimation that the Emperor expects that the duties of the highest official in his realm will be more of a military than a civil character.

The new Chancellor's full name is George Leo von Caprivi de Caprara de Montecuccoli. He is fifty-nine years of age, having been born in Berlin on February 24, 1831. In 1849, at the age of eighteen, he volunteered as a private in the Kaiserfranz Grenadiers. He served in the ranks and as a petty officer until 1861, when he was put on the general staff, with the rank of captain. In 1866, for good service in Bohemia, he was made a major. He rose steadily after this until the Franco-German War, in which he rendered distinguished services at the battles about Metz and Orleans, and afterward in the campaign of the Loire. In 1872 he was taken into the Ministry of War, with the rank of colonel, and in 1873 became a major-general.

In 1882 he was appointed to command the Thirtieth Division at Metz, and in 1883, when General Stosch retired from the Imperial Ministry of the Marine, General Caprivi was appointed vice-admiral and his successor. He remained at the head of the navy until about a year ago, when he resigned.

The Emperor conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle, and placed him in command of the Tenth Army Corps in Hanover. He has remained there until the present time.

ALICE TRAVERS' ENEMY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text of April 6.

(See illustration on page 205.)

"HAVE you heard any news of young Gifford?" asked Mrs. Merton of her husband, as they sat at breakfast in the comfortable village parsonage one winter morning.

"I believe he has left the neighborhood permanently," said Dr. Merton. "It must have been some sudden call, for he did not take his baggage with him. Widow Cowley says he spent all night packing up, and asked her to keep his trunks till he sent for them. Then, in the morning, about the time he usually went to his business in the city, he paid the rent of his rooms, wished her and her daughter good-bye, and went away, saying he should not come back. It is very mysterious, and I suspect the widow knows more than she is willing to tell."

"Some trouble with Alice Travers, I should say," said Mrs. Merton. "He was such a very devoted lover that if anything went awry there he would take it very much to heart."

"Possibly; though Alice is so good and true I think the fault could not have been on her side."

"Oh, you don't know," said Mrs. Merton, who, with all her good qualities, was not free from the disposition not to think very charitably of her own sex. "Those very quiet, gentle girls are sad flirts sometimes. The Travers family have had a good deal of company at the farm lately, and if Alice has been flirting with one of her cousins, Mr. Gifford would soon hear of it, for Ann Cowley goes there to help with the work when there is company. Ann would tell her mother; and Edward Gifford living in their house, the old woman would be sure to tell him."

"Oh, don't be so suspicious, my dear. It is too bad to impute such a scheme to the widow."

"Of course, I have no proof," said Mrs. Merton; "but if the truth ever comes out, I am pretty sure you will find I am right."

"Poor Alice!" said the clergyman, meditatively, "I am sorry for her, anyhow; she will feel it sadly, I fear."

Dr. Merton's fear was confirmed when, an hour later, while on his way to visit a sick member of his flock, he met Mr. Travers. "Could you spare time to come up to the farm, Doctor?" he asked. "Alice is very low; I think a talk with you would do her good. You know the trouble, I presume?"

"Yes, I know something of it. I will call presently, and see what I can do."

It was not difficult for Dr. Merton to win Alice's

confidence. All his people, and even strangers, were drawn to him as if instinctively assured that in him they would find sympathy. She showed him a brief note that her lover had sent her on the day he left the village. It was evidently written under strong feeling rigorously suppressed. It told her that the writer had reason to believe that she was deceiving him, and that as he was convinced he did not hold exclusive possession of her heart, he had decided to break their engagement and go away.

"Oh if he had only told me himself," Alice said, tearfully, "I am sure I could have explained. I don't know what he can have heard. I have been quite true to him in heart and in conduct. I have never had an unfaithful thought. O Doctor, I do love him so much I think this will break my heart." The poor girl covered her face and wept bitterly. "Some one must have slandered me," she said, through her sobs. "I will find out who it is, and I will punish them for it, whoever it is."

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," quoted Dr. Merton. "Believe me, my poor child, if any one has done you wrong, you may safely leave it to God. Don't cherish vindictive thoughts. You are a follower of Jesus, and He told us to love, even our enemies. It was a hard commandment, but it is the higher law that we are all striving to fulfil. Let this pass, my child; nothing happens to us contrary to the will of our loving Father. Let that cheer you. He knows your suffering. Bear it patiently as a discipline, and do not trouble yourself about the instruments. Leave it in His hands who careth for you. We will commit it to Him."

Alice knelt with her adviser, and the whole matter was presented at the throne of grace. The girl rose with a calmer feeling in her heart than she had had since the blow fell. Anger was giving place to faith, and natural resentment to the supernatural law of love. The sweet spirit of trust grew as it was nourished, and as the days and weeks passed Dr. Merton rejoiced to see that the wound, if not healed, was giving her less pain. He encouraged her to visit the poor and sick among his people, to win their confidence, and to listen to their troubles. It diverted her mind from her own sorrow, and she applied to herself the consolations she gave to other tried ones. Alice was surely nearer heaven than if this trial had never come upon her. She had more of the spirit of her Master.

There was one house, however, that Alice did not visit. More than once that spring Widow Cowley had been sick; but Alice, who was usually quick to hear of sickness, and to carry relief, did not go there. Dr. Merton had suggested her going, but Alice had excused herself. The clergyman was not sure as to her motive. It might be that her lover having lived there, the house would be a painful reminder of her sorrow; or it might be that Alice shared the suspicions which his wife still cherished against the widow. If the latter was the difficulty, the clergyman was anxious that Alice should achieve this final victory over herself. The widow was seriously ill now, and was in need of help. She had secured another boarder in young Gifford's place,

and popular rumor was busy with an engagement between him and Ann, the widow's daughter, which was said to have been made. Dr. Merton found the old lady in much pain, and her nursing sadly neglected by her daughter; so he urged Alice to go to her.

"Do not ask me, that, Doctor," she said, with tears in her eyes; "I cannot do it. It is too much. I am convinced that they were the cause of my trouble. I have thought it all out long ago, and I am sure of it. I would not injure them if I could—"

"I am glad of that," the clergyman put in, remembering Alice's threats when her trouble was fresh, "You have gained one step. It is a passive one; and now I want you to gain another—the active one. 'Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you.'"

Alice shook her head. "It is too hard for me," she said; "you do not know how I suffered, and still suffer."

"You know where to gain the strength to conquer yourself, Alice. He who has helped you thus far will help you to the end."

The next day Alice was at the Widow Cowley's bedside, and under her hands the room became scarcely recognizable. Neatness and order took the place of the muss, which, as the widow said, had fairly made her hands itch to clear up. She could rest now, and Alice read to her and sang to her, and when she went away, left on her table, within reach of her hand, the jellies and delicacies that the old woman relished. Widow Cowley watched her as she went around the room with strange, wistful eyes, and after she was gone the old woman shed tears. Alice's heart was lighter as she went homeward. "If I were as sick and miserable as that woman," she said to herself, "I should be thankful for help, even if I had done as wickedly as she has. It was worth the effort for His sake. He wished it. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.'"

The next visit was less difficult, for Alice pitied the poor woman, who must be suffering not only physical pain, but a reproaching conscience. The widow was really grateful, and rejoiced to see her. "I thought about you all last night," she said. "You are real good. I don't deserve your kindness. You don't know how bad I am. I must tell you, though you'll never come again when you know." Then the widow made her confession, and Alice forgave her from her heart. "I'll put it right yet, if I can," said the widow.

The widow grew worse as the days passed and clung to Alice as to a daughter. She was evidently slowly dying, and Alice was there every day. One morning, near the last, as the ministering girl was going to the cottage laden, as usual, with a basket containing such things as might tempt the patient's failing appetite, she met the old letter-carrier with his mail-bag. "I was just going to the farm, Miss," he said, "but, as the only letter is for you, I'll give it you here and save a journey." Alice took it and recognized the well-remembered hand. She opened it there where she stood, and read with tear-dimmed eyes her lover's plea for forgiveness. So circumstantial, he said, had been the reports which had prejudiced him, that nothing could have convinced him of their falsity but the widow's confession, which he had just received. What could have prompted her to humiliate herself by making such a confession, he could not understand. He had suffered bitterly, and humbly begged pardon for the suffering he had



Alice Travers' Letter.

caused her. Alice felt that she had received a double blessing; but the greater was that in her own heart, which God alone can give and none can take away.

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

Author of "Simon Holmes," "Nestleton Magna,"

"Matthew Mellowdew," etc.

It was a dull, damp, dismal evening in late November. The all-pervading fog peculiar to that month of gloom in the big, bustling, almost boundless London town had settled thick and dark and heavy upon street and square, wrapping things in its chill moist garments, hiding all things beneath its dense gray pall.

Nowhere did the smoke counterpane lie more thick, heavy, and oppressive than in those narrow streets which lie behind the broad thoroughfare of Tottenham Court Road, and which seem to converge, as if with some design to link themselves to a region of gentility, on the once aristocratic Fitzroy Square. Very slowly, and also very cautiously, did the few solitary wayfarers who were of necessity abroad make progress toward the goal of their endeavor. They were eager enough to get out of the murky atmosphere, which made their eyes to smart, and their lungs to ache, and yet were wisely bent on walking warily, lest they should stumble into ills they knew not of. The light of the street-lamps was all but swallowed up in the almost Egyptian gloom. It was only by keeping careful and unbroken touch with walls and railings that pedestrians could make anything like safe and certain progress, and even then neither the certainty

nor the safety could be at all assured.

Moving forward in this slow and all but helpless fashion, a young woman was painfully striving to win the shelter of her humble home, if her dingy quarters, in a dingier street, could be called by that expressive and endearing name. On arriving at the corner of Goodge Street, she stood for several moments in dire uncertainty as to her whereabouts. To reach home she must lose touch of both wall and railing, for she needed to cross the road. By and by she made an adventurous plunge into the deep fog-ocean, and had but barely left the curbstone when a four-wheeled cab came upon her at unawares, and in an instant she was thrown upon the ground.

The horse, which was moving but slowly, considerably stopped, and the young woman's cry of alarm soon brought both the cabman and his "fare" to her relief. The fog-confused driver, however, still further confused by certain inward applications which he had swallowed to "keep the fog out," could see no source from whence the startling cry had come; so he prepared to remount his box.

"Hold on, Jarvie!" said a broad-shouldered, burly man of middle age, with a bluff, cheery voice. He had gone down on his hands and knees, and was groping among the horse's feet. "Hold on, Jarvie; keep the horse quiet—I've found something here. Looks like a woman." So saying, he proceeded to remove the unknown something from her perilous position.

Jarvie did not seem to realize the seriousness of the situation, for he responded in a maundering fashion, "Ha! ha! that's a good 'un, that is; keep the horse still, eh? He can manage that himself. He'll stand as still as a statumen-

from now till the day o' judgment, he will. He's a 'oss as has a peculiar gift that way."

The young woman had fallen into a dead faint, and her rescuer had a good deal of difficulty in his kindly purpose. At length he succeeded in seating her on the edge of the pavement, kneeling by her the while she leaned lifelessly upon his arm. "There, ma'am," said he heartily, unaware that she had lapsed into unconsciousness, "you're all right. Tell me where you live, and if that half-screwed Jarvie can find the way, we'll put you down at your own doorstep." The appeal was made to deaf ears, however, and there was no reply.

"Hallo!" said the burly stranger, surveying his charge more closely, "here's a go! The woman's gone and fainted right off the reel. No, she reeled before she fainted. Heigho! big parcel, perishable goods, marked 'Immediate,' and no address! Gilbert Craske, you've got your hands full. Jarvie, do you carry a smelling-bottle?"

"A smelling-bottle? no!" said the cabby, with the ready wit peculiar to his tribe. "Left it in the drorin'-room, on the piano." At the same time he drew near to make his own inspection of the case.

Tenderly and patiently Gilbert Craske tried to bring her back to consciousness, but in vain; and, to tell the truth, he began to feel not a little dismayed. All the shops were closed; the density of the fog had effectively cleared the streets of all humankind, and the probability of his having the unknown "something" thrown on his hands made him feel uncommonly uncomfortable. "Of course," said he to himself, "that's always the way with women. Off they go into *Noncompas* land with neither a 'with your leave' nor a 'by your leave!'

If her fainting would have done anybody the least good in all the world—would she ha' fainted then? Not she! She'd ha' been as lively as a mouse in a corn-bin. Queer folks, women!"

Again he turned his attention to his charge, venturing to shake her gently, in the vain hope that that might bring her to. Then he shouted aloud, "Missis!" with the hope that that might rouse her. "I say, Jarvie," said he to the cabman, "is there any sort of a hospi—"

"Here y' are!" said the cabman, diving his hand into the capacious pocket of his threadbare overcoat. "Put a drop or two o' this here owdykolonn atween her lips. That'll fetch her to, if she ain't gone to kingdom come." So saying, he handed his fare a small flask of brandy, an article with which he himself, like many more, was evidently sadly too familiar.

Gilbert Craske made a wry face as he became acquainted with the contents of the flask. "Well," said he, "everything has a use, I suppose, even hornets, whipsnakes, an' dingoes. I'd very much sooner set my heel on it; but it may—"

While he was speaking he had forced a few drops of the spirit between the young woman's lips, and a spasmodic cough had cut his sentence short. It was rough treatment, certainly, but what could he do? It had the desired effect. She opened her eyes, half-dazed as yet, and whispered, "Where am I?"

"Where are you, my dear?" said Gilbert, pitifully; "why, *here*, snugly blanketed in a reg'lar three-pile, double-milled, thick-wove, superfine London fog. And as safe as if you were with your mother, Miss. That you may take your vow on." She felt the truth of that last remark intuitively, and said, with a faint smile, "Thank you, I know it. I can go home now."

"*Know* it, do you, Miss? Well, that's a good 'un! No, I must be a good 'un, or you wouldn't know it so slick. Thank you, Miss. Now we're quits. But as to going home by yourself—no, thank you. What! and crawl under another 'crawler' before you get there! Tell me where it is, and Jarvie shall drive you round."

"Oh, it's only in the next street, thank you," she answered, "the next turning to the right—No. 59; but I can find it myself. Thank you very much, and good night." She was willing and even anxious to carry out her purpose, but though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—weak through more serious causes, than her swoon—and had she not been steadied by the arm of Gilbert Craske, she must have again fallen to the ground.

"Well, here's a go!" said Gilbert, taking no notice of her request to be left to herself. "And so you are close at home, and so far as getting there was concerned, you might as well have been at Adelaide, Melbourne, or Brisbane! Hey, but *that's* the country, Miss, I can tell you. You never have to swim there in greasy pea-soup, or live in a smoky kitchen with an eternal washin' goin' on. Drive gently, Jarvie. The next street to the right, No. 59."

"Shan't do no such thing," mumbled Jarvie, tip-sily mounting the box. "Gently, indeed, with such a Flying Dutchman as this 'ere! Now, then, Rosy Nanty, show 'em your heels!" But for all that, they crawled gently enough, and after much pains and many mistakes, Gilbert Craske and his feeble companion stood on the doorstep of No. 59.

The door was opened by a strikingly comely lady, whose silver hair was bordered by a widow's cap. She held aloft a lighted lamp, so that its rays might the better pierce the gloom, and Gilbert Craske had a full, clear view of a well-remembered face. His gray eyes fixed themselves upon her—his mouth was open in silent astonishment. His hand meanwhile was rapidly stroking his long brown beard.

"Thank you with all my heart, dear sir," said the young woman, offering her hand. "Good-night."

He took the proffered hand, shook it mechanically, keeping his eyes fixed upon the face beyond. The young woman's hand was somewhat suddenly withdrawn, and the door was closed.

"Well, well, this *is* a go!" said Gilbert Craske, bringing his broad hand with a vigorous slap upon his thigh; and turning abruptly from the door, he was immediately swallowed up, absorbed by the dense November fog.

"Who is that, Mercy? and what has brought him here?" inquired the silver-haired lady in the widow's cap, as soon as the door was shut.

"Who or what he is, I don't know, mamma," Mercy answered; "but he has been a friend in need

to me, although I don't suppose I should have needed one if it had not been for him. It sounds like a contradiction; but I'll tell you how it was."

Straightway the young lady gave her mother a full account, so far as she understood it, of the event that had brought the middle-aged stranger to their door that night. They were still standing in the passage, for the widow seemed very anxious for an explanation. Then, when it was given, Mrs. Graythorpe heaved a sigh of relief, kissed her daughter fondly, and led the way through the foggy atmosphere to a higher floor of the house.

"It was very kind of him," said she, as they ascended the stairs, "but he must be a great oddity to stand and stare like that, and make off with never a parting word. I wonder who he can be!" They entered a small ill-furnished room on the first floor of the humble domicile in which they resided. It was dimly lighted by two candles placed on the mantelpiece, for these, even with the help of the lamp carried by Mrs. Graythorpe, and the low fire which burned in the grate, could not dissipate—could not so very greatly diminish the all-pervading, almost impervious fog.

On a small couch, drawn near to the fire, was reclining a girl of nineteen or twenty years of age. One glance at her thin and pallid features told in language all too plain that she was an invalid, and accounted for the whispered explanation having to take place in the lower passage.

"Well, Millie dear, how do you feel to-night?" said the elder sister, bending down to kiss the fair white brow. To which she answered: "Better, I think. Just a little. But never mind me, Mercy. Have some tea—you do look so tired; and tell us what success you have had in town."

"Oh, well," said Mercy, in a hopeful tone, well simulated, but lacking the genuine ring, "as I said yesterday, we can hardly expect to succeed all at once, you know. Plums don't drop into folks' mouths, Millie. We must be patient."

Poor Mercy! It was really a very little plum that she had been looking for. Only a little money to buy bread for herself and her mother, and a little of something daintier for the patient and feeble invalid, and to make sure that they could keep a roof over their heads, however humble it might be. But so far from having dropped within her sweet lips, Mercy had not even seen the plum hanging amid all the dry and leafless branches on the grim forbidding tree of mighty London town.

"I have seen a good many dealers to-day," she continued, still keeping up her hopeful tone. "All of them declare that the drawings are good. 'Real art,' some of them say; but the one weary, weary, monotonous answer of the whole of them, day in and day out, is, 'Times are bad—very bad; and the market is overstocked'—and Mercy sought to stifle a sigh by swallowing it in company with a sip from the teacup which she held in her hand.

Millie turned on her couch, heaved an involuntary sigh, and said: "Dear Mercy, how tired you must be! and all to so little purpose. But what have you done with the pictures? I watched to see whether you had brought them back, and when you entered the room without them I began to hope, poor little simpleton as I am, that somebody had taken them after all."

Millie covered her pale face with a pair of thin hands, in a vain effort to dismiss the tears that would start in spite of her.

"Why, there, Millie, that is just where I really have a tiny bit of hope. The last place I called at was a little print-shop at the corner of Dorset Street, Strand. It didn't look to have much in it, or to offer me much encouragement. I could but ask, I thought; and, at any rate, they would let me sit down a little bit and rest my tired feet. There was such a funny little man in the shop—a German or a Dutchman, I should fancy, his English was so odd. 'Vell, young Mees,' said he, almost before I got within the door, 'vat you wants to puy?'

"I felt that if I was to say at once that I had come to try to sell and not to buy, I should certainly secure for myself an abrupt dismissal. I was so thoroughly tired and weary that my limbs trembled, and I could scarcely stagger to a chair. To gain the luxury of a few minutes' rest, I asked the price of some crayons I had seen in the window, which would, I felt certain, serve you as hints for sketches of our own. I had a sort of inspiration given me that, as I had failed to sell, I might perhaps obtain a little money by negotiating an exchange. 'There are three little sketches in your

window,' said I, 'drawn in crayon; would you mind allowing me to examine them?'

"'Ha!' said the little man, nodding a compliment. 'De young Mees can judge goot. Dem little trawings are vat you call de gems. De people vat comes and goes are plind—plind as te little bat. Dey puy te rubbish and pays te big moneys, ha! ha! But de young Mees haf a peautiful eye—nein, an eye for de peautiful. Dere!' said he, placing the sketches in my hands with a smiling countenance, 'dem is goot, an' v-e-r-y sheap.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I saw at once they were the work of a true artist, but they must be very cheap if they are to be mine, for I have little money to spare.'

"'Dey are goot, and dey are sheap,' said the little shopman. 'You can haf 'em for tree and six-pence.'

"They were well worth the money, and if my purse had been but moderately supplied I should have bought them at once. While I was looking at them, my portfolio, with your drawings in it, fell to the ground, and displayed the picture of dear old Hilldrop farm."

"Allow me," said the little man, stooping to pick them up. Then, looking at the picture in unaffected surprise, he said, 'Mees, dat is vare peautiful. It is vat you call excellent. You puy dat some-ve-res?' 'No,' said I, 'those belong to a young artist friend of mine. She is an invalid, and I am going to dispose of them for her.'

"I was dreadfully afraid that he would ask me where I was going to take them, for what could I have said, you know? Much to my relief, he said, 'Vell, vell. You leave them here one little time. I can safe you much trouble, I think.' This was frankly and even eagerly said, and there seemed such honesty about him, that I paused a moment only to make my will consent to be a little less apparent. 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'and you sall take dem little crayons to de artist. She look at dem. I look at dese. You sall call again to-morrow, and we sall make de pargains, eh?' And so I left them, dear Millie, and shall call to-morrow, and until then we will live in hope, and on it. It will be nothing new, that, at any rate. It is not very nourishing, I know," continued Mercy, with a light laugh, "but I do think something will come of it after all."

Mrs. Graythorpe and Millie were amused by Mercy's mimicry of the little picture-dealer, and Millie permitted the sweet influence of hope to bring a little color to her pale cheek and to place a smile upon her lips—a guest that had been anything but familiar there for many a weary day. Thankful to God for even so slight a break in the heavy cloud that had long overshadowed and oppressed them, Mrs. Graythorpe also took a hopeful view of the little incident. Then reaching from the small sideboard an old and well-worn family Bible, she read a portion of the forty-second Psalm: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites; from the hill Mizar."

There was a tremor in her usually clear and pleasant voice, which showed how appropriate was the passage to their own peculiar circumstances, and which showed, too, her own trust and confidence in that true and ever-faithful Friend who had put the words on record for all who are forlorn and weary, for all whose pathway lies through the darker shadows and the denser mists of life. "Our 'hill Mizar' was Hilldrop Farm," she said, "with all its darkness and mornings of deliverance. Our God is where He was, and on the strength of that memory of our Heavenly Father's faithfulness we will pray; and wait, and work, and trust."

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for March:

The Saints' Coronation Day—March 5, 1896.
The Wonderful Birthday of 144,000 Translated Ones on March 5, 1896. By Rev. M. Baxter.
The Coming Woe. By Rev. W. Chrismas.
The Millennium. By Rev. W. Wood, A. M.
The Days of Noah and the Lord's Second Coming.
The Stone Cut Out Without Hands.
The Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
The Great Pyramid and Its Symbolism.
Curious Psychological Experience of Professor Stowe.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

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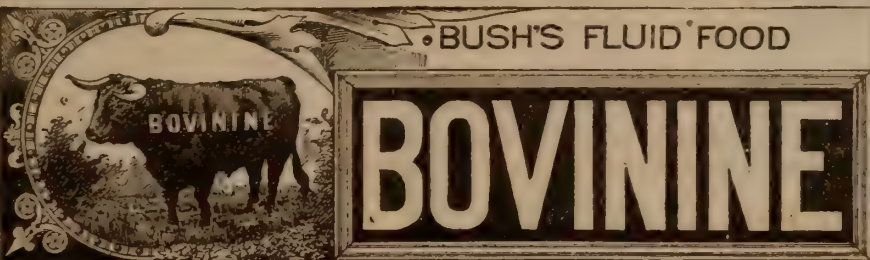
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JAMES PYLE, New York



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To make my life worth more to Thee?
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Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusion of the time,
I hear Thy beckoning call resound;
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.

My coward heart, my laggard feet,
They hold me in bewildering gloom,
Come Thou my stumbling steps to meet,
And lift me into larger room!

The dearest voice may lead astray;
Speak Thou: Thy word my guide shall be—
Oh, not from life and man away,
But through them, with them, up to Thee.

It is not much these hands can do;
Keep Thou my spirit close to Thine,
Till every thought Thy love throbs through,
And all my words breathe truth divine!

With souls that seek Thy pure abode,
Let my unflinching soul aspire!
Make me a radiance on the road—
A bearer of Thy sacred fire!

—Lucy Larcom.

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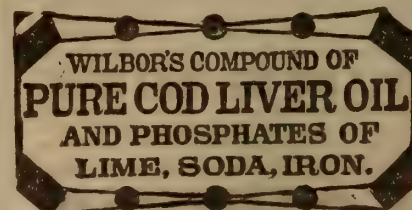
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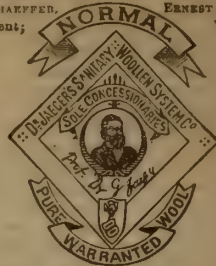
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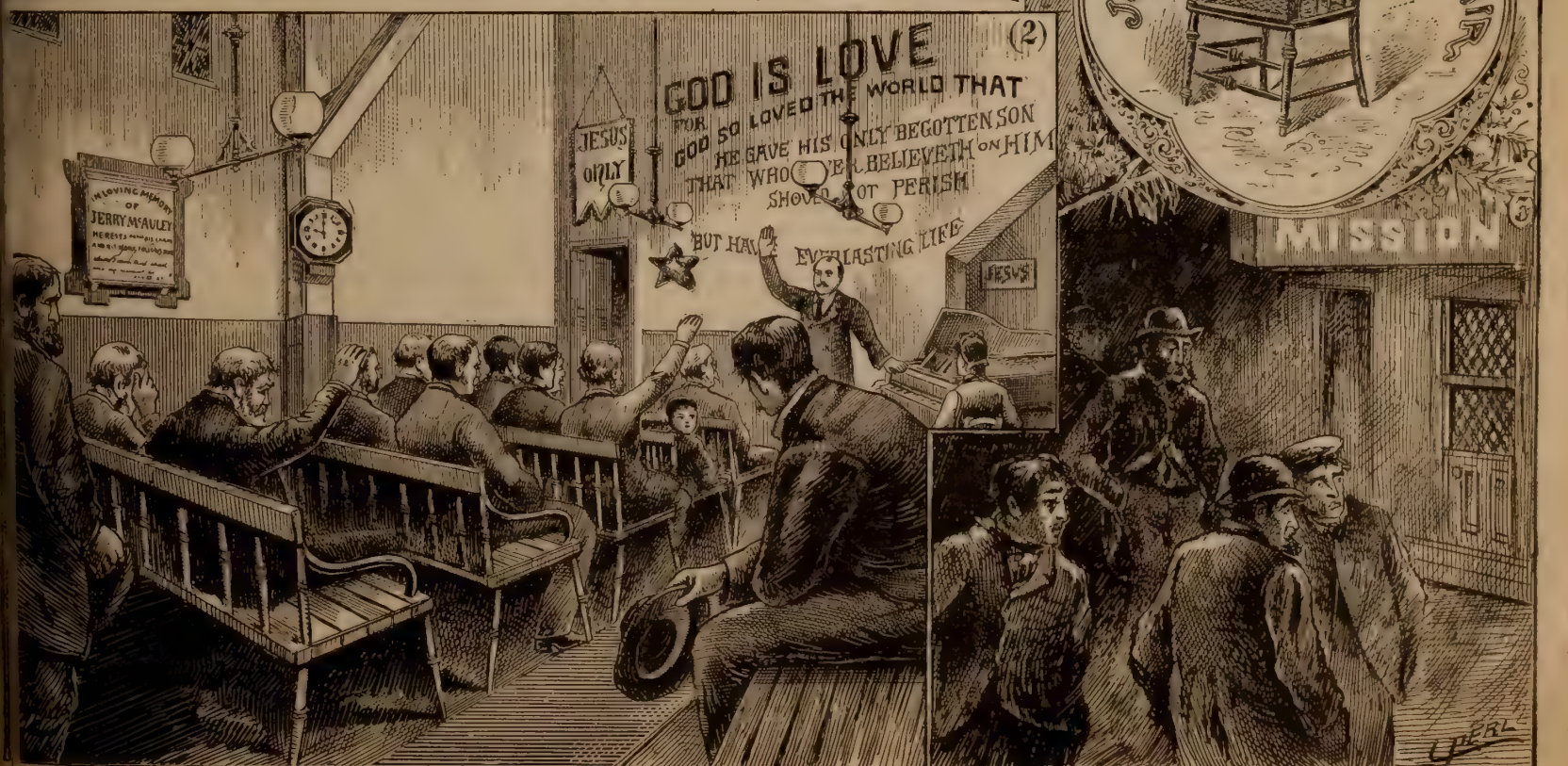
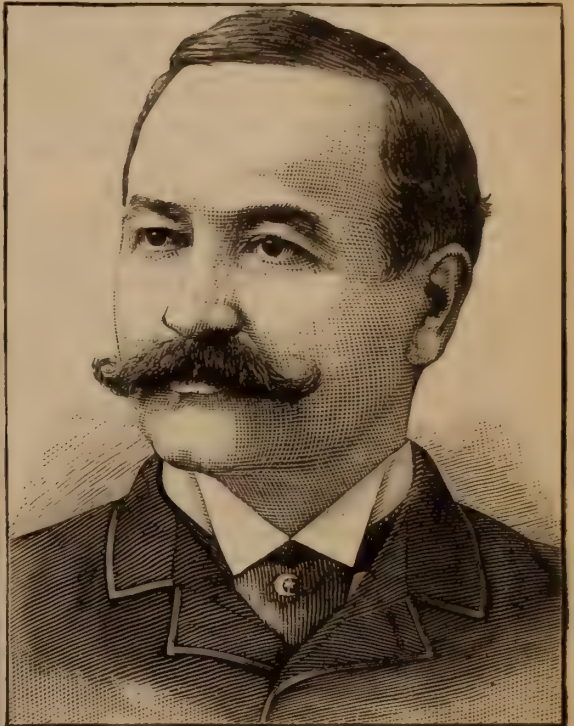
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1890.

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The Old Jerry McAuley Mission on Water Street, New York—Mr. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent.

MR. S. H. HADLEY.

Jerry McAuley's Successor in Water Street.

What Water Street, New York, is Like—The Mission Building—An Interview with Mr. Hadley—His Birth and Pious Home—His First Drink—Death of His Mother—A Rapid Downward Journey—Delirium Tremens—A Resolution in a Harlem Saloon—His Himself Locked Up—In Jerry McAuley's Hands—Converted, and at Work—What the Mission is Doing.

DOWN in Water Street, New York, there is not much to attract the visitor, or to impress him with the wealth and culture of the metropolis: a narrow, dirty street, where the pedestrian often finds his way blocked by a heavy dray, or by a heap of filthy boxes and barrels, and must turn into the middle of the road, among the dirt and garbage and mud. Here and there the sidewalk disappears altogether, and two vehicles meeting almost occupy the whole space between the houses. There is plenty of moral dirt, as the ear detects by the profanity and drunken merriment that it catches from an open door or a group of corner-loafers, and the eye perceives, as some female figure in cheap, gaudy attire shows itself at door or window. Dirt, squalor, vice, foul smells, disgusting sights—that is

What the Visitor Sees in Water Street

and its neighborhood, wherever the old houses have been successful in maintaining their existence against the encroachment of stove factories and wholesale establishments. One building stands out in contrast to the others. It is clean, bright, cheerful, inviting, so far as a building can be made to express those qualities. The door is open, and the visitor enters. He is in a long room with rows of comfortable seats. A raised platform at the farther end has on it a chair or two, a reading-desk, and a harmonium. On the walls are the Bible texts most precious to despairing, weary, sin-polluted souls; the texts that invite the outcast, that promise pardon, rest, and salvation to the vilest and most debased. On the south wall a plain marble tablet tells in few words who was the founder of the place, what he had been, what he became, and what he spent his life in doing. The room is not very imposing from an architectural standpoint, but it has a home-like look, as if a man might rest there and forget for a time the uproar and squalor outside.

"Want to see the Superintendent?" asks an elderly man, whose appearance suggests a chequered life, as if he had one time been prosperous, at another clad in rags, and had been given to the habit commonly suggested by the phrase "bending the elbow too often," and now decently dressed, and respectful in speech. The visitor admits that he would like to see

The Superintendent,

and the man goes away to fetch him. It is midday, or it would not be necessary to do that, for at night, when Water Street is all alive with loafers in various stages of inebriation, the superintendent is in the room to welcome visitors. In a minute he comes limping into the room. Some accident in early life has made him halt in his walk. A strong, healthy man, with a bright, eager face and soft, beaming eyes. "What can I do for you, my brother?" he asks. The visitor is happily not in need of the kind of rescue-work Mr. Hadley is most frequently called to engage in. When that fact is known, the Superintendent does not seem elated. The visitor is conscious that he would have been more welcome had he been a dirty tramp, half drunk, and needing all kinds of help, spiritual and material. He feels as much at a disadvantage as a tramp would feel in calling at a Fifth Avenue mansion.

However, Mr. Hadley is made to understand that the visitor may have opportunities of making his place known to the people he wants to meet, and so indirectly bringing him the patients who do need his services, and then he professes himself ready to talk. But not much about himself. He has a great deal to say about the work, the need there is for it, the kind of welcome "a low-down man will have in this place," and the efficacy of the sovereign remedy he has for human misery. "No matter how dirty, how vicious, how depraved a man is," Mr. Hadley explains, "let him come here. We will take him down-stairs and wash him; and if he is sick we will have a doctor for him; or, if it is better, we will get him into a hospital, and we won't lose sight of him, and we bury him if he dies. We tell him about Christ, about God's love, we pray for him, and get him to pray for himself, and I tell you, sir, when a man begins to pray, there's hope for

him. Yes, sir; I have seen men as low down as a man can get; thieves and crooks and drunkards and gamblers come here, and it works with all of them. Jesus Christ is a mighty Saviour!" He speaks in the tone of a man who knows it in his own experience, which cold type cannot express.

What Mr. Hadley Was

he is at no pains to conceal. If he was speaking of some one else his words would be very uncharitable. A very strong case of libel might be fixed on him for his first few sentences. The Hadley he describes, according to his own testimony, must have been a very hard case. A despicable, unprincipled, vicious fellow, altogether gone to the bad. Yet he had a good home. He was born in 1843, in Perry County, Ohio—the county that boasts of being the birthplace of Phil Sheridan. It was only a log cabin in which he first saw the light, but a godly man owned it, and a pious, saintly woman made it a godly home. No oath, no beer, no tobacco, in that place. Such as it was, it was elevated, purified, sanctified, by the peace and joy of Christian lives. Here he was nurtured in the fear and love of God. He was eighteen years old when he took his first drink. "I had promised my dear mother," Hadley says, "I would never drink; but a friend, who was the miller of our county, told me that he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him, or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle after he had coaxed me a full half-hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my dear mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, 'Tell Hopkins to meet me in heaven.' When I reached home in the evening, before I could dismount from my horse my sisters came out and told me mother was dead. I could not believe it, so they took my hands and led me into the 'spare room,' and there, cold in death, was my darling, precious mother! I could not believe that the silent form wrapped in white was she, so pale, so still. From my earliest recollection, she had been the last one I ever saw at night and the first one in the morning. I begged her, with a breaking heart, to speak to me. How my broken vow came back to me, as I stood by that dear lifeless form, so peaceful, so sweet! I promised God, and her, that I would never break it again. Three days after mother was buried I was more drunk than I had ever been.

"Our home was broken up, for father soon died. I went to live with a prominent physician in the village and began the study of medicine. My preceptor, though one of the most brilliant men in his profession, was a heavy drinker, and in one year I was a confirmed drunkard.

"I gave up my studies, took a travelling position, became

A Professional Gambler,

and for fifteen years rarely went to bed sober. For many years I did not see my danger, or was too much under the influence of rum to think seriously on the subject. Occasionally, however, ominous forebodings would arise in my heart, and I would wonder what the end would be.

"In 1870 I came to New York City, and secured a position with a salary of \$300 per month, with a liberal allowance for expenses. The failure of the establishment I was working for threw me out of a position, and I never was able to command a good salary afterward. I cannot describe here the remorse and heart-aches of the confirmed drunkard, who feels himself slowly though surely slipping down to that awful abyss, the drunkard's hell—a foretaste of which he already feels in his soul! I passed through it all—more than human pen could write. Many times, while my faithful, loving wife would be holding me in her arms, would I see fiends in the most hellish forms walk round behind me, and, holding their mouths so close I could feel their scorching breath, tell me what to do. This advice, whether true or imaginary, always tended toward my self-destruction. Then they would go into the next room, and talk so loud about my case I was sure my wife would hear their evil plottings and be frightened out of her senses. This was *delirium tremens*.

"One Tuesday evening, on the 18th of April, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium

tremens, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for when that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river! But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar, and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, 'If you want to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up.' I went to the nearest station-house, a short distance away, and

Had Myself Locked Up.

"I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, praise the Lord! that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said, 'Pray!' I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence told his experience, that simple story that heard so many times afterward, but which was ever new; how he had been a 'tief,' an outcast, a drunkard—yes, a regular old bum! but I gave my heart to God, and He saved me from everything that wicked and bad.' There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, 'I wonder if God can save me?'

"I listened to the testimony of 25 or 30 persons every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given, I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I

Wondered if I Could be Saved!

if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: 'Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to their Lord! Do, for Jesus' sake—amen!'

"Then Jerry said: 'Now all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls pray for themselves.' He spoke to one after another as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, 'Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you.' How I trembled as I approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear crimes I had forgotten 12 months: 'What are you going to do about such a such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had you better think this matter over awhile, and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?' Oh, what a conflict was going on for that poor soul! A blessed whisper said, 'Come!' The devil said, 'Be careful!' Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, 'Brother, pray.' I said, 'Can you pray for me?' Jerry said, 'All the prayers the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself.' I halted but a moment, and then, with breaking heart, I said: 'Dear

Jesus, Can You Help Me?'

"Never can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with describable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart; I felt I was

free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ, with all His brightness and power, had come into my life; that, indeed, old things had passed away and all things had become new.

"From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink, I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine. Nor did I ever swear an oath, though before I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. I began the next day to work for Christ, by inviting a tramp to come to the meetings. He came, and went up for prayers. A few weeks afterward the Lord showed me I was leaning on tobacco, and I had better lean entirely on Him. I threw my plug of tobacco away one night down the aisle in the mission, and the desire was removed. In fact, my tobacco was the only sacrifice I ever made for Jesus, as I would gladly have paid money to be rid of rum if I could have been relieved that way.

"Four years afterward I was called by the trustees of the old McAuley Water Street Mission to take charge of the work where Jerry first began fifteen years ago. Almost every night God is displaying His wondrous power here in saving the drunkard, the thief, and the outcast. Pray for us." It costs about four thousand dollars a year to run the Water Street Mission, and if the managers had they could profitably spend ten thousand; but the profit would not be in money, but in souls saved. Mr. Hadley and two devoted missionaries are constantly at work in the Fourth Ward, visiting in the homes of the poor and sick, in the saloons and dens of infamy, which are "the highways and hedges" of a great city, to bring in wanderers to the Master's house according to His command. Help is needed for almost all of them when they are brought in, for when a man is starting on a better life the odds are against him, and he must have such advantages in clothes and food as can be given him. The Mission is carried on in faith, and often the needs are very low. Gifts in money and clothing are therefore always welcome, and will be gratefully received by Mr. S. H. Hadley, 316 Water Street, New York.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Daughter Rescued from Indians.*

"God save the children! In the early settlement of Kentucky, when it was 'the dark and bloody ground,' there lived on the Kentucky River a man, whose name was Rufus Branson, with his wife and daughter eight years old. One day, when he was sitting in his doorway, a drunken Indian came staggering up, asking for fire-water. He was refused, whereupon he insulted the family, and Branson fired his rifle to the earth. He tied him with some clothes till he was sobered, when he was permitted to retire, which he did, uttering as he went fearful curses. Some time after that, when Branson was away from home, the Indian returned, and, finding his little girl, carried her off. Her mother saw him and set up a piercing scream. Branson was at that moment nearing his home and heard his wife's cry. He rushed to the house, and was told what had happened. His wife pointed to the Indian, who could still be seen climbing the cliff with the child in his arms. Branson seized his rifle and fired, but missed his aim. A stranger who had come up unperceived said, 'Shall I save your child?' The father said, 'Save her! I am powerless.' The other said, 'Save her! Oh save her!' The stranger raised his rifle, held it firmly in his grasp and fired. The Indian threw up his arms, releasing the child, and fell dead upon the ground. The girl ran back to her parents, and the mother, turning to her benefactor, said, 'Who are you, sir; tell me, at I may know henceforth what name to mingle in my every prayer?' The stranger simply replied, 'My name is Daniel Boone,' and vanished into the darkness of the forest. O mothers! the painted devils of hell are bearing your daughters to destruction; the eternal Saviour, who alone can triumph over your adversary, stands at your side, saying, 'Shall I save your child?'

Salome and the Dance.

"Now let me ask you, if you had a family of children, how long would you tolerate in your house a man who, immediately on his introduction to your

daughter, should lay hands upon her person with the familiarity and freedom of the modern waltz? I am simply astonished that there can be any doubt upon this point with sound-minded, sensible, reflecting persons. The modern dance simply licenses or makes lawful what, outside the customs of the dance, is regarded as improper, immoral, and insulting. Society wisely regulates the ordinary social gatherings of men and women in the parlor, even when they are well acquainted, by certain wholesome barriers of restraint. A man who, especially at first acquaintance, should violate these restrictions, as he may do in the waltz with impunity, would be kicked out of the house as a scoundrel! But the devil has invented in the round dances a polite and popular method of making such gross familiarities allowable, under the sanction of fashionable custom. Hence their attraction to the people of the world; hence their ensnaring influence on the disciple; and the better the class of men and women that countenance the devil's device, the more conspicuous his triumph."

A Great Man's Boyhood.

In the winter of 1824 a boy was playing in the garden of an old country house in northeastern Germany. On the pedestal of a statue broken by the French soldiers when they swept over Prussia and Poland eighteen years before, he had piled snow into the rude likeness of an enormous man, which he was pelting lustily with stones and snowballs. Though not ten years old, he was unusually tall for his age, and very strong and active. His features were plain and heavy, but there was a nameless something in the expression of his firmly set lips and large, bright eyes, in which a close observer would have seen the promise of great things to come. Shot after shot hit the great white figure, but, though the giant tottered, he did not fall. Then a sudden change came over the boy's face; his teeth clinched, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole face seemed to harden, as his unconquerable spirit, that was one day to shake all Europe, boiled up within him. Seizing a heavy stone, he hurled it with all his might at the monster, which trembled a moment and then lurched forward and fell in pieces. "Halloo, Otto! what are you doing now?" cried an old servant of the household, coming round the corner at that instant, with a broad grin on his weather-beaten visage, which was scarred by the French sabres which he had faced by Blucher's side at Ligny and Waterloo. "I am Germany overthrowing France," replied the lad. "Good," cried the veteran; "mayhap I shall live to see thee do it in earnest some day." And so he did, for the little Otto grew up to become Prince Bismarck.

THE PANORAMA OF A LIFE.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL fact which throws light on the description of the last judgment given in the Bible, when sinners will see as in a flash the events of their life, and stand silent and self-condemned, is stated with several instances in the current number of a popular magazine. It is the fact that the events of a whole lifetime will sometimes pass in a moment through the mind of a person who is on the point of death by drowning or suffocation. Speaking of the case of Lord Ponsonby, who was hanged by the mob in Paris in 1791, and cut down before life was extinct, the author says: He (Lord Ponsonby) gave an account of his sensations on returning to consciousness. He could not have been actually suspended in mid-air more than a few seconds, and yet in that brief space of time all the events of his life passed through his mind. It is true that his life to that date had not been a very eventful one, he being only nineteen years of age; but every past sensation was renewed in all its freshness. This remarkable mental power of calling up the past in moments of suspended animation occurred in the case of Count Zichy, in the Revolution of 1848, in Vienna. He was caught by the savage mob, hung like Lord Ponsonby in the middle of the street, when his own regiment of dragoons charged down, and cut the cords as he was swinging in the air. He fell to the ground, and was supposed to be dead; but his recovery was a different matter from Lord Ponsonby's, for he suffered agonies, and for ten days had four men constantly with him. He described exactly the same sensations as Lord Ponsonby; the scroll of what was a much longer life was unrolled, even the smallest detail rushed back on his memory; he had the same fearlessness at the moment, but he felt all the horror of the agony when the danger was past. A most interesting little book, called *Admiral Beaufort's Experiences of Drowning*, bears testimony to

this seemingly universal experience in sudden danger. "Thought succeeded thought," says the Admiral, "with a rapidity that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation—the event that had just taken place, the effect it would have on my family, and a thousand circumstances associated with home, travelling backward in time in retrograde succession."

ANTIDOTE TO A SCORPION'S STING.

ONE of the China Inland missionaries, Miss Mary C. Scott, of Ta-Ning, writes: "Last week, at one of the villages to which Yang went, an extremely interesting incident occurred. I think you know already how very hospitable these dear village people are. Well, one very nice woman, who is interested in the gospel, and a warm friend of ours, determined that Yang must have a meal at her house. Accordingly, she was up betimes, and in the course of her preparations was badly stung on the finger by a scorpion. The poison must have circulated very quickly, for soon not only was she in pain all over, but seemed to lose consciousness. In alarm Yang was called for, who laid hands on her and prayed, and she very soon recovered. There was still some pain, however, in the arm and hand. So he prayed again; and when he left, soon afterwards, there was only slight pain in the wounded finger; and, in telling us about this the same evening, Yang brightly remarked that he expected that by this time all pain had gone. We did praise God for this, connecting it with the promise in Mark 16 to those who believe that 'they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' On again questioning Yang, to verify the accuracy of this statement, I find that after prayer the woman immediately recovered, and was able to go on with her preparations for the meal."

THE TREASURED PEARL.

AN illustration of our Lord's parable of the pearl of great price which the merchant sold all he had to buy (Matt. 13:45) is found in an incident related by Mr. J. H. Kohl, the Russian traveller. He says: "Some time before I went to Moscow there died in a convent, whither he had retreated, after the manner of the wealthy pious ones of his nation, a rich merchant, whose house had large establishments in Moscow, Constantinople, and Alexandria, and extensive connections throughout the East. Feeling the approach of age, he had by degrees given up the toils of business to his sons. His wife was dead, and the only treasure which, in the cloister, was not divided from him was one large, beautiful Oriental pearl. This precious object had been purchased for him by some Persian or Arabian friend at a high price, and enchanted by its water, magnificent size and color, its perfect shape and lustre, he would never part with it, though enormous sums were offered for it. He almost worshipped the costly globule. It was shown to few; powerful recommendations were necessary to obtain such a favor. One of my Moscow friends, who had succeeded in introducing himself, and had received a promise that he should behold the *Pearl of Pearls*, informed me of the style and manner of the ceremony. On the appointed day he went with his friends to the convent, and found the old man awaiting his guests in his holiday clothes. Their reception had something of solemnity about it. The old man went into his cell and brought out the casket in its rich covering. He first spread a piece of white satin on the table, and then, unlocking the casket, let the precious pearl roll out before the enchanted eyes of the spectators. No one dared to touch it, but all burst into acclamations, and the old man's eyes gleamed like his pearl. It was, after a short time, carried back to its hiding-place. During his last illness, the old enthusiast never let his pearl out of his hand, and after his death it was with difficulty taken from his stiffened fingers." Like him, the Christian who has found the pearl of great price in Christ counts the world well lost for his possession, and he clings to that in life and death.

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

*From *Famous Women of the New Testament*. By Rev. Morley Bryan Wharton, D. D., late United States Consul to Germany. Pp. 340; with illustrations. Price \$1.50. Published by B. Treat, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

A DEAD LION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning,
March 30, 1890.

"A living dog is better than a dead lion." Eccles.
9:4.

The Variety of the Bible—The Wonderful Apothegms—The Dog Mentioned in the Text—A Degraded Breed—The Palestinian Lion—A Noble Animal—Activity more Beneficent than Genius—The Inconspicuous Worker—Precedence in Heaven—Dead Lions in Plutocratic Society—Lions Alive—Quickened by Possible Litigation—Instances of Munificence—Dead Lions Unmourned—Opportunities Passing Away—Disheartening Regret—Charlemagne's Corpse Enthroned—The Mummy of Pharaoh—An Encouragement for Workers—Three Young Men at a Service.

THE Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime-minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom-house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and from the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferry-boat, as in second Samuel; and a telegraphic wire, as in Job; and a railroad train, as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship-builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how much he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility, and the dog for meanness. You must know that

The Dog Mentioned

in the text is not one of our American or English or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious, and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd-dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers, and if you doubt it, ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch-dog is a loving protection, and if you doubt it, ask ten thousand homesteads over whose safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem. Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's-throw of where Solomon wrote this text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting, and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazeel said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" In self-abnegation the Syro-Phœnician woman said, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and St. John, speaking of heaven, says, "Without are dogs."

The Lion of Palestine.

On the other hand the lion is healthy, strong, and loud-voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvellous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of fire-arms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheatre of Rome. The Barbary

lion, the Cape lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion-haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile. David understood its habits of night-prowling and day-slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions." Moses knew them and said, "Judah is couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The king's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezekiel knew them, and says, "The third was as the face of a lion." Paul knew them, and says: "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Peter knew them and says, "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about." St. John knew them, and says of Christ, "Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah!"

Activity Above Genius.

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy." He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint-hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five-cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets round the corner; waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver; comes into a rail-train, or stage-coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God Himself can appreciate its immensity.

The Humble Worker.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who sit near him clear back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the snow from his shoes, and threshing his arms around his body to revive circulation, on some January morning. But if he should die tomorrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity than many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word Honorable, and after his name LL. D. and F. R. S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there. And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the heavenly circles when this humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and

Take the Precedence

of many Christians, who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent. more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weigher in our store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car-driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coal into our cellar?" "I never could have thought it. What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a

mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten;" while Solomon, standing among the thrones, overhears the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all-suggestive smile, say, "Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is small faculty actively used than great talent unemployed, 'better is a living dog than a dead lion.'"

Financial Lions.

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of their contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent., or three per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., or a half per cent., or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall Street, State Street, Lombard Street, and the Bourse tremble. In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten-cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten-cent piece. A lion Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasures in heaven. What shall the stone-cutter put upon the obelisk over him? suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Living Lions.

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries, and building churches in their native village? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about, and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "he that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living, in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, of the hospitals, of the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions and good fashion, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty. One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately

After the Testator's Death,

gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides, it ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible Society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof positive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the word "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken

ills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture-gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am specially interested in 'the incurables,' and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The Church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgment of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?"

Ante-Mortem Munificence.

In our own city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has our fellow-citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say so when he is dead, say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem!

A poor Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age, and went to Pittsburgh. He looked round for work, and became an engineer in a cellar, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to a place in a telegraph office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose till he became an iron and steel manufacturer, then rose till he opened free libraries in his native land, and last month a free library in Allegheny City, and now offers two million dollars for a free library in Pittsburgh. This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized. How majestic such men in comparison with some I wot of, who amass wealth and clutch it with both hands until death begins to feel for their heart-strings, and then they dictate an attorney a last will and testament, in which they spite some daughter because she married against her father's wish, and fling a few crumbs of suffering humanity, as much as to say: "I have kept this surplus property, through all these long winters, and through all these long years, for a needy and suffering world, and would keep longer if I could, but as I must give it up, take and much good may it do you!" Now we begin to understand the text, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Dead Lions Unmourned.

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the angle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they get through with life. They lay down in their magnificent lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last hard word. They have committed their last mean act. When a solitary inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shrieks and wails, and lash themselves into lamentation, and is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when a dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity missed. We spend much of our time in saying: "If only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have done or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in walking around that dead lion. We cannot resuscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cum-

ming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small opportunities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and doing of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Disheartening Regret.

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten, and cripple for future work. If a sea-captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River and say, "I never will go on the water again unless I can run one of the White Star line?" Shall the engineer of a lighting express, who at a station mis-read the telegram of a train-dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say, "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best with what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat-terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer, and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Mighty Monarchs in Death.

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinners departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepulchre on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a sceptre in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscriptions on his sarcophagus, and the writing on his mummy bandages, prove beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times. All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered sceptre. He is a dead lion. And is not any man now living, in the fact that he has opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively

Leonine, and Yet Wicked?

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself, and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes, and make sure work for heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past, and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know, either. He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday-school,

the superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectably clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared, and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with him." But the superintendent fitted him up again and started him again. After a while

The Gospel Took Hold of Him

and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the Church on earth and in heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember however depraved, however ragged, and however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the grog-shops and in the haunts of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in this church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar."

Three Young Men

had come, expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me." My hearer, give no one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in oratorios—Free Grace! That will yet Edenize the earth and people heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Buried in sorrow and in sin
At death's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

MR. GEORGE M. SCOTT,

First Gentile Mayor of Salt Lake City.

(See page 220.)

THE recent election to the mayoralty of Salt Lake City, has been a genuine surprise to the whole country. That the Mormons should have a non-Mormon mayor of their own capital implies a marvellous change in public spirit. Doubtless the result is in part due to the Federal enactments, which took the control of the municipal election out of the hands of the Mormon Church, and gave it to men who did their duty impartially. Nevertheless the fact that Mr. Scott received a majority of votes in Salt Lake City indicates a remarkable movement among the citizens.

Mr. George M. Scott, whose portrait we now publish, received a majority of 808 votes in a total of 6,354. He is a native of Clinton County, New York, fifty-four years old, who went to California in 1852, and thence to Utah in 1871. He established himself in business in Salt Lake City, and by industry, ability, probity, and broad human sympathies gained both fortune and a reputation for high character. It is believed that Mr. Scott's personal character won for him the votes of many Mormons, who are dissatisfied with the government of their own leaders, and believe that their city would enjoy greater prosperity under the rule of an honest man. The city of Provo has also elected a Gentile ticket.

READINESS FOR RAPTURE.

By Rev. F. L. Chapell.*

It needs no argument with any evangelical believer to show that *faith* is a prime requisite for the reception of the benefits of the gospel. The briefest evangel is "Believe and Receive." And this is true, not only of the gospel as a whole, but also of every phase or dispensation of it. Readiness for rapture must therefore begin with faith in rapture. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him." It was, then, Enoch's faith that pleased God; and it was his

Faith in Translation

that secured his translation. For it is according to faith that blessings are secured. What was it, then, that caused the rapture of this marked man of antediluvian times? It was his faith that he should be thus caught away. Had he not believed it, he would not have received it.

Let us beware, then, of proclaiming, as some seem unthinkingly to do, that at any time the power of the Lord may descend and take away all Christians now living; since by far the larger majority of those Christians have not the Scriptural faith that they shall be so taken. On the contrary, they are constantly saying, "Death is certain," and are frequently singing in their devotional moments:

"When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll."

Let us not indulge in any delusive dreams. The Scriptures do not give us warrant, either by example or precept, to believe that any will be translated who are not expecting it. See II King 2:9-11; Luke 24:50, 51; II Thess. 5:4. The frequent

Exhortations to Watchfulness

that are given because the coming of the Lord will be unexpected, are for the express purpose of differentiating the believing from the unbelieving; as we read in I Thess. 4:3, 4: "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." Here is a truth that needs to be carefully noted. "According to your faith be it unto you." If you do not believe that you will be translated, where is there any evidence that you will be?

The Scriptures present to us a realm of truth and fact widely different from that which meets us in ordinary observation and experience. If our minds are mainly occupied with the events of our ordinary, natural, fallen condition, in which death reigns, and the grave covers the body from sight, we shall not believe in translation. But, on the other hand, if the Scriptures are chiefly occupying our thoughts, and the Saviour's career is apprehended in its true relation to humanity, we shall readily enough believe in translation, since both the general scope of the Scriptures and the personal career of Jesus lead us directly to it. For, as regards the Saviour, although He died, the grave did not keep Him. His body saw no corruption. He was bodily translated as really as was Elijah. His

Death was not a Necessity

to his personal translation. Had He not taken on Him the cause of dying as well as living humanity (Rom. 14:9), he might logically have been translated from the mount of transfiguration. At all events, he was taken up bodily, and as a living man, into heaven, showing thus to be the proper exit of humanity from the earthly state. And, if the thought is fixed as it should be, on Him, faith in translation will readily enough follow.

And the same result will be secured if we consider the general scope of the Scriptures: If we will resolutely turn our minds from the present fallen condition of man and nature to the comprehensive and consistent picture which the Scripture puts before us, we shall find these prominent facts: First, death is the penalty for sin; Second, eminently holy men in each dispensation have been translated without death; Third, the intelligent desire of the most godly has been, not that they shall be unclothed, but that mortality might be swallowed up of life; Fourth, that there is

A Promised Time Coming

when there shall be no more death; and generally, that the plan of redemption is a comprehensive, well-laid scheme purposed by the Almighty God, absolutely sure of accomplishment, the preparatory stages of which have already been executed; and

that everything is preparing for a grand, sudden, final stroke of executive power, of which, as regards believers, the resurrection of the dead and the changing of the living, and their rapture into heaven is a prominent feature.

Now, whoever clearly sees this comprehensive and certain plan, and also learns from watchfulness that the final dénouement is near, can readily enough believe the rapture, and can certainly find it a much more cheering prospect than is the walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Toward this blessed hope the thought, and consequently the faith, of God's dear children is already turning in some degree. The past half-century has witnessed a great change in this regard. And the future will witness yet more and more, so that, in God's own good time, by faith the waiting ones will be taken.

THE GENESIS OF LA GRIPPE.

THE strange epidemic which has passed around the world, sowing the seeds of disease and death in all lands, has been traced to its original source. The German periodical, *Unsere Zeit*, publishes an article by a writer who saw the malady first break out in the Central Asian Khanate of Bokhara. He traces the primary cause so far back as the summer of 1888, which was exceptionally hot and dry, and was followed by a most bitter winter and rainy spring. The dried-up earth was full of cracks and holes from drought and subsequent frost, so that the spring rains of 1889 formed ponds and lakes in these holes throughout the Khanate, inundated the new railway-cuttings, and turned the country into a perfect marsh. When the hot weather set in, the water gave off poisonous exhalations, rendering malaria general. As the winter had been so severe, the Bokhariots were obliged to spend money on firing instead of food, so that they were weak from want of nourishment, while the severe fast of Ramadan further reduced their power to resist disease. Then the malarial epidemic appeared suddenly, and the enfeebled inhabitants died off in large numbers, while the Europeans suffered so severely that at one time all the household of the Russian Legation in the city of Bokhara were in bed, and there was no one left to nurse the invalids. The Russian railway officials and soldiers were equally affected, and as soon as the sufferers became convalescent they hurried home to Russia for change of air and good nursing. Evidently they took the infection with them, for the epidemic travelled westward along the Central Asian Railway, to break out at St. Petersburg in October, and thence spread over Europe and to America.

It is a pathetic admonition that this fact gives. The Czar of Russia, who rules over those Bokhara peasants, and the kings and nobles of Europe who would despise them if they ever thought of them, and our own citizens, many of whom never heard of them, have had to suffer through their misery. The cry of the Bokhara peasant was unheard, but he dies, and a giant arm stretches from his corpse and seizes the Czar in his palace, the nobles in their castles, the rich in their mansions, and reaches across the ocean and grips men and women in our American cities. It appears that the poor peasant in Bokhara, more than seven thousand miles away, is our brother, and we have to acknowledge our relationship by sharing with him his heritage of disease. God does not allow the lessons of His Word to be ignored forever. When men will not learn them there, He makes them learn them by painful experience. We have been taught now by a line of dead, thousands of miles in length, that "*No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.*" (Rom. 14:7.)

A CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

THE chaplain of a prison on his ordinary visitation came upon a convict who had just been sentenced. He was a well-known character, and the crime for which he was then suffering was not by any means the worst which he had committed. The clergyman had been warned to be careful how he spoke to the man, as he was extremely violent, and was told that he might as well not visit him, as he would make no impression upon him. But strong in his Master's strength, God's servant resolved to visit this lost one, and in God's name offer him salvation. The man for a time listened in dogged silence, then looking up, he said, "I knows ye mean well, gov'nor, but it ain't no use; I am bad from the heart!" "I know that," was the quick reply, "and God has provided against that state of things, and He says if you come to Him He will take away

your evil heart and give you a clean heart." The man had never heard that before. Instinctively he apprehended what it meant. He had always thought if he came to Christ he would have to stand to his colors in his own strength, but here God said He would take away his evil heart, with all its wicked propensities, and give him a clean heart, which would incline to things good and holy. There and then he accepted Christ, and resolved to live for Him. By-and-by the time of his liberation came. His old companions had counted the days until he should rejoin the outer world, and they were at the prison gate to welcome him to liberty again. Of course they thought he would resume his old course of life, and be once more the moving spirit in all their plots, but he undeceived them, and told them he had given himself to Christ, and entreated them to do the same. At first they could scarcely credit it, but soon by his altered behavior they saw that a great change for the better had come over him, and some were led to inquire how it had happened, and to follow in his footsteps. The arm of the Lord is not shortened, nor His power diminished. He is still able to save all who will come to Him.

THE PREDICTED WAY FOR THE KINGS OF THE EAST.

THE prophecy that in the last days, when the appointed time for the restoration of the Jews to their own land approached, "the way of the Kings of the East" should be prepared (Rev. 16:12), is now in process of fulfilment. As God promised them (Isa. 43:19), a way is being made in the wilderness. This is another sign that we are rapidly nearing the final convulsion in the midst of which the eyes of the Jews will once more turn with longing to their ancient inheritance, and find their city, and the way to it, in readiness for them.

A writer in the *Jewish Herald* thus records the events now taking place: "On approaching the city from the west, in former years, there were scarcely any buildings except the Russian Convent and the Montefiore Almshouses to intercept the view of the city walls; now the whole plain is covered with private residences and colonies of Jews, whilst near to the Jaffa Gate are large numbers of shops already tenanted, and numerous others in course of construction. The extension beyond the walls has become necessary, on account of the rapid increase of the population. I am informed by Mr. Moore British Consul here, that within the last three or four years about 20,000 Jews have come to Jerusalem for permanent residences in and around the city, and that of the entire population of about 70,000, it is estimated that nearly 40,000 are Jews. He also stated that

The Influx of Jews

into Palestine during recent years has been entirely without precedent. The principal streets which, but a few years since, were almost impassable in rainy weather, have been paved with stone; a new wide street has been opened through a densely populated quarter, and five hotels are now open for the reception of the annually increasing number of visitors from all lands. Public works are in progress. The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem at one time all but impracticable, has been reconstructed by an eminent engineer; a good road has been formed from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and another from Jerusalem to Hebron; several others are rapidly approaching completion—from Jaffa to Nablous (Shechem), forty miles; Jerusalem to Jericho, twenty miles; Caipha to Nazareth, twenty miles; and Nazareth to Tiberias, eighteen miles. Jerusalem has hitherto been almost wholly dependent for its water supply upon its large underground cisterns for the reception of rain-water, which, after a summer's drought, often prove insufficient in quantity, and almost unfit for use. The Government is now about to bring an unfailing supply from a spring of pure water beyond Solomon's Pools—about nine miles distant. A large flour-mill, having proved both a great benefit and a financial success, others, with large steam-power, are in process of erection; soap factories have commenced operations, and at Jaffa steam saw-mills have been established. Colonies of Jews following agricultural pursuits, stated to be successful, are located, one about five miles from Jaffa, and a larger one at Limerin near Cæsarea, originated and assisted by the Rothschild family. The increased amount of rain which has fallen the last few years in Palestine has had most marked effect in larger and more abundant harvests than hitherto known. Important results may be expected from the railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

* From his article in Dr. A. J. Gordon's *Watchman*.

As rumors in former years have prevailed which have never been realized, I called upon Mr. Frutiger, the banker, to whom the concession has been granted by the Turkish Government, and was assured by him that the necessary capital had been subscribed, and that the works would commence immediately upon the close of the rainy season in the spring of 1890, and pushed on urgently to completion. As a natural sequence the harbor of Jaffa, which is now inaccessible to Mediterranean steamers, must be deepened and enlarged, and the rocky barrier that prevents ingress removed. It is contemplated to subsequently extend this line *via* Gaza and El-Arish over the Short desert to Port Said and Ismailia on the Maritime Canal, thus connecting with the railway system of Lower Egypt for Cairo, Alexandria, and Suez, and to the Fayoum and Upper Egypt. Such important action for the improvement of the Holy City and development of the resources of Palestine, and opening up the country to commerce are without precedent hitherto. Viewed in connection with the numerous and active efforts being made by various religious agencies throughout the country for the evangelization of the people and the conversion of the Jews, these acts must encourage every lover of God's Ancient People to hope that His 'set time' to favor Zion is fast approaching."

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 13, Luke 7: 11-18; Golden Text, Luke 7: 16.

Christ's Varied Ministry—The Centurion's Affection for his Slave—A Plea Based on Misconception—The Centurion's Disclaimer—His Ideas of Sickness—Subject to Christ's Orders—God's Measure of Blessing—According to Your Faith—The Mourning Widow—A Swiss Widow's Story—The Word of Power.

THERE was nothing of routine about the life of Jesus during the days of His ministry. Sometimes He would be occupied with large multitudes of people, sometimes with the little company of His disciples, and then, again, he would give all His attention to a single individual. He never had anything of hurry or pressure in His life, because he simply took from His Father's hand whatever His Father brought before Him to do.

Having ended His second preaching of the sermon on the mount, "in the plain," He "entered into Capernaum. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die." The servants of those days were slaves, and it was rare indeed for a master to be really attached to a slave, whom he regarded as he did a horse or cow, as a part of his estate, and according to his monetary value. But this centurion must have known something of the fear of God, and probably he was acquainted with some part of the Jewish Scriptures, and his conduct was affected by them. Among the heathen the treatment of a slave was subject simply to the will of his owner; among the Jews, God provided for the defence of the slave. (Ex. 21: 1-11, 20, 21, 26, 27.) The God of love became a real, living person to the centurion, and his heart was touched with love to his slave. "When he heard of Jesus, he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant." In his humility, he imagined that some of His own people would be more likely to prevail with Him than he. Yet why should he, or any other, question the willingness of Jesus to heal?

When these elders came to Jesus they "besought Him instantly (or earnestly),

Saying That He Was Worthy

for whom he should do this; for he loveth our nation, he hath built us a synagogue." Oh how mistaken are men's ideas of God! Again and again the request comes into a prayer-meeting, "Pray for the healing of so and so; he is an earnest, consistent Christian, and he has great faith"—as though to imply that some goodness of his would go far to influence God to undertake his case. Or, again, "Pray for the conversion of such a family; the parents are true Christians, and most earnest workers, and they give a great deal to the Lord's work"—just as though, by their service and gifts, they had put the Lord under a special obligation to them, and He was more sure to convert their children for this reason. When will men learn that God blesses us and hears our prayers, not because of what *we* are, but because of what *Jesus* is? "I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for Mine holy name's sake." (Ezek. 36: 22.) It is always of grace, not of merit, that we receive answers to our prayers.

But Jesus saw through all this flattery of the Jew-

ish elders into the heart of the centurion as he sat in his house, and He knew the heart which trusted Him, so He "went with them." "When He was now not far from the house, the centurion," having probably heard of the way in which his request had been urged upon Jesus, "sent friends to Him," disclaiming their adulations, "Trouble not thyself, for

I Am Not Worthy

that thou shouldest enter under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." Others said of him, "He is worthy;" he said of himself, "I am not worthy," but at the same time showed his complete trust that a word from Jesus was enough; he had no such idea as that any goodness of his was to add to the power or merit of the work of Jesus. "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it;" implying that if he, in his little sphere, could command obedience, how surely could Jesus who had power over all sickness!

It was a deep joy to the heart of Jesus when He found this firm, simple faith in the Gentile centurion. He marvelled at him, and said to the flattering elders, and the people that followed Him, "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And to the centurion, who had himself followed after his friends, He said, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self-same hour." (Matt. 8: 13.) This is always God's measure. "As thou hast believed," as thou hast learned to appreciate and to count upon thy God, so shall it be done unto thee. God deals with us, not according to what *He* finds in us, but according to what we find in *Him*. His dealings with us are by no means so much favor for so much service; God loves the unlovely, He is kind to the unthankful, and the unworthy; Christ died for us when we were yet sinners; the thought of merit cannot come in where God deals with us in His wondrous grace.

The day after, "He went into a city called Nain."

It was not by accident; Jesus never did anything by accident. His visit was timely. The name Nain implies pleasantness; but where sin has come in with its fearful consequences, there pleasantness becomes overshadowed, for sorrow, suffering, death, are the consequences of sin since it first entered into the world. The first object which He saw was a funeral procession. The corpse was that of a man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." A funeral procession is no uncommon thing; in large cities it is a rare thing when it is not seen every day. Perhaps Jesus had met many such before. But He was on earth as the express Image of His Father (Heb. 1: 3), and it was just now His part to shew

God's Heart to the Widow.

When He saw her, "He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." The words would have been heartless mockery, or, to say the least, mawkish sentimentality, from any other lips than His. But in His word there is power and authority. When He speaks, He creates what He says; one of His offices is to wipe away all tears from the eyes of His own. (Rev. 7: 17; 21: 4.) God has constituted Himself the Defender of the widow; He executes their judgment (Deut. 10: 16); He ordains that they shall "eat and be satisfied," etc. (Deut. 14: 29.) According to His law, no raiment of a widow might be pledged (Deut. 24: 17); the very last sheaves of the harvest were to be left for her benefit. (Ver. 19.) God takes upon Himself to relieve her (Ps. 146: 9), and will establish her border. (Prov. 15: 25.) Oh why do widows place all their dependence on unkind and unwilling relatives, when God is ready to undertake their cause, and incline either these same relatives, or others, to esteem it a *privilege* to help them! "Let thy widows trust in me," He says to His ancient people. (Jer. 49: 11.) As His Father's Representative, embodying all His Father's love and care for the widow, Jesus might well say to this bereaved widow, "Weep not." There is real, solid power in every word of God. When Jesus was reading in the synagogue at Nazareth, from Isa. 61: 1-3, part of the passage from which He read was, "The Lord hath anointed me to . . .

Comfort All That Mourn."

As that widow of Nain stood before Him with all the hope and joy of her life extinguished in that corpse which lay upon the bier, there was vested in

Jesus the power to comfort her. He was anointed for this ministry. There is no broken heart which He cannot bind, no sorrow beyond the healing of His touch. Some years ago, a child of God was holding services at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. Among others who remained as inquirers was one dressed in widow's garments, whose look of stony despair went home to the heart of the speaker. She addressed her, but for some time obtained no answer. At last the pent-up grief of her broken heart found utterance, and she told her story. She said: "I never knew my father nor my mother. I never knew brother or sister, uncle, aunt, or cousin; I was brought up on the parish, and when old enough, was put out to service. Ever since I can remember, I longed for some one to love me. When in service I made the acquaintance of a young man; he was respectable and in good work, and he loved me. We were married. All the pent-up love of my heart was lavished upon him; words could not tell how I loved him. We had one little boy, and he was our idol too. No one seemed so happy as we were. Then the fever came, my husband fell ill and died; in a week after, my little boy sickened and died too." Then, with a face like a tigress, she turned around and said: "God is hard! God is cruel! Why did He give me the desire of my heart to tear it away like this? What have I done that He should be angry with me like this?" The evangelist who had been speaking was dumb before such sorrow; but, throwing herself on the Lord, He taught her, and she said: "I would not mock you, my poor child, by offering you human sympathy, but I want to tell you Jesus was anointed 'to comfort all that mourn,' and I am sure He knows how to comfort you. I will kneel down and ask Him to do so." The young widow did not kneel, and seemed no way helped; but the evangelist reckoned on her Lord. Some weeks later, she saw the poor widow again, but the light of God had come into her life. The anointed One had done His work, had taken possession of her heart and given His own explanations, and she had found in Him a better portion than in those she mourned.

The "Weep Not" of Jesus

is a power. The funeral procession halted, and Jesus touched the bier. The bearers came under the power of that wondrous presence, and then He who spake as never man spake, said in a tone of authority, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." Surely an electric thrill would run through the multitude at these apparently daring words, but there was a power about Jesus which commanded respect. The multitude were not left long to wonder. The corpse which had been lying stiff and cold upon the bier began suddenly to move, color and animation returned, the eyes opened, and "he began to speak." He who had said "weep not" was the very same whose name is "the Resurrection and the Life." Why should the widow weep when the son whose loss she mourned was now alive again, and she heard his very words in the well-known voice which she had thought was hushed forever? Her sorrow was turned into joy, and Jesus had done it all.

There was no more need for the bier or the bearers; the resurrected man could walk home. Jesus "delivered him" to his astounded mother. Life had conquered death! "And there came a fear on all; and they glorified God, saying, That a great Prophet is risen up among us, and That God had visited His people." How strange that they did not at once recognize Him as the coming Messiah! How blind must their eyes have been! It seems so strange that this wondrous work of raising the dead, which had been heard of only three times before since the world was, should not have led them to inquire, "Is not this the Christ?" They knew Him as a great Prophet, but not as *the* great Prophet. Human nature loves that which exalts itself, that which brings it into prominence, but in Jesus there was nothing in which human nature could glory. He never asserted Himself, He received no honor from men, He sought not His own rights, He shrank from all which the world gloried in; the great ones of this world could find nothing in Jesus with which they could fraternize; He was ever amongst the poor and the lowliest among them. When others talked of Him as a great prophet, He was still among His disciples as "He that serveth." O how truly was His kingdom "not of this world"! Shall we be astonished, if we see men callous even when great works of God are done before their eyes? They acknowledge the facts, and then live on as though they had not happened, and so it is only the few who truly follow Jesus.

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TORNADO-SWEPT.

SYMPATHY is an insufficient word when we try to express our feelings toward Louisville and other neighborhoods struck by the wing of an archangel of tempest. Both a Northern and Southern city, and having in the roll of her citizenship many of the best people of both sections, Louisville's disaster is the disaster of America; yea, of the whole civilized world. Lovelier city stands not under the sun. Her hospitalities are without limit. Her quick responses when other cities are in trouble, and her queenly behavior toward Memphis and New Orleans and Jacksonville when the yellow-fever was let loose upon them will win for her anything she may need, if disposed to call for it. Whole villages prostrated in the same companionship of woe, and large districts afflicted with lighter or heavier stroke, the question arises in all hearts, What can we do? At this writing, and before all the terrible facts are known, plans of relief have not yet been projected, but Louisville shall not sit solitary, and the villagers of Kentucky and Illinois and Tennessee will not be left homeless.

What does it all mean? Some think these cyclones are a result of the cutting down of the forests. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Cyclones do not roll on the ground, where the trunks and branches of trees could arrest them. They fly so high that we are doubtful whether the ruthless American axe is responsible for their devastation. We have this theory: Satan is "the prince of the power of the air," and perhaps the mighty progress of truth and righteousness and liberty in our time may have especially angered him, and if he cannot stop the chariot of the gospel, perhaps he is trying to stop the prosperity of the cities. The better a city, and the better a village, and the better a neighborhood, the greater his spite against it. Meanwhile we snatch up morning and evening paper at the first moment of their arrival, hoping to read that some of the accounts have been exaggerated. But no. This tragedy of America deepens in blackness and horror as the hours go by, and nothing but the revelations of the last day can tell the extent of this atmospheric mischief, or explain the height and depth of this national calamity. Let all who have a roof over their heads and an un-

broken family circle appreciate their mercies, and do everything possible to help lift the scourged districts out of the want and wretchedness into which they have fallen. May God help the helpless and comfort the comfortless, and give us to learn the uncertainty of all earthly calculations, and the wisdom of securing treasures in a place where hurricanes cannot uproot, nor fires consume, nor floods drown!

OUR exchanges, greeting! They are as different as the men who edit them. Most of the editors are genial, and write like successful men. Unsuccessful men are cynical, and acerb, and depreciative. They have had a hard time, and are not in sympathy with those who seem to have an easy time. On the other hand, those who have got on tolerably well in the world are disposed to be helpful to those who are still in the struggle, and would rather say a pleasant thing of a man than something denunciatory. So newspapers, religious and secular, take type from the people who preside over them. If the editor is a disappointed man, and the publisher is a disappointed man, there is no end to the jeremiads, and the fault-findings, and the lachrymosities. But if the editor have had a reasonable breakfast, and capacity to digest it, and has had many years of such happinesses, he is more apt to dwell in Mount Gerizim, which is the mount of blessing, than in Mount Ebal, which is the mount of cursing. What a refreshment it is for us to take up those exchanges which are good-natured and sympathetic, and who like sweet oil, better than vinegar and red pepper! What a depressing thing to take up those exchanges whose editors think everything is going to smash because their own liver has gone to smash. The world has enough ailments and troubles without our making them worse. If we are not right ourselves, we cannot make others right. Oh for more healthy doctors, whether their appendage be M. D. or D. D.! An editorial or a sermon that begins with groan and growl will afford neither physical nor mental nor spiritual recuperation. The best and greatest sermon that was ever preached began with nine "Blesseds." We will all do better to be more economical of our anathemas and sarcasms and sharp retorts.

FEMALE Inspectors are needed in all our prisons and police stations. We are in full sympathy with the recent move made for such appointment. The unfortunate women who are arrested for crime, or taken in their intoxication, ought to be handed over to the care of women. The present way of doing things is most indelicate and disgraceful. What chance can there be for the reformation of these poor creatures if their humiliation is further increased by the presence of men at times when they require the presence and service of good and honorable women? Our prison reform, so far advanced beyond the times when John Howard and Elizabeth Fry put their hand to the work, has yet many long strides to take before we shall get the blessing of Him who said, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me." There is in most of the places of incarceration an awful need of more sunshine, more fresh air, more opportunity for cleanliness, and more kindly and considerate treatment of shipwrecked womanhood.

SCANDALS in newspapers give the idea that the marriage relation is not considered as sacred as once. Divorces, elopements, domestic infelicities, are every day reported. Ah, my reader, you forget that the cases of domestic happiness are never reported. One row between husband and wife in a

boarding-house makes more noise than all the cheerful songs, and glad nurseries, and Edenic joys of five hundred domestic circles. The most of the people are married to the persons best suited to them. The marriage relation never wrought so much happiness for the world as now. There may be unfortunate occurrences in the conjugal state. Even Adam and Eve got into some trouble through too great fondness for fruit; but the vast majority of married people are doing well. It is not good for man to be alone, and the world is so full of good women that it is an astonishment that any man should make an unwise selection.

DENOMINATIONAL changes are becoming more frequent. But when a minister leaves one denomination for another he is apt to become the object of attack from the church he quits. This ought not so to be. The first honest thing for a man to do after changing his mind, is to change his denomination. Nearly all the great ecclesiastical wrangles of the last twenty-five years come from the fact that ministers have stayed in denominations after their theories of religion have become discordant. When a minister enters a denomination he takes oath that he will advance the doctrines and government of that church. If he stays there breeding unwholesome discussions, and assailing that which he has sworn to protect and forward, it is most unfair and unwise. When an Episcopal minister ceases to like the liturgy, he had better resign episcopacy. When a Methodist minister gets out with revivals, and anxious seats, and the itinerancy, and the bishopric, he had better change his denominational relations. When a Presbyterian minister gets so liberal that he is ready to give away the essential truths of the Bible, he had better bid farewell to Presbyterianism. So when I read, as I did yesterday, of a minister of one denomination passing to another, I only ask myself the question, "Is he honest?" If I conclude that he is, and I so conclude unless I have some proof to the contrary, I say, "That is right. God speed him! May he find his new surroundings happier than those from which he has departed!" Do not pelt a man because he has changed his mind. Every one, excepting a fool, sometimes changes his mind. When we enter heaven we will find so many things different from that which we supposed, we will all change our minds.

THE true remedy for our troubles with the Indians was forcibly described in an address delivered recently before the Presbyterian Union in New York by Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Corresponding Secretary of the Indian Rights Association. He said: "We do not desire that members of our National Legislature, nor of our Executive branch of the Government, should represent a particular Christian creed in their dealings with the Indian; but we do desire, and we have a right to demand, that they should at all times represent in their action toward these people those *principles of justice and righteousness* from which that religion can never be divorced, and of which it is the fullest exponent. The failures and the crimes which have frequently disgraced our Indian management in the past are due to a violation of these principles, to *ignorance, to greed, to injustice*. The successes which we hope for in the future must depend wholly upon their observance—to knowledge, to generosity, to fair dealing." Gen. O. O. Howard, who spoke from experience in his relations with the Indians in his army life, strongly urged the duty of giving the gospel to the Indians. "Everything is done better," he said, "when the heart is right."

An Instructive Report for our Statesmen and commercial houses was published last week by the *Tribune*. It came from a correspondent whom *Journal* has sent to Buenos Ayres. It appears through mismanagement and negligence, the effect of that thriving port, though so near to us, fallen entirely into European hands. The latest statistics available are those of 1888, but those of 1889 do not differ from them to any material extent. In these it appears that although foreign goods received in Buenos Ayres during 1888 to the amount of \$128,412,110, less than ten millions came to the United States. England supplied forty millions, and France nearly twenty-three millions. A similar disparity exists in the record of exports. Goods left Buenos Ayres for foreign countries, during the year, of the value of \$100,111,700. Of these less than seven millions came to the United States, while nearly twenty-eight millions to France and seventeen millions to England. A more remarkable exhibit is made in the number of the vessels calling at the port. Of the 5,935 ships which entered the port during the year, *one bore the flag of the United States*, and of the sailing ships only eighty-five were American. The facts are not creditable to a nation boasting of business enterprise. To what extent the negligence, which has produced the result may be decided by the Pan-American Conference remains to be seen, but it is evident that there is an opportunity here for Congress to do something of real benefit for our commercial interests.

Another Star for the Flag is Promised in the of the House on Thursday last for the admission of Wyoming Territory to statehood. A strong effort was made by the proposal of amendments, in various forms, to eliminate from the constitution which has been adopted by the Territory the clause admitting women to the suffrage. The effort, however, defeated, and the admission was carried by a majority of twelve. The minority consisted of all the Democrats present in the House, one Republican. The bill has now to pass the Senate, but there seems little doubt of safety there. The figures presented by the advocates of admission during the debate made a strong claim for statehood. They show that the amount expended by Wyoming in territorial, judicial, and educational affairs, not more than one per cent. comes from the national treasury. For this, fifteen million dollars have been spent in reclamation of waste lands. The Territory is rich in iron, coal, and petroleum, and her agricultural resources are enormous. It was a curious thing which occasioned some comment, that though the Democrats in Congress were unanimous in opposing admission, the Democrats in the Territory and the Republicans in applying for it.

Postponement of the World's Fair for a months has been deemed essential to its success. Mr. Candler on March 25 introduced a resolution in the House, which was accepted, providing for the dedication of the buildings with appropriate ceremonies, October 12, 1892; and further providing that the Exposition shall be opened to the public not later than May 1, 1893, and close not later than October 30, 1893. He said that this postponement was not asked by Chicago, but he thought that it would inure to the benefit of the exhibitors who were to take part in the Exposition. The President is not to issue any invitation to foreign nations until he is satisfied that a bona fide appropriation of ten million dollars has been raised.

Harve Worked by Western Floods is De-scribed by visitors to the submerged districts as appalling. Breaks in the Mississippi levees were reported from many places last week, and in every one the inhabitants of the districts had to flee for their lives, leaving their property to be the prey of the rising waters. The break at Skipwith Landing on March 26, is a specimen of what has occurred in many other places. So suddenly did the sea widen from a hole the size of a man's arm to a gap three hundred feet wide, that the first sight of the people of the little town had of it was a rushing of the waters through the streets. The ladies with their children had such short notice of the danger that they barely saved their jumping out of their beds into the water over their heads deep to reach skiffs, which took them to safety. The Government steamer *Meteor* took the women and children on board and provided for the multitude which congregated on the levee. At least twenty thousand acres of tilled land were submerged by this break alone. There

was no preparation for it, as the levee at this point was considered unusually strong. Large numbers of persons who fled to the higher ground are completely hemmed in by the waters, and will need food and clothing, and means of getting away to places of shelter. The cotton plantations have suffered severely. In many cases the planters have lost what had cost them years of thrift and industry to accumulate, and yet out of what they have left they are feeding the families whose homes were on their plantations.

Senator Blair is Exhibiting a Remarkable De-gree of perseverance. No sooner had his Education bill been defeated by an unexpected but decisive vote, than he came promptly to the front again with a new bill on the same model. Mr. Blair, like some noted historical characters, has the characteristic of an indomitable fighter, of not knowing when he is beaten. He is consistent, too, in maintaining the principle of his bill, and makes no change, except in the details. The new bill calls for an expenditure of fifty-eight millions in eight years, instead of seventy-seven millions. The basis of apportionment has also been changed. When the former bill was under debate most of the assaults upon it were directed to that point, Mr. Blair having taken the figures of illiteracy in the Southern States from the 1888 returns, which were said to be unreliable. Now he proposes to base the estimate of the amount to be advanced to each State on the official census returns of 1890. He is sanguine of passing his bill with these two changes, which he believes will remove the objections of several Senators who voted against his former measure.

The Long-Promised Measure for the Relief of Irish tenant farmers was introduced in the British House of Commons by the Government on March 24. Its provisions are so complicated that Mr. Gladstone declined to express any opinion upon the scheme until he could study it closely. It is a system of elaborate checks and counter-checks to protect the interests of both landlord and tenant. Its main features are the appropriation of a fund of \$165,000,000, from which advances may be made to tenants desirous of purchasing the farms they occupy. The advance is not to be more than twenty times the annual rent, and the tenant will have to pay four per cent. interest upon it. If he can bargain with his landlord to sell at a lower price, the Government will require him still to pay a sum equal to four-fifths of his rent, and will retain the difference between that amount and the four per cent. interest as a guarantee fund to protect them in case the borrower falls into arrears. It is proposed to appoint a Land Court to arbitrate between the landowner and the tenant desiring to purchase, which shall have power to fix the price of the farm. As the bill does not provide for compulsory sale, it will still be optional with the owner to decline to accept the price which the court fixes as the proper value. The Irish members of Parliament regard the bill with little favor, and some of them have expressed their belief that it is worthless as a measure for the relief of the tenants.

The Acceptance by the Emperor of Germany of Count Herbert Bismarck's resignation of the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs was formally announced last week. Baron Bieberstein, a statesman of Baden, has been invited to succeed him. The new Foreign Minister, whoever he may be, like Caprivi, the new Chancellor, will be regarded as merely a clerk of the Emperor, who intends to keep the control of the offices in his own hands. That the retirement of Bismarck, much as he was dreaded, has increased the apprehensions of Europe, is evident. The Emperor is known to be impulsive and imprudent in his utterances, and both qualities are dangerous in the present inflammable state of European affairs. The prevailing uneasiness found expression in the remarks of a prominent statesman, which an American newspaper correspondent in Europe has cabled. The statesman said: "The substitution of personal rule for the government of the Chancellor may have unexpected consequences at a date which it is impossible to specify. For some time past Austria has had no reason to be satisfied with the internal working of the Triple Alliance. She cannot feel any gratification at the military development of Italy, while Germany assumes over the military status of her allies a right of control which weighs heavily upon their finances and does not always spare their dignity. The wisdom of the Chancellor was able, when occasion required, to smooth over such difficulties, which a more hasty temper and

less measured language would have been but ill calculated to remove." Russia is still less satisfied, and her uneasiness is increased by the effusive welcome given by Emperor William, in Berlin, to the Prince of Wales, and his reference in his speeches to what might be accomplished by the united operation of the German army and the English navy.

The Death of Professor Delitzsch is Reported. Students of the Old Testament in all lands will mourn his loss. He died at Leipzig at the advanced age of seventy-seven. His attention was drawn to Hebrew literature by two missionaries of the London Jewish Missionary Society, and he became so imbued with some of the finest old Jewish characteristics that he was supposed by many persons to be a Jew, though there was no Israelitish blood in his veins. Professor Delitzsch belonged to the orthodox school. In 1850 he received a call to the University of Erlangen, where he lectured with much success for sixteen years. His greatest work is his commentary on the Psalms. He also wrote valuable commentaries on Genesis, Job, Proverbs, the Song of Songs, and Isaiah. He was deeply interested in the Jewish people, and in his later years directed a modest seminary for the preparation of missionaries to the Jews. One of his sons was a victim to the Franco-German War, the other, Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, is a distinguished professor of Assyriology.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Presbyterian Church at Pensacola, Fla., has undertaken the support of Rev. W. B. McIlwain as a missionary to Japan.

The labors of the Rev. Robert Graham at Hebron Church, Philadelphia, have been much blessed. The building is crowded to excess, and many souls are being added to the church.

A lady and gentleman of Hartford, Conn., a few weeks since presented the National W. C. T. U. with the handsome sum of \$5,000, in valuable bonds, to be used for the cause as Miss Willard and Miss Pugh may direct.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Home and St. Christopher Home receive \$25,000 each under the will of the late Hector C. Havemeyer, of New York. The testator's mother is authorized to distribute \$200,000 also among certain charitable institutions.

The Central Council of King's Daughters held sessions in New York on March 25. Arrangements were made for establishing a depository for flowers, which volunteers will distribute in the hospitals and the homes of the poor. Plans were discussed for organizing free kindergartens.

Mrs. Anna C. Cook has been holding services in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Lancaster, O. A correspondent in that city writes us that a very remarkable movement has started from her labors. The church is crowded nightly, and at every service souls are being saved.

The New York Auxiliary to the McAll Mission in France held its seventh annual meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle on March 25. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, graphically described the work Mr. McAll and his corps of helpers are doing, and made an earnest appeal for increased subscriptions to its support.

Ten dollars have been received from S. E. A., of Troy, N. Y., who asks us to acknowledge the receipt of them here, and says it is to be used for furthering the circulation of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, and assisting the fund for the erection of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. We cordially thank S. E. A. both for the money, and the kindly expressions of appreciation of this journal by which it was accompanied.

Mr. Moody has been induced to continue his services another week in New York. The morning meetings at 10:30 are held in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-third Street. The evening meetings at the Reformed Church, Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. On Friday, at 3 o'clock, he will hold a meeting in Holy Trinity Church, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services in East New York were continued last week with increasing tokens of God's blessing. The whole neighborhood has been moved, and no building has been found large enough to hold the crowds anxious to hear the famous evangelist. Some very remarkable cases of conversion are among the large numbers that have taken place at these meetings. The visit of Dr. Munhall will never be forgotten in East New York.

Rev. E. W. Oakes, late of Manchester, N. H., has been holding meetings at Brighton, England, with remarkable success. A notorious gambler was among the converts. On March 23, Mr. Oakes went to Rotherham, Yorkshire, to take part in a convention for deepening spiritual life, which Mrs. Baxter was holding there. During the visit of Mr. Oakes to England his meetings have been wonderfully blessed, and wherever he has gone many souls have been saved through the blessing of God on his preaching.

LAMA SABACHTHANI?

A new Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Matt. 27:46.

A Cry out of Darkness—I. What Our Lord Suffered—The Lowest Depth—The Desertion was Real—A Very Remarkable Desertion—Had Never Deserted Him Before—Especially Painful to Such a Nature as Christ's—II. Why He Suffered—An Appeal to God—A Cry of Submission and Resolve—He Knew There was a Reason for the Desertion—III. The Outcome of this Suffering—He Stood in Our Stead—Must Feel the Separation from God that Sin Produces—Made Perfect Through Suffering—Three Lessons.

"THERE was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour:" this cry came out of that darkness. Expect not to see through its every word, as though it came from on high as a beam from the unclouded Sun of Righteousness. There is light in it, bright, flashing light; but there is a centre of impenetrable gloom, where the soul is ready to faint because of the terrible darkness.

Our Lord was then in the darkest part of His way. He had trodden the winepress now for hours, and the work was almost finished. He had reached the culminating point of His anguish. This is His dolorous lament from the lowest pit of misery—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I do not think that the records of time, or even of eternity, contain a sentence more full of anguish. Here the wormwood and the gall, and all the other bitternesses, are outdone. Here you look as into

A Vast Abyss;

and though you strain your eyes, and gaze till sight fails you, yet you perceive no bottom; it is measureless, unfathomable, inconceivable. This anguish of the Saviour on your behalf and mine is no more to be measured and weighed than the sin which needed it, or the love which endured it. We will adore where we cannot comprehend.

I have chosen this subject that it may help the children of God to understand a little of their infinite obligations to their redeeming Lord. You shall measure the height of His love, if it be ever measured, by the depth of His grief, if that can ever be known. See with what a price He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law! As you see this, say to yourselves: What manner of people ought we to be! What measure of love ought we to return to one who bore the utmost penalty, that we might be delivered from the wrath to come? I do not profess that I can dive into this deep: I will only venture to the edge of the precipice, and bid you look down, and pray the Spirit of God to concentrate your mind upon this lamentation of our dying Lord, as it rises up through the darkness—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

I. Let us first dwell upon the fact; or

What Our Lord Suffered.

God had forsaken Him. Grief of mind is harder to bear than pain of body. You can pluck up courage, and endure the pang of sickness and pain, so long as the spirit is hale and brave; but if the soul itself be touched, and the mind becomes diseased with anguish, then every pain is increased in severity, and there is nothing with which to sustain it. Spiritual sorrows are the worst of mental miseries. A man may bear great depression of spirit about worldly matters, if he feels that he has his God to go to. He is cast down, but not in despair. But if the Lord be once withdrawn, if the comfortable light of His presence be shadowed even for an hour, there is a torment within the breast, which I can only liken to the prelude of hell.

The desertion was real. Though under some aspects our Lord could say, "The Father is with me," yet was it solemnly true that God did forsake Him. It was not a failure of faith on His part which led Him to imagine what was not actual fact. Our faith fails us, and then we think that God has forsaken us; but our Lord's faith did not for a moment falter, for He says twice, "My God, my God." Oh, the mighty double grip of His unhesitating faith! He seems to say, "Even if thou hast forsaken Me, I have not forsaken thee." All the tortures of His body He endured in silence; but when it came to being forsaken of God, then His great heart burst out into its "Lama sabachthani?" His one moan is concerning His God. This stroke has cut Him to the quick: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" It was no phantom of the gloom; it was a real absence which He mourned.

This was a very remarkable desertion. It is not the way of God to leave either His sons or His servants. His saints, when they come to die, in their great weakness and pain find Him near. They are made to sing because of the presence of God, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." Dying saints have clear visions of the living God. Our observation has taught us that if the Lord be away at other times,

He is Never Absent

from His people in the article of death or in the furnace of affliction. Did the Lord ever fail to support a martyr at the stake? Did He ever forsake one of His testifiers upon the scaffold? The testimony of the Church has always been, that while the Lord has permitted His saints to suffer in body He has so divinely sustained their spirits that they have been more than conquerors, and have treated their sufferings as light afflictions. No, it is not God's way to forsake His champions, nor to leave even the least of His children in the trial-hour.

As to our Lord, this forsaking was singular. Did His Father ever leave Him before? Will you read the four Evangelists through, and find any previous instance in which He complains of His Father for having forsaken Him? No. He said, "I know that thou hearest Me always." He lived in constant touch with God. His fellowship with the Father was always near and dear and clear; but now, for the first time, He cries, "Why hast thou forsaken Me?" It was very remarkable.

This forsaking was *very terrible*. Who can fully tell what it is to be forsaken of God? We can only form a guess by what we have ourselves felt under temporary and partial desertion. God has never left us altogether; for He has expressly said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" yet we have sometimes felt as if He had cast us off. We have cried, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" The clear shininings of His love have been withdrawn. Thus we are able to form some little idea of how the Saviour felt when His

God Had Forsaken Him.

His Father at that time of horror gave Him no open acknowledgment. On certain other occasions a voice had been heard, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" but now, when such a testimony seemed most of all required, the oracle was dumb.

But this was not all. His Father now dried up that sacred stream of peaceful communion and loving fellowship which had flowed hitherto throughout His whole earthly life. He said Himself, as you remember, "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Here was His constant comfort; but all comfort from this source was to be withdrawn. The Divine Spirit did not minister to His human spirit. No communications with His Father's love poured into His heart.

Our Lord's heart, and all His nature were, morally and spiritually, so delicately formed, so sensitive, so tender, that to be without God was to Him a grief which could not be weighed. I see Him in the text bearing desertion, and yet I perceive that He cannot bear it. I know not how to express my meaning except by such a paradox. He cannot endure to be without God. He had surrendered Himself to be left of God, as the representative of sinners must be, but His pure and holy nature, after three hours of silence, finds the position unendurable to love and purity; and breaking forth from it, now that the hour was over, He exclaims, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" He quarrels not with the suffering, but He cannot abide in the position which caused it. He seems as if He must end the ordeal, not because of the pain, but because of the moral shock. We have here the repetition after His passion of that loathing which He felt before it, when He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" is the holiness of Christ amazed at the position of substitute for guilty men.

II. This brings us to consider the inquiry, or,

Why He Suffered.

Note carefully this cry—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is pure anguish, undiluted agony, which crieth like this; but it is the agony of a godly soul; for only a man of that order would have used such an expression. Let us learn from it useful lessons. Note that our Lord's lament is an address to God. The godly, in their anguish, turn to the hand that smites them. The

Saviour's outcry is not *against* God, but *to* God. "My God, my God;" He makes a double effort to draw near. True Sonship is here. The child the dark is crying after His Father—"My God, my God." Both the Bible and prayer were dear Jesus in His agony.

Let us come close to the inquiry. It looked to me at first sight, like a question as of one distraught driven from the balance of his mind—not unreasonable, but too much reasoning, and therefore tossed about. "Why hast Thou forsaken me? Did not Jesus know? Did He not know why I was forsaken? He knew it most distinctly, a yet His manhood, while it was being crushed, pounded, dissolved, seemed as though it could not understand the reason for so great a grief. He must be forsaken; but could there be a sufficient cause for so sickening a sorrow? The cup must be bitter; but why this most nauseous of ingredients?

I think I see, in the expression,

Submission and Resolve.

Our Lord does not draw back. There is clear a forward movement in the question: they who quit a business ask no more questions about it. He does not ask that the forsaking may end prematurely. He would only understand anew its meaning. He does not shrink, but the rather dedicates Himself anew to God by the words, "My God, my God," and by seeking to review the ground and reason of that anguish which He is resolute to endure even to the bitter end. He would fain feel all the motive which has sustained Him, and to sustain him to the end. The cry sounds to me deep submission and strong resolve, pleading for God.

Do you not see there was here a glance at eternal purpose, and at His secret source of strength? That "why" is the silver lining of the dark cloud, and our Lord looked wishfully at it. He knew the desertion was needful in order that He might save the guilty, and He had an eye to that salvation as His comfort. He is not forsaken needlessly, nor without a worthy design. The design is itself so dear to His heart that He yields to the evil, even though that evil be like death to Him. He looks at that "why," and through that narrow window the light of heaven comes streaming.

His Darkened Life.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Surely our Lord dwelt on that "why," that might also turn our eyes that way. He would us see the why and the wherefore of His grief. He would have us mark the gracious motive for its endurance. Think much of all your Lord suffers but do not overlook the reason of it. If you can always understand how this or that grief we toward the great end of the whole passion, you will believe that it has its share in the grand "why." Make a life-study of that bitter but blessed question, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Bethink you, for a moment, that the Lord in the broadest and most unreserved sense, never, in very deed, have forsaken His most obedient Son. But we must look upon God here as Judge of all the earth, and we must look upon Lord Jesus also in His official capacity, as the Son of the covenant, and the Sacrifice for sin. The great Judge of all cannot smile upon Him who become the substitute for the guilty. Sin is loathsome to God; and if, in order to its removal, his own Son is made to bear it, yet, as sin, it is still loathsome to Him who bears it cannot be in happy communion with God. This was the dread necessity of atonement; but in the essence of things the love of the great Father to His Son never ceased, nor knew a diminution. Restrained in its flow it was, but lessened at its fountain-head it could not be. Therefore, wonder not at the question, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

III. I am coming to the answer, concerning which I can only use the few minutes which remain. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What is

The Outcome of This Suffering?

What was the reason for it? Our Saviour answers His own question. If for a moment His manhood was perplexed, yet His mind soon came to clear apprehension; for He said, "It is finished." and, as I have already said, He then referred to the work which in His lonely agony He had been performing. Why, then, did God forsake His Son? He cannot conceive any other answer than that which He has given—"It is finished." There was no reason in the Father's should forsake Him: He was perfect, and His life was without spot. God never

hout reason; and since there were no reasons in character and person of the Lord Jesus why His her should forsake Him, we must look elsewhere. In this case we now see that His obedience was perfect. He came into the world to obey the Father, and He rendered that obedience to the very uttermost. The spirit of obedience could go no farther than for one who feels forsaken of God still to cling to Him in solemn, avowed allegiance, still declaring before a mocking multitude His confidence in the acting God. It is noble to cry, "My God, my Lord," when one is asking, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" How much farther can obedience go? Is there anything beyond it. The soldier at the gate of a city remaining at his post as sentry when the tower of burning ashes is falling, was not more true to his trust than he who adheres to a forsaking Lord with loyalty of hope.

The Suffering Necessary.—Our Lord's suffering in this particular form was appropriate and necessary. It would not have sufficed for our Lord merely to have been pained in body, nor even to have been grieved in mind in other respects. He must suffer in this particular way. He must feel forsaken of God, because this is the necessary consequence of sin. The separation of the soul from God is spiritual death; just as the separation of the soul from the body is natural death. The penalty for sin must be put in the place of separation, and must bow to the penalty of death. By placing of the Great Sacrifice under forsaking death, it would be seen by all creatures throughout the universe that God could not have fellowship with sin. If even the Holy One, who stood the surety for the unjust, found God forsaking Him, what is the doom of the actual sinner be! Sin is evil, always, in every case, a dividing influence, separating even the Christ Himself, as a sin-bearer, in the place of distance.

Beloved, see how marvellously in the person of Jesus, the Lord our God has vindicated His law! In His own Son is brought before Him, bearing the penalty of others upon Him, He will hide His face from the actually guilty. In God's love shines over all, but it does not eclipse His absolute justice any more than His justice is diminished to destroy His love. God hath all persons in perfection, and in Christ Jesus we see the reflection of them. Beloved, this is a wonderment! Oh that I had a tongue worthy of this subject! but who could ever reach the height of such great argument?

Perfected in Trial.—Once more, when inquiring, Why did Jesus suffer to be forsaken of the Father? we see the fact that the Captain of our salvation was thus made perfect through suffering. Every part of the road of our Lord's life has been traversed by our Lord's own feet. Suppose, then, that the Lord Jesus had never been thus forsaken, then one of His disciples might have been called to that sharp endurance, and the Lord Jesus would not have sympathized with him in it. He would turn to his Leader and Captain, and say to him, "Didst thou, my Lord, ever feel this darkness?" Then the Lord Jesus would answer, "No, it is a descent such as I never made." What a dreadful lack would the tried one have felt! For the Lord Jesus to bear a grief his Master had never known would be sad indeed. There would have been a pain for which there was no ointment, a pain for which there was no balm. But it is not so now. All their affliction He was afflicted.

What have done when I have said three things. The Father, You and I, that are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are resting in Him alone for salvation, let us lean hard, let us bear with all our heart on our Lord. He

Will Bear the Full Weight—of our sin and care. As to my sin, I hear its full accusations no more when I hear Jesus cry, "Why hast thou forsaken Me?" I know that I deserve the deepest hell at the hand of God's vengeance; but I am not afraid. He will never forsake me for He forsook His Son on my behalf. Next, if ever in our lives henceforth we should know that God hath deserted us, let us learn from the Lord's example how to behave ourselves. If God hath left thee, do not shut up thy Bible; nay, open it, as thy Lord did, and find a text that will comfort thee. If God hath left thee, or thou thinkest He hath, do not give up prayer; nay, pray as thy Lord did, be more earnest than ever. If thou thinkest God has forsaken thee, do not give up thy faith in Him; but, like thy Lord, cry thou, "My God, my Father," again and again.

The last of the three points is this: Let us abhor the sin which brought such agony upon our beloved Lord. What an accursed thing is sin, which crucified the Lord Jesus! Do you laugh at it? Will you go and spend an evening to see a mimic performance of it? Do you roll sin under your tongue as a sweet morsel, and then come to God's house, on the Lord's-day morning, and think to worship Him? Worship Him! Worship Him, with sin indulged in your breast! Worship Him, with sin loved and pampered in your life! O sirs, if I had a dear brother who had been murdered, what would you think of me if I valued the knife which had been crimsoned with his blood?—if I made

A Friend of the Murderer, and daily consorted with the assassin, who drove the dagger into my brother's heart? Surely I, too, must be an accomplice in the crime! Sin murdered Christ; will you be a friend to it? Sin pierced the heart of the Incarnate God; can you love it? Oh that there was an abyss as deep as Christ's misery, that I might at once hurl the dagger of sin into its depths, whence it might never be brought to light again!

Begone, O sin! Thou art banished from the heart where Jesus reigns! Begone, for thou hast crucified my Lord, and made Him cry, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" O my hearers, if you did but know yourselves, and know the love of Christ, you would each one vow that you would harbor sin no longer. You would be indignant at sin, and cry,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Lord, I will tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee."

May that be the issue of my morning's discourse, and then I shall be well content. The Lord bless you! May the Christ who suffered for you, bless you, and out of His darkness may your light arise!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Church Officers' Anxiety.—Mr. McLaughlan said: "Some time ago, when I was laboring in a large congregation, a number of the elders and deacons came to me and said that it gave them individually great cause of anxiety that so many of their sons and daughters were unconverted. One night, when speaking on that subject to the Christians of the congregation, I advised that, from that time forward, when at family worship, they should pray for each of their unconverted children severally, by name, and continue doing so until God's answer came. They had not long to wait. Almost immediately the young people began to get anxious about their souls, and came to Christ, and soon many, very many of them, had joined their parents in the march heavenwards. When we go to God in prayer we need not be afraid to prefer distinctly definite requests."

A Demonstrative Gospel Service.—Mr. Thomson said: "Twenty years ago I was preaching in a Methodist chapel in an English town. There was an old man in the front bench who followed the address earnestly. I was preaching from my favorite text, 'What think ye of Christ?' As I went on speaking he gave vent to an appreciative 'Oh!' Then, as I went on further he cried out, 'Glory!' After another interval, he shouted, 'It is coming!' Then as I told of Christ's greatness, and goodness, and of His sacrifice of Himself to save us rebellious sinners, he jumped from his seat, and turning to the people, shouted, 'Say Hallelujah!' The people, with joy and thankfulness beaming from their faces, caught the spirit of the old man, and shouted 'Hallelujah!' and their joy in God was so demonstrative that I thought the roof would surely come off the place, and I was almost driven away from my quiet Presbyterian style of doing things. So God gives us joy—joy unspeakable and full of glory which the world knows not, and can neither give nor take away."

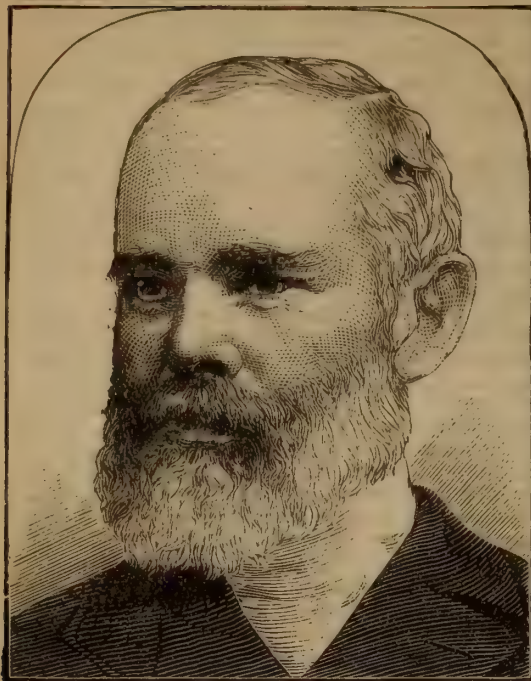
The Cheese Inside the Trap.—"My First charge was among workmen; a hard-headed, hard-working set they are. I chose to work among them, and can honestly say I tried to do all I could for their good; but I failed—because they would not and could not be moderate drinkers. I talked to them straight. I said: 'Why do you go and make beasts of yourselves? I am not one of your long-faced, melancholy teetotalers. I am a moderate drinker, and I want you fellows to have a glass of beer; but when you have had your glass, stop! It is a noble and manly thing to know when to stop.' I talked to them conscientiously enough,

but it was cruel of me to ask them to follow my example, when our circumstances were so different. If these men wanted drink they could not get it at home. They must go to the saloon, and there the company was very different from home company. Why, even if the beer had been as innocent as the cheese, they were paying a dear price for it when, like the poor mouse, they had to go into the trap to obtain it. Drink is bad of itself, and it is doubly bad because of the circumstances under which it is procured. All sin, shame, and misery seem to gravitate toward the saloon, and there unhappily find a congenial sphere."

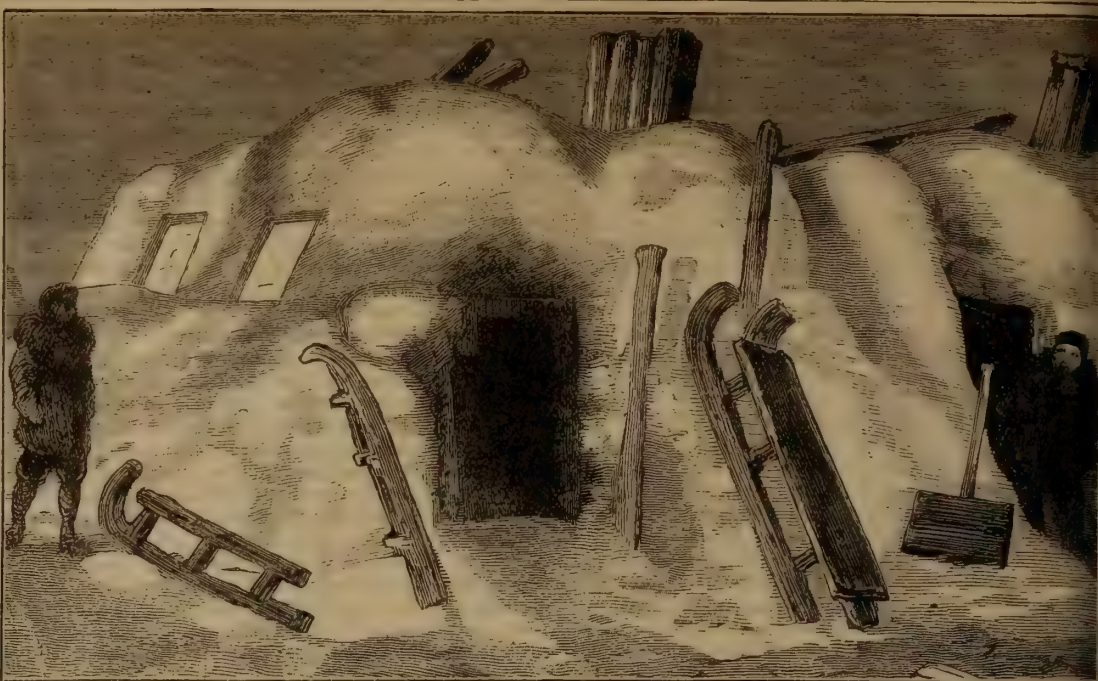
The Captain's Russian Brother.—Mr. Thomson said: "When I was in the north of Russia, I remember walking along the road one day with the captain of my ship. He met a friend, and as was the custom there, they kissed each other, spoke together a few minutes, and then parted. As we walked on, I said to my captain: 'Is that man any friend of yours?' I was only a little boy at the time, and the captain, looking down at me, said, 'Johnny, that man is my brother.' And I in my boyish way replied, 'I did not know, sir, that you had a brother out here.' 'Ah, Johnny,' he said, 'you don't quite understand. That man is a brother in Christ. He has given himself to Christ, and been taken into His family, where I also am, and so, you see, he is my brother.' I did not understand him then, but, thank God! I do now; so I just looked up into his face, and said, 'Oh, aye.' How prone Christians are to forget that when born into Christ's family they become not only sons of God, but brothers to all God's other sons, and that it is their duty, and should be their pleasure, to reflect the spirit of their heavenly Father, and love one another as God has loved them."

A Mother's Happy Farewell.—Mr. Thomson said: "I was coming one day from noon prayer-meeting, and as I passed a bank, a young man came running after me, and said, 'Mr. Thomson, would you please step into the bank for a moment?' I went in, and there saw the manager, whom I knew well, standing sorrowfully in his room. 'Ah! Mr. Thomson,' he said, 'my mother died yesterday.' 'Is she really dead?' I asked in, astonishment. 'Well, you can be comforted. She has left a glorious testimony behind; and after serving her Master faithfully here she has gone from joy on earth to greater joy and glory in heaven, to be there forever with Him whom she loves.' He told me that as his mother lay dying, on the Sunday morning, she gathered all her family round her, and said to each of us, 'Live for God! Live for heaven!' They could look back on that last scene in their night of darkness and death, and, rising above their deep grief, sing songs to God, who does all things for the good of His saints. Ah, what a difference there is between the death-bed of the unbeliever, before whom there is nothing but darkness, and the death of the trusting believer, who, even ere he leaves this earthly tabernacle sees the golden gates of heaven open before him!"

Bill the Stableman's Story.—"In my Second charge I worked very hard, speaking sometimes five times a day. One Sunday I was preaching the Gospel in the open air, in one of the poorer districts. The people to whom the message of salvation was addressed were mostly out of sight, but here and there a window would open, and a bloated face be thrust forward, and I knew that behind the window there was some poor lost sinner whom Christ had died to save. The small crowd surrounding me consisted of about thirty children, a few of my people to help in the singing, and one man, who, from his tight trousers and general appearance, was unmistakably horsey. He stood regarding me intently, with one eye shut, and the other eye half open, chewing a straw the while, and seemingly calculating how many hands high I was, and whether I was sound in wind or not. I finished the sermon and went home. About six months afterward I heard a ring at the door-bell, and as I had seen a man whom I thought I had seen before pass the window, I opened the door myself. The man jerked his hand somewhere in the direction of his head, and said, 'Sir, I thought I must come to tell you.' I could not remember him, and he continued, 'You are the man who spoke the Word at Gala land last June.' Hope sprang up in my heart. 'This was some result.' 'Well, sir, I went home from that meeting and said to my wife, "I am all wrong." "No," she said, "there is not a better man in all the world than you." I signed the pledge, and kept it; but instead of being better



Mr. George M. Scott, Mayor of Salt Lake City. (See page 213.)



A Russian Exile's Hut in Siberia.

my burden seemed heavier, and yesterday when I was cleaning my master's gig at the gate, I just looked up and said, "Lord, save me!" And there seemed to come a voice that said, "Bill, Bill, the Lord hath died for you." Then I saw it all, and I was so glad; and, sir, you should have seen how master's gig wheel went round. Sixteen miles an hour at least. I grasped him cordially by the hand and took him into the house, where we had prayer together, thanking God for our salvation."

A Mother's Regret For Her Son.—Miss Macintosh, writing from Yuh-shan, China, says: I cannot forget what one dear woman said to me when I was at Kwang-feng. She came in every day, and always listened so attentively. She had such a sad face. Poor woman! She told me how her son, a young man of twenty-five, had died a few months ago. He was a very dutiful son, and they were rebuilding their house so that he might open a carpenter's shop, when he was taken ill and died in a few days. After she had told me with tears in her eyes, she held my hand and said, "Oh, if you had only come sooner you could have prayed for him, and he might have recovered; at least he would have heard of Jesus, and I am sure he would have believed; he was such a good son." Is not this the unuttered cry of many?

AN EXILE'S HUT IN SIBERIA.

(See illustration.)

THE announcement cabled to this country last week that an eminent and refined Russian lady named Tsebrikova, who is the editor of a magazine, and a well-known writer in Russia, has been condemned to exile in Siberia, has increased the feeling of indignation existing here against the Russian Government. Madam Tsebrikova's crime was that of writing a letter to the Czar describing the grievances of his people, and humbly pleading with him for some measure of reform. Her punishment for this offence is to labor in the mines under the charge of brutal jailers, and to live in such a hovel as that depicted in the illustration.

The horrors of an exile's life in Siberia, especially those of the women, are now common talk throughout the world. A long and fearful experience has convinced the exiles that the Government pays no attention to their grievances unless some scandal is produced by the cruel death of one or more of the victims. A brutal outrage, on a refined Russian lady in exile in Siberia, having recently been committed by the orders of a governor named Masukoff, the other lady exiles considered how they could cause such a scandal as would force the Government to investigate his conduct. It was then that Madam Sihida resolved to sacrifice herself. She determined to insult the Director in such a manner as would bring down upon herself a sentence of death, followed by execution by hanging. But, at the same time, the sensation this must cause would, she imagined, render it impossible for Masukoff to remain at his post. She sent a request to see the Director. Admitted to Masukoff's presence, she at once called him a villain, and smartly boxed his ears. She was instantly seized, and

locked up in the common convicts' prison. Flogging was the punishment reserved for Madam Sihida; but the prisoners warned the officials that if they executed this they would all take poison. However, Madam Sihida, in spite of her deplorable physical condition, was beaten without mercy. One hundred blows were deliberately administered. Madam Sihida died in two days from the effects of the blows. In the same gaol there were three other female political prisoners. They had obtained permission to join Madam Sihida, probably for the purpose of nursing and consoling her after so terrible an ordeal. As soon, however, as Madam Sihida died and their services were of no further avail, they determined to sacrifice their lives. Madam Sihida's three companions took poison and are dead.

THE BRAZILIAN CARRACO.

(See illustration on page 221.)

THE backward condition of Brazil, though now yielding to the spirit of progress which usually accompanies republican institutions, may be inferred from the illustration. It represents a mode of locomotion which is common in the interior of the country. As recently as 1885 so much of the country remained undeveloped that travellers there ran at great risks as in the interior of Africa. Mr. W. J. Steains, who was engaged at that time on the engineering staff of the Alagoas Railway, says that "as the fortunate possessors of one of the largest and richest countries on earth, the Brazilian people are fully alive to the fact that their land has not made the progress it ought; but they do not appear to be aware that, as a nation and as individuals, they sadly lack energy. But the enormous size of Brazil, and the thin, unevenly distributed population, have, perhaps, in a great measure discouraged effort. The vast interior of the country still remains for the most part unknown, or, at all events, undeveloped, and until some great wave of commercial enterprise, backed by a flood of emigration, shall wash over this mighty land, Brazil will ever remain what it is—a country of the future."

Soon after leaving the seacoast Mr. Steains, with his six followers, had to carry their own food, dried fish and meat and meal, which soon gave out, so that they were half-starved. Much of the country is covered with forests of valuable trees; and the savage tribes of Indians, called "Botacudos," from their hideous wooden ornaments stuck through a huge gash in the lower lip, rove about freely, a terror to the scattered Brazilian "matutos," or peasantry. They shoot with bows and arrows, and live by hunting and fishing, and on the nuts of two or three kinds of palm-trees. Mr. Steains explored the Sussuhy Grande and the Tambaquary, the principal northern tributaries of the Rio Dóce, near Figueira, which had never been described before.

Amidst the dense mass of ignorance and irreligion which prevails, a few stalwart soldiers of the Cross of Christ are doing excellent service. For instance, the South American Missionary Society has devoted agents at five places; the American

Baptist Union is disseminating the glad tidings of salvation; and the United States Presbyterian Board is making some missionary exertions in Brazil on behalf of Christ.

A LEADER RECOGNIZED.

"A Great Prophet Has Risen Up Among Us." Lu 7:16. Golden Text for April 13.

Two men pushed away their chairs from Deacon Luker's supper-table, and turned to the open fire which threw a ruddy light over the room. One of them was the Deacon himself, and the other was Mr. Henry Keith, a business acquaintance, with whom that morning had been selling the Deacon a parcel of dry-goods, and had accepted the Deacon's invitation to come in and sup with him in the evening. The Deacon knew Keith to be a man of sterling piety, and he invited him to come in for the purpose of talking about religious matters—for with the Deacon religion was religion, and business was business. He kept the two distinct, and the morning having been devoted to making some good gains at the store, where Keith was received in full capacity as the representative of a New York wholesale house, the evening was given to receiving Keith socially, as a friend whose conversation on church affairs was worth listening to.

"How do you like your new minister?" was Keith's question, as the two men settled themselves.

"Well, sir," said the Deacon, impressively, "consider Brother Baird the grandest preacher in the State, if not in the whole denomination. It is a privilege to sit under such preaching as he gives. He has been with us only two months, but a first series of sermons I never heard; and I am considered a pretty fair judge. The discourse he gave last Sunday morning was the best of all. His text was, 'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.' It was a beautiful portrayal of the privileges of the saints. I doubt if any of your New York preachers could have done it so well. Yes, sir, Baird is a great man; we are proud of him."

"I am glad to hear it. I hope the church will be able to bear his preaching. It is a pretty high standard Mr. Baird sets up."

"If it is between the ledgers of the Bible I presume our church can stand it, Mr. Keith," said the Deacon, jealous for the standing of his church.

"Oh yes, you'll find it there," said Mr. Keith. "Mr. Baird will never go outside of the book, but he astonishes me by the way he reads it. It made me feel mean when I used to hear him."

"A man in your way of business, Mr. Keith, presume, has many temptations, and perhaps a very high type of Christian character is beyond you," said the Deacon, with some show of patronizing compassion for his weaker brother. "Even you do well, sir; I have always believed in you, having the root of the matter in you. Allowance must always be made for a man's circumstances."

Mr. Keith knew that the Deacon held that saving clause, and was aware that he derived more comfort from it than, perhaps, was good for him. The Deacon was a hard man in business, and was apt to take advantage of the necessities of the

...orance of those he dealt with, which, in Keith's opinion, was inconsistent with his profession as a Christian, if not with the principles of worldly integrity. "Well, well," he said, "I hope allowance will be made for mine. I know I shall have need of mercy. There would any of us be able to say without that, eh, wouldn't you?"

"Ah! that is so. The doctrine of imputed righteousness is the most precious of all. Have you known Mr. Baird long, Mr. Keith?"

"Why, yes; we were school-fellows. I remember his coming among us. He was a big boy then, his parents moved into town when he was almost ready to leave school, and he went right into the best class but one, at that time, and was only a year in school before he went to college. He began his oral work with us, I remember."

"Ah!" said the Deacon. "A pious boy, then, was I am not surprised. A young Timothy; know the Scriptures from a child." "Yes, he was a fine fellow, and he came at the right time for some of us. Our head-boy just then was the kind of boy who always impresses a school. He was handsome, dashing, bold, first in the playground as in the school. We all admired him, and he liked them. But he was a bad fellow. He used to wear a horrible, and was precocious in vice. His presence was dreadful. There was not a boy who did not learn to swear like him, and to do other bad things. He was our leader, and we were proud of him. What he did we thought was manly, and we followed him like sheep. When Baird came along he had the same raw-boned, awkward look he has now, and we were disposed to look down on him. But after a few weeks he began to exert influence. He treated our profanity and our vicious vice with contempt. It was not manly, and it was vile, despicable. We grew to be ashamed of it, and then he showed us what true manliness was. Boys are easily led, and more easily what is good than is generally supposed. Our idol was displaced. He tried to quarrel with Baird, but it was no use; Baird was as big as a giant, and as strong, and the other was a coward at heart. We grew to love the reformer, and more of us owed his start in religious life to him. We were some whose change, so far as religious was concerned, was as great as under Baird's influence as from death to life. Like Christ by the side of the widow's son, he said to us, 'Young man, unto thee, Arise,' and we rose out of moral and eternal death. Yes, sir, I am one, and I thank him this day for what Baird did for me at that school time."

"I am glad to hear it," said the Deacon. "It raises my respect for my pastor."

"Well, stick to him; he will do you good, if, as I believe, you can stand it."

"We can stand it," said the Deacon, confidently. "The change in Mr. Keith's business relations precluded any renewal of these confidences with the Deacon for some two years, but at the end of that time he was once more in the same town, and, as on his former visit, enjoyed the Deacon's hospitality."

"Well, Deacon," he said, "how are you getting on at the church?"

"Badly, sir, badly. I am sorry to say we are disappointed in Mr. Baird. Disappointed! In fact, to-morrow night we are to have a meeting of the church, when I expect his resignation will be asked."

"Indeed! what is the matter?"

"Well, sir, we do not like his preaching, nor his life. He neglects his pastoral duties, for one thing. He has not been in my house for months, and there are others who are the best contributors to the cause that he does not visit. I hear of him going often at the houses of men who give next to



The Brazilian Carraco.

nothing—poor men who could not hire a pew, or give five dollars a quarter to support the church, but he neglects our best people, unless there's sickness or trouble. I'm bound to say he comes then. But socially, I mean, he is negligent, and the cause suffers; for some of the best men are offended and have left us."

"What is wrong with his preaching? Isn't it Scriptural?" asked Mr. Keith.

"Well, it is not to say *unscriptural*; but it's one-sided. He does not give proper prominence to the doctrines of substitution, imputed righteousness, the efficacy of the atonement, and election. He dwells too much on duty and mere conduct. Why, he seems to think it wicked to be rich. He says a man who is given to hoarding his money does not deserve to be called a follower of Christ. I believe he is almost a socialist."

"Christ was very firmly against hoarding, you know, Deacon."

"Yes, but Christ lived in a very different time from this, and besides, some of His teaching was figurative. Now, Mr. Baird takes it literally, and he acts upon it too. Why, he is scarcely respectable. We give him a good salary, but he lives in one of the poorest houses in town, and his coat is brown and threadbare, not fit for a minister to wear. I am ashamed to see him in it."

"Why not give him a new one, Deacon?"

"No, sir; I pay my share toward his salary and he ought to save enough to dress properly. He gives too much away. He is not prudent. No, sir! he is not the man for our times. We mean him to go. If he gets the vote at the church meeting, and he may, for all the poor members will vote for him, the substantial men will withdraw, and then how can the church be supported? We can starve him out."

"Ah!" said Mr. Keith, as he walked back to his hotel that night, "it is the old story. The men who thought that a great prophet had risen up among them are offended at his hard sayings, and 'walk no more with Him.'"

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

Author of "Simon Holmes," "Nestleton Magna,"

"Matthew Mellowdew," etc.

(Continued from page 206.)

MERCY, always quick to know what was wisest and best to do, silently sat down to the piano, almost the last relic of happier and more prosperous times, and sang, in a voice and with an expression that were well calculated to make the consoling lesson easier to learn, the following lines:

"God was better than our fearing,
Evermore our passage clearing,
His sure love and truth were boundless.
Go, ye dark forebodings groundless,
Will He His compassions rue?
'He hath helped us hitherto.'"

Mrs. Graythorpe and her two daughters, of whom

my readers have had a first glimpse through the November fog, had suffered that which is so sadly common in this changeable life of inequalities, a serious reverse of fortune, and this through no sins of omission or commission of their own. On the contrary, if it could have been averted by woman's wit, diligence, and fidelity, it may be safely said that the grievous fall from competence and comfort to poverty and privation would never have taken place.

While yet the husband and father was alive they had dwelt at Hildrop Grange, a large, old-fashioned homestead, which had formerly been the residence of the lord of the manor; and though the ancient edifice had fallen from its pride of place, so far as that honor and title were concerned, it was still a spacious and somewhat imposing old pile, whose numerous odd gables and many quaint corners gave it a place in the shape both of woodcut and letter-press in the local history of the county in which it was situated.

In the days of which I write, "The Grange," as it was called, had a farm of some five or six hundred acres of excellent land, both pasture land and arable. The Grange itself, with its extensive farmstead, was built on the slope of a hill, and was fronted by a wide stretch of landscape, eminently striking in beauty. The range of buildings was bounded on one side by a broad highway, which just at that point showed a deep descent toward the level, and this was constantly traversed by the coaches that kept up communication between the metropolis and the far-distant north.

Local wisdom declared that in the olden time the old mansion was called Hildred Manor, and that it was the property of the nuns who used to reside at the abbey near by, whose ruins still survived to link the old times with the new. It was further declared that Hildred had gradually been turned into Hildrop—that the steep drop of the highway at that point was erroneously supposed by the ignorant to have originated its modern name. At the foot of the hill was a quaint old-fashioned hostel, which used to be completely thronged on certain saint days by gentle and simple, who were making holy pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Hildred, where many miracles of healing were wrought, or said to be, and which was at one time exceedingly wealthy by reason of the numerous offerings of the worshippers, who believed that they should obtain in return what would be good for their body and soul. This ancient house of call was now known as "The Hildrop Inn." Here the coach-horses were changed, and the passengers were wont to break their fast with breakfast, dinner, or tea, as the time-table might determine. "Mine host," Jared Higginbotham by name, was held in well-deserved repute, both by the numerous travellers who steadily passed that way, and also, which was undoubtedly the better certificate, by the good folks of Faringham, the parish and township in which both Grange and inn were situated.

Leonard Graythorpe, whose death his widow still mourned deeply and sincerely, was not a capable and competent farmer. He was neither thrifty in his habits nor diligent in business; neither, according to the testimony of Jimmie Sladd, who had shepherded his flocks, was he at all "judgmatical" in the management of his land. The consequence was that Farmer Graythorpe was always struggling with what he called "an adverse fate," but what his unheeded advisers called, with far more exactness, a "perverse mind." There is no doubt, I think, that among the too numerous tribe of ne'er-do-weels, "fate" is very greatly libeled, and fortune gets a very bad name, when the faults, foibles, and folly of the libellers are the real causes of failure. There may be an excess of f's in that sentence, but there is, at any rate, a sad deficiency of effort and efficiency on the part of those whose

weakness makes them "go to the wall," and whose bad luck is simply the result of bad management and lack of "grit."

At length a succession of bad seasons completed the financial ruin of Leonard Graythorpe. He became low in purse, low in spirits, low in credit, and low in health—so low that his purse was empty, his spirits subsided into confirmed melancholia; his credit became as thin as his purse, and at length his health sank so low that he had to give up the struggle for life, and was laid to rest beneath the elm-trees that bordered Faringham churchyard. The general verdict of the neighborhood was, "Poor Graythorpe!"—for he was held in a sort of kindly esteem—"he made a poor fight of it: let us hope he will do better where he's gone!"

When Leonard Graythorpe's affairs came to be finally arranged, Widow Graythorpe found that she was without resources, and, alas! almost without friends, for adversity's keen winds are apt to blow away such as are called by that name, like falling autumn leaves. The widow and her daughters repaired to London with the double purpose of hiding their poverty in its vast unfathomable depths, and of obtaining amongst them some kind of employment that would provide them at least with bread and clothes and shelter, and, as far as possible, keep "the wolf," if not "from the door," at least from crossing the threshold. "Poverty," says Richter, "is the only load which is heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it;" and Mrs. Graythorpe soon discovered that whatever of heart and hope and energy she could bring to bear on her own personal privations, the cup was more than bitter as she thought of her daughter Mercy's sweet lips at the repulsive brim, and especially of her frail and fragile darling Millicent, who was ill able to endure the painful draught.

"Proverty is a great evil in any state of life," says a well-known and sympathetic writer, "but poverty is never felt so severely as by those who have, to use a common phrase, 'seen better days.' The poverty of the poor is often sad, but it is endurable; it can be borne in the sight of men. But the poverty of those who have lived in affluence is all but unendurable. It avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy even of those who would relieve it. It preys upon the heart and corrodes the mind. It screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cool look, the averted eye even of a casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the cord at once, and leaves the sufferers to sigh and sorrow beneath a double cloud." So it was that Widow Graythorpe and her daughters sought to lose themselves amid the mighty millions of London.

It was well for Widow Graythorpe, and especially for poor delicate Millicent, that they had the strong, brave arm of Mercy to lean upon. Well was it for them all, as it is well for all who try it, that they knew how to lean implicitly on the almighty arm of Him who hath declared Himself to be the "Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow in His glorious habitation." No sooner were they settled in their humble lodgings—the lodgings in which we have been able to descry them through the fog—than they set to work to seek employment, husbanding the while, with the utmost economy, the scanty remnants of money and materials which they had been able to bring away with them from the desolate and forsaken hearth at Hill-drop Grange.

But the cup of the Graythorpes was not yet full. Almost as soon as they were located in the dingy chambers in Gooedge Street in which we find them, Millicent, or "Millie," as she was fondly called, was stricken with some mysterious ailment that seemed to defy treatment, and brought her very low. It was "on the nerves," the doctor said, probably because he did not know, and could recommend nothing but patience, for "it would require time," and strengthening diet of a generous kind. It was well for them that, of the former, thanks to their enlightened religious faith, they had a large supply in store, for of the latter they had none, and little, very little, hope of obtaining it by-and-by.

Millie was a graceful, clever girl, nearly twenty years of age, and, as we have seen, was possessed of artistic powers of no mean order—powers which had been much cultivated, thanks to her doting father, in the happier by-gone days. Mercy, the elder daughter, was now in the full bloom of womanhood, gifted with that all too rare attribute, strong common sense, and, what is almost equally rare, the will and the power to maintain and to im-

part a hopeful and cheery spirit in the cloudy and dark day. Such was the state and condition of the Graythorpes on the foggy evening in which they were introduced to my readers; and after Mercy's Ebenezer song was finished, they knelt and devoutly offered their nightly prayer to the Divine Friend "who careth for the poor," and retired to rest peacefully, conscious that they were under the shadow of His wing.

Whatever may be said concerning the estimate which the good folks at Faringham had formed of Leonard Graythorpe, and whatever the character of their remarks concerning him after he was gone, there is no doubt as to the esteem and respect which they cherished in the main for Mrs. Graythorpe and her daughters. On this point we do not need to quote a better or more substantial authority than Jimmie Sladd, the shepherd. One evening, soon after their departure from The Grange, Jimmie sat in the kitchen of Hilldrop Inn, quaffing a mug of beer, which host Higginbotham had given him for some little favor shown, and smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. "What are you going to do now, Jimmie," said the landlord, "seeing that you've lost your place at The Grange?"

"Why, as to that," said Jimmie, "I reckon I shall pull on somehow. I've gettin' a bit owd, an' my 'ead's gettin' a bit witiish; but I shall manage, by God's help, to pick up a livin'. Lawz-a-me!" he continued, stroking his gray and scanty locks, "it seems only t'other day since they were as black as a crow's feathers. From black to white, eh, landlord? That's the way natur' does wi' one's hair, an' that's the way the grace o' God does for the heart if one's only willing; and thank God, I is that, an' I think He'll tak' care o' me. He gave me a good friend in Missis Graythorpe and the young ladies. Bless 'em! they were 'o the right build, them three. I've feared we sha'n't see the like o' them for awhile." "Right you are, Jimmie," replied the landlord, earnestly; both Mrs. Graythorpe and the young ladies were about the best among us, and we shall all miss them, but especially the poor."

This was true testimony, and may be accepted as expressing the opinion of all and sundry who dwelt within earshot and eye-reach of the doings at The Grange. But we must now turn our attention to the eccentric stranger who had loomed out on the Graythorpes so strangely and so suddenly in the thick November fog enveloping the metropolis.

"Well, this is a go!" That is what Gilbert Craske said—it was a favorite expression of his—as he turned from Mrs. Graythorpe's door, and disappeared in the dense amalgam of carbon, dust, and vapor which the Londoners prefer to breathe and to be half-choked with rather than to be compelled to consume their own smoke. Groping his way, as he vainly thought, toward the spot where he had left the cab, he repeated the odd sentence which seemed always near his lips. More than once or twice he stopped, slapping his thigh with much vigor, and repeating the familiar formula with a slow emphasis, "Well, well; this is a go!" He was much surprised that it took him so long a time to find the cab.

At length he thought it time to call aloud to the lost Jehu. "Cabbie!" he cried, again and again, but no "cabbie" responded. All was silent. He set himself to return and try the opposite direction, then he resolved to pick his way across the road, and along with his movements, which grew more rapid and vigorous, he kept calling aloud, "Cabbie, cabbie!" and all the while the dark Egyptian pall was as black as Erebus, and his nose and throat became increasingly irritated by the acrid influence that was present everywhere. "It's little use calling 'Cabbie!'" said an unknown voice, so thickly that the speaker, like the missing Jarvie, had evidently been "taking something to keep the fog out," and to some purpose too. "You might just as well call for the Lord Mayor's coach or a gowndoly. All gone to bed."

Gilbert Craske, who had an inquiring mind, was casting about to find the meaning of the unfamiliar word. He was puzzled to know what a gowndoly was; and when it struck him that a gondola was the article in question, it so tickled his fancy that he laughed loud and long, much as he would have laughed in the Australian bush, which he had only lately left, with nothing but a kangaroo or a parrot to startle out of its propriety. The unknown jumped to the conclusion that anybody who could laugh like that in the thick of a London fog must have been patronizing some liquid anti-fog protector to a large extent, and so silently went his way. "It's

very strange," said Gilbert to himself. "He mu have gone away. All right! saved my fare at ar rate. Nay it's all wrong, for I've lost my portman teau!"

Again he called out "Cabbie!" He could n have called out to less purpose if he had been cr ing among the ruins of Tadmor in the wilderness. There was nothing left for him but to make th best of matters out of his own resources. He kne that the "Bedford Arms" was somewhere near b so he determined to make that his haven of re and to see about the recovery of his portmantr in the morning. Suddenly he recalled the count nance of the silver-haired widow who opened t door for the young lady he had escorted home.

"Just think of the thing!" quoth he, standi stock still. "I forgot to note the address. I m secure that," he continued, emphatically. "Ne mind, I know exactly where it is;" and straightw he began to retrace his steps to the house in or to make sure. Poor Gilbert Craske! His t sophisticated soul did not understand the baffli cunning of a London fog. He was quite sure should know the door at any rate. His search v vain. He was discovered at last, by a policeman in the act of reading the number on a door by aid of a lighted match. The guardian of the pea after the manner of too many of his kind, jum to the conclusion that the prowler was up to so thing not too honest in its nature. He turned bull's-eye full on the face of Gilbert Craske so s denly and so closely that that honest Briton star back half-blinded, and in dismay. That, in policeman's judgment, was another evidence of ill design. So policeman K 44 laid his hand u his shoulder and asked him what he was up to.

"I'd give half an ounce of gold-dust to any liv man that would give me the information," s Gilbert, in the unmistakable tones of a man in a which he decidedly was in more senses than one.

"What number do you want?" said K 44, v was beginning to have a glimmer of the true st of the case. "Number 69," said Gilbert, wh memory, even as to the figures, had played false. "Then you'll have to build it, and num it yourself," said the topographical expert, "there are only three and forty houses in the str Are you sure it's the right 'un? What street you want?" he asked. "I would give a nuggie big as a button on a pilot's jacket to know," Gilbert, ruefully.

"Phew!" whistled the policeman, knowi "I'll tell you what, you are slewed consider more than I thought for. I say, old man, hav you been taking a drop o' something to keep fog out, eh?" "Whether or no," said Gilt with a loud laugh, that had honesty in the rim it, "the fog has got into me, and I've got into and altogether it's a foggy business all round. L here, policeman, you just guide me round to Bedford Arms, there's a good fellow!"

"Bedford Arms!" said K 44, quite sure now his companion was not a total abstainer. "The no Bedford Arms around here. I guess you w find a hinn o' that sort higher than Totten Court Road." "That's it," said Gilbert Cra "It's round the corner somewhere." "Ph-e-e-h whistled the watchman of the night; "why, r you are half-way to the Marble Arch!" "W Gilbert drawled out in a tone of blank astor ment; "well, this is a go!"

There was nothing for it but to take the poe man into his confidence; and that worthy me of "The Force," having still a little faith in believed his story. He offered to conduct him some neighboring hotel of real respectab "where he would be as well done to as if he by the hearthstone of his mother." This l stood in a short street leading into Oxford St and was a welcome refuge to our tired wayfarer.

The landlord it was evident looked at him th some suspicion in his eye. To be brought the by a policeman was rather strange; but the absen of all luggage was a still less satisfactory sign, ar was not till our honest blunderer had entered full details as to the episode of the evening, at the landlord agreed to give him shelter for th night. When Gilbert displayed a well-lined p the last faint shade of unwillingness left the t tenance of the proprietor; and after a suppe which the hungry Gilbert did ample justic spite of his vexation, he was soon snugly beved and asleep, dreaming about the lost number, of the face of the widow with the silver hair.

(To be Continued.)

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Never to be breathed again;
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To the stricken heart has come,
One more hour of deep bereaving
Within the shadowed home.

One more friend beloved is banished
Far beyond our mortal sight,
One more cherished hope has vanished
In the darkness of the night;
One more heavy blow is crushing
With its stern relentless weight,
One more fount of grief is gushing
From the hearts made desolate.

But Dwell on This.

One more golden link is woven
In love's still enduring chain,
One more tie is formed in heaven
There forever to remain;
One more life has passed from sorrow
And the sin of earth's alloy,
One more soul has found the light
Of eternal peace and joy.

One more life has closed its mission
Down in this terrestrial vale,
One more hope has gained fruition,
Where our hopes may never fail;
One more footprint marks the portal
That o'erspans the heavenly road,
One more friend becomes immortal
In the mansions of our God.

L'envoi.

What though days seem dark and dreary,
What though mirth and joy are o'er,
And our hearts grow sad and weary,
And our spirits faint and sore:
Shadows round our pathway falling,
Twilight gathering on the plain:
List! We hear the Master calling,
"Come and meet thy loved again."

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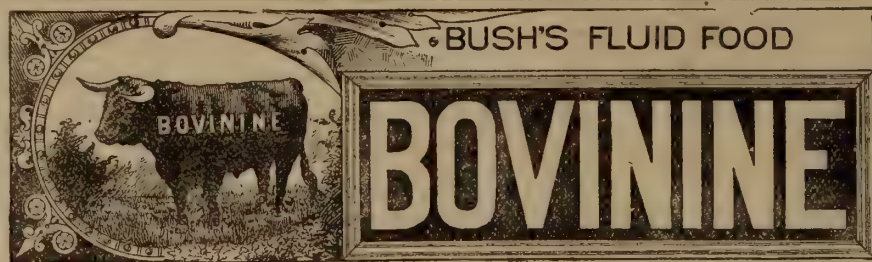
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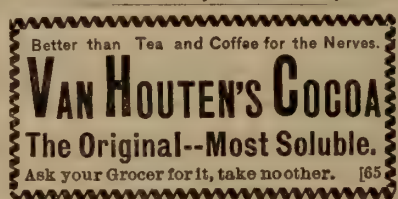
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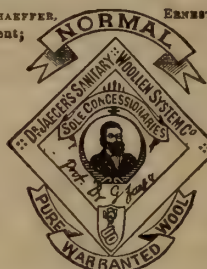
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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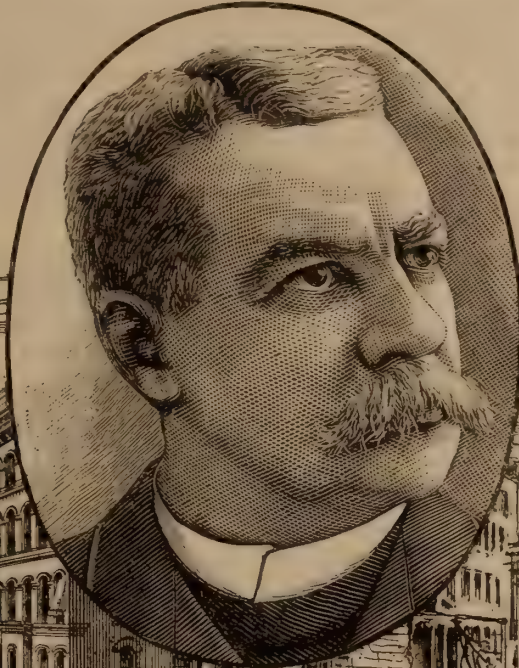
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The Tornado at Louisville, Ky., on March 27—The Rev. S. E. Barnwell, who Perished in the Disaster.

THE FATAL TORNADO AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

The City as it Was—The Outbreak of the Storm—A Car-Driver's Experience—The Nature of a Tornado—The Course of the Destroyer—The Fatality at Falls City Hall—Taking Out the Dead—The Distressing Death of the Rector of St. John's Church.

THE city of Louisville, Ky., which suffered so terribly by the tornado on March 27, is one of the most beautiful in our land. Situated on the banks of the Ohio River, with an extensive level plain at their disposal, its builders were not compelled, as were the builders of some other cities, to economize space. They made the streets wide, and planted avenues of shade trees in them. They set their dwelling-houses back from the sidewalks, and thus gave the street a wide border of lawn and flower-garden on each side. And a still greater merit, which no one can appreciate so well as a New Yorker, the citizens keep their city clean. The population is about 200,000. Altogether a city to be proud of, beautiful, healthy, and prosperous, abounding in social life and hospitality.

The Outbreak of the Storm

which has desolated so large a portion of it was almost entirely unforeseen. The signal office had predicted high winds for that section of the country, but such predictions are by no means uncommon. Very few people noticed its approach. It was a few minutes after eight o'clock when it struck the city, and the majority of the inhabitants were within doors. This is a matter for thankfulness, for the tornado's chief fury was vented on the business section, and, had it come earlier in the day, when business was at its height, many more lives must have been lost. W. H. Hart, a street-car driver, was one of the few who saw the beginning of the devastation. In describing it he says: "The wind was blowing hard, and I could scarcely turn my car around. Every minute the wind blew stronger. I glanced in the direction of Parkland, and though I had never seen a tornado, I immediately recognized that great black cloud, with its stem trailing near the ground, as one. The vivid flashes of lightning made its outlines clear. To me it had the appearance of a great balloon, only the stem was longer. My wife and children lived at Eighteenth and Market streets. I felt that they were in the track of the monster. I left my car and ran to my home as I never went before. When I saw my home it was a wreck. Imagine my feelings between the moment of first seeing my home and arriving there. My limbs seemed paralyzed; I could scarcely move. Finally, however, I reached the front yard. There I found my family seated on the wreck of the house, and none were hurt."

The Nature of a Tornado

was explained by Sergeant Dunn, of the Signal Service, to the reporter of a daily journal. He likened the atmosphere resting upon our continent to a tub of water, and the cyclone formed in the far West to a board. Draw the board through the water from one side to the other, steadily but not swiftly, said he, and you will not create a strong current in the water, but you will find that the water will rush around the ends of the board as it progresses, and come together in its wake, forming no end of tiny whirlpools, very insignificant in themselves, but which have, when closely examined, a strong and swift rotary motion. The tornadoes were formed in precisely the same way, by the air escaping around the sides of the moving cyclone and coming together forcibly behind it. There is a greater tendency to rotation in the case of the atmosphere than in the water in the tub, however, because the air that gets around one side of the cyclone is of a different temperature from that which gets around the other side. The tornado passes over the country at from fifty to seventy miles an hour, while the air which composes it is whirling around at a velocity of from five hundred to one thousand miles an hour. It is this rotary motion that does the damage. It is caused by the meeting of a very warm with a very cold current of air, but just why that always produces the rotary motion the scientists fail to explain.

The Course of the Destroyer

was northeasterly. It struck the city at Eighteenth and Maple streets and went straight across to the Union Depot, at the foot of Seventh Street. One eye-witness says: "The heavens were black as ink. There was a deep, thrilling roar, and then the buildings crumbled like egg-shells, and a broad swath of ruin lay across the city. The whole thing was over in a minute. People living outside the track of the storm were unaware that anything unusual had

happened. But where the tornado had swept, there was utter destruction, ruins, and death. Churches, factories, and warehouses went down like cardboard. People fled in terror from death in their ruined homes. Half a dozen fires broke out in as many different parts of the city.

"The storm soon ceased. The moon came out, and people thronged into the streets to learn the extent of the disaster. The most terrible rumors spread apace, and, unfortunately, many of them were true, and the gray daylight revealed a scene of desolation that was sickening. Main Street, from Seventh to Twelfth Street, was one long ruin. So was Market Street for the corresponding distance; Jefferson Street, from Tenth to Thirteenth; Walnut Street, from Thirteenth to Fifteenth; and Chestnut Street, from Thirteenth to Seventeenth. Broadway, in the neighborhood of Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, was filled with debris." With this destruction the tornado seems to have spent its force, though other towns in its way were roughly shaken. Grand River, Eminence, London, Hopkinsville, Dixon, and Jeffersonville all suffered, and in Tennessee, Nashville, Memphis, and Fayette were badly damaged. But it was in Louisville that the storm did its most fatal work.

Falls City Hall

was the scene of the worst fatality. A dancing-class is held there in the evening, and the little ones were watched in their steps by parents and friends. A Lodge of the Knights and Ladies of Honor also was in session there. When the cyclone came the building shook and began to fall. As soon as the crash was heard a mad rush was made for the doors, and some leaped from the windows. A few escaped, but those that did not remained packed together, and many probably died from suffocation. The second and third floors gave way as if there was nothing to hold them up, and the entire building became a heap of ruins (see illustration on first page). Those who had escaped were quickly at work, in spite of the danger from trembling walls around them, trying to rescue their friends whose groans and cries showed that they were still alive. The news spread rapidly through the city, and in a short time from every side came rushing those whose loved ones were buried, all striving to unearth their dead. Men and women, mad with grief, viewed the mass from the street, begging every one they saw to aid in the excavation. A posse of police arrived on the spot and began to systematize the work. The walls of the adjoining houses were first propped, and then began the work of cutting through the heavy slate roof that covered all.

After one hour of ceaseless labor the first victim, Mrs. Sarah Kelley, was unearthed. Her body was found sitting in an upright position, her head bruised and one arm broken. The first account was gotten from her of the ruin and horror within. At the first quake of the hall, she said, a wild rush was made for the entrance, and women were knocked down and trampled upon in the mad haste to escape. Seeing the overwhelming jam at the door, Mrs. Kelley and several others remained behind, reckless of their fate. The last she saw of her friends was just before the floor gave way and the ceiling fell.

The work of excavating was continued, and as the roofing was removed and the mass of brick beneath, the first sight that met the eye was heart-rending. Ten women, locked in each other's arms, were drawn out of the debris, all dead but one. Mr. James Hassen, whose wife had been at the lodge meeting, was foremost in the work, and the first person he drew out of the ruined building was his wife, who died in his arms. He laid her by the side of the others who were dead, and continued to work for the living.

Inside of the next hour thirty men and women were drawn out dead, but with no wounds on their bodies, and it is thought all met their death from suffocation. The gas-pipes had broken, which caused the lights to go out, and saved the ruins from fire for the time, but flooded the debris with a vapor almost as deadly as the fire might have proven. Among the saddest scenes was a young couple, man and wife, taken from the ruins, her arms clasped about his neck, while he held her about the waist. Their heads were mangled and their limbs crushed into a shapeless mass.

At 12 o'clock the opening up of a portion of the debris of the hall caused quite a draught to penetrate the ruins, whereupon the smoldering fire broke out with tremendous fierceness. It spread rapidly, and forced the workers to desert the pile. As soon

as the fire gained headway the groans and shriels of the imprisoned people became horrible, and a great was the horror of the moment that the watchers grew frantic and screamed and ran about like wild, the terrible sufferings which they were unable to alleviate driving them to despair. Several lines of hose were soon throwing water on the flames, but it was more than an hour before work could be proceeded with, and then it was carried on with much more difficulty than before, on account of the heat. All night long the searches continued their work in the ruins of the hall by the aid of light from locomotive headlights. Their efforts were closely watched by crowds who were with difficulty kept back by the police and militia. While the men were working in the centre of the debris a voice was heard calling for help. The efforts of the workmen were redoubled, but they vainly endeavored to locate the voice. The cry grew fainter and fainter, until finally they ceased altogether. Seventy bodies had by this time been taken out and identified, and it is believed that the whole number of deaths in the city was fully 150.

The Death of a Clergyman

was one of the most pathetic incidents of the disaster. He was the Rev. Stephen E. Barnwell, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church. The church which adjoins the rectory, occupied by Dr. Barnwell's family, was entirely demolished. In falling it struck the rectory and crushed the front part of it to the ground. The Barnwell family, composed of the minister, his son Dudley, Eva, the youngest and his wife, were sitting chatting in the front parlor. The crash came without a moment's warning, and all the family were enveloped in the falling house. Soon after the fall of the house fire started from the burning mass. Fanned by the strong wind it spread rapidly, and it looked at one time as every member of the family would perish in the flames. An engine company was promptly on hand, and by indefatigable work the firemen succeeded in rescuing Mrs. Barnwell and her daughter Eva from the burning wreck. Both were injured, but not seriously. Mrs. Barnwell suffered a scalp wound which rendered her unconscious when taken out, but stimulants were administered and she afterwards regained consciousness. Eva, the daughter, was but little hurt.

As the fire approached nearer and nearer the spot where the bodies of Dr. Barnwell and his son were bound by the wreck, terrible and heartrending cries for aid were heard. Men worked like heroes to get to the father and son, but their labor was in vain. The flames came too quickly, and in a short time the pitiful cries were hushed, and the rescuers knew that all was over. The fire was afterward extinguished, and the bodies of the minister and his son were taken out of the fallen building.

The Rev. S. E. Barnwell was a native of South Carolina and was about fifty years of age. He was an eloquent preacher, a man of conspicuous literary ability, and a faithful Christian. He was greatly loved by the members of his church, and liked by all with whom he was associated. He had charged the St. John's Church for many years. His funeral and that of his little son Dudley took place on March 31 from St. Paul's Church. The Bishop of Kentucky and all the twelve Episcopal clergymen in the city officiated. Three clergymen from abroad attended. These were Rev. Robert Barnwell, of Henderson; Rev. Robert Barnwell, of Selma, Ala.; and Rev. William Barnwell, of Columbia, Miss. The first was the brother of the deceased, the others were his cousins. He has still another brother in the ministry. Mrs. Barnwell was so badly hurt she could not be told at first of her husband's fate, but now she knows the truth. She is on the verge of distraction. Great sympathy is manifested for her, and the Episcopal Church of the diocese will do what she wants nothing. Her husband left \$5,000 insurance on his life.

So appalling a visitation as this, which has turned the beautiful city and its neighboring towns into a scene of desolation, suffering, and death, has awa-

The Sympathy of the Whole Country.

No one can read of those swift, terrible deaths, families suddenly bereft, and of households stripped in a moment of shelter and all their earthly possessions, without heartfelt sorrow. We can mourn with them; such poor alleviation as money can give, we can render; and we can pray that the God of all comfort will comfort the mourners and succor the destitute; but we are sadly conscious that their griefs must be beyond our power to

ve. It is all inexpressibly sad, and the more so because we cannot perceive the motive or the reason for the affliction. Faith alone must speak, for reason has no word to say.

One lesson, however, the catastrophe does suggest, and it is one that this age, more than any that have preceded it, needs to learn. Man has of years been disposed to exclude God from His creation. Theories of evolution, and still more, the triumphs won over the forces of nature, have tended to exalt man's estimate of himself and led him to forget that God rules the world. He looks to his subjection of the elements to his purposes, to fire and water working for him like beasts of burden, to the sun limning his pictures, and to lightnings carrying his messages, and boasts of his lordship over the material world. But when dread invisible forces of nature rise in their fury, with irresistible might ruthlessly ravage and destroy the worker and his works, he realizes how weak and impotent he is, and stands aghast before power infinitely greater than himself. He must realize his own littleness as he buries his dead and builds his shattered structures, not knowing how in his work may be again undone. Well may we say, as he contemplates the ruin which no power his command could have averted, and thinks of the voice which, on that Oriental lake, said, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm. What manner of man was this, that even the winds and the seas obeyed Him?

FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

3. Lesson for April 20, Luke 7: 36-50; Golden Text, 1 John 4: 19.

The Place of the Redeemer—Between Fallen Man and Perdition—The Lost Neglected by Spiritual and Temporal Rulers—Creation Needs No Material—Christ Reproached—The Sinner at the Feast—How Christ may be Brought to Sinners—The Saviour and the Sinner in Accord—The Pharisee's Mistake—Cheer for the Broken-Hearted—Reformation Assured.

THIS was Christ's vocation upon earth. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." It is just in proportion as we recognize ourselves to be "that which was lost" that we understand the greatness and the sureness of Christ's redemption. All which sin has touched becomes lost; the eyes, the ears, tongue, hands, feet, which were served under sin are lost members, diverted from their true purpose. The Son of man is come to seek them again, and save them for His use. He stands between fallen man and perdition, fallen man in despair. Wherever we are conscious that anything or any person is lost, there is the place, the long-chosen place, of the great Redeemer. In our ignorant, sinful pride, men have trodden on those whom they have thought to be lost, those who are morally lost to society, the drunkards, the criminals, and the fallen, and common opinion leaves them no hope of rising again, but treats them utterly hopeless. And it is these whom Jesus came to seek and to save.

Appealing to the shepherds of Israel, God speaks to us. He will might speak to spiritual and temporal rulers in our own days, and says, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them. And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd, . . . and none did search or seek after them." (Ezek. 34: 4-6.) But in the same chapter He says, "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search the sheep, and seek them out. . . . I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." (Ezek. 34: 11, 16.)

Blessed be God, He made the world out of nothing, and when a poor lost soul is willing to be nothing, God is at no loss to create that soul anew. His workmanship in terrestrial or in spiritual things is ever perfect. "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." (Gen. 1: 31.) Thus we need never look upon the lowly creature, however degraded, as being beyond all hope. "With men this is impossible," but not with God, for "with God all things are possible." (Matt. 19: 26.) Let a few Christians, led with the Holy Ghost go out in God's name among the lost ones, and bring them in contact with Him who is come to seek and to save them,

and the most hopeless cases are conquered by the mighty power of an Almighty God. The result of many revival and evangelistic efforts in the present day is proof solid of this.

Jesus had just repeated the reproach made to Him, that He was

A Friend of Publicans and Sinners.

The imputation was that their sin was an attraction to Him, that His tastes accorded with theirs; for they who accused Him had no conception of doing anything, or of seeking the society of anybody, except for self-interest. Knowing their thoughts of Him, the Lord Jesus entered into the house of a Pharisee who had desired Him to eat with him. Scarcely was He entered, when a well-known sinner of the city, knowing that He was there, came and sought Him out. "A man who lived for himself might have thought, 'How unfortunate that this poor woman should come just now! it will justify the untrue remarks that are made about me,' and he might have avoided her. But it was Christ's vocation to seek and to save the lost. Jesus never avoids those who make a claim on Him; He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out.'"

The poor woman sought only Jesus; was occupied with none other. Neither the Pharisees nor the other guests were anything to her. Remarks were going round, but she heard them not; glances were cast, but she saw them not.

She Was Lost,

this she knew; and in Him there was salvation for such as she. What was all the world to her by the side of the Saviour? "Oh," you say, "if we saw other sinners as far advanced as that, we could believe they would be saved." Brethren in Christ, are we bringing Jesus near to them by the Christ-like position which we take in respect to them? Do they see in us nothing but love, and a heart yearning to shelter them from their sin, or do they find us full of suspicion and of condemnation? It is too true that often these degraded ones are so untruthful that we know not what to believe of what they say; but it is a fact that the more we approach them in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, the more God gives us discernment, that we may discover when they are untrue, and more power of His presence to awe them into reality. Were not the degraded ones with whom Jesus had to do at least as degraded as those whom we meet with? But in His presence all must be real. Let us then, by our habitual standing before Him, make them conscious that He is present, and it will become impossible for them to deceive us. The less of self there is in us, so much the more power have we by faith in Christ over the lost ones, and every movement of self in our hearts is so much loss of power over them.

The poor sinner stood at Jesus' feet behind Him, weeping, and she perceived a service which she might render Him. She "began to wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment." He did not draw His feet away. Others might have thought that the tears of such an one tainted them; they might have considered about what would be thought and said of their proximity to such an one; but the Master put Himself and His own reputation out of the question. He saw and rejoiced over the broken heart, and maybe there was more of oneness between her who wept for her own sin and Him who wept for the world's sin than between any other members of the company.

The Pharisee's only treatment of a sinner

Was to Condemn Him.

Tenderness or pity toward those who had erred would never occur to him; he would think it an encouragement to sin. Forgiveness was far from his thoughts. His religion consisted in just retribution. The woman was a sinner, an outcast, let her be treated as one; and he judged that Jesus was no prophet because He tolerated her presence. But He, to whom the hearts of all men are open, answered the thoughts of Simon by the parable of the two debtors, as though to say, "Simon, thou thinkest that thy debt to God is tenfold less than this woman's, that she owes five hundred pence and thou but fifty; yet if thy debt and hers are both forgiven, which will most love Him who extends you pardon?" In this woman there is proof of love. "I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, her sins, which are

many, are forgiven; for she loved much, but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

What words for the broken-hearted sinner! "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." The lost one was found and saved. The coming fact of Jesus' death for her sin was already accomplished in the eyes of a God who sees the end from the beginning. Her sin met with its retribution when the Son of God cried, in the anguish of His soul, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The lost one, because she was nothing, came nearer to God than the man who never sinned so deeply, because her cause was undertaken by the great Redeemer. He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven." She had the word of the Son of God for it. Against all condemnation of her own heart, against all the horrors of her past experience, against all doubts which the wicked one might inject, she could say, "Jesus said to me, Thy sins are forgiven." She believed in His authority over sin, and He added, "Thy faith hath saved thee;

Go in Peace."

Oh how slow man is to believe that he is saved by grace through faith, and that not of himself! (Eph. 2: 3.) "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt," *i. e.*, so much wages for so much work; "but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. 4: 4, 5.) How could this poor lost woman by any human means restore the evil she had done? How undo it, how make satisfaction for it? Impossibility meets us at every step. But when He, whose law she had broken, undertook to make the satisfaction demanded by the law which He had made, what appeal could be made from His decision? They that sat at meat with Him could not understand the grace of the Lord Jesus. Tens of thousands among nominal Christians do not understand it now; but the poor sinner understood it, and she left the Pharisee's house whiter than snow, for the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed her from all sin. Can we believe that she went forth to sin again? or can we believe that henceforth she would be in a position to boast? The link of necessity which existed between her hopeless helplessness and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ was her security. Had she been left to her own resolutions or her own efforts, there would have been little hope of her reformation, but another power had entered into her life, a power which had grappled with sin and conquered it. Christ lived in her, and He was her guarantee against sin, and

The World, and the Flesh.

When Jesus said to her, "Go in peace," He never could have contemplated her return to the slavery of sin; and therefore, dear reader, if you think that some power of sin which binds you is too strong to be broken, if you think that because of some extenuating circumstance you are not very culpable, or if you try to persuade yourself that sin is not sin, you are alienating yourself from the world's Redeemer, and ensuring your own failure, because you withhold your case from Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." There is no reason why any foreign power should retain dominion over us, since Jesus is mightier than all the power of the enemy; but oh, how many there are who idly pray about their sins without fairly having the matter out with Him. They never come to a point in which they let Him show them where the hindrance lies; they fight shy of coming to close quarters. It is more to their interest to avoid coming to a point, because they are not quite decided to abandon all sin; they dread letting the reins of their life out of their own hands, and thus they never fairly put their case into the hands of Jesus. It answers their purpose better to pray, and then say that the Lord does not answer them because they have no real intention to break definitely with their sin. Should such be among my readers, let me say that although Christ is the Friend of sinners, He is not the Friend of sin, and as long as you take the part of your sin against the Saviour, you hinder Him from being your Friend.

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

MACHPELAH: OR, EASTER THOUGHTS.
Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 6, 1890.

"And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham." Gen. 23: 17, 18.

The First Real Estate Transaction on Record—The Mother of the Modern Necropolis—Our American Westminster Abbey—Famous Sleepers in the City of the Dead—What Resurrection Day will Do for the Cemeteries—Their Beautification—Palestine's Royal Family of Flowers—The Living Flowers Irradiated—The Phonograph a Resurrected Voice—Identity Never Lost—Resurrection Algebra—A Fatigued World—Rest for the Heart—The Replenishment from the Dust—A Resurrection-Body Manufactory—Bodies More Lustrous than Snow—The Door Knob on the Sepulchre—What Christ Will Say to the Sleeper—The Voyage from Earth to Heaven.

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up his ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah his wife had died—that remarkable person who at ninety years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—four hundred shekels of silver. This cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and, a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That "God's-acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis. The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres.

In Honor of the Inhumated.

The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into exquisite bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Père-la-Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Molière, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred enclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art, in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers.

Our American Westminster Abbey,

an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead. Among preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop James and Tyng, and Abeel the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington and McClintock and Inskip and Bangs and Chapin and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of

mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Careys, Alice and Phoebe, James K. Paulding, and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate. Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

Resurrection in the Cemeteries.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will Resurrection Day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden, I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring, and the early frosts of autumn are so near to each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed, and put under shelter or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season, and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablaze with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the fields, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, His last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-shaded. In June, Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

The Flowers of the Family.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection Day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a ploughed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley'?" Well, I will tell you how Resurrection Day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the Judgment hurricane, or if the ploughshare that day shall turn under the last rose-leaf and the last china-aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated. The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sung into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You turn the wire, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song, of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return

The Voice of Your Departed?

And if He can return to us the voice, why

not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not then the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if He can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? I mean can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection. Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense, it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took red-hot iron and burned them off, and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half-dozen times, but those scars prove it the same body. And

We Never Lose Our Identity.

If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen-year locusts. For seventeen years gone at the end of seventeen years they appear, and rubbing the hind leg against the wing make the rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine-dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been human organism, and so there was nothing copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth, and without a model, God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of a perfect being in the Resurrection. Surely the least undertaking would not be greater than the first.

Gospel Algebra.

See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh yes; that is one reason why believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the Resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that one and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the Resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind, I say the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience, all go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, business application, or bereavement, or sickness have put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world

Went Out Fatigued.

About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and quiesces the feet, and folds the hands, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that he not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat. If a drummer-boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be commended for cruelty. If the drummer-boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempt-

it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life thirty forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has no furlough by day or night; and, whether in torrid or comatose state, it went right on, for it had stopped seven seconds your life would have ended. And your heart will keep going until some day after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the throbbing of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a pity, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery halts! Under the healthful chemistry of the soil the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good, fresh, an soil will wash off the last ache, and then the life of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into a resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no

Replenishment from the Dust

at the time of Adam in paradise, get any operation from the storehouse from which was constructed without our going back into the past? That original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands such appearing above the Gowanus Heights like Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth and the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body. Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smudged. But who cares for that, when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery! What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection-body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our new world on the brightest morning the world saw ever. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and comes out pianos and organs. And so into the story of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallelujahs. For on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come will be

More Lustrous than the Snow

that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts have pencilled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh the perfect resurrection body! Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution: a dull ear, a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic arm, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind of a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to stop without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be a beautification of well-kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected, and even the pasture-ground for cattle and rooting-places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them. It was a shame that in that age ungrateful generations planted no trees and listed no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry; but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their rest glorious. From under the shadow of the arch, where

They Slumbered Among Nettles

id mullein stalks and thistles, and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flash the windows of the village church, and by the bell-tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old fire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an auditor never did for a brilliant auditory, what a obsequy never did for a king, Resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection

our resurrection, if we are His, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says He did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had risen. If He did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let Him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mountain the eleven saw Him. Five hundred at once saw Him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see Him. Yes, yes; He got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed Himself from the shackles of clod, He is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch. There will be no door-knob on the inside of

Our Family Sepulchre,

for we cannot come out, of ourselves; but there is a door-knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of re-kindled eyes, and what gladness rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck. Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer

It Looks Like a Universe.

Hail, sceptres that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! That is what Resurrection Day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jefferson's Retirement.*

IN his style of life as President, Jefferson had indulged in such easy and liberal expenses as suited the place he held. Far from showing extravagance, the White House and its surroundings had in his time the outward look of a Virginia plantation. The President was required to pay the expenses of the house and grounds. In consequence, the grounds were uncared for, the palings broken or wanting, the paths undefined, and the place a waste, running imperceptibly into the barren fields about it. Within the house was as simple as without, after the usual style of Virginia houses, where the scale was often extravagant, but the details plain. Only on his table did Jefferson spend an unusual amount of money, with excellent results for his political influence, for no President understood better than Jefferson the art of entertaining; yet his table cost him no excessive sums. His French

* From *The History of the United States During the Second Administration of Thomas Jefferson*. By Henry Adams. Vol. II. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

cook and cook's assistant were paid about four hundred dollars a year. On such a scale his salary of twenty-five thousand dollars was equivalent to fully sixty thousand dollars of modern money; and his accounts showed that for the first, and probably the most expensive, year of his Presidency, he spent only \$16,800, which could properly be charged to his public and official character.

A mode of life so simple and so easily controlled should, in a village like Washington, have left no opening for arrears of debt; but when Jefferson, about to quit the White House forever, attempted to settle his accounts, he discovered that he had exceeded his income. Not his expenses as President, but his expenses as planter, dragged him down. At first he thought that his debts would reach seven or eight thousand dollars, which must be discharged from a private estate hardly exceeding two hundred thousand dollars in value at the best of times, and rendered almost worthless by neglect and by the embargo. The sudden demand for this sum of money coming at the moment of his political mortifications, wrung from him cries of genuine distress, such as no public disaster had called out.

He wrote to his commission merchant entreating him to borrow the money. He said, "Since I have become sensible of this deficit I have been under an agony of mortification, and, therefore, must solicit as much urgency in the negotiation as the case will admit. My intervening nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave debts here unpaid, if, indeed, I should be permitted to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain." Large as it was, this estimate of the debt fell far short of the reality. The arrears amounted in fact to twenty thousand dollars. Nothing but immediate and rigid economy could restore the loss, and, even with every advantage, Jefferson could never hope to live again upon his old scale without incurring bankruptcy; he must cease to be a *grand seigneur*, or drag his family into the ruin which seemed to be the fate of every Virginian.

On March 4, 1809, he rode once more on horseback to the Capitol, and stood by the side of Madison, while John Marshall administered the oath of office. The weight of administration was at last removed, but the longing for home became only the greater. March 5, he wrote to Armstrong, "Within two or three days I retire from scenes of difficulty, anxiety, and of contending passions; to the elysium of domestic affection and the irresponsible direction of my own affairs." A week afterward Jefferson quitted Washington forever. On horseback, over roads impassable to wheels, through snow and storm, he hurried back to Monticello to recover in the quiet of home the peace of mind he had lost in the disappointments of his statesmanship. He arrived at Monticello March 15, and never again passed beyond the bounds of a few adjacent counties.

With a sigh of relief, which seemed as sincere and deep as his own, the Northern people saw him turn his back on the White House, and disappear from the arena in which he had for sixteen years challenged every comer. In the Northern States few regrets were wasted upon his departure, for every mind was intent on profiting by the overthrow of his system; but Virginia was still loyal to him, and the citizens of his own county of Albemarle welcomed his final return with an affectionate address.

A CHILD VICTIM.

At a meeting of the non-partisan temperance organization of Washington, held lately, Congressman Stewart, of Georgia, related the touching story which caused him to become a temperance man. He related that when a lad, living among the Georgia hills, he had a friend, bright and promising, who married a beautiful and wealthy girl. He fell a victim to drink, and coming home once in a debauch seized the little child who ran forward to meet him, and dashed it against the wall. Not knowing what he had done, he threw himself upon the bed and was soon in a drunken sleep. When told a few hours later by the crazed wife and mother that the child was dead, he dashed out of the house, and no one ever saw him again. "That day," the speaker said, "I looked up to God and swore that I would always fight the curse."

Holy Ghost Days. By Mrs. M. Baxter.—A volume containing 144 pages. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 35 cents, including postage. Address Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

By the Rev. Newman Hall, LL. B.

Expected by the Apostles—And by the Early Church—
Mistakes About It—He Will Come to Reign—What
the Gospel Will not Accomplish—Unfounded Expectation
that the Millennium Will Precede the Advent.

MANY Christians who rejoice in the First Advent are little influenced by the Second, which is often the creed of the intellect rather than of the heart. They look backward rather than forward. But the apostles and early believers, accepting the First Advent as an accomplished fact, looked forward, longing for what was yet future—the return of their Lord in glory.

The Second Advent of Christ to us is sometimes confounded with our going to Him at death. His promise to the disciples, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," has hitherto been fulfilled only at their decease. All believers may rejoice that it is not the last enemy, but their divine Friend, who bids them leave this life, and that "to depart" is to "be with Christ," which is "far better" than remaining in a world of sin. But this is not identical with the other truth that the Lord will come again to dwell with His people on the earth.

The Second Advent of Christ is also confounded with the general Resurrection and the final Judgment, which are supposed to occupy a very short space of time. In this case the Advent would not be a coming of Christ to a kingdom on earth, but a brief visit for the purpose of removing His saints to the kingdom in heaven.

The entrance of the soul at death to the presence of Jesus is one article of faith; the general Judgment is another; but these should not absorb and take the place of another revealed fact, that

Christ Will Come to Reign

with His saints, to perfect His Church, to cause His kingdom to come and His will to be done on earth even as in heaven; and thus to accomplish all the predictions with which the Bible teems respecting the universal triumph of truth and righteousness in this long distracted and sin-polluted world.

The early Church did eagerly and lovingly anticipate such an Advent. They were "looking for that blessed hope;" not the hope of going to heaven, but of Christ coming to earth. They were patient in tribulation, believing that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." They were "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God." They were characterized as those who "love His appearing." In this confident expectation they were encouraged by apostles filled with the Spirit.

The lack of practical belief in the Second Advent as an event to be in our day hoped and prepared for, has arisen from the opinion that the Millennium is to precede the Advent, and be preparatory to it. If by present instrumentalities the gospel is to triumph over all error and wickedness,

The Rate of Progress

seems so small that our hope of the Advent must be indefinitely postponed beyond our term of life.

The gospel has been preached during more than eighteen centuries; yet the great majority of mankind are still ignorant of it. Hundreds of millions are still sunk in heathenism; hundreds of millions more are devotees of the False Prophet. In regions professedly Christian tens of millions divide their homage of Christ with that of the Virgin and saints; while the human priest is to them practically more than the one Mediator, the one High Priest of the Church. Among Protestants there are multitudes who ignore the supernatural element in Christianity; and others who, if they are right in worshipping Christ as God, are wrong in fundamental doctrine. Among nominal Christians many are so little under the influence of the truth that they habitually neglect public worship; while, of those who are found regularly at church, many, it is to be feared, have not yielded their hearts in loving obedience to the Saviour.

If we glance at the conduct of professedly Christian nations, we see little difference between them and others. Ambition, tyranny, selfishness, anger, revenge, seem too frequently to be considered necessary, and, therefore, right in politics. Millions of men are always being trained in the arts of wholesale slaughter, preparing for war while professing peace; and many a battle-field has been reddened in our own day by the blood of thousands who have invoked the Prince of Peace to aid them in mutual destruction.

If the millennial reign is simply spiritual, and to be brought about by present agencies, its very commencement seems to be hidden in the haze of the

dim distance; and if it is to last during any period long enough to justify the figure of a thousand years, and if it is only at the completion of such period that Christ will personally come, it is not surprising that an event so distant should, as a motive, be practically powerless.

It is important to inquire whether Scripture warrants us in placing

The Millennial Age

prior to the Advent. Does it represent our earth as becoming the abode of righteousness in order to be prepared to welcome its King? Or does it represent its King as coming to establish the reign of righteousness by His personal influence?

Can Bible-students find any passage describing the millennial age as preceding judgments on the wicked? On the contrary, are not such descriptions constantly connected with those judgments as precedent, and executed by the Lord at His coming?

We often quote, in relation to the millennium, the promise in Ps. 2:8, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." But the very next verse declares, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." From this it seems plain that

When Christ Comes

to take possession of the uttermost parts of the earth, there will be daring rebels whose overthrow must clear the way for the kingdom. If so, we are not to postpone our hopes for the coming of the kingdom until such rebellion is subdued by the preaching of the gospel.

In another millennial Psalm, the seventy-second, we have a lovely picture of the time when "the mountains will bring peace to the people," under the sway of Him who will "come down like rain on the mown grass; in whose days the righteous will flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth;" when "all kings shall fall down before Him, and all nations shall serve Him." But this will not be without judgment on the wicked, for in this sweet idyll of peace we are told that "He shall break in pieces the oppressor" (verse 4). We are not, therefore, to postpone our hope of His coming till all oppression is first put down. He will come to "vindicate the poor of the people, and to save the children of the needy," because He will come to "break in pieces" their enemies.

The New Testament confirms the earlier revelation. St. Jude gives apostolic authority for the fact that Enoch linked the Advent with judgments on the wicked then living. Thus we are to expect that there will be outrageously

Wicked People on the Earth,

compared to "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame," the silencing of whose blasphemies will not precede but follow, the coming of the Lord with "ten thousands of His saints."

St. Paul warns the Thessalonians that "a falling away," and a revelation of the Man of Sin will precede the day of Christ; who, when He comes, will be "revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" when "He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." (1 Thess. 1:6-9; 2:1-3.) Here again we are led to expect, not that all disobedience is first to be overcome by the preaching of the Gospel, but that He will find many still living, guilty of such hardened rebellion as to deserve fiery vengeance.

We read in the book of Revelation: "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." (Rev. 1:7.) There will be many living on the earth to whom His Advent will be a terror.

Nothing can be clearer than the command to preach the Gospel to all mankind throughout the world, indiscriminately; to every creature, to all ranks and all conditions; but it is nowhere said that every individual will embrace it prior to the Advent. Our Lord said, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come;" not when all nations have obeyed the summons, but when in every region the trumpet has been blown.

If this is the testimony of Scripture, we are not to regard the great hope of the Church as so distant that it cannot possibly take place in our own day, and therefore cannot exercise any motive power on heart and life. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! In all regions of the earth the Gospel has been proclaimed.

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

(Continued from page 222.)

THE policeman had well earned the money which rewarded him for his exertions, for Gilbert Craske arose in the morning refreshed and comforted. He indicated to the landlord his high satisfaction with his billet, and declared his intention of making his future location while in town. After breakfast he sallied forth in quest of his missing portmanteau, intending also to resume his search after No. 6. The day was fine—there was even an occasional glimpse of sunshine—and our hero, whose spirit were never very low, under any circumstances, made his way to the lost-luggage office at police headquarters with a light heart, and, considering his years and somewhat burly figure, with an even lighter step. He succeeded in coming to his own again, so far as the portmanteau was concerned, and obtained a clue also to the cabman who had left him in the lurch, and on whom he was now dependent for guidance to the mysterious street which he might find the true and only No. 6, which had given him such trouble on the preceding night. His payment of the missing fare, and son overplus for the cabman's honesty, made the latter communicative and willing to oblige.

"You see, sir," said he, "it were a caution, th there fog was, a reg'lar down-in-a-cellar, up-in-tree, and there-you-are sort of business; an' wher picked you up I warn't altogether as clear-headed as a lawyer; 'cos why—what with the fog, an' a gla or two o' hot with, things got sort o' mixed a bit. But, 'cordin' to the best o' my belief, when th young 'ooman put herself among my owd 'oss's leg an' we was browt up standin', we were somewher in Gooch Street, or Store Street, or Russel Street."

It was evident from this that "cabbie" could n throw more than the faintest ray of light upon t matter, and Gilbert's heart failed him as he liste ed. The probabilities of his finding what he dea wanted were growing very small indeed. He neith knew the name of the street nor the name of t people that dwelt in the house, and when he sai "The number was 69, wasn't it, cabbie?" th worthy plucked up heart of grace. He was sorry see his liberal patron so disheartened because of l own uncertainty, so he determined to make up i t by a "declaration on oath."

"No, sir. That I can take my solumdavy or There is no doubt the cabman thought it was a tremendous word. "It was 96. You've just p the cart before the 'oss, don't you see? Turn t figures round, and there you are."

Gilbert Craske wished in his heart he was the or saw any way of getting there. All he did kn was a face; and to find a face, one face among the teeming thousands of that populous distri was indeed, or seemed to be, a vain thing. I sides, time pressed, for he had business, serie business, in the midland counties. So he turn away and went back to his hotel, and as he w he talked sadly to himself.

"Well, this is a go! I knew her in a mome A widow's cap on, too! And looking as bonny ever, for all her silver hair. And not too well c if I may judge by appearances." Here his ha jingled the money in his pocket with a sort of neous excitement, as he continued, "I must fi her, heaven help me, and I will."

Meanwhile, however, he must prosecute his jo ney to the Midlands; and on the next day, as t evening shadows gathered round the hoary gat of The Grange, Gilbert Craske took up his quart at the Hildrop Inn, and introduced himself to t worthy host, Jared Higginbotham, as "Rich Allanson, Esq., hailing from New South Wales."

Now that our odd friend, Gilbert Craske, is co fortably located in Jared Higginbotham's priv parlor at the Hildrop Inn, we may explain a lit as to who he was, from whence he came, and wh he wanted there. Some five-and-thirty years fore, Gilbert Craske had been a Faringham b and used to play with the rest of Faringham b dom on the village green. His parents were po Those were hard times, too, and it was even m than they could do to make out-goings and in-co ings meet. They continued to "rub on," as e say, by the aid of a few acres of very indiffer land and a cow or two, but the rubbing was v dreary and painful process, and the winnings be no proportion to the work. When Gilbert was enough to earn a few shillings in the fields of Faringham farmers; he had to toil harder than y

in his earliest teens ought to toil, in order to be the wolf—whose threatening bark was often heard, and whose spectral jaws were often snarling loudly near—from their humble door.

Jonah Craske, as the lad's father was called, was intelligent and fairly educated man, and was capable of making his way, had he been at liberty to choose a line of life more in keeping with his tastes and talents, which were considerable; but as that he had inherited, and that he would and pay, in order to preserve the credit of his father, and his name unstained, kept him "grinding at the wheel," sorely against his will. On one day he was fully resolved, and that was that his sons should be so equipped with knowledge and experience as would enable them to fight the battle of life at a good deal more advantage than he baffled and discouraged sire.

During the long winter evenings he himself became their schoolmaster, and did his best to make his sons possessors of that kind of practical and useful knowledge which the old proverb declares to be better than houses or land; and during the summer evenings, though often tired with his day's toil, he led with them along the lanes and through the fields of Faringham, giving them lessons on crops, sheep, or cattle, or meadows, and their management, illustrating his teachings by what they met in their evening walks. It was a labor of love, was destined, as all such wise labors are, to its full reward.

When he arrived at manhood, or close upon it, he emigrated to Australia with the consent of his parents, though not without much sorrow at leaving. Australia was just then coming rapidly to the front as an inviting and promising field for pioneer pioneers, who were capable of "roughing it" while, and for whom there seemed to be little or no small opportunity in their native land. His arrangements in those early days there were little or none, and so for a long time Gilbert Craske sailed out of view, out of ken, and, so far as Faringham was concerned, seemingly out of life. Actually, however, long-looked-for letters came, reporting his welfare and prosperity, and containing practical proof thereof, and of his filial love and loyalty as well, in the shape of welcome remittances to line his father's scantily filled purse. After thirty years' absence, he had returned to the old home in the hands of strangers, the folks laid under the shadows of the ivy-colored roof of Faringham Church, and to find that his brother had himself found a home and a fair share of fortune on a Canadian farm.

There was no small joy to Gilbert Craske when standing by the grave of his honored parents to know that their latter days had been cheered and comforted, and their way to their quiet graves brightened, by his own filial care and bountiful supplies. Jonah Craske, proud of his son, and truly grateful for his aid, had not been slow to tell the good folks of Faringham what their boy Gil had done for them; and the commendation thereupon was well shaped by Jimmie Sladd, who thus delivered his opinion:

"Allus said 'at there was the makin' of a man in young Gil, an' he's made hisself a man o' first-class quality; leastwise, that's what his God, an' his folks, an' hisself ha' turned out among 'em. The Lord's allus on the side o' them as means well, does well; an' when folks hev Him on their side, it ain't no great matter how monny an' how mitch sides again 'em. Him an' them are more than match for all 'at's contrary."

The morning of Gilbert Craske's arrival at Hildrop Inn, having chosen to make his first pilgrimage among the familiar scenes of his childhood home, he was sauntering around the old farmhouse in which he was born, when he met an old man, clad according to bucolic fashion, in a long grey-brown smock, more white than brown in color, in stance, for Jimmie Sladd had retired from business, and lived on the liberal annuity of three guineas a week which the parochial system had allotted upon him. This large sum was increased several kindly doles from neighboring friends, and Jimmie was greatly respected in his old age.

He recognized the old man instantly, and stood just then under the influence of very tender feelings, he had much ado to keep himself from saying the little secret which he desired for a while to keep. "Well, here's a go!" said he to himself, with a pleasant gleam on his honest face, "thank God for the sight of an old friend at last."

"Good morning, my friend," said he, in cheery

tones, quite in keeping with all the rest of his inward heartiness and his outward seeming; "here's a fine, bright morning for November, isn't it?"

"Yis," said Jimmie, looking at the unknown with some surprise, "it's fine for the time o' year; but it's a bit raw an' coddish for owd bones like mine."

"Why, yes; I expect you don't feel quite so independent of fine weather and a good coal fire as you used to do, say five and twenty years back. Why, judging by your white head, my friend, you're fast creeping on to David's limit of three-score years and ten. Still, you seem tolerably hale for your years."

"Why, yes, I's middlingish for an owd 'un, but I isn't quite so far on the road as you think—I shall be sixty-five come next January; an' shepherding i' all weathers is apt to tak' the bloom off. I used to hev as much o' that as most i' my younger days. Noo the bloom's gone from my cheek, and the blossom's come on my head by way of a change; but that doesn't fidget me, I shall bloom again by and by," and as he spoke the bloom came to his whole face, the bloom of a sure and certain hope, as he looked upward with a smile that meant "all's well."

Happy they, happy always, to be happier in the fullness of time, who, whether they are clad in coarse-spun flaxen smock or fine-spun silken garments, have that "good hope through grace." Gilbert Craske felt strangely drawn to the old shepherd, whom as a lad he used to welcome when he came to his father's house, sat in the well-remembered ingle-nook, and conversed concerning that highest and best of all philosophy—the Christ-wisdom with which his tongue and heart were happily familiar then as now. "I suppose you've lived a goodish while in Faringham?" said Gilbert, bent on drawing the old man out on subjects especially interesting to him just then.

"I've been here an' whereabouts just all my life," said Jimmie, "an' I think I's about the last o' the owd 'uns like 'at can say as much. Leavin' oot two or three or mayhap half a dozen, them 'at played hockey an' rounders wi' me on Faringham Green, are laid i' Faringham churchyard, leastwise all 'cept them 'at's gone oot o' sight an' kennin.' Hey dear, but things is all altered since then!" and, as his voice fell, the old man's dimming gray eyes had a far-away look in them, as though they were steadily gazing into the long and distant past.

"Do you remember a small farmer that used to live in this neighborhood?" inquired Gilbert, with well-assumed indifference; "let me see, whatever was his name?—that's it, Jonah Craske?"

"Oh, aye, I 'member 'im hard enough. He was a good sort, he was. Dead and gone, poor fellow, some years back, an' his wife an' all. Dinah Craske was a good 'un, an' a kind 'un. When my dower Jennie died, Dinah Craske had nursed her night an' day, just like a kind mother, she had, well-nigh a month. God bless her!" Here poor old Jimmie Sladd, tender-hearted and grateful, shed tears.

"Well, here's a go!" said Gilbert, melted by such warm words and feelings concerning his dead mother. He could not keep back the tears from coursing down his own cheeks, and seizing Jimmie Sladd's crooked and horny fingers, shook him heartily by the hand, "They were a good sort—at least I've heard so," quoth Gilbert, coming perilously near discovery, and restraining himself at the last moment. "Look here, old friend, I'm stopping at Hildrop Inn. You come along this evening and ask for Mr. Allanson; then ye shall tell me all about them." Then he turned away, leaving some money in wondering Jimmie's palm.

At the appointed time Jimmie Sladd made inquiries of Jared Higginbotham, mine host of Hildrop Inn, for Mr. Allanson. "Why, do you know Mr. Allanson?" said the landlord, who was not only not destitute of the curiosity which is said to be peculiar to his tribe, but who had that propensity to an even remarkable degree. "I say, Jimmie, who is he? He seems to have spent a good deal of time in Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver—at least that is the impression I've got," continued Boniface, not caring to tell how the impression had been produced.

The fact was, that the landlord had come into Gilbert's private room on the evening of his arrival with heedless suddenness, tapping at the door and opening it at the same moment, anxious to know whether his guest would require any more attention for the night. He was surprised to find Mr. Allanson engaged, like the king in the nursery

story, "counting all his money," or at least some considerable portion of it, for there upon the table were several piles of golden coin, and in Gilbert's hand was a large bundle of bank-notes, the sight of which made Master Higginbotham's eyes water, and led him to break the tenth commandment then and there.

Gilbert looked and was a good deal annoyed, and actually blushed as he saw the eyes of the landlord steadily fixed upon the shining heaps in a sort of hungry wonder; blushed as though he asked himself the question whether he had any right to be so uncommonly well-to-do. Honest Gilbert, however, was a most unsuspecting individual; transparent as crystal himself, he had a tendency to confide in others with unquestioning faith in "honest human nature." He simply said, "No, thank you, I am all right. Oh, by-the-way, I might as well tell you that my meal for the day is breakfast; let me have that at 8, and let it be substantial—the best you can do."

"Very good, sir," said Jared Higginbotham, and backed out of the room, saying to himself, as he sought his proper quarters, "The best I can do—eh? I should think so. He's an Indian nabob, that's what he is. My word, what a lot o' shiners!" and mine host could not help discoursing to his wife in the bar concerning that which his eyes had seen, and which his hands would have gladly handled, if fortune had only put it in his way instead of the lucky proprietor's in the private room.

Of course Jared Higginbotham said nothing of all this to Jimmie Sladd. In answer to the landlord's inquiry, that honest shepherd on the retired list simply replied, "Hoo he is, I don't know; and what he is, I can't tell; nor what he's worth, nor where he got it; nor nowt about him; only this, that I met him up yonder by Sanfield Farm; an' he was main chatty an' pleasant; an' when he knew that I'd been a Faringham bairn an' a Faringham lad, an' a Faringham man all my life up to noo, he asked me to come and talk to him about it."

The landlord went to inquire if it was Mr. Allanson's will to see Jimmie, and finally showed him into Gilbert's presence. A cup of warm coffee and a pipe were ordered for Jimmie's special behoof, and finally the landlord was dismissed with this special order, given with such significant emphasis that Master Jared felt condemned on the spot, for last night's breach, "Jimmie and I have business, landlord; see that we are not interfered with."

"What's the business, I wonder?" quoth Jared, as he left the room; "has Jimmie come in for a fortune, too?"

"Now, Jimmie," said Gilbert, "that's the name, I think, the landlord mentioned—"

"Yis, sir; Jimmie Sladd; that's what they've called me ever since I had any name at all."

"And so you knew Jonah Craske, eh? and of course you would know his family; I knew something about them in years gone by. What has become of them?" Gilbert inquired.

"Why, sir, the owd folks, that's Jonah and Dinah Craske—leastwise they would ha' been owd if they had lived till now—"

"I wish they had!" said Gilbert, bringing down his hand upon his knee to emphasize the wish; then seeing that he had rather astonished his aged companion, he continued, in self-reproach, "Here's a go!" Then a bright thought struck him. "For your sake, you know, Jimmie; there's so few of the old ones left—you said so yourself, you know."

"True," said the old shepherd, with a sigh. "I wish they had. Well, Jonah and Dinah are both dead, an' their memories are honored an' respected to this day i' Faringham. They had a son called Jotham—they had a great likin' for Bible names. He went off only a few years back to Canada, an' they say he's doin' well there. I shouldn't wonder. His parents did well by him, an' he did well by them, poor fellow, till he lost 'em, and I think the good Lord 'll do well by him i' consequence. That's allus His way."

"But they had another son, hadn't they?" said Gilbert. "What became of him, I wonder? He wasn't much of a youth, was he?"

"Weren't he?" replied Jimmie; "I knows better than that. His name was Gilbert. He was my godson. I've nussed him an' bussed him many a time when he was i' short frocks. He was a nice lad, good-tempered, an' main kind to his mother. Them's the sort," continued the old man, with true philosophy—"them's the sort as does well to themselves—they as does well by their mothers."

(To be Continued.)

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

WHEN the *City of Paris*, after all our apprehensions, was seen being towed into Queenstown, and her one thousand passengers and crew were reported safe, all sorts of lessons were learned, but no one seems to have learned the most important lesson. Captain and crew all acted nobly. The mariners were not to blame. The sea was not to blame. The winds were not to blame. Those men were to blame who made insufficient machinery, which, without provocation, exploded and knocked right and left, and up and down, threatening the demolition of everything. Let us learn the vast responsibility resting on workmen who are never heard of. Without their fidelity, in vain have ship-captains and self-sacrificing crew. All honor to those who make boilers that will not burst, and machinery that will not break loose, and do work which, though clear out of sight, decides the safety of human life and property. When the *City of Paris* took us across the Atlantic last November in five days and twenty-three hours, we congratulated the officers and we congratulated the passengers, but the foundrymen and the machinists, and the carpenters and the rope-makers, and the mechanics of all sorts, without whom our voyage would have been a disaster instead of a joy, went uncongratulated. We are all so stupid that the only way we seem to learn the value of good work is by the accidents which come from bad work. Meanwhile, what a mercy that the Atlantic did not get its long and cruel fingers around that palace of the deep! How the mother of shipwrecks would like to have rocked that great steamer into a sleep that knows no waking. Let our daily prayer be for those who voyage the sea and do business on the mighty waters.

STAGNATION AND SENSATIONALISM

are two very offensive words. We do not know which is the worse. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as the word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the

simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith and repentance and heaven and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophizing and hair-splitting and botanizing, and without gloves take hold of men's sins and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative, and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week, at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats and go out to see how good a swath we can cut.

CONCERNING BOYS.

THERE are people disposed to be hard on masculine juvenescence. Now, we think there is nothing in all the world so admirable as a rubicund boy, unless, perhaps, it be a girl. We suspect that those who say such rough things about the former have none of this lively adornment in their household. They have probably been praying for one a good while, and are exercising a grudge because their prayer has not been answered. Boys are, in our estimation, at a premium. The world would be a dull place without them. They make a good deal of racket, and occasionally break things, and crumple up valuable letters for kite-tails, and send us in hot haste for the doctor in the month of green apples; but all that is cheap, considering their worth. Instead of inveighing against them, let us culture the boy in our own nature by taking an occasional game at leap-frog, blind-man's-buff, and base-ball. When the boy entirely gets out of a man's heart his usefulness is gone. If, through the wear and tear of life, the boy is escaping from your nature, better catch him now, and make him fast forever.

We feel sorry for boys. They have their real troubles, and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and still maintain gravity; to see the minister's wig getting twisted, and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter; to see the young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the deacon drop the contribution-plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip-end of the great toe, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench

at the school with eight or ten other boys, all ab to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happens that makes all the re snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. We remember well how the rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In our first ten years we suppressed enough giggles, snicker chuckles, and yells to have ruined us for all time.

We so often retired from the sitting-room, where we had company, to the wood-shed, where our mirth would be no disturbance to anything but the ash-barrels, that we have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through with titter. We still feel the boy in our nature when ludicrous things happen, as when a city equisite came into our prayer-meeting, whisked in hand and fanciful eye-glass on, and looked sublimely around on the audience as much as say, "I suppose you all see that I am here," and then sat down where a chair had just before stood but from which place the usher had inadvertently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporized cough and sneeze, and active use of pocket-handkerchief, on our part, we should have been hopelessly ruined.

But let nothing that has been said by us in extenuation of our young folks be taken by the public as a license for unreasonable sportfulness. Boys, behave yourselves, or we will be after you in our very next editorial!

POST-MORTEM REPUTATION.

RECENTLY we have had, by autobiographies and papers published after decease, the attempt made to decide what shall be said after one's departure. But no man ever succeeded in taking care of his name after he is dead. If it live at all, it will in a few years, come to be taken for just what it is worth, all the panegyrists and defamers notwithstanding. There is swung somewhere between heaven and earth a steelyard which weighs everything just right, though for a little while it may quiver uncertainly. If a man does his best while living, he need not be anxious either about his bones or his after-death reputation. He who has had a full chance at the world for fifty or seventy years ought to be satisfied. After he is dead let him keep still. He who serves God and his count is every day composing his own epitaph, deciding his own biography, and chiselling his own monument. He need not be afraid either of stone-cutters or critic.

AMEN AND AMEN.

WE are confident that one reason for the long prayers with which we are sometimes afflicted at religious meetings is an incapacity to wind up. After the brother has been praying about long enough, you see that he is trying to find "Amen." He does not want to come too suddenly upon you, and so he gradually makes that way; but he is like a Brooklyn ferry-boat aiming for the wharf where there is a good deal of ice in the river, and he bobs in and out, in and out, at last reaching it with a blundering stroke. Many of the brethren in the prayers take one-third of the time to get started and another third to stop. Why not with your first sentence plunge into what you most want, and stop when you get through, without any circuitous gyrations? Men keep on and on after they ought to stop because they do not know how to let down the brakes. We have a recommendation to make. If an isolated "Amen" would sound abrupt at the time you want to close, do as the Psalmist did when the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, were ended, exclaiming "Amen and Amen."

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Much-Maligned System of Civil Service form has received recent practical testimony in its favor. The postmaster at Indianapolis has given a system a fair trial, and now announces himself a thorough supporter of it. It appears also to work satisfactorily for the commissioners. Mr. Roosevelt visited the office during his western trip, and reports: "That the office is managed in strict conformity with the civil service law." The bulk of the old employees appointed under the last Administration have been retained, and the postmaster has consistently followed out the policy of making no changes only for cause, without regard to politics. In making appointments he has taken men from the head of the list, right in their order, without skipping any one. The faithful continuance of this policy will speedily beget confidence in the community, and then the members of the two parties will come forward indifferently to be examined. The postmaster spoke most highly of the relief given him by our system in entirely doing away with the importunities of place-hunters, and politicians." This testimony will, it may be hoped, encourage other postmasters to adopt the system.

The Difficult Question of an International Coin is current in all the countries represented in the Pan-American Conference appears to have been incapable of solution by the Conference. "On one point the members are a unit: they all believe that a coin would greatly facilitate mutual commercial transactions, and is, indeed, essential to their extension. It is when the question of the metal of the coin is to be settled that divergence of view arises. The Conference has, therefore, adjourned itself on record in favor of the coin, and has requested the President of the United States to appoint a special commission, to meet in Washington a year or less after the present Conference adjourns, to deal exclusively with this subject. The stipulation made by the Conference is that the coin shall be of a defined weight, standard fineness, and value, and that it shall be legal tender in all the countries. Its invariable equivalent in gold is also to be fixed, which is a difficult matter, as the value of silver fluctuates. There can, however, be no dispute as to the necessity for such a coin if the commerce between the Americas is to be permanently increased.

Reports from the Flooded Districts were More cheerful at the close of last week, though earlier in the week they were full of gloom. On Friday it was announced that the river was at a standstill and would soon begin to fall, much to the encouragement of the water-beleaguered people. At that point. All the other tributaries were rising rapidly, and the fact that the crest of the flood-wave in the Ohio had passed into the Mississippi seemed to justify the belief that the worst was over, especially for the country between Vicksburg and Cairo. Below Vicksburg it will be several days before any positive relief is experienced. The worst of the week seems to have been at Greenville and Huntington, Miss. The crevasse just below the latter place allowed the water to flow directly down upon it, and in a short time the people were compelled to abandon their homes. There was no escape to the rear, so they took refuge in cars lying on the track of the Mississippi Valley Railroad, and on the levee in front of the village. The levee for some distance above and below Huntington was crowded with refugees, many of them in the back country. Newspaper correspondents that the people on the levees have almost no protection from the weather, and otherwise expect great discomfort, but they show little disposition to leave the neighborhood of their homes. Farmers passing up and down the river would take them to places of greater safety, but they do not seem to go.

The Admission of Idaho to Statehood, which was voted by the House on April 3, is, it is stated, made a test case by which to settle in the future the validity of Speaker Reed's ruling. The Democrats in the House with one exception refused to vote on the question. As the number of votes was only 130, the question of quorum came up. There were many Democrats actually in the House, though not voting, but their names were taken down by one of the clerks, and, under Mr. Reed's ruling, they are regarded as present and helping to make a quorum. This is the case chosen for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Speaker's ruling holds in law. On the subject of admitting the Territory the Mormon question again arose, and

Mr. Springer made another effort to prevent the disfranchisement of men accused of polygamy. Mr. Lodge defended the clause in the Constitution which prevents polygamists voting. He contended that it was not a question of dealing with a specific crime of a particular individual. It was a question of dealing with a system which upheld and organized what was declared to be a crime under the laws of the United States. Still less was this a question involving religious liberty. From the beginning of the history of the Mormons they had defied the laws of the United States. Now the great tide of American civilization and population was coming over them from every side, and their effort was to get themselves into Statehood, so that, perhaps, they could find immunity, if not protection, by offering support to one or the other political party. Congress would not be justified in surrendering its control over the Territory if Idaho did not have such a clause in its constitution.

The Sale of Liquor by the Government to Soldiers at military posts is the subject of vigorous protest. Strangely enough, the practice is opposed by two very different classes of persons, acting from very diverse motives. The protest comes not only from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but from saloon-keepers and post-traders. The system which is known as the "canteen system" is much in favor with the War Department, the officials of which claim that the soldier has less temptation when he buys liquor at the canteen than when he goes into a saloon, and, besides, gets purer liquor. But the post-traders and saloon-keepers oppose the system because it hurts their business, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union opposes it because it allows the sale of wine and beer at the posts under Government auspices. Efforts are being organized by both parties to induce Congress to abolish the system.

The Condition of the Panama Canal Appears to be utterly hopeless. A letter published last week from a correspondent of the New York *Herald* who has been over the ground describes the difficulties in the way of the original scheme as insuperable, as mountains would have to be cut through before a level canal could be constructed. Even to make a canal with ten locks does not seem possible without a preliminary expenditure of nearly a hundred million dollars. The work so far accomplished represents only one-quarter of the total required for a ten-lock canal, and only one-tenth of the technical work required for completing the canal on a level plan. Many engineers, both French and English, have carefully studied these various plans, and for the past year have been trying to solve the problem. Their labors have resulted in innumerable projects, more or less practicable, all of which are in favor of different combinations. Some demand the construction of an immense iron chain by which ships can be transported from one ocean to the other, while others propose to move ships up the incline by means of hydraulic power. There is little prospect of the work being resumed.

Russian Students in the Universities of Moscow and St. Petersburg have incurred the displeasure of the Czar. In Moscow six hundred students attending the institutions have been arrested. The disorders at the college were due to the arbitrary action of the director, who prohibited the circulation among the students of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, a work of Count Tolstoi, the social reformer. In St. Petersburg the university has been closed. The disorders are considered to be a sign of revolutionary plans in connection with the agitation in foreign countries regarding the treatment of political prisoners in Siberia, and the recent letter of Mme. Tschebrikova to the Czar. For weeks back there has been a concerted distribution of patriotic handbills, pamphlets, and proclamations all over Russia, scattered in bundles in the churches, theatres, hotels, and barracks by unseen hands, and utterly defying the efforts of the police to prevent their dissemination. Unhappily, there is no prospect of success for any revolutionary movement in Russia. The people are too ignorant, and too much cowed by prolonged subjection, to support the students in their rising.

Prince Bismarck Received a Genuine Ovation in quitting Berlin for his private residence at Friedrichsruhe on March 29. Before leaving he visited the imperial mausoleum at Charlottenburg, in which the remains of Emperor William I. are interred, and placed a wreath upon the coffin of his old master. Later in the day thousands of persons gathered in the Wilhelmstrasse and along the

route to the railway station to witness the final scene in the Bismarck drama. Wearing the uniform of the Cuirassiers, Prince Bismarck left the Palace of the Chancellor at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and entered an open carriage that stood in waiting. As soon as he appeared he was greeted with stormy enthusiasm. The windows of the houses in the vicinity were crowded with spectators. The entire route was a sea of waving handkerchiefs. The crowd was so dense that the ex-Chancellor's horses were compelled to walk the entire distance from the palace to the station. There was a continuous roar of cheering. The whole diplomatic corps, and many distinguished personages were at the station to bid him farewell. Among the last to shake hands with him were Mr. Phelps, the American Minister and General Caprivi, Bismarck's successor.

BRIEF NOTES.

The great revival which has taken place in connection with the Turco-American Mission in Armenia has resulted in the addition of 534 new members to the church.

Rev. D. W. Evans is meeting with great success in Greenfield, Ind. Eighty-eight accessions have been made to the Methodist Protestant Church within five weeks, and persons are turned away for want of room.

Major Whittle has been holding evangelistic services in Greenwich, England. The Rev. Charles Spurgeon, a son of the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and who is minister of a church in that town, reports most beneficent results.

The Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church of New York celebrated its centenary on March 30. There was a reunion of the congregation, at which General Clinton B. Fisk presided. Ex-Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, made an address.

Rev. Hiram Hutchins, the venerable pastor of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached his farewell sermons on Sunday last. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and he has been thirty-eight years pastor of the Brooklyn church. He will continue his connection with the church as pastor emeritus.

The Immanuel Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., has found it necessary to build a new and more commodious house of worship. Under the pastorate of Rev. A. C. Dixon the old building has proved totally inadequate for the accommodation of the church. On the first day after the subscription-books were opened, \$25,000 was subscribed. The building is to cost \$50,000.

Mr. D. L. Moody holds his closing services in the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, New York, this week. To-night, to-morrow, and Friday he delivers addresses at 7:30 P. M. Last Sunday he preached in the Collegiate Reformed Church on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street, and is holding meetings in that church each day this week at 4 P. M. Tickets of admission may be had at the Y. M. C. A., Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street.

At the annual meeting of the American Tract Society, held in Washington under the Presidency of Justice Strong, it was stated that the total receipts for the year were \$304,263—a gain of \$25,126 over the previous year. Of the new publications issued in the year a majority were in other languages than the English. Strenuous efforts are being made to provide literature for the immigrants. Grants of tracts averaged 750,000 pages each week, and 154 colporteurs were employed.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker received a letter post-marked New York, March 24, inclosing a \$1,000 United States gold note, and one \$500 gold note, which the sender desires him to place to the credit of the Conscience Fund. The sender, in his letter, says that years ago he defrauded the Government of quite a large sum of money. Since then the matter has lain heavily upon his conscience, and as he has made a little money he sends it to the Government. The \$1,500, he says, is 25 per cent. over and above the amount taken.

Mr. E. P. Telford has commenced a series of two-weeks' services in the De Witt Memorial Church on Rivington Street, New York. The services he has just concluded in the Broome Street Tabernacle were as successful as those previously held in the Oliver Church, though the class of persons reached was so different. Mr. Telford has a marvellous power of adaptation, which was strikingly shown in the services of those two churches. Large numbers are being brought to Christ by the blessing of God on the English evangelist's labors.

A convention of working girls' societies is to be held in New York, April 15-17. Delegations are expected from the associations of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia. Miss Grace H. Dodge will preside. Day sessions will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, and the evening sessions in Cooper Union. The Convention is called to promote a union between the various organizations existing for the benefit of working girls, and the instruction of those proposing to organize such societies. Inquiries may be addressed to the Secretary, 262 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE ROUGH-HEWER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away. Therefore have I hewed them by the prophets; I have slain them by the words of my mouth: and thy judgments are as the light that goeth forth." Hos. 6:4, 5. Exhortation Rather than Explanation Needed—Unusual Means Necessary—The Lord's Question—I. The Disappointments of Love—Impressible Hearers—They Give Speedy Promise—Striking Promises—II. The Devices of Mercy—The Hewing of Sickness—Of Bereavement—Of Financial Ruin—Of Stirring Preaching—III. The Declaration of Justice—IV. The Path of Wisdom.

VERY simple is the way of salvation: very plain is the road home. The chapter begins with it: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord." By going away from the Lord, we have lost our privileges, have become wounded, and have lost ourselves. To find all these things again we must go back to the Lord from whom we have wandered. We must cry with the repenting prodigal, "I will arise, and go to my father;" and if we at once begin to carry out the resolve, the way home is not far to seek. Concerning salvation, we need only preach one sermon by way of explanation; but men need ten sermons by way of exhortation. Turn to the right when you come to the cross, and keep straight on, and you will get home, however much you have wandered from the right way.

Alas! too many of our hearers complicate this sweet simplicity. They will not be content to take the plain way; they love more winding paths. They will not drink of the cool, flowing waters, but they look for a mingled cup of their own filling. They are waiting: for what are they waiting? They are looking about: for what are they looking?

They Choose a Thorny Maze

instead of a straight road. The Lord God, when He is resolved to save, sees it needful to use peculiar methods with these, who will not be satisfied to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child. Because they will not come when they are bidden, the Lord adds blows to His words. Because they will not come when they are gently drawn, they shall be roughly driven. By strong measures and strange methods He will bring back the stray sheep. "Yet doth He devise means, that His banished be not expelled from Him."

In the case before us, love seems to have reached its nonplus. Infinite love and boundless wisdom seem in this instance to be brought to a dead halt. God has been dealing with Judah and Ephraim in ways as wide as the poles asunder: He has been as a moth, which, without noise, frets the garment, and thus He has caused them a grave disquiet in a gentle and secret manner; but as this sufficed not, He has also turned His lion upon them, and by sharp afflictions and terrible visitations, they have been torn and wounded, as when a wild beast rends his prey in pieces. But neither the gentle nor the terrible has availed; they have remained hardened. What can now be tried? The Lord asks the question.

I. First,

The Disappointments of Love.

We have a number of persons about us of whose conversion we have been very hopeful. We know those who for years have presented cheering signs of a gracious work within them, and yet hitherto they have occasioned us grave disappointment. They bud, but they never fruit. Long have they disappointed us, and our fear is that they will disappoint us even to the end.

These people give very speedy promise. We have hardly begun with them; but we feel sanguine of success. We reckon on them at once, but we reckon wrongfully. We have not preached long before we see tears; we have not talked long before we perceive emotions. We feel sure that the Word of God will not return void from them, for they attend carefully, and are moved by the Word as the boughs of the forest are swayed by the wind. It all comes to nothing; but at first the promise hastened as the rod of an almond-tree. Oh these stony-ground hearers, what a fraud they are! These come by scores to the penitent form; but where are they afterward? These throng the inquiry-room, but never unite with the church. They make a great display of emotion; but it is all a flash in the pan. They are very impressible, but they are as impetuous as they are impressible. They never stop to think, but go for a matter blindly. They never look before they leap; they leap, and then they look, and come to the conclusion to jump back again.

These people give striking promises. For the morning cloud was a very striking promise of rain. So have some of you, my dear hearers, greatly cheered us with a fair prospect of your conversion. You made some very plain and decided remarks, and your life for a while appeared happily altered, so that we and others said, "We trust it is a work of grace." But you have deceived us; and, worse than that, you have dealt treacherously with God in this matter; for you have gone back to your old ways, though you know them to be evil. You yourself thought that you were converted, and you openly avowed that you were so, and you determined to be this, that, and the other; and yet you are none of these things. We could stand and weep over you, for we know not what to do next. God Himself seems to inquire of you, "What shall I do unto thee? What shall I do unto thee? Thy goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

Futile Hewing.

These persons give repeated promises. Though they have failed once, they very freely promise again; though they have failed twenty times, yet they confidently resolve anew. They are always beginning, never going on. The work of a minister with such people is endless. What would the hewer of trees do if the tree grew so fast as to fill up the gashes which his axe had made? This would be a case of labor in vain. Such is my work with many of you, my hearers. Practically, I have to deal with you as I began thirty years ago—if indeed you are not worse. If I were the hewer of timber, I should feel pleasure in the woodman's craft; but if each time I had half felled a tree its wound would heal up, I think I should give up in despair. Yet wherein does this differ from my case with you?

No doubt some give us early promise of better things, because they are under temporary excitement, and hardly know what they say; or they are afraid because of prevailing sickness, or fear of death and judgment. They have no sense of sin, but they feel a fear of hell. They have no wish to escape from doing wrong, but they want to save their skins from the punishment which follows upon wrong-doing. When they are ill they not only send for the doctor, but send for the Christian man to come and pray with them: they send for the doctor because they would be freed from pain, and for the other because they would be freed from hell. Every murderer would, of course, escape the gallows if he could; but this desire is no proof of repentance, and no sign of reformation.

II. But I must hasten now to notice, in the second place, with a view to the comfort of some here,

The Devices of Mercy.

"Therefore," says the text—what? Therefore I gave them up? Therefore I left them to themselves? No, not yet; but, "Therefore have I hewed them by the prophets; I have slain them by the words of My mouth." To many men whom God has predestinated unto eternal life it has happened that, after they have long resisted the drawings of divine grace, the Lord has dealt with them in quite another fashion, though with the same design.

In this case, according to the text, He hewed them by the prophets; but I have seen the Lord hew men with cutting providences. One man would not think till the Lord laid him on a bed of sickness. Even there he tried to brazen it out; but the sickness grew worse, and a more painful disease followed upon the first. Depression of spirit followed upon weakness of body; and suddenly the curtain seemed to lift, and the man was compelled to look into the eternal future, black and grim. He had always shunned that sight; but now it haunted him. He who would not think nor care about eternal things began to be exceeding thoughtful and careful about such matters. The Lord was hewing him with personal sickness, and it was of no use for him to attempt to stand out against Him.

The Axe of Death.

Or, the hewing has been by bereavements. His wife, who was the delight of his eyes, suddenly sickened and died. A little child followed: the darling of the household was laid upon its mother's coffin. When the second stroke came, the man cried, "O God, I cannot bear this! What wouldst thou have me to do?" But he still held out, and continued impenitent. He had one left—his daughter, the lone star of his life. On a sudden she was taken from him. Then he wept in the bitterness of his spirit, for he was a heart-broken man. In my experience, in dealing with anxious souls, I often meet with men and women who find life through the death of

their best beloved. An open grave has been God's doorway to their hearts.

The rough hewing has often taken another shape, and has come in the form of loss and impoverishment. The man was getting on wonderfully in business: everything prospered with him, and his increasing wealth ministered to his presumption. He had an excursion for God's day, a jest for God's Word, a contempt for God's house, and an ill word for God's people. But suddenly there came a turn of the tide, and he was carried down-stream. He struggled against it; but he found himself hastening to the lower reaches of the river of debt, and drawing near to the sea of bankruptcy. He did not see that the hand of God had gone out against him, but cursed his bad luck, and resolved to fight it out. He had to leave his comfortable house, and live in a very reduced fashion, and he felt it much. But he did not yield. He would find a situation: he would earn his living by harder work. But he could not find a situation; he tramped London in vain till his bare feet almost touched the stones of the pavement, and his clothes grew ragged about him. Now, the prospect was grim indeed; for no citizen of the far country would even send him into his fields to feed swine. Then it was that he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

The Hewer in the Pulpit.

With certain others, the Lord does not so much deal with cutting providences as by sharp and convincing ministries. Do you not remember, some of you, before you found the Lord, how quietly you heard your minister, and were comfortable and sleepy under him? But the Lord came forth by that ministry against you, and you were sore wounded by it. You had amended your faults, and rectified your life, and you felt very much at ease. The evil spirit had gone out, and the house was empty, swept and garnished: you were in a very hopeful and happy condition. Do you recollect that dreadful sermon which, like a bombshell, broke through the roof of your house, and set the whole place on fire. You were very angry, but the deed was done.

I have known hearers exclaim, "I will never hear that man again. He makes me miserable. Why not hear him again? Do you want him to flatter you? I have no such commission." O my hearers, do you think that I come here on the Sabbath-day with an anxious heart, aiming at your gratification? Do you think that I play a fiddle that you may dance to it? God forbid that I should so ruin both you and myself! A minister flings his soul away if he spends his energies in the attempt to please his congregation. It may not be we that some of you should be pleased. Sometimes when a man grows outrageously angry with a sermon, he is getting more good than when he retired saying, "What an eloquent discourse!" I say the Lord uses ministries of a cutting kind to make men uneasy in their sins, and cause them to flee to Christ for peace.

Gashes in the Soul.

Beyond this, the Lord uses with many men very cutting operations within their souls. They feel spiritual hewings within, which are most terrible. It is my lot almost every day in the week to meet with those who are pressed beneath the heavy hand of conviction of sin. By long experience of the Lord's hewings, I feel at home where the axe has made gaping gashes, and the chips lie deep about me. But this is awful work in certain instances for the tree seems cut down close by the root. When the Lord puts back a shutter and lets a little light into the dark room of the soul, what filthy and loathsomeness appear where all seemed clean! The Lord does more than that; He takes up the cellar flap and lets the man peer beneath the surface into the dark vault of his heart. What a sink of depravity! What an abyss of deceit! No man's reason would survive a full sight of his own inner self. A cage of unclean birds is nothing to it. The lusts and filthy imaginations, the pride, the wrath, the deceit, the meanness of our natures, who can know them? When we see these hidden evils revealed by the Scriptures we are indeed

Slain by the Word

of the Lord's mouth. I spoke to one the other day who said, "Sir, I am spiritually dead." I answered, "Jesus says, 'He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'" He replied that he was without hope, and I reminded him that one time we also were without Christ and without hope, and yet we were made nigh. "Alas!" said he, "I have no strength for anything." I bid him remember that it is written, "When we were

without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "O sir," he said, "you are very foolish to turn things about; but I am lost." "Yes," I said, "and the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." If you will describe yourself as a pretty gentleman, I shall find something in the Bible wherewith to comfort you; but as long as you have only black words and condemning words wherewith to daub yourself, I feel that you are Christ's man, for you describe yourself just as the Scriptures describe those whom sin came to save." Painful as are God's strokes, rejoice to hear His axe going; for those whom the Lord hews to-day He will help to-morrow.

II. And now I have to notice with deep solemnity, for a moment only,

The Declaration of Justice

which is placed in the midst of this revelation of mercy. What doth the Word say? "Thy judgments are as the light that goeth forth." Perhaps address one this morning who has promised fair heaven, but has deceived everybody, and now he has been dealing with him in another way, and he must feel the axe of affliction—if, after all, he remains obstinate, and will not yield to the love of God, his condemnation will be just. If, despite of this, he is determined to be lost, God's judgments will be as clear as the light of the morning, as the flash of lightning in a storm. It is great mercy that has dealt so unmercifully with your temporal estate. It is great love that has taken away from you your love. In any case, you have deserved it, and God's dealings with you are clearly righteous; you cannot question His procedure.

But if all this be in vain, and you pass into that state unsaved, God's eternal judgment must you will be "as the light that goeth forth." Will you plead for you? Methinks I see you in that last dread day. Yes, here he comes! This is man who knew all about Christ and His precious blood, and salvation by grace through faith! This is he who knew, but did not act as he knew. Who will be his advocate? Here he comes, the man who two Sundays in the year heard the gospel fully preached, and yet closed his ear to it. What excuse has he? Here he comes—the man who was pleaded with, but would not come; who lamented for him? Here he comes, the man who was the subject of many prayers, and many loving pleadings; the man that was so near to the kingdom as to be almost persuaded to be a Christian! What can be said for him? For this man so much was done that the Lord said, "What would have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Mercy itself came to a pause. I said, "What shall I do unto thee? What shall I do unto thee?" Surely, it is now the turn for me to ask the same question. Will it not be the other case of, "He stood speechless; and the Lord said, Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth?" My God! am I speaking to one this morning whose case this will be? V. So, then, I finish with my fourth head, which is not in the text, and yet is the true drift of the text: consider

The Path of Wisdom.

Now all I have said, if you please, but listen to the voice which saith, "Come, let us return unto the Lord!" Why should ye be smitten any more? Will you revolt more and more. Why should you be like the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle? Why should you be "like dumb driven cattle?" Listen to the voice of wisdom, and be reconciled to God by the death of His Son. "Come, let us return unto the Lord."

This is very simple. So much the better for you. Think of it; nay, practice it. What is the way back to God? The Lord Jesus answers, "I am the way." Come Him to be your door of access to the great God on whom you have aforetime turned your backs. Along the blood-besprinkled way of the living sacrifice return unto the Lord your God.

Not only are the words simple, but they are encouraging. It is put here in a way that ought to encourage you; for others invite you, lest you be afraid to go alone—"Come, and let us return unto the Lord." Let us go together. Here, take my hand: I will go to Jesus as a sinner. All of us who have gone to Him aforetime, will go to Him again with you. Come! Do you hesitate? Come, let us go at once. Let us go together. We will pray for you, and for you; we know the road, and will lead it out to you. You are sitting side by side

with your wife this morning, and you are neither of you saved yet. Oh, that the two of you would seize each other's hands and say, "Come and let us return unto the Lord!" And you, brothers and sisters, or you, friends, who know each other well, would it not be a happy thing if, hand in hand, ere you leave this place, you did return unto the Lord? Come! Come! Come! Let us return; why do we linger? Oh that all here present who have not come back to God by Jesus Christ would come in a great company to the Lord!

Does it seem too bold a thing for you to go back to God? Be not dismayed. Take heart because of the word of promise. You cry, "He has torn me: He has wounded me." Yes, that is why you should come to Him, for it is written, "He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up." "Look!" cries the sick man, "see what

A Gash the Surgeon Made!

He has gone away; do you think he will come again to me?" Come again? Of course he will. He must come again. If he made that wound, he had a purpose in it, and he will go through with his design. He has made the open wound because it was necessary to make it, and he has thereby bound himself to attend to you till you are healed. In conviction there is promise of consolation. It is not the nature of our good Lord to cause needless grief. His wounds intend a cure. The Lord who has broken your heart will bind it up. The Lord who has made you tremble at His name will yet make you rejoice in His salvation. He has said it: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." The Lord will come to you in the grave of despair, and bid you live. Behold His gracious promise, and believe it to be true: "After two days will He revive us: in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." May we all live in His sight by faith in Christ Jesus; and to Him be glory for ever. Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Trophies of United Prayer.—Mr. McLauchlan said: "I knew a mother who had six near and dear friends whom she wanted saved. For twelve months she prayed for them, and put forth every effort, but none of them were converted. Then she went to the prayer-meeting and asked the saints gathered there to join her in her petitions, and within two months all the six were in Christ. She used to say, as she lifted up her heart in thankfulness to God, 'I prayed for them, but I had not faith enough, but these good people in the meeting had enough, and between us we got them in.' Joint effort is a most powerful lever. Two or three of God's people assembled in one place, and with one accord, can obtain from the Lord wonders of grace. I have never known the joint prayers of Christians to fail."

First Sight of a Snowstorm.—Mr. McLauchlan said: "When I was preaching in dear Dr. Bonar's church he told me of a lady who had come from the West Indies. On the day of her arrival a snowstorm came on, and from her window she saw for the first time the earth covered with a white mantle. The trees and shrubs seemed to her the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. With a sharp knife she went down-stairs to cut off one of these frescoed branches; and as she went she thought how it would surprise her West Indian friends when she should display her treasure to their astonished gaze. She did not know, but soon discovered, that the snow would quickly disappear. Great was her grief when she found this to be the case. Our religion must not be like that snow-laden branch, its beauty melting away as soon as we have detached it from the tree of Sabbath observances, but remain white with heaven's light, and capable of being used on every day in the week as well as on Sunday."

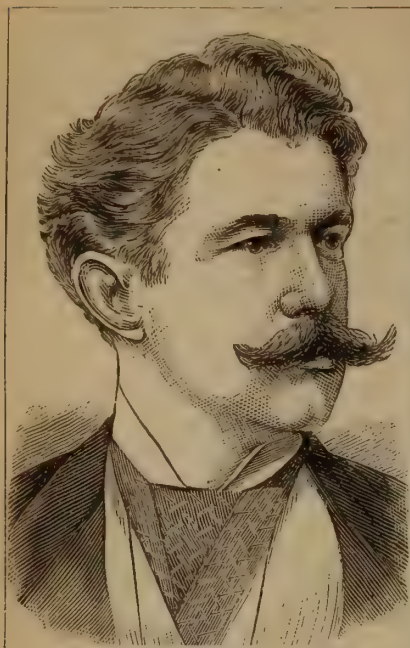
A Girl's Dying Courage.—Mrs. Helen Williams relates: "Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. 'Don't let me die!' she said; 'don't let me die! Hold me fast! Oh, I can't go!' 'Jennie,' I said, 'you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you.' But she cried out again despairingly, 'Don't let me go! they are strangers over there.' She was a little simple-hearted girl, strong-

limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face. She was brought up in the country; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death which was inevitable. 'Hold me fast!' she cried; 'don't let me go!' But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist, and lifted themselves eagerly aloft, lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of heavenly recognition. They saw something plainly that we did not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand trembled in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place. 'Mamma,' she said, 'mamma, they are not strangers; I'm not afraid.' And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes, till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed amongst its billows, and she was gone!"

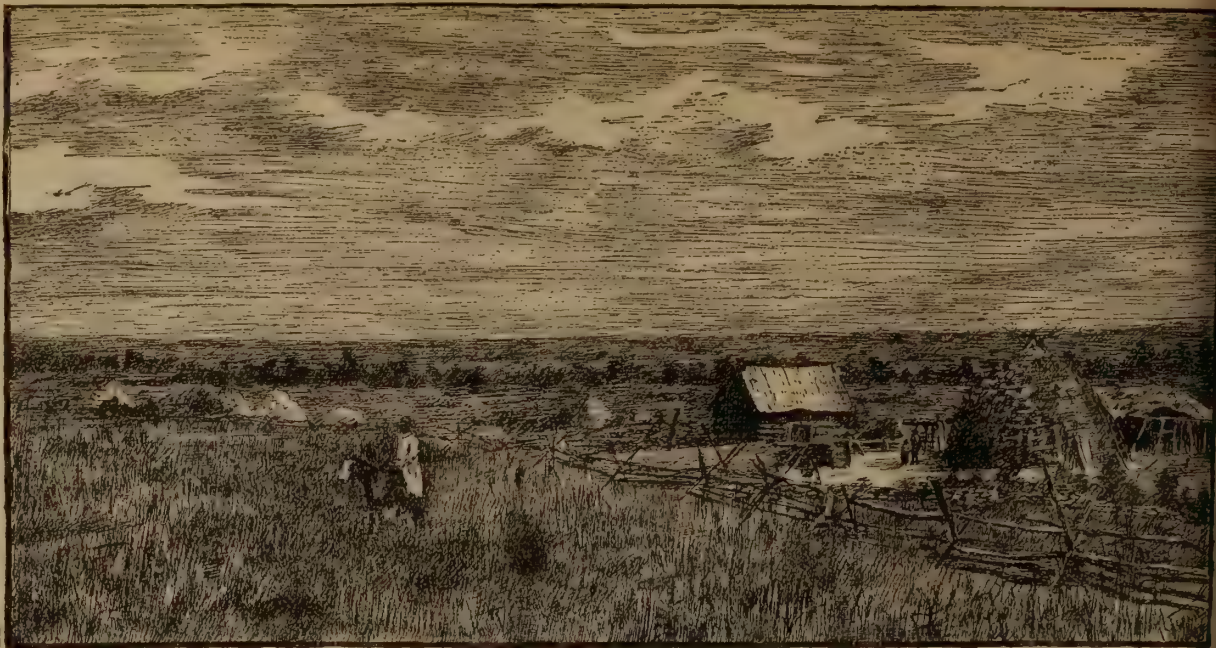
Saved at the Sewing-Machine.—Mr. Thompson said: "I was preaching in East Kilbride, and one night a woman came into the hall, very anxious about her soul. I and some others spoke to her, but it was of no use, she left the hall unsaved. She came back night after night, but still was unable to find rest in Christ. One day I resolved to visit her at home. I found her busy at her sewing-machine, her feet on the treadle, and her hands guiding the work. There I told her the old, old story, but it seemed as if her eyes were sealed that she could not see, and I had to go away without the pleasure of seeing her born into the kingdom of God. That night she was at the meeting again, but what a change had come over her! Her face shone with a newly acquired joy, and her whole being seemed changed. At the end of the meeting I went to her and inquired, 'Is it all right now?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Two hours after you left, as I sat at my work, I began to sing that hymn, "Take me as I am," and it seemed as if I were really saying it from my heart, and there and then I gave myself to Christ.'"

Why the Women Sold Drink.—The Speaker also relates: "In a town where seventy women held liquor licenses, deputies went round to them, asking them how they would vote on the question of prohibition. To our surprise, they almost all said they would vote against the liquor traffic, and in favor of prohibition. When asked why they would vote against the trade by which they obtained their livelihood, they replied, 'Oh, that is easily seen. If there were no liquor-shops our husbands would bring home their wages, and we should have no need to open liquor or any other kind of shop; but our husbands drink away all their money, and as we cannot stand by and see our children starve, we are forced to do something; and one poor woman said, 'Yes, it is a bad trade; but, you see, I am too weak to wash or scrub. I can scarcely do anything, but I can stand behind the bar and deal out liquor; and I have to do it, though I know it is a bad business.' Surely, the evils of the drink traffic are abundantly evident, when even those who are making money by it detest it, and would be glad to see it dead. What plea can it have that it should be allowed to exist, and any longer pollute this world with its long train of vice and iniquity?"

Bill Surprises His Wife.—"My Bible-Woman" once came to me and said, 'Bill's wife, the man who was converted at your open-air meeting, has a good story to tell you about him, if you would go down and hear it.' I went, and found her quite ready to tell me all about it. 'Well, you see, sir, it was last Monday, that was washing day, and the baby was teething, and things all seemed to be going wrong. I felt as if I could just sit down and have a good cry. The flour was gone, and I wanted to bake, so I told my boy to call in at the baker's and tell him to bring a stone of flour. The flour seemed long in coming, but at last there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it there stood a man with a sack of flour. "Why," I exclaimed, "I only asked my boy to tell you to send a stone of flour." "Oh, yes," he replied, "but your man came down and ordered a sack and paid for it. Where shall I put it?" "Put it where you like," I said, "there is some mistake; you are sure to be back for it." He put it down by the door, and was not long away, when there came another knock.



Count Herbert Bismarck.



Rev. W. F. Re Qua's Visit to an Indian Hut on the Prairie.

"Oh, he has found out his mistake already," I said, as I rose to answer it; but there stood another man, who said, "I have a ton of coals here for you." "What! a ton of coals for me?" I thought every one was going mad. "Who told you to send them?" "Oh, Bill came down and bought and paid for them." He put them down in the back yard and went away. Then Bill came in smiling, and I said, "Why are you so mysterious? What is all this about?" "Well," he said, "you know I signed the pledge, and now I save here and there; and when I heard you tell the boy to get a stone of flour I thought, Why should my wife not have a sack? And I knew you needed coals, so I thought you should have a ton of them." "And what did you do?" I asked. She blushed, and said, "I could not help it; I just put my arms round Bill's neck and kissed him."

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK.

(See Portrait.)

WHEN Prince Bismarck resigned his offices recently, the world was informed that the great statesman's reason for retiring from the cares of state was his advanced age, his ill-health, and his urgent need of rest after a long and arduous public career. The world was sceptical. Whatever truth there might be in the facts, they did not believe that they were the cause of his retirement. The suspicion became certainty when it was announced a few days later that Count Herbert Bismarck, the elder son of the Chancellor, had also resigned, and that his resignation had been accepted. Count Herbert held the office corresponding to that which we call Secretary of State. It does not correspond exactly, because in Germany there is no Cabinet, but each member of the Government who is at the head of a department acts independently of his colleagues, and all are under the supervision of the Chancellor. Herbert Bismarck in that office might be supposed to be a representative of his father, and a pledge to Germany that the policy which has raised her to the highest position in Europe would be continued. When, therefore, he resigned his office, it was perceived that the Bismarcks—father and son—had the same reason for retirement. The Count is but little over forty years of age—having been born December 28, 1849. At that age a statesman has usually the best and most useful period of his life before him. The Count's retirement, therefore, implies a quarrel with the Emperor, and an indication that the Bismarckian policy is no longer to be the policy of Germany.

AN INDIAN HUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

(See Illustration.)

THE readers of this journal who have been contributing to the support of the Rev. W. F. Re Qua and his devoted wife will be glad to have this picture. It is an engraving from a photograph taken by Mr. Re Qua during his recent long journey across the Indian Territory to Lone Wolf's camp. It will be remembered that Mr. Re Qua's journey was undertaken at the request of Lone Wolf himself. He had promised Mr. Re Qua that if he would come to his camp he should have land on which to build a

school-house, and he would urge his people to attend. Mr. Re Qua accepted, and now there is a comfortable building erected, and Lone Wolf has himself set an example to his people by sending his own son to receive Christian training.

It is impossible to recommend too strongly the claims of this work on the Christian public. Mr. Re Qua and his wife have labored hard and endured privations in living among the Indians, but they are both enthusiastic over the results of their work, and thank God most heartily for the blessing He has given to their labors. Mrs. Re Qua teaches school and helps the Indian girls to learn sewing and reading and writing, while her husband takes long journeys to preach the Gospel to people right in our midst who have never heard it before. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have enabled them to do this, and if the journal had done nothing else, this alone would be an achievement calling for devout thankfulness. We trust our readers will continue to help this self-denying couple who have proved their sincerity and devotion to a work which few would care to undertake, but which so urgently needs to be done. Mr. Re Qua's address is McAlister, Ind. Ter., where all contributions in money or clothing will be most gratefully received.

COALS OF FIRE.

"We love Him because He first loved us." I John 4:19. S. S. Golden Text for April 20.

THERE was a new minister at Deaneville. Many preachers had come and gone, but none had caused so much talk as had Mr. Martin. The little church was crowded at every service, and would soon have to be enlarged, if, indeed, a new one would not have to be built. The members of other churches went to hear Mr. Martin, as was the custom in the little town when a new minister came, but none of them "connected" themselves with his church. They preferred their own churches, and shook their heads when the success of Mr. Martin was mentioned.

"All excitement," said Deacon Fletcher. "It's like a fire of straw. Just see the kind of folks he allows to join. There's Jim Warner, who lives just outside my place. Jim has stolen everything of mine he could lay his hands on. He's got regular sticky fingers. I've had to watch and lock up everything. He's got religion, they say, and is going to join the church. He's not going to hold; it would be a good thing for me if he did. But it's a pretty church that has Jim Warner for one of its members. How would you like to have him in your pew, eh, Squire?"

Squire Lawson shrugged his shoulders, and held up his hands in deprecation. "I've had Jim in the prisoner's pen more than once," he said; "that's as near to me as I ever want Jim to be, thank you."

The ladies of the town were not more friendly to the movement than the Deacon and the Squire. Mrs. Lawson opined that Mr. Martin would have his hands full now Lottie Allen was a regular member. "She is quite a bad character, you know."

"They say Mrs. Cranston is half crazy with joy," said Mrs. Pennel, to whom the Squire's wife was talking. "She says it is the Lord's work. But then she always was a great one for revivals, and

liked shouting and excitement. It would look better of her if she attended to her house more, and did not go to so many meetings."

"There's worse people than Mrs. Cranston," said the Squire's wife. "When I was sick she came and sat up with me, and her talk was real good. She prayed with me just like a minister. I wish I was as good as she is. She's been a professor many years, and I should think she feels nervous about the kind of people Mr. Martin is bringing in."

"Well, she mixes with them as if she did no mind. There are very few ladies who would like to sit down with the women that go there now. Have you heard Mr. Martin, Mrs. Lawson?"

"Yes, once. I did not like him at all. He preached as if every one there was living the worst kind of life. And he made so much of faith. I only believed, it did not seem to matter to him what kind of life you led; you might come right in. There'll be a pretty scandal there one of these days."

Mrs. Pennel made no reply; but she wondered Mr. Martin made any remarks about drinking, and the service which Mrs. Lawson attended. There were whispers about the town that Mrs. Lawson like her husband, was too fond of the wine-cup.

The scandal in Mr. Martin's church did not come, in spite of the predictions. The Sunday school was growing, but there were scarcely any well-dressed children in it. A few who did go were taken away, or left of their own accord; for Mr. Martin was apt to come in with a lot of dirty, ill-behaved boys and girls whom he found playing on some vacant lot, and had persuaded to come to school. The girls drew their pretty dresses away from the new-comers, and edged off from them and did not want to go to that school any more.

Gradually the church came to be regarded as kind of lazar-house, or a cave of Engedi, where nearly every member had been in disgrace, or in debt, or in trouble of some kind. Depreciatory references to it were made in the local paper and in society. Squire Lawson made several witty remarks about it in a public speech, and Mrs. Lawson refused an invitation to a wedding and to funeral when she heard that Mr. Martin was to officiate. She said she did not like Mr. Martin, and did not wish to mix with the rabble he would probably bring with him. In fact, among the ladies of Deaneville, Mrs. Lawson was regarded as the leader of the opposition to Mr. Martin and his church.

There was more truth than was generally known in the whispers about Mrs. Lawson. She had drifted almost unconsciously into the habit of drinking. When she was worried or low-spirited she had taken a little of the wine of which her husband had always plenty around, and finding that stimulated her, she had come to use more and more of it, until the habit was fixed. Squire Lawson, with that strange code of ethics that men have, was exasperated when he found his wife in the condition common enough in his own case. He stormed and threatened, but to no purpose, and finally in a fit of passion turned her out of door. She took refuge with her mother, who lived on the

tskirts of Deanele, and hoped that her husband would aid for her when his passion had subsided. At the day wore on and no message came. The next day passed, and still no word from the Squire. The whole town must know by this time, but no one came to see her. Mrs. Watson was almost frantic.

On the third day, to her amazement, Mr. Martin called. At another time, and in her own house, she would have refused to see him, but now she was friendless and in such straits that she was glad of his visit. He said he had heard of her trouble, and had come to see if he could be of any service. The words were simple and so evidently sincere, that the wretched wife's heart opened to him and she told him all her story.

"Oh, Mr. Martin, you don't know how hard I tried," she said, in conclusion. "I struggled with my might, but the wine was there, and I could never resist the temptation, no matter how firmly I determined to do so."

"I know," the clergyman said, "my life was for many years a continual battle with temptation until I found the secret of strength. I am not surprised that you fell while you were depending on yourself. Let us pray about it."

After prayer the clergyman spoke to the troubled woman about God's love for sinners, of His sympathy, of the love Christ had manifested for the fallen and the sinful when He was here. He saw she was moved, and judging it best that she should have time for thought, he rose to leave. But before going asked if he should see the Squire on her behalf. "Would you really do that, Mr. Martin?" Mrs. Watson asked, in astonishment. "You do not know all I have said and done against you. Why would you of all others come to my help in my trouble?" "My Master's life and teaching guide me, my dear lady. He taught us to return good for evil. He loved us without regard to our conduct, and I love all who are in sorrow and need, and would help them if I can. It is a Christian's privilege. I will see the Squire for you if you approve, and try to get his trouble removed."

"You are a good man, Mr. Martin," said the woman earnestly. "I never was so sorry over anything as over abusing you. God is very good in sending you to me. I will try to do all you say." Mr. Martin went on his self-imposed errand, meditating much on the best way of approaching the Squire, and with an earnest prayer for help. There was no need of such preparation. He found the house in confusion and the Squire lying helpless and unconscious on his bed. He had been away from home in some adjacent village since the trouble with his wife. He had been drinking heavily to drown his self-reproaches, and in returning he had fallen from his horse. He had been conscious only for a minute since they brought him home, but in that minute he had asked for his wife. Mr. Martin hurried away and brought her to his bedside. The Squire did not know her then, but a few hours later he opened his eyes, grasped her hand, and with the word "Forgive" on his lips he breathed his last.

Mr. Martin had no more devoted member of his church in the years that followed than Mrs. Watson. She seemed untiring in her effort to atone for her former opposition to him. That he should have been her friend when she had no other, that he could have forgiven her ill-treatment and have come to her help in her extremity, never ceased to amaze her. "It must be Christ in him," she used to say. But above all, that through his guidance she had been led by Christ's help to overcome the



The Accident to the "City of Paris."—The Life-Boat Going for Help.

habit that was ruining her, body and soul, inspired her gratitude and love. The Deaneville people wondered when she joined Mr. Martin's church, and wondered still more at her zeal and at her piety. She could give but one explanation for both mysteries. The servant of Christ had shown her by his own conduct what Christ was. His forgiveness and love were but a type of the forgiveness and love of her Lord. And she loved Him because He first loved her.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "CITY OF PARIS." (See Illustration.)

SOME days of intense anxiety were experienced last week by a large number of persons in various parts of the country, who had friends on board the *City of Paris*. The fastest ocean steamer in existence left New York on March 19, and should have reached Queenstown, at her usual rate of travel, on March 25, but on March 29 no tidings of her had been received. She had on board 785 sacks of mail, 185 saloon, 83 intermediate, and 419 steerage passengers, besides her crew. To the intense relief of the public a cable message was received on March 30, stating that the missing steamship was then being towed into Queenstown by another steamer and three tugs, and all on board were alive and well.

The following vivid description of the voyage and the accident was collated from the narratives of the passengers: At 5:30 o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 25, while the passengers were at dinner, a loud crash was heard, followed by the terrific roar of an explosion, and the great ship quivered from stem to stern. The next moment the thumping of the starboard engine jolted the knives and plates on the table, and before the frightened passengers could leave their seats the steamer listed to the left side, and the order rang out on deck to clear the lifeboats, as is usual in similar circumstances.

Many passengers fell on their knees in prayer. Others hurried to their staterooms to pack up valuables, while the great majority rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of trouble. The officers assured them that there was no immediate danger.

"I soon ascertained," says a passenger, "that the condition of the steamer was very serious. The starboard engine had given way in some unknown part, and the low-pressure cylinder had been smashed into fifty pieces. The iron bulkhead dividing the port and starboard engines had been broken, as were also the injection and water pipe connections, and through a hole in the bottom of the steamer, caused by the disconnected and broken machinery, the water was rushing into both engine-rooms; and, bad as all this state of affairs was for 1,000 souls far out in the Atlantic, it would unquestionably have been much worse but for the splendid daring and presence of mind of the first engineer, who, immedi-

ately after the smash, and in the face of the blinding and hissing steam which filled the engine-room, succeeded in shutting off the steam, and thus prevented what might have been a catastrophe for all aboard had the ponderous machinery been permitted to continue working.

"The pumps were now all set going, the boats were cleared, and provisions held ready for each one in case it should become necessary to take to them. Not a soul aboard the steamer went to bed that night, which was beautifully fine, and crowds of passengers remained on deck, while rockets were fired every half hour with a view to attract passing vessels.

"During the whole of the next day no ship of any class was sighted, although some of the officers

were especially told off to scan the horizon with glasses. Meanwhile we drifted aimlessly about, now and then setting our jib to keep the steamer's head steady, but it was little use, as the wind was light. Many of the passengers now observed that the hull of the vessel, from the mainmast aft, had settled down in the water several feet, and this was a fresh cause for anxiety, and groups of them were hourly examining the water-line to ascertain if her water draught was increasing.

"Another day dawned, and no signs of assistance being at hand Captain Watkins determined to send one of the lifeboats to the Irish coast to report the disabled condition of the steamer. Having called for volunteers for perilous mission, Chief Officer Frederick Passow offered to take charge of the boat, and he secured the men willing to act as a crew. The boat, being supplied with three days' provisions, as well as colored lights and rockets for signals, left the steamer at a quarter to 2 P. M. on Thursday, March 27, having instructions to intercept any passing vessels, and inform them of the position and disabled state of the *City of Paris*. At 4:35 P. M. we lost sight of the brave fellows who, in an open boat 220 miles from land, risked their own lives on an errand to procure assistance for us.

"Few passengers expected to see the light of another day, for the big vessel settled steadily as the water gained upon the crew. Nevertheless all on board behaved admirably, placing the utmost confidence in the officers, who, cool and impassive, assured them that if the weather continued fine there would be no difficulty in keeping the steamer afloat until help arrived, as several of the bulkheads were intact. The crew still labored at the pumps in hourly relays. It was discovered that the continual effort sufficed to keep the ship afloat, and prayer-meetings were held in the cabin that the ocean might remain calm until assistance arrived.

"The prayers were answered. At daybreak on Friday morning a steamer was discovered close at hand. She was the *Adriatic*, of the White Star line, bound from Liverpool to New York, which our boat's crew had sent to our help. Boats were at once sent to the distressed vessel, and the captain of the *Adriatic* offered to take off the passengers of the *City of Paris* and carry them to New York. None of the passengers accepted this offer, as they had confidence by this time that the *City of Paris* would remain afloat. A steamer bound toward Queenstown was sighted. The vessel proved to be the *Aldersgate*, of London, from New Orleans, laden with cotton, for Liverpool. She at once took the *City of Paris* in tow. Before noon on Friday the American steamer *Ohio*, also bound for Queenstown and Liverpool, overtook the *City of Paris*, and with the help of three tugs, the Irish coast was reached on Sunday, March 30, to the great relief of all on board."

A DECISIVE MOMENT.

A GOSPEL tent was erected last fall at Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. Among those who strolled into it one Sunday afternoon were two young men, one of whom was nominally a Roman Catholic. He went in more out of curiosity, to see what a Protestant service was like, and to oblige the friend who accompanied him than from any other motive. He had never had reason for concern about his personal salvation, and if he had, he would have gone to his priest about it, as he believed that outside the Romish Church there was no salvation. However, he enjoyed the service, noted the simplicity and earnestness of the preacher, and liked the custom of the congregation joining in the singing. He went again and again to the tent, and was each time more impressed with the new views of personal religion he heard there. He began to be uneasy about himself and less confident of his safety for eternity. He heard that except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God, and he knew that he had not experienced any change so radical as that. The young man began to think, and the more he thought, the more dissatisfied with his state he became. His friend, who had taken him to the tent, invited him to attend a meeting at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. There again he heard the same story. He must pass into a new state of life to become a child of God. He wondered what it could be, but looking around at the bright, eager faces, he could see many who seemed to have realized the change by experience. His discontent with his former life led him to wish for it for himself. So, when nearly the close of the meeting, an invitation was tendered to any present who wished to become Christians, and who would raise their hands, his hand went up. He fully appreciated the significance of what he was doing, and was aware that it might involve separation from his church, but he wanted peace. It was the act of a man publicly declaring himself a seeker after Christ, and he so understood it. The act was decisive, and in that moment peace came. Later on, he learned the way of God more perfectly, and understood what faith meant, and how, through Christ alone, salvation might be had; but it was in the moment of that public declaration that he started in the Divine life. When he was received a few Sundays ago into a Presbyterian Church, he persisted in stating that, dark as his mind was when he raised his hand, he received in that moment the germ of the endless life and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

A VOW AT A GRAVE.

AN affecting scene was witnessed a few days ago in a cemetery near New York. A funeral procession wended its way through the winding paths to a newly opened grave. It was only a child's funeral, such as may be seen any day. Persons who saw it pass, doubtless gave it no second thought. Children are born and die every day. It is the common lot. And this was little more than an infant. But little more than one year had passed since the little form, which was being carried to the tomb had entered the world. Yet how much it represented to the poor mother who followed it! The light and joy of the home were carried out of it when the little casket was brought out, and put in the hearse. The daily and hourly cares of the mother, which the little one's presence had brought, were over. The delightful occupations associated with the tiny dependent frame were gone, and the sweet lisps of "Mamma," and the merry laughter, were hushed. It seemed as if the very life of the household had stopped, too. Oh, yes, it was only a child who was going to the grave, but who can tell how much of the mother's life was being buried in that grave? The simple ceremonies were soon performed, and the earth was falling on the coffin lid, when the mother stepped forward. Falling on her knees at the edge of the grave she raised her eyes to heaven, and said, solemnly: "Lord Jesus, I give myself to thee, here and now." It was a strange scene. Grief was natural. Resentment and rebellion against God are all too common in such circumstances, but this was novel. Whether the mother had recognized in the loss of her child a call to repentance and

consecration is not known. What struggle she may have endured before she could thus kiss the hand that had stricken her, no one can tell. Those who saw her say that a light came on her upturned face as she registered her vow. It was evidently a very solemn thing to her, as of one who plights her troth, with the consciousness that the words transform her future life. She was no longer her own, but belonged to Him, who had died for her, and who in mercy had afflicted her.

A MINISTER'S EXAMPLE.

How much harm a minister may unconsciously do by his example was shown in a confession made by the Rev. M. Guy Pearce, who is now an earnest advocate of total abstinence by word and conduct. He said: "There was a man in my congregation who was most intellectual, brilliant, and polished. I often sat at his table, entertained by the best of company. Every one present took his glass of wine, and surely there could be no harm in doing so in such company, I thought. One day I received a card at my house. It had evidently been written in a hurry, and bore the address of my friend, and these words, 'Come round and see father.' I went at once, and when shown into the room where the lady of the house was, I was surprised at her appearance. She stood with her eyes all ablaze, her lips tightly closed, and her face ghastly pallid; except for the dark circles under her eyes; and her first words were uttered in agonized tones, 'He has broken my heart.' Then it flashed upon me all at once that it was a case of drink. 'Where is he?' I asked. I entered the room to which she directed me and saw him sitting partially dressed before the fire. I went up to him and said, 'Man, you have broken your wife's heart,' and I shook him in my anger. Then he shook my hand off, and with a horrible hiccough, said, 'Wife, children, business, character, what are they to me? Give me my drink.' And I had sat at this man's table and given him my example. That is why it is unsafe to touch this drink. When I went home I said to my wife, 'Look here, I shall never again touch a glass of wine in any man's house. There is something awful in it, and after this when I want a glass of wine I shall take it at home.' And from that time, when offered wine, I turned my glass upside down, and excused myself, saying, 'Oh, I am a moderate drinker, and never take it except at home.' I was still blind to the evident teaching of the facts, which plainly showed that I should altogether give up strong drink, which was doing such deadly havoc on all sides, and in every grade of society, from the laborer in the saloon to the millionaire in his well-appointed dining-room."

PROTECTION FOR A MISSIONARY.

IN one district of the island of Madagascar, to which the Gospel had not yet penetrated, lived a large and powerful tribe, who, about twelve years ago, pleaded that a white teacher might be sent among them. A young man was despatched to see if he could open up the way for missionary effort. On his journey he came to a village where the people were having a great drink. Intoxicating liquor has penetrated there in its worst and vilest form, and is killing the people by hundreds. In this particular village all the people were drunk with the exception of the chief. When night set in those of the intoxicated men who could walk when staggering about among the houses which are made entirely of wood, bearing in their hands wisps of lighted straw, and often whole villages are set on fire by this culpable negligence, the unfortunate inhabitants perishing in the flames. This young man lay in bed watching the lights flit out and in among the huts, until at last they and he sunk to repose. About the middle of the night he was awakened by a man and woman talking at the outside of his tent. He arose, and going out found the old chief of the village and his wife. "Oh," said the chief, as he caught sight of him, "you just go back and take your rest. I was afraid that some of the men when under the influence of drink might harm you. That is why we are here to guard you." And they remained until the morning to look after the

missionary. So the Lord raises up protectors for His people in the most unlikely places, and those who go on His service go not on their own charges.

A PUGILIST'S PROMISE.

IN a mission hall in London a stalwart, broad-shouldered man was giving an earnest Gospel address. One of his hearers had known him in other times when he was a prize-fighter, and was curious to learn what had caused the man to quit the prize-ring for the pulpit. After the meeting he went to the speaker and asked the question. The evangelist said: "That is soon told, sir. In my old fighting days I was sitting in a saloon writing a challenge for a man to come and fight me for \$200. I was more than half drunk, when my little niece pushed open the door and said, 'Uncle, mother is dying, and she wishes you to come.' The fellows wanted to push her away, but I would not let them. 'Come here,' I said. She stood by my side, and I felt her hot tears falling on my hand. I could not stand that; so, saying to my companions that I would be with them again in a short time, I went to my sister's house, and there I found her dying. She took me by the hand and said, 'Will you meet me in heaven?' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'I'll meet you there.' She was my sister, and dying, so I said it to please her, and I tried to get my hand away; but she held it, and I did not care to hurt her, you know. She went into a kind of stupor, and I could not force my hand away. Then she awoke, and looking at me, said, 'Kiss me.' I did so. 'Now, will you meet me in heaven?' 'Oh yes,' I said. 'But don't say it in that careless way. Promise me from your heart,' and I promised her. She let go my hand, and I went back to the saloon. But I said to myself, 'The saloon is not the way to heaven, and I have promised to go there,' so I left it. A few days afterward I was converted to God, and became a Methodist. God uses all kinds of means to call men to Himself, and that is the kind He used to call me."

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A LAWYER CONVERTED.

A recent service conducted by Mayor tie, he related the following incident: lawyer once came into one of our meet- He remained to the close, and came to the following two meetings. On st of these nights I was explaining and Repentance, showing how many e go wrong by thinking they must be feeling first, ignoring the fact that are disobeying Scripture, and looking f instead of Christ. I told them the of a boy who had left his home. His was dead, but he refused to stay and rt his widowed mother, having rel to see the world. He came home one and when he entered the house disd his mother on her knees praying r son, and telling God how he was ing her heart. The sight touched He saw how selfish and sinful he had and throwing himself beside his r, exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, pray for at your Saviour may be my Saviour. It was the sight of her whom he had red, and who still loved him, that ht him to a sense of his guilt, and it is ight of Him whom the sinner has ed that brings the tears of repen- to the eyes of the guilty one. As I eaking, the lawyer, with a laugh, l his face into a corner. I thought he en drinking, but he undeceived me. end of the meeting he jumped up face radiant with joy, and said, 'Fif- ears ago I was under conviction of sin. ther was a Methodist minister, and I I could get repentance. When I I made up my mind that I was one of shut out. I kept away from churches een years, saying I was an Atheist. I came into this meeting I know not, at word was just what I wanted, and at I have looked away from self to , I have found Him to be my Saviour.' lawyer became a Sabbath School su- ndent, and an earnest Christian r."

STREET PREACHER INTERRUPTED.

UNG college student, anxious to serve ster, went out to preach in one of the districts of London. A crowd soon ed, and among them were an infidel one of the colporteur which Mr. son's church sends out to sell Bibles in eets. The young preacher delivered nest discourse, when suddenly the in- terrupted him with a remark in which was some wit and much profanity. He gathering laughed, and the infidel ousaged to proceed. After he had orth for a time in his own style den- ing the Bible as false, and so on, the er was so upset that it was necessary colporteur to stand forward. "Did er know of a thief who liked a police-?" he asked the man who was inter- ing the service. "No, yer fool, no lid you!" was the reply. "We are properly matched, then; we shall get l now," said the colporteur. "But why he thief like a policeman?" he went "It is because he has broken the law. that is just like you," he added, look- ll at his man. "You don't like the ecause you have broken God's law." n went on to quote how men love ss rather than light, because their e are evil; the result being that the dis- was silenced, and on parting accepted , and shook hands.

AGASY CHIEFS RECONCILED.

RANGE custom of ratifying a peace rided by Miss Gilpin, a missionary in ascar. She says: "When Mr. Shaw eathed from the prison into which the t threw him when they invaded Mada- , he at once resolved to re-commence ors, but instead of returning to Tama- he Malagasy capital, where he might een a source of irritation to the French, ted to go south to some savage islands the Gospel had, up to that time, never preached. He had not been long with his wife and daughter when a oke out between three of the tribes. as his opportunity. He could not to them, but he gathered in all the ed of all the parties, and tending them lly, cured them of their wounds and hem back to their tribes. Soon the

chiefs heard of it, and began to ask, 'What kind of man is this that lives among us?' They came to enquire and were told, 'I have come to teach you about Jesus Christ.' 'Well,' said they, 'you shall teach us.' 'But,' Mr. Shaw replied, 'how can I teach you while you are fighting?' The chiefs saw the reasonableness of this, and soon, through the mediation of Mr. Shaw, they ar- ranged a peace. The chiefs met together and swore friendship. Each pricked his arm with a knife and let the blood trickle into one cup, from which each in turn drank in confirmation of their vow."

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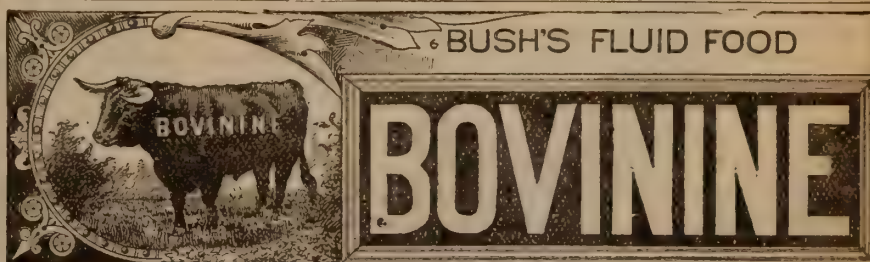
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“MY FATHER KNOWETH.”

Precious thought, my Father knoweth,
In His love I rest;
For whate'er my Father doeth
Must be always best.
Well I know the heart that planneth
Nought but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven,
Love in all I see.

Precious thought, my Father knoweth,
Careth for His child;
Bids me nestle closer to Him,
When the storms beat wild,
Though my earthly hopes are shattered,
And the teardrop fall,
Yet He is Himself my solace,
Yea, my “all in all.”

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,
Roll on Him the care,
Cast upon Himself the burden
That I cannot bear,
Then without a care oppressing,
Simply to lie still,
Giving thanks to Him for all things,
Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully!
Just to simply move
In the conscious calm enjoyment
Of the Father's love,
Knowing that life's chequered pathway
Leadeth to His rest,
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best.

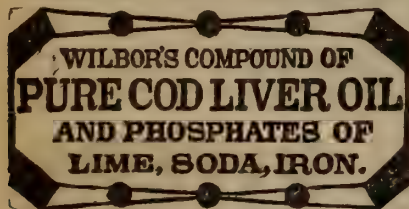
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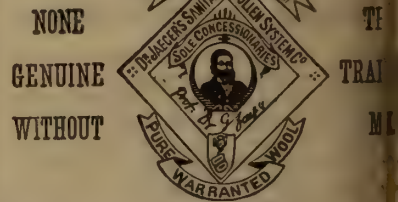
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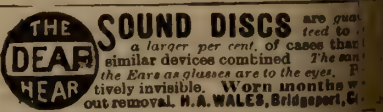
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1890.

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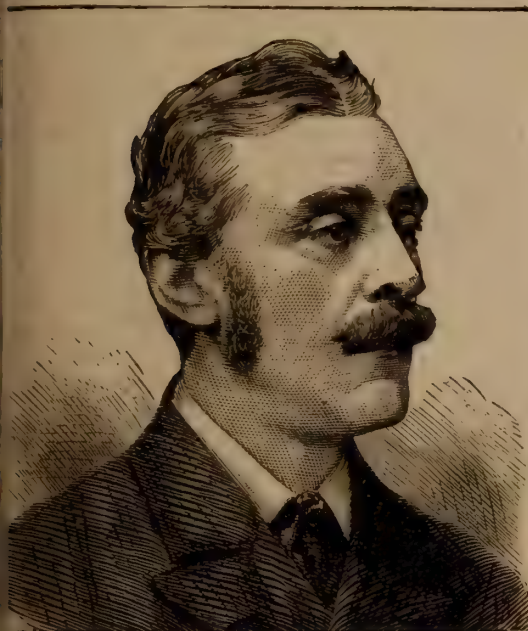
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A Sailor Converted in a Thunderstorm—An Ostracised

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MR. DAVID DALE.



MONS. JULES SIMON.



MR. JOHN BURNETT.



The Berlin Labor Conference—Three Delegates—The Arrival of Delegates at the Palace.

THE BERLIN LABOR CONFERENCE.

The Significance of the Meeting—The Gathering of the Delegates on March 15—The Nations Represented—Baron Von Berlepsch's Inaugural Address—The Work of the Conference—The Final Sitting—A German Statesman's View of It—The Famous French Delegate—Prince Bismarck's Palace, Where the Conference Met.

THE Berlin Conference for the amelioration of the condition of workingmen, which was summoned by the Emperor of Germany, and has just concluded its labors, has a significance far above its immediate results. It was inevitable that its decisions should have no enactive force, but should be chiefly of an advisory character. It will remain for the various countries represented in the Conference to take the conclusions arrived at into consideration, and adopt such of them as may commend themselves to the men in power. It is in the

Recognition of Grievances,

which the assembling of the Conference implies, that its greatest significance lies. Too long the monarchs and statesmen of Europe have given their attention to the wealthy and powerful classes, to the founding of colonies and the extension of trade, to international jealousies and quarrels, and have paid no attention to the wrongs and the miseries of the workingman. The young Emperor of Germany deserves all honor for the initiative he has taken in this new departure. His motive may have been the selfish one of cutting the ground from under the feet of the Socialists, who are the enemies of his throne; but the fact of his showing concern for the welfare of the laborer, whatever may have been his motive, deserves credit, and we heartily hope that his example may be followed by other personages of exalted station.

Legislation Needed.

The doctrines of political and social economy, the doctrines that rule the world in our day, the doctrines of the devil, are opposed to any government interference with the relation between employers and employed. The law of supply and demand, it is contended, will regulate all that, and it does. It regulates it so that the employer can use the human material as he uses inanimate material, to build up a great fortune, and with no more regard for the one than the other. The poor we have always with us, and their number grows with increasing rapidity. During this century there has been a greater competition for employment than in any previous time; and where there is competition the wages and rewards of the employees must diminish. The employer may demand what is unjust, and tell his employee that if he does not accede to it there are others ready to take his place who will accede, and the employee knows it is so. He toils and suffers, and sees his condition and that of his fellows tending swiftly downward until he wonders whether his children will be able, by the utmost industry and frugality, to keep themselves from starvation. Laws are needed in every land to prevent oppression, to protect the weak and poor from the cruel selfishness and rapacity of the rich and the strong. Nowhere are there such laws in active operation, because it is the class which needs to be restrained which makes the laws. It is, therefore, a happy augury for a better time when so powerful a monarch as the Emperor of Germany invites other nations to send representatives to confer on the condition of the poor, and to suggest measures for their benefit. It establishes a precedent, and it encourages the hope that we are on the eve of a better time, when justice shall be enforced, and men shall not only have employment, but enjoy a fair share of the results of their labor.

The Meeting of The Conference

took place on March 15, in the famous room in Prince Bismarck's palace, in which the Berlin Conference met in 1878 to compel Russia to disgorge the prey she had wrested from Turkey. The illustration on the first page represents the arrival of the delegates, and with that picture we give portraits of three prominent members of the Conference. An immense crowd outside of the palace watched the arrivals in silence. There was no demonstration of any kind, except slight cheering when the British members passed through the lines kept by the police. About fifty delegates in all were present, representing the Governments of Germany, England, France, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Luxemburg, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Portugal. Baron Von Berlepsch received them for the Emperor, and in the

course of his opening address said that, in the view of the Emperor, the labor question demanded the attention of all civilized nations, since the peace between the different classes of the populations appeared to be imperilled by the industrial competition. To seek a solution of this question was not only a duty of humanity, but also the duty of statesmen, upon whose sagacity the task devolved of providing for the welfare of the citizens, and preserving to them the inestimable blessings arising from centuries of Christian civilization. All the nations of Europe were in a similar situation, hence an attempt was justifiable to bring about an agreement between the Governments in order to meet their common dangers, by combined preventive measures. In conclusion he expressed his conviction that the labors of the Conference would have a beneficial influence throughout Europe.

The official programme of the subjects to be considered, comprised among others the regulation of mine work with reference to the prohibition of the labor of women and children underground; the shortening of shifts in particularly unhealthy mines; the ensuring of a regular output of coal by subjecting the working of mines to international rules; the regulation of Sunday labor, and also the regulation of the labor of children and females. They were questions having no political significance, and they touched but the fringe of the great question, but they were the formal adoption of a principle of interference in labor questions, which cannot but extend until more vital questions are decided. The delegates to the Conference were requested in the Emperor's name to preserve absolute secrecy regarding the debates of that body until the official stenographic report was published at the close of the Conference. It was, however, learned day by day what subject had occupied the meetings, and in brief the decision arrived at.

The Work of the Conference

commenced with the appointment of three committees. The first, on Work in the Mines, presided over by Herr Hanchecorne, head of the Berlin Mining Academy. The second, on Sunday Labor, having for its president, Bishop Kopp, and for its vice-president the Danish delegate, Tietgen. The third committee on the Labor of Women and Children, the president of which was the distinguished French delegate, Jules Simon, with the Hungarian delegate, Schnierer, as vice-president. The greater part of the work was done in these committees, but six plenary meetings of the Conference were held to receive the reports of the committees, and decide on their acceptance or rejection. Among the technical decisions of the Conference were: That ten hours labor should constitute the maximum day for youths between fourteen and sixteen years of age; that children under twelve ought to be excluded from work in factories. Only males over fourteen years of age shall be employed in mines; female labor underground shall not be allowed; children's labor in factories must depend upon their completion of the prescribed school course; the employment at night of persons under fourteen years of age is prohibited, or, where permitted, only six hours' labor out of twenty-four, with a half-hour interval, shall be required; the employment of children in unhealthy or dangerous trades is prohibited; Sunday shall be a day of rest in all employments except those in which work is necessary for the continuity of production, or which can proceed only at certain seasons, and in those cases the laborer ought to have every alternate Sunday free of work. The Conference also recommended the optional establishment of courts of arbitration, consisting of representatives of the employers and the employed, to settle labor disputes.

The Final Sitting

of the Conference took place on March 29. Baron von Berlepsch, who presided, said he believed the delegates had arrived at decisions which would form the basis and develop the idea of protecting and securing the material and moral welfare of the workingmen, and that they had found a common standpoint for a solution of social questions by individual Governments according to exceptional circumstances. He reminded the delegates that the well-being of the workingmen depended largely upon the Governments safeguarding the existence and prosperity of industry. In conclusion, the Minister conveyed to the delegates the Emperor's warmest thanks for their wise and searching labors, and his desire that God's blessing would help the seed, that their works might bear fruit.

The address was greeted with loud applause. Sir John Gorst, one of the English delegates, thanked the Emperor for summoning the Conference, the issue of which had been extraordinarily gratifying. He hoped this would not be their last meeting. When millions of children were rescued from misery, and millions of women were restored to domestic life, they would remember with thankfulness that this great good was initiated by the Emperor. After other delegates had thanked Baron von Berlepsch, the Conference was formally closed.

Hopes of the Conference

leading to beneficial results have come from many quarters; not least sanguine was that of one of the most conspicuous of German statesmen, Ludwig von Windthorst, who said to a correspondent of an American journal, "The idea of social reform will develop more and more. I am sorry Russia and America did not take part in the Labor Conference. Every state where there is not slavery, but free labor, is interested in the result of this Conference. I and my friends were delighted at the Kaiser's having taken the initiative. The agitation that leads to socialism and nihilism exists also where slave exists, as in the East; only there it is not on the surface. Of a million votes cast for the social candidates here, I do not believe more than ten at most fifteen per cent. came from genuine social democrats. The larger portion were cast by workmen, who think that the success of socialism would benefit their condition and who form the dissatisfied elements. I hope and pray for the success of the Labor Conference. It is impossible for one nation alone to do much to improve the condition of the workingman. The calling together of this Labor Conference will redound to the eternal glory of the Kaiser, even if no immediate good result. The idea has been put forth—it will not die."

A Distinguished Delegate

who received marked honor from the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, was the French delegate, Jules Simon. He is in every respect a remarkable man. The correspondent of an American journal, who saw him just before setting out for Berlin, said: "One must see and hear this distinguished man to appreciate his rare gentleness and earnestness, which lend a double charm to his words. Seven years old on December 31 last, he is journeying down the shady side of life, honored and respected as few of his countrymen are. Member of the Académie Française for over twenty years; Senator, Prime-Minister under Marshal MacMahon, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and prominent in a host of charitable societies. A powerful orator and writer, Director of the Crédit Foncier, and one of the most influential political journalists in Paris, he is one of the ablest and busiest living Frenchmen. "It is with the greatest reluctance," said he, "that I have accepted the invitation extended to me by the Government to be one of its representatives at the Berlin Labor Congress. In the first place, I am simply overwhelmed with work, and at my age I can ill spare the necessary time. Besides that, the more I reflect upon the character of the Conference the more certain I am that my time will not be wasted. It is a grave responsibility which I am loath to undertake. It is only in deference to the solicitations of M. Spuller and others that I have consented."

Bismarck's Palace,

in which the Conference was held, and of which a picture appears on the first page, is thus described by an American traveller, who visited it before the great statesman quitted it on the resignation of his offices: "No. 76 in the Wilhelmstrasse, near Unter den Linden, the famous promenade, is an old building of common aspect, three stories high, and without any other external decoration than a soldier's guard under the porch. The offices and the private apartments are almost contiguous. Back of the house is a large garden, almost a park, where the Chancellor likes to walk, his hands crossed behind his back, in Napoleonic fashion.

"The first room you enter after leaving the ante-chamber is called the 'Chinese Hall,' on account of its tapestry in brocaded silk, representing scenes of the far East, and fabulous birds. Next comes the billiard-room, presently transformed into a hall, or museum of souvenirs. The billiard-table, covered with its green cover, is encumbered with knick-knacks, gifts, presents of all kinds, and from all places and parties, mixed up with diplomatic citizenship, richly decorated or framed. The room, receiving light from two windows, especially

acts attention, for this is the *Chancellor's library*, abinet. The mahogany desk is a simple affair, plenty of drawers and two seats; a stuffed armchair is for Bismarck's use, and a leather-covered chair is for his secretary, who sits opposite him, on the other side of the desk. In front of the desk, and hanging on the top of a small piece of furniture, is portrait of the daughter of the Chancellor, now married to Count Rantzau, and whose little son, comes every morning, dressed in the uniform of a cuirassier, to kiss the hand of his grandfather, is also his godfather. Speaking of the Chancellor's daughter, it can be said that she is a splendorous, with opulent hair and large dark eyes. In the library, or cabinet, there is really no library, but a complete collection of meerschaums, military caps with the wide red stripe, broadsword, deerskin gloves, spread here and there every piece of furniture. An extremely wide mirror occupies the back part of the cabinet. Bismarck enjoys resting on it after dinner, while he reads the papers, before retiring. The bedroom communicates with the library; it has only one bed, and a blue silk screen surrounds the bed, which is of immense proportions. The drawing-room of the Princess also adjoins the library; it is a large hall decorated with family portraits, and furnished with sofas in red damask. She occupies the most modest rooms looking on the garden, and opening upon the drawing-room. In her bedroom she occupies the place of the mirror wardrobe. Every day Bismarck, on showing the conjugal duty to some Saxon musicians, said, pointing to his wife, 'You see, it is my wife who holds the reins, and I advise those of you who are married to do the same; it is an infallible means for economy and savings.'

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for April 27, Luke 8:4-15; Golden Text, Luke 8:18.

Wisdom, not Talent, the Way to Knowledge—The Parables—The Wayside Hearers—The World's Own—The Rocky—Ground Hearers—The Chalk—The Test of Affliction—A Common Cause of Backsliding—The Trial of Non-Appreciation—The Seed Among Thorns—Anxieties to be Overcome—The Burden-Bearer—The Will of the Self-life—The Seed in Good Ground—Fruit-Bearing.

AND when much people were gathered together, he came to Him out of every city, He spake a parable. This had not been His wonted way of teaching, and it was a surprise to the disciples. He came and said to Him, "Why speakest thou to them in parables? He answered and said to them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given." (Matt. 13:10, 11.) Only disciples, only He who "will do His will shall know of His doctrine." (John 7:17.) Understanding of the things of God is given, not to the talented, but to the obedient. Mind and intellect cannot master the things of God. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2:14.) "Whosoever hath"—the receptive and the obedient soul which receives of God His Holy Spirit to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not," whosoever depends on himself, and is not receptive, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." (Matt. 13:12.) There was a speciality about this parable. Jesus said of it to His disciples, "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all the parables?" (Mark 4:13.) He who knows not that which concerns the very alphabet of the Spiritual cannot understand the language of that life; he who does not understand how to enter into the kingdom of God, cannot understand the things of the kingdom.

The sower went forth to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the wayside; and it was den under foot, and the birds of the heaven devoured it." (R. V.) The sower is Christ Himself, and that which soweth the good seed is the Son of man." (Matt. 13:37.)

Those by the Wayside

they that hear; then cometh the devil ["immediately," Mark 4:15] and taketh away the word from their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. These are the thousands that fill our churches, chapels, mission halls, and open-air services, but who neither believe nor are saved, for

they give no response to God, and regard the Word as something quite outside of, and apart from themselves; the devil has the mastery of these, and keeps them in darkness. Yet these hearers are responsible; the Holy Spirit is in the world to convince "of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8), and He does His work, in some way or other, on every unsaved man. These, who are the world's own, can never plead at the judgment seat that the Holy Ghost has never convinced them. His mission to convict has been to the world, and most surely they have heard His voice. God's love to the world has been preached to them. God and the devil have both appealed to them, and they have chosen to "give place to the devil," and most assuredly they will be lost. Such were Felix and Agrippa; one said, "Go thy way for this time (God's time); when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee" (Acts 24:25); the other, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Acts 26:28.) Alas, the larger number of hearers are of this class!

And Some Fell Upon a Rock,

where it had not much earth, and immediately it sprung up because it had no depth of earth (Mark 4:5), and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture. When the sun was up, it was scorched." (Mark 4:6.) The characteristics of this kind of plant, this kind of conversion, are want of depth, inability to bear the light, and want of moisture, i. e., living water, or the Holy Ghost. The whole being has not been turned over from self to God. The natural heart has not been broken up, the Word is received on the surface, in the mind and intellect—perhaps, in a measure, in the affections also—but the will has not been broken, the citadel has not been won for God. Such are converted after a fashion; they "hear" and "receive the Word with joy;" it suits them, they feel happy, and everything which makes them happy is welcome; it makes them pleased with themselves, and this ministers to the self-life; they believe, they accept forgiveness, they testify, but they cannot bear the strong, searching light of the Word, as it calls them to live "not unto themselves," to be "crucified with Christ," to "resist not evil" to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully." The heart is a rock after conversion as it is before: "When affliction or persecution ariseth for the Word's sake, immediately they are offended." "In time of temptation" these all "fall away."

As long as the truth of God ministered to their own self-life, and they only had happy feelings, self-satisfaction, and the applause of men, they were all right, but when the call came for them to leave their self-life and minister to Him, they fell away. Oh how little ordinary Christians understand the true Christ-life! Oh how many more rocky-soil Christians there are, those who fall away, than of those who "endure unto the end." (Matt. 24:13.) Perhaps three out of every four of the so-called conversions which take place in our missions and special services are of this order. Talk quietly with backsliders, and you will find that most of those who have fallen back have done so because some one offended them, or because they were not appreciated, or because they did not feel so happy as at first. It is self which causes backsliding, these men are always dealing with men rather than with God; in a Church they expect everything from the preacher, and criticise him constantly; they are always taking offence because someone has not noticed them—that someone perhaps being too occupied with God at the moment. Or, it may be, they have expected to be asked to take a prominent part in some meeting, and the leader has not got it clearly from the Lord that they are His choice.

And Some Fell Among Thorns,

and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it." That which fell among thorns are they which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection. Nothing is said of the falling away of this class; they remain, but remain to be the stumbling-block of the world, the element of the decay in the churches, the rasp or the file which God uses to polish the more faithful. Alive but sickly, bringing forth fruit, but it is only "wild grapes" (Isa. 5:2), none brought to perfection. While the devil took away the good seed from the wayside hearers, and the flesh turned back the stony-ground hearers, the world has power over the thorny-ground Christians. "Their heart is divided," like that of Israel of old; "he bringeth forth fruit unto himself," (Hos. 10:1, 2.) Cares, riches, pleasures, these

are the thorns which dispute the ground with the Word of God. But what has a true Christian to do with cares? "Oh" you say, "the business, and the family, and the church are my anxieties." Whose business? yours or God's? whose family? yours or God's? whose church? yours or God's? If you and God have separate interests, if you hold your possessions as yours, your children as yours, your work for God as yours, and yet yourself as the Lord's, no wonder the complications are endless. But how can cares press upon you, which you, in obedience, have cast upon the Lord? If He bears the burden you cannot be bearing it too; it must be gone from you to be really upon Him. It wrongs our God when we bear our cares upon us; we are misrepresenting Him. He is the "Shepherd," and while He is our Shepherd we "shall not want." While we do want, we are not really trusting our Shepherd. Then there is "the

Deceitfulness of Riches."

(Matt. 13:22.) Why deceitfulness? Because they promise so much, and give so little. Every accession of property is an extra responsibility, every additional servant, or carriage, or greenhouse, or acre of land, increases the burden of life. There is much more comfort with less of this world's goods. One who can always ride in a carriage loses the enjoyment of healthy walking exercise, one who always had a great choice of diet loses the keen appetite which plain food always engenders. "I must consider my position," is directly opposed to "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all." (Mark 10:43, 44.) "I must have some little enjoyment" reveals a heart not really filled with Christ; the thorns of self are drink in the juices of the soil, and the Word becomes unfruitful. Such was Lot, a saved man with a divided heart. Such a man must make his choice, or God will make it for him. Lot lost all, not by willingly renouncing it for God with true nobility of heart, but by seeing it burnt up away from him, while he was hurried away to a mountain cave away from the ruined riches, to amass which had been his life work. Where was the fruit of Lot's life? What souls will be found in heaven as the fruit of his labors? When he did begin to preach, the word of warning sat so ill upon his worldly lips, that "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." (Gen. 19:14.)

And Some Fell on Good Ground."

"That on the good ground are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." The good ground may once have been a rock, but it is no longer. Perhaps it has been blasted with trial and bereavement, the plough and the harrow have gone through it, it yields, it has become receptive. The Word enters in and occupies the soil, the soil lets itself be absorbed by the seed, it ministers to the seed, and does not attempt to master it, but rather to be mastered by it. In such a soil, the seed brings forth fruit, "some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred." (Mark 4:20.) Here the whole being is laid open to God, the will is given over, God becomes Proprietor, Master, Director. The heart is given up undividedly. This is a true conversion, this is he who "hath the Son," and "hath life." (1 John 5:12.) "This is life eternal," for there is nothing to hinder such a heart from knowing God, and His Son Jesus Christ. (John 17:3.) In such a life, the man or woman has become "a new creature; old things," the rock, and the thorns, the self as the life's centre, and with it the clinging to the cares, riches, and pleasures, "have passed away, behold, all things are become new." (II Cor. 5:17.) Before, all was considered as to how it affected self, now it is, "How does this affect Jesus?" In the good soil there is much to be done, it needs watering, and ploughing, and harrowing from time to time. He who brings forth fruit must be purged that he "may bring forth more fruit." (John 16:2.) But he has been made partaker "of the Divine Nature" (II Pet. 1:4), the life within him is the life of Christ dwelling within; it is not his mind and reason which have become converted, but the whole man has "passed from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." (Acts 26:18.) Such are always fruit-bearers, but the fruit differs, "some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred." God alone can be judge of relative fruitfulness. He alone who saw greater service in the two mites of the poor widow than in the gold of the wealthy, can judge the relative value of men's life.

BUYERS AND SELLERS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 13, 1890.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Prov. 20:14.

Solomon Exploring in Disguise—A Bargain for a Coat in Jerusalem—Petrarch's Veracity—The Temptations of Business Men—I. To Sacrifice the Truth—Iniquitous Stratagems to Secure Buyers—Merchants Lured to Dissipation—The Curse Gathering—II. To Adopt the Maxims of Trade—Sin Not Less Sinful in a Director—A Man Held by His Foot While the Tide Rose—Pompey's Stratagem—III. To Shirk Individual Responsibility—IV. To Postpone Duty and Recreation—A Merchant Reminded of His Fire Insurance—A Sailor's Praying-place—V. To Neglect the Soul—The Approaching Conflagration.

PALACES are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only time kings and queens come forth from the royal gates is in procession and gorgeously attended, you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizens' apparel, or the dress of a working woman they come out and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text I am sure he must, in disguise, some day have walked into a store of ready-made clothing, in Jerusalem, and stood near the counter and overheard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to dicker and said: "Absurd! that coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric! See that spot on the collar! Besides that, it does not fit. Twenty dollars for that? Why, it isn't worth more than ten. They have a better article than that, and for cheaper price, down at Cloathem, Fitem & Brothers. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning." "Hold," says the merchant; "don't go off in that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come now, how much will you give for that coat?" "Well," says the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked twenty dollars, and I said ten. Now I will give you fifteen." "Well," says the merchant, "it's

A Great Sacrifice,

but take it at that price." Then the customer with a roll under his arm started to go out and enter his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat say: "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?" "Well," says one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave thirty dollars for it." Another says, "I should think you got it cheap if you gave twenty-five dollars." "No," says the buyer in triumph, "I got it for fifteen dollars. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections, until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha! Ha!" Oh man, you got the goods for less than they were worth by positive falsehood; and no wonder, when Solomon went back to his palace and had put off his disguise, that he sat down at his writing-desk and made for all ages a crayon sketch of you: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

There are no higher styles of men in all the world than those now at the head of merchandise in Brooklyn and New York and in the other great cities of this continent. Their casual promise is as good as a bond with piles of collaterals. Their reputation for integrity is as well established as that of Petrarch residing in the family of Cardinal Colonna, and when there was great disturbance in the family the Cardinal called all his people together, and put them under oath to tell the truth, except Petrarch, for when he came up to swear, the Cardinal put away his book and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Never since the world stood have there been so many merchants whose transactions can stand

The Test of the Ten Commandments.

Such bargain-makers are all the more to be honored because they have withstood, year after year, temptations which have flung many so flat, and flung them so hard, they can never recover themselves. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurements which are peculiar to each occupation and profession, and it will be useful to speak of the peculiar temptations of business men.

First, as in the scene of the text, business men

are often tempted to sacrifice plain truth, the seller by exaggerating the value of goods, and the buyer by depreciating them. We cannot but admire an expert salesman. See how he first induces the customer into a mood favorable to the proper consideration of the value of the goods. He shows himself to be an honest and frank salesman. How carefully the lights are arranged till they fall just right upon the fabric! Beginning with goods of medium quality, he gradually advances toward those of more thorough make, and of more attractive pattern. How he watches the moods and whims of his customer! With what perfect calmness he takes the order, and bows the purchaser from his presence, who goes away having made up his mind that he has bought the goods at a price which will allow him a living margin when he again sells them. The goods were worth what the salesman said they were, and were sold at a price which will not make it necessary for the house to fail every ten years in order to fix up things.

Iniquitous Stratagems.

But with what burning indignation we think of the iniquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of. A glance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparative stranger in the great city, and, of course, he must be shown around, and it will be the duty of some of our enterprising houses to escort him. He is a large purchaser and has plenty of time and money, and it will pay to be very attentive. The evening is spent at a place of doubtful amusement. Then they go back to the hotel. Having just come to town, they must, of course, drink. A friend from the same mercantile establishment drops in, and usage and generosity suggest that they must drink. Business prospects are talked over, and the stranger is warned against certain dilapidated mercantile establishments that are about to fail, and for such kindness and magnanimity of caution against the dishonesty of other business houses, of course it is expected they will—and so they do—

They Take a Drink.

Merchants lodging in adjoining rooms find it hard to sleep for the clatter of decanters, and the coarse carousal of these "hail fellows well met" waxes louder. But they sit not all night at the wine cup. They must see the sights. They stagger forth with cheeks flushed and eyes bloodshot. The outer gates of hell open to let in the victims. The wings of lost souls flit among the lights, and the steps of the carousers sound with the rumbling thunders of the damned. Farewell to all the sanctities of home! Could mother, sister, father, slumbering in the inland home, in some vision of that night catch a glimpse of the ruin wrought they would rend out their hair by the roots and bite the tongue till the blood spurted, shrieking out: "God save him!"

What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? and there are hundreds of them in the cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprecedented run of buyers, and the name of the house may be a terror to all rivals, and from this thrifty root there may spring up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move into their mansions and drive their full-blooded span, and the families may sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wove, or earthly magnificence ever achieved. But

A Curse is Gathering

surely for those men, and if it does not seize hold of the pillars and in one wild ruin bring down the temple of commercial glory, it will break up their peace, and they will tremble with sicknesses and bloat with dissipations, and, pushed to the precipice of this life, they will try to hold back, and cry for help, but no help will come; and they will clutch their gold to take it along with them, but it will be snatched from their grasp, and a voice will sound through their soul, "Not a farthing, thou beggared spirit!" And the judgment will come and they will stand aghast before it, and all the business iniquities of a life time will gather around them, saying, "Do you remember this?" and, "Do you remember that?" And clerks that they compelled to dishonesty, and runners and draymen and bookkeepers who saw behind the scenes, will bear testimony to their nefarious deeds, and some virtuous soul that once stood aghast at the splendor and power of these business men will say, "Alas! this is all that is left of that great firm

that occupied a block with their merchandise and overshadowed the city with their influence, and made righteousness and truth and purity fall and the galling fire of avarice and crime."

While we admire and approve of all acuteness and tact in the sale of goods, we must condemn any process by which a fabric or product is represented as possessing a value which it really does not have. Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that rip, silks that speedily lose their lustre, calicoes that immediately wash on stoves that crack under the first hot fire, books sufficiently bound, carpets that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated with putty and glue, and sold having been recently manufactured, gold watch made out of brass, barrels of fruit, the big apples on the top, wine adulterated with strychnine, hosiery poorly woven, cloths of domestic manufacture shining with foreign labels, import goods represented as rare and hard to get, because foreign exchange is so high, rolled out on a counter with matchless display. Imported indeed, but from the factory in the next street. A pattern already unfashionable and unsalable palmed off as a new print upon some country merchant who comes to town to make his first purchase of goods and going home with a large stock of goods warranted to keep.

Trade Customs.

Again, business men are often tempted to make the habits and customs of other traders their rule of rectitude. There are commercial usages which will not stand the test of the last day. Yet men in business are apt to do as their neighbors do. The majority of the traders in any locality are lax in principle, the commercial code in that community will be spurious and dishonest. It is a hard thing to stand close by the law of right when your neighbor by his looseness of dealing is enabled to sell goods at a cheaper rate and decoy your customers. Of course you who promptly meet your business engagements, paying when you promise to pay, will find it hard to compete with that merchant who is hopelessly in debt to the porter for the goods, and to the landlord whose store he occupies, and to the clerks who serve him.

There are a hundred practices prevalent in the world of traffic which ought never to become a rule for honest men. Their wrong does not make your right. Sin never becomes virtue by being multiplied and admitted at brokers' board or merchant exchange. Because others smuggle a few things in passenger trunks, because others take usury when men are in tight places, because others deal in false stocks, because others palm off worthless endorsements, because others do nothing but blow bubbles, do not, therefore, be overcome of temptation. If low pretension and fictitious credit, and commercial gambling may awhile prosper, but the day reckoning cometh, and in addition to the horror and condemnation of outraged communities, the curse of God will come, blow after blow. God will forever and forever be the only standard of right and wrong, and not commercial ethics.

Young business man, avoid

The First Business Dishonor,

and you will avoid all the rest. The captain of a vessel was walking near the mouth of a river when the tide was low, and there was a long steel anchor chain, into one of the great links of which his foot slipped, and it began to swell and he could not withdraw it. The tide began to rise. The chain could not be loosened nor filed off in time, and a surgeon was called to amputate the limb, before the work could be done, the tide rolled over the victim, and his life was gone. And I have to tell you, young man, that just one wrong into which you slip may be a link of a long chain of circumstances from which you cannot be extricated by the ingenuity of your own, or any help from others, the tides will roll over you as they have over many. When Pompey, the warrior, wanted to take possession of a city, and they would not open the gates, he persuaded them to admit a sick soldier. But the sick soldier after a while got well and strong, and he threw open the gates and let the devastating army come in. One wrong admitted into the stream may gain in strength until, after a while, it flows open all the avenues of the immortal nature, and the surrender is complete.

Again, business men are sometimes tempted to throw off personal responsibility upon the moral institution to which they belong. Directors of banks and railroad and insurance companies sometimes shirk personal responsibility underneath

on of the corporation. And how often, when the banking-house or financial institution exiles through fraud, respectable men in the Board of Directors say, "Why, I thought all was going on an honest way, and I am utterly confounded by this misdemeanor!" The banks, and the fire and marine insurance companies, and the road companies, will not stand up for judgment the last day, but those who in them acted rightly will receive, each for himself, a reward, and those who acted the part of neglect or trickery will, for himself, receive a condemnation. Unlawful dividends are not clean before God because those associated with you who grab just as big a share as you do. He who countenances the dishonesty of the firm, or of

The Corporation,
The corporation, takes upon himself all the moral liabilities. If the financial institution steal, he steals. If they go into wild speculations, he himself is a gambler. If they needlessly embarrass a creditor, he himself is guilty of cruelty. If they swindle the public, he himself is a defrauder. No financial institution ever had a money vault strong enough, edit stanch enough, or dividends large enough, policy acute enough to hide the individual sins of its members. The old adage, that corporations have no souls, is misleading. Every corporation has as many souls as it has members.

Again, many business men have been tempted to postpone their enjoyments and duties to a future season of entire leisure. What a sedative the Christian religion would be to all our business men instead of postponing its uses to old age or death, it would take it into the store or factory or daily engagements now! It is folly to go amid uncertainties of business life with no God to sustain them. A merchant in a New England village was riding by a horse, and the horse lifted his foot and stepped into a pool of water; and the merchant, to escape the splash, stepped into the door of an insurance agent, and the agent said, "I suppose you have come to renew your fire insurance." "Oh," said the merchant, "I had forgotten that." The insurance was renewed, and the next day the house had been insured was burned. Was it all accidental that the merchant, to escape a splash from a horse's foot, stepped into the insurance office? No, it is providential. And what a mighty solace for a business man to feel that things are providential! It is peace and equilibrium in such a consideration, and what a grand thing if all business men could realize it!

The Castle in the Air.
Many, although now comparatively straitened in difficult circumstances, have a goodly establishment in the future planned out. They have in imagination built about twenty years ahead a house in a country not difficult of access from the great city, for they will often have business, or old acts to settle, and investments to look after. The house is large enough to accommodate all their needs. The halls are wide, and hung with pictures of hunting-scenes and a branch of antlers, are comfortable with chairs that can be rolled out on the veranda when the weather is inviting, and shut out under some of the oaks that stand sentinel about the house, and rustling in the cool breeze, are songful with the robins. There is just land enough to keep them interested, and its crops of vast fabulous richness springing up under application of the best theories to be found in the agricultural journals. The farm is well stocked with sheep and horses, and sheep that know the voice of their master have a kindly bleat when one goes forth to them. In this blissful abode their children are instructed in art and science and religion. It shall be the old homestead to which the boys shall be directed their letters, and the hill on which the house stands will be called Oakwood or Hill or Pleasant Retreat or Eagle Eyrie. May the future have for every business man here all that is good and more beside! But are you postponing your happiness to that time? Are you

Adjourning Your Joys?
Suppose that you achieve all you expect—and then you mention it is not up to the reality, because the mountains will be brighter, the house grander, the scenery more picturesque—the mistake is the less fatal. What charm will there be in a quiet life for a man who has thirty or forty years of conforming his entire nature to the excitement of business? Will flocks and herds with their bleat and moan be able to silence the insatiable spirit of acquisitiveness which has for years had

full swing in the soul? Will the hum of the breeze soothe the man who now can find his only enjoyment in the stock market? Will leaf and cloud and fountain charm the eye that has for three-fourths of a lifetime found its chief beauty in hogheads and bills of sale? Will parents be competent to rear their children for high and holy purpose, if their infancy and boyhood and girlhood were neglected, when they are almost ready to enter upon the world and have all their habits fixed and their principles stereotyped? No, no; now is the time to be happy. Now is the time to serve your Creator. Now is the time to be a Christian. Are you too busy? I have known men as busy as you are who had a place in the store-loft where they went to pray. Some one asked a Christian sailor where he found any place to pray in. He said, "I can always find a quiet place at mast-head." And in the busiest day of the season if your heart is right you can find a place to pray. Broadway and Fulton Street are good places to pray in as you go to meet your various engagements.

Go Home a Little Earlier
and get introduced to your children. Be not a galley-slave by day and night, lashed fast to the oar of business. Let every day have its hour for worship and intellectual culture and recreation. Show yourself greater than your business. Act not as though after death you would enter upon an eternity of railroad stocks and coffees and ribbons. Roast not your manhood before the perpetual fires of anxiety. With every yard of cloth you sell, throw not in your soul to boot. Use firkin and counting-room desk and hardware crate as the step to glorious usefulness and highest Christian character. Decide once and forever who shall be master in your store, you or your business.

Again, business men are often tempted to let their calling interfere with the interests of the soul. God sends men into the business world to get educated, just as boys are sent to school and college. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment and rasping, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic and bank suspension, are but different lessons in the school. The more business, the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panic unhurt. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.'"

The store and the counting-house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumps woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the

Front Men in Christ's Army,
as well as light-houses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depletion to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspiration, next all conscience, and though he entered his vocation with large heart and noble character he goes out of it a skeleton, enough to scare a ghost.

Men appreciate the importance of having a good business stand, a store on the right side of the street, or the right block. Now every place of business is a good stand for spiritual culture. God's angels hover over the world of traffic to sustain and build up those who are trying to do their duty. To-morrow if in your place of worldly engagement you will listen for it, you may hear a sound louder than the rattle of drays and the shuffle of feet and the chink of dollars stealing into your soul, saying, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagems more palpable than any "drop-game" of the street. They make investments in things everlastingly below par. They put their valuables in a safe not fire-proof. They give full credit to influences that will not be able to pay one cent on a dollar. They plunge into a labyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two-thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take into their partnership the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness will boast through eternal ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwitted, at last tumbled into spiritual defalcation, and was swindled out of heaven.

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. Aged men tell us that it beggared all description. Some stood on the house-tops of Brooklyn, and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets, and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a greater conflagration, even the last. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and Government securities, will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The Bourse and the United States Mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crash that will make the earth tremble. The flashing-up of the great light will show the righteous the way to their thrones. Their best treasures in heaven, they will go up and take possession of them. The toils of business life, which racked their brain and rasped their nerves for so many years, will have forever ceased. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Short-Weight Candidate.*

It was not long prior to one of our Presidential elections. The contest in one of the great political parties was so sharp between three or four of the prominent candidates for the nomination, that it was easily seen that no one of these could probably secure the requisite two-thirds vote in the approaching convention. Then there was a conference at the national capital among the shrewdest of the party leaders, to select some new man to be sprung upon the convention, at the fitting moment, as a compromise candidate. This conference settled down on two names, and three representative gentlemen were requested to visit these men quietly, and decide which of the two was to be preferred in the emergency. Their report was to settle the question. They went on their mission.

As if casually in his city, these gentlemen called on one of these two possible candidates, and deliberately proceeded to judge him, without, of course, his suspicion of their purpose. Just think of it! In an hour it was to be decided whether or not he was fit to be President of the United States, with a place in history, and with almost infinite possibilities of good or evil. He was unsuspectingly lifted into the scales and there weighed. The scales were turned southward, and eastward, and westward, that the light might strike the beam from all directions. He was clearly of short weight. The mental verdict of those gentlemen, as they left that man at the close of the interview, was, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." The other man of the two named was preferred. He was nominated. He was elected. His place is in history. So may it be with any of you—in a degree. The present hour may be the most important in your life, as settling the public estimate of you, or as deciding your destiny for all time; and this without any knowledge on your part that such is the crisis.

Heroes in Intention.

During the last year of our civil war, a veteran brigade, which had lost heavily in a week of battles, returned to its camp after its seven days' absence, and a little before midnight its officers and men lay down for their long-delayed rest. Hardly had they fallen asleep, when they were started up by a summons to fall into line, and to make a hurried march of four or five hours for the purpose of assaulting, at daybreak, a line of the enemy's works, which they knew to be practically impregnable. Then it was that, in weakness of body and torpor of mind, a half-awake officer, formally excused by the surgeon from immediate active duty, had to meet the question, all alone in the gloom of the night, whether he would remain there at rest, or rouse up and use his little remnant of life strength in the effort to cheer his men as he went on with them to death.

It was heroic in that officer to decide to rise and move forward at that hour; none the less heroic because of the fact that, before the enemy's stronghold was reached, the order for its assault was countermanded, and the world never knew of the occasion which tested those soldiers' heroism. And that incident was but one of a thousand similar occurrences. Officers were even promoted in rank during that war for volunteering to lead a forlorn hope which was not led. Their heroism was thus recognized without the opportunity of its display.

* From *Character Shaping and Character Showing*. One of six volumes of bright, useful essays by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull. Published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

THE NECESSITY OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Rev. E. R. Craven, D. D.

The Central Doctrine of Pre-Millennarianism—Said to be Inconsistent with Other Doctrines—The Spirit as a Renewer—Paul Called in an Appearing—Consistent with the Continuance of the Spirit's Work—The Whole World Not to be Converted Before Christ Comes—An Obstructing Column.

THE central doctrine of Pre-Millennarianism is this: That an advent of Christ in His glorified body is ever imminent for the establishment of what is generally known as the Millennium. We believe that when the gospel of the kingdom has been preached as a witness in every land (as it has already been)—that when the elect number of the Gentiles has been gathered in—we believe that then the Redeemer shall come to Zion; that then He shall destroy Antichrist by the brightness of His Appearing; that then He shall gather now-blinded Israel to His side; that then "the kingdom and dominion and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High."

The Catholic doctrine, which this is said to contravene, is that it is the office of the Spirit to apply the redemption purchased by Christ—that the Spirit is the Renewer. This doctrine we believe and proclaim as completely, we think, as any class of men. It may be said, however, that whatever our thoughts may be, the doctrine of a Pre-Millennial Advent is logically inconsistent therewith—inconsistent either with the continuance of the Spirit's office after the appearance of Christ, or with His dignity in the exercise thereof.

That our doctrine is not, in Jehovah's esteem, inconsistent with the idea of the continuance of the Spirit's office in a glorious and miraculous Appearing of Jesus is manifest from

The Declarations of the Scriptures.

The Apostle Paul was called and converted in such an Appearing. (Acts 9:3-10.) And yet he writes to Titus (3:5): "According to His mercy He saved us (not you, but us, including Himself,) by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." The Apostle, be it remembered, was "as one born out of due time" (1 Cor. 15:8), not *late*, but *early*. He was born, not as a lagging member of a brotherhood already called, but as the elder brother of blinded, persecuting Israel, "the pattern of them that should afterward believe" when the Lord should rend the veil from their hearts. He was the type of those to be *in like manner* effectually called in the day when the promise spoken by Zechariah (12:10) shall be fulfilled, "I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplications: and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced." The glorious Appearing unto Paul was but the harbinger, the morning star, of the day which shall yet be; the work of the Spirit wrought in him was but the earnest of that which shall then be wrought in now-blighted Israel.

It may be said, however, that while our doctrine is not inconsistent with the continuance of the Spirit's work, it is inconsistent with His dignity in that continuance. This objection can proceed on only one of two foundations, both of which I will briefly consider.

The first is that our doctrine implies that the Spirit cannot renew the world by

Existing Instrumentalities

—that the Spirit is unable to renew it without the presence of Jesus. We hold no such heresy as this, nor is it logically connected with our doctrine. That the Spirit *will* not thus act without the presence of our Lord, we believe and affirm—that He *cannot*, we deny.

There is indeed a secondary, a subordinate sense, in which it is necessary Christ should appear in glory before the Spirit performs His great work of renewing the nations—a necessity arising from what is essential to the fulfilment of prophecy—from what is essential to the realization of declared purposes. Thus, for instance, it was necessary that Christ should be born in Bethlehem, and that He should be sacrificed in Jerusalem. Not necessary in the nature of things—another town than Bethlehem, another city than Jerusalem, might have been chosen. Not necessary as a matter of *ability* that He should have been born at all, or that He should have been sacrificed at all. He could have destroyed His murderers. But necessary in order to the fulfilment of prophecies concerning Him, necessary to the carrying out of the

declared purposes of Jehovah. This use of the term is often confounded with the former, and hence, I suspect, the objection. In this secondary sense, and in this only, is it affirmed by any that it is necessary Christ should come before the general renewal of the world by the Spirit.

Cognate with the general objection we have been considering is another, viz., that our doctrine is inconsistent with the doctrine that the Spirit is to convert the world simply through the instrumentality of the preaching of the Gospel by a militant Church. We admit the inconsistency—nay, we proclaim it—affirming that the doctrine with which ours is inconsistent is neither scriptural nor Catholic.

Every prevalent error, I may remind you in passing, has its basis in truth. It is a truth that the Church was commanded to go forth and preach the Gospel among all nations—it is a truth that during the absence of her head, by such labor under the influences of the Spirit, she propagates herself, gathering from among all nations the elect number of the Gentiles—the bride preparing for the bridegroom. Now, it is manifest that this gathering is

In Order to the Coming

of the Redeemer—which coming is in order to the inbringing of the Millennium. We therefore say, and the Church has ever said, that in laboring to spread the Gospel we are laboring to bring in the latter day of promised glory. And here is the confusion. On our own platform we are striving *in order* to that end, but not *directly thereto*. The distinction I contemplate between striving *in order* to an end, and striving *directly thereto*, may be made clear by a simple illustration:

In the dominion of some earthly king there stands a granite mountain that retards the march of improvement. Broken into fragments, it would not only cease to retard progress, but its particles disintegrated would themselves become the instruments of blessing. The monarch commands his servants to labor to break in pieces that mountain. In obedience to his commands they go forth with pick and shovel and barrow to attack that which resists, and to utilize that which they gather. They labor in every part, and from every part they gather with toil that which is useful. Now, there are two objects of labor conceivable—the one is, that, laboring in every part they shall dig down the mountain—this is, labor *directly* to the end; the other object is, that, laboring in every part and gathering that which is useful, as do the others, they may prepare shafts and chambers in which some skillful engineer shall pour his dynamite, and in a moment, when the right time comes, blast that which hindereth unto usefulness—this is labor *in order* to the end.

Now, our belief is that the latter is the form of

Labor Assigned to the Church,

which in these modern days has been by multitudes interpreted as the former. Our belief is that when the Church has accomplished her appointed work—when the right time shall arrive—the Master shall come with the mighty outpourings of His Spirit; and that the mountain of ignorance and sin shall flow down at His presence.

Such, we believe, is the doctrine of the Word of God. Does it, as is alleged by some, cut the nerve of missionary effort? It was by the hope begotten and fostered by this doctrine, that the Apostolic Church was energized; the hope that they might see the King in His beauty ere their eyes closed in death—that their tongues might swell the glad halleluiah that should welcome His approach—that they, by labor wrought by their redeemed hands, might hasten even unto their own day the coming of the time when He, the Redeemer, might see in fullness the fruit of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.

Oh glorious doctrine! oh glorious hope sprung from its bosom! Wonder you if those into whose hearts it has entered have been the pioneers, the foremost laborers in missionary effort? With heart and with voice we must ever echo the cry of him who once leaned on Jesus' breast and longed for His reappearing: "Even so; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

(Continued from page 231.)

ONCE put on the theme of the Craske fam Jimmie Sladd grew eloquent, and all unconsciously his auditor was no other than Gilbert Craske himself, he gave that worthy his opinion of him.

"Ah, sir," he said, "Gilbert Craske had makin's of a man in him. He went across the to Australia, to better hisself, he said; but I kr that if Farmer Leaming's dower would ha' had I he would ha' stayed i' this country. Why, I you, I could see as plain as a pike-staff, an' so co other folks, that he loved the very ground walked on. But her folks said he was poor l an' so they threw cowl water on it. The mai was right enough herself, she was, an' loved hearty, an' a bonnie lass she was as ever milke cow or managed a dairy. I know she did; aye, does yet in her 'art, I warrant, tho' what's com her I cannot tell, an' where she is I don't kn They didn't mak' much out by denyin' Gil Craske. It was a bad business for Alice Lean when she married Leonard Graythorpe."

"What!" said Gilbert, in evident surprise; "she marry Leonard Graythorpe, the son of old nelius Graythorpe, who used to live at Hille Farm?" He was clearly deeply interested, and c not speak of her without a tremor in his voice.

"Hey, that she did, poor gell, an' more's pity. It was a blunder on her part for two rea—she didn't care for him; how could she, you kr when Gilbert Craske was number one? There, room i' such a case as that for a number two. I never believe it. If you fill a bottle up to the there isn't room for any more, an' if a heart's o' love, there's nowt drops outside 'at owt's called by that name, sartainly not to get wed; but that's neither here nor there. An' then he a poor chap i' business. He had a good farm, might ha' turned a pretty penny all the year had it. But he wasn't what I call judgmatical didn't know how to contrive. He was that o nate he wouldn't tak' onybody's advice, more's pity. I don't know hoo you find it, sir; but I thinks 'at it's folks who won't tak' ony advice stands i' greatest need on it."

"He was oftener at Hildrop Inn, I've gr 'feared, than at Hildrop Farm, especially afte began to get down-hearted like. An' so th went to the bad—a reg'lar smash, you see. he fell ill an' died, he did; an' then things w sold up, an' Missis—I was shepherd there the young ladies couldn't howd up their hea, Faringham parish, an' they went away to Lu I think; but nobody's heerd on 'em, an' I know where they are. It were a bad job, werry She were a rare good 'un, Missis was. I wish married Gilbert Craske!"

"So do I, Jimmie Sladd, so do I," said Gil Craske, with a sob in his voice that even the st of his palm upon his knee could not drown. mie Sladd lifted his dim gray eyes on the sp in great wonderment, whereupon Gilbert conti—"Here's another go!—for your sake, I n Jimmie, for your sake; then you might have shepherd at Hildrop Farm to this day." Hil not stay to ask, just then, how that would fo but it served his purpose, and Jimmie was grateful for the interest shown by Mr. Allans his own humble fortunes.

"And who resides at Hildrop Farm now, mie?" said Gilbert, after a pause.

"Nobody. Why, sir, the farm is up for The bills is out, an' Reckitt, the auctioneer, put it under the hammer next week, they say."

"Indeed!" said Gilbert, and said no more; he resolved at once that he would attend th

By-and-by Jimmie Sladd was dismissed, many thanks, an engagement to come again talk of Faringham in the olden days, and als a bright gold coin in his unaccustomed palm.

In the dingy little sitting-room in which we the acquaintance of Millie Graythorpe, that ythul maiden with the fair face and feeble fram lying on the sofa, bearing calmly and patient the bondage of her mysterious disease. She was with rare artistic powers, and had she only bee to use her crayons and follow her favorite pur she felt that she could have been content to be the cross of her forced imprisonment, and have lpe for the dawn, though it might be distant, of bet ter and a brighter day. But her nervous forc had fallen to so low an ebb that she could scarcely

pencil in her fingers, much less could she guide movements so as to trace on paper the "fair creations of her mind." All that she could do, poor child, was to live a shadowed and submissive life, to assume a cheerfulness which she seldom felt, for the sake of her mother and her sister Mercy. Widow Graythorpe's health was failing too, wearying away under her anxiety about her darling, and tiresome toil with the needle, the only means she had of earning daily bread. Had she been the bread-winner, matters must have gone hardly indeed both with herself and the hapless Millie. Mercy, stronger, more hopeful, and of a stouter art, was the mainstay of the little household, though she would have said, and did say, that it was other's goodness and power with God that "kept them alive from famine."

Mercy was clever in all sorts of ornamental and useful devices, and these, under her deft and skillful fingers, were rapidly produced. It was the consummate taste evidenced in all of them which gave these little articles whatever value they possessed; and thanks to the little Dutchman of the picture-op, whose acquaintance she had made, she found market for them, though the pittance they procured was small.

While Millie had been able to draw, they had been able to "rub on" without very serious privation; but now the struggle was hard and constant, the harder that Millie was "nothing bettered, it rather grew worse." The sweet girl was fading away before their eyes for want of nourishing food and change of air. The mother was growing less capable of labor day by day, and Mercy, brave and able Mercy, felt that the burden of life was becoming almost too heavy to bear. Many a time and oft she kneel by her bed, weeping as she prayed, saying as she wept, until her poor tired frame and weary heart found transient rest in sleep. I do not know what these three would have done in those darkest of dark days if they had not had the support which true religion gives to all single-minded believers in Jesus Christ, the One Unfailing Friend. Friends had gone, money had gone, health was failing, their prospects, poor enough at their best, were declining, and a heavy cloud, dark and dreadful, was settling down upon them, with not the thinnest token on its frowning edge of any silver lining to the hidden side. As yet, however, trust in God is strong, and Mercy stoutly affirmed that it must there.

One evening, Mercy and her mother were seated at a somewhat scanty fire, and the dim rays of an insufficient lamp threw their feeble beams on the pale face of Millie, as she lay on the sofa propped up by pillows scarcely whiter than her face. Widow Graythorpe heaved a long and tremulous sigh, and Mercy saw that she was gazing with inexpressible grief upon her youngest-born. Instantly she arose and took her place at the piano, which more than once or thrice she had been on the eve of selling, and which even now was doomed to go, that Millie might not want the nutritious dainties of which she stood in need. It would have gone long before but for Millie's tearful pleading to the contrary. "Not that, dear sister," she had always said; "its music of more use to me than either food or medicine, especially when your dear voice mingles with its chords." In another moment the little room was brightened and brightened with the mingled melody of voice and music, as Mercy sang—

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath the chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God."

"So we will, Mercy dear!" said Millie, smiling through her tears. There was a faint rose-tint on her pallid cheeks as she continued, turning to her mother, "Come and kiss me, mother darling; 'still will we trust in God!' His compassions fail not." Nothing loth, for Mercy's winsome charm had wrought its sweet design, the widow bent above her daughter; and whispered, as the love-light of heaven shone through her tears, "Yes, Millie, my darling child, still we will trust in God!"

Scarcely had the last sounds of Mercy's song died away than the landlady of the rooms in which they resided made her appearance. "There's a curious sort of a 'cabbie' in the passage," said she, "inquiring for a young woman as fell under his 'owd oss's legs.' I haven't had any such experience as that, and I can't exactly be called a 'young' woman; but the man seems to be in downright good earnest, and I thought possibly it might be one of you."

"I'm the young woman that had that privilege,"

said Mercy, smiling at the remembrance of the November fog. "Kindly ask him up, Mrs. Tasker. What can he want with me, I wonder?"

In a few moments, our old acquaintance of Goodge Street, Jarvie, appeared on the landing, with his hat and whip in his hand, while with the other he touched the spot where his forelock would have been if Old Time had left him such an ornament. The arbitrary old gentleman with the scythe, however, had mown it off, and a good many other locks besides. He wore the old-fashioned "coachman" overcoat, with its three or four capes.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, respectfully, "I'm a-trying to find a young 'ooman—I mean a young lady"—this correction was inspired by an appreciative glance at the fair vision before him—"that managed to get mixed up wi' my hoss an' cab a little while ago, all along of a fog so thick that King Pharaoh's Egyptian business must have played second fiddle to it."

"And what do you want with her, now you have found her?" said Mercy, smiling at the cabman's exceedingly odd way of putting it. "I am very much obliged to you, and the gentleman who was with you, for the very great care you took of me."

"That's just where it is, Miss," said "Cabbie." "The gentleman sort o' lost his balance when he said 'Good evening' to you; an' I don't wonder," he continued, looking at Mercy in honest admiration, "an' he forgot to take the address. I saw him arterwards, an' says he to me, 'Jarvie, if you can find that house for me I'll tip you a fi'-pun' note.' Well, Miss, I ha'n't fingered a flimsy o' that sort for many a day, an' I don't mind ownin' that it would be as welcome as a feed o' oats to a hungry 'oss. I've sort o' argified it out, by the help o' my pipe in my chimley corner, and I says to my missis, says I, 'It's — Street, or I'm a Dutchman.' So I asks at every 'ouse, until here I is, an' there you are; and that fi'-pun' note's a goin' to find its way into my wescut pocket. Thank you kindly, Miss, and I wish you a werry good night." So saying, the cabman made another respectful bow and turned away.

"Nay, you must not go yet," said Mercy, somewhat alarmed as well as puzzled. "The gentleman was a perfect stranger to me, and I don't think it is any further business of his as to where I live. What did he want the address for?"

"That I can't tell you," said Jarvie; "leastways, I may have a hidea"—this with another glance at Mercy's face and figure—"but no harm, Miss, that I'll wager. He's of a right good sort, I'm sartin, as I have werry good reason to know."

"But what is the gentleman's name?" persisted Mercy.

"Here it is, Miss," said Jarvie, and putting his hand into the pocket of his capacious and well-worn waistcoat, he brought out quite an assortment of odds and ends of various kinds, and selected a small scrap of paper, creased and dirty. It required careful handling—too careful for his rough and unaccustomed fingers—for it parted in every fold, and as the writing was pencilled, and had been smudged out by careless handling, it was utterly impossible either for the cabman or Mercy, or anybody else, to find out what had been written there. On the cabman's face came a look of blank dismay.

"Well, I never!" said he, as the "fi'-pun' note" receded into the dim distance, "I'm done again! I'll tell you what it is, Miss, that there fog must have bewitched! It's gotten into the entire business, and I'm blessed if I think it'll ever lift."

"Well, I'm sorry for your disappointment," said Mercy, compassionately, "but I'm not sorry that the gentleman is still in a fog; for I am quite clear he has no business here."

The cabman carefully gathered the pieces of paper together, baffled, but not inclined even yet to let the "flimsy" slip from his fingers, and silently turned away. Little did the maiden know of the brighter day that would have dawned on her and those she loved more than her own life, if only the fog would lift.

Hilldrop Grange was put up for auction in course of time, and became the property of "Richard Allanson, Esq., of New South Wales." Many were the inquiries made, and persistent were the questions asked, as to who and what the lucky purchaser was, and as to what he was likely to do with his new possessions. But all was in vain. Mr. Allanson had paid down a considerable deposit, and had provided proof enough that he was well able to pay the rest; and even the auctioneer could say no more

than that he was a successful colonist, whose countless flocks and herds whitened the hills and covered the valleys of Australia—hills and valleys which, like the flocks and herds that browsed upon them, were all his own.

Now it so happened on the evening of the sale the new proprietor of Hilldrop Grange was dining with the late owner, who resided at some considerable distance, and who had arranged that his guest should spend the night with him, instead of returning to his usual quarters at the Hilldrop Inn. Jared Higginbotham had been present at the sale, and, as the host of the hotel where the rich Australian was stopping, he was closely cross-questioned as to what he knew of the new-comer who had become the owner of Hilldrop Manor.

Now the devil of envy had got full possession of Jared's soul, and he was not slow to throw about hints, doubts, innuendoes, and suspicions, that all is not gold that glitters, and that it would be well for prudent Faringhamites to be cautious before they put too much confidence in a man who came from nobody knew where, and had got his money, if indeed he really had it, nobody knew how. "I should not wonder," he had ventured to say, "if Mr. Allanson's wealth, of which we hear so much, should turn out, like the coins in the *Arabian Nights*, to be nothing but a heap of leaves; but we shall see." Higginbotham had ascertained that Mr. Allanson was not returning to the inn until next day, and as he walked home in the gloom of the chill winter night he gave himself over to the tempting employment of calling up the scene which he had himself witnessed in Mr. Allanson's private room. Again he saw the tall and manifold piles of gleaming gold which covered so large a patch of the mahogany table; again he saw the bundles of bank-notes, that at the lowest estimate must have represented some thousands sterling; again he heard the magical music of the chinking coins.

All this was in his own house, and within easy reach of his own hand; yet it was not his own, neither might he, according to the law, touch so much as a single coin. He felt this to be a positive injustice, and strode along the winter highway chafing under a sense of bitter wrong. Then came the thought that, in a few days at the furthest, this precious store of wealth would pass forever beyond his reach. The purchase of the Hilldrop estate, which was both large and valuable, would require it all, probably more than all; and in that room, *his room*—for was it not his house?—that room where to-night were heaps of gold, to-morrow there would be nothing, nothing but the worn and dingy furniture of a wayside inn. To-night, to-morrow, and all through the intervening hours, the room would be unoccupied, free for him to go and come, just as he pleased! The tempting devil with the yellow visage was again beckoning him, and he felt that he must follow. Again the golden coins tinkled, again the crisp notes whispered, and both the voices shaped themselves into this fascinating invitation—"Come and take us, make us all your own!"

(To be Continued.)

A PREACHER'S LIMP.

THE recognition of a chaplain by a former under-graduate was the occasion of a trial of wit some time ago. The *Chronicle* of Charlottesville, Va., says that when James L. Orr was Speaker of the House of Representatives he visited the Warm Springs of North Carolina, where Dr. William S. White was also staying. Dr. White was chaplain of the university at which the Speaker studied, but as they had not met in many years neither recognized the other, though sitting in the same room at the hotel. After a time Dr. White rose and walked across the room with the old-time limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked him if he were not the Chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The Doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the time, and I knew you by the peculiar limp of your step." "Well," said the doctor, a little severely, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, Doctor," quickly replied Mr. Orr, "I deem it the highest compliment we can pay a clergyman to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation." Mr. Orr's reply showed his ready wit, but it also pointed a further application. The world is so censorious, and so little disposed to forgiveness that a flaw in the spiritual walk is quickly noticed, and remembered after many excellences are forgotten. (Gal. 6:1, 2.)

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SPIRITED PRAYER-MEETINGS.

IN all the land the question arises, How shall prayer-meetings be made interesting? It is a most vital and practical subject, in which we are all involved. We are cognizant of the fact that there have been great revolutions in devotional meetings. In our boyhood days in the country we were compelled, week by week, to attend prayer-meeting. We only went because we were compelled to go. In that region and in those days it was considered evidence of the fact that a man was ripe for heaven if, week by week, he could endure the hardships of the prayer-meeting. The men and women who lived near to God and were almost ready for heaven, enjoyed the meeting from the first word to the last, and it was through these beneficent influences that they passed into the glories of the better land. And yet, for the people of the world there was no possible charm. On the contrary, there was a repulsion. Our unwillingness to go to those meetings was set down as a prophecy of something very bad in the future. But in our modern prayer-meetings one-half of the audience is made up of those who are not professors of religion. They have, however, a high regard for Christian things, and expect some day to find themselves in the kingdom of God, and, if they should speak out their minds, would confess the fact that they find the weekly evening meetings very interesting. They have come to understand that Christians have no monopoly of a religious service. If those who are Christians need to meet amid such heavenly influence, then how much more do those need it who have not espoused the cause of the Saviour?

* *

There are three or four things necessary in order to make a prayer-meeting interesting. In the first place, there ought to be hearty, cheerful, and inspiring salutation at the very beginning. A Wednesday or Friday evening meeting differs from the formal Sabbath service. We are always glad when we see people come in on Friday night and sit down and begin to talk to those next to them. We are not shocked at the smile or the handshaking. We are very glad to see people whispering together, asking how their families are, whether the sick are recovering, and, indeed, if there be financial trouble hovering over a man, it is well for those who sit next to him to ask him how he gets on now, and whether his prospects are improving. Very often the best influences the people get out of a Christian meeting are during the first five minutes, and before the leader of the meeting has taken his place. There is something in sitting down amid a warm-hearted Christian people, feeling that all around about are interested in you personally.

Years ago, in Philadelphia, there was called together a meeting of the veterans of the war of 1812. They came in large numbers, delegations from the different States; but after the meeting was organized, it was found that there were no delegates from New York State and from several other States. After the meeting had been begun some time the doorkeeper cried out, "The New York delegation of veterans has arrived!" The whole audience rose up and greeted them with cheer after cheer; and no sooner had they been seated than the announcement was made that the Baltimore delegates had arrived, and as the veterans tottered in on their staffs the congregation rose up again and cheered. If we could realize what a prayer-meeting is, if we really appreciated what it is to be associated with the men and women of God, it would seem, when some Christian man entered the door at such a meeting, as though the announcement were made, "Here comes a son of the Lord Almighty!" And as a Christian woman came in, as though some voice announced through the building, "Here is a queen unto God forever!" And as a cluster of Christian people appeared, it would seem as though a delegation from the very skies had descended, and there would be exhilarations and inspirations, and although there might be no audible cheering, there would be a profound thrill that would go through the whole assembly. For there are veterans in our devotional meetings—men who have been in many a fight for Christ; and not only so, but they have gained many a stout victory, and they are on the way to the glorious hour when the Lord will disband His troops, and they will go home amid the shouting of angels. Oh let there be at the beginning of every such devotional service a cheerful salutation, a high and glorious appreciation of the fact that we belong to a Christian brotherhood.

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In order to make a weekly meeting interesting, we need spirited music. How often it is the case that a dull tune will go droning through an assemblage! It needs to be pushed at the start, and drags all the way through: here a man humming a little, and there a woman dipping into the song, but no great hearty outburst of Christian sympathy; and when we get through with the tune we sit down exhausted. There is no lifting up of the soul toward God, no rising into heavenly aspirations, no coming into sympathy with God, and the angels who stand around His throne singing through all eternity. Let our music be spirited. Let us join in it, not only with all our hearts, but with all our voices. We have never heard one song in the Christian church that comes up to a model we have formed in our mind of what a Christian song in a sanctuary ought to be. We had some intimation of it once in a little assemblage of Germans. We had some intimation of it in an African church in Charleston, but in educated Christian assemblages we have never yet heard such an outburst of sacred melody as we think ought to come from a devout assemblage.

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Still farther: in order to have a devotional meeting thoroughly interesting, we want the right kind of prayers. Let the first characteristic be brevity. We never hear a man pray over five minutes but we get tired. We may be peculiar in this, but we find ourselves, after five minutes have passed, looking through our fingers to see if he is not going to stop, and, when we do that, we find others looking through their fingers for the same purpose. There may be occasions when, before God in a public assemblage, as on Sabbath-day, when the wants and the sorrows of a great congregation are to be presented, as well as their joys, a man may pray seven or eight

minutes; but it is a rare thing that any man is called upon to occupy the attention of the people so long. The reason people make long prayers is that they are under the delusion they must go over the whole ground. But you cannot go over the whole ground in five hundred years. We have received so much at the hands of God in the way of mercy, we owe Him so many thanksgivings, we have committed so many sins, we have so many confessions to make, that it is absurd for a man to expect to go over the whole ground. Let us pray out of our own wants out of our own experiences, out of our own exigencies. If we have been especially favored of God, do not let us be afraid to thank Him all the way through. If we have been cast down in sorrow, and tempted and tried, let us pour out our griefs before Him in earnest importunity for relief. If there are those in our households who know not God, let us beseech most earnestly for their redemption. When a man prays out of his own experience, and is inspired by the Spirit of God, he will get through in five minutes. It is the cold-hearted man, and the man with whom religion has got to be a dull formality, who prays on, and prays on, supposing that when the apostle charges us to pray without ceasing he refers to a public exercise instead of referring to a heartfelt experience, which keeps a man always in a praying mood. Pray short! Pray short!

AMUSEMENTS.

You can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul, in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract, and made a bungling job of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces, and whose life is song, an anthem, a psalm of victory. Even the troubles are like vines that crawl up the side of great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. Now, these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people are the most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift, wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay, it wants a stout driver; and these people, of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of amusement. There are entertainments that give man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working-aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If an amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

CURRENT EVENTS.

International Arbitration was Formally Entered by the Pan-American Conference last week. The delegates have no power to bind the Governments which they respectively represent, but the animity with which they acted on this important question is a happy augury of its realization. They commended the negotiation of a general treaty between the republics of North, South, and Central America, and Hayti, to refer all disputes, differences, and contentions that may arise between any two of the nations to arbitration for settlement. There is no restriction of choice of arbitrators, unless it is specifically agreed beforehand that unanimous judgment shall be required, a majority of the arbitrators shall decide the question at issue. It is provided that ratifications of the treaty shall be exchanged at Washington, and it shall be in force twenty years from the date of proclamation.

Wise Provision in the New Tariff Bill, as adopted by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, is that abolishing the duty on imported works of art. The duty has always been vexatious, and since the rate was trebled, seven years ago, the protests against it have been many and loud. The principle of protection is to protect and encourage domestic industry, yet in this case the strongest opposition to the duty has come from the only class it would benefit. Artists themselves petition for its removal. The duty is not imposed for the sake of money it brings in, but in order that our own artists may have an advantage in our market over foreign artists. It is evident, therefore, that as artists want the duty abolished, there is no sense in retaining it. As a means of education, and for the public taste and for the student of art, it cannot afford a European tour, the free importation of foreign pictures and sculptures is desirable. It may be hoped that Congress will adopt the recommendation of the committee.

The Proposal to Remove the Southern Utes from Colorado to Utah is one which should evoke an unequivocal public protest. They are well-behaved, they have been very successful, with very slight assistance from the Government, in bringing the lands they now occupy under cultivation. Last season, according to the report of the Government agent, they produced 400,000 pounds of oats, wheat, and barley from six hundred acres of land. They are making rapid progress toward civilization, and their removal would discourage them, and confirm in belief in the selfishness and treachery of the Government. The Indian Rights Association, which probably knows more about the question than any other authority, strongly advocates their being allowed to remain where they are, and the Legislature of Utah has passed a resolution protesting against their being located in that Territory. There appears to be no real reason for removing the Utes, except that they occupy land which certain influential parties covet, for all the reasons alleged are trivial and illegal. If the lands were allotted to them in severalty, there would be no barrier to travel and free communication, which is the chief plea for their removal. The Government should listen, by the earnest protests of patriotic and God-fearing citizens, that the nation will not approve an act of injustice to these Indians, and that the national honor is concerned in their being protected in their just rights.

The Formal Resignation of Prophetic Functions by the President of the Mormon Church attended the annual Conference in Salt Lake City April 5. Orthodox Mormons have always held that the government and policy of the Church was dictated by special revelations from God to the prophet who is the head of the Mormon Church at the time being. Woodruff, who now holds that position, exploded that doctrine, as to its future application, in his Presidential address to the Conference, declared that the day of revelations had ended. He had revealed enough of the mysteries for people to see salvation, and there was no need of seeking for more divine utterances. The statement caused general surprise, though the more intelligent Mormons, who watched the policy of their leaders, must long ago have suspected that the policy was dictated by human motives, and not by revelation from God. It was too selfish, and too narrow in its spirit, to have had superhuman origin. President Woodruff now plants himself on a practical basis, and henceforth Mormons may criticize the policy without fear of irreverence. As his position is one of enormous influence, it is much to be hoped that he will not be too certain that revela-

tions have ceased. If he would humbly seek to learn God's will about Mormonism, and obey it, he would have announcements still more startling to make to the Church.

Another Destructive Tornado, Causing Serious damage to property, and the loss of live-stock, but happily with comparatively small loss of human life, was reported last week. The State of Ohio and parts of Illinois suffered most heavily. A press dispatch from Canton, O., states that on April 8 a funnel-shaped cloud swept across Medina County, demolishing hundreds of houses and barns. The storm went on through Summit and Stark counties, then, turning eastward, overturning freight trains, rooting up trees, and unroofing buildings, it struck Alliance, Beloit, and Highland Park, Ill. It demolished a Roman Catholic church and several large buildings at Highland Park. The deaths of ten persons along the track of the storm are reported, and many persons received injuries from the flying debris. Cattle lay dead in all directions. At Norwalk, O., a factory was blown down, and several girls employed in it were injured, some, it is feared, fatally.

Serious Labor Disturbances Have Developed in Vienna. A large number of men in various trades are on strike in the Austrian capital, and on April 8 they held a meeting, which the police attempted to disperse. The policemen were stoned by the crowd, and many of the strikers were arrested. Later, 8,000 unemployed men held another disorderly meeting, which culminated in a serious riot. The mob demolished the police guard-room, set fire to a spirit-shop, prevented the fire-engines from approaching, plundered several Jews' shops. The police were powerless, and the troops which were called out were compelled to fire several blank volleys before the rioters dispersed. The rioters afterward sacked another tavern and smashed all the windows in the place. Every vehicle that passed was stoned by the mob. Two squadrons of cavalry and a battalion of infantry at length dispersed the rioters, after wounding many of them. It is believed that an international association of working men's unions has been secretly formed to promote objects they have in common.

The British Government's Scheme for the Relief of Irish tenants is vigorously denounced by Lord Randolph Churchill, who was formerly one of the chief members of the Cabinet. He has also proposed a plan of his own, which has the merit of better security for the money to be advanced, as well as containing a scheme of modified home government. He proposes that, instead of continuing coercion, Parliament give Ireland popular local government similar to the English and Scotch government, which, instead of inspiring despair, would lead to prosperity and contentment. "If this were done, a request for British assistance in the purchase of land would come in the natural course of things, and similar demands for other public purposes would follow. Instead of dealing with the tenants directly, the state would deal with the local bodies."

The Demonstration of the Russian Students, it is now known, was occasioned by the outrages in Siberia, which moved them to indignation against the Czar's Government. "Many of the young men," says the European correspondent of a New York journal, "have been rusticated, and not a few, including several professors, are now in prison as political suspects, with a fair prospect of Siberia. But the real danger for the Czar lies not in noisy demonstrations of excitable boys, but in the calm, remorseless plottings of the extreme sections of Nihilists, educated men who have made up their minds that the regeneration of their country can come only after a social and political cataclysm. The arrests made from time to time, and the mysterious suicides and disappearances, prove beyond a doubt that the extreme party has adherents in the ranks of the imperial bodyguards, among the nobility, and even in the palaces of the Czar."

Mr. H. M. Stanley Arrived at Brindisi and started for Brussels on April 10, after an absence in Africa of more than three years. In an interview with a correspondent of the New York Herald at Brindisi, Mr. Stanley expressed his views of the present and future condition of Africa. He said that the Equatorial province abandoned by Emin has been conquered long ago by the Mahdists. Four stations were in their hands when they left. There was nothing in the country to resist their advance. He had no doubt that the Soudan could be retaken, but such a project would cost fifteen million dollars. Mr. Stanley said: "It would be useless to start

with less; I doubt very much that the Soudan could be civilized with that amount of money, but I say that a good beginning could be made and the foundations of a government substantially built." As to Emin himself, Mr. Stanley said that if he had not gone to his rescue, "Emin would have been at this moment a common slave. The Mahdists would have made him share the common fate. Nothing could have saved him. If I had found Emin with a strong and stable force and an established authority I would have given him ammunition." As it was, finding him irresolute, Mr. Stanley urged him to leave, and gave him a full year in which to make up his mind. When he returned, Emin was a prisoner, with no alternative but to escape if he could. Emin's own letters proved that he was aware his position was desperate.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond has returned to Hartford, Conn., after a most successful evangelistic tour.

At the last communion service in the Presbyterian Church at Sitka, Alaska, twenty-five persons united with the church.

A prisoner who was tried on a charge of larceny at Rochester, N. Y., recently, told the judge that he was eighty-five years old, and that he had spent thirty-five years of his life in prison.

The Women's Board of Foreign Missions (Presbyterian) held its twentieth annual convention at Elmira, N. Y., April 9 and 10. Dr. Jessup, of Syria, and Rev. A. C. Good, from Africa, delivered addresses.

The Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the well-known English missionary, has been invited to go out to South Africa and hold a series of mission services in the colony. Mr. Aitken has accepted the invitation, and will shortly start for the Cape of Good Hope.

The Rev. E. Walpole Warren, rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York, gives an address to railroad men at the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, on the last Sunday afternoon of each month.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada reported for its eleven conferences, for 1889, a membership of 228,959, and 217,737 Sunday-school scholars. It raised for missions \$215,755, and has 489 missionaries, 596 paid agents, with returns from its missions of 46,944 members.

The Conference of working women's clubs assembled in Cooper Union, New York, yesterday. Mrs. Edward P. Terhune (Marion Harland) delivered the opening address. The sessions are continued to-day and to-morrow in the Metropolitan Opera House. There are eighteen of these clubs in New York alone, with an aggregate of 2,151 members.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman baptized a Hebrew lady on Sunday last at his Hebrew-Christian Church, St. Mark's Place, New York. Her testimony in publicly confessing Christ showed that her act was the result of deep feeling and enlightenment by the Holy Spirit. Many earnest inquirers are searching the New Testament under Mr. Freshman's guidance, of whom he has good hopes.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler preached his farewell sermon on April 6, as pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. In his review of his thirty years' pastorate of the church, he said that the membership had risen from 250 to 2,350, five mission churches had been built in the city, and \$605,000 had been spent for religious and benevolent purposes, beside \$700,000 in maintaining worship. The fund being raised as a testimonial to Dr. Cuyler amounts to \$30,000.

Mr. D. L. Moody preached last Sunday in the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, New York. On the previous day he spoke twice in Association Hall. This week he is holding services in Harlem. Twenty churches down-town have united in arranging for a series of evening meetings, to commence April 22. Two services will be held each evening. On April 22, 23, and 24 the services will be held at 7:45 P. M., in the Presbyterian Church, Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, and at 8:15 P. M., in Emmanuel Chapel, in Sixth Street, near Avenue C. On April 25, 26, and 27 the meetings will be in the Allen Street Methodist Church and the Mariners' Temple. With these Mr. Moody's mission in New York closes.

After the funeral of the Rev. Stephen Barnwell, of Louisville, Ky., whose portrait appeared in this journal last week, Bishop Dudley and the clergy of the diocese drew up and signed a memorial, expressing their esteem for their departed brother, and their appreciation of the services he had rendered, during his ten years' pastorate in Louisville, to the church and to the public. In the course of the memorial they said: "Tears have stood this day in the eyes of men unused to weep, men not bound to him by ecclesiastical relationship, because of their remembrance of the man who went in and out among them, with love for men in the gleam of his eye, the tones of his voice, and the grasp of his hand." Mr. Barnwell served four years in the Confederate army in the war.

WARNING AND REWARD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Moreover by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward." Psa. 19: 11.

The Uses of God's Word—Light and Life—I. Its Keeping Power—The Believer in an Enemy's Country—Warnings Against Surprises—Pointing Out Sin—The Ten Lanterns—Reminders of Duty—Warnings of Weakness—Of Temptation—Of Trial—Individual Warnings—The Second Advent Clearly Taught—II. The Reward for Keeping the Word—By Earnest Study—By Zeal in Its Defence—By Careful Observation—Great Quiet of Mind—Increase of Knowledge—Usefulness to Others—Two Practical Lessons.

THE Psalmist, in this psalm, has compared the Word of God to the sun. The sun in the heavens is everything to the natural world, and the Word of God in the heart is everything in the spiritual world. The Word of the Lord makes our day, it makes our spring, it makes our summer, it prepares and ripens all our fruit. Without the Word of God we should be in the outer darkness of spiritual death. I have not time this morning to sum up the blessings which are showered upon us through the sun's light, heat, and other influences. So is it with the perfect law of the Lord; when it comes, in the power of the Spirit of God upon the soul, it brings unnumbered blessings: blessings more than we ourselves are able to discern.

David, for a moment, dwelt upon the delights of God's Word. He said, "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

The Revelation of God

enriches the mind with knowledge, the heart with comfort, the life with holiness, the whole man with divine strength. He that studies, understands, and appropriates the statutes of the Lord is rich in the truest sense—rich in holiness for this life, and rich in preparedness for the life to come. But in the sacred Book we find not only an enrichment of gold laid up, but a present abundance of sweetness to be now enjoyed. He that loves the inspired Book shall have wealth for his mind and sweetness for his heart.

But David is mainly aiming at the practical; so, having introduced the sun as the symbol of God's Word because of its pleasurable influence, he adds, "Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward." On these two things we will meditate under the following heads—First, *their keeping us*, "By them is thy servant warned;" secondly, *our keeping them*, "And in keeping of them there is great reward."

I. First, *their keeping us*; "By them is thy servant warned." We are in an enemy's country: we are always in danger; we are most in peril when we think ourselves most secure. You will find in the histories of the Bible that the most crushing defeats have fallen upon armies on a sudden, when they were off their guard. The army of Christ has need always to set its pickets and appoint

Its Sentinels,

lest the adversary take us unawares. We can never tell when we are likely to be assailed; we shall be wise to assume that we are always surrounded by enemies. God's Word is our keeper, the watcher of our souls; and when a danger is approaching, it rings the alarm and gives us warning. The different parts of Scripture, the statutes, the doctrines, the ordinances, the promises, the precepts—all of these act like pickets to the army, and arouse the Lord's soldiers to resist sudden assaults: "By them is thy servant warned."

In what way does God's Word warn us? In many forms it thus operates. I would say, first of all, by pointing out sin and describing its nature and danger. We have here the mind of the Lord as to moral conduct, and so we are not left to guesswork; but we know by unerring teaching what it is that the Lord abhors. Those ten commandments are like lanterns set around an opening in the street, that no traveller may drive into danger. God only forbids that which would injure us; and He only commands that which will be for our lasting good. Spread out before you the law of God, and you may say of it as you read it, "By these commandments is thy servant warned." In my walks I see notices bearing the words "*Trespassers beware!*" and I am kept from wandering.

Next, the Word of God warns by reminding us of our duties. We are not only taught negatively what we should not do, but positively what we ought to do; and thus we are warned against sins of omission. The Lord does not pay us for our

work as though we were hirelings, and our labor meritorious; but still, according to His grace He rewards His faithful servants, and so encourages them diligently to obey. Every Bible precept should be an arrow aimed at the heart of our carelessness and forgetfulness. Then should we often say with David, "By them is Thy servant warned."

The Word of God also warns us of our weakness in those duties which it commands, and of our tendency to fall into those

Sins Which it Forbids.

It sets before us a noble example, but it bids us remember that only by divine power can we follow it. It spreads before us a programme of perfect holiness, but it does not flatter us with the notion that by our own strength we can carry it out. Scripture is continually warning us of the deceitfulness of our hearts, and of the tendency of sin to advance from one stage of evil to another. Holy Scripture shows us our spiritual inability, apart from the Divine Spirit; and greatly do we need warnings in this way, for we are given to be self-sufficient. Pride will shoot forth with the very least encouragement. We buckle on our harness, and begin at once to shout as if the battle were won. How soon we think ourselves near perfection, when indeed we are near a fall! If we give way to pride, it is against the admonitions of the divine statutes; for, in this matter, "By them is Thy servant warned."

So does the Word continually warn us against the temptations which are in the world in which we live. Read its story from the first day of Adam's fall to the last chapter of its record, and you shall find it continually representing the world as a place of trial for the heir of heaven. It is indeed as a sieve, in which the true corn has no rest, but much tossing to and fro. Christ seems praying over us every day as we read the Scripture, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Here, let me add, we are warned over and over again against the temptations of Satan. Certain theologians, nowadays, do not believe in the existence of Satan. But

The Power of Satan

in a Christian life is a force with which he must reckon, or he may fail through ignorance. Some especially have had sore conflict with this evil one, and certain tried ones are scarcely a day without being tormented either by the howling of this dog or else by his snapping at their heels. He cannot possess us as he possesses many of the ungodly; but he worries whom he can't devour with a malicious joy. Whatever "modern-thought" ministers may have to say about him, the inspired Scripture does not leave us ignorant of his devices, but sets us on our guard against his terrible power, bidding us pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One."

The teachings of the Lord also warn us to expect trial. The Bible never promises the true believer an easy life: the rather does it assure him that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. There is no soaring to heaven on the wings of luxurious ease; we must painfully plod along the pilgrim way. We see on the page of inspiration that we cannot be crowned without warfare, nor honored without suffering. Jesus went to heaven by a rough road, and we must follow Him. Every believer in the cross must bear the cross.

Personal Premonitions.

God's Word also warns us by prophesying to us of things to come. I cannot enter just now into what is a very interesting point of experience, namely, the singular fact that the Bible is used of God to warn individuals of events about to occur to them. The Book is full of prophecies for nations, but at times it becomes prophetic to individual believers. Have you never had impressed upon your mind a passage of Scripture which has followed you for hours, and even days, and you could not tell why, till an event has happened which has so exactly tallied with that Scripture that you could not but remark it, as having prepared you for the circumstance? Will not your morning reading sometimes forestall the sorrow or the duty of the day? Have you not often found that if you read the Bible consecutively, somehow or other the passage which comes in due course will prove to be as truly a lesson for the day as if it had been written on purpose to meet your case? I am far from being superstitious, or wishful to encourage faith in mere impressions, but I cannot shut my eyes to facts which have happened to myself. I know that I have re-

ceived, through this Book of God, messages to my heart, which have come with peculiar power and suitability; so that I have been compelled to say with emphasis, "By them is thy servant warned. But the Bible warns us of great events, especially

The Second Advent

of the Lord and the coming judgment. It does not clearly tell us when our Lord will appear, but warns us that to the unprepared He will come as thief in the night. It warns us of the general judgment, and of the day when all men shall live again and stand before the great white throne. It warns us of the day when every secret shall be revealed and when every man shall receive for the thing that he has done in his body, according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or evil. "By them is thy servant warned." Oh that we may so take the warnings of Holy Writ as to be ready for death, ready for judgment, and ready for that first sentence which can never be reversed! If we were truly wise, these warnings would put salt into our lives, and preserve them from the corruption which is in the world through lust.

Beloved, I trust that every one of us who knows the Lord, will use His holy Book as the constant guard of his life. Let it be like a fog-signal to you going off in warning when the road is hidden by cloud. Let it be like the red lamp on the railway, suggesting to you to come to a stand, for the road is dangerous. Day and night, wherever I may be, may a word from the oracle of God sound in my ears, and keep me from sleeping on the brink of the abyss! May no enemy be able to steal upon us when sleeping in false security; for it is high time that we awake out of sleep; and this Book tells us

II. And now I have to speak to you upon

Keeping the Word

of God. To keep the Word of God is, first of all, earnestly to study it so as to become acquainted with its contents. Know your Bible from beginning to end. I am afraid there is but little Bible-reading nowadays. If the Word of God had been diligently studied, there would not have been so general a departure from its teachings. Bible-reading people seldom go off to modern theology. Those who feed upon the Word of God enjoy it too much to give it up. The Bible is the thesaurus of heavenly knowledge; the cyclopedia of divine science: remark, learn, and inwardly digest the same, and then you will be keeping the sayings of God.

But we cannot keep them without going further than this: we must be zealous in their defence. May it be said of each one of us, "Thou hast kept my word." When you find others denying God's truth, hold you the faster to it. When they are against it, be prepared to give a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear. It is no easy task to stand fast in the faith to-day; for the current which runs toward unbelief is strong and torrent, and many have been taken off their feet by it, and are being carried down to the cataract of error. May God help you to say with the pilgrim in Vanity Fair, "We buy the truth!"

The Truth in Action.

But this is not all, we must go much further: there must be a careful observance of the law of the Lord. We cannot be said to keep God's Word if we never carry it out in our own lives. If we keep the commandments, but do not obey them, we increase our sin. If we understand the truth and talk about it, but are slow to live according to it, we will become of us? This is not to keep God's Word, but to hold the truth of God in unrighteousness. This may, in some cases, be a presumptuous sin. When thy knowledge far exceeds thy practice, heed lest thou be guilty of sinning wilfully. We must keep the Word of God in the sense in which our Lord used the word when he said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

But now the text says; "In keeping of them there is great reward;" and here you must have patience with me while I set out the great reward which comes to obedient believers. There are many rewards, and the first is, great quiet of mind. "God's peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." When a man hath done what God bids him do, his conscience is at peace; and this is a choice boon. I can bear anybody to be my foe rather than my conscience. We read of David, "David's heart smote him." That was an awkward knock! When a man's own conscience is his enemy, where can he run for shelter? Conscience smites home, and the wound is deep. But when a man can conscientiously say, "I did the right thing, then the censures of other men go for little,

A martyr was fastened to the stake, and the sheriff who was to execute him expressed his sorrow that he should persevere in his opinions, and compel him to set fire to the pile. The martyr answered: "Do not trouble yourself, for I am not troubling myself. Come and lay your hand upon my heart, and see if it does not beat quietly." His request was complied with, and he was found to be quite calm. "Now," said he, "lay your hand on your own heart, and see if you are not more troubled than I am; and then go your way, and, instead of pitying me, pity yourself." When we have done right we need no man's pity, however painful the immediate consequence. In keeping the Word of the Lord there is great reward, even if it bring no reward. The approbation of God is more than the admiration of nations. Verily this is great reward. The next great reward is increase of divine knowledge. If any man will know the will of Christ, let him do that will. When a young man is put to learn a trade, he does so by working at it; and we learn the truth which our Lord teaches by obeying his commands. To reach the shores of heavenly wisdom

Every Man Must Work His Passage.

Holiness is the royal road to scriptural knowledge. We know as much as we do. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." It may be, you sit down and consider the doctrine; but you cannot understand it. You turn it over and consult a learned divine; but still you cannot understand it. Be obedient, pray for a willing heart to do the will of God, and you have already received enlarged capacity, and with it a new light for your eyes; you will learn more by holy practice than by wearisome study. The Lord help us to follow on to know the Lord, for then shall we know!

Moreover, in keeping the commandments we increase in conformity to Christ, and consequently in communion with God. He that doeth as Christ did is like Christ; for our likeness is moral and spiritual. In measure we receive His image as we work His deeds; and then, as Christ lived in constant fellowship with God, because He did always the things that pleased God, so do we walk in the light, as God is in the light, when we yield obedience to the divine will. If thou walkest in sin, thou canst not walk with God. If thou wilt be obedient, then shall all clouds be chased away, and thy light shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Sinning will make you leave off communion with God, or else communion with God will make you leave off sinning; one of the two things must occur.

Power in Prayer.

This will be followed by the fourth great reward, namely, power in prayer. Jesus says, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." If you will read in the Gospel of John, you will frequently see how success in prayer is, in the case of the believer, made to depend upon his complete obedience. If thou wilt not hearken to God's Word, neither will He hearken to thy word. Some people complain that they have no power with God; but has God any power with them? Look to the holiness of your lives, and cease to wonder at the failure of your prayers.

This will generally be followed by another great reward, namely, usefulness to others. He that keepeth the commandments of the Lord will become an example that others may copy, and he will wield an influence which shall constrain them to copy him. Do not you think that many Christians are spiritually childless because they are disobedient? Nothing can come out of a man unless it is first in him; and if it is in him it will be seen in his life as well as in his teaching. If I do not live as I preach, my preaching is not living preaching. I could indicate men of great talent who see no conversions; and one does not wonder, for in their own lives there is no holiness, no spirituality, no communion with God. I could mention Christian people, with very considerable gifts, who have no corresponding measure of grace, and hence their labor comes to nothing. Oh, for more holiness! Where that is manifest, there will be more usefulness.

There are two things I want to say before I sit down. The first is, let us hold fast, tenaciously, doggedly, with a death grip, the truth of the inspiration of God's Word. If it is not inspired and infallible, it cannot be of use in warning us. I see little use in being warned when the warning may be like the idle cry of "Wolf!" when there is no wolf.

Everything in the railway service depends upon the accuracy of the signals: when these are wrong, life will be sacrificed. On the road to heaven we need unerring signals, or the catastrophes will be far more terrible. It is difficult enough to set myself right and carefully

Drive the Train of Conduct,

but if, in addition, I am to set the Bible right, and thus manage the signals along the permanent way, I am in an evil plight indeed. If I may not implicitly trust my Bible, you may burn it, for it is of no more use to me. If it is not inspired, it ceases to be a power either to warn or to command obedience. Beloved, others may say what they will, but here I stand as witness: "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

While you hold fast its inspiration, pray God to prove its inspiration to you. Its gentle but effectual warning will prove its inspiration. This precious Book has pulled me up many times, and put me to a pause, when else I had gone on to sin. At another time I should have sat still had it not made me leap to my feet to flee from evil or seek good. To me it is a monitor, whose voice I prize. There is a power about this Book which is not in any other. I do not care whether it be the highest poetry or the freshest science; each must yield to the power of the Word of God. Nothing ever plays on the cords of a man's soul like the finger of God's Spirit. This Book can touch the deep strings of my being, and make the life-floods to flow forth. The Word of God is the great power of God; and it is well that you should know it to be so by its power over you. May the Lord work in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure; then shall the Book be more and more precious in our eyes; and this sense of its preciousness will be one of the rewards which come to us in keeping the statutes of the Lord! So be it unto you, through Christ! Amen.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Peculiarity in Citizenship has Been Disclosed by recently published governmental documents. In making arrangements for the approaching census, the commissioner was embarrassed by the condition of the Territory of Alaska. The Territory has an area of 512,000 square miles, yet at the last census it had a population of only 33,426, in all, and of these only 430 were whites. How to get an accurate enumeration of such a people in a country of so wide an extent and presenting so many difficulties of travel, was a problem not easy to solve. Finally it was decided to give the superintendence of the census there to Mr. Ivan Petroff, whose intimate acquaintance with the Territory has made him an authority on all questions affecting it. Mr. Petroff is a Russian by birth, and was a citizen of Alaska when it was purchased by the United States from Russia in 1867. He is now a citizen of the United States, but not by birth nor by naturalization. His citizenship is described, in the official documents relating to his appointment, under two heads. In one case he is registered as a citizen "by treaty," and in another as a citizen "by purchase." In Christ's kingdom every citizen might be so described. None are entitled to citizenship by birth. The privilege has been purchased for them by the precious blood of Christ, and is secured by the eternal covenant ordered in all things and sure. (Heb. 12 : 22-24.)

Unknown Relatives Watching a Young Man's career have recently made themselves known to him. A Boston journal states that about twenty years ago a male infant was found in the streets of that city, wearing costly clothing, and having around its neck a gold chain to which was suspended a locket with a name engraved upon it. A childless tradesman at Hartford, Conn., read of the circumstances, and offered to adopt the boy, educate him, and rear him as his own child. He grew up without any knowledge of his parents, but was made acquainted with the circumstances under which he was found, and he was known by the name on the locket he had worn as a baby. He quarrelled with his foster parents, and went to work in another town. Ultimately he was serving as a waiter in a hotel in Rhode Island. He was very poor before he obtained that employment, and had suffered many hardships. A few weeks ago he received a mysterious letter from Providence, R. I., directing him to call at a certain house, where he would hear of something to his advantage. He went, and was informed that he was the heir of a wealthy old man who was his grandfather. Both his parents were dead, but as long as they lived

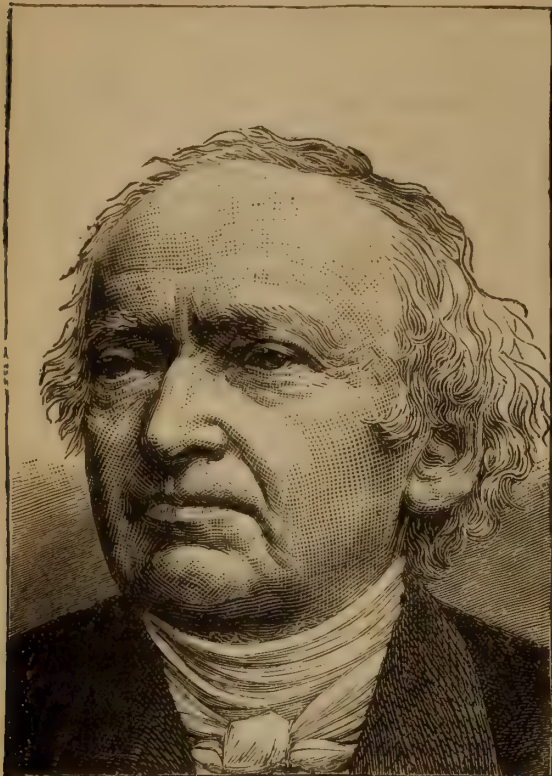
they had kept track of him in all his wanderings, and before they died had informed the old man of the whereabouts of his grandson. Their conduct appears very unnatural. It is astonishing that, having cognizance of his hardships, they forbore to assist him, or to make themselves known to him. The condition of men in this world is exactly the reverse of this. While God is continually watching over them and doing them good, they do not acknowledge Him. (Isa. 51 : 13-15.)

The Curious Delusion of a Pugnacious Sparrow has given a family some amusement at Leominster, Mass. A child in that city placed in the garden a small piece of looking-glass, in an upright position, and for a week a sparrow has spent three hours each day capering in front of it. It will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, then run back and forth along the fence, then return to its attack, and continue it until it falls exhausted and apparently dead. On recovering, it flies away, only to return at the same hour the next day and renew the conflict. The sparrow evidently supposes that in fighting its own reflection it is doing battle with some deadly foe. Human beings never make such mistakes, though we often hear of men being their own worst enemy. Such men, looking back on a misspent life, will wish that at the commencement of their evil courses they had seen themselves in a true light, and had entered on a struggle with themselves, ending in the annihilation of self and the exaltation of Jesus as Ruler of their lives. (Rom. 7 : 18, 25.)

The Citation of an Authority Caused Some amusement in court during the delivery of judgment in a divorce case some time ago. A lawyer, relating his reminiscences of court life recently, said that a certain Chief-Justice before whom he practiced was fond of fortifying his decisions by precedents drawn from the English courts. He astonished the bar, however, one day by a much more ancient citation. In giving judgment on an application for divorce by a woman who claimed it on the ground that her husband wished her to go with him to live with his parents, the judge declared that the first legal precept applicable to the matter is recorded in Gen. 2 : 24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." The audience is said to have smiled, but nobody ventured to dispute the antiquity of the citation. The audience need not have smiled. If our judges always went to the Bible for guidance we should not see so many miscarriages of justice as we now witness. Legislators and lawyers have never found a more perfect model than the law of God. (Ps. 19 : 7, 8.)

The Dangerous Character of Common Leaves is the subject of warning in a scientific journal. It says: "Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of the laburnum have a narcotic and acrid juice which causes vomiting, and has not infrequently led to death. The leaves of the meadow saffron, or autumn crocus, give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils of the eyes, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite, or monk's-hood leaves is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things those large, palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. Leaves of coarse weeds provide an abundant quota of danger, but frequently their strong scent and bitter, or nauseous taste give warning against their being consumed." It is so in the moral world as well as in nature. Warning is not needed so much against the coarser forms of sin as against evils attractive in appearance, but deadly in their effects. (Prov. 1 : 17.)

The Death of a Heroine of the War is Announced in the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. It states that Mrs. Ellen Hardwicke is dead at Missouri City, having reached the age of nearly ninety years. In 1863 she kept a hotel in Missouri City, and among her guests was a Union soldier who was wounded. His presence there became known to a band of Confederate soldiers, who, being exasperated by the death of some of their comrades, determined to kill him. Mrs. Hardwicke closed her doors against them, but he could be seen through one of the windows lying on a lounge. They began firing at him through the window, but Mrs. Hardwicke, at the risk of her life, interposed her own person between the lounge and the window,



The Late Professor Delitzsch.



Mrs. Bristowe Makes the Acquaintance of the Waif.

So brave an action impressed the Confederate soldiers and they withdrew. The wounded Unionist recovered and rejoined his regiment. Subsequently he was one of a command sent on an expedition up the Missouri River. The Union soldiers started to clean out the town, and this man, remembering that he owed his life to the heroism of Mrs. Hardwicke, ran ahead to her hotel and, planting himself in front of it, declared that not a thing about the place should be molested. There was no time to explain, but the man made up for that by the emphasis with which he announced that he would defend the property with his life. As he evidently meant to keep his word, the hotel and its contents were not disturbed. This man was more mindful of his obligations than are many Christians, who, when there is opportunity for serving Christ by labor or by money, forget that He interposed between them and their doom, and saved them by the sacrifice of His own life. (Titus 2:14.)

A Hindoo Priest Exposed.—In a Letter From the Rev. G. P. Arogyam, who is laboring in India under the auspices of the Bible Society, he thus describes an incident in his work which took place a few months ago: "I had in the afternoon been in a Hindoo temple, and on going to the back-yard I saw what I had never seen before, namely, religious flogging. The thing was done by a priest, who had no commiseration for the poor ignorant people, and always struck as hard as he could. I was horrified with the idea; and when the priest had finished, wishing to expose the farce of the whole thing, I came forth, and taking his whip in my hand, I said in Malay, 'You have now been flogging a man who believes that by that means he can obtain the salvation of his soul; now, if you believe that men are saved by flogging them, I offer myself to flog you.' The priest was confused and ashamed, I believe, but the people saw what I was after, and some of them came to tell me that they quite agreed with me. I said a few words about God's love toward men, how we are healed and saved only by the stripes which Jesus bore for us, and asked the people to buy the Gospel, where they could read the wonderful story in their own tongue, which they most readily did."

THE LATE PROF. DELITZSCH, D. D., PH. D.

(See portrait.)

WHAT this generation owes to the profound scholar who has just died in Leipzig, and whose portrait is here given, the world will never fully know. In an age when the Bible has been assailed with more acumen and virulence than ever before, and when men have been told that only those who are ignorant of science can believe the Bible, that the world must give up one or the other, such a man as Delitzsch has been of inestimable value. In a land famous for learning, he was one of the most respected scholars, a man revered for his erudition,

at whose feet scholars, themselves noted for their learning, sat humbly receiving instruction, yet a profound believer in the teaching of the Bible. It was felt that no man need be ashamed of his Christian faith while Delitzsch avowed himself a believer. Like our own McCosh, young men, tortured by doubt and assailed by sneers, pointed to him as a proof that learning and faith could exist together, and took courage. In him the critical and exegetical faculties were combined with exact scholarship in an almost unique degree. The German theologians who have made most of the din in modern controversy have gained their fame very much by speculative criticism of an iconoclastic character. Dr. Delitzsch, while critical acumen abounded in his work, always steadily and quietly followed a truly scientific method of treating his subjects of research. He was, from first to last, a devout and evangelical leader of theological thought.

Franz Delitzsch was born in Leipzig in 1813. He died in his native city on March 8, 1890, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years. Though born of Christian parents, he was brought up by a Jewish scholar, who took charge of the boy when in early life he was left an orphan. After a careful elementary education he was sent to the Gymnasium, where he began the study of Hebrew, and there he became, as he himself says, a thorough rationalist. "I felt myself drawn towards God," he says, "but the person of Christ meant nothing to me." He began his university career, and plunged deep into the great systems of philosophy. Christian friends, however, were trying to gain him over to evangelical truth. He resisted a long time, but yielded at last, and he always remembered the spot at Leipzig where the ray of divine light entered into his soul, and where he was able to say of Christ, as Thomas did, "My Lord and my God."

From this time Delitzsch studied theology and Oriental philology. He became connected with missionary efforts among the Jews—a work to which he has rendered signal services. At Leipzig he was intimate with the missionaries, Messrs. Goldberg and Becker; the latter initiated him into the study of rabbinical Hebrew. One great desire engrossed him at this time, and was the subject of much prayer: he longed for the conversion of his Jewish benefactor. Some years later his prayer was answered, and Hirsch Levy fell asleep in Jesus.

In 1842 Delitzsch obtained the degree of Doctor in philosophy, and the right to teach in the German universities. It is a custom in German universities that, when the professors attain to celebrity, they are called, when a vacancy occurs, to a more important seat of learning. Delitzsch was not long without receiving such a call. In 1867 the University of Leipzig offered him the chair of Old Testament Theology. In this great centre of German learning, and of Lutheran faith, Delitzsch

taught for more than twenty years, and there he ended his earthly career. There was no theologian in Germany who, with such a widely extended reputation, wrote with so much simplicity and such painstaking accuracy. A Hebrew scholar of the highest order, versed in all Hebrew literature, he has published commentaries on the principal books of the Old Testament—Isaiah, Habakkuk, the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and Genesis. These commentaries are remarkable for exact scientific research, for the importance attached to grammatical construction, and for the astonishing erudition which they display. But the most practically useful of all his works, to which he gave his years of ripest scholarship, and which was to him a labor of love, was *The New Testament in Hebrew*. This work was first published in 1877, and has gone through eight editions. It has been the means of spiritual blessing to many Jewish young men, who have read in their own language of Him who is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. What makes his works especially valuable is the devout religious spirit that reigns throughout in a degree rarely met with in the exegetical writings of our day.

RIO JANEIRO.

(See illustration on page 253.)

THE view of the capital of Brazil from the bay never fails to delight the man who sees it for the first time, however unimpressible he may be. A series of strangely shaped hills on the left of the entrance to the harbor especially attracts attention. Owing to their striking resemblance to the outstretched human figure, they have collectively been called "the Stone Man," of which the famous "Sugar-Loaf Hill" forms the feet, and the "Gavia" the face in profile. The bay itself presents one of the grandest views it is possible to imagine. Huge granite piles, assuming the most fantastic shapes present steep sides sheer to the water, forming on either side of the entrance a line of natural fortresses. Within the vast oval basin, some thirty miles long by twenty broad, the horizon is everywhere broken by magnificent ranges of mountains. On the western shore, to the left, are the suburbs of Botafogo north of the headland of Morro do Flamengo, and still farther to the north the little chapel of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, unite in one exquisite picture. The eastern shore forms at the entrance a deep, bright, flanked by a projection of land terminating in two points.

The city lies on the western shore of the bay. Its oldest quarter, which dates from 1564, is built on an irregular plain between two series of detached rocky hills. Here are the landing-places, the quays and the building until recently the residence of the Emperor. It is a vast, though not beautiful, building. The streets of the city are irregular, ill-paved and ill-kept, and surprise the visitor, who, seeing

city first from the water, and his feeling of admiration giving place to disgust. Beginning has, however, been made in sanitary reform, and plans have been made for widening the streets, as the finances of the municipality admit of the purchase of old and dilapidated buildings. The population is estimated at 100,000.

Formerly the people are Roman Catholics, but a very large proportion of them are practically infidels. There is the same difficulty in Brazil as in Mexico of conducting missionary operations. The people are proud, and resent any evangelical preaching as an assumption of foreign superiority. The best hope for the evangelization of the country is in the system successfully adopted by Bishop H. C. Riley in Mexico of establishing a national church, the preachers in which shall be native Brazilians preaching to their countrymen. It has been Bishop Riley's hope to bring them from Mexico this way. Young Brans who have heard the

word, and have been brought to the knowledge of God, would become the most successful of all missionaries if they had the training which the Bishop's schools were established to supply. He is earnestly trying to maintain these schools, and we are happy to learn that the articles which have appeared from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD depicting his work have brought to him the pecuniary help which he is so wisely and so usefully expending in Mexico. All who are willing to aid in the work of evangelizing Spanish America, for which there has never been so good a time as the present, may send their contributions to the treasury of J. P. Heath, Esq., 43 Bible House, New York.

THE TRAINING OF A WAIF.

Story of the S. S. Golden Text for April 27, "Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given." Luke 8:18.

(See illustration on page 252.)

"You have been a good friend to me, Mrs. Bristowe," said a woman who lay dying in one of the squalid rooms of an old house in a degraded quarter of a great city. She was speaking to a lady bent over her with great pity and sorrow expressed in her face. "Ever since I began to work in your house," the hoarse, broken voice went on, "I have had some comfort in my hard life."

"Don't speak of that now; I wish I could have aided you more; but you did not let me know how you lived, until you were sick, and I had to hunt for you."

"Well, you see, ma'am, Hoolan hates to have his name come about his place. And he ain't always in a state when he is fit to be seen. I'm his wife, and don't want to say anything against him. But I ought it was best not to let you know. It was kind of you to come, though, when I fell sick. Hoolan thinks so, too; and he's thankful."

"Fit of coughing that shook the poor, wasted body as if it would shake it to pieces, interrupted Mrs. Bristowe did what she could to relieve and as soon as she was resting quietly again the pathizing lady said, "I do wish there was something I could do for you!"

"There is, ma'am, but I hardly like to ask you. I wouldn't, if there was any other way with hope."

"Oh, do tell me," said Mrs. Bristowe. "I had never seen anyone lived in such misery. It makes my heart ache to see it. I feel I have been wicked to go so happily, and with so many comforts, taking no thought for the wretchedness around me. What can I do for you?"

"It's my Clara," said the dying woman. "She's only fourteen now, and there'll be no one to look after her when I'm gone. It's not much I've been able to do for her, and she's grown up wild. I had



View of Rio Janeiro from the Bay.

to go out to work, and she's been neglected. Hoolan's sent her to the saloon for beer, and she's got to know people she ought not to know. There's good in her, but she's had no chance. I'm afraid she'll go to the bad when she's lost her mother, if there's no one to say a word to her. I thought, perhaps, you might let her go on errands for you sometimes, and give her good advice. I don't want her to live such a life as I've lived, and perhaps worse. I'm sure she might be saved, if she was looked after."

"I will do it, Mrs. Hoolan," said the lady. "I will do all I can for her."

"God bless you, ma'am," said the poor creature, fervently. "It's the one thing that hangs heavy on me while I lie here alone. It's worse than the pain. I shall die easy now. It's awful to think of what Clara would be without some one to show her right. I can trust her to you. God alone knows how thankful I am to you."

Mrs. Bristowe told her husband of the charge after the poor woman was dead. "I want to have her here," she said, "and see what we can do for her. We have no children and I shall be glad to have the care of this poor waif. I have spoken to her wretched father and he is quite willing. He seems to think of her as an incumbrance, and is glad to be relieved of her."

"Is it not rather a large contract, my dear?" Mr. Bristowe suggested. "You don't know what fearful propensities these children have. If you would like to try, I am willing, and you can but abandon the effort if it proves too much for you."

Clara looked more like a wild animal than a child, when Mrs. Bristowe first saw her, when she went to the place where Mrs. Hoolan died. She had grown worse in the few days that had passed since she had been free from her mother's control. Her face was dirty, her hair uncombed, the one garment that did duty for a frock was ragged and filthy, and she wore neither shoes nor stockings. There was beauty in her face under the dirt, but her eyes had a hard, precociously cunning expression, not encouraging to the hopes Mrs. Bristowe cherished.

"Will you shake hands with me, Clara?" she said, holding out her hand. "Your mother asked me to be a friend to you, and I want to be that. I want to help you to have a happier, better life. You will like that, won't you?"

Clara stood staring at the lady in astonishment, vaguely comprehending what was intended. She made no motion to take the offered hand. "I shall get along all right," she said. "I'm going to the saloon to work; Mrs. Reilly says I may."

The idea of the saloon was horrifying to Mrs. Bristowe, and she waited to see Clara's father, who was coming in to his mid-day meal. Hoolan was not so depraved as to approve of his daughter going

to the saloon, and he was fully alive to the advantages of Mrs. Bristowe's offer to take the girl. He cheerfully suggested thrashing his daughter till she couldn't stand, if she refused to go with Mrs. Bristowe. It was the only form of training he had any faith in. When that was declined, he said "All right, manage it yourself. I'll tell her what she'll get, though, if she don't agree to go, and promise to behave too."

The promise of nice clothes, and a pretty little room for herself with a carpet on the floor, and a garden with flowers growing in it, overcame Clara's preference for the saloon when supported by her father's threats, and she was duly installed in Mrs. Bristowe's house.

The struggle of the next few months was an experience never to be forgotten either by Mrs. Bristowe or her charge. The stages of progress were almost imperceptible. It was only by looking back to the beginning that Mrs. Bristowe realized that there was any progress at all. And it was only

from her strong faith in the power of Jesus to subdue the most stubborn nature that she gained encouragement to persevere. "I sha'n't!" was at first Clara's blunt answer to any request that she disliked. Then her objection was not manifested in words, but in sullen opposition. Later, sullenness disappeared, and there was a weary, careless acquiescence in Mrs. Bristowe's wishes. Clara was finding that she profited even by what she hated. She could not understand what good there could be in so many ablutions, and in learning to read and write. But Mrs. Bristowe's tact and unflinching patience succeeded in getting her to comply. At length the child began to take a pleasure in pleasing her, and then Mrs. Bristowe knew that the crisis was safely passed. When Clara would do willingly and spontaneously something to which she had an aversion, for the sake of pleasing her protector, there was hope.

"I cannot think how you can have the patience to bear with the child," Mr. Bristowe had said, after some outburst.

"I cannot think how God has the patience to bear with us," was the reply. "We resist, we rebel and when we have to yield we are sullen and repining. Yet He bears with us until we reach the stage when we say with the Master, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' There is nothing higher, and Clara is reaching it. I need only to look in my own heart to find reasons for sympathy with her. I do not despair."

Mrs. Bristowe now took more interest in the poor than she used to do, visiting them in their homes and taking comforts for the sick. One day she had occasion to go into the neighborhood of Clara's former home, and she took the girl with her. It was nearly two years since Clara had been there, and she looked about her with strange interest. She was silent and thoughtful, and after her visit she went straight to her own room. Half an hour later Mrs. Bristowe went there to seek her and found her on her knees, her face wet with tears.

"Oh Mrs. Bristowe," said the girl, when the lady entered, "what do I owe you! I never knew it all till to-day. I have been a foolish girl. I'd have been ruined but for you. I'll never oppose you again. What you wish, I wish; I've been asking God to help me."

"That is good news, Clara, you will grow faster now in the right. There is no other way. When we reach the point of cheerful delight in God's will, and wish what He wishes, then we can learn of Him. To those who have that, more will be given. We hear His voice and take heed. I have been trying for years to reach that stage. It is the good ground in which He sows precious seed. Let us thank Him together."

A PROMISE EVADED.

We read of the serpent that "he was more subtle than any beast of the field," and there are few of us who sometime in our life have not had occasion to prove how the characteristic clings to the being whom the serpent represents. An incident illustrating the fact is quaintly described by a clergyman in a large city, who is combating the plague of drunkenness in his parish, and has established a Bible class for workmen, in the hope of leading them to better things. He mentions "one man who was alternately my hope and despair. He was a powerful man physically. Look at him as he stands singing the hymn. He is a skilled workman. That his gifts are exceptional is proved by the fact that though he will wantonly stay away from work without a word of warning or explanation to his employers, he is always received back again as soon as he presents himself at the big gates of the foundry. Just now you would think that you see a veritable saint. And, indeed, he is no hypocrite; he means to live a Christian life. Yet hardly a week ago I saw him in such a condition that you would have said the man was only fit for a lunatic asylum. His wife had begged me to call. The house was in great disorder. A loud voice was roaring out some Bacchanalian song, which ceased as I entered the room, where, half lying, half sitting on a sofa, I saw my poor friend, evidently on the verge of *delirium tremens*. With a great effort he pulled himself together, rose from the sofa, offered me his hand and said, 'I'm ashamed of myself. I know I promised to give up drink. Look here; you see these bottles? They were full of port wine yesterday; now there's not a drop left. I said I wouldn't drink spirits, and I haven't; but the devil got hold of me, and says he to me, says he, 'Jack, you've worked hard, you've got a good bit o' money; have a drop, you've a right to it.' 'No,' says I, 'I said I wouldn't, I'm a man o' my word.' 'Jack,' says he again, with a grin, 'you said nothing about port wine.' 'Right you are,' said I; so I ordered in them bottles, and I've worked away at 'em till there's none left. I said, 'Have a sleep and some tea, and promise me you'll have no more drink.' That evening I saw him again. He was quiet and subdued. He asked me to pray with him, and no one could have doubted that he meant to be a different man in future. 'I shall be at church to-morrow and at Bible class next Saturday night, you'll see; my head's too bad to come to-night.' He was at church, and he *did* come to the Bible class. But I have never seen a man so strong and so weak."

A MOMENT OF PERIL.

"DURING a time of persecution in Madagascar," says Miss Gilpin, who has labored for some years as a Missionary on that Island, "there was one house in which meetings for worship continued to be held. Late at night, coming by all the by-ways and quiet roads, the people would slip in, and at one o'clock in the morning the service would begin, conducted by the woman whose house it was and her husband; and all the time she had her slave-boys posted round the house to give warning of the approach of soldiers. Once there had been an unusually large meeting, and some people had already left, when they came rushing back, saying the soldiers were upon them. Hoping they would not search the house, some of the people were hastily thrust into a large cupboard on the stairs. The soldiers arrived and said, 'You have had a meeting here?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'and there are still some of the people here?' an officer rejoined. He got no answer, and proceeded to search the house. When he came to the cupboard he plunged his spear right into it. The onlookers were almost paralyzed with horror. The point of the spear struck against the wall, and when the officer withdrew the spear and saw that it was clean, he said, with a grim smile, 'There is no one there.' Then the searchers left the house and all escaped. The brave woman who kept the house had a strange history. Her father had been a chief in a district of Madagascar, which did not acknowledge the rule of the king. But the king conquered it and took the chief captive. After a time the king treated him as a friend, giving him

ample accommodation for his wife and children. He also granted him permission to go to Mauritius to study medicine. When he had finished his studies he returned, and soon afterwards the king died—he had killed himself with drink. He left twelve wives, one of whom killed the others and seized the throne. She fell ill, and sent for the prisoner-king, and he treated her so successfully that she was soon restored to health. He received rewards, and was taken into favor, but the jealousy of the nobles was aroused, and they determined upon his destruction. He was accused of bewitching the queen, and, condemned by her majesty, now roused to anger, to drink the tangrin, which is an imagined test, showing whether the person be guilty of witchcraft or not. The test showed him to be innocent. They said he was innocent, and sent him a present of a barrel of rum. He could not resist the temptation; he drank the rum and died; his wife and children were sent out of the place and all his property taken from them. When the daughter grew up she became a Christian and married a Christian convert. It was she who kept her house open for meetings during the persecution."

A MINISTER'S MESSAGE.

An accident recently ended a dispute between an evangelist and a clergyman, about a sermon which the former had preached in the latter's church. This is the story as told by the evangelist: "I was preaching in a parish church, and on the first two nights of my mission the minister quite agreed with all I said, but on the third night I could see by the gloomy expression of his face that his opinions were not identical with mine. After the service I spoke to him and found out what was wrong. He said, 'In the course of your address you offered immediate salvation to 600 of my parishioners, saying they could be saved before they left the pews.' 'Yes,' I replied, somewhat astonished, 'I could not do anything else, and the fault is theirs if they do not take it.' While our meeting had been going on, the blacksmith of the place, and an attendant at the parish church, had met with an accident while engaged at his work. A doctor was procured at once, but he could do nothing, save advise the man to prepare for death, as the injury would prove fatal ere the morning. A messenger was despatched to the minister, and arrived just as he and I were discussing immediate salvation. The pastor asked me to go to the man and tell him the Gospel. 'But what shall I tell him?' I asked. 'Oh, tell him your experience.' 'No,' I replied, 'I shall not, I am going to deliver your message to him. What shall it be?' 'Tell him to trust God, and above all things, that 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation,' for he will not live till the morning,' said the minister. 'But,' I replied, 'that was my text to-night, which so much vexed you.' He saw now his mistake, and acknowledged it. The blacksmith trusted Christ, and I expect to meet him in heaven. Salvation is an act. Jesus has done the work. You have only to accept the finished work of redemption. Cease your own efforts and take Christ as He offers Himself to you."

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

At a mission in London, conducted by Mr. J. Gough, a man was present one night recently who had a downcast, sullen look. After the meeting, Mr. Gough, who had been interested in the man, from whom every one seemed to stand aloof, followed him and spoke to him. "Did you like the meeting?" he asked. "Like it? No!" was the answer, very rudely given. "Of course I did not like it. I don't want anything of the sort;" and so saying, he pushed his way out. Nothing daunted, Mr. Gough followed him, and asked him to come back. "Stop; you do not know whom you are speaking to. You do not know me, or you would not go on like this," the man said abruptly. "I am a murderer!" and then he told his story. Some money had been left to him some years ago, and with it he had rented a low lodging-house. Here he one day discovered that one of the bad characters whom he had been harboring had taken away his wife. "I'll shoot him!" he had vowed: and having bought a pistol, he

kept watch day and night for the return of his enemy. At last the day came. He saw the man enter the house (as he thought). Blinded by passion he fired, but shot the wrong man. The victim fell to the ground, and was taken up lifeless. He was sentenced to a term of penal servitude. He had now only recently come out of prison. Finding himself alone, without a friend, a very Ishmael—for men looked at him with horror, even his old companions turning away from him in dread—he once took a dose of poison, meaning to end his existence. "I have the pistol now," he said. "I have bought another. Yes, I have meant to do it. I am seeking everywhere the other man. I mean to shoot the right man yet! Oh, sir, I am a wicked man," he broke out at last. "I am a wicked man! There is no hope, no hope for a sinner like me." The darkness of the street prevented the use of the precious Book; but Mr. Gough knew well how to quote one verse after another that could exactly meet this need. "Come now, let us reason together," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly; "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The man started. This was evidently such news as he had never heard before. He was induced to return to the now empty room where prayer was offered for him. Before he left the mission that night, he was a changed man. His anger was gone. He gave up his pistol and declared himself ready to forgive his enemy.—He had accepted Christ.

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FOR CONVERTED IN A THUNDERSTORM.

g the people who came to a sailors' was a man who frankly admitted came for the sake of the meals proffered at a nominal price. The speaker not interest him. However, he came; and at last the ice was broken. The star has just died," he said. "Oh, awful death it was! 'I won't die!' shouting—'I won't die!'" "Oh," friend who was speaking to him, as a terrible way to die! You know it die some day. There is no use in 'I won't!' It must come. Death if you somewhere. Friend, you are y. What will you do?" Very earnest more the Gospel plan of salvation set before him, and he was entreated and find the Saviour. He left not to return until after two years passed. He then told the following "It is all right now! My soul is he said, as he warmly greeted his and then in answer to his questions, quod "I was at Malta, and on duty it keeping watch. A thunderstorm n—the lightning flashed; it was a night! I was standing at my post, without any shelter, when all of a I seemed to receive a violent blow y shoulder. The pain quivered all y arm. I knew what was the mat- I had been struck by lightning. I to the ground, all that you had said ere came to my mind. I remem- and began to pray. 'Lord save 'I said 'save my soul!' And my was heard. There and then I found our; and He has been with me ever I know that my sins are forgiven," n has proved the truth of his testi- an earnest, consistent walk; and his sailor profession still calls him to istances, whenever he returns to he pays one visit at least to his friends, and kneels to pray in the ere he heard words that have proved eternal life.

OSTRACIZED CONVERT.

of the converts won for Christ in through the labors of the China In- mission, has by his patience and gen- overcome the prejudices of his fam- Drysdale, one of Mr. Taylor's mis- s, says: "Wang is a young man of enty-two years, but appears much ad has a young wife and little daugh- e earns a livelihood as a traveling on a small scale. Before he heard pel he was a staunch Mohammedan, is foster parents; his ancestors have to the Mohammedan faith for 300 I remember on New Year's night e), when all were enjoying them- th feasts, idolatry services, etc., to rise and joy I found this young man nees in our little hall praying to God him to be Jesus' disciple, to influ- e people of the city, and to prosper k. He became earnest in his devo- ad at home, amid the revealings and s of his own household, neighbors, mer companions with whom he used t, gamble, and do all manner of evil, orted, prayed, praised, and read Word, that they also might know the salvation. Wang soon had a good the fundamental truths of the Scrip- nd by his consistent walk and con- n we had the assurance that he had from darkness into the glorious ut now came the fiery trial for the one y rescued from sin and the devil. d him plainly that he would have resecution after his baptism than be vious to it. His reply was 'I do not. Neighbors (all Mohammedan) cursed d spit at him, and said he had apostas- the true faith, and was no longer stay or eat food with them. An at- was made to keep him from coming ice by hiding away his outdoor gar- but it failed. Without a cap or coat, id shoes on his feet, and no socks, he d our premises looking brighter than During one of his journeys some afterwards, we sent to inquire about To our surprise we found both father other much changed in their opinions, ud in their testimony to the improve- in their son's behavior since his con-

version. His father's testimony was: 'The doctrine of Jesus is exceedingly good. What my son should do he does. What he should say he says, but what he should not do or say he does not.' They are both now regularly attending our services, drawn hither, not by our preaching, but by what they have seen of Christ in their son. There is no preaching so effective as the preaching of the life."

A TUTOR TAUGHT.

AMONG recent incidents reported by the founder of the China Inland Mission, is the conversion of the Chinese tutor, who has been employed for some years in teaching the missionaries the Chinese language. The way it came about is thus described by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor: "Two girls from the North of Scotland went to America, and after some time they felt that it was their duty to serve the Lord in the foreign mission field in China. They asked, and obtained the sanction of their parents. The father of one of them said, when she communicated her desire to serve her Master abroad, 'Is there anything too good for Jesus? Should I not gladly give Him anything and everything? and should I withhold my daughter?' When the girls arrived in China they were placed under a native schoolmaster, who for a long time had instructed missionaries in the language, but had never given his heart to Christ. They had not been long there when he found himself wondering at their general behavior. There seemed to be, in them and about them, an influence which he could not understand, and which he perceived in them more strongly than he had ever done in any of his former pupils. He was very familiar with the New Testament, having used it as a text book, but he was proud, and, despising the Christian religion, clung to his old traditions. Under the influence of these two ladies, however, a change took place. He began to read the Bible in a new light, and within three months was converted to Christ, and preaching His Gospel, hundreds being converted through him. A month later, she who had been the means of bringing peace to his soul passed away. It seemed as if her mission was ended in the bringing of that now zealous worker into the Master's service. Her harvest directly seemed a small one—only one soul! But how large may yet be the sheaves that her life and example produced."

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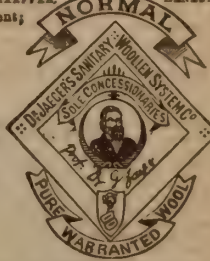
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Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;

Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;

Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

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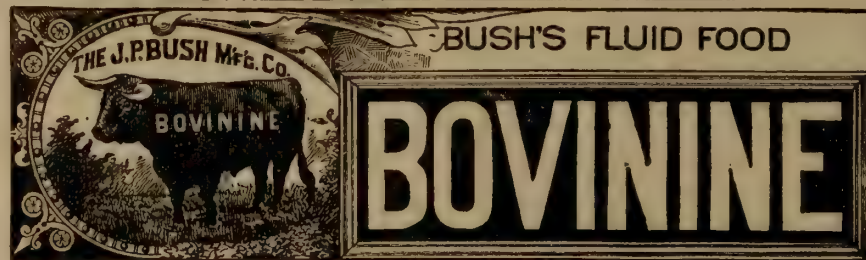
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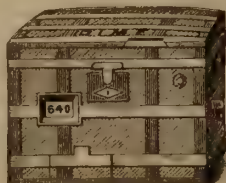
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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

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PARK AVENUE HOTEL



The Convention of Working Girls' Societies in New York—The Metropolitan Opera House—The Park Avenue Hotel—The First Session. (See page 260.)

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SURGERY WITHOUT PAIN.

"The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear." Matt. ix: 5. The Call of the Early Ages for Surgeons—Their Disadvantages—Famous Surgeons of Ancient Times—A Galaxy of Living Surgeons—Tenacious Old Diseases Still Active—The World's Demand for Painless Cures—Christ the Only Surgeon Who Could Effect Them—His Fondness for Chronic Cases—The Sufferer of Eighteen Years—The Cripple of Thirty-eight Years—Chronic Cases of Confirmed Sinfulness—The Divine Oculist—Sufferers Still Needing Him—The Divine Aurist—The Restored Ear of Malchus—The Cure of the Deaf Mute—Might Have Had Large Fees—Will Cure all the World's Wounds.

"DOCTOR," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh no," he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer or more merciful art never came down from heaven than the art of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion, namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages

The Early Surgeons

worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans and then by the early Christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism; and we see it again in 11 Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked lattice-work in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid; and Esculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was deified, and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidauros and Podelirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy; and Damocedes cured the dislocated ancle of King Darius, and the cancer of his queen; and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures, and introduced amputation; and Praxagoras removed obstructions; and Herophilus began dissection; and Erasistratus removed tumors; and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye, and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat; and Alexander, of Tralles, treated the eye; and Rhazas cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia; and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine; and

In Our Own Century

we have had, among others, a Roux and a Larray in France, an Astley Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain, and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America, and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients; and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements, had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeons the people only invoked the gods!

But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill of the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles

we read of them: the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah; the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy; the sun-stroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head! my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; defection of teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, quite equal to anything modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind at the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire, and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox, and going out to the fields to pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery, or from paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho, and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound, and oil to soothe it. Thank God for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering!

The Anæsthetics.

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Doctors Parre and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, with their amazing genius, came on, and with their anæsthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hasheesh and mandrake, and quieted him for a while, but at the return of consciousness distress returned. The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye, or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear, or reduce a dropsy, without any pain at the time, or any pain after, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest, and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw, or ever will see; and He deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth, and hallelujahs of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this Surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles, and false ligatures are formed, and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But

Christ the Surgeon

seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of twelve years, and He stopped it. Another was a curvature of eighteen years, and He straightened it. Another was cripple of thirty-eight years, and he walked out well. The eighteen-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might stop it from getting any worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humanly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine Surgeon put both His hands on her, and from that doubled-up posture she began to rise, and the empurpled face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes, that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude, and up toward heaven in transport. Straight! After eighteen weary and exhaustive years, straight! The poise, the gracefulness, the beauty of

Healthy Womanhood Reinstated.

The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature, the bath, one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man; if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average of human life! Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon walks along these baths, and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered, or a year, or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been

nearly four decades helpless, and to this thirty-eight years' invalid said: "Wilt thou be made whole?" The question asked, not because the Surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness, of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh yes," says the man, "that is what I came to these mineral baths for; have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I have got worse and worse, and I can neither move my hand or foot or head."

Oh, if I Could Only Be Free

from this pain of thirty-eight years!" Christ, Surgeon, could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, He said: "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambles his knees, and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the Doctor with a joy too much to hold, the Doctor says: "Shoulder this mattress! for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh what a Surgeon for chronic cases then, and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin, and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eight years, thirty-eight years. Here is a Surgeon who can give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down with sin that I cannot rise." Are you flatter down this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the Surgeon who offers you His right hand of help, I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exigencies! A Christ for a dead man. A Surgeon who never loses a case!

The Divine Oculist.

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon, I must consider Him as an oculist, or eye doctor, and an aurist, or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That He was particularly sorry for the blind folks, I take from the fact that the most of His works was with the diseased optic nerves. He has not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got His cure. Two blind men in one house, also one who was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creation of the cornea, and ciliary muscle, and crystalline lens, and retina, and optic nerve, and optic gland; also the blind man of Bethsaida, cured of the saliva which the Surgeon took from the tip of His own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also the blind men who sat by the wayside. In our civilized lands we have blindness enough, the ratio fearfully increasing, according to the statement of Boston and New York and Philadelphia oculists, because of the reading of morning and evening newspapers on the jolting cars by the multitudes who live in the city and come in to business. But in the lands where this Divine Surgeon operated, the cases of blindness were multiplied beyond everything; the particles of sand floating in the air, and the night dews falling on the eyelids of those who sat on the top of their houses; and in some of the lands it is estimated that twenty out of a hundred people are totally blind. Amid all that crowd of visionless people, what work for an oculist! A man who do not believe that more than one out of a hundred of that Surgeon's cures were reported. He went up and down among those people who were feeling slowly their way by staff, or led by the hand of a son or rope of dog, and introducing them to the fires of their own household, to the sunrise and the sunset, and the evening star. He just ran His hand over the expressionless face, and the shutters of their windows were swung open, and the restored man went home, crying, "I see! I see! Thank God, I see!"

Is Still Curing the Blind.

That is the oculist we all need. Till He touches our eyes we are blind. Yea, we were born blind. By nature we see things wrong if we see them at all. Our best eternal interests are put before us and we cannot see them. The glories of a loving and pardoning Christ are projected, and we do not behold them. Or we have a defective sight which makes the things of this world larger than the things of

future, time bigger than eternity. Or we are or-blind and cannot see the difference between blackness of darkness forever and the roseate ring of an everlasting day. But Christ the geon comes in, and though we shrink back afraid ave Him touch us, yet He puts His fingers on closed eyelids of the soul, and midnight becomes noon; and we understand something of the joy he young man of the Bible, who, though he had er before been able to see his hand before his , now, by the touch of Christ, had two head- s kindled under his brow, cried out in language : confounded the jeering crowd who were den- g the Christ that had effected the cure, and ted to make Him out a bad man, "Whether be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, : whereas I was blind, now I see."

The Divine Aurist.

ut this surgeon was just as wonderful as an st. Very few people have two good ears. Nine of ten people are particular to get on this or : side of you when they sit or walk or ride with , because they have one disabled ear. Many e both ears damaged, and what with the con- t racket of our great cities, and the catarrhal ibles that sweep through the land, it is remark- : that there are any good ears at all. Most won- ful instrument is the human ear. It is harp and m and telegraph and telephone and whispering- ery all in one. So delicate and wondrous is its truction that the most difficult of all things to nstruct is the auditory apparatus. The might- of scientists have put their skill to its retuning, sometimes they stop the progress of its deca- ce, or remove temporary obstructions, but not e than one really deaf ear out of a hundred usand is ever cured. It took a God to make ear, and it takes a God to mend it. That makes curious to see how Christ the surgeon succeeds in aurist.

Ve are told of only two cases He operated on as ear surgeon. His friend Peter, naturally high- pered, saw Christ insulted by a man by the name Malchus, and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at man's head, but the sword slipped and hewed the outside ear, and our Surgeon touched the eration and another ear bloomed in the place of one that had been slashed away. But it is not outside ear that hears. That is only a funnel gathering sound and pouring it into the hidden l more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake lilee our Surgeon found

A Man Deaf and Dumb.

e patient dwelt in perpetual silence, and was echless. He could not hear a note of music or lap of thunder. He could not call father or ther or wife or children by name. What power i waken that dull tympanum or reach that chain small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open : gate between the brain and the outside world? e Surgeon put His fingers in the deaf ears and tated them, and kept on agitating them until : vibration gave vital energy to all the dead parts, l they responded, and when our Surgeon with- ew His fingers from the ears, the two tunnels of nd were clear for all sweet voices of music and endship. For the first time in his life he heard : dash of the waves of Galilee. Through the ert of painful silence had been built a king's hway of resonance and acclamation. But yet was dumb. No word had ever leaped over his . Speech was chained under his tongue. Vocal- tion and accentuation were to him an impossi- bility. He could express neither love nor indigna- n nor worship. Our Surgeon, having

Unbarred His Ear,

ll now unloose the shackle of his tongue. e Surgeon will use the same liniment or salve at He used on two occasions for the cure of blind ple, namely, the moisture of His own mouth. e application is made. And lo, the rigidity of e dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the ngue and teeth were born a whole vocabulary, d words flew into expression. He not only heard t he talked. One gate of his body swung in to : sound enter, and the other gate swung out to t sound depart. Why is it that while other sur- ons used knives and forceps and probes and ectroscopes, this Surgeon used only the ointment His own lips? To show that all the curative ver we ever feel comes straight from Christ. nd if He touches us not, we shall be deaf as a rock nd dumb as a tomb. Oh thou greatest of all aurists, mpel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the Surgeon's fees for all these

cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the pain- lessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases He took were all moneyless. Did He not treat the nobleman's son? Did He not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did He not effect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth, who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They

Would Have Paid Him Large Fees,

and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jeru- salem, and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias, who would have given this Surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as He could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received a thousand dollars, five thousand dollars, and, in one case I know of, fifty thousand dollars, but the Surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In His whole earthly life, we know of His having had but sixty-two and a half cents. When His taxes were due, by His omniscience He knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and He sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman stater, or sixty-two and a half cents, the only money He ever had; and that He paid out for taxes. This greatest Surgeon of all the centuries gave all His services then, and offers all His ser- vices now, free of all charge.

"Without Money,

and without price" you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed, and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind, or soul, let them remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Beside that, there are powerful anesthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God;" "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this Surgeon shall have completed the treat- ment of all the world's wounds! The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirma- ries, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts, for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sun- strokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning- hooks. While

In the Heavenly Country

we shall see the victims of accident or malforma- tion, or hereditary ills on earth, become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such bril- liant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our Surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and grace- ful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our Surgeon found bent almost double, and could in no wise lift up herself, and He made her straight. Who is that listening with such rapture to the music of heaven, solo melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our Surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee, and by two touches opened ear-gate and mouth-gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring look and thanksgiving, and cries of "Oh, what He did for me! Oh, what He did for my family! Oh, what He did for the world!" That is the Surgeon of all the centuries, the Oculist, the Aurist, the Emanci- pator, the Saviour. No pay he took on earth. Come, now, and let all heaven pay Him with worship that shall never end, and a love that shall never die. On His head be all the crowns! In His hands be all the sceptres! and at His feet be all the worlds!

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Poor Man's Prophet.*

AMOS is specially the poor man's prophet, for he was a poor man himself; not a courtier like Isaiah, or a priest like Jeremiah, or a sage like Daniel; but a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit in Tekoa, near Bethlehem, where Amos was born. What was the secret of this inspired herdsman's strength? He believed and preached the kingdom of God and His righteousness; the simple but infinite difference between right and wrong, and the certain doom of wrong, if wrong was persisted in. No wonder that the Israelites thought Amos a most troublesome and insolent person. No wonder that the smooth priest Amaziah begged him to begone, and talk in that way some- where else. The two could no more work together than fire and water. Amos wanted to make men repent of their sins, while Amaziah wanted only to make them easy in their minds; and no man can do both at once. When a man dares to preach like Amos, he is no more likely to be popular with the wicked world than Amos was popular, or St. Paul was popular, or our Lord Jesus Christ,

The King in Disguise.

Suppose that at some meeting of citizens, publicly convened for deliberation, an individual, abject in mien and poor in apparel, should present himself for our notice; and that, when he proceeded to address us in language of serious admonition, we re- sented what we reckoned his presumption, repressed him, and turned him out with abuse, our conduct would be not a little censurable, as a breach of the great law of the fraternity of all men, and a viola- tion of the rights of citizenship. Well, we have expelled him from our assembly; but there he is back, with the crown of royalty on his head. How much more criminal it would be to treat him with indignity now. His flesh is now the flesh of a king; it is sacred; touch it not for harm; protect it with loyal care. The divine nature of Christ was a crown to His human nature; not changing that human, so as to render it essentially different from ours, but giving it official pre-eminence—royalizing it. What must sin be in the judgment of Heaven, that, when He who was crowned with the diadem of Godhead presented Himself on our behalf, His substitution was not refused as if it had been exorbitant to ask so much? Does the kingly crown save the king from feeling like other men? He felt as keenly as we feel—even more keenly; for in mental suffer- ing, at least, the nature, being more refined, is nec- essarily more sensitive in proportion as it is sinless.

Heredity.

We are tempted at times to say, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." That is, we are punished not for what we have done wrong, but for what our fathers did wrong. Men complain of their ill luck and bad chance, as they call it, till they complain of God, and say, as the Jews said in Ezekiel's time: God's ways are unequal, partial, unfair.

God does visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation—but of whom? Of them that hate Him. If a family, or a class, or a whole nation become incorrigibly profligate, foolish, base—in three or four genera- tions they will either die out or vanish. Whole na- tions will sink thus; as the Jews sank in Ezekiel's time, and again in our Lord's time; and be con- quered, trampled on, counted for nothing, because they were worth nothing.

But suppose that the children, when their fath- ers' sins are visited on them, are not incorrigible. Suppose they are like the wise son of whom Ezekiel speaks (18 : 14), who seeth all his father's sins, and doeth not such like—then has not God been mercif- ul and kind to him in visiting his father's sins on him? He has. God is justified therein. His eter- nal laws of natural retribution, severe as they are, have worked in love and in mercy if they have taught the young man the ruinousness, the deadl- iness, of sin. Men fall by sin; they rise again by re- pentance and amendment. They rise—they enter into their new life weak and wounded from their own fault. But they enter in, and from that day things begin to mend—the weather begins to clear; the soil begins to yield again; punishment gradu- ally ceases when it has done its work; the weight lightens, the wounds heal, the weakness strength- ens, and they are made men of again and saved.

* From *The Sermon Bible*: Isaiah to Malachi, the fourth of the volumes on the Old Testament, containing extracts from the sermons of famous preachers. Pp. 511; price \$1.50. Pub- lished by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

THE CONVENTION OF WORKING GIRLS' SOCIETIES IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK.

(See illustration on first page.)

ONE of the most remarkable conventions of our time assembled in New York last week. It was a convention composed exclusively of ladies, and was managed with a promptitude and business-like skill which compared favorably with conventions of the sterner sex. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in accordance with its principle of keeping its readers informed of the most interesting events of the day, presents this week a picture of a session in the Metropolitan Opera House, taken by our own artist, and pictures of the exterior of the building, and of the Park Avenue Hotel, the headquarters of the chief delegations.

The assembly called itself a Convention of Working Girls' Societies. At its first session, on April 15, eight hundred lady members, delegates, and friends of the association occupied every available seat in the spacious room; something like two hundred more stood about the aisles, and crowded in the corridors, listening eagerly to the proceedings. Miss Grace Dodge presided, and with her on the platform were the members of the Executive Committee in charge of the Convention: Miss Virginia Potter, Secretary; Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Mrs. Gaspar Griswold, Mrs. Archibald Alexander, Miss Rebecca F. Morse, and Miss Jane B. Potter.

Origin of the Convention.

This Association of Working Girls' Societies was formed in February, 1884, with the following objects: To strengthen, to knit together, and to protect the interests of the several societies. To hold meetings, when the reports of the societies shall be presented, and to make more generally known their aims and advantages. To promote the general adoption of the principles upon which the societies have been formed. To secure the services, by co-operation, of good teachers, lady physicians, and lecturers. To keep the several societies informed of such classes and schemes as are proved valuable. To encourage and assist in the establishment of new societies.

The association is composed of three bodies: the New York association, numbering twenty-two clubs; Boston, eight clubs; and Brooklyn, eleven. Philadelphia has also most successful societies, headed by the New Century Working Women's Guild, and each of these various societies, as well as others, numbering 100 in all, had its representative among the delegates assembled at this great Convention, whose object was the discussion of the various interests of working girls' clubs, the promotion of a stronger bond of sympathy among existing clubs, the instruction of those who are organizing new societies, and the development of new schemes and ideas for the benefit of working girls.

The Component Societies.

The object or purpose of each individual club or society is to command for working girls opportunities for education and improvement, which the majority of them have missed through the necessity of becoming wage earners when scarcely more than children. By paying a small monthly due the members command pleasant rooms that are open every night for educational and social uses. By forming classes and sharing the expense, they obtain the services of a teacher in the various branches which would be beyond their reach individually, and through club membership they are associated as friends and co-laborers with some of the strongest, sweetest, and most cultured women of the cities in which they reside, through whose efforts, in addition to their own, the Working Woman's Club is not only a possibility but a living reality, whose far-reaching effects are difficult to determine.

The First Session

had for its chief feature an address by the President, Miss Grace Dodge, who enjoys the honor of being the founder of the first working girls' club in America, and the first directress of the association. She opened the meeting with a few earnest words of prayer, and then, after the reading of several papers of three minutes each, by various members, proceeded to deliver an address on "The Method and Value of Practical Talks in the Club." She incidentally explained one of the most valuable features of the organization. She said that club life grew and originated in talks on matters of importance in daily life. That in this age, when newspapers and books carry to us ideas of thought to the workers in factory or shop, the busy men and women have little time to develop thought or to formulate ideas, and little opportunity to discuss them,

and that one club member had said she was glad to join the club just to "talk out" things as she never had done before. Their object is to discuss plain, every-day matters, to bring beautiful meaning into daily duties, to develop better ways of performing them, to strengthen character, and to prepare for the probable wifehood and motherhood of the future. The topics thus discussed form the subject of thought and conversation through the working-days that follow. Health, dress, laws of cities and States (especially those relating to tenement houses and factories), grandeur of womanhood, her powers and possibilities, and the deeper questions of purity and beauty of character. The leader presents the topic during the first fifteen minutes, the members discuss it the following quarter of an hour, and the leader gathers up the thoughts again, conclusively presenting them in suitable sequence. The topics are chosen by the members themselves frequently, and their discussion tends to give higher ideas of the power of womanhood, the dignity of labor, and the importance of the part that each life, however obscure, plays in the history of the world. In a word, to teach each member to become mistress of herself.

The Grand Celebration

was held in the evening, to which the public was admitted. That is, any lady; gentlemen were sternly excluded. The meeting took place in the large hall of Cooper Institute, which was filled to the doors, even the aisles being crowded. Miss Dodge again presided, and, as it was the sixth anniversary of the founding of the first Working Girls' Club, her opening prayer was one of thanksgiving for years of blessing. At its conclusion the multitude of sweet voices joined in singing the New York Club song: Here, where all is bright and happy, cheerful hearts we bring,

Leaving now our work for pleasure, gaily let us sing,
While the hours are passing, in our many ways
Heads and hands must labor through the busy days;
But we've learned the lesson work is right and blest,
So we sing rejoicing, knowing all is best.
While a tender longing grows in ev'ry heart,
Let us work together though we seem apart;

Let us work together though we seem apart.
Kindly thoughts for helping others make our burdens light,
While with light of loving friendship all our paths are bright.

CHORUS.

Close together still may we as friends and sisters stand,
Nothing can divide our ranks while clasping hand in hand.

The Report

was anything but the dry, formal statement which such documents usually are. Miss Dodge, in reading it, commenced with a reference to the first annual meeting five years ago, at which there were only 500 members, ten regular and two honorary societies. She went on to say: "To-night at our sixth annual meeting we have eighteen societies and eight honorary members in our association, and welcome delegates from about fifty societies, seventy-five co-operative societies, banded together to secure for individual members moral, social, and intellectual advancement. Our larger clubs number some 260 members each, and the smaller have at least thirty members. The classes taught include cooking, embroidery, plain sewing, music, millinery, stenography, German, first aid to the injured, and for Bible study. Practical talks and lectures are given in fifteen societies, some of the most valuable being those on the physical development of women.

"Our aim is toward self-support, and we congratulate certain societies upon approximating closely to it. The most beautiful work of the clubs is that accomplished for the benefit of some one outside the organization. Presents made for children at Christmas, the barrels filled with useful and needed articles to be given away, hospitals visited, and resolve clubs formed to 'lend a hand' wherever opportunity offers. In four societies

'Three P' Circles

have been started for the development of a more earnest type of womanhood, taking the motto Purity, Perseverance, and Pleasantness. The auxiliary society, which has been organized to receive legally the gifts which the General Council were powerless to hold, has already been presented with Miller Place, a summer home, where at medium rates working women spend their vacation, and \$18,000 from the Young Women's Aid Society for the purpose of erecting another holiday house on the Miller property. The work of the society includes also the management of the concerts at Cooper Union

Hall, two of which have already been very successfully carried out. We hope to start a journal, which shall be the organ of our society. When the convention closes we hope also to organize

A B. W. and M. Branch

for the young brides, wives, and mothers who were formerly club members. And when we have wives, mothers, and babies all enrolled we shall hope still further that the brothers and young husbands shall unite and co-operate with us in developing means for self-culture and a higher life. In saying good night to you all, I can hardly do better than give you the *New Year's motto* of Truth, Tolerance, Courage, Love, and to wish for you all that we may grow more and more in true loyalty to each other, and may find ourselves, with the help of our Heavenly Father, nobler, truer, stronger women, endowed with all purity and character.

What a Woman Can Do

Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marion Harland), told sisters with much practical good sense. She said, among other things: "Men say there are things a woman cannot do, carry an umbrella on a wet day, sharpen a pencil, or throw a stone. I asked a college boy why, and he said he supposed they couldn't 'because they weren't built that way.' But we can go on tilting our umbrellas, and whittling pencil points, and tossing instead of flinging pebbles, while we are secure in the knowledge that all men who ever wore beards, from Adam to Benjamin Harrison, never have and never will make a home. They try it in shanties, quarters, apartments, and even palaces, but a woman with a baby and a broom could make a better home out of a dry-goods box set up on one end, than a man could out of any or all these things.

"What kind of a wife can a girl make who never thinks of anything but her trade, her clothes, and herself? Empty-headed wives, who can talk of nothing that interests an intelligent man, are responsible for three-fourths of the drunkenness and unfaithfulness that makes hell of homes. You who are familiar with the streets containing the houses of workingmen know the type of woman I mean. How, when the wedding finery wears out, she goes about in tattered garments, collarless neck, shaggy shelled tresses, sitting aimlessly on doorsteps, with her elbows on her knees, or nursing pygmy children. God help them and her!"

Miss Potter's Address

was the chief feature of the business meetings on April 16. Miss Clara S. Potter is a daughter of Bishop Potter, of New York. She is a Directress of the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies, and the originator of the scheme for providing a co-operative seashore home where working girls can spend their vacation at a cost within their means. After several practical subjects, such as the formation of provident and benevolent circles, had been discussed, Miss Potter gave an address on *Summer Vacations*, in which she outlined the plans for the support of the seashore home, and showed how, by the principle of co-operation, unnecessary expense could be saved, and how, by skilful management the home might be made a means, at trifling cost, of recuperating physical and mental energies and affording thorough enjoyment. What is done in the same line in other cities was described to the Convention by Miss Emily L. Morgan, of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Haywood.

The evening was devoted to visits of the out-of-town delegates to the clubs of New York, where they were cordially and hospitably received, and entertained with exhibitions of calisthenic exercises.

The Closing Session

of this bright and dainty Convention was held on April 17, when Miss Corner, of Montreal, told of the Montreal Industrial Union; Miss Chapin read a paper from Miss Hurley, of Chicago, describing the Working Women's Improvement Association there; Miss Browning, of Lawrence, Mass., described the successful experiment conducted by the women of her town in getting up a club for the mill girls; Miss Smoot, of Washington, spoke of the one hundred assemblies of working girls which the Knights of Labor have established; Miss Graeff read Mrs. Turner's description of the efforts of the New Century Guild, of Philadelphia, to organize factory women into clubs; Miss Holman, of Philadelphia, told about "Lend a Hand" clubs in the mining regions; and Miss Jarvis, of Danielville, Conn., and Mrs. Warner, spoke of clubs which had been successfully maintained in country towns. A discussion then followed on the appointment of women as inspectors of factories.

The final hour was passed in the settlement of a permanent basis for the Association. The resolution had been framed by the committee appointed that special business, and were presented by its president, Miss Edith M. Howes, of Boston, Mass. They were as follows:

Whereas, This Convention realizes that the time comes for the formation of an organization; and *Whereas*, It is more than ever convinced of the need and value of co-operation; therefore be it resolved, That this Convention recommends the formation of a united association of working girls' societies, whose constitution and by-laws shall be submitted to each uniting association for its approval; a committee composed of the first directress and secretary of each association, be appointed, and his was adopted, thereby making the association permanent. Mrs. Lizzie Hayes presented a resolution complimentary to Miss Grace Dodge, the first man, which was passed with applause. Miss Edith M. Howes, of Boston, for the Committee on Resolutions, reported resolutions thanking the New York clubs for their hospitality, and Miss Dodge for "unfailing tact, promptitude, courtesy, and ability" as a presiding officer. That closed the convention. Miss Dodge spoke a few earnest words, and the assemblage was dismissed.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for May 4, Luke 8: 41-56; Golden Text, Luke 8: 50.

Conquest of the Keys—The Pledge and Proof of Resurrection Power—Guidance Assured—Jairus an Open Believer—Confidence in Christ's Power Deared—The Healing of the Woman—A Touch of Faith—The Healing Confessed—The Faith of Jairus Tested—The One Indispensable Condition—The Power of God not to be Used Mechanically.

THE Lord Jesus had already manifested His power over death in raising the widow's son from the dead. Glory be to God, He hath "the keys of hell of death"! (Rev. 1: 18.) He took on Him flesh and blood, that "through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2: 14), and take possession of the earth which had fallen into Satan's hand by the fall of man. In the Old Testament the appeal to man's faith in God is made on the ground of His power in the past; again and again we hear of Him who made heaven and earth; "in the New Testament the appeal to our faith is on the ground of Christ's resurrection, and His consequent power over death, which could raise Himself and others from the dead, how should He not be able to deliver us from sin and danger? He has conquered the mightier, let us trust Him for the lesser.

In the case of Jairus's daughter was a grave one; in Mark's gospel we read, "Behold there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; when he saw Him he fell at His feet, and besought Him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live" (ver. 22); the Lord Jesus was occupied in teaching the disciples of John in the house of the publican (Matt. 9: 10, 14, 18; compare Luke 5: 27-29); how should He decide which was more pressing of the two calls upon Him—to continue His teaching or to heal this one little girl? There was no indecision about the actions of the Lord Jesus, His one stringent, unvarying rule was: "I came down from Heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." (John 8: 28.) The Father never failed to direct Him. His elder Brother, claimed the promise, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which I shall go; I will guide thee with mine eye." (John 8: 28.) God awakened His ear morning by morning "to hear as the learned," and He "was rebellious, neither turned away back" (Isa. 50: 10); thus He knew, and thus He did, His Father's will, and He could say, "I do always those things which please Him." (John 8: 29.)

And He has opened this way of blessedness and peace for us to walk in: indecision and hesitation are not of faith in God; any uncertainty about the will is a shadow of darkness upon our path; we say that we have fellowship with Him, and yet in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth."

He is Pledged to Guide us,

if we rely on our own wisdom, on the counsel of men, or on anything else but His written Word. His direction, we are uncertain as to our way, because we are wanting in communion with Him. It is our privilege to do always, without exception,

those things which please Him, but in order so to do, it is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our will, and cease to have a choice about anything except to choose Jesus.

Jairus had no doubt of the power of Jesus, and he was not afraid for others to know he had applied to Him. He did not call Him aside quietly and ask Him to come and see what He could do, as some do who make use of Jesus to try the experiment whether healing by faith will succeed with them, thus putting their Lord on a par with all kinds of other physicians and remedies, and by their very uncertainty rendering it impossible to Him to undertake their case. Jairus said, openly, before all who were around, and after declaring that his daughter was at the point of death, "Come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live." Jesus went with him without delay, "and much people followed Him and thronged Him" (Mark 5: 23, 24), no doubt out of curiosity to see what would be the issue. That they should regard it as an uncertain experiment was no hindrance to the Lord, but those who had applied for the exercise of His power must be able to count upon Him, and according to their faith it would be unto them.

It would seem that not a moment was to be lost, every breath might be the last; and it must have been an unspeakable trial to the faith and patience of the anxious father when there was an interruption on the way. "A woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind Him and touched the border of His garment: and immediately her issue of blood stancheth." What will not sufferers undergo to obtain relief! We have heard lately of

A Doctor who had Intense Neuralgia

in the end of his little finger. He had not the fortitude to endure it, and had the first joint amputated; the pain settled in the second joint, and he had that amputated; then the third, then the hand, then the whole arm: all in vain, the pain only increased. He tried all kinds of remedies, and at last took large doses of morphia, but the disease only continued to gain upon him; he "was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse."

This poor woman had spent her all to obtain relief, and she had nothing for all her outlay; what a picture of those who fall back upon their own resources for deliverance from sin, for power in labor for the Lord, and also, as in this case, deliverance from disease! God can, and often does, make use of physicians to help those who suffer, but no remedy is certain in every case; the hand of God, which may bless it in the one may hinder it in another. At last the poor woman decided to abandon herself; strengthened, perhaps, by the faith of the father who had left his dying child's side, in the certainty of obtaining healing for her from the Lord Jesus, "she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." (Matt. 9: 21.) She carried out her purpose, and after having touched Him, not before, "she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." (Mark 5: 29.)

Having once received the blessing, she was responsible to acknowledge it; "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." (Luke 12: 8.) "Jesus said, Who touched Me?" At first all denied, and "Peter and they that were with Him" reasoned with Him, that the multitude thronged and pressed Him, and many, of course, must touch Him under such circumstances. But "Jesus said,

Somebody Hath Touched Me:

for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me." The pressure of the crowd and the touch of faith were totally different things; virtue did not go out of Jesus in response to the unthinking multitude, who were curious to see the issue of Jairus's appeal, but there was one who had cast her hopeless case upon Him who had just put His healing power to the proof, and had brought her sick body in contact with Him who "took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses;" and He who never could be unconscious of the smallest real application made to Him, who is sensitive to the smallest touch of faith, discovered that which had been taking place. "And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately. And He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

The delay on the way to his house must have

seemed to Jairus almost unpardonable and almost heartless, and while Jesus spake these last words to the woman, "there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master." What a moment for the father! Had it not been for the delay of this woman, he might, perhaps, have been in time. Now all hope was gone. Moments like this come in the life of each of us, when such great impossibilities meet us, that we are ready to ask, "Can God Himself do anything at this juncture?" and we need to recall the mighty power of a Creator, and the death-conquering power of a Redeemer, that our faith may recover its balance. Jesus came to his help, and in His firm, decided, quiet way said, "Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole." He who spoke is Himself the "Resurrection and the Life."

"Fear Not; Believe Only."

This was, and is, God's essential condition and requisite from man, in order that Jesus may do His mighty works. To fear, after we have committed anything fully to the hands of Jesus, is to imply either want of will or want of power in Him to undertake it. "Fear not," in its frequent occurrence in the Word of God is not simply an exhortation, or an encouragement which we can take or leave at pleasure; it is a distinct command, which we sin in disobeying. "Believe only, and she shall be made whole;" this made the restoration of his daughter dependent on Jairus's faith.

When Jesus came to the house, He took with Him only those whom He could count upon. The multitude, whose curiosity had been aroused, were not permitted to be spectators of the power of Christ's resurrection, already to be manifested upon the dead. Peter, who knew He was the Christ, James, the first apostle who should die for His sake, and John, "whom Jesus loved," were the band of first-fruits chosen to be with Him at this solemn moment, "and the father and mother of the maiden." But within the house there were others, whose unbelief might be a hindrance, and He said, "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth," for death is sleep in the eyes of Him who hath the keys of death. "And they laughed Him to scorn, knowing that she was dead."

And He Put Them All Out;—

the atmosphere of unbelief was too heavy for the Son of God to breathe. Let us learn a lesson here—that the work of God can never be done mechanically. Some Christians will send to ask prayer for a certain thing from many prayer-meetings, thinking that the greater the number of Christians who pray for the thing, the more likely will the answer be. Is not this counting upon man rather than upon God? Real prayer is the work of the Holy Ghost through us, and we cannot command it as we would turn on a tap. There are some believers who are too little imbued with the sense of God's intense holiness to take really upon them some subjects of prayer, and it is only when God has prepared the heart by a continual consciousness of His near, solemn presence that we can draw nigh and put to the test a power of God which, to the eyes of men, has long lain dormant. When Jesus was there alone with the parents and His chosen three apostles, He took the corpse by the hand and said, "Maid, arise! and her spirit came again, and she arose straightway; and He commanded to give her meat." And then He who had insisted on the open confession of the woman with the issue of blood, charged the parents of the girl to "tell no man what was done." He would not that a young girl should be a centre of attraction; let her learn to be modest and retiring, while the woman who had sought so long in vain for help owed it to the honor of Jesus to speak of what had been done in her.

A PARTY OF FOUR.

AT one of his meetings in connection with the present Temperance revival at Toronto, Canada, Joe Hess enlisted the earnest attention of a great audience when, in touching and effective language, he told the story of what became of "the other three fellers" who were with him the night he entered the Burdick meeting in Rochester, N. Y. Hess came out a reformed man. The others pursued their evil ways. To-day one is in Auburn State prison, serving out a term for murder committed the day following Hess's reformation. The second, within ten days of that memorable night, committed suicide; the third is in Joliet State prison, under a fifteen years' sentence for a terrible crime, "Drink," in the words of Hess, "did it all."

HOW SOON WILL CHRIST COME?

An Address by Mr. Thomas Parsons.

I HAVE been converted now for forty years, and the second coming of Christ was a dark thing to me before I was converted, but I was converted in the Church of England by a sermon on the Coming of Christ. I thought, if Christ should come now I am not fit to meet Him. Yet when He rolled the burden of unforgiven sins off my breast through believing on His precious blood, the doctrine of His Second Advent became the sweetest portion of the Book of God. The very thought of this event has prompted me to work zealously for Him for many years past.

Now, God has in these last days shown His servants the very time when the Lord will come, as I will now proceed to explain.

Daniel's Prophetic Dates

I am going to deal with as far as the Holy Ghost will enable me. In Dan. 8:14, we read that one Saint came unto another saint, and said, "How long shall be the vision appertaining to the daily sacrifice and the transgression of desolation, to give both the Sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?" and the answer was, "Unto 2,300 years, then shall the Sanctuary be cleansed." In Dan. 9:25 we read, that from the going forth of the command to rebuild Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince being cut off, there were to be three-score and two weeks. These weeks, although no doubt to be in the future fulfilled as weeks of days, are nevertheless held by thousands of theologians to have been fulfilled in the past as weeks of years, that is to say, as 483 years ending with Messiah the Prince being cut off. King Artaxerxes in the 20th year of his reign commanded Nehemiah, his cupbearer, to go and rebuild Jerusalem, not merely to rebuild the temple as commanded to Ezra. If you look in the margin by the side of Nehemiah 2 you will find that this command was given in Nisan 445 B. C. and Christ was "cut off" in the month Nisan, or April, in Passover week in A. D. 39, exactly 483 years after Nisan B. C. 445. Still further, these 69 weeks or 483 years were stated in Dan. 9:24 to be "determined" or divided off from the 2,300 years mentioned in Dan. 8:14, and in fact to be

The First Section

or portion of the 2,300 years, which therefore similarly and simultaneously began in Passover Week in Nisan B. C. 445 and consequently ended in Passover Week 1856, which point of time likewise is the end of the 1,290 years of the desolation of the Holy Land by the combined Papal and Mohammedan powers commencing in 566 A. D. The great event on the last day of Passover Week 1856, was the signing of the Crimean War Treaty of Peace, in connection with which the cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land from Mohammedan tyranny commenced. The two dates of the 2,300 and 1,290 years ended then simultaneously in 1856.

I can well recollect that year, for I happened to be in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Parliament when Lord Palmerston, on Monday, April 28, 1856, brought in a copy of that Treaty of Peace granting religious liberty to all subjects of the Sultan in Turkey and the Holy Land. That was the commenced

Overthrow of the Mohammedan Power.

Before that day it was death to a Turk or a Mohammedan to change his religion. I studied at the Church Missionary College, and a fellow student, John Williams by name, had a brother who was only allowed six days to flee from Constantinople when it became known that he was a Christian, and this John Williams had to flee too, and that was how he came to England. After that treaty, however, these two brothers went back to their own country, and have since lived there safely.

But you will ask, What has this to do with 1901? Let me take you to the last chapter of Daniel, and there you will find two dates. How long shall this desolation exist? "From the time the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, shall be 1,200 years." The 1,290 years commenced in 566, and ended in 1856, which was also the end of the 2,300 years from B. C. 445. Now read the next verse in the last chapter of Daniel, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years." Here we have 45 years in excess of the 1,290, and 45 years starting on the last day of Passover Week 1856, when the 1,290 years ended, must end on the last day of Passover Week, April 11, 1901, which will thus be

The Last Day of this Age.

But there are many events to happen between

now and the End of this Age, on April 11, 1901. And the most important of these coming events is the Advent of Christ as a Bridegroom "in the air" to translate alive to heaven 144,000 living Christians on 5th March, 1896, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon (by Jerusalem time), that being the time of the evening sacrifice in the temple at Jerusalem, and the Ninth Hour at which Christ was crucified. Six years, then, from to-day we prove from these Scriptures that Messiah will come, *i. e.*, on the 5th March 1896. As a prelude to this event, there will be a command sent forth to rebuild the modern Jerusalem on November 8, 1894, exactly 2,345 *literal* days before the Last Day, April 11, 1901, just as the ancient command went forth 2,345 *years* before 1901. And then from November 8, 1894, there will be Sixty-nine weeks of *literal* days to the Second Advent of Christ on March 5, 1896, just as there were Sixty-nine *Weeks of years* from B. C. 445 to Christ being cut off at His First Advent in A. D. 39. (Dan. 9:25.)

And even some time before this momentous command to rebuild Jerusalem on November 8, 1894, there will be the greatest European war ever known, beginning in this year 1890 or 1891 in order to change more than 20 States in Caesar's Roman World into Daniel's Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was terrible, but not on such a vast scale as that which is to occur before the close of 1891. There never has been such a war as this will be. Instead of, like the Crimean War, involving only *some*, it will involve *all* the nations of Europe. Are they not preparing for it? And this will be the fulfilment of the "wars and rumors of war" foretold by Christ to be a sign of His Second Coming. What are all the millions of soldiers going to do? What are they preparing for? God has told us in His Word. What the people of the world know not, God's people know. There will be

A Gigantic War

transforming the 23 kingdoms of the Continent into a Confederation of Ten Kingdoms prefigured by the ten toes of the image in Dan. 2:45, and Dan. 7:24. There you read about the image with the head of gold, the breast of silver, loins of brass, and the two iron legs made with an admixture of clay. We are now close down to the ten toes of the image. What do these ten toes consist of? Not of iron or clay, but of iron mixed with clay. That means Monarchy and Democracy. That means that the workingmen will all exercise governmental power as well as the monarchs. This is a time when workingmen are confederating themselves in companies, and assuming more control of their respective countries.

After the formation of the Ten Kingdoms, about 1892, the Antichrist will rise as a Little Sovereign near Macedonia, and become King of Syria about 1894, and will make a Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews according to Dan. 9:27, from Passover Week, 1894, to Passover Week, 1901. He will be a Napoleon, because his number is 666, according to the Greek alphabet. I believe God is able to raise a man up from the grave, if needs be, and I expect that Antichrist (as held by many expositors) will be a man who once lived and died, and will come up out of the bottomless pit to carry out the purposes of the Eternal One. He is called

"The Wild Beast"

that was, and is not, and yet shall ascend from the bottomless pit, and is wounded to death and healed of his mortal wound," as stated in Rev. 17:11 and 13:3.

Now, this Antichrist is the "little horn" that is to arise in some part of the present Turkish Empire, probably near the top of Greece. He will get power over three of the Ten Kingdoms at first, for he is to pluck up three of the ten horns. But later on, about 1897, by becoming the leader of the Socialists and Communists, he shall subdue all the Ten Kingdoms of the European Confederacy. But from 1894 to 1897, he will only be King of Syria, King of the North, as it says in Dan. 11:21, 40; ultimately he will conquer the whole of the Roman Empire

As it was in the Days of Cæsar.

To the Jew this Napoleon will make himself a Jew. He will be a man that is wily and has a long head. In order to protect Jews in the city of Jerusalem from Russia and adjacent countries, he will say, "I will help you to re-establish yourselves in Jerusalem. I will make a league with you for seven years. You shall have your own temple and sacrifices, again, as in the days of yore." (Dan. 9:27.) To the Mohammedans he will say, "I am your Mahdi,

I will do more for you than any Mahdi ever did before," and in this way he will go on until he finally becomes the great Antichrist. He will then set up his own image in the Jewish Temple; and he will not only do that, but he will set it up in every temple and every public place throughout his dominions. Like Nebuchadnezzar he will set up an image, and compel every one to fall down and worship him, and those who do it will be compelled to bear his name, which will be signified by the number 666 on their foreheads and on their hands. Then every one who will not worship the image will receive the number, we are told, will be put to death and we are told they will be beheaded (Rev. 20:10) most probably by the guillotine, as that is the customary mode of execution on the Continent. Millions will worship this image or forfeit their lives, this being the terrible time of which Daniel speaks. May God in His mercy save you and me from a time as that!

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

Author of "Simon Holmes," "Nestleton Magna," "The New Mellowdew," etc., etc.

(Continued from page 267.)

WHEN Jared Higginbotham entered the kitchen, Jimmie Sladd was seated in the chaise longue, apparently dozing under the influence of the welcome warmth. Passing into the bar, he found it unoccupied; the auction sale in Faringdon had drawn the usual *habitués* of that quarter to "King's Head," and the "Hilldrop Inn" was that evening in the shade. The barmaid had nothing to do, and she and her mistress, a quiet, somewhat ailing woman, were seated in a little parlour behind the bar engaged on some important work connected with a "Sunday dress."

Jared went up-stairs; but why did he walk softly, and move along with such a stealthy step? He had no business in Mr. Allanson's room, he looked and acted as though he knew he was not. He closed the door after him, turned the key quickly, and silently drew down the blinds, and set alight the wax candles standing on the sideboard. Then his eye fell on a small chest which stood in the corner just behind his guest's armchair; he had every reason to believe that the smaller box, the box that held the money, was kept in that chest. The chest was locked.

A feeling of relief followed that discovery—the last faint impulse of honesty. It was followed by a turn by strong vexation. Open it he must! But how? Leaning against the door he heard a faint jingle. Mr. Allanson had hung his overcoat behind it, and the noise was the noise of keys. Surely the owner must have put them there by accident.

This man could congratulate himself on his good fortune, could even regard it as a good omen, for as a token that the gods were willing. The chest was opened, the treasure-box extracted, the chest was refastened, the keys were replaced, and in a few moments, gliding through the shadows and into the night—the now black winter's night—the thief was hurrying through the wood, across the fields, and soon the treasure-box was hidden, hidden cunningly and well, in a heap of crumbling fragments of sculptured stones and other débris covered with a thick tangle of nettles, brambles, briars, and rank grass, among the ruins of St. Edward's Abbey.

The evil work was quickly done; as quickly as the thief returned, and entered the inn unnoted, whistling the bars of a familiar song, and thinking how easily, how very easily, the deed was done. Jimmie Sladd still sat by the kitchen hearth. "Well, Jimmie," said Jared, "you know the value of a warm corner on a night like this. Have you been to the sale?"

"Nay, not I, marry," was Jimmie's reply. "I keep pretty close by my own hearth this winter weather. I shouldn't have come here to-night when I was here last night in Mr. Allanson's room. He lent me his great-coat to go 'ome wi', an' it might bring it home to-day. He said if he wanted I might hang it up behind his door. Mrs. Higginbotham said I might go an' hang it up myself, so I did, an' I've been here ever since. It's no work gettin' away again."

Jared Higginbotham was surprised at what he heard, and in that moment another devil, somefold worse than the last, entered his heart.

Jimmie Sladd was to bear vicariously the blame and punishment of the actual thief. "He a

top of something to warm you, Jimmie, before you go. I'll brew a cordial for you," said Jared. "Thank you kindly," responded Jimmie, nothing at all.

The cordial, in the shape of some kind of mulled wine, was speedily forthcoming, and under the influence of the potent beverage Jimmie soon dropped leep. Taking his colored pocket-handkerchief from the pocket of the shepherd's smock, Jared blew the stairs again, dropped it behind the chest, and dropped also a coin from his own pocket to bear it company. He returned to find a neighboring farmer seated on the long settle near the fire. "Come, Jimmie," said Jared, loudly, "you had better go home."

The shepherd roused himself and said, "Bless me, I didn't know a' I'd gone to sleep."

No: folks seldom do, Jimmie, till they wake up in the morning," said Jared. "Did I understand you to say that you had been in Mr. Allanson's room to-night?"

"Yes, I shouldn't ha' gone, but—"

"No, you shouldn't!" said Jared, sharply, closing the door on the retreating shepherd. And then turning to the farmer, he said, "He's a cunning customer, that praying Jimmie. What business did he up-stairs, I should like to know?"

In the course of the following day, Gilbert Craske or Richard Allanson, for the time being—returned to his quarters at Hilldrop Inn. He was in capital spirits. He had dearly desired to become the owner of Hilldrop Manor, and now the coveted possession was his very own. He had paid a considerable deposit, and had received preliminary papers which gave him an indisputable claim upon the property, the remainder of the purchase-money was paid down on a certain date, which had been fixed by mutual agreement.

When this matter had come up, Gilbert had made a very early day for the final payment. He had most of the money by him, and his thoughts were to conclude the purchase forthwith, and thus make assurance doubly sure. But the local solicitor whom he had engaged to look after his interests in the matter, and to conduct the transaction through, had strongly urged him to take the longer period for payment that the sellers would allow. "You see," said Mr. Varley, his man of law, "that I give you time to overhaul again, not only all the deeds pertaining to the title, but the condition of the estate itself, and if matters should turn out unsatisfactory—I don't say they will, but if they should—why, you can withdraw from the transaction. You had better lose the deposit than find it you have made a mistake after the purchase is complete."

When the "screw" was brought to bear on the attorney for the other side, that legal gentleman proved very willing to agree to an extended term. "The fact is," said he, "that but for the extravagance of the present proprietor there would have been no need to sell the estate at all; and provided that good security is forthcoming, it will really be no detriment for me, as the owner's representative, to take care of his interests by keeping so large a sum of his loose hands for awhile." So a not very early date was fixed, and so far the transaction was complete.

"Well, landlord," said Gilbert to Jared Higginbotham, as he passed upward to his own rooms; "you see I am very likely to be a near neighbor of yours. I saw you at the sale, so you know all about it."

"Yes, sir," said Jared, doing his best to look down to be self-possessed and cool; "I understand that you are to be my future landlord. I hope you—" "Oh, you need not trouble yourself about that," said Gilbert. "I am not likely to interfere with you. I have not the slightest intention of making any change in the tenancies; and, indeed, as I mean to put the whole property in good repair, I shall be very glad to do anything in reason that you may require. You've done very well, I'm told, in the past, as landlord of the "Hilldrop Inn," and I heartily hope you will do as well or even better in the time to come."

Just at that moment, Jared Higginbotham dearly wished that a certain box that he knew of was lying safely inside the chest in Mr. Allanson's room, instead of reposing amid the brambles and briars of the ruins of St. Hildred's Abbey. But the deed had been done, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not undo the ill deeds of the night. Wrong-doing is sadly easy; undoing wrong is always hard, and at times is utterly impossible. Right-doing becomes an easier business

the more it is followed up. "I wish I had," is a hopeless sentence; "I am glad I did," sleeps on a soft pillow and has no bad dreams.

As Gilbert closed his room door after him somewhat quickly, the great-coat hung thereupon swung against it, and the bunch of keys sent their familiar jingle to his ear. "What's that?" said Gilbert to himself, and inserting his hand in the pocket he brought them forth and looked at them with strong surprise. "Well, here's a go!" he continued, falling back on his favorite expression, "what an egregious donkey I must be, to be sure, to be capable of leaving my keys in such a place as that! It's lucky it was only dear old Jimmie Sladd that I lent my coat to, or I might have found myself in the wrong box—no, I should have lost the right box. There's a joke; but that would have been no joke for me."

In blissful ignorance, Gilbert sat and gave the reins to pleasant thought, dreamed day dreams, and built airy castles; in one of which he saw a cozy parlor in the Manor House, with an old-fashioned ingle, on which a glowing fire was burning, throwing a cheerful brightness on the pictures on the walls; himself seated in the one nook, and in the opposite a certain erstwhile widow, still fair and comely, through with much of silver in her hair—a face he had looked upon and loved in the young fresh years of long ago—a face he had last seen, and still loved, looking on him beneath a lighted lamp, and through the gloom of a London November fog. Then he heaved a sigh, long and heavy; and for awhile keys and inn and Manor House were all forgotten as he asked himself the questions, "Will it lift? Shall we ever meet again?"

Gilbert Craske was moody for awhile; then the maid-servant brought in his tea, and gradually, as he discussed the "cup that cheers," and the hot crumpets that bore it company, Richard became himself again, and dismissed the sighing and the wondering by saying to himself, "Cheer up, Gilbert; by God's help they must and shall be found."

After he had busied himself with the papers he had brought with him from the solicitor's office, he made a series of calculations with his pencil, and having got the figures to his mind, he took out his keys and turned to the strong chest that stood in the corner behind his chair. The night was chill, and Gilbert was in a mood to take things easy and make matters as comfortable as he could. So he drew the chest nearer to the fire, that he might enjoy its warmth while the while the contents of the chest should pass under his review.

This act disclosed the colored pocket-handkerchief lying between it and the wall. He took it up, and lo! something fell with a ringing sound, and rolled along the floor. In another moment Gilbert stood up in silent surprise, looking at a bright-faced coin lying in his palm. It bore a "speaking" likeness of the last King, but, alas! it could not "speak" the story as to how it came to be there. It flashed in the lamp-light, bright and shiny; but, alas! it could flash no telegram concerning the evil fingers that last had the handling of it, and had left it there.

"Well, this is a go!" said Gilbert, in a whisper, and he actually looked at the chest itself with a view to discover some crack or opening through which it might have dropped out from the inner store, forgetting that in that case it must have passed also through the side of the inner box before it could have seen the light. Forthwith he applied the key, opened wide the lid of the chest so that the light both of lamp and fire should fall within. His eye instinctively sought the corner in the chest where the box had lain; and found there naught but empty space. Dazed at the discovery, he hastily displaced the rest of the contents, but found no sign. A serious, anxious look overspread his face; for a moment or two he knelt upright, his two hands laid on the edge of the open chest, and stared blankly at the wall beyond. Then he slowly rose, walked to and fro across the room, and finally stood before the fire with a hand in each pocket, gazing into its red heart, as though he would read the secret there. He heaved a long-drawn sigh, as he said, "Well, this is a go!"

And it was a "go." So thoroughly a "go" that it was gone! and Gilbert Craske knew himself to be poorer by a very large sum than he was twenty-four hours before! Mum and moody, silent and sorrowful, Gilbert Craske sat long beside the fire, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair; his head bent low; his dreams and his air castles gone, gone with his vanished gear; and on his

heart a great fear, a weight as of heaviest lead, as he thought—not of himself, true man, but of the mean, miserable thief, whoever he might be, who had sold his soul for gold.

He rang the bell; pulled the old-fashioned cord of plaited woolen with its heavy tassel at the end with unconscious vigor, and Jared Higginbotham, who had been seated in the bar, weakly strengthening his nerves with brandy, and waiting for that call, became ashy pale as the sound smote him like a knell, and half stopped the beating of his heart.

He did not answer it at once—he dared not; but called the servant-maid to go and see what was required. He took a turn or two up and down the stable-yard behind the inn, gathered himself together, and by the time he felt able to stand his ground, the maiden appeared at the kitchen door, and said, "Mr. Allanson would like to speak with you, if you are disengaged." How gladly would Jared Higginbotham have been "engaged," if thereby he might have shunned that interview! But the die was cast; his hand had cast it! and at all hazards he must bear the brunt.

Gilbert Craske had closed the chest, thrust it back into its place, and was seated calm and self-possessed, even to the holding of his long churchwarden pipe between his lips. "I saw that you were at the sale yesterday, landlord," said Gilbert, as one who felt inclined for a little gossip. "Did you bring anybody home with you? There were several strangers there, I think."

"No," said Jared, "not a soul. Business is wretchedly bad now. A couple of 'commercials' are all we have seen at Hilldrop this week."

A few meaningless remarks followed about the sale, and then Gilbert said, "I find a thing or two mislaid, and can't just put my hands upon them; has anybody been putting the room to rights?"

Jared answered, "No, sir; nothing but as usual. Nobody comes here but the mistress and the upper girl. Oh yes," he continued, as if it had struck him, "Jimmie Sladd was up here last night. He brought your great-coat back; and as you told him he might come and hang it behind the door, mistress let him do it. He stayed up a bit, warming his hands most likely, poor old chap; but, bless you, Jimmie wouldn't meddle with anything—not he. Maybe you've put the things aside somewhere and forgotten. Jimmie's all right."

Soon after the landlord left; but Gilbert Craske still sat silent and distraught. "Yes," said he, "Jimmie's all right, that I could swear, I think; but if Jimmie's all right, who's all wrong? Well, well, this is a go!" The abstraction of the box with its store of monied treasure had inflicted on Gilbert Craske a very serious loss, and had it occurred previously to the auction at which Hilldrop estate was sold, it would have made that event all but impossible, or at any rate would have led him to "think twice before he ventured on it." Now that the money had gone, with but small chance of being restored, Gilbert, with his customary promptitude, set himself to provide ways and means for paying down the purchase-money on the specified date, according to arrangement. His property in Australia was very large, and his son Gilbert, or "Gil," as his father familiarly and lovingly called him, had been left behind to conclude its transfer to certain colonial purchasers, and to wind up the whole of their affairs in that region. Then "Gil" was to follow his father to the old country, as he had elected to make England his future home.

Gilbert Craske was much relieved to find that there was time for a letter to reach his son, and time for his son to reach England in response to his call before the time expired on which the estate must either be paid for or forfeited. But there was little more than just time enough, and the matter brooked no delay. At once, therefore, he communicated with his son. He wrote a long letter—very, very long, as Jared Higginbotham thought, who could not avoid making frequent errands to Gilbert's private room to obtain an inkling of what was going on. At last the letter was sealed, addressed, and stamped, and when the writer was seen carrying it himself, Jared considerably offered to send it to the post. "No, thank you, landlord," said Gilbert, quite airily, "it is quite an important document, and has a good deal of fate behind it; I would rather see it safely in the post myself," and so saying, walked off to Faringham, leaving Jared with an uncomfortable flutter at the heart, as he wondered whose fate was in the balance with that formidable brief.

(To be Continued.)

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WHAT WORK IS HONORABLE?

THE summer is not far away, and the students of colleges and seminaries with small means or no means at all, are already consulting where they shall go. Among the White Mountains, we have noticed, for the last few years, unusual intelligence and courtesy on the part of those who serve at the hotel tables. We found out that many of them were students from colleges and seminaries—young men and women who had taken this mode of replenishing their purses and getting the benefit of mountain air. We felt like applauding them. We have admiration for those who can be independent of the oppressive conventionalities of society. May not all of us practically adopt the Christian theory that any work is honorable that is useful? The slaves of an ignominious pride, how many kill themselves earning a living! We have tens of thousands of women in our cities, sitting in cold rooms, stabbing their life out with their needle, coughing their lungs into tubercles, and suffering the horrors of the social inquisition, for whom there wait plenty of healthy, happy homes in the country, if they would only, like these sons and daughters of Dartmouth and Northampton, consent to serve. We wish some one would explain to us how a sewing-machine is any more respectable than a churn, or a yardstick is better than a pitchfork. We want a new Declaration of Independence, signed by all the laboring classes. During very hard times two Italian artists called at our country home, asking if we did not want some sketching done, and they unrolled some elegant pictures, showing their fine capacity. We told them we had no desire for sketches, but we had a cistern to clean, and would pay them well for doing it. Off went their coats, and in a few hours the work was done, and their wages awarded. How much more honorable for them to do what they could get to do, rather than to wait for more adapted employment. Why did not the girls of Northampton spend their summers embroidering slippers or hemming handkerchiefs, and thus keep at work unobserved and more popular? Because they were not fools. They said: "Let us go up and see Mount Adams, and the Profile, and Mount Washington. We shall have to work only five hours a day, and all the time we will be gathering health and inspiration." Young men, those are the girls to seek when you want a wife, rather than the wheezing victims of ruinous work chosen because it is more popular. About the last thing one would want to marry is a medicine-chest. Why did not the students of Dartmouth, during their vacation, teach school? First, because teaching is a science, and they did not want to do three months of damage to the children of the common school. Secondly, because they wanted freedom from books

as man makes them, and opportunity to open the ponderous tome of boulder and strata as God printed them. Churches and scientific institutions, these will be the men to call—brawny and independent, rather than the bilious, short-breathed, nerveless graduates, who, too proud to take healthful recreation, tumble at Commencement Day into the lap of society so many Greek roots.

GEORGE H. STUART.

A GRANDER philanthropist, a more diligent reformer, a more consecrated Christian, America never had than George H. Stuart, who has recently crossed the border-line between this and the better world. We remember him as the most magnetic presiding officer we ever saw take the chair in any patriotic or religious meeting. What he said before the speaker whom he introduced, and what he said afterward concerning that speaker, were often the most remarkable things of the occasion. But what Mr. Stuart did for wounded and dying soldiers will always be the most conspicuous chapter of his life. I was with him in many journeys, the object of which was to hold meetings to raise funds for the Christian Commission, of which he was the President. "Halt!" cried the army sentinel on one of the battle-fields of the Civil War, as Mr. Stuart, at midnight, was going from hospital to hospital, in the barns and farm-houses. "Halt! Advance, and give the countersign!" Mr. Stuart answered the guard by saying, "I do not know what your countersign is, but my countersign is the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name I am looking after the wounded." "Oh," said the guard; "Mr. Stuart, is that you? I belonged to your Sunday-school class in Philadelphia. Pass on, Mr. Stuart." When this glorious old philanthropist a few days ago went into the radiant presence of his Lord, I am not positive as to what Christ first said to him in greeting, but I should not wonder if the first salutation was, "I was sick, and ye visited me." He was disciplined by the denomination to which he belonged for giving out and singing hymns of a version not authorized by that Church, but he has arrived now where, with all the Christian soldiers whom he consoled in their last hours, and a multitude that no man can number, he is singing, without hindrance or a criticism, from the Apocalyptic version, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever."

A DEFECT IN SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

BLACKBOARDS, circular seats, pictured walls, ventilated rooms, the "International Series," and more intellectual teachers, are some of the things upon which the Sabbath-schools of to-day must be congratulated above all their predecessors. We remember the Sabbath-schools of our boyhood with no great rapture. What with the old school-house, and the hard bench, and the hot Sabbath afternoon, and the exhausted atmosphere, and our new shoes that pinched, and our new hat that we feared might get spoiled, and the teacher who used to crack us about the head with a Bible when we were inattentive; we formed the idea that religious ways were not ways of pleasantness. In most things the Sabbath-school has advanced, and is the strongest wing of the Lord's host. In the great battle that now opens, we expect more from the infantry than from the heavy artillery, for it takes them so long to bring up their batteries. But in one respect the Sabbath-school has fallen back, and that is, in the verbatim memorizing of the Scriptures. It is well to get the general facts about Joseph and David and Christ, but nothing can take the place of verses "learned by heart." That idea is almost abandoned in our modern Sabbath-school. Neither

the International Series of lessons nor anything else can atone for this. The children of to-day, when they go into the pulpits and business circles ten years hence, will not have a minute and accurate acquaintance with the Bible promises and warnings, as the men and women who were cultivated in the inferior Sabbath-school of thirty years ago.

What we want more than anything else for our children is the Bible packed away in their heads, so that they can in times of trouble and temptation recall the inspired passages without the omission of a word or the transposition of a sentence. God's Word is just right, and cannot afford to be twisted or misquoted. Long after we are dead our children will be assaulted by troubles, where the chapters of general facts about Joseph will not do them as much good as one passage like this, resurrected from their memory: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord thy God, hath mercy on thee." We are not writing about abstraction, but crying out against an appalling evil, when we say that with very rare exceptions (so rare that we have not seen one for fifteen years) the Sabbath-schools of this country have abandoned the exact memorizing of the Scriptures. Let us proclaim Revolution. Let us add to all our magnificent modern Sabbath-school improvements the lost art. We do not need the impervious shield of Scripture promise half so much for ourselves as our children will need it. We are only in the morning skirmish; they will be in the Armageddon.

PARENTAL BLUNDERS.

A GREAT error prevalent in the training of children is the one-sided development of either the physical, intellectual, or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistaken who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half-quenched by night-study, the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school desks, pale cheeks, and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children, attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. How do you suppose all the treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in a shattered casket? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put into a leaky ship? How can that bright, sharp blade of a child's attainments be wielded without any handle? What are brains worth without shoulders to carry them? What is a child with a magnificent mind, but an exhausted body? Better that a young man twenty-one go forth into the world without knowing A from Z, if he have health of body and energy to push his way through the world, than at twenty-one to enter upon active life, his head stuffed with Socrates and Herodotus and Bacon and La Placé, but no physical force to sustain him in the shock of earthly conflicts. From this infinite blunder parents how many have come out in life with genuine genius that could have piled Ossa upon Pelion, and mounted upon them to scale the heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a mole-hill. They who might have thrilled senates, and marshalled armies, and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestion. George Washington, in early life was a poor speller, and spelled hat "h-a-double-t," and a ream of paper he spelled "rheam;" but I knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Vexed Question as to State and Federal Jurisdiction involved in the shooting of Judge Terry California last summer was decided by the Supreme Court on April 14. It will be recollected that Terry was shot by a United States marshal, under the belief that he was about to murder Justice Field, of the Supreme Court. The State of California claimed the right to try the marshal for murder, but it was disputed on the ground that the federal courts alone had jurisdiction in the case, and they discharged the marshal. The Supreme Court now declares that he was properly discharged from custody. The gist of the decision is that the killing of Terry was done "in pursuance of the laws of the United States," and that the marshal is guilty of no crime under the laws of California. A matter for regret that in a case involving so important a principle the court was not unanimous. Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Lamar dissented.

The Relief for which the United States Supreme Court and many litigants have long been wishing appears to be now approaching. The delays in trying a case decided by the highest tribunal in the land have long been a scandal, and a source of annoyance and loss to suitors. There are now cases still undecided that were entered three years ago. There has, however, been a reluctance manifested to increase the number of justices in that court, and also a doubt whether an increase would not add to the difficulty. A measure which passed the Senate on April 15 embodies an ingenious method of dealing with it. It transfers to the district courts jurisdiction in a large number of cases which now are decided only in the Circuit Courts, and it computes the Circuit Courts Courts of Appeal, whose jurisdiction in the majority of cases will be final. The Supreme Court will thus be called upon to decide only cases of exceptional importance, which can be too numerous to overtax its powers of review. The Circuit Court is to be composed of three judges. This will involve the appointment of about fifteen new judges. The justices of the Supreme Court are also to be relieved of circuit duty. It is understood that this plan has the approval of both Congress and lawyers, and may be expected to expedite business.

The Pan-American Conference Practically Completed its labors on April 18. A difficulty arose at the last sitting, on the question of arbitration, the principle of the delegates being opposed to the general declaration "That the principle of conquest shall never hereafter be recognized as admissible under American law." After considerable debate Blaine solved the difficulty by proposing a substitute, which was adopted. It ran as follows: First, that the principle of conquest shall not, during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration, be recognized as admissible under American public law. Second, That all cessions of territory made during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration shall be void if made under threats of war or the presence of an armed force. Third, Any nation from which such cessions shall be exacted shall demand that the validity of the cessions so exacted shall be submitted to arbitration. Fourth, Any renunciation of the right to arbitration made under the conditions made in the second section shall be null and void. This agreement is a distinct success, which is worth all the trouble of the Conference. The most important results of the Conference besides this are the plans for the International railroad, and the steamship service. The subject of the International coin, which the Conference was expected to settle, is relegated to the meeting of a special Conference.

Regulation Governing Appropriations for Federal Buildings is endorsed by the House Committee on Post-Offices and post-roads. A measure which that Committee has ordered to be favorably reported provides that any town in the United States in which the annual postal receipts amount to \$3,000 may have a new post-office erected with a special appropriation. It provides that an architect and superintendent of construction in the Post-Office Department shall prepare plans for the buildings of generally uniform exterior design and interior design and finish, at a cost not to exceed \$25,000. The amount appropriated for these buildings is to be \$10,000,000 for the year 1890-91, to be distributed at the discretion of the Postmaster-General. It is argued by the friends of this measure that it would save money to the Government in rental, at the same time that it would give the Congress of the necessity for a great deal

of legislation. A report from the Postmaster-General shows that under the bill there would be about 1,500 towns, 174 of which are in New York, that would be entitled to have buildings erected for them, and that the cost would be about \$30,000,000.

The Dispute With Canada on the Question of the sealing-ships which were seized last year by the United States revenue cutters, and their cargoes confiscated, is reported to have been settled. A press dispatch from a Washington correspondent, published last week, states that Mr. Blaine has conceded the rights of the Canadian ship-owners for compensation for the loss of their vessels. Minister Tupper estimates the damages at \$200,000, and this amount is deemed moderate if the seizures were illegal. This admission is involved in the abandonment of Mr. Blaine's contention that Behring Sea is a closed sea under the exclusive jurisdiction of our Government, and it is only on this basis that the British and Canadian negotiators will consent to the signing of a treaty. Evidence showing the loss sustained by the owners of seized vessels has been laid before the conference by Mr. Tupper. In past times a dispute of this nature would not have been settled in friendly conference, but by reprisals, and possibly by war.

General Caprivi, the Successor of Prince Bismarck, made his inaugural speech to the Prussian Diet on April 15. It was chiefly of a personal character, and he expressly stated that he had no intention of disclosing the Government programme. He said that the inauguration of a new era was not to be expected, although a more harmonious solidarity would be manifested among the members of the Diet. The Chancellor said he would allow the widest scope to practical criticism, and would adopt what was good wherever it was found. He would co-operate with all persons having at heart the interests of Prussia and aiming to foster the monarchical feeling in Prussia and the national feeling throughout the Empire.

The Public in Paris and Berlin is Looking Forward with apprehension to the first of May. The mysterious entity which is supposed to exercise a limited control over the Labor Unions of the world is organizing simultaneous demonstrations for that day in all the capitals of Europe. In Paris, Berlin, and London there is to be a great procession of the workmen of the respective countries, who are to go from the country districts to the capitals and join their city brethren in an imposing demonstration. In Paris handbills by thousands have been distributed among the toilers of the city, setting forth the objects of the demonstration, chief among which are the reduction of the hours of the working day to eight, the limitation of female and children labor, and the suppression of night labor. Both the French and German Governments have issued a notice that no procession will be allowed. As the workmen of both cities appear resolved to carry out the programme, collisions with the authorities are feared.

The Outrageous Flogging to Death of the Russian lady in Siberia is put in a more heinous light by the later detailed reports than it was at first. A reputable medical journal states that Dr. Gurvich, the physician of the prison in which Mme. Sigida was flogged, was strongly opposed to the flogging. He furnished the governor of the prison with a certificate setting forth that Mme. Sigida was receiving treatment at his hands for heart disease. It had long been customary for prison officials to accept such a certificate as sufficient warrant for suspending their infliction of corporal punishment. But under the order of Baron Koneff, Governor-General of the province of the Amoor, directing that the prison rules should be rigidly enforced in the case of political prisoners, the governor of the prison decided that the flogging should be administered in spite of the physician. Dr. Gurvich thereupon remonstrated strenuously, and refused to be present at the flogging. Despite these remonstrances the lady was rudely seized, her clothes stripped from her in the presence of soldiers, she was thrown upon a bench, and held down while one hundred cruel blows fell upon her bared back.

The English Treasury Statement for the Year was explained to the House of Commons on April 17. It revealed a humiliating condition of social customs, though the Secretary of the Treasury had reason to congratulate himself and House on the financial results. John Bull has consumed so much beer and spirits during the past year that the Government's coffers are unexpectedly overflowing. The duth on beer alone, Mr. Goschen, the Secre-

tary, said, had been more than he expected by \$1,350,000. Commenting on the gross revenue from alcoholic beverages, which amounted to nearly \$150,000,000, Mr. Goschen said that the figures showed a *universal rush to the beer barrel, the spirit bottle, and the wine decanter*. It was a circumstance that must be deplored. A closer examination would not diminish the surprise, for the largest increase had been, of all the spirits in the world, from rum! He had taken pains to discover who drank the rum. It was drunk mainly at seaports. The increase from rum had been twelve per cent.; from British spirits, seven per cent.; from wine, ten per cent.; from beer, four per cent.; from brandy, six per cent. In 1888 the number of drams taken reached 245,000,000; in 1889, 275,000,000. This increase had enabled him to pay \$41,000,000 off the National debt. He proposed to lay increased duties both on spirits and beer, and to reduce the duty on tea for next year.

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Home Missionary Society makes the gratifying announcement that it is out of debt.

The next Ecumenical Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in Firenze, Italy, in 1891.

The liquor dealers' organ in Chicago says that though a thousand-dollar license is legalized robbery, high license is preferable to prohibition.

Friends of the McAll Mission in Paris distributed 50,000 copies of the gospels, 22,000 religious newspapers, and over 250,000 tracts at the gates of the recent Exhibition.

The one hundred and second General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States will meet in the First Presbyterian Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Thursday, May 15, 1890.

Mr. George Müller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanages, has returned safely from his extended missionary tour in India, China, Japan, and other parts of the world. He was absent about two and a half years.

Miss L. M. Von Finkelstein, the devoted laborer among the Jews in Palestine, has been married at Delhi, India, to Mr. C. E. Mountford, of that city. After a period of rest she purposes visiting the chief cities of India, giving her expositions of Palestine manners and customs.

A meeting on behalf of Indian and negro work was recently held in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore. General Armstrong, of the Hampton Institute, delivered an address. Several Indians and some of the colored students were present in school uniform. Two of the Indians explained the manner in which the school is taught.

The Revision question in the Presbyterian Church appears to be decided. Of the 212 Presbyteries 122 have now voted on the question. Of these 82 are in favor of revision, a majority of two to one. The Presbyteries which have thus far voted represent a large majority of the ministers and communicants of the Church.

Mr. Moody commenced his services in lower New York yesterday, by preaching in the Presbyterian church at Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, and later, the same evening, in Emmanuel Chapel, in East Sixth Street, near Avenue D. Tickets are issued admitting holders up to ten minutes before the service begins, after which there is no restriction.

A call has been issued for a National Temperance Congress, to be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on May 14 and 15. At this meeting it is desired that all classes of temperance people shall be represented. Everyone who is opposed to the rum-shop is invited to assist in making the meeting a success. Among those whose names appear on the call are the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, ex-Judge Noah Davis, Clinton B. Fisk, Miss Frances Willard, the Rev. Dr. MacArthur, the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, Dr. I. K. Funk, and John N. Stearns.

Various religious and philanthropic institutions have received large bequests under the will of Mrs. Charles H. Rogers, of Ravenswood, L. I. Among them the American Bible Society, the American Home Missionary Society, and the Seamen's Society get \$5,000 each. The Tract Society and the Sunday-school Union of Philadelphia, get \$10,000 each. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of New York, Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission, and the Home for the Friendless and Fallen, are among other beneficiaries. The aggregate amount of these bequests is \$152,500.

Mr. E. P. Telford brought to a close on April 17 his six weeks of service for the churches of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. He has spent two weeks each at the three English-speaking churches of the Society, and in each of them he has met with great success. It is too early to speak of the final results of the work, for time alone can test this; but hundreds have been to the inquiry-rooms, and in many cases the Society is assured that the work has been a genuine one. Mr. Telford has gone to Chicago, but it is hoped that after the conclusion of his services there he will return to New York and resume his labors.

POSSESSING POSSESSIONS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness; and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." Obad. 17.

Blessing and Judgment Combined—The Joy and Terror of Christ's Second Coming—A Promise Holding Good for all Time—I. A Privilege to be Desired—The Possessions at the Disposal of Believers—Faith the Sole Condition—Many do not Possess all They Might Have—Do not Hold Firmly What They Enjoy—Do not Realize Things to Come—Do not Take Possession of the Land—II. A Favor to be Desired—The Deliverance on Mount Zion—The Deliverance of Others—III. The Conspicuous Character—There Shall be Holiness—A Holy Place—Holy Teaching—Not Sermons on Strikes—Holy Pleading—Holy Living.

THIS is a remarkable passage. Its wording is singular. It begins with a "but," because the previous verses have been denouncing judgments upon Edom. When God comes forth to punish His enemies, He also comes forth to bless his friends. When Pharaoh is overthrown in the Red Sea, it is that Israel may pass onward to Canaan; when Amalek is overcome, it is that Israel may be at peace. There is a black cloud, as well as the silvery rain. The acceptable year of the Lord is the day of vengeance of our God. This combination so constantly occurs that the Psalmist said, "I will sing of mercy and judgment." The sword of vengeance is displayed at the same time as the sceptre of grace. In that last great day, that

Coming of the Lord,

which is the joy and expectation of His people, will be confusion to His adversaries. To the ungodly, "the day of the Lord will be darkness, and not light." God grant to you and to me that we may know on which side we stand, and may be found in Christ, wearing His righteousness, accepted in the Beloved, so that whenever the Lord cometh forth with plagues for His adversaries, he may have a favor toward us.

I make no doubt that this promise has been fulfilled already, and that there was a time when the house of Israel, restored from captivity, came back to Zion, and Edom was utterly consumed. "The house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle in them, and devour them; and there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau; for the Lord hath spoken it." But the former fulfilment of a promise does not make it useless, like a cheque which has been paid; the promise may be presented again, and it will again be honored. God's rules of action are immutable, and hence what He did to one company of His people He will do to others of them. The temporary restoration of the captives to Jerusalem can only have fulfilled the promise upon a very small scale; it has a wider meaning than such an event could exhaust. The Lord is prepared to do the same on a larger scale for all those who put their trust in Him.

I. First of all, consider

A Privilege

to be desired. The land of Canaan had been granted to Israel by the Lord of all. Each family had a lot and portion which belonged to it for ever, being entailed upon it by a covenant of salt. Through their sins, the tribes were carried into captivity, the land was taken from them by their conquerors, and they could no longer possess their possessions. Now, the promise comes to them by the prophet Obadiah: "The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." A property may be my lawful possession, and yet, for divers reasons, I may not be able to get at it: it may be in the hands of one who defrauds me of it, or I may be far away and unable to reach it. The words are singular, but their meaning is distinct: "They shall possess their possessions."

Let us use the words as applicable to souls who shall be led to take what is promised to believers. "The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." We set before many of you, every Sabbath day, the great possessions of eternal life, of pardon, of justification, of the new birth, sanctification, and all the other treasures of the covenant; but though they are set before you, and you long after them, many of you feel unable to grasp them as your own. You know that the tenure of these possessions is faith; but either you do not understand what faith is, or you, for some other reason, fail to exercise it, and so you do not appropriate what the gospel freely gives to you. You are either confused by ignorance, or dazed by fear as to your sin, or held back by the temptations of the devil. I pray that you

may have grace speedily to take what Jesus freely gives, so that you may come to possess your possessions.

You who now believe were once strangers to such an extraordinary joy as that which comes by faith. You wandered up and down in sin, knowing nothing of what free grace and dying love had done for you: but now you have come to God, and you have ventured by faith to take possession of what the Lord so freely offers in the gospel; and behold, it is revealed to you that

These Things were Yours

in the purpose of God, even from everlasting. Now is it fulfilled to you—"The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." If you have now the confidence to believe in Jesus Christ, and to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am His," then you shall know that in grasping blessings, you do but come to your own; you possess your possessions.

Let us go a step further. Beloved friends, many by faith have laid hold upon the covenant possessions, but yet they do not to the full possess them. The text leads me to pray that believers may enjoy fully what they have grasped by faith. Christ is mine; but, beloved, who among us knows all that is ours in Christ? He is a casket, which is all ours, but we do not open its doors, and take out all its treasures. Our possessions in Christ are very wide; but we need to be bidden, like Abraham, to lift up our eyes to the north, and to the south, and to the east, and to the west, that we may form a clearer idea of the goodly land which the Lord our God has given us.

I fear we do not by enjoyment possess our possessions. Alas! with many believers, times of actual enjoyment are rare: they can talk about the blessing, but they do not habitually rejoice in it themselves. "Oh, yes," they say, "it is a very delightful thing to be washed in the blood of the Lamb." But do they enjoy the

Peace Which Flows from Cleansing?

Have they "received the atonement," and with it that peace with God which follows upon justification by faith? Do they delight in "the peace of God which passeth all understanding"? You know, dear brethren, that it is your high privilege to have access to the mercy-seat; but do you use that access, and come often and boldly to the throne of grace? Do you avail yourselves of your opportunities? Do you make the utmost use of prayer? In other holy matters, do you really stand where God would have you stand? Are you as rich as Christ has made you? A man may have large possessions, and yet be practically poor, because he is miserly in his expenditure. Is it not so with many a child of God? All things are ours, and yet we live as if nothing were ours. Let our prayer be that we may use and enjoy to the utmost all that the Lord has given us in His grace, and so possess our possessions.

Go a step further. We possess our possessions when we hold firmly what we enjoy. Too many Christians hold their blessings with a feeble hand; they expect where they ought to enjoy, and think where they ought to know. They are never sure, and thus they do not "possess their possessions." They are not sufficiently at home with spiritual things to be said to possess them. It is a grand thing when the grace of God enables a man to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." When happy feelings vanish, faith abides the same. Be it night or be it day, our soul waits upon God; for our expectation is from Him.

I have not come to the end of my tether yet. I will fix another meaning upon these words, and apply them to souls realizing things to come. Brethren, we have possessions which we have not yet seen, and cannot as yet enter upon.

We Believe in the Second Coming

of our Lord from heaven, and in the glory that shall follow. We believe in the resurrection of the dead, and the eternal bliss of the godly in heaven. We believe that we shall dwell with Christ for ever and ever. Can we possess these possessions even now? We cannot now rise from the dead, for we are not yet buried; we cannot yet walk the golden streets, for we have not passed through the gate of pearl. Yet, by the realizations of faith, we may make these things to be so near that we may measurably enjoy them even now, and so already possess our possessions. "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Though we are not actually in heaven, yet in union with our Lord we are virtually there. Even here we may possess our

possessions by enjoying a period of rest, "as the days of heaven upon the earth." Already we have the earnest of the inheritance in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and we have obtained that inheritance in Christ. More and more may we enjoy the peace, the rest, the purity, the victory of heaven, and thus possess our possessions.

One other meaning, and upon this I am going to lay emphasis: we long to see souls winning glory for Jesus. The whole world belongs to Christ, and in His name we are to possess it for Him. As we see not all things put under Him; but our enemy abides in His strongholds. "There is much land yet to be possessed," and we must go on our conquest in the name of Jesus. We carry the war into the enemy's country, and surround fort after fort for Jesus. This land is a part of Christ's own kingdom; let us take it. Is this to be done? It must be done! We must not be satisfied till millions bow at our Lord's feet—until Jesus, the grace of God, possesses the east and the west, the north and the south. I regard this as a promise to us: "The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions."

II. So much upon the main part of our discourse: there are two other things to be handled, and first, comes this—

A Favor to be Remembered:

"Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance." This fact should help us to possess our possessions. See what God has done for us! What can He do for us? Is anything too hard for the Lord? Let us see the force of the passage, let me put out its meaning.

We have been saved; for "Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance," and we have found it so. Christ Jesus we have been saved. The Revelation has it, "In mount Zion there shall be those that escape." We have escaped from death, and hell. Delitzsch reads it, "Upon mount Zion will be that which has been saved." Yes, we have been saved, saved from spiritual death, saved from punishment, saved from sin itself, saved to the glory of our God! Because of this deliverance, let us go up and publish salvation, and proclaim the name of our Deliverer. Harken unto His voice, ye captives, that ye also may be delivered. Look to Him, ye perishing, that ye may be saved.

We are few, comparatively. I reminded you of that reading of the text—"Upon mount Zion shall be an escaped remnant." I will not make guess as to what the number of God's chosen will be at the end; but at present, taking the most charitable view of things, the saved ones are as a handful of corn on the top of the mountains, or as the gleanings of the vintage. The world lieth in the wicked one, but those who are in Christ Jesus are a small remnant. That cheering word, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," is

Still Applicable to the Church.

Yet let us not despair: if God has saved us, though we be but few, He will accomplish His purpose for us. He saveth not by many nor by few: His right arm getteth unto Him the victory. Yet able to possess the land, few as ye are. Only go forth in the same spirit as the twelve did when the Holy Ghost rested upon them at Pentecost; as few as you may be, you can yet subdue the nation to Christ.

Notice this, that we are set for the deliverance of others. The Lord's purpose of grace to any man does not end with the personality of that one man. He chooses one man with a view to others. Brethren, we ought to go in and possess the land, to win the people for Jesus, for therefore are we chosen. Has He saved you? Has He taken you out from among the fallen mass of mankind? Has He chosen you by His discriminating grace? If so, then, you are not your own, you are His forever, and you are not to live for yourselves, but for His glory, and for the making known of His salvation among your fellow-men; wherefore, beloved, take heart and courage, and let your souls be big with high enterprise and noble purpose. Say to yourselves, "It shall be true, 'the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions,' for we know of a truth that there is deliverance upon mount Zion."

III. Our final word is perhaps the most important of all. I call your attention to a third matter,

The Character to be Conspicuous.

"Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness." It is through holiness that the house of Jacob shall enter into that possession of which I have spoken at so great length. If the

no holiness, then there has been no deliverance, and there shall be no possessing of possessions. Holiness is a link which is essential to the golden chain of blessings. If we are without holiness, we shall not see the Lord on our side.

To give you the bearing of the words before us, I mark, first, that it might be translated, "Upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be sanctuary," or, "a holy place," an inviolable sanctuary of God. The people of God are the temple of God. The Church of God should be God's peculiar dwelling-place, wherein He walks as a king in his own palace.

The Temple of the Godhead,

First of all, the person of Christ, and next the Church of the living God. "This is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have desired it." With what dignity is the church invested, when it is in very truth the temple of God! Unless we can realize this, we shall not possess our possessions. If your church membership is a mere trifle to you, if you think that a church is simply a community of people who meet together for religious purposes, you miss the mark. The church must be the sanctuary of God—the place where God reveals Himself; and it is not so, the men and women who make up the church have never tasted the divine deliverance, either will they possess their possessions. Without the presence of God in the church, it has no power to subdue the world to the faith.

The great thing that makes God's people a holy people is the presence of God with them. He sanctifies both the place of His abode and those that come near to Him. It is holy ground where Jehovah reveals himself, though it be but in a bush, and is everywhere; but He is not everywhere as He is in His church. There is a special, gracious presence of God in the midst of His chosen people; and it is that makes them "holiness unto the Lord." The Church needs reviving at home. We hear much of "getting up a revival." What idle talk is that! If the Church of God becomes spiritually sickened, the revival will come, but not else. Let us carefully see to our holiness, and God will see to our success.

Next to this, there must be holy teaching: "there must be holiness." All the teaching that goes forth from us must be God's holy truth, and not the wisdom of human wisdom. Instrumentality must be used for what it aims at, and soul-saving sermons must deal with sin and salvation, and with the blood of Jesus. What have we to do with themes which are foreign to our design? If I were to come hither and talk to you about strikes, or home rule, or socialism, and should then pray to God to convert souls by my discourse, would it not be a mockery, worse? I think so. Zion must have holy teaching if she is to have conquering power. There must be holiness in the form of

Holy Pleading.

In this church, which has enjoyed so much of divine favor, could be in every member aroused to mighty intercession for the souls of men, should we not see great things? If every member were in earnest in praying for the visitations of God, and if every one pleaded day and night for the display of divine power, and added to his pleading that which would prove it to be sincere, namely, his own individual effort, what a day would break upon us! It would be a morning without clouds! I see no reason why it should not be so.

One thing more—there must be holy living. Prayer-meetings: what are they if they are held by a number of people who do not serve the Lord at home? Preaching: what is that, if the preacher teaches what he has never experienced, and is not prepared to practice? Teaching in Sabbath-schools: what is that, if the children are taught by frivolous lessons, whose lives are destitute of piety? God will not bless us, to the effecting of His purposes of salvation, unless we are clothed with holiness as with a garment. Zion's priests must put on their snow-white garments of holy living if they are to offer an acceptable sacrifice before Jehovah. If I might plead on my knees, with tears in my eyes, I would beseech every brother here to be holy. Suffer the word of exhortation. As we so eagerly desire that we may have a great increase to this church through numerous conversions, let us lay it to our hearts, that we must be holy; for if we are not holy we shall

Not be Fit to be Blessed.

The unholy worker is not really in earnest. Do you not know, yourselves, that when you have listened to a clever preacher who has no spirituality, but is a

mere actor, and known to be of worldly habits, his preaching has no power in it for you? What he said was all very well, but it fell flat: he was a clever and eloquent man, but he did not touch you. When I heard George Müller, some years ago, there was nothing of oratory in what he said, but then there was George Müller behind it, and every syllable had weight. That blessed man spoke as one who had experience of what he said. His long life of faith in God made every word powerful with the heart and conscience. Teachers of Bible-classes and schools, a holy life must be your power in your classes, or your words will be to your children as idle tales!

If they see your lives to be unholy, the ungodly will reject your testimony, and it will be no wonder that they do so. They want to reject it; they are looking out for excuses for rejecting it, and they will gladly find an argument in your unhallowed conversation. They will say, "The man does not believe it himself, or else he would not live as he does." Shall the taught excel the teacher? You lose your leverage of power if you fail in holiness.

What is more, saints cannot pray for a blessing on a work which is not holy. If you work for God in an unholy way, or work for God rightly, yet, nevertheless, are inconsistent in your ordinary life, the people of God will be grieved, and will find it impossible to pray for you.

Can Any Good Come

to a ministry for which we cannot pray? Unless the people of God see in a man downright consecration to God, and holiness of spirit and life, they cannot feel union of heart which produces intercession.

Lastly, God Himself will not own a ministry which is not accompanied by holy character. How can God set His seal to an unholy life? Ah, brothers! if we can go into the world and sin as others do all the days of the week, it will be in vain to pull over us the garb of sanctity on the Sunday, and say, "I am witness for Christ." What does God think of such conduct? Does he call on evil men to be His witnesses? He hates hypocrisy, and therefore he cannot append the "signs following" to a ministry which is impure. Oh my brethren, we desire honor from the Lord in conversions.

Oh you that are not yet believers in Jesus, how much I wish that you were so! May you be led to believe at once in Him whose death must be your life, who must Himself be your salvation. Look to Him and live! And you that are Christ's I beg you to remember the remarkable expression of the text, and may you "possess your possessions"! Amen.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

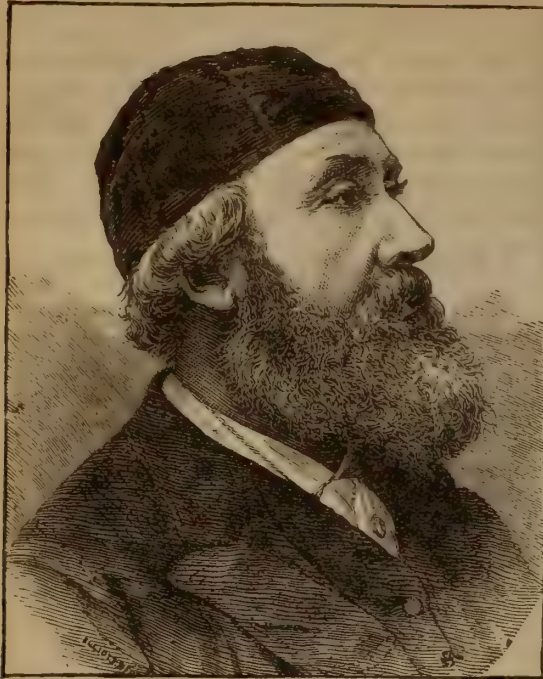
An Expatriated Twin is Living in France Unconscious of his true name and parentage. A Boston lawyer has recently related an incident of his professional experience of a very romantic character. Carefully suppressing names, but strongly insisting on its veracity, he told the story of injustice and wrong. He said that his father had for a client a wealthy merchant whose ambition it was to found a family which should be famous for wealth and influence. But he had no son to perpetuate his name. It was a constant grief to him until middle age, when the joyful news that he might expect a child at last came to fill his cup with happiness. He hoped and prayed that it might be a boy, and, in spite of his usual worldly wisdom, made certain offerings in a superstitious spirit worthy of a darker age to ensure the realization of his desire. His wife gave birth to twins and died a few weeks afterward. The father seemed as disappointed at having two sons as he had been before at having none. They would divide his estate, and the ambition to found a rich family would be retarded, if not thwarted. He took both the children to Europe and remained away several months. When he returned he had but one son, and he said the other had died in France. To his lawyer, however, he told the truth. The child was still living in the care of a French family, who had undertaken to bring him up as their own. But in case of the son whom he had retained dying, the lawyer was instructed to reclaim the other son and tell him the story. The merchant had the favored son well educated, and had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing him develop the qualities which promised the fulfillment of his ambition. The lawyer kept his secret, but in view of eventualities told his own son the circumstances before he died. The young lawyer revealed them to the merchant's son, who promptly went to France to find his twin brother. When he returned he said that he had found him prosperous

and contented, and therefore he had left him in ignorance of his strange history. The son, like the father, seems to have had more ambition than natural affection, and the expatriated twin has now little prospect of getting any share of his father's estate. It is not so with God's children. Though some nations have been in His wisdom more favored than others, Christ said that "the other sheep which were not of this fold" He would bring in, and there would eventually be only one fold and one shepherd. (John 10:16.)

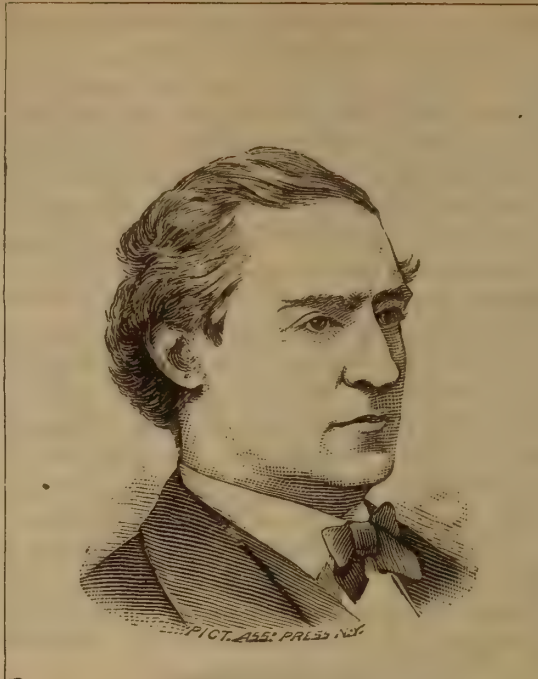
A Wedding Plate on a Coffin was the Strange contrast observed by a gang of workmen in New York on April 4. It was decided a year ago, by the members of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, on Hudson Street, to dispose of the church property and to rebuild up-town. Opportunity was given to any families, who had their dead buried in the churchyard to remove them to modern cemeteries. Many corpses have been so removed. The church purchased a lot in Woodlawn Cemetery for the reception of the remainder, and last week the removal of about four hundred was effected. In taking up a coffin containing the body of a child which had been interred nearly a century, the little copper plate on which the child's name was inscribed fell off the lid. On its reverse was some engraving which on being cleaned proved to be an invitation to a wedding reception. Evidently the engraver, in executing the order for the plate for the coffin lid, had turned over a plate in his stock which had been used to print the cards of invitation, and had engraved on its other side the inscription for the child's coffin. There was a pathetic incongruity in his act coming to light now after nearly a century; but if we had more generally the view of death which the Bible teaches, it would not appear so incongruous. The body of the believer which we commit to the grave will arise to attend the marriage supper of the Lamb. (Rev. 19:7-9.)

The Large Number of Foreign Noblemen in New York is reported by a citizen whose business brings him in contact with our foreign population. He says that representatives of some of the most ancient and illustrious of European families are here in unusual numbers. They are not the society counts and barons who figure in the newspapers and are prominent in social matters, but they are quiet, modest, retiring, and in the main highly cultivated noblemen, who have been driven from their own countries either by prosecution or domestic misfortunes. Some of them have left home under a political cloud, but these men affiliate with socialists and anarchists, more or less, and are not known among their quiet and well-bred brethren who live on the extreme east and west sides of the town. Many a man of noble lineage is to be found among the parishioners of the small east and west side Catholic churches, and a few of them make their headquarters in modest little cafés and restaurants in the French and German quarters of the town. There are among the teachers of languages, music, and riding, in New York, members of families that have been famous in the histories of France and Germany. The men themselves live with a philosophical acceptance of fate, and are simply waiting for the tide to turn, so that they can return to their native shores. Their importance is known by the deference which their countrymen always pay them. Can so much be said for Christians who, as subjects of Christ's Kingdom, should be simply waiting for His coming, and keeping themselves free from worldly entanglements and alliances with the world? (1 Peter 1:6, 7.)

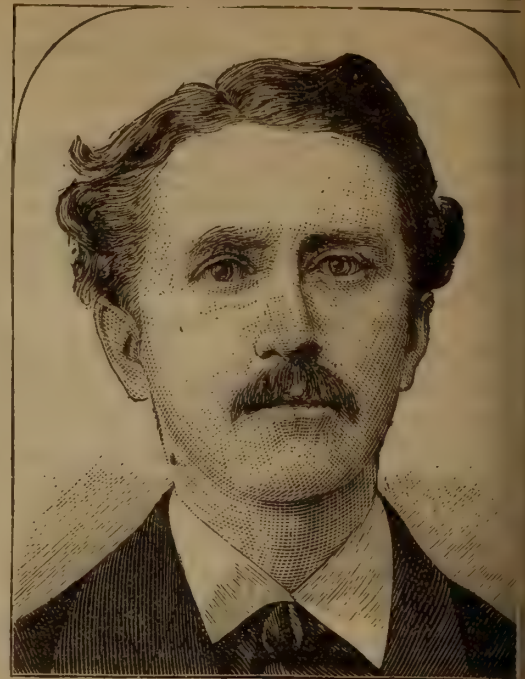
An Eccentric Judge in a Rural District of Pennsylvania adopted a Solomonic method of dealing with conflicting evidence. On April 5 a farmer appeared before him with a complaint that a man had stolen his pigeons. He had lost them, but could not tell how they had disappeared, until, riding through a village at some distance from his home, he saw a flock of pigeons on another man's farm, and recognized them as his own. The defendant had witnesses as to his character, and he also averred that he had possessed these identical pigeons long before the complainant professed to have lost his flock. This was also sworn to by his witnesses, though with less certainty about dates. The judge listened with no little perplexity. Cross-examination only made the matter more doubtful. It was evidently a case of hard swearing on one side or the other. Finally the judge determined to put aside the evidence and try an experiment. He ordered the birds to be brought into court, and a



The Late Canon Butler.



The Late Mr. Randall.



The Late Mr. A. Mackay.

colored ribbon to be attached to the leg of each. Then in the presence of the witnesses the birds were set at liberty, and an officer of the court was sent to each farm to report. In a short time the officer at the plaintiff's farm returned with the news that the pigeons, after circling in the air for some time, had settled on the roof and appeared to be quite at home. The judge concluded that there could be no further doubt as to the legal owner, and gave judgment accordingly. In these days of worldliness and latitudinarianism the earnest Christian is often in doubt as to whom some who call themselves Christians really belong, nor do they appear sure themselves. God has uttered the pathetic reproach against such wanderers: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isa. 1:3.)

THE LATE HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

ONE of the most industrious and painstaking members of the National Legislature is lost to us by the death on April 13 of the well-known Democratic member of Congress, whom Pennsylvania has for so many years sent to Washington. Of late years, since the Tariff became so prominent a subject of discussion in and out of Congress, Mr. Randall has been as popular with the Republican party as with his own. He was a strong advocate of protection, and consequently was often found voting with the Republicans against the Democrats. Nevertheless, on all other questions he was true to his party, and he sincerely believed that on the Tariff question his standing was more consistently Democratic than was that of his colleagues. In all his speeches and votes there was never a question as to the high patriotism of the man, or a doubt as to his integrity and conscientiousness. Such statesmen are an honor to any land, and in this day they are especially valuable, and can ill be spared.

Samuel Jackson Randall was born in Philadelphia October 10, 1828. His father was an eminent lawyer and politician. After leaving school young Randall entered mercantile life in the employment of Messrs. Robert Earp & Co., the hardware merchants of Philadelphia. He was industrious, intelligent, and extremely exact in the performance of his duties, and soon rose to be a junior member of the firm. After four years in that business he began to take an active interest in politics, and was elected in three successive years a member of the City Council. He was afterward elected to the State Senate for the term 1858-59.

Mr. Randall was elected to Congress in 1862, and was re-elected at every subsequent election until his death, although his district seldom chose another Democrat to any office. Except for a brief absence while in military service, and during his last illness, he rarely missed a session of the House in all that time. He belonged to the City Troop, of Philadelphia when the war began, and went to the front with that body in May, 1861, for ninety days. When he returned home he wore the stripes of an orderly sergeant. The Troop had been attached to the Second Cavalry of regulars, then commanded

by George H. Thomas. Mr. Randall's brief but creditable service brought him still further honors after he entered Congress, for when the Confederate forces moved toward Washington in 1862, and a call was issued for the State troops, he was commissioned cornet, with the rank of captain. He did good work in scouting as well as in battle, and received a special letter of commendation for himself and his command after Gettysburg.

Mr. Randall's party was in a hopeless minority when he first entered the House, but he proved so skilful an adept in the rules of the House that he was frequently able to prevent the passage of a bill to which he had objections. When a Democratic House was elected, his friends made a strong fight to win the speakership for him, but Michael C. Kerr carried off the prize. Mr. Randall was made chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and in that position much of his most congenial work was done. On Mr. Kerr's death Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, and took his seat at the second session of the Forty-fourth Congress. He was re-elected by the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. His party lost control in the next House, but in the Forty-eighth Congress he was again a candidate for the nomination. Meanwhile, however, the Democratic party had drifted in the direction of tariff reduction, and Mr. Randall's attitude on that question being well known, Mr. Carlisle received the nomination, and was elected. Mr. Randall again secured the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, and resumed his former work. His personal following in his party continued to dwindle after that time, and he was never again a candidate for the higher office. He continued, however, his industrious labors in the House, carefully watching especially all financial measures.

Mr. Randall had been brought into association with Mr. Wanamaker in Philadelphia, and when the latter went to Washington to become Postmaster-General their intimacy became still closer. Mr. Wanamaker spoke to the statesman on the subject of personal religion, and found that he was already convinced of his need of a Saviour. Under Mr. Wanamaker's guidance he was led to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, and was received into the membership of the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church in Washington.

THE LATE CANON BUTLER,

Originator of the White Cross Societies.

THOSE of our readers who are members of White Cross Societies will be glad to get this portrait of the brave clergyman who has just gone to his reward. Almost alone among his brethren of the English Church he dared to stand up and denounce the prevalent vice, and insist that the Church should initiate a movement for its extirpation. He was scoffed at, urged to silence on a subject repulsive to refined ears, and sneered at and ridiculed by wrongdoers and their friends. But the movement started; it quickly reached these shores, and has now its pledged societies all through the land. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which espoused the cause

when all the secular and many of the religious journals were howling denunciations of Mr. Stead, Canon Butler, and their friends, is glad to give the portrait of the heroic pioneer whose loss his Church is deploring.

Canon George Butler, of Winchester, England, was the son of a famous scholar and divine. He was doing a valuable but quiet, unostentatious work as Principal of Liverpool College, when the revelations of the vicious condition of upper-class society were made. Shortly afterward he rose to the Church Congress and read, or rather attempted to read, a carefully and discreetly written paper, "The Moral Duty of the Church in Reference to Social Questions." Public opinion was not then enlightened on this painful topic as it is now; the Canon had scarcely begun to read when he was literally howled down in that assemblage of professing Christians, and he was ultimately obliged to desist.

THE LATE MR. A. M. MACKAY.

THE sad news of the death of this famous missionary is published by the New York Herald in a cable dispatch. Mr. Mackay was one of the original party of eight missionaries who went to Uganda in Africa, in 1876. At the end of last year he was the only one of the party still on the field. Some of the others had been murdered by the savage young King Mwanga, others had died of disease induced by the fatal climate, and the remainder had returned home invalided. For many months after the King had killed Bishop Hannington, Mr. Mackay was in hourly peril of the same doom. Frequently the King notified him to prepare for death, but the tact and gentleness of the missionary disarmed his hostility. Finally Mwanga ordered him to quit his territory, and Mackay found that he would surely be killed if he remained, crossed the frontier, but remained within easy reach of Uganda. Latterly, Mwanga having himself been exiled by the Arab marauders, who stirred up subjects against him, applied to Mr. Mackay for help to recover his lost throne. To some extent Mr. Mackay is believed to have helped him, and at last accounts he was expecting the restoration of the monarch to summon him back to his labor.

Mr. Mackay was a man of rare intelligence, a civil engineer, who had abandoned his profession when it was most lucrative, that he might go and preach the gospel in Africa. He contributed much to our knowledge of the interior of the Dark Continent. His heroism was truly admirable, and his coolness in the face of a barbarous death was astonishing. His labors in Uganda were greatly blessed, and his death is a heavy loss to the cause of African missionary labor.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text. "Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole." Luke 8:50.

A LARGE crowd was gathered around an old building. It was a heterogeneous group of men and women. Persons from the lowest class, dirty, degraded, side by side with well-dressed, pro-

is-looking men of acute intelligence and alert of manner. Inside building there were similar but other groups consulting together. Men passed among them on way in and out, busy, but without the eager, anxious look that sat on the faces of most of the others. The old building was a court, and in chief room of it a judge sat, trying criminal cases. There was an expectancy about the place on the fact that a great murder was coming on. The eyes of passers-by were directed freely to a group in one corner of all outside the court-room, and another would point out this to an acquaintance, who then look at it with new interest. They were the parents and relatives of the prisoner, the young man who, in another hour, would go on his trial for the murder. As we draw near to that group, which is the father with face red and lined with distressing anxiety, the mother weeping silently, the brother and sisters in the state of suspense.

"It is not too late yet," a big self-possessed man is saying to the father, whom he has drawn a little aside. "I can get Mr. Senior to take the case even now. I have some influence with him. The son is coming on, and Senior says I can give him the vote of my ward. He won't refuse me, and I'll get the lad off. There is not another lawyer in the State, and not too conscientious when he has a client in his place. He'll fight it tooth and nail, and if I can get an alibi will work, he knows where to witness or two that will swear through a wall. You say the word, and I'll have him on his side of half an hour."

"Oh, Tom," says the father; "you're a good man, and you mean well, but I don't believe in your methods. I've trusted the case to Hawkins, and I'll leave it with him. I believe in him, though I don't like a young man."

"But, man alive!" says the other, "your son's at stake! This is not a time to be squeamish about methods. High-principled, aristocratic law-like Hawkins are not what you want. Hawkins will be thinking about his own character and not to do anything that might compromise his family. His father wants the nomination for governor, and he has to be careful. What you are a real smart lawyer like Senior, who is not particular. Senior's record would not be hurt, never he did. He knows it could not be worse if it is, but he brings his clients through."

"Oh, use, Tom, I'm firm. I don't know exactly what Hawkins means taking, but he's my man. I've put the case in his hands. Here he is now! As just come from the prison. I'll go and see him."

The father crosses to a doorway where a young man is standing looking around for him. He goes to the lawyer's words and then raises his hand in horror. He puts them over his face, and his frame shakes as if convulsed by sobs. The lawyer puts his hand on his shoulder and apologetically tries to cheer and encourage him. He is partially successful, for the father takes his hand and looks up into his face with an expression of confidence, but with an agony of despair in his eyes. The lawyer goes into court, and the father of the prisoner comes back to the group.

Mr. Hawkins has decided to have Will plead guilty, he says, sorrowfully. "What?" shrieks the mother. "Oh my poor boy! They will hang him!"

The father groans, and his former adviser again goes to him.

"The man must be mad," he says, "and you must be mad, too, to trust him. Why, it's throw away the case away. Guilty! No, sir! Why, it's a lie to plead guilty. Will is committing suicide. It does not care. What's Will to him? It's a lie to you and his poor mother, and the rope will hang himself. It's mad infatuation to be so



The Body of a Burmah High Priest on the Way to Cremation.

wrapped up in that lawyer. Well, if you will, you will, and there's an end of it."

"Oh Tom, don't be so hard," says the father, trembling. "Hawkins seems to know, and he does feel for us—I'm sure of that. Last thing he said was, 'You trust in me and you'll have your son in your home again safe.' I'm going to do it, for he's a good man and he wouldn't deceive me."

"Well, you've got a lot of faith in him, to stake the boy's life, and your own and your wife's peace, on him, for you'll never be happy again, neither of you, if Will is hanged."

"I know that," says the father, "and Hawkins knows it, too; I've told him. He ain't the careless man you think. He's sympathetic and he suits me. I believe the straight course is the one to take."

The rush into the court-room at this moment shows that the case is coming on, and the afflicted group goes in with the others. There is no need to follow them, for we know the issue. It is soon over. The prisoner is condemned to be hanged, and the crowd hurries out of the court-room to see him enter the Black Maria waiting outside. The father looks heart-broken when he comes out, with his arm around the waist of his poor gray-haired wife, who can scarcely walk, or see her way for tears. The brother and sisters of the condemned man follow them, and they seem to feel as if they were going to his funeral. The young lawyer is with them. His face is full of distress, too, but he speaks comforting words to them, and bids them not despair.

"Nonsense!" says the big pompous man; "not despair! Why, the case is lost! Will is as good as dead! What can they do but despair?"

"I don't know what he means," the father says, after the lawyer has left them, "but he seems confident. 'You trust in me,' he says now, like he did before the trial; and I'm going to. I ain't going to give up hope yet." It was a splendid, heroic avowal. Rare indeed for a man to have inspired such confidence in another. The mother wished the case had been put in Mr. Senior's hands, but she trusted in her husband's wisdom, but oh, her boy! She could think of nothing else.

Another scene three months later. A gloomy November day was near its close. In a bedroom of a quiet house is the father of the condemned man moving in his stocking-feet softly around a bed on which his wife lies apparently near death. He tends her carefully, administering the medicine with anxious face. The old clock in the hall below has just struck eleven. There is noise in the street, and the old man wishes the people would go

home and leave the street in quietness. But it is election night, and there is sure to be this shouting and brawling for another hour yet. He takes no interest in the election this year—does not even know the tickets. He has kept within doors, occupied with his wife's illness. There is a ring at the bell. The sick woman starts, but tells her husband to see who it is, as all the family are in bed. He is vexed at the disturbance. Probably it is some old political friend come to tell him the result of the election, about which he does not care a jot. Why should he care who wins, when his son lies in jail under the awful sentence of death?

He goes down the stairs softly, and draws the bolts of the door. It is election news, but the old man is wrong in thinking it does not concern him. Young Mr. Hawkins is on the stoop, and as he comes in he grasps the old man by both hands. "We've won!" he says.

"We?—Who?—What do you mean?" asks the old man, not understanding the lawyer's coming to him to share in his elation. He must know that politics don't interest him now.

"Mean?" says Mr. Hawkins. "Don't you understand? My father is elected Governor of the State. How about a pardon for your son? Ah! now you are interested. Well, he will be pardoned. I talked it over with my father long ago. He understands the case, and he'll

grant the pardon. I like you; you trusted in me when you could not see how it was possible things could come right. Not many would have done that. Your faith is rewarded now."

"God bless you, sir!" says the old man, in broken voice. "Let me go right up and tell his mother."

OBSEQUIES OF A HIGH PRIEST IN BURMAH.

(See Illustration.)
A TRAVELLER in Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, sends a description of the strange ceremonies attendant on the funeral of a Buddhist High Priest, and a picture of its chief feature. That was the effigy of an elephant made of a bamboo framework and covered with paper ingeniously made to resemble an elephant's skin. It was of gigantic proportions and on its back was the bier, of carved and gilt or painted woodwork. The imitation elephant, looking astonishingly like life, stood on a platform with wheels, to be drawn along the street. On the bier was a coffin which contained the mortal remains of the deceased Right Reverend Phoongye, after lying in state, embalmed of course, during the prescribed months of mourning, at the monastery over which he had formerly presided, to the religious edification of Buddhist believers. Accompanied by different other vehicles, bearing figures of sacred symbolic import, and by a procession of yellow-robed monks, priests, acolytes, and servants of the church, exhibiting emblematic devices, chanting or shouting words of praise, this elephantine hearse arrived at the appointed place of cremation. Here was erected the funeral pyre, an imposing edifice of wood fantastically shaped and built up; its lower part was formed so as to resemble flames rolling and curling their billowy crests to and fro, above which rose a pagoda, open at the front side, with a canopied bier to receive the corpse of that most holy man. Thousands of people belonging to all classes of Burmese native society, were assembled to behold this interesting spectacle. The wood of the pyre, rendered more inflammable by a coating of resinous or pitchy substance, having been ignited, after the utterance of sundry hymns and prayers, the body was speedily consumed. In some instances the fire has been kindled by means of rockets attached to ropes, along which they ran blazing and fizzing up into the midst of the woodwork; but this practice was recently forbidden, as likely to cause a dangerous conflagration. The ashes of the Phoongye were collected in a sacred urn, to be preserved in the "Kyoung" where he had formerly dwelt, in the monastery precincts, until a special pagoda is built for the permanent shrine,

A GLIMPSE OF THE SOUL.

BELIEVERS in materialism are on the increase in these days of the exaltation of science. "This is the end," say many who look on death. But are they safe in thinking so? There are many incidents recorded which, apart from Scripture, may well give them cause to doubt their theory that there is no life separate from the body. A few such, of recent occurrence, are mentioned in this month's *Times of Refreshing*, the excellent periodical issued by Dr. Cullis, of Boston, Mass. A well known popular lecturer, one of whose addresses is here reported, said:

I was astonished, on taking up the biography of Louisa May Alcott the other day, to read an account of her sister's death. Miss Alcott was a person of a very cool temperament. Her father, the celebrated Bronson Alcott, was a man of vivid imagination. If he had had such an experience as this which his daughter describes, I should have thought he had been misled by his imagination. But the mother of Louisa M. Alcott was also a woman of practical sagacity and great coolness of temperament. The mother and daughter sat at the bedside. She says, "When my sister died, I saw something like an almost inconceivably delicate mist rise from the body, ascend and disappear." I turned to my mother and found that her eyes were following the direction my own had taken. I asked, "What did you see?" and she described exactly what I had seen. We went to the physician and said, "What was it that we saw?" And that physician, in Concord yonder, where there is no superstition, said to them, "You saw life departing visibly from the physical form." All that is in the biography. Why do I recite this? Oliver Wendell Holmes, some years ago wrote a preface to a book on visions, and he is an authority on physiology. He says he has been at deathbeds where the impression has been conveyed to him irresistibly, that something (that is a vague word)—something passed from the body into space. Professor Hitchcock, of New York City, says, that as a friend of his lay dying, the breath ceased, the eyes lost their lustre, so that those who stood about the bed said, "He is gone." Then suddenly the eyes opened widely, a look of surprise, of adoration, of bliss, was in the whole face, which was marvellously luminous. This occurred while the pendulum swung several times. The light finally faded, and the man was gone. I heard Professor Hitchcock state those facts in his own parlor. He puts them into his new book, "Eternal Attonement." What do the dying see? What do the dying hear? Do they not simply leave the body, as the butterfly leaves the chrysalis, and go into a life higher and purer than this! Oh no! death is not the end of life. It is the entrance to another form of life.

A PRAYER OVERHEARD.

WHEN the Prodigal Son returned home, his father saw him a long way off. Who can tell how long that father had yearned over him and prayed for him, and how much those prayers may have been the means of bringing the erring one to himself, far away in the swine-field? Instances are on record of prayers so influencing hard hearts. One such, uttered in the ears of one apparently incorrigible, produced instantaneous contrition. The story is told by a friend of the afflicted family. He says:

"I knew a young man of much promise, the only son of praying Christian parents. As he grew up he began to keep questionable company and very late hours, often coming home at an early hour in the morning. His father's loving remonstrances were quite in vain, and it took all the mother's soothing influence to prevent an open rupture between the father and son. Things went on thus for a considerable time, the son sadly misbehaving himself, and the mother screening him; but she died, and the father and son were left alone. Her death greatly affected both, and for some time the young man gave up his evil ways, and spent his evenings at home; but gradually the influence of his mother's death wore off, and the old habits re-asserted themselves. His father one night waited for him, and followed him to his bedroom. There was a

terrible scene. The father upbraided his son with his depravity, and threatened to turn him out of doors if he did not mend his ways. The son, excited by liquor, grew angry, and resented his father speaking to him as if he were still only a boy. In his passion he raised his hand, and with one blow felled his father to the ground; then, alarmed at what he had done, he fled from the house. For years he led a wretched, dissolute life; then a fearful thought seized him. Poor and destitute, he wrought his way to his native town, and, availing himself of a favorable opportunity, slipped into his old home, and made his way to his father's private room. He ransacked every drawer, but could find no money. Just then he heard a step on the stairs. Well he knew it. At once he took refuge beneath the bed. The old man entered, and without looking about, threw himself upon his knees, and began, 'O God, save my boy! Save him and bring him home to me in safety!' The words went to the prodigal's heart as he lay there, and crawling from his hiding place, he cried, 'Father, I have come!' and the next moment they were locked tightly in each others' arms."

BARBAROUS FUNERAL RITES.

THE advocates of Foreign Mission work are often opposed by men who contend that the heathen people are happy as they are, and that there is no need to send the gospel to them. Occasionally a ray of light falls on the condition of these "happy people," which shows what they really are, and how terrible is the suffering they inflict and endure through ignorance. Their ideas of God are of a being who must be appeased by self-torture and the torture of others, lest they suffer by His anger. If once they knew Him as a God of love, how gladly they would abandon their barbarous practices. Only last year a ceremony was performed, which shows in appalling colors, how urgent is the need for enlightenment.

The steamer *Congo* recently brought down the river a party of traders, who have been for several months in New Calabar, Africa. They said that Imphy, the King of Aboc, had died in the early summer of 1889, and they went to pay their respects to the new King. As it was two months since Imphy died, they supposed that the usual barbarous rites would be over, but they arrived when the "lu lu" ceremonies were being performed over the deceased monarch. These rites had been in operation for about two months, and some forty people had been slain to appease the "lu lu" gods. The old king was then lying in a large, deep grave, which had been dug for him. Nine of his young wives were lying there with him. Each of them had had both of her wrists and ankles broken, so that she could neither walk nor crawl. Thus tortured, seven of them were laid side by side in the bottom of the grave. The king's corpse was laid across them, and the two remaining women were laid down by the side of the corpse. Four men, armed with clubs, were stationed around the grave to knock back any who undertook to crawl out. There the nine women were left without food or water for four or five days, till death ended their torment. Other atrocities, too horrible for description, were being perpetrated in the town; the traders could do nothing to hinder them, and they made haste to leave the accursed spot.

AN ARGUMENT IN A COAL MINE.

An earnest minister in the mining districts being unable to get the miners to church, obtained permission to descend into the pit, and talk to them as they were at work. One of the first men he met below the surface was a rough foreman. To him he spoke dwelling on the free salvation. "I cannot believe in a religion like that," said the foreman, "it is too cheap. There's more sense in what the Catholics say. It aint likely God is going to let in a man just because he believes. You can't get nothing for nothing in this world, and its just the same for the next." Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?" "Get into the cage," was the reply. "But do you not need to help to raise yourself?" said the preacher. "Of course not," said the miner, "the engineer sees to that." "But what

about the people who sank the shaft? Was there much labor or expense about it?" "Yes, indeed. The shaft was sunk at great labor and expense, but it is our only way out and without it we should never get to the surface." "Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap, too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to save you and others was accomplished at a vast cost, the price of our lives being the death of His own Son."

A FRIEND'S FATAL PLEA.

The fear of being made ridiculous produced terrible results during some services in Scotland recently. Two young men were at one of the meetings and one of them was much impressed by the addresses. When the invitation was given to all who wished to find salvation, to stay to a special service for inquirers, this young man said to his friend "I shall stay." "They will come about you and talk to you," said his friend. "I don't care," said the former. "They can but make me a Christian and after all that is what I want." "Oh don't be a fool," was the reply. "They will make a fool of you as sure as you stay. Come along." The two left the building together, and on their way home, called at a saloon, where they stayed drinking till a late hour. As they staggered out at closing time, the young man seemed to have lost his dread of becoming a fool, and his mentor seemed to have lost the concern about his friend which he felt at the evangelistic meeting. They pursued their unsteady way home until they came to a level railroad crossing. As they staggered across it, their senses were too much benumbed by the liquor they had taken to exercise ordinary prudence. The young man who had yielded to his friend's plea was a little ahead, and before he could get off the track, an express train came upon him like a flash, passed on and left his lifeless body crushed and mangled on the road. His last opportunity of salvation had been rejected, and he would not be a fool for Christ's sake had given the greatest proof of folly a human being can give—that of losing his own soul which Christ died to save.

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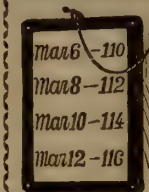
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ALL TO A DRINKING MAN.

men will listen to stories of ghosts and ready credence to strange and aral experiences, few will believe in the of God's interference in the af- fe. Yet there is better evidence atter than the former. There are reformation of life which are almost us, which can be accounted for only a theory. The subjects of these who are the only persons able to thoritatively, so account for them. point is that of a man, who for ears past has gone about the villages and speaking for Jesus in the sa- the races, and at the fairs, or wher- pated men are to be found. He remarkable history. His own ac- it is as follows:

in 1869, he was sitting in a sa- one of his associates in sin. Sud- oice, as if from out of the unseen id to him, "John, you'll have to way of drinking." He started to ook his hat, and said to his com- William, "I'm to drink no more or anybody else." Looking at him ment, his friend said, "What's the ith you, Jack?" Without another n left his comrade and the saloon, never again entered. The Spirit as now working in his conscience t power. His sense of sin and dan- so overwhelming that he was no le to continue his work as a hand- ver. His anguish compelled him to his bed. At last he obtained ough the text, "God so loved the t He gave His only begotten Son." th he was a new man. After some health gave way, and being no able of manual labor, he began nt life of usefulness, in which een successful in bringing many Christ. Is there any power but id which could have so transformed

SOLATION IN AFRICA.

RR CROSS, writing from Nyassat- ally, says: "Every now and again news of the Arabs and their allies acked such and such a village, and hty men and captured women. go, when the road to Tanganyika opened, there was a village every it miles all along the way. Now ravel for three or four days and e a village or meet a creature. ages are all destroyed, and the tured as slaves and driven off by It makes one's blood boil at the is of these red-handed ruffians, ngaged in a work which Living- ago could only compare to hell hear the wail of grief, and to people you spoke to, and that u fowls and potatoes two or three are now butchered, and the wo- irls dragged off to the Arab slave y well cast a gloom over one's t more, it is distressing to have e cast themselves on their knees or you to help them, and to know n do little or nothing. Ethiopia es is begging the whole civilized ave her from the cupidity and her wanton oppressors.

NCOLN'S INTERCESSION.

dy has heard of President Lin- for his son Tod. Major Whittle address related an incident of its lustrate a gospel truth. He said e occasion a wounded soldier went e House to plead with the Presi- son for a discharge that he might his native place. He had been ided, and had laid for weeks in d, and believing that he would pletely recover but would die t back to the front, his one desire his family again; but word had that no soldiers were to be dis- any consideration; so this man g vain attempts to see the Presi- s hanging about the gates of the Mansion one day on his usual er- little Tod saw him. The soldier ad, and the little fellow gazing ed what was wrong. On being once replied, 'Oh, I can get you ather; come along.' When they

came up to the room where the President sat, the sentinel would not let them pass in; but when the door opened Tod cried out, 'Father, let my friend and me in,' and in came the boy, leading the invalid soldier who hobbled along on crutches. His story was soon told, and the kind-hearted President forthwith wrote out his discharge. How is the poor sinner to approach God? Not by his own ability or merits. Christ said, 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' For His sake, and through Him, the way of access is always open and none who approach with that all-prevailing name on their lips are shut out."

MATERNAL INSTINCT FAILING.

WE are accustomed to speak of maternal love as the strongest feeling in human nature. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" It is an evidence of the power that the liquor habit can wield when once it is firmly acquired. But cases have been known in which it has proved so strong as to make a mother unnaturally careless about her child. Major Whittle tells of one instance which recently came under his own observation. He says: "I knew a woman who took to drink, and so completely did she get under its power that she would have done anything, however wicked and extravagant to obtain it. Her infant child sickened and died. She went to the parish and asked and received a coffin, but instead of burying her baby, she took the coffin, along with all the little things that had belonged to her child, and sold them, disposing of the coffin to a woman who also had lost her little one. Then she buried the body of her child without anything on it, with only the cold, black earth for a covering. So drink destroyed all natural feeling, and made that woman even lower than a beast; even natural maternal instinct was destroyed."

A COLPORTEUR'S TACT.

AN earnest Christian man in Ireland, being bereaved of his wife and child, and being alone in the world with an income sufficient for his few wants, relinquished business and devoted his life to going about the country selling New Testaments at cost price. The Roman Catholic priests opposed his work, and forbade the people purchasing the books. The colporteur immediately replenished his stock with the Romish version of the Testament, and sallied forth again, feeling sure that even that imperfect translation could be used of God for conversion. One day as he was riding along on his tricycle he met a priest, and halting, he showed him a copy of the Testament, and asked him if he had any objection to him selling it to Roman Catholics. The priest said he had, but when he opened the Book he saw on the first page the name of one of his bishops, who had given his consent and authority to the work. "No," said the priest, "I have no objection, for it has the approval of my church." Two women coming up at the moment, he begged the priest's pardon, and offered each of them a copy, which they purchased, and said they would read it, as they had the authority of the priest for doing so.

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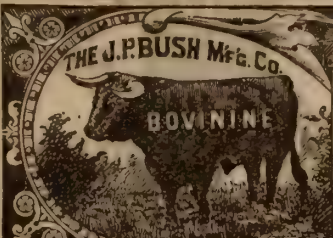
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Turns darkness into light, and grief to gladness,
He is my Joy—my soul's Perpetual Day.

There is no care I cannot lay upon Him;
I have no want that He will not supply;
He gives me grapes of Eshcol in the desert;
When I'm in doubt He guides me with His eye.

And in His word He shows me things so wondrous,
Such depths of Wisdom and such heights of Love,
That all my soul is filled with adoration,
Such as not even angels know above.

I have no future! it is in His keeping,
Nor do I seek to know what it may hold!
He is my Confidence—I trust Him wholly!
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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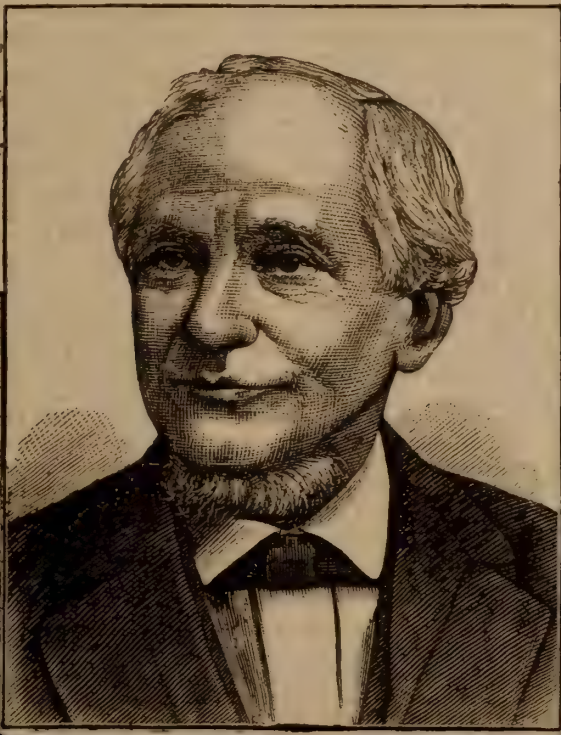
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Late Mr. George H. Stuart, President of the Christian Commission—Incidents in the Work of the Commission.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. THE VOICES OF NATURE.

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." Isa. 60:13.

Lebanon in its Present Glory—The Tree of Calvary Subduing the Evil from the Tree of Eden—The Elements to be Moderated—The Contributions of the Natural World to the Kingdom of God—Testimony to the Truth of the Bible—Infidels Converted in the Holy Land—Illustrations of Divine Truth—All the Writers Drawing on Nature—Furnishing Personal Defence to the Christian—How a Famous Hymn was Written.

ON our way from Damascus we saw the mountains of Lebanon white with snow, and the places from which the cedars were hewn, and then drawn by ox-teams down to the Mediterranean Sea, and then floated in great rafts to Joppa, and then again drawn by ox-teams up to Jerusalem to build Solomon's temple. Those mighty trees in my text are called the "glory of Lebanon." Inanimate nature felt the effects of the first transgression. When Eve touched the forbidden tree, it seems as if the sinful contact had smitten not only that tree, but as if the air caught the pollution from the leaves, and as if the sap had carried the virus down into the very soil until the entire earth reeked with the leprosy. Under that sinful touch nature withered. The inanimate creation, as if aware of the damage done it, sent up the thorn and brier and nettle to wound, and fiercely oppose, the human race. Now as the physical earth felt the effects of the first transgression, so it shall also feel the effect of the Saviour's mission. As from that one tree in Paradise a blight went forth through the entire earth, so from one tree on Calvary another force shall speed out to interpenetrate and check, subdue and override, the evil. In the end it shall be found that the tree of Calvary has more potency than the tree of Paradise. As the nations are evangelized, I think a corresponding change will be effected in the natural world. I verily believe that the trees, and the birds, and the rivers, and the skies will have their millennium. If man's sin affected the ground, and the vegetation, and the atmosphere, shall Christ's work be less powerful or less extensive?

The Earth Reclaimed.

Doubtless God will take the irregularity and fierceness from the elements so as to make them congenial to the race, which will then be symmetrical and evangelized. The ground shall not be so lavish of weeds and so grudging of grain. Soils which now have peculiar proclivities toward certain forms of evil production will be delivered from their besetting sins. Steep mountains, ploughed down into more gradual ascent, shall be girdled with flocks of sheep and shocks of corn. The wet marsh shall become the deep-grassed meadow. Cattle shall eat unharmed by caverns once haunted of wild beasts. Children will build play-houses in what was once a cave of serpents; and, as the Scripture saith, "The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den."

Universal Eden.

Oh what harvests shall be reaped when neither drouth, nor excessive rain, nor mildew, nor infesting insects shall arrest the growth, and the utmost capacity of the fields for production shall be tested by an intelligent and athletic yeomanry. Thrift and competency characterizing the world's inhabitants, their dwelling-places shall be graceful and healthy and adorned. Tree and arbor and grove around about will look as if Adam and Eve had got back to Paradise. Great cities, now neglected and unwashed, shall be orderly, adorned with architectural symmetry and connected with far distant seaports by present modes of transportation carried to their greatest perfection, or by new inventions yet to spring up out of the water or drop from the air at the beck of a Morse or a Robert Fulton belonging to future generations. Isaiah in my text seems to look forward to the future condition of the physical earth as a condition of great beauty and excellence; and then prophesies that as the strongest and most ornamental timber in Lebanon was brought down to Jerusalem and constructed into the ancient temple, so all that is beautiful and excellent in the physical earth shall yet contribute to the Church now being built in the world. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

Much of this prophecy has already been fulfilled,

and I proceed to some practical remarks upon the contributions which the natural world is making to the kingdom of God, and then draw some inferences. The first contribution that Nature gives to the Church is her testimony in behalf of the truth of Christianity. This is an age of profound research. Nature cannot evade men's inquiries as once. In chemist's laboratory she is put to torture and compelled to give up her mysteries. Hidden laws have come out of their hiding-place. The earth and the heavens, since they have been ransacked by geologist and botanist and astronomer, appear so different from what they once were that they may be called "the new heavens and the new earth."

Science No Enemy.

This research and discovery will have powerful effect upon the religious world. They must either advance or arrest Christianity, make men better or make them worse, be the Church's honor or the Church's overthrow. Christians, aware of this in the early ages of discovery, were nervous and fearful as to the progress of science. They feared that some natural law, before unknown, would suddenly spring into harsh collision with Christianity. Gunpowder and the gleam of swords would not so much have been feared by religionists as electric batteries, voltaic piles, and astronomical apparatus. It was feared that Moses and the prophets would be run over by sceptical chemists and philosophers. Some of the followers of Aristotle, after the invention of the telescope, refused to look through that instrument, lest what they saw would overthrow the teachings of that great philosopher. But the Christian religion has no such apprehension now. Bring on your telescopes and microscopes, and spectroscopes—and the more the better. The God of nature is the God of the Bible, and in all the universe, and in all the eternities, He has never once contradicted Himself. Christian merchants endow universities, and in them Christian professors instruct the children of Christian communities. The warmest and most enthusiastic

Friends of Christ

are bravest and most enthusiastic friends of science. The Church rejoices as much over every discovery as the world rejoices. Good men have found that there is no war between science and religion. That which at first has seemed to be the weapon of the infidel has turned out to be the weapon of the Christian.

Scientific discussions may be divided into those which are concluded, and those which are still in progress, depending for decision upon future investigation. Those which are concluded have invariably rendered their verdict for Christianity, and we have faith to believe that those which are still in prosecution will come to as favorable a conclusion. The great systems of error are falling before these discoveries, which have only demonstrated the truth of the Bible, and so reinforced Christianity. Mohammedanism and paganism in their ten thousand forms have been proved false, and by great natural laws shown to be impositions. Buried cities have been exhumed, and the truth of God found written on their coffin-lids. Bartlett, Robinson, and Layard have been not more the apostles of science than the apostles of religion. The dumb lips of the pyramids have opened to preach the gospel. Expeditions have been fitted out for Palestine, and explorers have come back to say that they have found among mountains, and among ruins, and on the shore of waters, living and undying evidences of our glorious Christianity.

Men who have gone to Palestine infidels have come back Christians. They who were blind and deaf to the truth at home have seemed to see Christ again preaching upon Olivet, and have beheld in vivid imagination the Son of God again walking the hills about Jerusalem. Caviglia once rejected the truth, but afterward said, "I came to Egypt, and the Scriptures and

The Pyramids Converted Me."

When I was in Beyrout, Syria, last December, our beloved American missionary, Rev. Doctor Jessup, told me of his friend who met a sceptic at Joppa, the seaport of Jerusalem, and the unbeliever said to his friend: "I am going into the Holy Land to show up the folly of the Christian religion. I am going to visit all the so-called 'sacred places,' and write them up, and show the world that the New Testament is an imposition upon the world's credulity." Months after, Doctor Jessup's friend met the sceptic at Beyrout, after he had completed his journey through the Holy Land. "Well, how is it?" said the aforesaid gentleman to the sceptic.

The answer was: "I have seen it all, and I tell you the Bible is true! Yes, it is all true!" The man who went to destroy came back to defend. A what I myself saw during my recent absence, I conclude that anyone who can go through the Holy Land and remain an unbeliever, is either a man or an imbecile. God employed men to write the Bible, but He took many of the same truths which they recorded, and with His own almighty hand He gouged them into the rocks, and drew them down into dismal depths, and, as documents are put in the corner-stone of a temple, so in the very foundation of the earth He folded up and placed the records of heavenly truth. The earthen corner-stone was laid, like that of other sacred edifices, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The Author of revelation standing among the great strata, looked upon Moses, and said, "Let us record for future ages the world's history; you write it there on paper, I will write it here on the boulders."

Nature in the Bible.

Again, nature offers an invaluable contribution to Christianity by the illustration she makes of divine truth. The inspired writers seized upon the advantages offered by the natural world. Trees, rivers and clouds and rocks broke forth into eloquent and enthusiastic utterances. Would Christ forth the strength of faith, He points to the sycamore, whose roots spread out, and strike down, clinch themselves amid great depths of earth. He said that faith was strong enough to tear up by the roots.

At Hawarden, England, Mr. Gladstone, when showing me his trees during a prolonged visit through his magnificent park, pointed out a sycamore, and with a wave of the hand said, "In your visit to the Holy Land did you see any sycamore more impressive than that?" I confessed that I had not. Its branches were not more remarkable than its roots. It was to such a tree as that that Jesus pointed when He would illustrate the power of faith. "Ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root and be thou cast into the sea, and it would obey you." One reason why Christ has fascinated the world as no other teacher, is because instead of using severe argument He was always telling how something in the spiritual world was like unto something in the natural world. These wonderful "likes" of our Lord! Like a grain of mustard seed. Like a treasure hid in a field. Like a merchant seeking goodly pearls. Like a net that was cast into the sea. Like unto a holder.

Christ's Lessons from Nature.

Would Christ teach the precision with which He looks after you, He says He counts the hairs of your head. Well, that is a long and tedious count if the head have the average endowment. It has been found that if the hairs of the head be black there are about 120,000, or if they be fair there are about 140,000. But God knows the number: "The hairs of your head are all numbered." Would Christ impress us with the divine watchfulness and care, He speaks of the sparrows which were a nuisance in those times. They were caught by the thousands in the net. They were thin and scrawny, and had comparatively no meat on their bones. They seemed almost valueless, whether living or dead. Now, argues Christ, if my Father takes care of them will He not take care of you? Christ would have the Christian despondent of his slowness of religious development go to the corn-field for a lesson. He watches first the green shoot pressing up through the clods, gradually strengthening into a stalk, and last of all the swelling out with the pressure of the corn: "The blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Would David set forth the freshness and beauty of genuine Christian character—he sees an eagle starting from its nest just after the moulting season. Its old feathers shed, and its wings and body decked with new down and plumes, its body finely feathered as that of her young ones just beginning to try the speed of their wings. Thus rejuvenated and replumed is the Christian's faith and hope, by every season of communion with Christ. "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Would Solomon represent the annoyance of a contentious woman's tongue, he points to a leakage in the roof of his house or tent, where, throughout the rainy day, the water comes through, falling upon the floor—drip! drip! drip! And he says, "A contentious woman dripping in a very rainy day and a contentious

an are alike." Would Christ set forth the character of those who make great profession of piety, it have no fruit. He compares them to barren fig-trees, which have very large and showy leaves, and nothing but leaves. Would Job illustrate deceitful friendships, he speaks of brooks in those climes, at wind about in different directions, and dry up when you want to drink out of them: "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the team of brooks they pass away." David when he could impress us with the despondency into which he had sunk, compares it to a quagmire of those regions, through which he had doubtless sometimes tried to walk, but sunk in up to his neck, and he cried, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Would Habakkuk set forth the capacity which God gives the good man to walk safely amid the deadliest perils, he points to the wild animal called the leopard walking over slippery rocks, and leaping from old crag to wild crag, by the peculiar make of its paws able calmly to sustain itself in the most dangerous places: "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hind's feet."

Job's Poetic Imagery.

Job makes all natural objects pay tribute to the royalty of his book. As you go through some chapters of Job you feel as if it were a bright spring morning, and, as you see the glittering drops from the grass under your feet, you say with that patriarch, "Who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" And now, as you read on, you seem in the silent midnight to behold the waving of a great light on your path, and you look up to find it the *aurora borealis*, which Job described so long ago "the bright light in the clouds and the splendor that cometh out of the north." As you read on, there is darkness hurtling in the heavens, and the showers break loose till the birds fly for hiding-place and the mountain torrents in red fury foam over the rocky shelving; and with the same poet, you exclaim, "Who can number the clouds in wisdom, or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" As you read on, you feel yourself coming in frosty mists, and, in fancy, wading through the snow, you say, with that same inspired writer, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" And while the sharp sleet drives in your face, and the ice stings your cheek, you quote him again: "Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" In the Psalmist's writings I hear the voices of the sea: "Deep calleth unto deep;" and the roar of forests: "The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh;" and the loud peal of the black tempest: "The God of glory undereth;" and the rustle of the long silk on the mill-filled husks: "The valleys are covered with snow;" and the cry of wild beasts: "The young lions roar after their prey;" the hum of palm-trees and cedars: "The righteous shall flourish like a cedar-tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon;" the sigh of wings and the swirl of fins: "Dominion over the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea."

Emblems of Truth.

The truths of the gospel might have been presented in technical terms, and by the means of dry definitions, but under these the world would not have listened or felt. How could the safety of trusting upon Christ have been presented, were it not the figure of a rock? How could the gladdening effect of the gospel have been set forth, had not the Pharisees thought of the dawn of the morning, exclaiming, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness." How could the soul's intense longing for Christ have been presented so well as by the emblem of natural hunger and natural thirst? As the lake thirsts into its bosom the shadow of hills around, and the gleam of stars above, so, in these great depths of divine truth, all objects in nature are grandly reflected. We walk forth in the spring-time, and everything breathes of the Resurrection. Bright blossoms and springing grass speak to us of the coming up of those whom we have loved, when in the white robes of their joy and coronation they shall appear. And when in the autumn of the year Nature preaches thousands of funeral sermons from the text, "We all do fade as a leaf," and scatters her elegies in our path, we cannot help but think of sickness and the tomb. Even winter, "being dead, it speaketh." The world will not be argued into the right. It will be tenderly illustrated into the right. Tell them what religion is like. When the other tried to tell her dying child what heaven was, she compared it to light. "But that hurts my eyes," said the dying girl. Then the mother compared heaven to music. "But any sound hurts me;

I am so weak," said the dying child. Then she was told that heaven was like mother's arms. "Oh, take me there!" she said. "If it is like mother's arms, take me there!" The appropriate simile had been found at last.

Another contribution which the natural world is making to the kingdom of Christ, is the defence and aid which the elements are compelled to give to the Christian personally. There is no law in nature but is

Sworn for the Christian's Defence.

In Job this thought is presented as a bargain made between the inanimate creation and the righteous man: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." What a grand thought that the lightnings, and the tempests, and the hail, and the frosts, which are the enemies of unrighteousness, are all marshalled as the Christian's body-guard. They fight for him. They strike with an arm of fire, or clutch with their fingers of ice. Everlasting peace is declared between the fiercest elements of nature and the good man. They may in their fury seem to be indiscriminate, smiting down the righteous with the wicked, yet they cannot damage the Christian's soul, although they may shrivel his body. The wintry blast that howls about your dwelling, you may call your brother, and the south wind coming up on a June day by way of a flower-garden, you may call your sister. Though so mighty in circumference and diameter, the sun and the moon have a special charge concerning you. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Elements and forces hidden in the earth are now harnessed and at work in producing for you food and clothing. Some grain-field that you never saw presented you this day with your morning meal. The great earth and

The Heavens are the Busy Loom

at work for you; and shooting light, and silvery stream, and sharp lightning are only woven threads in the great loom, with God's foot on the shuttle. The same Spirit that converted your soul has also converted the elements from enmity toward you into inviolable friendship, and furthest star and deepest cavern, regions of everlasting cold as well as climes of eternal summer, all have a mission of good, direct or indirect, for your spirit.

Now I infer from this that the study of natural objects will increase our religious knowledge. If David and Job and John and Paul could not afford to let go without observation one passing cloud, or rift of snow, or spring blossom, you cannot afford to let them go without study. Men and women of God most eminent in all ages for faith and zeal, indulged in such observations—Payson and Baxter and Doddridge and Hannah More. That man is not worthy the name of Christian who saunters listlessly among these magnificent disclosures of divine power around, beneath, and above us, stupid and uninstructed. They are not worthy to live in a desert, for that has its fountains and palm-trees; nor in regions of everlasting ice, for even there the stars kindle their lights, and auroras flash, and huge icebergs shiver in the morning light, and God's power sits upon them as upon a great white throne. Yet there are Christians in the Church who look upon all such tendencies of mind and heart as soft sentimentalities, and because they believe this printed Revelation of God are content to be infidels in regard to all that has been written in this great Book of the universe, written in

Letters of Stars,

in paragraphs of constellations, and illustrated with sunset and thunder-cloud and spring morning.

I infer, also, the transcendent importance of Christ's religion. Nothing is so far down, and nothing is so high up, and nothing so far out, but God makes it pay tax to the Christian religion. If snow and tempest and dragon are expected to praise God, suppose you He expects no homage from your soul? When God has written His truth upon everything around you, suppose you He did not mean you to open your eyes and read it?

Finally, I learn from this subject what an honorable position the Christian occupies when nothing is so great and glorious in nature but it is made to edify, defend, and instruct him. Hold up your heads, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, that I may see how you bear your honors. Though now you may think yourself unbefriended, this spring's soft wind, and next summer's harvest of barley, and next autumn's glowing fruits, and next winter's storms, all seasons, all elements, zephyr and euroclydon, rose's breath and thundercloud, gleaming light and thick darkness, are sworn to defend you,

and cohorts of angels would fly to deliver you from peril, and the great God would unsheathe His sword and arm the universe in your cause rather than that harm should touch you with one of its lightest fingers. "As the mountains around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about His people from this time forth for evermore."

Oh for more sympathy with the natural world, and then we should always have a Bible open before us, and we could take a lesson from the most fleeting circumstances, as when a storm came down upon England Charles Wesley sat in a room watching it through an open window, and frightened by the lightning and the thunder a little bird flew in, and nestled in the bosom of the sacred poet, and as he gently stroked it and felt the wild beating of its heart, he turned to his desk and wrote that hymn which will be sung while the world lasts:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

A WRONG-DOER PROMOTED.

OUR readers will remember the narrative published in these columns some time ago of a shameful miscarriage of justice which took place in India. A girl named Luchminia was purchased from her mother for vicious purposes by an old native libertine. She fled for protection to a lady missionary, who kept her until her purchaser commenced legal proceedings for her recovery. The English magistrate, a man named Quinn, ordered the missionary to give the girl up to her mother. The order was obeyed, and the girl was promptly handed over by the mother to her purchaser. An appeal was made to the British Parliament, and the magistrate was suspended from his office. The case caused great excitement at the time, but it has subsided now. The *Indian Witness*, just received, states that Quinn has now returned, invested with higher powers than before, and with his salary raised. The *Witness*, commenting on the fact, says: "The magistrate is rewarded for blundering, while the unhappy victim of the blunder—poor Luchminia—is suffering the horrible consequences of official ignorance. Justice will be done in this sad case yet. God's time can wait. But it will come, and one day the unspeakable wrong done poor Luchminia will be righted by that strong arm that exacted vengeance on officialdom for the wrongs of Naboth."

STONING A PREACHER IN CHINA.

ONE of the China Inland Mission preachers, Mr. McNair, thus describes a recent experience during a tour in an outlying district in China: "An hour's sailing brought us in sight of Tsin-shih, when we went ashore with an armful each of Gospels and tracts, in the hope of being able to scatter them in the outskirts, but we were only partially successful. We entered the town itself a little before noon, and at once began to declare our message. The people were rude, and cursed us on every side. Crowds gathered round us of such as had nothing much to do, and before we had gone very far we could see that it would not take much to get us a beating. Toward evening the crowds got very rough; we tried not to lose sight of one another, but found that sometimes difficult. At last I lost sight of Mr. James, and soon discovered that I had fallen near to his mob together with my own. I tried to humor the crowd as best I could, but they seemed bent on mischief. Occasional pieces of broken tile were thrown, and my cue got a pull or two. I felt sure that Mr. James was not on the street, and began to think how I could get back to our boat. I knew it would not do to run, so I walked steadily toward the river-side among showers of missiles, without sustaining the slightest injury. The Lord preserved my head from being once struck, although I was struck on the back several times. On sighting the boat I saw Mr. James looking out for me. I descended the steep embankment without a single stone being thrown, but no sooner was I on the boat than a regular storm of missiles came battering against it. The boatmen put out from the shore as speedily as possible, and soon we were lost among the hundreds of boats that line the river-side. The fast-falling darkness helped us considerably to cover our retreat. We passed a quiet night at the river-side some distance down."

THE LATE MR. GEORGE H. STUART.

His Claims to National Honor—Birth in Ireland in 1816—Emigrates to America in 1831—Business Pursuits—His Church Work—Twenty-five Years Sunday-School Superintendent—His Help in Foreign Missions—Association with Dr. Duff—Organization of the Christian Commission—His Own Story of the Work—Raising Funds—Instances of Self-Denial—Typical Instance of a Conversion on a Battle-field—Record of the Work of the Commission—An Interview with President Lincoln—After the War—Illness and Death.

EDITORIAL mention was made in this journal last week of the death of the eminent Christian philanthropist whose services in the cause of the sick and suffering during the war made his name famous throughout the land. Such services are too soon forgotten when the occasion which has rendered them valuable has passed by; but it is not to our honor as a people that it should be so. The name of a public benefactor, especially of a man who has given, not only money, but active labor, to the public good, should never be forgotten. Our children and children's children should be taught to hold it in reverence, and treasure the memory of his good deeds as a national possession, honorable to us as a people, to our religion, and to humanity. As we honor the successful soldier, let us not forget the man through whose labors many sick and wounded of both parties in the strife were succored, cheered, comforted, and directed in the hour of national darkness. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is sure that it will have the hearty approval of its readers, in the South as well as in the North, in doing honor this week to the life and labors of our departed fellow-countryman. Mr. Stuart had many

Claims to Honor

and reverence from his country, especially to the respect of the followers of Christ. We are apt to forget, through our association with the world, and our use of its maxims, who are the men whom we should hold in the highest esteem. We are ready to honor great preachers, great writers, great inventors, and men who in one way or another contribute to our amusement, our comfort, or our profit, but in the day of final award a different standard will be set up. Christ told us what it would be: "I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." How this applies to Mr. Stuart's record is shown by this tribute of a secular journal on the day after his death: "It was literally true of George H. Stuart that he never seemed to take notice of his own strength or health or interest when there was within his reach or in his sight a good service he thought he could do his fellow man."

George H. Stuart was an Irishman by birth. He was born in Rosehall, County Down, Ireland, on the 2d of April, 1816, his parents being members of the Associate Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. George Hay was pastor, and after whom their son was named. He received his preliminary education in his native land, and came to America at the age of fifteen years, arriving at Philadelphia on the 1st of September, 1831. His first connection with business enterprise was with the mercantile firm composed of his brothers, John, Joseph, David, and James, which was established in Philadelphia in 1827. George H. Stuart was admitted as a member of the firm in 1837, and retained his active connection with it until its liquidation in the fall of 1879. The house did a very large business, and had branches in New York, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Stuart also filled several responsible offices in connection with financial institutions.

His Church Work,

as summarized by the *Public Ledger*, to which we are indebted for the above facts, shows a very remarkable degree of activity. Soon after he settled in Philadelphia Mr. Stuart connected himself with the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. S. B. Wylie was pastor, and in 1835 made the formal profession of his faith. He soon became not only one of the most prominent members of his church, but also one of the most active Christian workers in the country. He was ordained a Ruling Elder on the 7th of August, 1842, and held that office up to the hour of his death; and he was for twenty-five years the Superintendent of the Sunday-schools of his church. It is related of him that during that entire period he was never late at a single session. He was deeply interested in the work of his church, and to his liberal and untiring efforts much of its success was due.

Mr. Stuart was also an early and ardent supporter of foreign mission work; he acted for many years as Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and of the Theological Seminary of the same Church; and the Missionary Refuge at Landour was his contribution to the Saharanpur Mission in India. He was also for many years Vice-President of the American Sunday-school Union, of the American Bible Society, of the American Tract Society, National Temperance Society, of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, and President of the Philadelphia Branch of the Alliance, as well as of the Home Mission Society. The Rev. Dr. Duff, the famous missionary, visited America by his invitation, and the extensive tour he made, and the large amount of money he received for the college in Calcutta, were in a great measure the result of Mr. Stuart's arrangements.

Beside all these activities Mr. Stuart made time to give active and personal support to the Young Men's Christian Association. He was the first President of the Philadelphia Association, and was elected President of the National Conventions held at Troy, in 1859, and Chicago in 1863.

Although so earnest a Presbyterian, Mr. Stuart was very liberal in his views and practice, and among his warmest friends were Bishop McIlvaine, of the Episcopal Church in Ohio, and Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist denomination. The delegation of the Irish Presbyterian Church sent to this country during the years of famine in that land owed to his counsel, co-operation, and contributions much of its success. Other deputations from the churches in Scotland and Ireland received an hospitable welcome from him, with material aid and valuable counsel in the conduct of the business on which they came. It was through Mr. Stuart's broad sympathies that the painful experience of his church life came. His joining in communion with other evangelical denominations, and the use of their hymns, was made the basis of a complaint against him to the general Synod. Mr. Stuart was incapacitated by sickness from defending himself before that body, and judgment against him was given in default, though probably had he been present he could not have won a verdict, as his offence was admitted, and he was too sure of being right to be penitent. He was suspended from membership, but his church and pastor stood by him, and ultimately, when the prospect of a reversal of judgment was abandoned, they affiliated with the general Presbyterian Church.

The Christian Commission

was, however, the work which made Mr. Stuart's name best known throughout the land. His pastor, Dr. Wylie, in a sketch of Mr. Stuart's labors in connection with the Commission, said: "In this grand movement, the object of which was to aid in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the officers, soldiers, and sailors of the army and navy of the United States, the like of which was before unknown to the world, Mr. Stuart was the great leading spirit from beginning to end. At its first meeting he was chosen Chairman of the Commission, and so remained till its close. Embracing men of all the leading evangelical denominations, and embodying a large amount of the best character and talent of the nation, inspired with the noble cause of liberty and self-government, it did a glorious work."

Mr. Stuart's work in this cause often took him to the front, and he was brought into personal contact with all the great statesmen and military leaders of the time. He had many exciting adventures while in this service. It is said the Commission raised about \$6,000,000 for the purpose of supplying the men at the front with comforts not provided by the Government, and that there were at one time about 6,000 representatives of the Commission in the field.

The pictures on the first page show the character of their work. They supplied articles of clothing to the soldiers, visited the wounded in the hospitals, read and prayed with the patients, wrote letters for them, cheered and comforted the dying, and in a thousand ways showed themselves the followers of Christ in works of Christian love.

His Own Story

of this work has happily been written, and will be published in a few days by Messrs. J. M. Stoddard & Co., the eminent publishers of Philadelphia. It is entitled *The Life of George H. Stuart. Written by Himself*, and has a preface from the pen of the Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson, D. D., of the University of Pennsylvania. Through the courtesy of the pub-

lishers we are enabled to give here from advance sheets some specimen passages from this work which cannot fail to be deeply interesting. Mr. Stuart says: "After the battle of Gettysburg, where I found that our treasury was largely overdrawn while over twenty thousand wounded soldiers of both armies had been left on the battle-field, to whom we speedily sent three hundred and fifty-six delegates, with nearly a hundred thousand dollars worth of stores. Before starting for the field myself, I drew up a long dispatch, to be sent to the leading cities, stating the facts and asking for the privilege of drawing for different amounts. Boston I asked for ten thousand dollars; and the response came back the same day, 'Draw for sixty thousand

Days of Self-Denial.

"No language of mine can express the readiness and the liberality of the response made to our appeals on the part of the entire Northern population including the children, as well as the women and men. Did space permit, I might fill a volume with special instances of personal sacrifice made in behalf of the noble men who were fighting the battle of our country. Let me give a few instances, which might be multiplied tenfold. At the close of a public meeting in Michigan, after a collection was taken up, and the baskets laid in front of the pulpit, young lady was seen to leave her seat and approach the basket two or three times, and finally she pulled from her finger the engagement-ring given her by her lover, who was a soldier in the army, and threw it into the basket. In an Episcopal church in Philadelphia a diamond ring was found in the collection-box, which I sold for five hundred dollars."

"After I had made a speech in a leading Episcopal church in Brooklyn, a handsome pair of gold bracelets were found in the collection-box. In a collection taken in Dr. Shaw's church in Rochester we found a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. A very old woman, on her death-bed, in the northern part of New York State, bequeathed to us a necklace which she had worn for nearly all her life, and which was a somewhat remarkable one. I purchased the gift at its full value, and hold it still, as one of my many mementos of the war."

A Conversion on the Battle-field

is described by Mr. Stuart as an illustration of the blessed results of the Commission's work, innumerable instances of which might be given. This one is worthy of notice, because the man was preserved to do much valuable work in the cause of the Master. Mr. Stuart says: "John F. Chase, of Augusta, Me., who was a rugged farmer-boy about eighteen years of age, was the fifth man in his State to enlist. He became soon after a cannonier in the Fifth Maine Battery. After he had passed through several engagements unharmed, on the field of Gettysburg, on the night of July 2, while charging his gun to resist an attack, a Southern shell exploded at his side, carrying away his right arm, destroying his left eye, and inflicting several other wounds, chiefly in his breast. Carried to the rear as dead, he was laid on the spot where, the night before, as an unconverted and wicked man, he had for the first time (all alone) knelt on the bare ground praying to God for the pardon of his sins, and giving his heart to Christ. He lay there unconscious until the 4th of July, when he was picked up and put into the dead-cart, with others, to be buried. On his way to the grave he gave a groan, which attracted the driver's attention, when he was taken out of the cart and laid alongside of a barn on the roadside. He here lay another day without assistance, when the surgeons, after attending other cases, came and bound up his wounds, and had him removed to the Cemetery Hospital. There he fell under the care of the Rev. I. O. Sloan, of our Commission, who nursed him tenderly. Soon after he was taken out of the hospital, suffering from erysipelas. Mr. Sloan, still clinging to him, had tent built over him, and nursed him to convalescence. After three months he was brought by Mr. Sloan to West Philadelphia Hospital. While in the tent and being nursed, he was baptized by Mr. Sloan. He is now a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Most of his time is used in lecturing on temperance and kindred subjects."

"The United States Christian Commission was organized November 15, 1861, and closed its labors on January 1, 1866, although many appeals were made to maintain the organization for similar work in times of peace. In February of that year it held its final meeting at Washington, in the hall of the House of Representatives, where its annual meetings had been held in 1863, 1864, and 1865."

"A few days before this the friends of the Commission, who had assembled in Washington for the anniversary, called upon President Lincoln by appointment at the White House, and were received in the Green Room. I introduced him in a general way to the assembly, and spoke briefly of the work we were doing, and of the feelings of those engaged in it. While I was speaking he stood with his head slightly bowed, and an abstracted air. But when he raised himself to reply his face kindled into a genial smile, and a characteristic light shone in his eyes. He disclaimed thanks for anything he had done to further the work of the Commission. 'Nor,' he proceeded, 'do I know that I owe you any thanks for what you have done. We have all been laboring for a common end, the preservation of our country and the welfare of its defenders has been our motive and joy and reward.'

"At the final business meeting of the Commission the officers reported that they had spent or distributed in money and goods, on behalf of the soldiers and sailors, \$6,291,107 in all. To this must be added the unpaid services of most of the 4,859 agents and delegates, besides nearly two hundred Christian women, who had been sent to the front to the hospitals, as only a very few of them had received any compensation, those few being chiefly permanent agents in charge of divisions of the army. The Commission distributed 1,466,748 Bibles or parts of the Scriptures, 8,603,434 books and pamphlets, 18,189,863 newspapers and magazines, chiefly religious, and 30,368,998 pages of religious tracts.

"But the greatest results are those which cannot be put into figures and statistics. No one counted the dying men whose thoughts had been turned to the Saviour, or the men whom life in the army might have ruined but for the Christian influences and teachings which the Commission brought to the front, or the men who had paid no heed to the offers of mercy at home, but accepted them when they were presented by the faithful preaching of the Gospel at the front, where the realities of life and death became so vivid. Nor can anyone number the men whose lives were saved by the loving ministrations of our delegates on the battle-field and in the hospital. Wherever I go since the war I am meeting former soldiers of the Union and the Southern armies who hold the Christian Commission in grateful remembrance for the saving of life and limb. Since I began writing these pages I had occasion to thank an unknown man for help in getting up a slope rather too steep for me in these years. 'Oh, no thanks, sir,' said he, 'I was a soldier in the army, and I owe my life to your Christian Commission.'"

After the War

Mr. Stuart's work was not forgotten. General Grant, who had good opportunities during the struggle of seeing the character of the man, appointed him one of the members of the Board of Commissioners to exercise joint control with the Secretary of the Interior over the disbursement of appropriations to the Indians. He served until June, 1874, when, with several others of the Commissioners, he resigned. Although there had been considerable friction with the Interior Department the Commissioners accomplished much toward the reform of the administration of Indian affairs. It is said that President Grant twice offered Mr. Stuart Cabinet position, but he declined on both occasions. He was several times consulted by the President upon matters in the public service.

His Death.

On April 2, this year, Mr. Stuart celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday. Although he had been a sufferer from asthma for over half a century, he retained his strength and activity until within about a year ago, when failing health necessitated his retirement from the Presidency of the Merchants' Bank. After that time he failed steadily, and, although afflicted by his old malady, his death was the more especially to a general breaking up of his vital forces. A large part of his time during the last few months was spent at Clifton Springs, N. Y., at his condition becoming so alarming, he was taken to Philadelphia in a special train, on March 1, and taken to his son's residence, at Chestnut Hill. There he rallied somewhat, but the improvement was but temporary, for he died on April 12, passing away gently in his sleep, and without pain. Mr. Stuart was married the 11th of May, 1837, to Martha K. Denison, of Philadelphia. They had five children, of whom five are still living.

EGYPTIAN RELICS UNDER ELECTRIC LIGHT.

(See illustration on page 284.)

MANY strange thoughts are suggested by a visit to the relics of ancient Egypt collected in the British Museum. With the exception of the Museum at Boulak, which is now enriched by the mummies of the Pharaoh of the Exodus and other recently discovered royal remains, there is no museum in the world that contains so many relics of the departed grandeur of Egypt as does the British Museum. Mammoth statues, sculptures, hieroglyphs, mummies, ancient tools, ornaments, and records are there in abundance. The trustees have recently introduced the electric lights into the gallery, and its effects are very impressive. Under its glare the colossal head of Sesostrius, the Memnon head, and the other enormous sculptures are brought out in strong relief, and their wonderful beauty is perceived. It is a striking commentary on the transitory nature of human greatness. Here is a nation, whose very beginning dates many centuries after these statues were made and placed in position in the Egyptian palaces, digging them out of the sand and carrying them away for the edification of its people. Even the bodies of the sculptors and the monarchs who employed them are exhumed and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, and now a light which would have been strange and mysterious to those men of learning, sheds its beams on their corpses and the works of their hands.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

(See illustration on page 285.)

AUGUSTA VICTORIA, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest daughter of Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein and wife of Emperor William II. of Germany, whose portrait, with that of her five sons, appears on page 285, is an "elect lady" in the Church of Christ as well as in the German Empire. A European journal gives many interesting details of her early life, and of her devotion to acts of charity and mercy. She was born in 1858, and is therefore thirty-two years old. Her childhood and youth were spent in the simplicity and seclusion of private life at Dolzig, and later at Prinzenau, country residences of her father. The Duke himself gave great attention to the education of his children, and the natural kindness of the children was fostered and grew until it won for them the hearts of all the inhabitants of the little neighboring town. They early formed the habit of caring personally for the poor, and it was always a great delight for them when, on Christmas Eve, the fifty poorest people of the place were invited to the castle of the Duke to receive their presents. But this was not enough; the princesses also went to the huts of the poor to visit them.

When she was married, on February 27, 1881, to the Crown Prince of Prussia, she continued to take warm interest in all works of practical benevolence, and found an early opportunity of visiting personally all the institutions of charity. Everybody felt that she did not do it merely as a duty, but that it was the impulse of her heart. Her special interest was drawn toward the City Mission, as an agency to meet the great spiritual need of the German metropolis. It was this which created the first difficulties in her way, and where she learnt that it is not always easy to confess the Lord before men. Nevertheless she continued her devotion to religious work in spite of the Rationalistic spirit around her. Her private life is singularly consecrated for a lady at the head of a brilliant court, and her children are carefully trained by their mother in Bible knowledge. Whenever it is possible—and it is the rule, rather than the exception—the Empress spends an hour with her children just previous to their retiring to rest, and joins them in their devotions.

Whenever a church, a hospital, or other building for religious purposes is opened, the Empress is sure to be present. She is interested in the erection of more churches for the capital. When the new building for the Young Men's Christian Association was opened in November last, she was present. She had visited the Association once before on the occasion of a lecture by the late Professor Christlieb, for whose work she felt great sympathy. She also takes great interest in deaconesses' work, which she would like to see extended.

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ing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

An Effort to Secure Settlers in Canada was urged last week on the Hon. John Carling, the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by some delegates from the Northwest. They submitted several suggestions for attracting immigration to that section. Among others, they proposed that the Government should send farmer representatives of the different nationalities settled in the Northwest to their respective native countries to post their friends and countrymen upon the resources and adaptability of Canada, and their own success in their new homes. There can be no doubt that such plans would have the desired effect. Men are always impressed by the testimony of their friends who have enjoyed blessings offered to themselves. They find it difficult to exercise faith in mere statements of those who cannot speak from actual experience. In spiritual matters there is the same difficulty, but there faith is indispensable, both as to the blessing and the curse. We may speak of the blessings enjoyed on the road to the better country, and point to the evils of the opposite course, but of the destination no one can speak from experience. The rich man in the parable, who was anxious on the matter, was assured that in such a case even personal testimony would be worthless. If sinners would not believe Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. (Luke 16:31.)

The Pathetic Death of a Released Convict in New York was reported last week. For some two or three years the Governor of New York has been besought by a sad-faced woman to pardon her son, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years in 1884 for theft. The mother pleaded that her son had sincerely repented; that he had been the victim of bad companions more astute and wily than himself, and that there was evidence in the young man's conduct that if he were pardoned he would lead a good life. The Governor was deaf to her entreaties until a few weeks ago, when she appeared before him in the garb of a widow, and begged that her son might be released to comfort her in her loneliness and bereavement, and to support her. She said, too, that her deceased husband had left his property to the children of a former wife, and had made no provision for her or her son, and she needed her son's help to contest the will. Thereupon the Governor yielded, and signed the convict's pardon. The mother was overjoyed, and took her son to her home in New York. Proceedings were commenced to get some part of the property, but before the case came to trial the young man fell ill, and last week he died. It must have been a dreadful disappointment to him, on beginning to enjoy the sweets of liberty after a six years' incarceration, with the prospect of an inheritance, to have to die. If, however, he was truly converted, as his mother said, he has entered upon a better inheritance, assured to him in his heavenly Father's testament, compared with which the estate he was hoping for was trivial. (Mat 25:34.)

A Chinaman was Placed in an Embarrassing position at Niagara Falls on April 17. He and two fellow-countrymen crossed the Suspension Bridge from the Canadian side on that day. The United States Customs officer met them and asked for their certificates. Both the man's companions produced them, and, being in due form, they were allowed to pass, but he had no certificate. He was refused admission and was ordered to return to Canada. He went back, grievously disappointed. But his trouble was enormously increased when he reached the Canadian line. He was met there by an officer of the Dominion, who demanded the legal tax of fifty dollars. The Chinaman, having only ten dollars, was refused readmission to the Dominion. He was, in consequence a prisoner on the bridge, his egress being barred at both ends. A reporter found him looking wistfully at the Whirlpool Rapids, and learned that he had been there several hours, not knowing what to do. The Canadian officer was at length induced to telegraph a statement of the case to Ottawa, and the Chinaman had no alternative but to wait on the bridge until the answer came, and hope that at least one of the two Governments would admit him. No man is ever placed in an analogous spiritual situation. While in this life, as "on a narrow neck of land," between two eternal worlds, invitations come to him from both. At one, Satan tempts him (1 Pet. 5:8), and from the other the assurance reaches him, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.)

THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Bishop Bickersteth.

The Burden—Warning of Coming Tribulation—The Morning Cometh—The Son of Man Will Return—Where is the Sign of His Coming?—Promise Must be Fulfilled—Study the Signs—Spread of the Gospel—Increase of Knowledge—Men Are Running to and Fro—Prophecy of Daniel—Papal Apostasy—What of the Night?—Inquire of God's Word.

"THE burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come." (Isa. 21:12.) The purport, or, in prophetic language, the "burden," of Dumah was the message to this earth which has been delivered and heralded down from the earliest times. Again and again it has been reiterated; even our blessed Lord Himself, though the Messenger of mercy, declared the wrath which must overtake those rejecting the offer of the Gospel. In the meantime, however, the question is asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" There are many who affect altogether to disbelieve the warnings of

Coming Tribulation.

They ask "What of the night?" What of this tribulation so often spoken of, these coming judgments by which you so often try to persuade men? We see, as yet, no indications of the approaching consummation. The sun still shines in the heavens; the moon and stars still cross the vault of the mighty sky; where is the sign, then of this coming tribulation? Where is the evidence that these judgments will overtake a slumbering world? Here is the reply, "The morning cometh." What is the morning? The Advent of the Son of man in His glory—the coming of the once crucified Saviour, now the glorified Emmanuel—the Coming of the same Jesus who once trod this earth; who was rejected, crucified, and slain by ungodly men. He will appear in His glory, and will reign over

A Regenerated World.

"The morning cometh;" but the scoffer replies, "Where are the signs of His coming? All things continue as they were from the foundation of the world." But do all things continue as they were? Does not science itself—the chosen vantage-ground from which the unbeliever hurls his fiery darts against Christianity—does not science teach that changes have occurred, and are, up to this very day, in progress, which refute the idea that all things continue as they were at the creation of the world? As by the Word of the Lord the old earth perished by the overflowing of the waters—and no one dare dispute that at least one world has perished by the deluge—so even by the same Word is the present earth now kept in store, reserved unto the fire and the judgment of the great day.

"Watchman, what of the night?" may, however, be asked not only by the scoffer and the sceptic, but by the true believer in Christ. It is now

The World's Long Night.

The personal presence of Him who is the Light of man and the Sun of Righteousness is withdrawn. The ark of the Church is tossed to and fro by the storms of the sea. The waves of infidelity and heresy dash against her sides in all their fury. As yet we cannot hear the sound of Christ's chariot wheels. Is the Lord slack concerning His promise? Will yon heavens ever open and disclose the Son of man returning in His glory—the Messiah, who once came as the world's Redeemer? Yes, "the morning cometh." The promise will be fulfilled. Wait, for it will come. "Surely, I come quickly."

There are prophecies which render it essential that the Redeemer should return in His glory. In many prophecies the sufferings and triumphs of the Messiah are linked together, and as the sufferings have been literally fulfilled, is it not necessary that the triumphs should be accomplished also? And the anxious inquirer asks of the watchman:

Is the Night Far Spent?

Is the day soon about to dawn? Is there any streak of light in the sky which indicates that the day is about to break, and that the Sun of Righteousness shall be revealed in His majesty? The Word of God states that it will break on the world suddenly, as a thief in the night. When all things are going on in their accustomed order, when men are pursuing their accustomed avocations—the senator occupied with legislation, the merchant busy in commerce, and the tradesman engaged in the affairs of trade—then suddenly the sound will be heard of the archangel's trump and the Son of man will appear in the heavens, and

Jesus will return in His glory. There are signs given by our blessed Lord Himself, from the appearance of which His believing people may gather when the end is near. And surely these signs would not have been given if it were not intended that we should carefully mark and look for their occurrence. It is our duty to study these signs, so let us look at some of them to which our Lord has pointed attention.

1. When our Lord was speaking of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, the apostles asked Him what should be the

Signs of His Coming.

and of the End of the present Age or Dispensation. One of our Lord's replies was "that the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations, and then shall the End come." Our Lord did not say that the gospel must first everywhere prevail, so as to cover the whole earth with a knowledge of the Lord, but only that the gospel shall be everywhere preached for a witness. And how does it stand with respect to this at the present day? No period since the time of the apostles has been more remarkable than the present century for the extension of the Redeemer's cause. For a long time previously the Church was culpably indifferent to the great duty of striving to evangelize the world, but with the commencement of the present century she seems to have roused from her slumbers, and marvellously put forth, and more marvellously succeeded in, her efforts to preach the gospel throughout the globe. There is hardly a kingdom on the earth where the message of the everlasting gospel has not been proclaimed, and there is hardly a language on the face of the globe into which the Word of God has not been translated. Through the labors of one society alone the Word of God has been translated into nearly two hundred different spoken dialects; and is not this something like hastening the fulfilment of this sign, "that the gospel shall be preached in all the world for a witness"? (Matt. 24:14.)

2. Again, in the book of Daniel we are told that many shall run to and fro, and that knowledge shall be increased "at the time of the end." Is not one

Characteristic of the Present Age

a remarkable facility for running to and fro, as evidenced by the extraordinary powers for locomotion? We have girdled the earth with our iron highways, and if there is one marvel more than another, it is the way in which multitudes from the very ends of the earth are availing themselves of this rapid locomotion. Then, knowledge must be increased; and is not this also a characteristic of our own time? What prodigious strides have been made in the march of science! Nature seems to have unfolded her secrets to the research and diligence of those who have applied their energies to scientific knowledge. Science has pierced the planetary world, has cast a measured line around the circumference of the earth, taught men to paint with the sunbeam, and to use the lightning of heaven as the means of conveying messages with the speed of thought. Surely the characteristics of the present age are a running to and fro, and an increase of knowledge.

3. Another sign of the time of the end is predicted in Dan. 12:1, to be

A Time of Trouble

such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and in Luke 21:25, 26, "Distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear; and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." And what is passing at the present day? Public commotion and tumult, perplexity and distress, men's hearts failing them for fear. Some men say that we are on the eve of a great crisis, that we are approaching some great consummation; and Scripture informs us that this great consummation is the coming of Christ in His triumph and glory.

4. The Apostle Paul, when writing his first epistle to the Thessalonian Christians, insisted at length (in every chapter) on the Lord's Second Coming. The prominence thus given to this doctrine led to a mistake and misapprehension. The Thessalonians thought that Christ was then about to reappear. To correct this mistake, the apostle wrote his second epistle, and in the second chapter he gave a remarkable prophecy of

The Great Mystery of Iniquity

which had already begun, but which he declared must be fully developed ere the Son of man would return in His glory. In the meantime God is ac-

complishing the number of His elect from distant parts, and soon the day will come when the Son of man shall re-appear—"Behold the morning cometh." The numbers who have thus been awakened in recent mission services may be taken as an indication of the gathering together of God's elect which is to be the harbinger of the return of the Saviour in His glory, majesty, and power.

Let the anxious believer therefore take courage "The morning cometh," and He "whom, not having seen, we love," will ere long return in His majesty; "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear then shall we also appear with Him in glory."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Clergyman's Delicate Reproof.*

SOMETIMES the interview between Dr. Muhlenberg and one whom he had desired to see for the purpose of reproof would be so interesting and pleasant that none but agreeable emotions were excited while in his presence. Afterward, and revolving what had passed, as few would find themselves able to avoid doing after such a conversation, the other party would see plainly that he had been helped to sift himself thoroughly, and was unmistakably rebuked. One instance in point occurred on the day when the news of the arrest of the arch-peculator Tweed, at Vigo, was cabled to New York. While seated at tea with the sisters, one of the family entered, and told the others of the capture. A ripple of laughter went around the table, and was followed by more of talk about certain malfeasances than was at all common in the company. Dr. Muhlenberg looked uneasy, and, hurrying to the conclusion of the meal, added emphatically, after the usual thanks for the repast: "Amay the Lord deliver us from evil." Not another word was said, but every sister present understood and heeded the reproof.

Again, one of the young men employed in the hospital, asking permission of Dr. Muhlenberg to go to Booth's Theatre, received rather a stern refusal. Some time later, probably after informing himself what the performance of the evening was to be, Dr. Muhlenberg said to him, "You can go and see Booth to-night, but say nothing about it in the house." "Returning toward midnight," says the young man, "the Doctor himself opened the door to me. He had waited up two hours beyond his usual hour of retiring, that the circumstance might not be known, and this so impressed me that I never again wished for the theatre."

Circles in Heaven.

An old friend and much respected brother-clergyman, whose exclusive Church views had in past times been the subject of many a friendly brush between the two, after visiting a parishioner in the hospital, stopped to say good-bye to Dr. Muhlenberg. The latter, with a cordial grasp of the hand referring to a conversation some time back, said "Doctor—, what is your idea now of our Church place in the great gathering above?" "Why," replied the exclusive brother, "I believe it will be the way: Episcopalians in the first circle around the throne, Presbyterians next, and so on." "Then," said Dr. Muhlenberg, "you do expect other Christians to be there too, only not in so much honor?" "Yes." "Well, then, since after all there's a possibility of so much closeness in heaven, wouldn't it be well to become a little acquainted on earth?"

Dinners Given Away.

One day Dr. Muhlenberg called the boys together and read to them from the newspapers a statement of destitution and distress among some German immigrants recently landed in New York. He then asked them whether they would like to give something in relief. In an instant there were loud and vociferous offers. One said, "I'll give two dollars another, 'I'll give one;'" another three. All were ready to give something, and thus a large sum was at once subscribed. But the boys, by a standing rule of the Institute, were not allowed spending money, except to a very limited extent; and there was not money enough in the pockets of all of them put together to pay more than a small portion of the sum they wanted to give. The Doctor then said to them that he had no doubt that their pa-

* From *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg, D. D.* By Anne Ayres. The biography of a most Christ-like and saintly man, eminent alike for his personal piety, his qualities as a preacher and pastor, and his untiring labors as philanthropist. The story of his life is told in the book by one in thorough sympathy with it, and her enthusiasm kindles admiration, and let us hope, will kindle the emulation, of her readers. Pp. 524. Price \$2.00. Published by Thomas Whitaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

ts would be gratified to pay the several sums med, if made an item of charge in their school ls; but what he at present wanted to know was, at they would give themselves, without calling on their parents—that is, he wanted them to give *their own* alms. And so he asked them, "Are you ling to give these poor creatures your dinner?" ere was a general response of assent; but it was vociferous, like the other. It was subdued, yet nest and sincere. Then the question was, "How ll it be done?" And it was decided to select two the most expensive week-day dinners, and make ir own meal on plain bread and molasses on se two days, and to give, through Dr. Muhlen- g, the difference in cost to the needy immi- nts. The difference in so large a family amount- to a goodly sum, which was thus the result of : self-denial of the boys and others. The inci- nt illustrates the principle taught by the Doctor, it self-denial, for the purpose of giving, is a part acceptable giving at all times. There is no such ng as giving of that which costs us nothing.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for May 11, Luke 9: 10-17; Golden Text, John 6: 35.

e Interval Between the Calling and the Commission—The Endowment of the Missionaries—Their Sub- sequent Testimony—A Period of Retirement—The Interruption—Repulsion the Work of Self, Not of Christ—The Disciples Would Send the Multitude Away—Their Estimate of Their Resources—Jesus Forgotten—The Possibilities Enlarged When Christ's Present—The Remainder Greater Than the Provision—God's Supplies Always Abundant.

AFTER Jesus had chosen His twelve disciples, ne time elapsed before He sent them forth to ach in His name. It does not follow that, be- use God has given us a special vocation, we ould therefore rush forward before we are quite e of the steps which we must take. God is eternal, l lives in the atmosphere of eternity. He has nty of time, and we can trust Him to choose the e for us to do the "good works which God hath ore prepared, that we should walk in them." h. 2: 10.) Jesus Himself preached and healed l cast out devils before He sent His disciples to the same. "Then He called His twelve disciples ther, and gave them power and authority over evils, and to cure diseases;" such was their en- wment. "And He sent them to preach the king- om of God, and to heal the sick;" such was their ation. "And He said unto them, take nothing your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither ad, neither money; neither have two coats ee;" such was their outfit, sent out, as they re, by Jehovah-Jireh, "the Lord will provide." en. 22: 14, margin.) When, before He suffered, e Master raised the question, "When I sent you hout purse and scrip and shoes,

Lacked Ye Anything?

ny said, Nothing." (Luke 22: 35.) They simply eparted, and went through the towns, preaching e gospel, and healing everywhere," experiencing y moment the faithfulness of Him at whose arge they went forth. How long this journey ed, or how it came to pass that all the twelve urned, whether by previous appointment or not, cannot tell; but "they told Him all that they had ne." It is a safer thing to tell Jesus of devils cast t, of souls saved and bodies healed, than to pub- l it abroad among men.

But, after this time of blessing, Jesus "took them, d went aside privately into a desert place, and e people, when they knew it, followed Him." It med as though the plan of Jesus had not suc- eeded, to provide rest and retirement for His dis- ciples. What should He do? Should He send back e multitude? Jesus saw His Father's hand in all ich was permitted to happen, and He knew how tilize all things for the good of His disciples. ey were not to have His special teaching for selves alone at that time, He would trust that s Father would provide teaching another way. Instead of sending away the people, "He *received* em, . . . and healed them that had need of healing."

It is Self Which Repulses.

Christ in us has always the "Come" of Jesus for e needy. The day began to wear away, and then e twelve came to Jesus, "and said unto Him, nd the multitude away, that they may go into the ns and country round about, and lodge, and get uals, for we are here in a desert place." "Lacked anything," that ye would send the multitude ay from Him who has provided everything for

you? Shall those who have proved Him think that the loving heart and tender care of the Good Shep- herd is for them alone, and not for the multitude? "As every one hath received the gift, even so min- ister the same one to another." (1 Pet. 4: 10.) God gives us nothing for ourselves alone, every gift of God is a stewardship, every conquered temptation, every answered prayer, is ours for the whole Church, or for the lost world. "None of us liveth to him- self, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14: 7.) "Send the multitude away" to shift for themselves? Shall they only hear blessed words of instruction, and, just when a real need arises, be driven away by disciples from Him who has promised to supply all our need "according to the riches in glory by Christ Jesus"? (Phil. 4: 19.) Yes; disciples can do thus, Jesus never. "He said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they said, We have no more but five loaves and two fishes." No more, and yet they had Jesus! Did they count Him as nothing? When they had toiled all the night, and had taken nothing, and yet at His word let down the net, He had not failed them; why should they now fall back upon their own poor resources, and count up their little store of five loaves and two fishes? Could a faithful Shepherd have given the command, "Give ye them to eat," without making it possible for them to obey? Oh, how little they understood, how little they had learned of Him in all the faithful care He had had for them during their journey on which they lacked nothing.

"Give Ye Them to Eat."

Children of God who are united to their Master have always something to give to those who know Him not; something to satisfy the hungry craving of an unsaved soul; something to comfort the sor- row of one who has no earthly consolation; some- thing to relieve the perplexity of the most troubled. Jesus is the resource for everything. Whatever He has been for us He can be also for them. It is a dishonor to Jesus if anyone in need does not find some succor in His children who have proved Him true. "We have no more than five loaves and two fishes"—We have no love, no wisdom, no sympathy, etc. What does it matter? We have Jesus, the very Gift of God to a lost world; Jesus, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Col. 2: 3)—"except we should go and buy meat for all this people." Oh, the long-suffering of our God! The Son of God was there, the Maker of all things; and the only witnesses He had on earth at that time, who had been marvellously sustained by Him, had seen Him work miracle after miracle, the winds and the waves obeying Him, the devils cast out, the very dead raised—with Jesus at hand, with- in touch, and talking with them—pass Him by in their calculations, and talk of spending their last few coins in buying meat to feed the multitude! Their eyes wandered from the five thousand men to the miserable provision, and then to the little money in their purses, but Jesus they regarded not.

But, in His deep love, He rescued them from their dilemma, and told them something which they could do. "Make them sit down by fifties in a company." Teach the needy ones to be

Ready to Receive;

tell them Jesus will not leave them without help. The place of the disciple is to prepare the way of the Lord; to go into every city and village whither He Himself will go, to teach men to expect all from Him. He does not call upon us to do what only He Himself can do. "They did so, and made them all sit down." Then, when the disciples had come to an end of themselves, and of all hope from themselves, "He took the five loaves and the two fishes; and looking up to heav- en, He blessed them, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude." What can- not five loaves and two fishes accomplish in the hand of Jesus? Have we before us some task which is utterly beyond our powers, in which we see nothing but failure before us, because of our nothing- ness? Let us sit down while the loaves and fishes of our littleness pass into the hands which made the world, and He can make them all which is needed for the task. When He calls us to do any- thing, the question as to whether it is possible or not possible is a question for Him, and not for us; He is responsible to make all His commands possi- ble, and joyous obedience finds them so. In many a Christian family circle, in many a Christian work, some crisis comes in which all human resources fail; nothing is left but to trust such circumstances out of our hands into His. Many a child of God has felt that it was impossible to speak in such and

such a meeting, impossible to face such and such a congregation, to teach such and such a class; the loaves and fishes which they had to give would never suffice. Then let us sit down "in heavenly places in Christ" (Eph. 2: 6); far above our nothing- ness is His fullness for the present need. He has all things under His feet. Only let Him have our loaves and fishes fully in His hand, and He will do the rest. When He blessed the provision, that changed everything; when He brake and distrib- uted, it was with the Master hand which "uphold- eth all things." (Heb. 1: 3.)

The distribution began; every portion passed through the hands of the disciples before it reached the multitude. They must know, who had seen the littleness of the provision, the great things which He did. The five loaves and two fishes would hardly have sufficed as many persons. But row after row and group after group of fifty ob- tained their portions—plenteous, abundant por- tions. "They did all eat

And were Filled."

Oh how different is the Lord's provision from that of man! Man, with his miserably limited resources, seeks to do the best he can according to his powers. "Five loaves and two fishes" for five thousand men, besides women and children! How can there be enough for every one of them to take even a little? But when the creative hand of God is at work, then those for whom He cares receive a plenitude of blessing in proportion to their capac- ity to receive.

He who fed the multitude thus feeds His Church with Himself. "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that be- lieveth on me shall never thirst." If He makes use of His disciples to feed His Church, it is always in the same way as He fed the multitude, taking their insufficiency into His sufficient hands. "Give ye them to eat." What shall feed our immortal souls, quickened into life by the very life of Christ, ex- cept it be Himself? "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abun- dantly." (John 10: 10.) Disciples cannot provide the very life of God to nourish His Church, and oh, how many there are who would send God's chil- dren hungry away into towns and villages to lodge and to seek provision at their own cost! But every child of God, who lives in true communion with Him, can give something to eat to a hungry broth- er or sister; not by his own knowledge of God, but by putting his little store in the Master's hand, to multiply and to dispense as He wills. It is only as we reach our brethren and sisters through Christ that we can be a blessing to them, but when we receive of Him for them, then they can eat and be filled, and we can only adore in silent wonder at the rich provision which He lets pass through our hands. "And there was taken up of

The Fragments that Remained

to them twelve baskets full;" far more at the end than at the beginning! So it is with the gifts of God: they may reach us through some very small instrumentality, but there is always more than we can contain or appreciate. Wherever God teaches us some precious truth, there is always some frag- ment broken off which we have not understood, and which is left for the disciples who come after. One basket would probably have easily contained the five loaves and two fishes, but after the Master had been at work, and five thousand had been fed, twelve baskets must be filled with the portions which the multitude were unable to contain. It is the disciples who stoop down low, after the multi- tude is gone, who pick up the precious fragments, "that nothing be lost" (John 6: 12), those who patiently go over the place of the Master's footsteps again in His Word, and find treasures which others have not perceived. Oh that we may learn how to prize these precious fragments!

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for April:

The Last Day on April 11, 1901.

Second Advent Conference in London, on March 5, 1890.

Period of Israel's Return to Palestine.—The Ten Virgins.

Bishop Bickersteth on the Second Advent.

The Jew in the 19th Century.

Socialism and the German Labor Conference.

Jerusalem's Great Progress.

Rapture of the 144,000 Living Christians to Heaven.

The Outlook in Germany.

What the Jewish Papers are Saying.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

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WEARINESS.

THE world is full of tired people—merchants tired of business, farmers tired of raising crops, housekeepers tired of preparing food, operatives tired of the rushing wheels. Pass along the road or street, and see how very tired three-fourths of the people look. How shall they get rested? Some say, "By fewer hours of work." But some of them have no work at all. Others might prescribe easy sofas, and more arm-chairs and soft-beds. But some of the people who have the weariest look have plenty of good furniture and luxurious upholstery. Now we offer a pillow not curtained with Gobelin tapestry, nor stuffed with the down of angel's wings, but a man who puts his head on it gets rids of his cares and aches and anxieties. It is a pillow stuffed with the promises, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." We have friends who, because they cannot sleep well, put under their head at night a pillow of hops; but they never have tried the better pillow filled with the myrrh and frankincense from the Lord's garden. Men and women tired out with the world, try it!

WHAT TO AVOID.

It is as much an art not to read as to read. With what pains and thumps and whacks at school we first learned the way to put words together! We did not mind so much being whipped by the schoolmaster for not knowing how to read our lesson, but to have to go out ourselves and cut the hickory switch with which the chastisement was to be inflicted seemed to us then, as it does now, a great injustice. Notwithstanding all our hard work in learning to read, we find it quite as hard now to learn how not to read. There are innumerable books and newspapers from which one had better abstain. There are not very many newspapers which it is safe to read all through. In this day readers need, as never before, to carry a sieve. It requires some heroism to say you have not read such and such a book. Your friend gives you a stare, which implies your literary inferiority. Do not, in order to answer the question affirmatively, wade through indiscriminate slush. We have to say that three-fourths of the novels of the day are a mental depletion to those who read them. The man who makes wholesale denunciation of fiction pitches overboard *Pilgrim's Progress* and the parables of our Lord; but the fact is that some of the publishing houses, that once were cautious about the moral tone of their books, have become reckless about everything but the number of copies sold. It is all the same to them whether the package they send out be corn-starch, jujube paste, or hellebore. They

wrap up fifty copies and mark them C. O. D. But if the expressman, according to that mark, should collect on delivery all the curses that shall come on the head of the publishing house which printed them, he would break down his wagon and kill his horse with the load. Let parents and guardians be especially watchful. Have a quarantine at your front door for all books and newspapers. Let the health doctor go abroad and see whether there is any sickness there before you let it come to wharfage.

MORE BIRDS NEEDED.

WE have read that years ago a ship left England for New Zealand with one hundred starlings, goldfinches, and thrushes, one hundred hedge sparrows, one hundred and seventy yellow-hammers, and a great multitude of bright plumes and sweet voices. The farmers of New Zealand proposed to let them loose and thus clear their land of noxious insects. Heavy penalties were enacted for the protection of these foreign birds. We have not heard the result, but what a grand thing it would be if we could all have an importation of birds, not only into our land, but also in our dispositions! We want more music and plumes. We have too large an importation of crows and owls. Give us a touch of goldfinches. We have enough who know how to croak; let us have more of those who know how to sing. Let it be against the law for anyone to hunt down the innocent merriments of life. Let the song-birds loose in our homes and schools and churches. Be not frightened if some great eagle of a hallelujah flies through the religious assemblies. If the earth is ever to be a type of heaven, it must become a more cheerful place. Blessed the man or woman or child who kindles a smile, or plants a flower, or lets loose a robin. The winged joys of life will eat up cold creeping sorrows as partridges devour grasshoppers, and linnets kill the caterpillars. From the four winds of heaven let there be brigantines of good cheer bearing down upon us with a rich cargo of starlings and sparrows.

GREETING TO FARMERS.

WE rise to give out the hymn. It is the two hundred and seventy-sixth of "Shovel and Hoe Harmony."

"Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know."

The agriculturists will all join in, while some Lancaster farmer gives the key-note with his pitchfork, and we are favored with drill and threshing-machine accompaniment. The outdoor life of our country friends has begun. We hope that they will plough up more health and good cheer than ever before. Standing and walking so much in the sunshine, they ought to be bright and glad. The breath of the fields and woods ought to make them healthy. Their hard work ought to sharpen their appetite three times a day, and afford them eight or nine hours of sound sleep. We pray for their freedom from flood and drought, weevil, and curculio; that there may be no long storms after they get the grain down, no ringboned or spavined horses at the time when they want all the teams, no hollow-horn to depress the cows, no gaps for the rising generation of chickens, no incursion of neighbor's cattle into the bean-patch. We shall have a prosperous agricultural year. "How do you know?" cry out the rural population. "What sign in sky or ground or atmosphere do you judge by?" Our reason for thinking so is, that it is almost always so. The good Lord has a way of abundantly blessing the fields. When one crop fails, others make it up, as blind eyes almost always in-

sure superexcellent ears. In the last six thousand years we do not believe that there have been twenty years that might be called dead failures. We are certain that this year, with not more than one or two exceptions of crop, we shall have luxuriant corn, golden wheat, sound potatoes, rich grass, a great affluence of turnips, celery, cabbage, and squash. While you are guessing by the moon, the squirrel's storage of nuts, or the state of the mountain stream, or the almanac, as to what coming to pass, we refer to the first agricultural journal ever written, and find in it: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

PREMONITIONS.

HARDLY a week passes but we see in our public journals some account of forewarning which people had of their demise. The sitting of thirteen persons at a table, or the howling of a neighbor's dog at midnight, or the flying of a bat into the window, or an apparition, gave notice that something would happen, and it did happen, in the very way and at the very time expected. Yea, without accident or disease, there is no doubt some people expire as a result of some all-absorbing anticipation. And here is a practical, every-day subject on which we all need enlightenment. Does God sometimes forewarn through token and sign? Are these things, and other phenomena of that type, to be relegated to the realm of superstition and phantasy? When others are discussing these questions, I call your attention to a fact that is clearly demonstrated in many of these cases. They prove to me that the soul is master of the body, and that the physical frame is an insignificant part of us. The mind commanded the body to let the soul loose, and it obeyed the mandate. You say that in such cases of decease it was the power of imagination. Yes, imagination is only one finger of the soul, but the stroke of that finger broke the cord that bound body and spirit together. While death, consequent upon forebodings, proves the soul's supremacy one way, I have seen that supremacy demonstrated again and again in the opposite direction. Men have lived on through sheer determination ten years after, by all the laws of health and the decision of doctors, they ought to have died. How do you account for this? The soul refused to be ejected.

ENTERTAINMENT OF MINISTERS.

WHAT is more delicious for a minister than to accept an invitation to a parishioner's house, and sit an hour or two in the evening at the table with a collection of pleasant people? But that is what kills ministers. Hot waffles, fresh biscuit, oysters, and cold tongue at 7 o'clock in the evening have given many a "man of God" dyspepsia, a duodenal brain, poor sermons, short pastorate, and an early decease. Rich and late suppers are doing a bad work for some of our clergymen. We know of ministerial clubs where the members assemble Saturday afternoon to discuss religious topics, tarrying until evening, when a sumptuous table is provided for them. As a consequence, they do not sleep well on Saturday night, and the congregations on Sabbath see what they suppose is a heavily pallor on their pastor's cheek, when his wife knows it was hot biscuit at tea the evening before that did the business. If you invite your minister out to eat, better have him at noon or thereabouts, or, if calling him to tea, then let it be in the early part of the week, giving him time to get over his gustatory indulgences. The most of ministers have a powerful appetite for good food, and capacity to resist temptation in that direction is not one of their strong points.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Frequent Words of Congratulation From Mr. Parnell. Mr. Parnell was addressed to the delegates of the Pan-American Conference at their final meeting. Mr. Parnell spoke with authority, and his remarks expressed the feelings of the whole nation. He said in the course of his address: "If in this closing hour of the conference had but one deed to celebrate, we would dare call the world's attention to the dedication, confident, solemn dedication of two great nations to peace and to the prosperity which peace, for its foundation. We hold up this new Charter, which abolishes war and substitutes arbitration between the American republics, as the grand fruit of the International American Conference. That noblest of Americans, the aged and philanthropist, Whittier, is the first to give his salutation, and his benediction, declaring: 'If in the spirit of peace the American Conference agrees upon a rule of arbitration which makes war in this hemisphere wellnigh impossible, its session will prove one of the most important events in the history of the world.'"

Measure which Contains the Promise of a Crimonious Discussion in Congress and the was reported last Thursday by Senator from the Privileges and Elections Committee, known as the Federal Election Bill, and providing for national supervision of elections. Its object must revive all the old contentions of State rights, and will severely antagonize the bill. It provides, briefly, that, whenever in any congressional district not in such city, 100 or more voters shall petition the chief supervisor, stating that there is danger that unless the election is held it will not be fair and free, the chief supervisor shall forthwith forward the petition to the United States Circuit Judge for the district. Upon it shall be the duty of the judge to open for the purpose of transacting all business relating to registration or election matters, and to hold it in session until the second day after the meeting. Some idea of the radical character of the bill is gained from the fact that the supervisors are required to verify by proper inquiry, all names on the registration list that the chief supervisor requires to be verified. The Democratic members of the Committee were opposed to a favorable report on the bill, on the ground that it destroys the principle of Congressional elections by the States, and is therefore subversive of the principles of self-government.

Inquiry into the Operation of the Contract Law appears likely to be fatal to the law or to lead to important modifications of it. It having the effect contemplated. Its object is to prevent the importation of men who, after expiration of the contract, might become a burden, and also to prevent employers from driving wages by bringing over alien labor. It is from the evidence given to the Committee that the law is evaded through the clause permitting private persons to pay the passage of their men. It is easy for employers to find people willing to pose as the friends of the workmen they employ. It also appears on the face of it improbable that a man whose services were of sufficient value to be worth an employer's interest to pay his passage, would become a public burden. He is likely to become a valuable citizen, adding to the nation's wealth by his productions. The law keeps out undesirable immigrants, and it keeps out men whom it was never intended to keep out. The practical suggestion is made that the term of one year from the time of landing, in immigrants could be returned, ought to be reduced to two years. This would have a better effect than the present law.

Pressing News From Louisiana Caused concern throughout the country last week. The whole Southern section of the State is profligate from the overflow of the Mississippi by the great Levee, the key of the Pointe Coupee, the plantations being below the high-water line. The Marganza is one of the best and strongest on the river. It cost a quarter of a million dollars, and was believed to be indestructible. In the last three months it has been subjected to terrific strain. The water rose so high that the levee was blown over the embankment. On the 22d the danger was increased by a gale from the northeast. The levee, being at the bend of the river, was assailed by the angry waters with irresistible force. It held for a time, but at last a thin

stream poured through, which in a short time made a fissure four hundred feet wide and fifteen feet deep. Then the Pointe Coupee yielded at several places. The people had feared this calamity, and were prepared for flight. In some villages there was no time to save property before the flood came. Some families were caught and took refuge in the upper stories of their houses, and in high trees, from which they were rescued in skiffs. Many of these people are very poor, and are insufficiently provided for a long siege. It will be necessary to assist them until the flood subsides. The appropriation of \$150,000 made by Congress is a timely measure which will afford relief while the public subscriptions are coming in. It is thought that some districts, such as those below Red River, will be under water for a month to come. No such severe inundation has occurred since 1882.

Reports of Severe Suffering from Lack of Food come from the new Territory of Oklahoma. Many of the settlers were so eager to secure land that they rushed into the Territory without making proper provision for the period that must elapse before they could harvest their crops. They are now in utter destitution, and need immediate aid to carry them over the next four months. "More than 300 families," says one correspondent, "are now without food, and without money to purchase it. Rumors from the interior are to the effect that there are others there in the same condition. The cities and towns in Oklahoma cannot render assistance, as the people there have been living upon each other until they are in nearly as bad a condition, although business apparently thrives. To add to the distress, hundreds of poor people are arriving there almost daily, most of whom are negroes from the South. On one claim, only six miles from Guthrie, are seven people—father, mother, and five children. For two weeks they have had nothing to eat but cornmeal and such greens as they could find. The result has been sickness, nearly fatal, in four cases. A neighbor, learning of their destitute condition, divided his rent with them and came North to seek immediate aid. There are very many instances nearly as bad." As the need is only temporary, pending the harvesting of the crops, it is hoped that either by loan or public subscription prompt help will be rendered.

The Proposed Demonstration of Workingmen on May Day appears now to be causing more alarm in Austria than in Germany. The leaders of the radicals in the former country are chiefly Polish and Czech refugees from Germany, who are in many cases unscrupulous men. The danger is increased by the fact of the very large numbers of workingmen who are on strike. One correspondent states that in one district, which is the centre of a section producing half of the total output of coal in the Empire, there are 40,000 strikers encamped in an open stretch of fields flanked by thick woods, whence raiding parties go out in force to pillage the surrounding country, bringing in cattle and supplies, quite often after encounters with the military. The whole district is being filled with troops to protect the mines and factories, and there have already been fatal collisions in half a dozen different villages. The Emperor of Germany is now believed to have decided not to interfere with the demonstration in any way. He thinks it wise to let it take place, and let the outcome be the guide to action in the future. No special measure will be taken to preserve order, nor will the troops be confined to their barracks. In Berlin, however, where 20,000 men can be brought together by beat of drum at any time in an hour, extraordinary measures are scarcely necessary.

The Scheme of the British Government to Relieve Irish tenants and enable them to purchase their farms is not acceptable to the Irish members of Parliament. On April 21, Mr. Parnell definitely moved its rejection. He said that while accepting the Government's recognition of the principle of the land for the people, he could not admit that the bill was a satisfactory solution of the land question. The initial question was, how far the British taxpayer would go in lending credit to the Irish landlord. The experience gained by the discussion of Mr. Gladstone's land bill in 1886 showed that the taxpayers would not go far enough to finally settle the land difficulty. The present bill was meant simply to enable one-ninth of the owners of land in Ireland—these being the larger absentee landlords—to sell out at exorbitant prices, leaving their poorer resident brethren in the lurch. Mr. Parnell objected to the bill on the ground that it

did not provide for carrying out what it proposed, while it exhausted the only Irish credit available. The Government deem Mr. Parnell ungrateful. Whether he is so or not, it seems ridiculous to expend so large a sum as that proposed if Ireland's recognized leader warns them that the question cannot be settled in that way.

The King of Portugal in Opening the Cortes last week had the pleasure of informing it that the dispute between Portugal and England concerning territory in southeast Africa was the subject of the negotiations now pending, which promised to result in a settlement of the question which would be honorable to both countries. Portugal's relations with all other nations are good, and several of them are showing her marks of the most friendly consideration and sympathy. During the recess of Parliament, he said, the Government had taken special and urgent measures for strengthening the national defences and for the preservation of public order.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Dr. G. F. Pentecost has arranged to proceed to India in the autumn, to conduct evangelistic meetings.

The Feast of the Passover was observed the world over with more enthusiasm than usual this year, which the Jews declare is a proof that there is no decay of Judaism.

Dr. Pierson is expected to be in Edinburgh at the time of the Synod and Assembly meetings, and he has been invited to address each of the ecclesiastical courts on "Missions."

The Rev. David J. Waller, Secretary of the English Wesleyan Conference, has arrived in this country to attend the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in St. Louis.

Saloon passengers who were on board the *City of Paris* feel so grateful for their escape that they have contributed \$3,000 to endow a bed in a hospital in Liverpool, to be called the "City of Paris" bed."

The convention of delegates of the Reformed Presbyterian and United Presbyterian Churches having under consideration the union of the two, which was held recently at Pittsburg, adopted resolutions favoring organic union.

The Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is now attending a series of conventions in the Western States. At Omaha, Neb., the meeting was held in the opera-house, which was crowded, and over a thousand people were unable to gain admittance.

The first meeting of the Lake Mohonk Negro Conference will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 4, 5, and 6 next. The object of the Conference is to consider the possibility of elevating the negro race by religious and educational means. Ex-President Hayes will preside.

Dr. Edward Judson, who is doing an excellent work among the poor on the east side of New York, has accepted the offer of Mrs. George E. Crowell, of Brattleboro, Vt., to occupy her cottage on the banks of the Connecticut this summer. He proposes to fill it with a weekly contingent of people from the poor districts of the city, giving preference to mothers and children in need of fresh air.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on February 26 is now holding services in Newark, N. J. Nearly all the churches of the city of various denominations have united in the work. Meetings are held in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. The central service is held in the First Presbyterian church, and overflow meetings in the other churches, conducted by the pastors of the city.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have been holding services at Brantford, Canada, in the Wellington Street Methodist Church. Among the workers in the services were Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, all cordially uniting with their Methodist brethren in leading souls to Christ. Rev. John Kay, the pastor of the church, writes enthusiastically of the results of the services. The Evangelists are now at Oshawa.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding meetings in Natick, Mass. The Congregationalist, Baptist, and Methodist churches are joining in the movement. It has been found necessary to hold the Sunday services in the concert hall, as no church in the town will accommodate the numbers who go to hear the famous evangelist. Dr. Munhall is pursuing his usual plan of holding special services for young people, and already there have been really remarkable results.

Mr. D. L. Moody concludes his meetings in New York this week, and goes to Northfield to rest before the opening of the college conference. Last week's meetings in lower New York were very successful. On one night between forty and fifty rose for prayers in the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and nearly as many in the Emmanuel Chapel in Sixth Street. Mr. Sankey assisted in the singing. One marked feature of all the meetings has been the effect on professing Christians, who have been moved to an earnest seeking for more power and consecration of life.

BELIEVERS AND THEIR HELPERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Who, when he was come, helped them much which had believed through grace." Acts 18:27.

The Meagre Notice of Apollos—Unnoticed Workers Content with Divine Approval—The Useful Work of Watering a Church—I. Believers Through Grace—Grace Gives the Gospel—Produces Belief in It—Guarantees Perpetuity—II. Believers Needing Help—In Instruction—In Consolation—Direction—By Defence—Great Hearts in the Lord's Service—A Personally Conducted Tour—III. A Worthy Work—Help Expected from All who have been Helped—A Story of a Glass Globe—Jews and Christians in Error.

APOLLOS is not Paul, and Paul is not Apollos. To blend the two in one would be to spoil each one of the two, without producing a good third. It is a great mercy that we have Paul and Apollos and Cephas, and other varieties of preachers; for not only is variety charming, but it is necessary. It is not everybody that can be profited by Paul; for it requires a great deal of fixed attention to follow him, and many hearers cannot concentrate their thoughts for long. It is not everybody that can be profited by Apollos, for fine speech is thrown away on simple souls. It is written, "Then shall the lambs feed after their manner;" and assuredly each one of them has a peculiar manner of feeding. Some of God's people are edified by one minister, and some by another; it is not mere whim, but it arises out of conformation of character, and habit of mind. Let Paul be Paul, and edify the Pauline class; and let Apollos be Apollos, and instruct those of his own sort. I am not going to compare them with each other; but I would commend each one, and thank God, by whose grace he is what he is.

A Typical Worker.

You see that the Holy Spirit has been pleased, by the pen of Luke, to give to Paul's travels and labors a very large proportion of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles; this passage from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-eighth verse is an episode—a corner marked off to be a record of Apollos. What Apollos did afterward we do not know. He may have been a very great evangelist; he certainly was an exceedingly useful brother. If you and I should work for Christ, and never be mentioned in the records of earth at all, let us not be sorry: there is most peace to those who are least talked about. Our record is on high. If the chronicles of earth be faulty, the registers of heaven are perfect. Many a man who has been forgotten here shall be remembered there; and I wot that in heaven it will give no saint the least trouble that he was not honored among men. What if no monument was set up, yet all true work is immortal. The diligent workman will be perfectly contented when his Master says to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The echo of those words shall be heaven to him.

I. First, then, those who have truly believed have believed through grace. I suppose Luke felt it necessary to insert those words,

"Through Grace."

Nobody in his day doubted the fact that salvation is wrought in men by the grace of God; but the Holy Spirit foresaw that many, in after days, would conceal or obscure this truth, and therefore He moved the evangelist to notify it very plainly. We have it under hand and seal from the Holy Ghost that those who believed in the Lord Jesus believed through grace. Surely, grace is to the front in all good things. And here let me say, it is grace that gives us the gospel which we believe. Grace wrote the first letter of the gospel: grace will write the last letter of it. Salvation is all of grace from first to last. I would to God that all preachers and hearers knew the meaning of that word "grace," and did not confuse it and mix it up with human endeavors and creature merits: for, indeed, "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." If it be of grace, it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace; and if it be of works, it is not of grace, otherwise work is no more work. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

I say, then, that while grace gives us the gospel to believe, grace also gives us to believe the gospel. We are personally to believe the gospel, and so only can we be saved. But if I came before you to-night, and had nothing further to say than "Believe the gospel, and you shall be saved," the message would add to your solemn responsibility, and yet it would not save you; for you would not believe, but would

continue in your sins. Man left to himself is an unbeliever, and an unbeliever he will remain. To meet the deep depravity of our nature, and its settled unbelief, He who gave the gospel to be believed also gives the faith that believes the gospel. This is a wonder of grace; but then in the realm of grace everything is wonderful. Furthermore, I wish to add that such believing is a sure evidence of grace. If thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ with all thine heart, thou hast the grace of God in thee. There is no surer proof of it than this. Where there is faith, there is grace; the one is the inseparable fruit of the other. "He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned."

And what is more, if thou believest through grace, that grace which made thee believe is the best guarantee that thou shalt keep on believing. Faith which is born of self will die of self; but that which is the child of grace will live forever. If thou hast begun to believe of thyself thou wilt leave off of thyself; but if God's grace began thy believing, God's grace will continue thy believing, and thou wilt abide in this faith wherein thou standest even to the end.

II. Now for the second consideration.

Such Believers Need Help.

I know they do, because we are told in the text that Apollos "helped them much which had believed through grace;" and his work was not a superfluous one, or it would not have been mentioned here with commendation. In what respects do those who have grace need help? In what ways can true believers be helped?

Many believers need help in further instruction. Young Christians cannot be supposed to know much when they first come to Christ; but they come to be disciples, that is to say, learners. *They know the three R's*—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration; and that is by no means a small part of spiritual education. But they do not know even these elementary truths so fully as they might know them, and even about these things they will be the better for more teaching. Oftentimes they need somebody to open up passages of Scripture, to expound to them the analogy of faith, and to help them to compare spiritual things with spiritual. Beloved, you may be a great help to new converts if you will teach "the way of God more perfectly."

Many who have believed through grace also need help by way of consolation. You would be astonished if you knew the large number of believers in Christ who are tempted to doubt, despondency, and distress of mind. In the present congregation there are a number of

Persons Depressed in Spirit,

who can hardly look up, who will judge, when I am speaking, that I am referring to them; and I must confess that I am thinking of them, and do very often think about them, and long to see them come forth from their present gloom. It is a great joy to me if I can help them at all by describing my own experience of down-casting and up-lifting.

Apollos helped them much, also, by defending them against opponents. We find that "he mightily convinced the Jews;" and in doing this he screened believing Gentiles from many a rude assault. He disputed with all his might, and with great fervor of spirit, against those who tried to subvert the faith of the Christians. Nowadays the Christian had need go fully armored, for arrows fly thick as sleet in a storm. Objections are always being raised; doubts are always being insinuated. It is hard for a man to keep his feet amidst the present torrents of unbelief that sweep down our streets. You that can stand fast should help those who cannot. Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak in the matter of doubt.

And we can also help those who have believed through grace by giving them a word of direction. They frequently do not know what to do. They come to the end of their wits and their knowledge; and then the Christian, who, by reason of use, has had his senses exercised, may be of great service to the bewildered. We are commissioned by the Lord to be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and guides to wanderers. It is the lot of some of us to be employed by the King to conduct trains of pilgrims to the celestial city; and full often we have to put ourselves in front of the women and the children to fight with Giant Grim or Giant Despair. For their sakes we enter the lists with lions, dragons, and other monsters. The journey of the weaker ones to heaven is a *personally conducted tour*, and the Lord of the way employs us to be their guardians.

Do you not think that there is a tendency among many to despise the weak and leave them to themselves? How are they to grow wiser and more instructed if they have no better society than I own? Do I hear an older one say, "Oh, young lad, what does he know? What can he do towards my edification?" This is a very serious question; let it not be heard among you. "I got much out of the church," said one to me; he was somewhat surprised when I replied, never joined the church to get anything out of it. "What did you join it for?" "Why, to do could for all who are in it." This wretched seeking poisons everything it touches.

III. So I come to the third observation, which this: it is

A Worthy Work

in which to engage. Helping those who have believed through grace is a work worthy of the best talent and the greatest experience. I was impressed upon many of my instructed brethren sisters that they should engage in it at once, keep at it continually. We are going to have a great number of converts in this place. We been praying for them, and we are sure to them, for the Lord hears prayer, and blesses own truth. I want you to get ready to receive new converts and nurse them for Christ.

First, because you have been helped, I claim Apollos became a helper because he had himself been helped. He began to preach, and he preached all that he knew; but his knowledge was very diverse. What he said was good—very good; but it was not fully the gospel; for he had only learned of the Baptist, and had not yet been taught the trine of Jesus. Aquila and Priscilla ask him their tent warehouse, and they say to him, "Friend, you went just so far, but you should go a little farther. You spoke about the Father of God, but you did not tell them that Jesus the Lamb of God, and that He had died to away sin." Apollos replied, "I pray you, tell all about it." And when

They Informed Him

of the death, and the resurrection, and the ascension of the Lord Jesus, and of the coming of the Ghost, Apollos said, "Thank you. Thank you. Now I have grand truths to preach, and my sage will be more full and gracious than it has been. I shall go forth to the synagogue to-morrow to tell them about the Messiah who has truly come, shall speak with greater freedom concerning Him. Apollos had been helped, and therefore Apollos bound to help other people.

Do you not think, you Christian people, that you owe something to the Church of God as well as the Christ of God? You were converted; not by a pastor's preaching, or by a teacher's instruction in the school, or by a book that had been written by a Christian man? Will you not owe the Church of God that which you owe to the instrumentality? I do not think that I ever felt much at home in any work as when I am trying to encourage a heart which is on the verge of despair. I have been in that plight myself. It is a honor to nurse our Lord's wounded children. a great gift to have learned by experience how to sympathize. "Ah!" I say to them, "I have where you are!" They look at me, and their say, "No, surely, you never felt as we do." It fore go further, and say, "If you feel worse than I did, I pity you, indeed; for I could say with 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life could readily enough have laid violent hands myself to escape from my misery of spirit.'" In going to those who are in that wretched condition I find myself at home. He who has been in a dungeon knows the way to the bread and the water.

I speak to some here who have a measure of natural ability for this work. May be, you resemble Apollos, because Apollos was an eloquent man. "Ah!" says one, "I am not eloquent." I do know that. There may be a difference of opinion as to what eloquence is. Eloquence is speaking out from the heart. There is in the Vatican

The Group of the Laocoon:

I stood one day looking at it. You remember the father and his sons are twisted about with enormous snakes, and they are writhing in agony as the deadly folds enclose them. As I stood looking at the priceless group a gentleman said to me, "Mr. Spurgeon, look at that eloquent group! Well, yes, I had looked at that great-toe. It looks like a live thing, though only marble. I had called it 'eloquent' till he gave me the word

ly it was eloquent, though silent. It spake with and deadly pain. When a man speaks best he is eloquent, even though he may be speechless. His whole nature is stirred as he with sinners for the Lord Jesus; and this him eloquent. Oh my brothers, you know that you can do till you get at it with your souls.

Have a measure of natural ability, be it great or small, let us use it; but if we have not that ability may acquire one form of capacity in which it abounded. He was mighty in the Scriptures. Now, we can all study our Bibles. If we in Jesus in our hearts, we ought to have the tips of our fingers' ends; and, if so, we shall help by our instructive talk. The good Bible studies like a spring well. When the Word dwells in a man richly his speech drops fat. Those who speak Scripture sow seed; and it grows and growing seed—seed whose harvest is in.

Dear friends, in addition to this, you will not be unless you are, like Apollos, fervent in the Word. Notice that twenty-fifth verse—"fervent in the Word." He was a burning man:

A Man on Fire.

He was not content to calmly and coolly, but he threw his soul into preaching. That is half the battle. I do not know whether it is not three-quarters of it, but in the spirit. If you are full of fire, and life, and full of heart, you will be a blessing to all. "How can I get warmth of heart?" Live in the presence of God. I cannot give you any other prescription. Let the Lord work in you as the Sun of Righteousness, and you will be fervent; all other methods are mere trifles, and will fail.

A famous naturalist, Buffon, had once a large number of the wise men of the Academy of France around him. They were all philosophers; and Buffon was what a philosopher is. If you do not know what you should meet one; and I do not think that the appreciation of the sect will be increased. There were all philosophers, great men; in a great man's gardens—all great thoughts. In the grounds there was a glass globe, and one of these profound philosophers took this glass globe on the shady side, he said that it was very, very warm, while on the side exposed to the sun it was comparatively cold. Herein was a marvellous thing. He called his philosophers around him, and I picture to myself they gave out their various theories why the glass globe was hotter on the side away from the sun than on the side which was bearing the full noonday. One had a theory of reflection, another of refraction, another of absorption: I cannot give you all their words, for they were wonderful, and wonderful theories, and they discussed and discussed, and discussed, till Buffon was satisfied with the

Philosophical Conclusions

They had reached, called the gardener, and the gardener, can you tell me why this side of the globe, away from the sun, is hotter than the side upon which the sun is shining?" "Yes," said the gardener; "just now I turned the globe, because it was getting too hot on one side. This did not uphold the new philosophical theory, but it maintained an old-fashioned doctrine—namely, that the sun gives heat. You may suppose upon it that the only answer to the question is that the sun is fervent in spirit, is that he keeps his face to the Lord. You need not enter upon philosophical disquisitions as to how to maintain fervor and enthusiasm, and all that. That is the fervent heart which enjoys most of the presence of God; and there is the end of the whole matter—you live in the light of God's countenance, and you are fervent; and if you turn away from Him, you grow cool. God give us to be fervent in the Word."

Now notice one thing more. Apollos greatly loved these people because he preached Christ to them. "For he mightily convinced the Jews, and publicly, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ." If we are going to help those who have believed in Christ, our conversation with them must be full of Christ. Nothing will really feed the soul but Jesus. Reading yesterday, in *Israel my Father*, a book by Mr. Wilkinson, who is the author of the Jewish mission at Mildmay, I saw a picture there which was quite new to me. He was at the Jewish passover at the present

day. Now, you know what the passover was according to the law of Moses—how a lamb was killed, and the blood was sprinkled on the lintel and the two side-posts, while the flesh was roasted and eaten. The Jews at this day observe the passover; but they observe it in a way which is according to the Rabbis, and not according to Moses. On the table there are passover cakes, lettuce, chervil, and parsley, as the bitter herbs. What is there at the Jewish passover at the present time instead of the lamb? A shank-bone! A shank-bone, mark you—with no meat upon it! Only a shank-bone! The blood is gone, and in place of it is an egg. The lamb is gone, and instead thereof is

A Shank-Bone.

"Ah, me! How can they thus make void the law of God?" This I said involuntarily; but very soon I remembered that I could not blame the Jews, for they are only imitating the Christians. Go and hear many who pretend to preach the gospel. Where is the Lamb, the Sacrifice, to be fed upon? Where is the sprinkled blood? Why, they are ashamed to speak of "the blood." They think the very word is vulgar. But what do they give us? A bone! A bone! A bone that no dog would care for—a bone of modern thought put in the place of the Lamb, who ought to be fed upon by all the living Israel of God. I thank Mr. Wilkinson for such a simile.

I smile to think of my Israelitish friends sitting down to the table with their shank-bone, and calling it the passover; but they are quite as near the mark as my Christian friends sitting down to their divinity, out of which the great doctrine of the atonement has been taken, and calling it the Christian faith. There is no food for bodies in the shank-bone, nor any food for souls in the modern theology; but in Christ there is every help that a soul can want.

I need not say more; but I would press upon my dear friends who know the Lord to go "help them much that have believed through grace." As for those who have not yet believed in Jesus, may they now come and trust Him. The moment that you trust Him you are saved. "Look unto Me," saith He, "and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Look at once! Look and live!

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

The Lord, by His grace, constrain and enable you to give that look, and to Him be glory for ever and ever! Amen.

PRECIOUS STREET-REFUSE.

How much could be done for the future of America by a few wealthy men is suggested by one of Dr. T. J. Barnardo's recent stories. With a few thousand dollars a home might be built in a great city, and put in charge of some earnest, energetic Christian man, who could soon fill it with boys and girls capable of becoming intelligent, worthy citizens, but who, let alone, are in training for a place in our penitentiaries. One such waif was Tom Matthews, a lad who lived on and by the streets, following the familiar but overcrowded employments of selling matches, or sometimes flowers, but more often cigar-lights and evening papers. He had had a hard life of it ever since his mother deserted him, two years before, and left him, poor youngster, alone in the world. And yet it was not much material help that she had ever devoted to his upbringing, for not very long prior to his desertion they were both in the almshouse. She took her discharge, and for a while continued to hawk odds and ends about the country, but eventually took up with some tramp, and the pair thereupon turned the boy adrift as a profitless encumbrance. Tom turned his face toward the nearest city, and stoutly tramped thither to begin a street life which lasted for a little over two years.

He formed the acquaintance of a woman who sold flowers, and who conceived quite a motherly affection for the homeless and friendless lad. Yet she herself was merely the inmate of a common lodging-house. She did her little best for Tom, however. Occasionally she gave him pence and scraps of food, in return for which he carried her basket for her to and from the market in the early morning, or he would make himself useful at other times and in other ways.

But one day he had what he would describe as a turn of ill-luck. Running after a stage to sell lights to the passengers on the roof, he missed his footing, slipped, and fell on the roadway, and, before he could recover himself, his hand and arm were run over by a light trap. The bones of the hand were injured. He went to the hospital, but was discharged.

Where could he go to? his wage-earning power for the time being almost nil, and yet his only home was the lodging-house, and his only friend the poor flower-seller. Yet she did not desert him. But for her kindness the boy must have starved. As it was, he found it a matter of very great difficulty to pick up a living upon the streets.

"At last," says Dr. Barnardo, "he accosted me one day as I passed through a crowded thoroughfare, and my attention was attracted by his wounded hand. In conversation, his pathetic little history came out. Though he looked half-starved, his face was by no means unattractive. His clothes were in rags.

"We walked down the street together, and I found that the boy was as much a heathen as if he had been born and lived in Africa, far away from the sound of the Gospel. He knew absolutely nothing of the most elementary facts of Christianity. During the short time he and his mother had been in the almshouse he had for the first time heard something about religion, but he certainly had not understood what he heard there, and he now retained his knowledge only in a confused, distorted condition. He did not know his alphabet. I examined poor Tom's hand, and was glad to find that the injury he had received would doubtless result in a good recovery, and that no permanent loss of power to the hand would ensue."

Tom is now in the home studying with strange zest the world of literature that was unknown to him before, and has developed such powers of work as to astonish his teacher. No one could have imagined that so much intelligence lay dormant in the boy, waiting for the magic touch to quicken it into life.

A WIDOW'S SURPRISE.

MANY Christian men who read the promises of God's Word, and are perfectly familiar with them, never think of putting them to use in their own difficulties. They appear to think God does not mean what He says. If they really believed that the promises would be fulfilled, they would lose no time in applying for help. An illustration from a recent report will show the folly of bearing burdens unnecessarily.

A young carpenter in a Western city was concerned for the welfare of his widowed mother, whom he had left behind in Ireland. She depended on him for support, the little land she had being inadequate to maintain her. He had an opportunity of emigrating, and he promised when he left that he would send her money so soon as he began to earn it. The poor woman received three letters from him, saying that he had found work and was doing well, but there was no money in them. The old lady wondered, and at last grew disheartened, believing that her son had ceased to care for her. Her debts grew; her rent was in arrear; and, finally, a man came to sell off her few sticks of furniture for debt. "Does not your son in America send you money?" he asked, when the woman wept and bewailed her impending loss of home. "Ne'er a bit," she answered. "Where is he? I'll write to him for you, and tell him how bad you need it," said the kindly officer of the law. "Thank ye, sor; ye'll find his address in his letters. There's three of 'em on the shelf." The man reached them down and opened them. "Why, look here!" he said, as a post-office order dropped from the letter; "and here again!" as another was disclosed in the second letter; "here's plenty of money!" "That ain't money; what do you mean?" said the astonished woman. "Come with me," was the reply; "I'll show you." He took her to the post-office, and, to the surprise of the woman, the postmaster handed out the gold. "I did not understand," she said, "I might have saved myself all the worry if I had known."

DORMANT FAITH IN BLOSSOM.

AN incident reported by Nundo Lall Doss, a native preacher of Calcutta illustrates the power of grace to grow under the most unpropitious circumstances, and eventually assert its power over the life. He says: "You will be glad to learn of a case of baptism that we recently had in our midst. It is the case of a man who received his first impressions of truth while a student in our Institution twenty-three years ago. He read the Scriptures with me and others, and believed. His uncle, seeing his inclination to become a Christian, removed him from the school, and took him to work in an office. Nothing of this came to our knowledge then. His faith lay dormant in his heart all these



The Late Mr. Jacob Estey.



Egyptian Relics Under the Electric Light. (See page 277.)

years, and he found no peace. He came forward in April last, and openly professed his faith in Christ, and was baptized in our native church by the present pastor. He is now living with his Hindu wife and children in his own house at Ballygunge. He attends service on Sundays. His wife tolerates his becoming a Christian, but says she would see more of the Christian religion before she accepts it herself. This is the first instance of the kind in our neighborhood of a person being allowed to live in his own house after becoming a Christian. His Hindu neighbors and relations tried at first to keep him by force confined in his house, and gave out that he had not been baptized, but he publicly declared before all the fact of his baptism. The people—his neighbors and relatives—tried to lay violent hands on Mr. Ashton and the pastor when they went to see him in his house shortly after his baptism. He is now allowed to live in peace. He is a fruit of mission-school work.

"This case is illustrative of the difficulties in the way of a profession of Christianity on the part of Hindus, especially if they belong to respectable classes of society. Such an instance—and it is not an isolated one, excepting in the length of the delay—is abundantly suggestive. It reveals how much may be going on, as the result of missionary effort, beyond and beneath what the eye sees and reports tabulate."

THE LATE MR. ESTEY.

THE famous citizen of Vermont whose portrait appears on this page was a typical American. His State was proud of him, of his enterprise, his energy, and his public spirit; and she mourns his death. Some fifty years ago Jacob Estey, then a young man of twenty-six years, started in business at Brattleboro, Vt., as an organ-builder, with a capital of \$200. He was a man of integrity, a pious, God-fearing man, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Success is apt to come to such men, and it came to him. Step by step his business increased, his operations extended, and his influence grew. Humble as was his beginning, he lived to see a little town grow up through his enterprise, peopled by his five hundred employees and their families, and named "Esteyville" in his honor. His large interests, however, did not, as too often happens, choke the religious spirit which filled him when he was poor. He continued to take a prominent part in the Baptist church, of which he was a member, and to aid with money and sage counsel feeble churches in other parts of the State. He was a man who could bear prosperity, which is a more difficult thing to bear than poor men realize. At his funeral, the number of genuine mourners present showed how well he had discharged his responsibilities, and how little of envy his marvellous success had aroused. Both his church and his State will miss him, for in all matters tending to the wel-

fare of either, Jacob Estey was a man to be counted upon, either for money or work, and frequently for both.

A SCHOOLBOY'S PHILOSOPHY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text: "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh unto me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John 6: 35.

HALF a dozen boys sat in various attitudes chatting together about subjects of common interest. It was the end of the school term, and in two more days they would be scattered in all directions, and the friendships and associations of three years past would be broken up.

"Well," said Harding, a big boy who was balancing his chair on the two rear legs, and maintaining the centre of gravity by keeping the back of his head against the wall, "it's heigho for work of another sort now. I'm glad of it. I'm tired of the Latin and Greek and mathematics, and I don't believe they're going to help me much in business. Wonder why we've had to spend so much time on them."

"I asked my father the same thing," said Hughes, who sat opposite him engaged in repairing the reel of a fishing-rod as he talked and listened. "He said it was for training. Fitted a man to take advantage of opportunities when they came along, and gave him a standing in society."

"Depends on what a boy is going to be, a good deal, I think," put in another of the group.

"A boy in America does not often know what he is going to be," said another boy, whom his friends called "the Philosopher." He looked from one to another, and added, "Not one of us knows, for sure. We know what we're going to start with, but twenty years may find us in some very different occupation."

"What's the best object in life, anyway?" asked the youngest and smallest of the group.

The answers were many and various. Everyone regarded wealth as essential in some degree. You could do nothing without it worth doing. You had to be a servant in some way all through; you had no independence. Only one, however, considered the making of a great fortune, way up in the millions, as a fit object in life. One said there was nothing like politics here, where any boy might hope to be President. Another thought literature was the best field. In these reading days a man like Hawthorne or Irving or Howells was known and admired all over the world, and would be remembered long after the most famous President was forgotten. Another thought travel and exploration furnished the best sphere. See what a name Stanley has made for himself!

The Philosopher did not answer anything until after these and other suggestions had been made. Then he said, sententiously, "You seem to think, then, that the best use of life lies either in money,

power, or fame. Well, I don't believe it; I see it in uselessness."

"Can't we be useful in our ways?" was the question. "Maybe," said the Philosopher, "but only incidentally. You talked of your objects as though primary object was to do well for yourselves. It is your principle, and I say it's wrong. A man is a failure, as a man, no matter how successful he may be in his pursuit."

"Oh, you are always arguing about motive. You'll never be a man of action. You'll be running in the street some day while you are philosophizing about which stone you ought to tread upon."

There was a general laugh against the Philosopher, and in the midst of it the loud ringing bell summoned the boys to prayers, and the discussion was at an end. It was only a boys' discussion, but the scene and the words were not forgotten by any of them. With that strange tenacity of memory which so often surprises us as we grow older, this discussion recurred to several of the group when, in after years, successes or failures, exultations or disappointment, came to them.

One day, nearly a quarter of a century after the talk in the boys' room, two gentlemen were sitting in the grounds surrounding a splendid mansion. There had been a great political convention in the neighboring city that day to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, and one of the gentlemen had been prominent in it as a party leader. He could now look much like the boy who was mending his fishing-rod in the boys' room that day of old, but he was the same, though now he was Senator Hughes, and a great man in the country. He was his old schoolmate Harding, now a prosperous man, reputed a millionaire, and still as hard worker as any of the hundreds of men in his employ. They had not seen each other before those years, and their talk turned naturally to old school days.

"No politics, if you please," the Senator had said. "I have had a surfeit this week, though I shall be in the midst of the fray again to-morrow. I could not keep out of it now. How is your business doing? You must have a pretty large fortune by this time."

"A truce to business, if you please," said Harding, laughingly. "I am as tired of the subject as you are of politics, though I am like you, too—I gravitate to it with irresistible attraction. It is a relief to forget it once in a while."

"Why do we go on with these things as we were slaves? I often ask myself that. There is real satisfaction in them; I sometimes think of the boy we used to call 'the Philosopher'; I wonder he had the true secret, after all. Have you heard what became of him?"

"Oh, yes, Landor was his name. He is a great man now, has a little church in the city among the slums. He works like a horse, but he seems to enjoy it. He has boys' classes, lectures for men,

etings, and a host of things. I hear of him. Some of my men worship him. What if we get come in this evening? I'll send him, if you like." "All means. I should like to im." "An hour later the clergyman was with his old schoolmates under on the lawn, enjoying the quiet he summer night. "Are you prospering in your Landor?" Mr. Harding asked; "I hear of you." "Andly!" was the answer; "I would look in on us some- Those men are noble fellows; only needed to be put on the rack, and God has enabled me that for them. I will tell you are going to do next." And the clergyman gave a description of object for a new building, that be a centre of wholesome in- in one of the worst parts of the

now enthusiastic you are, Lan- said Senator Hughes. "You have found a sphere of life suits you. Harding and I were abusing our lives before you in, and taboos both pursuits some subjects of talk. Yet, I e, we are both more prosperous an you are. I begin to think re the success, and we the i." "Now some men," said Mr. Hard- who call him a crank still, but if at, he is a crank that works to al purpose, and, what is still urprising to me, he is so happy What's your secret, Landor? "There is no secret in it," the nan answered, quietly; "it's filment of a promise. The oth of you gentlemen are seeking is always I you; I have mine in possession, and enjoy on't think even the Presidency would con- friend the Senator here. As Alexander ecause there were no more worlds to conquer, ld be miserable because there would be no position for him to reach." And as to you, arding, you would not be content with one i if more could be had for the getting. I have o Christ for all my joy in life, and He gives o niggard hand. You know what He said: at cometh to me shall never hunger, and he elieveth on me shall never thirst." That is omise; I can testify that it is kept."

WILL IT LIFT?

THE STORY OF A FOG.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,

of "Simon Holmes," "Nestleton Magna," "Mat- thew Mellowden," etc., etc.

(Continued from page 283.)

H an object Gilbert one evening paid a visit immie's cottage. As he neared the door he e old shepherd approaching it in the other on. But Jimmie, instead of coming on to him, turned into a side path, and crossed a into the fields. Gilbert Craske could not be at he had been seen and recognized, and if d, he could not tell whether Jimmie's effort id him proceeded from a guilty conscience, an an overstrained sense of honor prompting o avoid the appearance of imposing on good-

bert quickly followed him, and said, as he over- im: "Well, Jimmie, old friend, what's come i? I haven't seen you for days and days. here, I want you to come and sit with me an o-night. Will you come?" "If you please, ' if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. ee, it makes me late for bed, an' I can't stand ours like I used to. I'd rather not." "hy, dear me, you've never talked like that!" exclaimed Gilbert. "You can come as early I like, and you can go away when you like— ere! of course if you don't want to come you ay away; but, let me tell you, you are grieving d friend and a true.

ere was a tremor in Gilbert's voice, for there al feeling at his heart. Jimmie read the fact, ould stand out no longer. "Nay, sir," said



The German Imperial Family. (See page 277.)

he, "if you put it that way, I'll come as much as you like, an' as oft as you like; but to tell you the truth, sir, you are so main good to me that I'm downright shamed to put myself so often in your way."

The very thing that the grocer had told him. It was Jimmie's unwillingness to seem to sponge on his kindness that had kept him away; nothing else. "No fear about that, Jimmie," he said. "Then I'll expect you; and, look here, you had better come to tea."

So saying, Gilbert turned on his homeward way, and as he passed the landlord at the door of Hill-drop Inn, he said, casually, "Jimmie Sladd is coming to tea with me; send up tea for two." The landlord muttered something under his breath about inviting paupers, but Gilbert turned so sharply upon him, and asked him what he said, that he did not repeat it.

True to his promise, Jimmie Sladd made his appearance at Hilldrop Inn near upon the time that the evening meal was set upon the table in Gilbert Craske's apartments; and that odd but genial personage was waiting, somewhat anxiously, for his expected guest. Jimmie tapped at the door, and received a hearty summons to enter. "Come in, Jimmie; come in. I was beginning to fear that you weren't coming," said Gilbert, in a most genial tone, "and yet if you only knew how welcome you are, I don't think you would be so ready to stop away."

"Nay, I'se glad enough to come, only for one thing," said Jimmie, "and that bothers me a good bit." "Bothers you, Jimmie? Why, what's that?"

"Why, I reckon I'd better tell you, or mebbe you'll misunderstand me, an' I'd rather do owt than that. When I was here last time, I mean the time when you lent me your great-coat, an' helped me to put it on, I didn't know what else you did till I got back to the cottage. When I was pulling my smock off to go to bed, out rolled a golden guinea on to the floor. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. When I felt in my pockets I found two more in the corner, and I felt that I ought not to come so often if you treated me like that. It 'ud be imposing on good-nature. I thought you would get the idea that I was coming for what I could get, an' afore you should ha' that opinion o' me, excuse me, sir, I would rayther not come at all.

I'm only a poor broken-down shepherd, but I should like to keep my self-respect, an' the respect of others as well."

"Oh, never mind that," said Gilbert, mentally storing the information for future use, and for the present content to let the old man follow his own judgment anent the gold. "There's plenty more where that came from. But come, here's the tea; let us see what is the quality of Mrs. Higginbottom's buttered toast and tea-cake. Then we can have a pipe and a crack o' talk."

During tea-time Gilbert kept his companion in conversation, mainly on the subject of his purchase of the Hill-drop estate; and the warm way in which Jimmie expressed his satisfaction that the purchase had been made, and that this would in all probability keep the new proprietor in the neighborhood, went far to dissipate any remaining doubts he might have of the old shepherd's honesty and good faith.

"Now, then," he continued, after the old man had done justice to the bountiful meal which had been spread for him, "draw your chair to the fire. And now, seeing you've mentioned it yourself, I hope the money I gave you has been a comfort to you."

"Thank you, an' God bless you, sir. You mustn't hinder me from saying that. I changed one of 'em at the grocer's at Faringham, and a good part on it's left yet. T'other two I put into the little tea-caddy, an' there they are this minute. It'll be a good while before I have to spend such a lot. I don't need to spend much."

Gilbert fully understood the delicate intimation that he was 'not, at any rate for the present, to offer him any more, and dismissed the last vestige of doubt concerning Jimmie's

truth. "By-the-way," said he, in a quiet tone, "I found this handkerchief behind that chest there. I was a bit puzzled as to how it managed to get there. It looks like the one you were using just now at tea. Is it yours, Jimmie?"

There was just a smack of the magisterial in his voice as he promptly put the question, and he looked steadily in Jimmie's face as he held it out to him. Jimmie took it curiously. He carefully looked at each corner of it until his eye fell on a large J. S. which had been traced with strong thread, and then replied: "Yes, it's mine: there's the mark; but how in the world it got there fairly caps me. Old Dinah Levitt, she does my bit o' washing, and she said I had lost one. Where did you find it?"

"Behind that chest, Jimmie," said Gilbert, pointing with his finger, "close to the wall; and when I took it up a guinea dropt to the floor; so the handkerchief and the guinea must have belonged to the same party, eh?"

Then Jimmie Sladd rose to his feet; his face reddened, his lips visibly quivered, and lifting appealing hands to Gilbert, he said, "Oh, Mr. Allanson, I'm sorry! Don't, don't!" and dropping into his chair, the simple-hearted soul was a very picture of grief. Gilbert Craske felt queer, very queer. Was it true, after all? Had the fact that he had been discovered dawned at last on Jimmie's dull brain? and was he now casting himself on the mercy of the man he had so greatly wronged? He did not know what to do; did not know what to say.

Again Jimmie said, "Don't, sir, please!"

"Don't what?" said Gilbert. "What do you mean?"

Jimmie rose to his feet. There was a natural dignity about his attitude that the smock frock seemed to add to rather than diminish. "I'll tell you, sir," he said. "The guinea ain't mine, sir, and I don't know anything about it. I think it's your kind way of helping me, but I don't need it; indeed I don't. I thank you, sir, all the same, but if I can't come without you thinkin' 'at I shall want summat for comin', then I shall come no more. God bless you for all your kindness. Indeed I ain't ungrateful! I ain't, I'm sure. That owd han'kercher's mine, tho' hoo it com' there goodness only knows. But that guinea isn't mine, sir, an' I won't have it."

To all this what could the astonished Gilbert say? If a convenient rat hole had been at hand, he felt small enough to creep into it. To think of suspecting this man of a base, ungrateful crime! A man to whom charity, except in so far as to supply his positive necessities, was evidently undesired and most unwelcome. He felt he had blundered indeed. He stood up before the old shepherd, who was making for the door, and said, "Old friend, forgive me. I am sorry and ashamed. I was thoughtless, but not unkind. I will not distress you any more." Poor Jimmie was glad enough to do that, and again expressed his gratitude, and so the matter ended; and to the day he died Jimmie Sladd never knew of the dark suspicion which through circumstances had for a little while gathered around his name.

It was necessary, in the interests of his own private affairs, that Gilbert Craske should pay a visit again to the great city. Now that he and his friend Jimmie Sladd were thoroughly one again—for of course the last vestige of suspicion had left his mind concerning the old shepherd, and the mind of that aged worthy was set at rest as to those strange freaks of charity—honest, good-hearted Gilbert was so immensely relieved that he felt as though the pressure of his loss, heavy as it was, was more than half gone. He greatly esteemed the old man, and his possible fall from virtue by reason of the temptation he had stupidly exposed him to, had been to him a source of deep and bitter grief. Knowing from his own admission that there was more than enough in the "tea-caddy" to meet the old man's wants for some time to come, Gilbert set off to London with a comparatively light heart.

On his way thither he gave himself up to strong suspicion as to the actual purloiner of the box and its precious contents. Putting this and that together, he had come to a just conclusion, and had decided upon a line of conduct which, as he thought, would bring the truth to light. He never ceased to upbraid himself for leaving his keys in such a foolish place, and with characteristic egotism constantly reiterated that he was an egregious donkey; and with characteristic kindness of heart was capable of finding excuses for the sinner who had done the deed. Had it remained with him to decide, it may well be doubted whether justice would ever have reached the guilty one.

On arriving in town he elected to take up his quarters at the hotel near the Marble Arch, to which he had drifted on the never-to-be-forgotten night of November fog. After having attended to the special business that took him to London, he found himself compelled to try to trace his erratic course on that occasion, and make another effort to discover "No 59." On three or four different occasions he thought he had found it, and had boldly made inquiries at as many different houses, but always with the same result. It was clear that in this case the fog would not lift, and Gilbert began to despair of ever seeing the silver-haired widow any more.

The cabman's name and number he had retained, and to him he repaired in the forlorn hope that the promised "fiver" might have produced some more satisfactory result. But alas! Jarvie himself was missing now. He had left the profession, as it seemed. At any rate, the name was off the books, and the number was now owned by a cabbie who "knew not Joseph," or rather Gilbert, and was as much a stranger to that gentleman as the Khan of Tartary or Prester John. Nevertheless, and most unexpectedly, Gilbert was to have another ray of light.

One day, as he was sauntering down the Strand, looking at the wares displayed in the various windows, he came upon a picture-dealer's premises, in whose window he saw a drawing that made him start with strong surprise. He suddenly exclaimed, "Well, this is a go! If that isn't a picture of Hildrop Farm, I'm a Dutchman! It's as like as two peas!" Into the shop went Gilbert with some what unbusinesslike eagerness. It was a small shop. The stock-in-trade consisted chiefly of ancient prints, crayon sketches, and artistic odds and ends of every kind. Behind the counter stood none other than our old friend, the little

foreigner, to whom Mercy Graythorpe had been indebted for much kindness.

The dealer looked at his visitor, whose sudden entrance had quite startled him, and then taking off his spectacles, and rubbing them as if in preparation for further business, uttered his usual and familiar formula, "Vell, sir, an' vat you vant to buy?"

"Buy!" said Gilbert, in reply to the picture dealer's question, "I want to buy that farmhouse picture there in the window. How much do you ask for it, Moonseer, money down?"

"Ha!" said the little man, striving to read the would-be purchaser by peering at him through his old-fashioned spectacles. "Dat is vat you call diamond, I means von jewel, von gem; aye, dat's vat it is. I vont mooth money for it." So saying he unloosed the "gem" from the hook to which it was suspended and held it up at arm's length, peering at it with such a look of appreciation, that if its value might have been appraised by that standard, it might well have been worth its weight in gold.

Now, however, Gilbert's customary shrewdness in all matters of business came to his aid, and he replied bluntly—"Nonsense, man! You can't call that much of a picture from a high art point of view. I'm too old to be taken in in that way. The fact is, I happen to know the place of which that is a pretty exact sketch, and if the price is anything in reason, I shall be glad to buy it for the sake of 'Auld lang syne.'"

"Dat is all very vell," said the little Dutchman. "But I tells you it is very goot picture. It is a peautiful drawing of dat farm—vat you call de place—Oatlanzine? Yes, dat is de name. De young Mees is cleffer; very cleffer. "She"

"What!" said the impetuous Gilbert; "was it done by a young lady?" and he jumped at once to the conclusion that it had something to do with the young lady with whom he had made such an odd acquaintance, and of whom he was in such earnest search. Once more the shrewd little picture dealer thought he saw an advantage, and he began to enlarge on the young lady's beauties with a view to make the picture a "gem" still more to be desired.

"Vat I tell you is true, ten thousand times. The Mees who make dat liddle peauty is de, vat you call, de, de pink of ardists; oh, loffy! and the again upraised hands, arched eyebrows, and indescribable movement of the features made the pair of gems such as, if both were on sale, only millionaires should bid for. "I sall vant five bound for dat picture, sir; and it is dirt sheap at de price."

"All right!" said Gilbert, who had been expecting a much larger figure to be named. "Here's the money, and, look here, if you can find me the young lady that painted it, I will give you five pounds more."

"I vas not able to tell you dat," said the little man, regretfully. "But the young Mees vill come again. She does mooth business with me. I sall haf call for her on Saturday ee'ning." And so it was arranged that Gilbert should call again.

Again, as if drawn by some power that he could not resist, he made his way over to Tottenham Court Road, intending to stroll through the streets he had so often haunted and find his way in due time to his hotel. His attention was arrested by the appearance of a tall, attractive-looking young woman, who was walking almost immediately in front of him. As he passed her, a lad in a blue blouse, with a butcher's tray on his shoulder, fulfilled the erratic mission of his kind by poking the handles in her face. Starting suddenly to one side, she bumped with considerable violence against Gilbert, extorting both from him and her an involuntary exclamation.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady, turning her face fully on him. He remembered it in a moment, though he had seen it only on a foggy night and by the aid of a lighted lamp. He saw in it, too, a strong likeness to Alice Leaming, as she had been called in the days before her marriage, and long before the days of her silver hair.

He stared at the young lady, who did not recognize him, and held out his hand with a smile. Poor Gilbert! On the very brink of the discovery he most desired, he destroyed his chances by that

deed. Mercy Graythorpe, for it certainly was that young lady, always suspicious of the perils of London life, suddenly jumped to the conclusion that butcher's boy and tramp burly-looking countryman and sudden bump were all a planned design with mischief of some kind for its end. So she sped off as though she had wings.

The passers-by looked at Gilbert, as though it was their duty to protect the flight of injured innocence. Gilbert hadn't his wits about him, and though he made an effort to follow her, he was strangely interfered with by the growing crowd, and soon lost her in the distance. There was nothing for him but to make his way westward.

Gilbert Craske's one hope now lay in the little print-shop in the Strand, and the little Dutchman who kept it, who always saluted each incomer with the pertinent question—"Vell, vat you vant to buy?" With what success he prosecuted that hope must be narrated subsequently. Meanwhile I may say that as he walked slowly towards his hotel, he was sufficiently dispirited to ask himself—"Will it lift? Will it ever lift?" and his only answer was silence and a deep sigh.

(To be Continued.)

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BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak liver. FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S

HANGED BY THE BOOK.
 history of a recent convert from Mo-
 danism is given in a letter from Mr.
 Cooper, a missionary in India, who
 o that country last year depending
 on God for support, who works with
 hands for a living, while he preach-
 ed to the heathen around him. He
 at a man named Hidayat Ulla Khan
 sized on the previous Sunday. He
 Cooper that he was born at Bateraia
 Panjaub, India, in 1862. His father,
 a farmer, died when he was about
 years of age, and his mother shortly
 rds. Four years ago he with some
 bought some clothes to trade with
 rabad. In this place he married and
 rds went away. Finding his wife to
 d character he left her, and moved to
 abad, and from there to Bombay,
 he became a private teacher of Urdu.
 ago he there bought a Bible in the
 character, and studied it regularly,
 e result that he became convinced of
 h. From Bombay he journeyed up
 , and alighted at Harda, where he
 d for the missionary, and was direct-
 e at school. The schoolmaster and
 conversed with him and prayed.
 t of the day he remained with the
 n brethren, and dined and talked with
 They found him intelligent, sincere,
 h a fair knowledge and understand-
 he way of salvation. The following
 desired baptism. No situation was
 him, and he was told that he must
 persecution. He replied that he did
 d so long he had the truth. Accord-
 he was immersed, and afterwards
 ublic confession. Some Mohammed-
 ound said he was utterly lost and
 ow go to hell. The next day we
 n good authority that the Mussul-
 d arranged to give our new convert
 beating when they obtained the
 When informed of it he merely
 At the meeting that evening
 ohammedans listened outside to
 d immediately it was concluded
 d them to attend regularly and come
 it down. No disturbance followed.
 he Lord!

HILOSOPHER'S QUESTION.

re told that it is the fool who says in
 t that there is no God. A man can
 d reasoning and drawing inferences,
 e in the facts of daily life, in the
 ound him, and the heavens above
 andant reasons for inference, the ex-
 of God. It is said that there is around
 abundant reason for believing in the
 e of a spirit of evil, though now
 en are doubting the fact. A char-
 anecdote is told of an argument on
 sition between two philosophers, one
 merican and the other English.

Ralph Waldo Emerson visited Lon-
 was shown over the city by Thomas
 Emerson said that he did not be-
 a personal devil, and of this they
 king as they walked along. As they
 through some of the black spots in
 , Carlyle turned to his companion
 in his direct Scotch manner, "Dae
 believe in a devil noo?" Passing
 scenes of degradation the question
 eated, as they walked round London
 the swelling tide of iniquity which
 inundated the city. To these direct
 as, Emerson could give no satisfac-
 swer, though the evidence was over-
 ngly conclusive. It is matter for re-
 t both the wise men agreed in the far
 erious matter of rejecting the only
 that has ever proved effectual for the
 y witnessed. It is true now as it was
 st's time, that these things are hidden
 he wise and prudent, and revealed
 bes. (Matt. 11:25.)

IDOLS CAST OUT.

claration of a change of religion is
 p in a house in China. Mr. Parry,
 s laboring at Tanlin-hien, reports
 recent conversions there that of a
 of farmers, of whom four generations
 ng a little girl, are all of one mind to
 om idols and serve the true God. The
 is the first to come—a fine, strong,
 iced man, who came to give up his
 and in doing so, according to the
 which the evange:st has made here,

first attended for several Sundays, and then
 came along with the whole basketful of idols,
 the clearance of their home; the idols, except
 two, were used to cook rice, and he came
 in and gave up his opium and showed an ev-
 idently sincere interest in the Gospel. He
 cannot read, but there seems no doubt as to
 the sincerity of his simple faith in Jesus as
 Saviour. When he went home to take away
 the idols, the whole family were of one
 mind; six persons all came together to give
 in their names as inquirers. I paid this
 family a visit in the substantial farm home,
 and saw for myself the evidences of the de-
 feat which idol worship has met there;
 thank God, the sight is getting less and less
 rare, of family halls, where idols have reigned
 for generations, now cleared out. In this
 case the motto put up was, "As for me and
 my house, we will serve the Lord." We had
 public preaching in their house, and it was
 most evident that, very simple as the knowl-
 edge which they have is, their testimony for
 God is open to all. How we should and do
 praise God for this first instance of a whole
 family coming out at once for Christ.

A SCOFFER'S CONVERSION.

ONE of the most remarkable evidences of
 the power of prayer was cited recently by
 Major Whittle. He said: "That while
 at work with Mr. Moody, in Chicago,
 in 1871, I found a Glasgow man at one of
 our Gospel meetings. He was the mate of a
 vessel staying there the whole winter. He
 was a very hard case, and had spent his life
 drinking, fighting, and gambling, and could
 hold his own among any kind of rough men.
 There had been a meeting in a great log
 building, erected after the fire for Mr.
 Moody, who had spoken from the text:
 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all
 acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the
 world to save sinners.' One of the workers
 came up to this man, Morrison was his
 name, and asked him to stay to the second
 meeting. 'No,' was the reply delivered
 with a mocking laugh. 'What did you come
 here for?' enquired the worker. 'For
 some fun,' and he laughed again. 'Do you
 remember the text?' He did not, but was
 told it, 'Well, John,' the worker said, 'We
 are going to have a second meeting, and we
 shall pray for you.' 'All right,' and John Mor-
 rison went off laughing most heartily. He
 reached home and lay down in his bed, then
 for the first time he began to think of his life
 from the time he had run away from home,
 and was becoming much moved. But he could
 not rid himself of his unwelcome thoughts; he
 remembered that the people at the meeting
 were holding him up before God in prayer.
 He resolved to attend the meeting next
 night, when with eighteen or twenty others
 he stayed to the after meeting, and gave
 himself to Christ. Since that time he has
 been a most energetic worker for Christ.
 He was saved in direct response to the meet-
 ing's appeal to God."

Good News for the Deaf.

At the convention of physicians held in Kansas
 City, the committee appointed from members of
 the different societies to investigate and report
 upon the most practical and reliable artificial
 means for relieving deafness, have reported unani-
 mously upon the invisible device of H. A. Wales,
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"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door," * * * MATT., vi: 6.

Lord, I have shut my door;
Shut out life's busy cares, and fretting noise,
Here in the silence they intrude no more,
Speak Thou, and heavenly joy shall fill my heart,
With music sweet and clear:
A holy Psalm!

Yes, I have shut my door;
On earthly passions—all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store of human ties.
Above all these my heart aspires;
O Heart Divine, stoop Thou to mine!

Lord, I have shut my door;
Come Thou and visit me, I am alone;
Come as when doors were shut Thou cam'st of yore,
And visitest Thine own;
My Lord, I kneel with reverent love and fear,
For Thou art here!

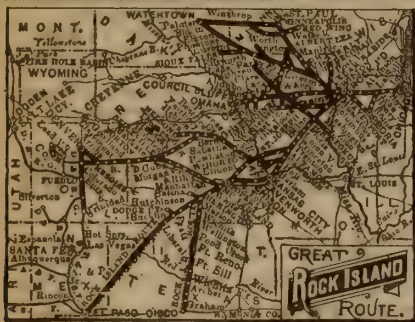
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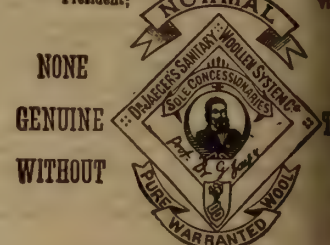
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Vol. XIII., No. 19. Offices, Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890.

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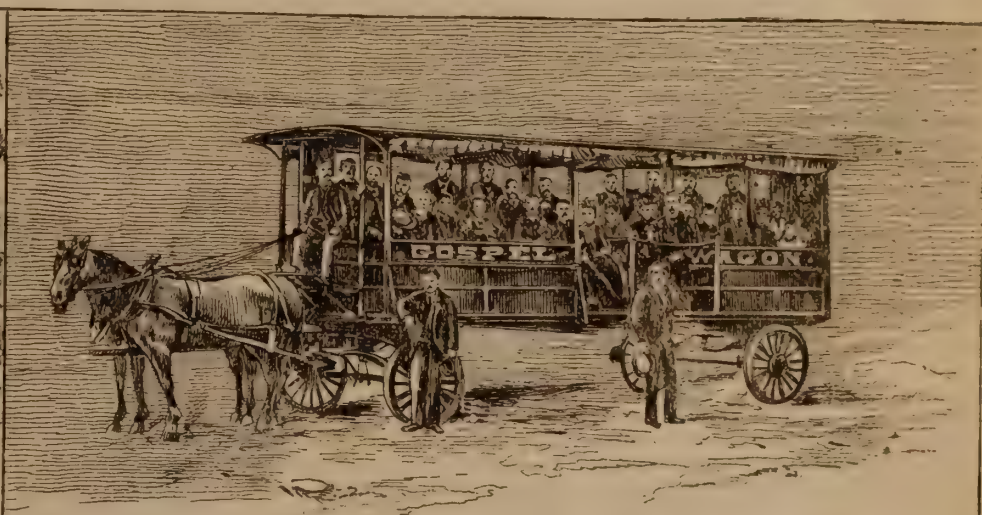
THE CENTRAL UNION MISSION OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—PICTURES OF THE BUILDING AND THE NEW GOSPEL WAGON.

BROW ESCAPES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning.

REVELATION OF "THE TIMES."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: Weak Yet Strong, Etc. THE TRANSFIGURATION. By Mrs. M. Baxter. PORTRAIT OF MR. H. M. STANLEY. PICTURE OF THE LABOR PARADE IN NEW YORK ON MAY-DAY. PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS—A LIFE TRANSFIGURED.

A TEST AND A DECLARATION. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER. WILL IT LIFT? By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. A Modern Isaac—A Lady's Visit to a Chinese Home—Gospel Trophies in Japan—A Momentous Marriage-Service—A Corean's Work.



DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NARROW ESCAPES.

"I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Job. 19: 20. Job's Miseries—The Soul's Narrow Escapes—Paul's Expressive Figure—People of Religious Temperament—The Hard Cases—Difficulties in the Way of Their Salvation—Sceptical Notions—Pointed Questions—Prejudiced by Inconsistent Professors—The Bible the Test—The Difficulty of Natural Appetites—A Handkerchief Signal from a Capsized Vessel—The Obstacle of Business Perplexities—A Finger Snap on a Tombstone—A Crisis on Shipboard.

JOB had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold-filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are

"Saved as by Fire."

A vessel out at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain when the matter was decided.

Hard Cases.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house-roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his mid-life very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say: "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the Church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Sceptical Barriers.

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against sceptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now travelling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! scepticism is

A Dark and Doleful Land.

Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies.

You have no more right to take such a man's as a specimen of religion than you have to take twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with hands extended toward you. In one hand I hold the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. The Bible in one hand I will surrender for ever just soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. To-day I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the religion which they worshipped, to the Bible they read, the promises on which they leaned, to the cross which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung your arms away from the Bible until you swung them back to their old places.

Held by Their Appetites.

Again: There may be some of you who, in attempt after a Christian life, will have to fight against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to combat against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel you must swear or die. I know a Christian who was once so exasperated that he said to a restaurant customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." Your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is harm in getting mad if you only get mad at yourself. You need to bridle and saddle those hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red-hot if you only bring to the forge which needs hammering. A man who has power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. Be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in mid-life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high liver," "and easy," "hail-fellows well met." They are paying, in compound interest, for troubles they neglected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own conscience only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent God has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in mire than you are.

They Line the Beach of Heaven

—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh the weakness of human help! Men sympathize for a while, and then turn you off, you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seventy, seven hundred times; yea, though this be ten-thousandth time, He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful, this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a new life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with final effort, in which the muscles are distended, the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor, escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship *Emma*, bound from Gottenburg to Fowich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom-up. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the capsized vessel, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been

g their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug through the planks until his knife broke. In an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape

Their Way Out of the Darkness,
one working until his hand was wellnigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. It came. They were taken on board the vessel saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly escaped!—escaped only “with the skin of their teeth.”

There are men who have been capsized of evil winds, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a hundred miles away from any shore of help. They for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will wait some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board; it will be known in earth and in heaven how powerfully they escaped—“escaped as with the skin of their teeth.”

There are others who in attempting to come to land must run between a great

Many Business Perplexities.
A man go over to business at ten o'clock in the morning, and comes away at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind business, and are frequently dunned by creditors if you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging what you cannot meet? You walk day by day under certainties that have kept your brain on fire for past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has a noise in the back counting-room, and gone and found the chief man of the firm a raving mad; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the body of her husband—a suicide. There are a score of house-to-day three hundred men pursued, seduced, trodden down, and scalped, of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction He will crown with success. Do not let your business, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods block your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Loosen the girdle about your loins. Take an upward look into the face of God, and then say, “I go on one grand effort for life eternal!” and be bound away for heaven, escaping as “with the skin of your teeth.”

Business Heroes.
The last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who are up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall Street, Water Street, Pearl Street, Broad Street, State Street, and Third Street. On earth they were called brokers, or jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, *Christian heroes*. No fagots were heaped upon their feet; no inquisition demanded from recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their backs; but they had mental tortures, compared with all physical consuming is as the breath of morning.

There is in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in anything. In a world where everything seems to be a surmise, they do not see how there can be any truth. They are confounded and frenzied and skeptical. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all ye men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no sentimental discourse; but put my hand on your forehead, and invite you into the peace of the Gospel. There is a rock on which you may stand firm, amidst the waves dash against it harder than the sea, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these

troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from His government, and hence all these outrages, and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years He has been coaxing the world to come back to Him; but the more He has coaxed, the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had

The Blood-Hounds After You,
and ye who may have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him, and see if He will not help. Try Him, and see if He will not pardon. Try Him, and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death-agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting hart that drinks from the water-brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded, and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An Eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, “All is not worth that.” Apicius Caelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, “Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!” Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be

Sacrificed to Save the Passengers.

The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, “Cut away the mast!” Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, wellnigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall go home to-day feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying, “What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth.”

A CREED FOR ALL DENOMINATIONS.

THE proposal which Dr. Talmage made in a recent sermon, to formulate a purely Scriptural creed on which all Christian denominations could agree, and base co-operative efforts for the evangelization of the world, has caused considerable discussion in the religious and secular press. A very incisive article on the subject has appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, from which the following is an extract:

“In suggesting the general outlines of a creed which all denominations could embrace, the primary object of the pastor of the Tabernacle is to put aside every obstacle to the cordial fraternization of Christian sects. He regards most of these obstacles as belonging under the head of *non-essentials*. It is in his opinion of more consequence that mankind should be imbued with the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount than that any of the claims of purely dogmatic theology should survive. The fellowship of men in a common worship is chiefly retarded by ideas and institutions which are the outgrowth of Christianity, and not expressly enjoined by the language of Holy Writ. Each sect is

inclosed within its own wall of dogma. Each has built about it a system of doctrines that had no existence among primitive Christians. Each worships within these self-appointed limits. Each feels as if it had some peculiar merit, as if it possessed some advantage not possessed by the others. What the Doctor aims at is a general relaxation of this spirit of exclusiveness, and a universal recognition of the fact that the salvation of souls is the duty of the hour, not the salvation of creeds.

“He encounters the full force of the argument against his plan in Archbp. Ireland's contention that those who are most earnest in eliminating dogmas from the Christian religion contradict themselves. The distinguished prelate maintains that the whole scheme of Christianity is necessarily based on dogma. He declares that the Doctor himself proclaims a dogma when he asserts that it is not obligatory to believe in the ‘eternal generation of the Son.’ This, in his opinion, is a dogma as to the humanity of Christ that has the practical effect of ending the Christian religion. We cannot rationally interpret the sayings of Christ without formulating dogmas, and conspicuously is this true in respect of His relations to the Father and the Holy Spirit. To say, as the Doctor does, that it is not necessary to believe in eternal punishment, is also an instance of dogmatic statement, and the Archbishop wonders, if such be the truth, what Christ could have meant by threatening punishment for unbelief. And so the argument moves round in a circle, finally bringing up at the point from which it started: the Doctor holding that dogmas are unimportant in the work of saving souls, and the Archbishop maintaining that the Doctor dogmatizes when he says so.

“Nevertheless, is there not an evident tendency on the part of Christian denominations to establish a more familiar intercourse than that which they have hitherto observed, and is not the Doctor's proposal an additional symptom of it? He is progressive and aggressive, and in both respects a representative man. He would rally the whole army of Christ under one standard if he could. The spirit of the age is a spirit of combination and co-operation. It has attained a very marked development in the departments of commerce and industry. Its throbbings are plainly felt in the religious world. If there is profit and strength in the union of material force, why should there not be profit and strength in the union of moral forces? When sectarians reach the point where they can agree to disagree, touching merely denominational distinctions, they will have triumphed over the greatest obstacle to the organization of that mighty Christian Trust which Dr. Talmage contemplates. They have not reached that point yet, and it is impossible to say when they will, but the influences tending to expedite their progress are in constant and powerful operation. Before those influences all minor and subordinate considerations are bound ultimately to give way.”

A MODERN ISAAC.

A LITTLE boy's heroism was tested not long ago through a mistake. The editor of a contemporary relates that a gentleman in a New England town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river, beyond the town. Calling to his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said, “Don't you want to go, Willie?” The little lip quivered, but the child answered, trustfully, “Yes, papa, if you wish.” The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove under the wide archway he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-place of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour so spent, they returned to the carriage and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, and drew a breath of relief and asked, “Why, am I going back with you?” “Of course you are; why not?” “I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there,” said the child. Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that the child evinced in what to him had evidently been a summons to leave the world. He who can look up to his Heavenly Father when the call comes, and say from his heart, “Thy will be done,” has received the kingdom of heaven as a little child, (Luke 18:17.)

CENTRAL UNION MISSION OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Its Origin, Work, Success and Hopes.

No American citizen need be ashamed to point out Washington as the capital of the nation. It is a beautiful city, and grows more beautiful every year. No European capital can compare with it in all its features. A city to be proud of, with its magnificent public buildings and elegant private residences, with its superb system of broad avenues and cleanly streets, many of them paved and lined with every species of foliage-covered trees, with its grassy parks adorned with statuary, and monuments commemorative of all that is stimulative to patriotism; with its colleges and schools; with its churches, their spires rising high in many directions; with a faithful ministry, second in ability and devotion to none other; with a pure gospel not only preached from the various pulpits, but exemplified in thousands of lives, and kept bright and burning at the family altar of hundreds of Christian homes. Yet Washington, with so much that is good and lovely and holy, is nevertheless a place which, from its peculiar position as the centre of political life, abounds in sin, and temptations to sin.

The city with a population of 200,000 possesses church accommodations for only 60,000, while the average attendance is fixed at but 40,000. Flourishing like Upas-trees are 1,500 places where intoxicating liquor is sold; pool and billiard rooms are on every hand; gambling resorts abound, and one of the most notorious, a superbly decorated edifice, ruins its votaries by hundreds. Beside these, are numerous club-rooms, where the young man away from home, finds wine and cards to allure him, many cheap theatres pandering to the lowest human propensities, and over three hundred houses of ill-fame. What terrible and fatal work all these agencies are doing is well known. The scandals reported by the daily press, the Police Court records, which show 20,000 arrests annually, the jail records, registering the passage through the prison of 5,000 prisoners every year—twenty men at one time confined there on the charge of murder—and the registers of male and female workhouses, hospitals, and almshouses, all tell the heart-rending story. These are the witnesses to the fatal effects of Washington's opportunities and temptations to sin. The victims are there now; many have gone to a dishonored grave; many more are coming who are now graduating in the institutions of vice. And yet with such crying need for Christian help no aggressive mission work was undertaken in the city until about six years ago.

The Origin of the Mission.

To-day Washington claims to have in the Central Union Mission one of the most successful mission enterprises in the country, and its claim is conceded by numbers of zealous Christian laborers of other sections who have gone to Washington to study its principle and methods. As the mission is not a plan but a development, and as it is, as the Secretary of the Christian Workers' Convention said, "a model for other cities," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week gives a description of it, with pictures on the first page of the exterior and interior of its chief hall, and of the gospel wagon, which is now so important a feature in the work.

Like many other valuable and successful enterprises, its beginning was small, and it was with the lowest of the social strata. Five years ago a few men resolved to make an effort to reach with gospel influence the criminal classes—the vagrants, tramps, gamblers, and drunkards. They hired a small room on Pennsylvania Avenue, and held meetings. Their success was greater than their hope; ninety persons professed conversion the first nine months. The little room was outgrown, and a large building was rented.

The Cardinal Idea

of the workers was to go out after the people. Men were stationed at the door to give out invitations. The parks, hotels, and other places of resort were visited with invitation leaflets. Emboldened by success, the workers stood on the streets and sang gospel hymns, read the Scriptures, exhorted, prayed, and invited the people to the mission. Of course they came. The people like a live gospel. They admire pluck and activity. The abandonment of stiff conventionality pleased the multitude, and they followed the workers.

This Christian activity made itself felt throughout the city. The work has been steadily expanding for five years. Converts became evangelists, and cottage-meetings began to thrive. Then cottage-

meetings grew into tents, and tents finally became permanent branches. Seven such branches are now running in different parts of the city, some of them almost as flourishing as the central hall. Every section of the city has a branch.

Following out the idea of going after the people,

Song Services

were frequently held in front of the hall before the indoor services began. Halls are good, but the people must be brought in. To make the music go farther, a cornet was employed in addition to the organ. Several hundred people will frequently gather to this song service. After the song service the people are invited inside. As the workers became a little used to it, there seemed nothing strange about such methods. People soon felt, as fruit was gathered in, that this was the right way to work. Even the timid and conservative yielded approval when they saw the success.

The Organization

of this great enterprise is very simple. A Board of ten directors has the oversight. They are men selected for their suitability for the work and their interest in it, but in fact they are also representatives of the leading denominations of the city. Without making any special effort about it, the consecrated Christians in the churches of all denominations were drawn to the work by the opportunity it offered for activity in genuine gospel labor. It requires no tact to make the workers harmonious, for all had the grand basis of love for souls and belief in the efficacy of the Gospel. A little honesty was all that was needed.

The mission aims directly at conversion. It is not meddling with creeds, but with salvation. It works to save men. The churches have perfect confidence in it and give it united support. All the converts are urged to unite with the churches of their choice. No argument is ever used to persuade them away from the church which, by birth, education, or taste, they prefer. All denominations have received accessions through this work.

How the Services are Conducted.

About forty meetings a week are held in different parts of the city. They are very simple. After the song service in front of the hall, the exercises inside begin. A short Scripture lesson is read and explained by the leader. Prayer is offered and then follow the testimonies of the saved, and short exhortations, interspersed by prayer and song. The leader asks the unsaved, who are anxious, either to raise the hand, to stand up, or to come forward to the front bench, according to circumstances. There is seldom a meeting without some response.

To provide for so many meetings a week is no small undertaking. Some one person is made responsible for each meeting. He must either lead it, or provide a leader. It is his meeting and he knows he must look after it. At the main hall each meeting is in charge of a member of the Board. Some member of the Board has a general supervision over each branch, but each meeting at the branches has some person in immediate charge.

The executive committee, consisting of 150 to 200 members, is selected out of the churches. Those who become actively identified with the work are elected members. A part of these members are collectors. It is their business to collect the individual monthly pledges which have been made by members of their respective churches, by which the mission is supported. Over \$4,000 were collected and expended last year.

Unpaid Workers.

A feature of the work is its volunteer character. A missionary in charge of the main hall night and day, a lady visiting-missionary, and a missionary among the colored people, each receives a small compensation; but all the other workers serve without pay. In almost every branch some one person becomes superintendent, and attends every meeting without thought of compensation. This office of superintendent is an illustration of the natural development of the work. The superintendents are persons who have shown aptness for looking after details, seeing that no meeting is neglected, sometimes helping to preserve order, always making a record of the attendance and conversions. They are invaluable, and yet in most cases they occupy their places by natural selection rather than by election.

The Converts.

Over 2,000 people have professed conversion in five years. These converts range all the way from the tramp to the man of wealth. The list includes single men who were living irresponsible, worthless

lives; heads of families, in some cases entire families; young men and young women out of the congregations of the churches, prominent business men, politicians, women of ill-repute—in fact, representatives of all classes of society. *Are all the converts faithful?* Many of them are now active workers in leading churches. Some of them are officers in the churches. Many of them are tried workers who sustain branches. The convert of the mission are the most active and aggressive Christian workers in the city. Born in an atmosphere of activity, they become zealous and efficient helpers. Of course, not all are faithful. Some are long in other cities, and lost sight of. Some fall into sin in the face of those who helped to rescue them. Some have only the form of godliness without the power. But after making a large allowance for failures, there remains an army of saved men and women who have become a blessing to themselves, to the community, and to the church.

The statistics for the last year disclose the magnitude of the work. Number of services held, 2,139; number in attendance, 194,741; number of seekers, 3,849; number of professed conversions, 536; number of personal visits made, 7,848; number of tracts distributed, 3,385; number of *Bulletins* distributed, 174,000; expense of the work, \$4,120.25. This is the record for last year.

The mission publishes a weekly paper, the *Bulletin*, which has a circulation of about 4,000. It devoted almost exclusively to furnishing news of the work, and is regarded as an important aid to it.

The Gospel Wagon

is the most unique and successful agency devised for the Mission. Like other features it is an outgrowth of experience. A few zealous workers ventured into the streets for brief services, and to invite the people to come into the Mission. These services, timidly begun, grew to large proportions. Men commenced to speak of having been first awakened at the street-meetings. So numerous did these become that they attracted attention and brought the out-door meetings into prominence. Finally an omnibus was hired to transport the workers, carry the organ, and constitute a platform for the speakers. The first summer's experience demonstrated the utility of this agency. In one section alone about a hundred people were known to have been brought to Christ through the wagon service. The next year the wagon, a picture of which appears on the first page, was built for the purpose costing nearly \$800. The body is 20 feet long and 7 feet wide. The seats run lengthwise of the wagon and are reversible, so that the occupants may always face the audience at the sides. A section of the body at the middle of the wagon opens outward, and when open constitutes a platform 10 feet by 4 feet. From this the speaking is done. Three services are held on Sabbath afternoons, the audiences varying in size from 400 to 2,000. One of the services is always held at Market Space, corner of Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. Here an immense audience gathers every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock, and listens attentively about an hour and a half to the songs, sermons, and testimonies. The audience is composed, in part, of the throngs always passing to and fro on the avenue, and, in part, of people who come from other sections of the city to attend the service. It is probably the most remarkable audience which is assembled anywhere in the city. The tramp and the Senator, the house-breaker and the judge, stand side by side, equally interested in the simple, plain Gospel service. The wagon goes to conspicuous places, where the throngs pass, and it goes to remote byways, where the poor and the vicious huddle together. It is a marvellous agent of good, known to every citizen, and loved by thousands who have received a new inspiration from its meetings. The most prominent pastors of the city have addressed vast audiences from its platform, and the church without exception approve of this means of disseminating the Gospel.

The Characteristic Feature

of the mission work is the conviction that the people must be sought—there must not be any sitting down, waiting for them to come, but going forth "into the highways and hedges, and compelling them to come in." (Luke 14:23.) The street houses are visited every Sunday; women visit hospitals, others go to the homes, others carry invitation cards to the cheap lodging houses early in the evening, where they hold a song and prayer service, and invite the inmates to the evening meetings. At the balcony song service held be-

the indoor meeting begins, frequently hundreds of people stop and listen. Scores are brought into the meetings in this way.

The Mission Building

It is of late become entirely inadequate for the work. Hundreds are turned away from the hall every week, unable to gain admission. A movement is on foot to purchase a property on Pennsylvania Avenue, and erect a suitable building. The cost of the land on which to erect it will probably be from \$50,000 to \$75,000. But the mission is unwilling to leave the avenue. Location is everything for such a work as this. A building committee of responsible and well-known business-men has been organized, and the incipient stages of the movement have been passed. The greatness of the undertaking does not stagger the faith of those engaged in the enterprise, because they believe the blessing of the Lord and the hearts of the people with them. They do not propose to erect an elegant or extravagant building, but one adapted in its design to the purposes of the mission.

If further information about the work is desired, address the Board of Directors, Central Union Mission, 930 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C. Pray for the work! The responsibility of those engaged in it is immense. They ask for your prayers. God has so blessed it that every step to extend it should be taken under His direct guidance.

THE LABOR DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

THE accompanying illustration of the great meeting in New York on Thursday last, reproduced from sketch by our special artist, will interest our readers. Early in the evening the labor unions began mustering in the streets east and west of Broadway near Twenty-fifth Street. It showed a great deal of courage and enthusiasm on the part of the men on hand, for the rain which had been threatening all day began about 7 o'clock to descend in baking torrent. Nevertheless, the men held their ground, though probably twice as many would have been in the procession had the weather been fine. It was, fully five thousand men were in line at 8 o'clock when the procession entered Union Square, and took up its place before the platform erected in front of the cottage (as seen in the illustration). Foreigners who looked on the scene must have been impressed with the liberty that is enjoyed under the Stars and Stripes. Though the Government shows how to deal with Anarchists when they proceed from words to acts, as was proved in the case of the cowardly miscreants who threw dynamite in Chicago, and were executed for it in November, yet the largest liberty of speech is permitted. The red flags of the Anarchists were conspicuous in the procession, and some of the transparencies which the men carried bore ominous mottoes. Among them, beside those referring to the eight-hour principle, were: "We do not beg; we demand," "All we produce must be ours," "Toilers, arise! social revolution is approaching." There was considerable plain speaking, too, from the platform, especially from the one where German was spoken. But the crowd was orderly and good-natured in spite of the rain. No military, no extra police were needed, and the thousands of toilers departed early, and returned to their homes in peace. In Chicago, where the procession was four miles long, in St. Louis and other large cities, the same order was maintained, and the dreaded May-pasts passed peacefully.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Bride Made a Startling Confession After Marriage at Saratoga, N. Y., a few days ago. A press dispatch from that town says that at a wedding in the house of a well-known citizen a wedding took place which has but small promise of future happiness. There was plenty of merriment and gaiety, and the wedding ceremony went on to its conclusion without any sign of unpleasantness. But no sooner had the momentous words been spoken which united two lives, than the bride became painfully agitated, burst into tears, and cried out that she "had married the wrong man." Being pressed to explain, she said that she ought to have married the young man who had supported the bridegroom on the occasion. It was known by her friends that he had been a suitor for her hand, but in a fit of pique she had accepted his rival, and that he had not the courage to back out. When it was too late to remedy it she realized what she had done, and was so overpowered by her sense of the guilt and wickedness of her act that she could not

restrain the tell-tale words. Eventually she was calmed, and set out on the wedding-tour with her husband. A similar confession has been made by many people who have been under conviction of sin, and strongly inclined to accept Christ, but have gone back to the world. Too often the mistake has not been fully realized until the approach of death has revealed to the wrong-doer all the awful consequences of rejecting Christ and accepting the offer of the world, when there is neither time nor power to remedy the mistake. (II Pet. 2:20.)

The Granting of a Divorce Without Evidence is mentioned by an Indiana journal among the reminiscences of a certain judge. The applicant for relief was the wife of a man of temperate habits. As soon as the counsel had stated the case and was about to call witnesses, the judge interrupted him by inquiring if the respondent was the man of that name who had served in Company K of a certain Indiana regiment during the war. It was found that the man was the same. "You need go no further," said the judge, "the divorce is granted;" and judgment to that effect was accordingly entered. After court adjourned, the judge was reminded that no evidence had been given, and was asked why he had so summarily dealt with the case. "Why," said his Honor, "I know that fellow; he was in my company in the war, and I would never compel any woman to live with him who asked me for relief. There was no need of witnesses. I know him better than any witness does that could be brought here." What defence the respondent intended to make was not disclosed; but whatever it might have been, it would evidently not have availed with the judge's personal knowledge against him. In the last judgment all defence will be similarly futile, for He that will judge the world, "needeth not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man." (John 2:24, 25.)

The Strange Discovery of a Missing Will is reported in the Chicago Herald of April 22. It appears that a well-known citizen, who died in 1867, was supposed to have left no will. It occasioned considerable surprise, as he was worth nearly a million dollars, and would not have been satisfied with the distribution of his estate which the law prescribes for persons dying intestate. As the careful search that was made for the will failed to discover it, an administrator was appointed, who disposed of the estate according to law. The person who was most concerned in the search was the favorite niece of the deceased, who had often been told by her uncle that he had remembered her in his will. She was grievously disappointed by his apparent failure to keep his promise, and the more so as, since his death financial reverses have plunged her in extreme poverty. A short time ago a dilapidated sofa, which had once belonged to the deceased millionaire, was sent to the upholsterer to be repaired. In stripping the covering from it a yellow paper was found between the seat and the back, which proved to be the missing will. It had evidently been laid on the seat temporarily and had fallen accidentally into the hiding-place and remained there for more than twenty years. The niece now finds that all the hard thoughts she has had about her uncle since his death were unjust, and that he faithfully fulfilled his promise of providing for her in his will. The time is coming when Christians who now sometimes think God has not fulfilled His promises to them will discover that there has been no failure with Him, and that the temporary withholding of fulfilment has been a blessing in itself. (Hab. 2:3.)

How Mr. H. M. Stanley Saved a Man's Life after condemning him to death was described a few days ago in a lecture delivered in New York by an intimate friend of the illustrious explorer. He said that Stanley on one occasion being in urgent need of more porters than were at liberty in Zanzibar, consented to hire some men who were lying in the city prison. He did so on the solicitation of a Zanzibari chief, whom he held responsible for their good behavior. When they were far on their journey, and among hostile tribes, one of the men was caught selling rifles and ammunition to the enemy. Stanley determined to make an example of the man as a warning to the others, and ordered him to be put to death the following morning at daybreak. But the deed, necessary as it appeared to be, lay heavily on his mind, and he lay awake all night thinking if there was no way of saving the doomed man. Finally, before dawn, he sent for the sheikh who was responsible for him. When the sheikh came, Stanley showed him

that the safety of the whole company would be imperilled if arms were treacherously sold by the porters; but still he could not bear the thought of killing the offender. The sheikh said he should be glad if Stanley could think of some way of sparing him. Stanley said there was but one way: the sheikh must plead publicly for his life, and all his people must plead, and pledge themselves afresh to faithfulness, and undertake for the offender also. The next morning the whole company assembled at the place of execution, and the criminal was brought in, bound, with the rope around his neck. Stanley raised his hand to give the fatal signal, when the sheikh ran forward, and kneeling at Stanley's feet, begged for his life. Immediately the other porters came and joined in the plea, and the culprit wept and besought mercy. Stanley hesitated a moment, and then said: "Good; for your sakes I give his life." There was a shout of joy through the camp, and during the whole journey there was no more treachery. The semi-savages teach a lesson to Christians. If mercy to the offender secured their faithful service, what ought our lives to be, who have been saved from eternal death by the sacrifice of Christ! (Gal. 3:1.)

A Picture Which Cost a Life is in the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists which was opened in New York last week. It is called *Surf and Fog*, and the critics pronounce it a masterpiece. An eminent authority says that there is no other such accurate portrayal of the waves in existence. "Two breakers are curling in the middle distance; the foreground is a flat sweep of water and foam, the wreck of a past wave swirling away again; and over all spreads the mantle of fog, making of the sun a pale, red-bordered ball. The movement and quality of the water, the palpitating dampness of the air, the diffused light and single gleam of direct, silvery sunshine, and the exquisite, opalescent color, are rendered as never before." But the frame of the picture is covered with crape. To produce that masterpiece the artist set up his easel by the seashore, and the damp air, and the cutting breath of the sea killed him. He died before the public exhibition of his picture drew forth the encomiums which are being lavished upon it. Probably he did not realize, until too late, at what a fearful cost his triumph would be achieved, or he might not have been willing to give it. The fame which does not reach his ears is but poor compensation for the life he sacrificed to win it. Infinitely higher is the reward promised to missionaries and Christian workers, who "count not their lives dear" unto them if they win souls to Christ. (Acts 20:24.) They follow in His steps "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross." (Heb. 12:2.)

The Strange Romance of an Umbrella is Reported from Saratoga, N. Y. A wealthy gentleman of that town some time ago purchased an umbrella. After carrying it for a week or two he was one day detained in a storm for some time. He congratulated himself on having his new umbrella with him. Looking up into it to see how it stood the heavy downpour, his eye caught a name and an address which he had not noticed before. It was the name of a lady in Sheffield, England, who had been employed in the manufacture of the umbrella. In a joking mood he wrote to the lady, congratulating her on her workmanship, and she sent a modest letter of thanks. To this the gentleman replied, expressing the hope that if the lady ever visited America she would call upon him. Recently she did come to this country, but did not go to Saratoga. She was visiting some friends in the Adirondacks, where the purchaser of the umbrella happened to meet her, and on being introduced to her he recognized the name as that of his correspondent. The acquaintance thus formed developed so rapidly that on April 22 they were married, and the umbrella she had assisted in making in England protected her and her husband from the rain as they walked from the church to their carriage. It may be hoped that the incident which led to their acquaintance may be typical of their married life, and as the husband first knew of his wife through being sheltered in a storm by her handiwork, so, now that he has won her love, he may find in her affection a refuge and a shelter in the storms of life. There are many Christians whose daily communion with God has been their joy and delight for many years and in all circumstances, who were first led to know Him as their Father when, in some storm of trouble, and needing help, they looked upward. (Psa. 18:6, 17.)

THE REVELATION OF THE TIMES.*

A Reply Misunderstood—Applied to Circumstances then Existing—No Discouragement of Study Intended—Concealment of Clues Until the Last Times—Light Given to the Generation Concerned—The Diligent Student Alone Enlightened—The Double Fulfilment—The Predicted Interest in Israel's Welfare.

"WHEN they therefore were come together, they asked of Him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And He said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." (Acts 1: 6, 7.)

This answer certainly could not have been intended, as many have imagined, to discourage all investigation into the period when Jehovah will accomplish those glorious promises of prosperity to His Church and happiness to the world, upon which, in every age, He has caused His people to hope.

For whilst that particular knowledge which the disciples sought might have been altogether unsuitable to their peculiar circumstances, it by no means followed that it would be unsuitable to the circumstances of the Church, in some future and more developed age; or that some *data*, by which it may be known when

The Period is at Hand

would not be vouchsafed unto it. And if such *data* be afforded, it must be obvious that, so far from its being sinful and presumptuous to endeavor to investigate them, it is the bounden duty, of those whom God has set as "watchmen upon her walls," and whom He has endowed with "understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do;" that they may from time to time declare to the Church her peculiar position. And if, as is now the case with many, they have ground for concluding that *the time of her Lord's advent is at hand*, to sound the alarm, that that day may not overtake her members "as a thief," but may find them prepared to be caught up to meet Him.

That the "times and seasons" should be involved in even considerable obscurity, upon reflection can excite no surprise. Many wise and holy ends are plainly answered by it. The very difficulty of ascertaining them, and the degree of labor it has required to arrive at certainty, with respect to

The Prophetic Periods,

has tended to keep up a most important interest in the events to be accomplished. It has, especially, tended to keep the Church in that waiting, hoping, expectant posture which the Scripture enjoins.

God therefore wisely concealed "the times and seasons," under dates which could not be immediately understood, and symbols which could not at once be apprehended; and He so concealed them that He might reserve to Himself the power of communicating the light which is essential to understand them, in such proportions and at such particular times as the circumstances of the Church and the world might render necessary.

Yet sometimes good people who should be deeply interested in the national restoration of Israel to their own land, in the coming of the Messiah, and the blessings consequent upon it, are found treating with a feeling bordering on scorn the labors of those devoted men who have

"Searched Diligently"

into the period of their accomplishment, and are frowning upon all investigations of the subject. Yet, where is the science whose principles have been immediately apprehended? Where is the science upon which, in the first instance, laborious investigation has not been bestowed apparently in vain? And yet the principles of that science have at length been discovered, and something like certainty and consistency arrived at, which could never have been the case had the failures of some men to ascertain them been deemed a sufficient reason why no further investigation of them should have taken place.

An acquaintance with the Prophetic periods does not belong to that kind of knowledge which is intended to be immediately understood, or which has an immediate bearing upon the every-day actions and experience of the Christian life, as is the case with a large portion of Scripture truth; it forms part of that wisdom which may be properly termed "hidden," and which must be consequently sought for as for silver, and searched for as for hid treasure. Holiness of heart is

An Essential Qualification

to understand them. This is plain: "None of the wicked shall understand." (Dan. 12: 10.) So that,

* An extract from *Israel's Return*, published in 1840.

however acute may be the natural understanding of the ungodly, and however versed in human learning, they will be "in darkness," as to the prophetic periods, and "that day will overtake them as a thief." Heavenly illumination, in addition to holiness of heart, is another essential requisition in understanding the symbolical dates of Scripture. This is plain, not only from the declaration of the angel, "The wise shall understand," but from the declaration of the apostle, "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six." (Rev. 13: 18.) And sure I am, that notwithstanding not a few have failed to apprehend the prophetic dates, yet a *period will come* when, to some individual or individuals "beloved of God," the wisdom which is essential to find them out will be communicated, that, like Daniel, they may "understand by books" that the time of the captivity of Israel is about to close, and may devoutly prepare the Christian Church for the eventful era, and when "the Redeemer shall come to Zion to turn away ungodliness from Jacob," many, like Simeon and Anna in the temple, will be "waiting for the consolation of Israel;" for "surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets." (Amos 3: 7.)

With regard to the *period* of Israel's return,

The Dates in Daniel,

of 2,300, 1,260, 1,290, and 1,335 days, have been the ground upon which many, if not most, of these calculations have rested, these days having been usually regarded as symbolical of years; and to this mode of counting them there can, I think, be no solid objection, provided it be not intended to *confine* them to such a signification, or to exclude their *literal* accomplishment in *days* at some subsequent period; since I cannot but consider that the predictions connected with them are yet to be accomplished in the exact amount of *days* mentioned in them; and, also, that every prophetic date will, at some future time, be precisely verified; in which case "days" will be found to be *days*, "weeks" *weeks*, "months" *months*, and "years" *years*.

But as, in their literal signification, the prophetic dates would occupy in their longest course but a very limited space of time indeed, it is plain that, without a mystical or symbolical interpretation of them, they could be of no real guide or service to the Church in

The Intermediate Period;

and that under such circumstances she would be wholly in the dark, and must so continue, as to how far the night of her captivity is advanced, and how near the day of her redemption is at hand. And to suppose that whilst "the day and the hour" may be concealed to excite to continual watchfulness, yet that Jehovah would leave His people altogether in the dark, upon a point of such immense importance to them, is to suppose that He would do that which does not at all accord with the analogy of His earlier procedure towards them. For surely He who revealed the *duration* of Israel's captivity in Egypt, and that of their subsequent captivity in Babylon, would also reveal the duration of that long and great captivity under which they are now suffering; and yet, unless we interpret "days" as years, I am not aware that there is any such revelation to be found. But that we may so interpret them, we seem to have the authority of God Himself: "And your children shall wander in the wilderness forty years—until your carcasses be wasted in the wilderness. After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, *each day for a year*, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years." (Num. 14: 33, 34.) To Ezekiel it was said, in reference to a period of forty days: "I have appointed thee *each day for a year*" (ch. 4: 4-6). In addition to the above authority for considering "days" to be symbolical of years, the "seventy weeks" (Dan. 9: 24), have, by many able and learned commentators, been regarded as weeks of years; so that from the edict given in the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, to the death of Christ, when Messiah, the Prince, was cut off, sixty-nine weeks, or 483 years, were accomplished.

If, then, we are justified in counting "days" for years we shall be able to form at least

A Probable Calculation

of the duration of Israel's present captivity. For when "another saint said unto that certain saint which spake, How long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice, and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be

trodden under foot? And he said unto me, Unto *thousand and three hundred days*; then shall sanctuary be cleansed." (Dan. 8: 13, 14.) Now the epoch at which these 2,300 years, as we exclude them to be, had their commencement, Habershon has supposed, either B. C. 457, w Artaxerxes' commission was given to Ezra, or B. C. 445, when it was given to Nehemiah then the 2, years will end either in 1844 or in 1856, as the year when "the cleansing of the sanctuary" will begin.

Without presuming to assert that the end of period of 2,300 years above stated will be that Israel's return to Palestine, or the termination of their captivity, it is deserving of very attentive consideration in connection with the fact that the people, which for so many ages have been "scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden down, while land rivers have spoiled," are, together with the country, exciting peculiar interest; and, after centuries of cruelty and injustice, are "lifting up their heads," in joyful anticipation of their speedy deliverance from captivity, and return again to Zion.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Weak Yet Strong.*

He stood in the shadow of worlds unseen,
And his brow and cheek were pale
With the power of temptation that raged within;
'Gainst the high resolve broke the waves of sin,
With a fury that must prevail.

He had torn his heart with an iron will,
As a vulture his prey might tear;
He had said to the tumult of evil, "Be still;"
But the rising billows had mocked him, till
He wrestled with grim despair.

He had cast the witching demon aside,
And trampled with scorn its power;
Then slept in the strength of his manhood's pride,
And awakened, to hear his foes deride,
Fast bound in the tempter's bower.

He stood to-night with his strength o'erpast,
A bruised and helpless thing.
The "body of death" to his soul bound fast:
One star of hope risen, singly and last,
Through the blackness o'ershadowing.

And the torrent of prayer in his heart arose
And broke on his lips with a moan;
And he saw, where the slow-curdling mists unclosed,
A fountain smitten, whence healing flowing flows
And the power of the tempter was gone.

Suffering.

Suffering, suffering!
Wilt thou repine?
'Tis the hammer that breaks thee,
The chisel that shapes thee
Into the image divine.
Wouldst thou retain the excrescence?
Wouldst thou forego the pure essence
Of divinity mingling with thine
Own spirit, to sweeten, refine?
Nay, though ye writhe in an anguish unspoken,
Let the misshapen rock be broken and broken.
Suffering one, know ye not by this token,
Ye shall rise to a heritage holy and grand,
Where none but the perfected ever shall stand,
Souls shaped to the image of God by His hand?

Suffering, suffering!
How can ye know
What beauty and brightness,
What marvellous whiteness,
The finished work will show?
Into what soul-elevation,
Into what sacred elation
Ye may expand and expand,
Upborne by His fashioning hand:
Held nearer and nearer to the heart of His love,
While dearer and dearer His sympathies prove,
And, for joy in the sweet ministration,
For love of divine consolation,
For hope in His fair, new creation,
Ye pray not that pain be diminished,

* From *Ziona, the Bride of the King, and Miscellaneous Poems*. By Harriet Warner Re Qua. Our readers who seen the earlier volume from the pen of this gifted lady, and *Stones for the Temple*, will be glad to learn that she has deduced this new volume. All the sweetness and beauty of former volume appear again here, with a still deeper spirit and tenderness. Mrs. Re Qua has reached in her experience the hardships and trials of missionary life, a higher level, not of literary merit but of finer and clearer perception of the connection between the life of the Christian on earth and hidden life beyond the veil. We are informed that the profit of the sale of this work will all be devoted to the support of mission which Mrs. Re Qua and her husband are carrying among the Indians. It is a volume of 226 pages, beautifully bound, and may be had, by sending \$1.25 to Mrs. H. W. Re Qua, McAlester, Ind.

ut only that His work be finished; while the 'finer shall smile on the power of His grace, the heart of the creature reflecting His face, and the fire of the furnace shall change for the flood of glory and praise in the presence of God.

"These Light Afflictions."

These light afflictions," but long ago They seemed so heavy, and oppressed with pain, like an overfreighted barque, that, settling slow, Engulfs the brine and seeks no shore again; My soul sank; and the waters cold and dim, praised their slimy arms to take me in.

There was one refuge, and I lifted up My hand in the moist darkness, till I gained the golden cord love infinite did drop Through the unlighted distance, and, enchained by its bright circlet, yet divinely free, I rose and followed where He called for me.

Now are they "light afflictions," for His hand Beneath the life-consuming load He laid; I only feel the touch divine, and stand Even in the tempest nevermore afraid: The King's crown a burden? Does the gem dishonor Him that decks His diadem?

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for May 18, Luke 9:28-36; Golden Luke 9:35.

's Avowal of Faith—What it Indicated—Fitness Receive a Revelation—Salvation Purchased for n by Suffering—The Way of the Cross Trying to man Nature—A Problem Propounded—The King- p of Christ Declared—The Prayer on the Mountain the glory of God Reflected—The Two Represent- res of Law and Prophecy—The Subject of the Con- nance—Peter's Suggestion—Selfish Forgetfulness of ost World—Why the Disciples were Powerless to al the Epileptic.

AYER was the standing occupation of the , to which He returned habitually when free other occupations. It is our wondrous priv- to, to live in an atmosphere of prayer, to re "as seeing Him who is invisible." (Heb. 11:27) It came to pass as He was alone, praying (i. e., nly one of the company thus occupied), His les were with Him, and He asked them, say-Whom say the people that I am? They, an- ang, said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; others say, that one of the old prophets is risen He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? Peter, answering, said, The Christ of God," anointed. There was at least one heart g the disciples who had seen His wondrous s, which understood Him in a measure; and, as Peter's faith was, and followed as it was ich inconsistency, it was nevertheless dear to and He said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar- for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16:17) But this knowledge the disciples must secret until the Son of man should be risen the dead. And now, for the first time, now one of His own followers had recognized in the Lord's Anointed, He spake to them of His g sufferings.

"The Son of Man Must Suffer"

things, and be rejected of the elders and priests and scribes, and be slain, and be raised iird day." There was no response; the disci- heology did not admit of a suffering Saviour; rds of life found no entrance, but lay buried r memories until the facts they foretold came s, and on the resurrection morning they were ded by the angels in the empty sepulchre. the Master's path is always the disciple's in easure, and He who was but now acknowl- as the Christ of God said to them all, "If any ill come after me, let him deny himself, and p his cross daily, and follow me. For whoso- ill save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will s life for my sake, the same shall save it." The f man took His life in order to lay it down; es us His life, that we may have the privilege ng down our own for His sake. But the way cross is an unwelcome way to the natural of man. Every instinct of the natural heart to self-preservation, self-exaltation, self-con- ness, anything but the denial, or ignoring, of Every man strives for mastery, for superiority, e has learned in the school of Christ that he ing, and can do nothing; and then the life ist within him seeks to get rid of the death, e learns to lose his life, take up his cross, and Jesus in a path of self-renouncement. Then ad to be nothing; like his Master, he learns

to "suffer many things," and to "be rejected;" he can be poor in spirit under great provocation, be- cause the life of Jesus within makes it easy to him.

And the Lord asks the question, "What is a man advantaged, if he

Gain the Whole World,

and lose himself or be cast away?" Let a man pos- sess the whole world, and then sit down and weep, as Alexander did, that there are no more kingdoms to conquer, and, at the age of thirty, leave behind him the conquered world, and go bankrupt into a lost eternity—what does he gain? He is immortal, he must face the fact; he has gained applause for a few short hours, and lost his soul forever!

"The Christ of God," however, is a King, and a king must have a kingdom. If Jesus was to suffer and be slain, how could He reign? He spake of coming "in His own glory, and His Father's, and of the holy angels," but the indifferent disciples do not so much as make an inquiry about it; and then He declared to them, "I tell you, of a truth, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God." The disciples had no idea of anything but an earthly kingdom. How should He make them understand that His kingdom is not of this world? Eight days passed by, and no record is given of those days. The deepest interests of the Master had awakened no response in the hearts of the disciples. Those days are lost days in which we fail to understand our Lord. Eight days after "He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." Misunderstood, even by His own disciples, He was at large in the presence of His Father. "And as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was al- tered, and His raiment was white and glistening."

"As He Prayed,"

as He was face to face with His Father, His back turned toward the things of time and sense, light from heaven and heavenly glory came upon Him. Men who pray much are easily recognized; they re- flect the glory which they behold as in a glass, and they are "changed into the same image, from glory to glory." (II Cor. 3:18.) "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory." Here was the King in His kingdom, a kingdom of resurrection men. There was Moses, whom God buried, and Elijah, who had been taken to heaven without dying; death had no power over either, and the subject of their converse was the death of Jesus "which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." This subject, so incom- prehensible, so distasteful, to the disciples was the one thing which occupied these holy men in this short visit to the earth to do glory to God's anoint- ed. They knew now that from that death of Christ alone could eternal life proceed for the salvation of a ruined world: Moses, by whom the law came, was learning of God's grace now, and Elijah was witness to something more than fire from heaven, for he saw in Christ Him "which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." (John 6:33.) They could see what the disciples could not see, that His kingdom was "an everlasting king- dom" (Dan. 7:27), a kingdom within, which "is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14:17), and Moses and Elijah would well understand that "if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law." (Gal. 3:21.) But in the holy light of God they had seen the absolute failure of man to keep the law of a holy God, and their interests, like their Lord's, were in man's re- demption through the blood of Christ, the one offering for a guilty world.

"But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep." The atmosphere of heaven in which they so suddenly found themselves was too much for their human life. They had not the Holy Ghost dwelling in them to show them the things of Christ. "The natural man" failed them, and while the most intense interests of humanity were the theme, they slept. It was the same in Gethsemane. It is only when we take our place as "crucified with Christ," and "alive unto God through" Him alone, that the blessed Spirit can wake us from our sleep and show us heavenly things. But there was a moment of awaking, and then the self-life which Jesus only eight days before had been teach- ing them to deny, came to the front again, and Peter, seeing the glory, said: "Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." The very man who was repulsed by hear- ing of the coming sufferings of Christ, and who had

said, "Pity thyself, Lord, this shall not be unto thee" (Matt. 16:22, margin), is quite ready to ap- preciate the glory. But Peter had yet to learn that only if "we suffer with Him, we shall be also glori- fied together." (Rom. 8:17.) Now are many ready for glory if only they may escape suffering, but this is not God's way. He leads through the cross to the crown, through death to life, through humili- ation to glory. "It is good for us." When Jesus chose His twelve disciples, it was that they might minister to others. But Peter's self-love would abide on the mount in the glory, and leave the lost world unsaved.

While Peter spoke, God covered the disciples with a cloud, "and they feared as they entered into the cloud;" the heavenly visitors were hidden, there remained "no man save Jesus only." (Matt. 17:8.) "And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, hear Him." It was just what they had failed to do; they had not heard Him, nor could they take in the words of life He gave until He had breathed upon them and they had received the Holy Ghost; "then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." (John 20:22; Luke 24:45.)

"It Is Good for Us

to be here." Jesus did not say so; there were sinners to be saved, sick to be healed, and devils to be cast out, down in the plain, and the same anointed Jesus whose glory they had seen in the mount, was going down with them. It is as good for the worker as for the souls he wins, that he should go down into the toil and struggle and heavy atmosphere, where sin and sorrow, sickness and death, are to be found. A time upon the mount is good now and then, when God leads to it. But shall we stay up there and leave Jesus alone to go down amid the sorrow and trouble and strife? "If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be." (John. 12:26.) "As He is, so are we in this world." (I John 4:17.) So long as Jesus comes down with us we have nothing to fear, and any attempt to prolong blessing on the mountain when Jesus calls to the plain will be utterly useless.

It was a strange revulsion of feeling which must have taken possession of them when, their eyes hardly recovered from the glory they had looked upon, the first object which met their sight was a poor epileptic young man surrounded by a crowd. As soon as they saw Jesus, they made their way to Him. "And, behold, a man of the company cried out, saying, Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son, for he is mine only child; and lo, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it tear- eth him that he foameth again; and bruising him, hardly departeth from him." There was here every symptom of epilepsy, that terrible scourge which is so common, and which so often results from secret sin. But the father's story is not all told, "And I brought him to thy disciples to cast him out, and they could not." Once Jesus was powerless, "He could there do no mighty works, . . . and He mar- velled because of their unbelief." (Mark 6:5, 6.) But in this case it was

The Disciples' Unbelief

(Matt. 17:19, 20), and probably the dispute among them, by the way, as to who should be the greatest, had much to do with their unbelief. In measure as we see ourselves large and we want to be prominent, we are weak in our faith toward God; it is the lowly and the little who most understand Him. "Jesus, answering, said, Oh faithless and per- verse generation! How long shall I be with you, how long shall I suffer you?" Oh how often the heart of Jesus must have bled, that He was so little trusted! and yet His patience held out. "Bring thy son hither"—from disciples to the Saviour—then there will be deliverance.

Oh how the enemy raged when one who was bound was brought face to face with Jesus! "As he was yet a-coming, the demon threw him down and tare him." Fear not, when you need some great deliverance, if every power of hell seems to be spread on your soul, perhaps on your body too, it is a sign of coming freedom. "Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the child, and delivered him to his father. And they were all amazed at the mighty power of God" But Jesus took occasion again to remind His disciples of His coming suffer- ings, by virtue of which He had healed the child, "But they understood not this saying, and it was hid from them that they perceived it not; and they feared to ask Him of that saying." Their hearts were otherwise occupied "reasoning . . . which of them should be the greatest."

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THE CHILDREN OF THE STREET.

It has come to be a question of stupendous import, What is to be done with the destitute children of our country, or the ragamuffins, as society contemptuously calls them? We must act upon them, or they will act upon us. We must Christianize them, or they will heathenize us. All over this land, what multitudes of the homeless, and the houseless, and the godless! Could you gather them all together, what a scene of rags and filth and hunger and desolation! If you could see those little feet on the broad way to death, which through Christian charity, ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if you could hear the words of cursing blistering those lips which ought to be singing the praises of God; if you could see those hearts which, at that age, ought not to have been soiled by one vile thought, already become the sewers of iniquity through which floats the most disgusting depravity; if you could see these suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and scalded with a baptism of fire from the very lava of the pit, your soul would recoil from the scene crying, "Begone, thou dream of hell!" The Spartans who threw their sickly children to the wild beasts, were merciful compared with that stolid indifference which, in this age, would give up the destitute youth of our country to be eaten up of their own depravity.

These so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life, will flame into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul; and that which was intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, will be a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust. That petty thief who slipped into your store, and took a yard of cloth from your counter, will be the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money-safe, and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step, and blood-shot eye, and drunken hoot, they will come on, gathering recruits from every grog-shop and den of infamy, to take the ballot-box, and hurrah at the elections. The great, hard-knotted fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of sobriety and intelligence. Men bloated, and with the signature of crime burned in from the top of their forehead to the bottom of their chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at mid-day. Industry, in her plain frock, with her

hand at the spindle, will be unappreciated, while multitudes of able-bodied men will wander about in utter idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying, "The world owes us a living." Oh, what a terrible force there is in iniquity, when uneducated, unrestrained, and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum, until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks! Cold indifference meets these destitute ones, and says, "What a pity! but it can't be helped." The law meets them, and says, "Blackwell's Island and Sing Sing are the places for you." Fashionable fastidiousness meets them, and gathering up its robes, says, "They are so dirty, I cannot bear to have them touch me." But genuine Christian charity stretches forth its arms and says, "Come in your rags and desolation."

Some have said, "Let the Church, through its regular services, do this work." We reply, there are a great multitude of the destitute who do not come under the ministrations of the pulpit. "Oh," said a poor boy to a good man, who reproved him for wickedness, "it is very easy for you, mister, to be good, but, I tell you, we poor chaps hain't got no chance. My father died when I was very small. I have to pick rags for a living, and when I can't get the rags I has to steal. You see we poor chaps hain't got no chance." When they got up from their hands and knees to walk, their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths, and wilder despair, and deeper darkness. And we who have been ordained to preach the gospel may stand in our pulpit till the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, and we will not reach them. There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad—very bright or very ignorant—and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness, or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations achieved, and temptations combatted, and immortal souls jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won. Call up that child; push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarred, and pinched, and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart? Every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Clarksons, and Mofats, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back seat of the mission-school. There they are! Playing marbles in the low alley; their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in double columns there is printed on their countenance a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath-schools will do their work. Tract and Bible societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years. Stand back and let them pass on! The long procession of Christians, and philanthropists, and heroes, and reformers, and statesmen! And let our prayers go with them, and all Christian influences attend them, long after we have unbuckled the sword of the conflict and gone home to rest.

HEALTH.

In taking diagnoses of the diseases of the soul you must take the diagnoses of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and a miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. And an estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete.

Let Christian people avoid the mistake that there are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope of heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin-deep in the Slough of Despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is a gastric disorder. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your sin in dejections and forebodings. The devil is at you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. You are just as sure of heaven though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eshcol grapes beforehand and that you shall have nothing but prickly-pears and crab-apple. You are just as good now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"

ALL JOIN.

ONE characteristic of a live church is the fact that all the people participate in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ loft while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around lonely and unbefriended and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody made unto the Lord. In heaven they all sing though some there cannot sing half so well as others. The Methodist Church has sung all around the world, and gone from conquest to conquest among other things, because it is a singing church and any Christian church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty will go from triumph to triumph. A church of God that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. We go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn-book in the other. Oh ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord, and have fallen out of the habit, take your harps from the willow

CURRENT EVENTS.

Scene that Deserves to Live in History was witnessed in the State Department, in Washington, April 28. Representatives of nine of the American republics met there on that day and signed the final treaty of arbitration. They were the Ministers of the United States, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Honduras, Bolivia, Ecuador, Hayti and the United States of Brazil. It is expected that more signatures and seals will be added soon, it is hoped that the signatures of all the Powers be secured in the course of the summer and autumn. Several of the delegates remained over, at the inconvenience, to complete their adhesion to the treaty. Great enthusiasm is felt at the State Department over the rapid progress of so important a measure. It was explained that the International Conference could only recommend, and that it was regularly accredited ministers plenipotentiary whose signatures were necessary to remit the treaty confirmation to their respective governments. There is still some doubt as to the ratification of the treaty by the Senate, as it precludes the Government from interfering by force for the protection of United States citizens who may be unjustly treated in the countries concerned.

Severe Blow to Prohibition was Dealt by the United States Supreme Court on April 28. The decision submitted to the court was, whether liquor labels and sealed cases might be sent from another State into Iowa and sold there in spite of the Prohibition amendment to the State Constitution. The contention of the liquor men was, that the State has no power under the Constitution of the United States to regulate inter-state commerce. The majority of the court decided that the liquor so imported from another State might be sold in the original packages, and any law prohibiting such was unconstitutional. A minority of the court, comprising Justices Gray, Harlan, and Brewer, dissented. They held that the sale, under the conditions named, rendered the Prohibition law inoperative, and that Congress never intended the Interstate-Commerce law to apply to such a case. The prohibitionists will now have to apply to Congress for remedy, and the first step in that direction has already been taken. A bill is now before the Senate, reported favorably from the Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, prohibiting the transportation of intoxicating liquor into Prohibition States, contrary to their laws.

Authoritative Statement on the Indian Question was made recently in Boston by General James J. Morgan, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Speaking at a meeting of the societies which have labored persistently on behalf of the Indians, he declared that there were no insuperable obstacles to the complete assimilation of all the Indian tribes with the whites. There are but 250,000 Indians, and they could, he believed, be absorbed into our national life as easily and by the same methods as we have absorbed millions of Irish, Germans, and other nationalities. The three great remedial factors in the problem were public opinion, legislative and administrative land-law, and education. The appropriation for Indian education had been very considerably increased if we would only have an elevation of the moral of the Indian service. A practical proof of the capacity of the Indian for development was given at the same meeting by address by Charles E. Eastman, a young Sioux, graduate of Dartmouth College, who is now pursuing a theological course in this city with the intention of returning to his tribe as a missionary.

New York at Last has a Prospect of Honest Elections. After passing several ballot-reform bills having them vetoed by the Governor, the Legislature has passed a compromise measure, which passed on Friday last. It is cumbersome in some details, and there are provisions in it which cause confusion and the loss of some votes, but it is a great improvement on the present system. It is a modified form of the Australian system, which has been adopted by several States, and has been found to work satisfactorily. The chief difference between the New York system is, that instead of having candidates' names printed on one sheet of paper, as the Australian system requires, the ticket for each party is printed on a separate slip, and provisions are made for pasting where the voter desires a composite ticket. He is to receive from the election inspectors a full set of ballots, and these are to be put into a compartment where he cannot be seen. There he selects the ticket which he wishes to vote and hands it, so folded that its con-

tents cannot be detected, to the inspector and it is put into the ballot-box. He must also produce the ballots he does not use and these are put into another receptacle. The plan prevents any attempt at intimidation and renders bribery an uncertain business, as there can be no proof that the man who takes a bribe votes as he is paid to do.

It is Proposed to Adopt in the Senate the New rule which Speaker Reed has enforced in the House. Mr. Sherman has formally introduced a motion authorizing the Vice-president, whenever the question arises of a quorum being present, to count as present Senators who are actually in the Senate Chamber, but do not vote. He thought that every Senator present should vote unless he had paired; but if he chose not to put himself on record on any question his presence ought to be noted when the Vice-president was called upon to decide if a quorum was present. Mr. Sherman incidentally declared his conviction that the Speaker of the House was justified under the Constitution in acting on the new rule which has caused so much debate.

The Pope is Making an Effort to Solve the Labor problem. His plan is outlined in a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne, published April 30. He thinks that all efforts should be directed to inducing people to correct their habits, and habituate themselves to conform their public and private life to the doctrine and example of Christ. "It would," he says, "be well if, in the questions agitating the various classes, the precepts of justice and charity are not violated, and that the differences, which by chance arise, might be settled by the paternal and authoritative intervention of the holy priests. They should endeavor to render the discomforts of their present life more tolerable to the poor, and the Church should not serve as a foment of cupidity or extravagance, but urge them to acquire treasures more precious in heaven." The difficulty which the priests will be likely to meet in getting the attention of the workmen to the Pope's advice will lie in the fact that the warning against cupidity and extravagance is directed to the poor, while the poor believe that it is the rich who are in need of that warning.

The British Government's Scheme for Settling the Irish Land question was tentatively adopted by the House of Commons on May 1. It passed its second reading by a majority of eighty, and has now to go through the ordeal of debate on details in Committee. A significant feature of the debate was Mr. Chamberlain's admission that he does not approve of the bill. He had no principle in common with the Conservatives, with whom he has been acting, except their Irish policy, and it is therefore singular that he should disagree with them on this also. He said that he was in favor of incorporating to some extent Mr. Parnell's proposals in the Government's bill. He admitted the strength of the objection to hypothecating Irish local resources without the consent of the Irish people, and agreed that the Government's assuming the position of landlord would pave the way to friction and possibly to danger. It is expected that before the bill is finally passed Mr. Chamberlain will propose important amendments.

Prince Jerome Napoleon Has Addressed a vituperative letter to the President of the French Republic. It is ostensibly a complaint of a visit to M. Carnot recently paid to the birthplace of Napoleon I., but its main object is evidently to remind the French people that he represents the Napoleonic tradition. He asks in the course of his letter: "What is there in common between the First Consul, who in the space of a few months made a new France, and your government, with its work of daily disorganization? What is there in common between the Emperor, who fell a victim to the very grandeur of his system, and your parliamentary régime, which is dying of its own impotency? How can you, who, proscribing me, his heir, dare to pay hypocritical homage to the cradle of that great man? Confine yourself to being the head of a party government which is ruining and degrading France. Enjoy your salaries and places, occupied rather than filled, but leave us our souvenirs and our misfortunes, and do not insult me in my exile by an act of bravado."

The Labor Demonstrations in the European capitals on May 1, did not justify the apprehensions entertained before the event. For the greater part the processions and meetings were orderly, and the speakers emphatically declaimed against violation of law. They were unanimous in declaring for an eight-hour day, which was the main feature of

the demonstration. The anarchists and socialists had little encouragement anywhere to take the lead in the movement. In Vienna there was no disturbance whatever, though sixty mass-meetings were held and sixty thousand workmen were on the Prater. In Paris the streets were crowded, but few arrests were made and good order prevailed. In London, large meetings were held in Hyde Park at which incendiary speeches were made, but there was no disturbance. In Berlin the demonstration was small and most of the workmen remained at work and took no part in it. Only in one town—that of Turcoing in the north of France, was there a serious riot. There a large number of strikers, estimated at forty thousand, were reinforced by other strikers from the neighboring town of Roubaix, and some excesses were committed. A force of military was sent from Paris to assist in quelling the disorder.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Temperance Congress, announced to be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, has been postponed to June 11-12.

The Baptist year book, just issued, shows that the number of Baptists in the United States is 3,070,047. During 1889 144,575 new members were baptized.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, and for years a pastor in Australia, is to undertake evangelistic work in New Zealand next June, under the auspices of the Baptist Union.

Dr. Pentecost's work at Saltcoats, Scotland, which lasted two weeks, has borne the richest fruit among the young, as was evident at the thanksgiving service held the night after he left, and attended by 300 professed converts.

The Chicago Bible Society has just celebrated the end of the first half century of its existence. The total circulation of copies of the Scriptures by this society in fifty years, by gift or sale, aggregates \$41,912. The aggregate receipts from sales and donations amount to \$228,331.

The arrangements for the ninth International Convention of Christian Endeavor societies, to be held in St. Louis, June 12-15, are progressing in a most satisfactory manner. A reduced rate of one fare for the round trip has been granted by nearly all the principal railroads throughout the country.

Rev. George C. Needham has been holding union meetings at Augusta, Ga. Five churches joined in the services, and there was a rich blessing. His services at Macon, Ga., were also fruitful in many conversions. Mr. Needham has now gone to his home at Manchester, Mass., for a brief rest, before resuming work in the fall in the South.

The International Missionary Union will hold its seventh annual meeting at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 11-18. The papers and discussions will embrace themes of general interest to missionaries. Information about the meetings or the Union may be obtained from the Rev. J. F. Gracey, D. D., No. 183 Glenwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that the sacred Scriptures were last year translated into six fresh languages. The number of tongues in which this society now publishes the Bible is thus increased to 300. Fifty years ago it was published in 150 tongues. The society distributed 4,206,000 volumes during the year.

Bishop William Taylor has returned to this country from Africa, on a visit. He is full of hope, and brings cheering reports of the progress of the work in the Dark Continent. He expects to remain about four months, and will speak and preach on behalf of the mission in many of our large cities. On Sunday, April 27, he gave an address in Jane Street Church, New York.

The Sixth International Sunday School Convention of the United States and British North American Provinces, will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24-27. The sessions will be held in the Mechanical Hall of the Exposition Building, on Duquesne Way. Three sessions will be held daily. Full particulars as to reduction on railroad fares may be obtained from Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the Jerry McAuley Mission, in Water Street, New York, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 2, desires to thank several readers of the paper for gifts received since the article on the Mission appeared, but whom he was not able to thank personally because they did not send their names. They are from towns in New York State, Wisconsin, Florida, and several other States, and some from Canada. Mr. Hadley assures them that their gifts were extremely welcome, and are being used in the work of clothing and feeding the poor who come to the Mission needing material as well as spiritual help.

A religious newspaper printed in China has the following: At Peking there is a pious lady, the wife of a foreign merchant, who spends her time in doing good. One day she went on a visit to the home of a Manchu lady of high rank. She took copies of the Holy Scriptures. A young lady was present who took great interest in the conversation. She heard the old story of the Gospel of Jesus, who died for a world of sinners. The young lady bent forward to catch every word, and when the Christian visitor had concluded, she said: "I am glad you have come to tell me this. Some day I will have a place built where people can meet to worship this God and hear this Gospel preached." This young lady is now the Empress of China.

A TEST AND A DECLARATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

1 Pet. 2:7.

A Sure Test of Faith—Men who are Less Respected the More They are Known—I. What Christ is to His People—How They Show Him to be Precious—By Trusting Everything to Him—Can Never Speak Well Enough of Him—Nor Do Enough for Him—Three Essentials to Preciousness—Rarity, Intrinsic Value, Usefulness—II. Faith Makes Christ Precious—It Perceives His Value—Appropriates Him—To Doubting Men He is not Precious—III. What Believers Receive from Him—Honor—Association—Glory With Him at His Coming.

HERE we have no far-fetched statement; it belongs to every-day life. Those now present who believe can verify it on the spot: as believers, they can tell us whether the Lord Jesus is precious to them or not. We are not now about to consider an abstruse doctrine, or lose ourselves in a profound mystery of the faith; but we have before us an assertion which even a babe in Christ may put to the test. Yes, you who but last week confessed your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can tell in your own souls whether He is precious to you or not.

Dear friends, if we can verify this statement, it is not only satisfactory to ourselves, but it is glorifying to our Lord. Certain men are best respected where they are least known. Many a character needs distance to lend enchantment to the view; but our Lord is most precious to those who are best acquainted with Him. Those who are actually trusting Him, and thus

Putting Him to the Test,

are those who have highest opinion of Him. If you would have the best estimate of the Lord Jesus, we refer you to those who have had transactions with Him on the largest scale, to those who cast all their care upon Him for time and eternity. Their proof of Him is so satisfactory that He is more and more esteemed every day. He is far more precious to them than when they first heard of Him, and every thought of Him makes Him dearer to their hearts.

What a glorious friend is He who is most precious to those who receive most from Him! Usually men feel sadness at an increase of obligation; but in this case, the more we are His debtors the more we rejoice to be so. Thousands here this morning can say, "I believe in Him, and He is precious to me beyond all compare." Oh my unbelieving hearer, is there no weight in this testimony? If those that believe in Christ uniformly declare that He becomes more and more delightful to them, should it not persuade you to trust Him? If large numbers of Christians were met with who turned round, after a few years, and confessed that they had been deceived, and that, when the novelty was worn off, there was really nothing precious about the Lord Jesus, then unbelievers would be justified in their unbelief. But if it be not so, but the reverse, what shall I say to you who will not consider His claims?

I. First, consider

What Christ is to His People.

We read in our own version, "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious;" yet the word is not an adjective, but a noun. Hence the Revised Version reads the text, "For you therefore which believe is the preciousness." His very self is preciousness itself. He is the essence, the substance, the sum, of all preciousness. Every believer will subscribe to this; many things are more or less precious; but the Lord is preciousness itself, outsoaring all degrees of comparison.

How do believers show that Christ is thus precious to them? They do so by trusting everything to Him. Every believer stays his hope solely upon the work of Jesus. With regard to the past, the present, and the future, he finds rest in Christ. The Lord Jesus is the casket into which we have put all our treasures, and we prize Him accordingly. All our affection flows toward Him as all our hope flows from Him. Within His sacred name and person all our expectation is contained. He is all our salvation and all our desire. Despite the homely proverb, we have put all our eggs into this one basket: all our stores are in this one ship. We have no reserve; we have deposited with our Lord everything which concerns us, and we have no secondary trust wherewith to supplement His power or love.

To believers the Lord Jesus is evidently very precious, because they would give up all that they have sooner than lose Him. Martyrs and confessors have actually given up all for Jesus times without number; history bears this witness abundantly. Tens of thousands have renounced property, liberty,

and life sooner than deny Christ. To this day we have among us those who dare to go forth into the fever country for His name's sake, not counting their lives dear unto them, that they might spread abroad His gospel. I hope that we also could part with everything sooner than separate from our Lord. Believer, you would far sooner take up your cross, and go with Jesus, than take up your crown, and go away from Him. Is it not so?

Beyond Words.

So precious is Jesus to believers that they cannot speak well enough of Him. Could you, at your very best, exalt the Lord Jesus so gloriously as to satisfy yourself? I make free confession, that I never preached a sermon about my Lord which came anywhere near my ideal of His merits. I am always dissatisfied when I have done my very best. I have often wished that I could rush back to the pulpit, and try to preach Him better; but I am kept back from such an attempt by the fear that probably I might fail even more conspicuously. He is so glorious as to be glory itself. Who can describe the sun? He is so sweet in our apprehension that we cannot convey that apprehension to another by such feeble expressions as words. Our thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ are far, far below His worth; but even those thoughts we cannot communicate to another, for they break the backs of words. Language staggers under the weight of holy emotion which comes upon us in connection with the Lord Jesus. We can never say enough of God's unspeakable gift.

Saints show that in their estimation Christ is precious, for they can never do enough for Him. It is not all talk: they are glad also to labor for Him who died for them. Though they grow weary in His work, they never grow weary of it. If they could have their utmost wish as to His glory, and lay down all at His feet, even then they would be dissatisfied, and feel themselves to be infinite debtors to their loving Lord. Oh, that we could crown Him with infinite glory! Oh, that we could set Him on a glorious high throne among men, where every soul could see Him, love Him, and adore Him! What great things saints have tried to do for Christ! yet never one of them has expressed any satisfaction with what he has done; but all have mourned over their shortcomings, and wished that they could devise a tribute equal to His deserts.

A Love Token.

If you are not satisfied with these proofs that Christ is precious to believers, I would invite you, my dear brother and sister, to add another yourself. Let every one of us do something fresh by which to prove the believer's love to Christ. Let us not be satisfied with proof already given. Let us invent a new love-token. Let us sing unto the Lord a new song. Let not this cold world dare to doubt that unto believers Christ is precious: let us force the scoffers to believe that we are in earnest.

In thinking Christ to be precious, the saints are forming a just estimate of Him. "He is precious." For a thing to be rightly called precious, it should have three qualities: it should be rare, it should have an intrinsic value of its own, and it should possess useful and important properties. All these three things meet in our adorable Lord, and make Him precious to discerning minds. As for rarity: talk not of the rarity of gold or of gems—He is the only one: He is absolutely unique. Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid. He is the one sacrifice for sin. It is also most clear that He is intrinsically valuable—who shall estimate His worth? I should darken counsel by words without knowledge if I were to attempt in detail to tell you what He is. Only dwell on the simple fact that while He is God over all, and has thus the fullness of the Godhead, He is also man, true man of the substance of His mother, and so has all the adaptation of perfect manhood. As for

Useful Qualities,

where else shall we find such a variety of uses in one place? He is eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, feet to the lame, healing to the sick, freedom to the slave, joy to the mourner, and life to the dead. Think of His life, and how it gives life to the believer. Think of His death, and how it redeems from hell all those who trust in Him! Think of His resurrection, and how it justifies believers; and of His second coming, and how it delights our hearts! Think of our Lord in all His offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King! All good things meet in Him, and meet in Him in profusion, even to superabundance; wherefore, He is precious indeed!

The saints form their estimate of Him upon

Scriptural principles. They are not so fanatical to be carried away by mere passion; they can be brought to book, and they can give a reason for their estimate. The text puts it, "Unto you *therefore* which believe He is precious." We have "therefore" for our valuation of Christ: we have reckoned and calculated, and have reason on our side, though we count Him to be the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. We can justify our highest estimate of our dear Lord.

Observe the run of the context. Our Lord Jesus is very precious to us as "a living stone." As foundation He is firm as a stone; but in addition He has life, and this life He communicates, so that we also become living stones, and are joined to Him in living, loving, lasting union. A stone alive, imparting life to other stones which are built upon it, is indeed a precious thing in a spiritual house which is to be inhabited of God. This gives a character to the whole structure. Our Lord is, in fact, the source of all the life which fits the church to a temple for the living God.

Dearest When Scorned.

I may add that our Lord is all the more precious to us because He was "disallowed indeed of men." Never is Christ dearer to the believer than when he sees Him to be despised and rejected of men. We do not follow the fashion; we know not the broad road and its crowds; and hence the Lord Jesus immeasurably glorious to us when we see that the world knew Him not. Did they charge Him with drunkenness, madness, and with being a friend to publicans and sinners? We bow at His feet with all the lowlier reverence and love. Did they spit upon Him? Did they scourge Him? Did they blindfold Him, and then mock Him? Ah! the He is to our souls all the worthier of adoration. Precious is our Lord Christ as we see Him going to the tree, bearing our sins in His own body. Precious is He when forsaken of God, and discharging all our debt by His dread sacrifice. Unto you that believe He is all the more precious because He is still disallowed of men.

Thus have I shown you that we run on good lines when Christ is precious to us. We are not here acting upon our own independent judgment, nor following a freak of fancy. If Christ be precious to us, we have God Himself at the back of our judgment, and we are sure we do not err. Besides, we have this witness of the Spirit, that since we are pleased with Jesus, the Father is pleased with us. The Father is not only well pleased with Christ, but well pleased in Christ, and therefore He is well pleased with all who are in Him. He is so sweet that He sweetens all who come to God by His Precious Christ! Precious Christ!

Faith the Cause.

II. Secondly, consider what it is in the man which makes them prize Christ at this rate. It is their faith. "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." To carnal sense and reason Jesus is far from precious. To human wisdom Christ is not precious; see how men tug and labor to get rid of His Deity, and to trample on His precious blood. What labored learning is brought forth to drain inspiration out of His book, and steal satisfaction out of His blood! but "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." Faith calls Him precious, when others esteem Him "root out of a dry ground."

For, dear brethren, it is by faith that the value of Christ is perceived. You cannot see Christ by mere reason, for the natural man is blind to the things of the Spirit. You may study the evangelists themselves, but you will never get to see the real Christ, who is precious to believers, except by personal act of faith in Him. The Holy Spirit has removed the scales from the eyes of the man that believeth. If thou trustest the Saviour as a sinner must trust Him, thou knowest more of Him by the act of faith than all the schools could teach.

By faith, again, the Lord Jesus is appropriated. In possession lies much of preciousness. Is thine Koh-i-Noor a precious thing to me? Well, it is precious in itself; but I cannot say that it is precious to me; for I do not even know where it is, nor do I give it more thought than if it were a bit of glass. When a thing belongs to you, it has a value to you and you make a full estimate of it. Now, no man possesses Christ except he believes in Him. Oh unbeliever, thou hast nothing to do with Jesus; thou wilt not trust in Him! Though He be a priceless boon, He is nothing to thee if thou dost not rest in Him! What hast thou to do to speak about Him? Thou art without Christ if thou art

out faith. Faith is the hand that grasps Him, mouth that feeds upon Him, and therefore by He is precious.

ist becomes growingly precious to us as our grows. If you have faith in Christ, but do exercise it every day, He will not be very pre- to you. But if your faith keeps her eye fixed im, she will more and more clearly perceive auties. If your soul is driven to Jesus again gain, if your faith anchors in Him continually, He will be indeed more and more precious to Everything depends upon faith. If thou est Christ, He has gone down fifty per cent. ne esteem.

Every Doubt is a Christ Crucifier.

commend you to keep the door of your mind e chain in these days; for those tramps and nts called doubts are prowling about in every er, and they may knock at your door with vile

Do not suffer your faith to diminish even least degree. Believe in Christ heartily and pectingly! If you have a doubt as to whether e a saint, you can have no question that you sinner: come to Christ as a sinner, and put rust in Him as your Saviour. It is wonder- ow a renewed confidence in Christ's saving ill bring back all your joy and delight in and sometimes do it at once. To you that , to you that mistrust, to you that suspect, to at live in the land of hesitation, He is with- orm or comeliness; but to you that believe at stint, He is precious beyond all price.

Now I come to the last point. Consider

What Believers Receive

Him. Take the exact translation—"Unto hat believe He is honor." Honor! Can ever belong to a sinner like me? Listen! e thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast onorable, and I have loved thee, therefore give men for thee, and people for thy life." an had been a harlot, but she believed in and she was so honorable that she was al- to wash His feet with tears, and wipe them e hairs of her head. Thus was she a hand- in the courts of our God. A man had been a but he believed while dying, and lo, he was it person that Jesus received when He came is kingdom—he was so honorable. The changes the rank when He forgives the sin. rt dishonorable no longer if thou believest is. Thou art honorable before God now e has become thy salvation.

her, let me notice that it is a high honor to ociated with the Lord Jesus. When a valiant as achieved a great victory, everybody likes to some connection with him. The few per- ill alive who were at the battle of Waterloo ud of the fact. And no wonder! Though drummer-boy at the time, the old man is o tell that he was there when his country- oke the tyrant's power. Men even carry to reme of folly any slight connection with the ike the man who boasted that the king had to him, when it turned out that all his r said was, "Get out of the way!" We al honor in being associated with our Lord in any capacity. It is an honor to have the feet of His servants, or to have given a cold water to one of His disciples. Simple and grateful service make

A Link More Precious

old. Did men laugh at you for Christ's That honors you with Him. Did you suf- oach for Christ's truth? It is well: thus are and up in the bundle of life with Him whom e. The day shall come when it shall be to be the highest honor that ever was, to en denounced as a bigot, and cast out as a , for the sake of Christ and His gospel.

1, it is a great honor to be built on him as a ndation. If you read the passage in Isaiah ill see that those who made lies their ere trodden down, but not those who rested sure foundation; for of them it is written, at believeth shall not make haste." Be- e had built upon Christ, the builder enjoyed orable rest. I do not know how I should had had to think out a way of salvation for but I find it happy work to accept what s clearly revealed in His Word. A minister id to me, "It must be very easy for you to I said, "Do you think so? I do not it as a light affair." "Yes," he said; "it because you hold a fixed and definite set of upon which you dwell from year to year."

I did not see how this made it easy to preach, but I did see how it made my heart easy, and I said, "Yes, that is true. I keep to one fixed line of truth." "That is not my case," said he; "I revise my creed from week to week. It is with me constant change and progress." I did not say much, but I thought the more. If the foundation is constantly being altered, the building will be shaky.

It is an honor to do as Christ bade us in His pre- cepts. Holiness is the truest royalty. It is never a disgrace to any man to be baptized into His name, or to come to His table, and break bread in remembrance of Him. The virgin's advice is sound—"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Obedience to Jesus is no discredit to any man. It is an honor to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Take this as a sure word—sin is disgrace, but holiness is honor.

At Christ's Coming.

It will be our great honor to see our Lord glorified. That one hundred and eighteenth Psalm depicts the exultation of the saints in the day when Christ shall appear in His glory. See how it runs. "I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation. The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it." In that day, to you that believe, He will be an honor. You shall be His honored attendants when He mounts the throne. Surely, the angels will set great store by every one of you that believed in Christ in the day of His scorning; they will carry you as trophies through the golden streets. Here is a man that believed in Jesus when the world despised Him. Though He was poor and obscure, he dared to own his Lord, and stand up for His truth. Happy man to have been able to give such a proof of loyalty. He was a common soldier in the barracks, and he was the butt of many a coarse joke; but he believed in Jesus! Honor to him! She was a humble work- woman, and all the girls in the warehouse ridiculed her for being a Christian. Honor to her! Honor to all who bore dishonor for Christ.

Before you go away I would beg you to consider how you stand in this matter. Do you believe in Jesus? If you do believe, be afraid of nothing. Come forward, and confess that sacred name. Own that you are a follower of the Lamb; and then, in the day when He distributes crowns and thrones, He will have a crown and a throne for you. You at the Resurrection shall wake up in Him to glory and immortality.

A LADY'S VISIT TO A CHINESE HOME.

ONE of the China Inland missionaries, Mr. John A. Stooke, thus describes a visit which his wife paid recently to some women at a village six li (two miles) distant from their home at Che-foo: It was a beautiful Sabbath afternoon when we started; it was the Chinese New Year. Very little traffic was going on, either on the streets in the busy native quarter, or along the mule-tracks leading to the village of Hsiang Kuan, whither we were going. Once inside the village, however, matters were different, for we were soon surrounded with an eager crowd of Celestials, mostly young and middle-aged; all wondering, I have no doubt, why we were come to disturb them at such a season. My wife, having found out the residence of her sewing Amah, became at once the observed of all observers, and the narrow entrance soon became crowded with women eager to see the foreigner. I had in the meantime made my departure in order to do a good round of tract distribution, for it is not respectable for a gentleman to visit the Chinese women even in company with his wife.

Very few of the women were able to get right inside the one solitary room occupied by the Amah, her husband, and four or five children, but those who could not gain entrance stood at the door. After the ordinary salutations, questions, answers, &c., my wife thought it well to get to higher and better things, especially since she was well understood, and they themselves had spoken very clearly; but directly the precious name of Jesus was brought forward, and a few simple sentences uttered about the gospel, two or three of the most respectable immediately said, "*O-men puh-ming-keh*" ("We don't understand"). Again the truth was simply stated, but the reply came hurriedly, as before, "We don't understand your *tao-li*," or doctrine. "Not so," replied my wife, "it is not that you don't understand, but you don't wish to

understand. Shall I sing to you something?" she added. "Yes, oh yes," said they; so my wife chose the simple Chinese version, "*Jesu ai-o*" ("Jesus loves me"). This over, she again tried to fix the truth upon them, but the visitors, evidently uneasy, beat a retreat, with "*O-men puh-ming-keh*."

To many this may seem very disappointing, but is it really very different from the answers received in Christian lands? I think not. Therefore, earnestly pray for China; for, as a nation, they reject the gospel, and will not tolerate the preaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Happily it is not the same all over China—in many homes they are truly interested—but it is stern work as a rule, to fight for every inch of ground against Satan for Christ Jesus in this immense empire. But, though many of these fields are hard and millions are dead to every sense of guilt, we labor on in the name of the Triune God, delighted at being privileged to speak for Him in China, in order to help in gathering out a people to His name.

GOSPEL TROPHIES IN JAPAN.

AN interesting ordination service has just taken place in the mountain districts of Japan. In the course of his description of it in the *Missionary Herald*, Dr. Gordon, of Kyoto, gives the following details of the origin of the church, the pastor of which was ordained:

"About ten years ago a young student in our Doshisha School (now a well-known pastor) became a Christian, and in his vacation he told to his friends in Tamba what he had found in Christianity. Of all who heard him, only one man showed then more than a passing interest. This man, however, proved to be not only the good ground into which the first seed fell; he became also a fruit-bearing seed. At his invitation students and teachers from our school have gone there from time to time, and spoken here and there in private houses and *shibai-goya* (theatre-barns), and helped in various ways; but he is the one man who has been there through it all, and doing more than any one else. This Mr. Murakami has really stood for Christianity there in all these years, so that, as one of the Christians has said, to avow to a stranger that you are a Christian is to call forth the inquiry, 'Are you Murakami?'

"The work here, though gradual in its development, has not been without its specially interesting personal points. Thus the man I have spoken of was at first connected with a *saké* brewery, and I recall two others who have given up the same business. I recall also a well-known drunkard who has for years led a sober life; a notorious gambler who, to the joy of his family, has given up his games; one young man is now a member of the Imperial Guard; and more than one young man is now in our school preparing to preach Christ. The church numbers 156, of whom eighty-three are males. They are largely farmers and merchants; but school-teachers, physicians, etc., are well represented. The principal of one grammar school, two teachers in another, and an earnest inquirer in a third indicate the class of people reached. The State's attorney for the district is an earnest inquirer; his wife and daughters are Christians."

A MOMENTOUS MARRIAGE SERVICE.

AN illustration of a very pointed and forcible character was recently used by a popular preacher, with very marked effect. Many persons present who were seeking Christ, yet kept back by doubts and difficulties, were brought to decision by the illustration, and as it may serve as a help to some of the many preachers who are readers of this journal, it is here given in full:

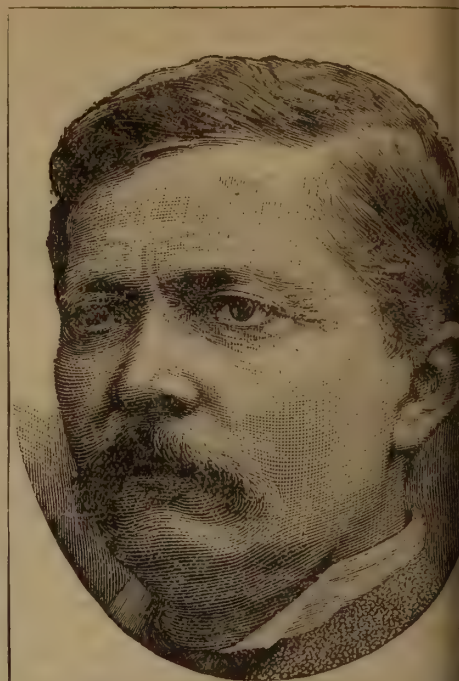
"As a minister, I have sometimes to marry people. There stand the man and woman. The clergyman does not say to the man, 'Are you in a great state about this woman?' But simply, 'Are you willing to take her?' The man, without any excitement, calmly and quietly answers, 'Yes.' The minister does not ask the woman if she is dying for sheer love of the man, but if she is willing to have him. It is to be hoped, of course, that they are warmly attached: but all that is asked is the quiet, clear, emphatic utterance of the mind through the tongue, and afterward by the signature of the pen. (The preacher created some merriment here by remarking, as the result of his observation, that the woman usually said 'Yes' before the question was finished; but he restored the equilibrium of the audience by his pathetic peroration.) You see



The King of Belgium.



The Queen of Belgium.



Mr. H. M. Stanley.

where we stand. I would like to join you to the Lord in an everlasting covenant that shall never be broken. I place before you Jesus Christ, the Lover of your soul, who has come far to woo and win His Bride. Novelists and poets tell about high lords who stoop down to marry village maidens of low estate. Poor girls! maybe they have a good deal the worst of the bargain. But here is a Lover who has stooped indeed, and I say to Him, 'Lord Jesus, art thou willing to take this man, this woman, into eternal union with thyself?' He bends down and He says, 'Willing! Let my incarnation; let my earthly life; let my agony on the cross; yea, let my glory testify. Yes, I am willing!' Sinner, art thou willing to take this Christ, to have and to hold, from this day forward, in sickness and in health, in death, to be thine—thine in life, and through all eternity? Look Him straight in the face, and will you dare to say 'Nay,' or to preserve a dumb silence, which is louder in its rejection than a thousand 'Noes'? Yield to Christ. Hang upon His arm. Give Him thy whole being, and He will hand Himself over to thee in a covenant that shall never be broken."

A TRANSFIGURED LIFE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text: "This is my beloved Son, hear Him." Luke 9: 35.

"I do not know what to do with Philip," said Mr. Urquhart, as he and his wife sat talking together after their children were gone to bed. "What can one do with a deformed lad? He is not fit for any business, and will be simply a burden on my hands as long as I live. I believe it is pure waste of money to spend any more on his education."

"Oh, don't say that, John," said his wife; "poor boy! it is not his fault. We must do all we can for him."

"I would not mind so much if he were not so irritable and discontented. His tongue is like a knife. He lacerates his brothers, and even me at times, by his cutting sarcasms; and he is not respectful to you. If he were not a cripple, I should give him a sound thrashing very often."

"Ah! he suffers so much, he cannot be good-tempered. It is very trying to have to stay at home when his brothers are going to the woods, and to see all the other boys at their games, and be unable to join them. He frets and grieves, and, of course, he gets cross. We must make allowances for him. Herbert Winter is coming home from school next week, and we will get him to talk to Philip. He will do him good; Philip always liked Herbert."

There was no doubt that Philip was a cross on the Urquhart household. He was gloomy and morose, resentful of pity, and had an abnormal ingenuity in devising means of vexing all about him. His taunts and gibes and sneers goaded his brothers almost to madness, and if they punished him, something was sure to happen to some of their treasured possessions soon afterward, which they

rightly believed to be Philip's doing. As his eldest brother said, there seemed something almost demoniacal in his disposition. At school and at home he was disliked and avoided, and he grew more morose every day. Mrs. Urquhart's hope of good from Herbert Winter was not, however, without foundation. Herbert was a Christian boy, whom every one liked, and his first interview with Philip after his return was the beginning of a change in the poor, deformed boy's life.

"Oh, there is no reason for being so low-spirited," he said, when, not without difficulty, he had extracted from Philip the story of his troubles and his vexations. "You may be a most useful man yet, and may have everybody's love and good-will. I can tell you how your life may be a happy one."

"Can you?" Philip asked, with a new brightness in his face, though there was some incredulity, too. "No one loves me now, not even my mother. If you have any secret spell that will work a change you cannot do a kinder thing than to give it to me."

"It is no secret spell, dear old boy," Herbert said; "it is a word that once came out of a cloud, and every one who hears and obeys it finds all clouds lifted from his life. It was the voice that said, 'This is my beloved Son; hear Him.' There is your secret, my friend. Listen to Jesus and your whole life will be changed. You will be changed yourself."

"I don't see how," Philip said.

"No, that is likely; but you will. Take the Sermon on the Mount, which contains the rudiments of Christ's philosophy. Notice who are the blessed in His opinion: The poor in spirit, they that mourn, the meek, they that hunger after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and they that are persecuted. There is not one above your reach. Believe me, your secret lies there. Live Christ's ideal life and you will find He was right; you will be blessed."

"I'll try," said Philip. "Will you pray for me, Herbert?"

"Yes; here, and now, and always." He knelt down with the poor boy and prayed that God would give him the moral and spiritual strength he needed, and to keep him true to his resolve to take Christ as his Teacher.

"What's come to Philip?" Mr. Urquhart asked his wife some weeks afterward. "I never saw such a change in anyone in my life. I positively love the boy. He never quarrels, never repines, and he seems as happy as the day is long. All the old perversity seems to be gone out of him."

"Yes, thank God," said the mother; "It must be His work."

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

THE return of Mr. H. M. Stanley from his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, and the new plans which that distinguished explorer is said to have formulated for the consolidation and extension of the Congo Free State, give increased prominence to the King whose sagacity and enterprise led to the establishment of that State. We there-

fore publish, this week, his portrait and that of his accomplished wife. Leopold II. is the son of King Leopold I, who died in 1865. He was born at Brussels, April 9, 1835, and is therefore fifty-five years of age. He was remarkable as a Prince before he succeeded to the throne of Belgium. While most young princes of his position were spending their youth in idleness and pleasure, he was taking a prominent part in the debates of the Senate, and devising measures for improving the condition of his country. Some of them, notably that for organizing a marine service between Belgium and the Levant, have served to develop the trade of the country, and have added largely to its wealth. On August 20, 1853, he married the Arch-duchess Maria of Austria, whose portrait is also given here, and two years later the royal pair set out on a long tour through Europe, Egypt, and Asia Minor. They saw with their own eyes the condition of other countries, came back with knowledge and conception of the duties of the exalted position they were to occupy. The King's policy since he came to the throne has been marked by sagacity and true statesmanship. He is popular with his people, who recognize his enterprises are directed to the advancement and development of the country rather than to his own personal interests.

MR. H. M. STANLEY.

THE peoples of Europe have shown their appreciation of the daring and heroism of Mr. Stanley by the enthusiasm with which they welcomed his return. His reception in Italy, where he landed at Brindisi, overpowered him, and he would have been still more imposing had he not shrunk from it, and unmistakably intimated the kindest thing the public officials could do for him was to let him have rest and quiet. In London, with his friends, the King and Queen, he yielded to the general wish to do him honor by accepting a public reception, and by taking part in the festivities which they had arranged. Preparations had been made to give him a warm welcome in England, and on Friday last the first entertainment in his honor was held. The Prince of Wales presided, and gave him a hearty greeting in the name of the English people.

As Mr. Stanley's life has already been sketched in this journal, it is necessary here to give only a brief summary of its chief events. He was born in 1840, near Denbigh, in Wales, in poor circumstances. He emigrated to America when a mere boy, and was adopted as a son by a distinguished American citizen; served in the Confederate service; subsequently, after being a prisoner of war, entered the Union army; took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Vicksburg Landing; became a war correspondent of the New York Herald, and after the war continued his services on that journal. In October, 1869, he was sent to the interior of Africa to find



The Labor Demonstration in Union Square, New York, Last Thursday.

stone, the Christian missionary-explorer, had been so long lost to the ken of the civil world that he was believed to be dead. Stumped across Africa searching for him, and ally found him, relieved his pressing needs, in news of the civilized world, and carried his home from him. Stanley afterward to the work of exploration which Livingstone finished, and, aided by the King of the Beland established the Free State of the Congo. the news came that Emin was surrounded and treacherous enemies, and was in need, Stanley was in New York enjoying a brief, but he promptly responded to the call the Emin Relief Association invited him to the expedition, and on January 21, 1887, he for Africa on his mission, from which he has turned in triumph.

**WILL IT LIFT?
THE STORY OF A FOG.**
By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray,
(Continued from page 286.)

that Mr. Allanson, or Gilbert Craske, as w him, was fairly out of the way, Jared Higginbotham resolved to put himself and his ill-gotten in a securer place. He had come to the sion that London was the place to hide in, at if that did not seem to furnish him with nness of shelter that he desired, he would hence make his way across the sea. re said that only on one previous occasion e innkeeper departed seriously from the of honesty; but that one had been followed sequences which might well have restrained om touching that sort of pitch again. His s only son, a fine young fellow in his later ad come to know of the dishonest deed— v the fact, but not the circumstances; and v youth of principle and spirit too, he had dated with his father in language more : than filial, and had declared that if his fa- ould not right the wrong he had done, he eave the parental roof and seek his fortune y. high-spirited lad promptly carried out his and joining a party of emigrants, almost in- set sail for Australia. From his home at ipodes he wrote occasionally to his mother, grief for his absence was the sorrow of her d reported always that he was with kind em- and was doing well. He never flinched ne resolve, though his fond mother had han once endeavored to shake his purpose, at was, that he should not return to England he was first assured that his father had re-

paired the wrong he had been guilty of, and done his best to redeem their name from disgrace. In his communications to his mother, he always signed himself "Frank Higginbotham;" but in the land of his adoption he had taken another name, with the resolve never to resume his own until his father should remove the stain from it.

The name he assumed was the very name which Gilbert Craske took when he appeared at Hilldrop, and indeed it was his association with Frank Higginbotham that suggested it, for the kind employers of whom Frank wrote to his mother were no other than Gilbert Craske and his son. Frank adopted the name from the moment of his landing in Australia. It was really the name of one of the cabin passengers on the ship, who was going to Australia to buy land, and farm it, in the hope, not so much to make a fortune, as to recover his health. This was the true Richard Allanson. He conceived a liking for Frank at the beginning of the voyage, and learning that he was going out to work engaged him as his help. But on the voyage his health grew worse, and Frank nursed him with the tenderness and constancy of a woman. But nothing could save him. He died at sea, and in gratitude to Frank he gave him a thousand dollars to start him in the new country. Frank was much affected by his kindness, and it was in sincere respect and affection for his benefactor that he took his name, having, for the reasons mentioned, abjured his own.

Dick Allanson, therefore, was the name by which Frank Higginbotham was known. Feeling himself to be too young in years, and far too lacking in experience to invest his money in land, and to dare any colonial venture on his own account, he took time to look about him. Eventually he came across the path of Gilbert Craske, whose herds were sprinkled over many a valley, and whose flocks whitened the slopes of many a hill. That good man soon took accurate measure of the youth, took him into his employ, and gave him counsel and aid in the investment of his money.

When our good friend, Gilbert Craske, made his first appearance at the "Hilldrop" Inn, the idea of remaining *incognito*, and of assuming a name that would help him to do so, came to him suddenly and without previous thought, and equally suddenly and without thought the name of his young assistant-stockman came to his mind, and so, to Jared Higginbotham and Faringham in general, he came to be "Richard Allanson, of New South Wales."

While the son in Australia was thus grieving over the father's depravity, that father was in perplexity

about his future course, now that so large a sum of money was in his possession. His chief perplexity was about his wife. Jared Higginbotham was not and never had been a man of a very affectionate disposition, but the idea of making off with the gold and leaving her permanently behind was repulsive to him; it seemed a cowardly desertion, and besides, it involved the loss of a life-long companionship, which he really did not want to lose.

No man is wholly bad; and bad as Jared was, and basely as he had acted, he had his good qualities. The great and fatal weakness in his character was the love of money *as money*, not because of what it would fetch so much as the dear delight of seeing it, handling it, having it, calling it *mine*. In this respect there was that in Jared which would most certainly have made him a miser in the superlative degree.

More than once or twice Jared had gone to the old abbey ruins with the resolve to restore the precious box to its place in Mr. Allanson's room; but in each case, when he had come near enough to be within the charmed circle of its presence, his resolution failed. On the other hand, when he was away from its influence, the fear and peril of discovery gat hold upon him, and he found trouble and sorrow inconceivable in showing to himself the many ways in which discovery might come upon him as an armed man.

At length the dishonest and unhappy innkeeper hit upon a scheme which appeared to have in it all the elements of success. He would acknowledge to his wife that he had hoarded gold to the extent of a few hundred pounds. This she might be led to believe, for she knew of his weakness in that direction; knew that he had formerly done so, knew also of that first fall from honesty which had sent poor Frank to a foreign land. He would then plead his health, which certainly had failed lately, as a reason for wishing to give up "Hilldrop Inn;" and then, as the crowning point of policy, he would suggest that they should go out and join Frank in Australia, and from thence Frank and he could put right that wrong which had darkened Mrs. Higginbotham's life with its discredit and the weary absence of her only son. Strange to say, circumstances came directly to the aid of Jared's well-laid plot. A distant relative of Mrs. Higginbotham, one with whom she had had but little intercourse, died and left her a legacy. She had listened with complacency when her husband broached the scheme, and, indeed, with much secret delight; but like a prudent woman had not been quite clear as to sufficiency of funds for so important a step as this. Then came the legacy, and the day was won.

It became necessary, alike in connection with his contemplated voyage to Australia and the legacy, that Jared Higginbotham should take a journey to London; and, as Jared quickly perceived, it would be very easy to produce reasons when he arrived there for a prolonged stay in the metropolis. So the guilty landlord took heart of grace, and though his conscience made sad work within him occasionally, his fears as to discovery and its consequences were considerably lightened. He could even afford to be, or appear to be, jocose, and said kinder and cheerier things to his wife than he had troubled himself to say for many a long year. For the last few weeks he had been so glum, so absent-minded, so ill-tempered, that poor Mrs. Higginbotham welcomed the change with joy, and felt more than ever sure that they were going to be a happy and united family again at last.

It was not until the end of the month of March that the innkeeper was able to carry out his design and pay his desired visit to the great metropolis. Strange to say, he found that it was a far more serious affair than he could have imagined to get his precious booty away from its temporary resting-place among the bramble-covered ruins of St. Hildred's Abbey. There were moonlight nights to be avoided, and all his eager haste could not make the light that rules the night accelerate its pace one jot. There was such a number of belated people passing to and fro, and they passed so slowly and lingered so long that Jared began to half suspect a conspiracy of watchers, resolved to see what he was about to do.

Then, when the way did seem clear and the night was obligingly dark, Jared heard such odd noises in the abbey, and above the abbey, noises startling, strange, uncanny; noises that guilty fear is apt to hear even in the stillest night, that he beat a hasty retreat and spent much time and patience and watching all in vain. For the manufacture of real downright ghostly noises commend me to a guilty conscience; mediums, spirit-rapping, and sleeping or trying to sleep in a haunted room after a Christmas Eve of ghost-story telling, are quite unable to compete with it.

At last, however, Jared managed to succeed so far as to hear the coin rattle in the box, by reason of a stone having rolled against it as he parted the brambles and briars where it lay. After that, I think, nothing short of a constable's hand upon his shoulder, and scarcely even that, would have hindered him from grasping it and holding it as for dear life. He held it, wrapped it in a remnant of an old horse-cloth beneath his arm, and then stole away rapidly, silently, as a thief may well do, and entered the silent inn by the back door which he had carefully left a little ajar. Lighting a candle, he ascended the stairs in his stocking feet and entered a tenantless room. His portmanteau was laid open, partially packed, upon the bed. Hastily placing the box, covering and all, underneath a change of clothes and in a vacant place carefully prepared beforehand, he tremblingly completed the packing, locked it, strapped it, and put the key in his pocket.

Hark! what's that? A dull, groaning sound from the direction of the stairs falls upon his ear, and the old case clock standing on the landing, wheezily and rustily "gives warning;" and immediately after, for it plays the eccentric pranks peculiar to old age, proceeds to strike the hour of twelve. Strange to say, Jared does not care to go out on to the landing until the sound ceases, afraid, perhaps, that the clock will suspend its strokes until it has charged him with the theft. What a while it takes! It must be striking twenty. At last it ceases. At that moment a bat, or something still more ominous, beats against the window, and in a perfect sweat of fear and apprehension, Jared hastens from the room, and heaves a sigh of relief as he stands by the bedside of his wife, though she, good soul, is fast asleep, dreaming, maybe, of meeting with her lad in the land of the sunny south! Jared Higginbotham, your covenant with the devil for the possession of that box is the dearest bargain you have ever made in all your life! Wretched Jared!

He did not feel really safe, however, until the next day, when with a sense of relief

that cannot be expressed in words he and his portmanteau, with "the box" safely locked and buckled up inside, were fairly hoisted on the coach which was to bear him to a distant town from whence he was to take the train to London. When at last he found himself on the arrival platform of the London terminus—an unknown unit among an excited crowd of travellers and of friends who had come to meet them, and of cabmen, porters, and businessless spectators—he congratulated himself upon his safety, and felt that "finding a needle in a bottle of hay" would be of less difficulty than finding him, whoever might undertake the search.

His intention was to make his way to the "Bedford Arms," an hotel which had been recommended to him by a commercial traveller who had been accustomed to put up at his own humble inn at the foot of Hildrop Rise. It was not until he was about to call a cab to carry him to his destination that the thought struck him that it would not do. He must not for safety's sake go there. Suppose inquiry should be made; suppose—it was not likely—but suppose somebody should come in pursuit—why, it might be known that the "Bedford Arms" had been recommended to him, and the link would be at once established.

He had time, too, even there as he stood on the edge of the pavement, guarding his portmanteau, to think how great a fool he was. He might have been able to go where he liked, and do things as openly as he liked, and to look anybody straight in the face without being troubled if they gave a second look at him. He might have—but there—he *couldn't*! He was a thief, and all the street was full of arresting voices, and every passer-by had eyes that made him restless until they passed. Oh, wrongdoers are fools, carrying with them everywhere a stain upon the palm, and a crime upon the heart, and a fluttering fear that makes life itself a burden hard to bear!

"Here y'are, sir, take you all the way for tuppence and portmanteau for nothin'; Totnam Cot Road, Hoxford Street—where d'ye want to go, sir?" It was a stage driver who thus accosted him. The stage had driven close up to the kerbstone, and the driver with his whip in his uplifted hand looked down and waited for an answer. It was a cheery honest face that met Jared's inquiring eye, and almost without a thought, except that "Hoxford Street" was the direction in which he thought to go, he handed up his portmanteau and climbed into the seat next the driver.

"Ad a pleasant journey up to town, I hope, sir, though I expects you found it a bit dusty on the road? What a pity them steam-kettles can't carry a water-cart along with 'em," said the talkative knight of the whip, and in a very few moments Jared felt at his ease and entered into conversation with his companion on the wide wide subject of London.

"Best place in the world to get lost in, London is," said the driver, waving his whip as though to hint in a general fashion the limitless dimensions of the place. "The desert of Sarah's a fool to it; an' when a fog settles down on it—a fog as is a fog, you know, w' no nonsense about it—a regular sarcumstantial, peas-soupy business that just comes blob down 'Gyptian fashion, why then you can't be lost exactly, because the're you are, you know, and you know it, an' that's about all you do know, till the blamad thing lifts again. I once had a fare, when I was a 'cabbie' and drove a 'growler'—and hereupon our old friend Jarvie, who had gone out of the cab line on the ground that it wasn't "sociable" enough, regaled the amused and listening Jared with the narrative of his adventure with Gilbert Craske in that famous and never-to-be-forgotten November fog.

During the narrative Jarvie had to mention now and again the "Bedford Arms," and Jared asked him what kind of a place it was for a provincial come to town on business to put up at.

"Oh, it's a reg'lar tip topper in the way of a hotel, you know; but the shiners [money] hev a knack o' meltin' pretty fast in them sort o' places. Of course, if shiners is plenty, why, that's a different thing." So saying, he looked Jared Higginbotham well over, as if to settle satisfactorily in his own

mind his "fare's" ability in that direction.

Jared had plenty of "shiners," more's the pity, but he had no idea of parting with more of them than he could help, and finally decided that he should take up his quarters somewhere else. He therefore asked his new acquaintance, "Can you recommend me, now, to a snug, homely inn, tolerably cheap and comfortable, and not too far away from Oxford Street?"

"Law, bless yo', yes, sir, dozens on 'em. There's a snug place o' that sort not far away from the Marble Arch—the 'Wellington,' in Crozier Street. That's the place the gentleman took to that I've been telling you about, and that's the place for you: quiet, respectable, and reasonable; an' I'll tell you what," said Jarvie, with the knowing wink which was intended to extract a fee for the information out of Jared's pocket. "London's a ticklish sort of a place, an' there's many a ticklish sort of an inn that takes you in, an' its worth while to know one or two that's 'on the square.'" So Jared understood it, and the shilling was forthcoming.

"Thank you, sir, an' good luck go with you," said Jarvie, spitting on the coin that good luck might go with it. "Now, you had better change here. There's a yellow stage. You get into that; it'll put you down at the end of Crozier Street, an' the 'Wellington's' is twenty yards down on the right. Good-day, sir, an' good luck."

Whether Jared Higginbotham would have thought himself in luck's way, if he had known that he was deliberately going to take up his quarters in the very inn in which at that very moment Gilbert Craske was quartered may be doubted; but neither Jared nor anybody else can understand the secret workings of an overruling Providence, or trace the subtle links and threads by which He works out His wonderful and always righteous designs.

(To be Continued.)

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A COREAN'S WORK.
work of our native evangelist is quoted by Rev. John Ross, of Man- as an evidence of what could be done gelize that country, if sufficient funds tributed to carry on the work. He at some four years ago he had six men studying the Bible with him. were of the upper class, and had come t Mokdon, from the capital of Corea. as one of them who seemed so much an his fellows, that I resolved that d be the first native evangelist to With this end in view, I paid par- tention to his education, and when it him far enough advanced, I sent k to the town from which he had ear of his life, there to preach the The upper class of Coreans do not e Korean language, but study the hinese works, so with a number of s, in Chinese, he set out to work his own class. About a year after ture, I got a letter from him telling ere were thirteen men and women in e who wanted to be baptised, and e to come to them. But I was un- comply with their request, as it ve taken me a year to go and return. year there came word that seventy- wanted baptising, hut even then I le to go. The third year the coun- own open by treaties with the vari- ments, and we could send mission- re. This shows how inadequate mis- orce is for the work it is expected to If a mission be successful, it soon e strength of those who conduct ew workers are needed, but too of- are not forthcoming. If only those nt themselves go to the foreign ld, by their prayers and money, thers to do that noble work, Chris- ould make surprising progress, and of the Gospel would soon dispel the of heathenism."

HEN PRIEST'S DAUGHTER.
ptism of the daughter of a heathen eported by Rev. J. Bachus of Jaff- writes, "For about three years o her baptism she was a praying o being convinced of the truth at She begged for her father's per- o receive baptism. During the years she was severely reprov- aged. However, she went on at her father's stiff heart might be

He is a manager of a heathen d is the most influential man in t. The poor young woman had ong temptations and trials; but er hand she was endowed with grace to overcome them all with

Proposals of heathen marriage r close relations were made by , and he often threatened to com- marry a heathen, and she was red to attend the heathen temple, her father was manager, and several vessels to and from the But she never yielded to any of ng ready to risk any punishment 's sake. The father, after all, at she was determined to be- ristian, gave his consent, and I ivilege of baptising her. She has tly been married to one of our erts, and is now leading a con- stian life, doing as much volun- as she could in teaching her and heathen neighbors. She is se whom I have appointed to read of God regularly to the illiterate in this village.

DISM ON TWO VESSELS.
ourse of an address at a mission ously, a speaker described a rare (noble self forgetfulness at sea, t of rescuers and rescued. The ord Gough was on its way to ia from Liverpool, when it shing schooner in distress. The blowing a gale, and the schooner, abled, and with three or four of ready washed into the ocean, was signal for help. Captain Hughes, mship, saw the fearful peril which ng party must encounter, but his lunteers was promptly answered e and a crew of brave men, and ns were made for the desperate

trip. To the astonishment of all, while the boat was being lowered, the flag of distress on the schooner's mast was hauled down. Perplexed at this movement, the hardy rescuers hesitated; but it was finally decided that the boat should go. With great difficulty the schooner was reached, and on her deck were found twelve men utterly without hope except from outside aid. It was necessary to make two trips, and the sailors of the 'Lord Gough' took half the suffering men and toiled through the wild waters to their own ship, and returned as soon as possible for the others. When all were safe on the steamer, Captain Hughes asked the schooner's master, Captain George W. Pendleton, why he had lowered the distress flag. The reply was, "We saw that you were preparing to make an attempt to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said then to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they answered 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag, lest in trying to save us, your men might be lost.

AN ANTELOPE'S FATAL CURIOSITY.

In a letter to a contemporary from a mis- sionary on the Congo, the following inci- dent is related:

"One day when I was encamped by the Luvu River, I took up my rifle and started out in the hope of shooting an antelope, if possible. We had not gone far when we saw some on the hills; but the question with me, having had no experience with such game was, how to stalk them? My native companion, however, soon settled the diffi- culty for me. 'I will stand here,' said he, 'while you go down the valley. All the time you are going I will wave this white cloth. The antelopes will stare at it out of curiosity, and you will easily get up close and shoot.' I followed his advice, and was able to approach within fifty yards. When I fired, the animal was so engrossed with the object in the distance, that I was quite unnoticed. His curiosity was the means of his death. 'Ah,' I thought, 'Satan, too, holds up his dazzling objects in the view of many; and too often, by means of the most trivial devices, succeeds in de- stroying both body and soul!' And, indeed, we are all in danger of being ensnared by our curiosity."

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"WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."—1 PETER, 1: 8.

Saviour, my feet have never trod with Thine
The "solitary place,"
My eyes have never seen, in human form,
Thy manifested grace;
My hands have never touched Thy garment's hem
With faith's unuttered plea,
Nor has Thou tarried, when the day was spent,
And broken bread with me:—

But, Lord, my rescued feet are steadfast set
Upon the King's Highway,
And though as yet I may not see Thy face,
I follow on each day;
My waiting eyes are unto Thee, dear Lord,
In whom I live and move,
Whose love, believed in, is the fullest joy
That earth or heaven can prove.

The needs-be of Thy ways may not be clear
To my imperfect sight;
Love trusts Thee wholly, where it cannot trace,
And knows that all is right.
It is enough for me by faith to stay
My hidden life on Thee,
And in the secret of Thy covenant
To rest implicitly.

I know that Thou art gone to beautify
A place in Heaven for me,
And when Thou comest to take Thy children home
I shall be like to Thee.
Then shall I wake, and see Thee eye to eye,
Whom now, unseen, I love;
Faith's darkly visioned glass exchanged at last
For rapturous sight above.

—Selected.

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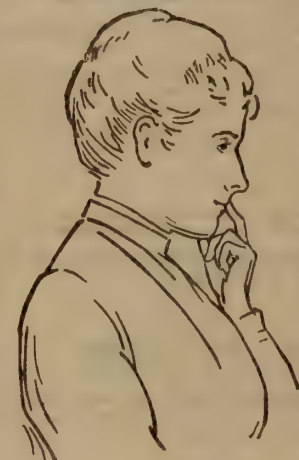
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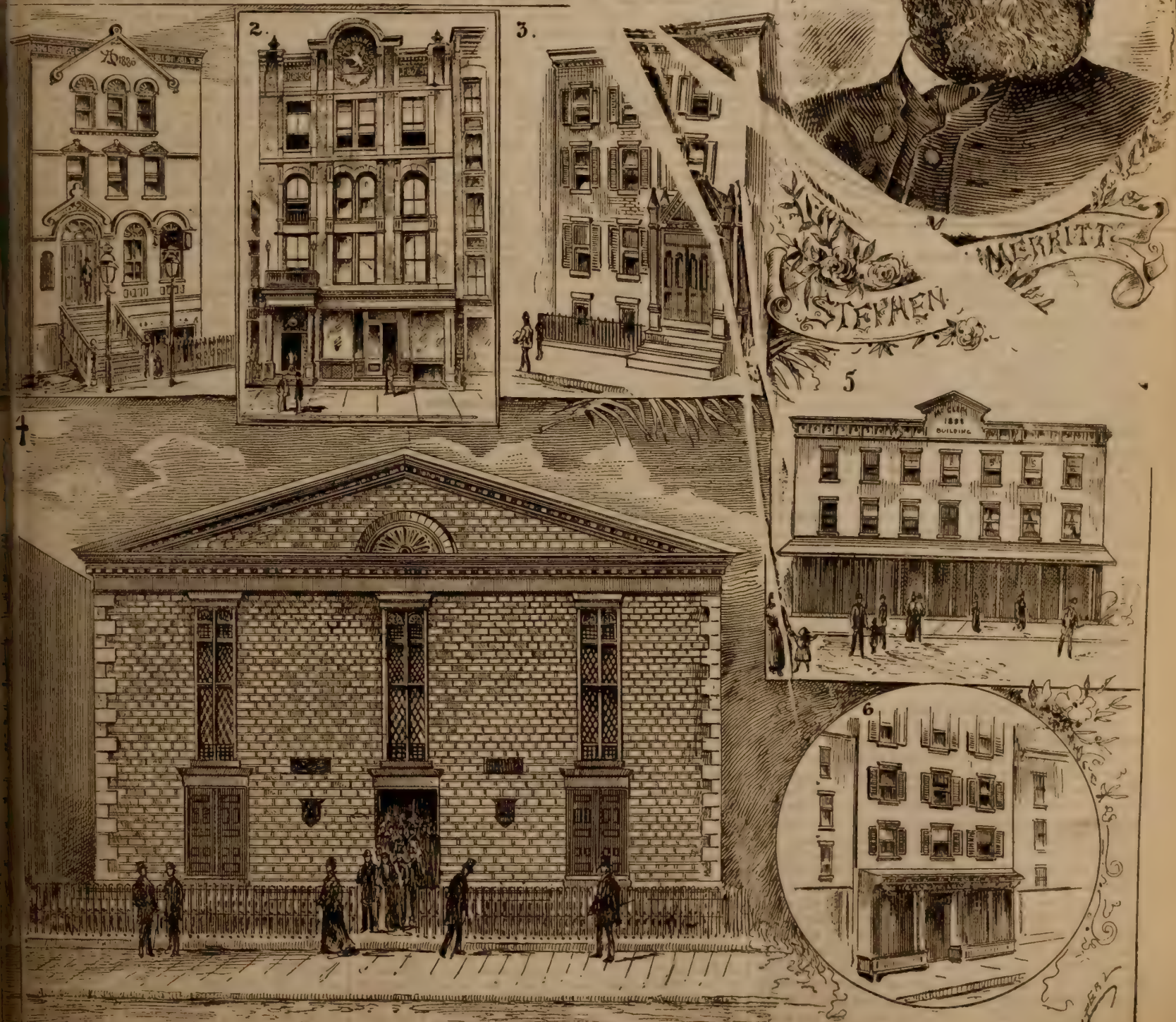
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Vol. XIII., No. 20. Offices, Bible House, N. Y.

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THE ASCENSION.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Ps. 24: 7.

The First Sight of Mount Olivet—Climbing the Mountain—Its Historical Associations—The Lord's Good-bye—His Triumph Over Natural Law—Gravitation Powerless to Hold Him—Rising Above the World—His View of the Places of His Suffering—His Welcome in Heaven—Enters in Human Form—Will Be Seen as He Looked on Earth—A Surgeon Who Gave Sight to the Blind—Christ Breaking His Own Laws—The Prayer of Faith Saving the Sick—His Last Gesture—Benediction of the Nations.

IN olden times when a great conqueror returned from victorious war, the people in wild transport would take hold of the gates of the city and lift them from their hinges, as much as to say: "This city needs no more gates to defend it since this conqueror has got home. Off from the hinges with the gates!" David, who was the poet of poets, foretells in his own way the triumphal entrance of Christ into heaven, after His victory over sin and death and hell. It was as if the celestial inhabitants had said: "Here He comes! Make way for Him! Push back the bolts of diamond! Take hold of the doors of pearl and hoist them from their hinges of gold! Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

Among the mountains of Palestine no one is more uplifting than Mount Olivet. It was the peroration of our Lord's ministry. On the roof of a house in Jerusalem I asked, "Which is Olivet?" and the first glance transfixed me. But how shall I describe my emotions, when, near the close of a journey, in which we had for two nights encamped amid the shattered masonry of old Jericho, and tasted of the acrid waters of the Dead Sea, that crystal sarcophagus of the buried cities of the plain, and waded down into the deep and swift Jordan to baptize a man, and visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, we found ourselves in stirrups and on horse, lathered with the long and difficult way.

Ascending Mount Olivet!

Oh, that solemn and suggestive ridge! It is a limestone hill, a mile in length, and three hundred feet high, and twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Over it King David fled with a broken heart. Over it Pompey led his devastating hosts. Here the famous Tenth Legion built their batteries in besiegement. The Garden of Gethsemane weeps at the foot of it. Along the base of this hill flashed the lanterns and torches of those who came to arrest Jesus. From the trees on this hill the boughs were torn off and thrown into the path of Christ's triumphal procession. Up and down that road Jesus had walked twice a day from Bethany to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Bethany. There, again and again, He had taught His disciples. Half way up this mount He uttered His lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" From its heights Jesus took flight homeward when He had finished His earthly mission. There is nothing more for Him to do. A sacrifice was needed to make peace between the recreant earth and the outraged heaven, and He had offered it. Death needed to be conquered, and He had put His resurrection foot upon it. The thirty-three years of voluntary exile had ended. The grandest, tenderest, mightiest Good-bye ever heard was now to be uttered.

The Lord's Good-bye.

On Mount Olivet Jesus stands in a group of Galilee fishermen. They had been together in many scenes of sadness and persecution and had been the more endeared by that brotherhood of suffering. They had expected Him to stay until the day of coronation when He would take the earthly throne and wave a sceptre mightier, and rule a dominion wider, than any Pharaoh, than any David, than any Cæsar. But now all these anticipations collapse. Christ has given His last advice. He has offered His last sympathy. He has spoken His last word. His hands are spread apart as one is apt to do when he pronounces a benediction, when suddenly the strongest and most stupendous law of all worlds is shattered. It is the law which, since the worlds were created, holds them together. It is the law which holds everything to the earth or, temporarily hurled from earth, returns it; the law which keeps the planets whirling around our sun, and our solar system whirling around other systems, and all the

systems whirling around the throne of God—the law of gravitation. That law is suspended, or relaxed, or broken, to let the body of Jesus go. That law had laid hold of him thirty-three years before, when He descended. It had relaxed its grip of Him but once, and that when it declined to sink Him from the top of the waves on Lake Galilee, on which He walked, to the bottom of the lake. That law of gravitation must now give way to Him who made the law. It may hold the other stars, but it cannot longer hold the Morning Star of the Redemption. It may hold the noonday sun, but it cannot hold the Sun of Righteousness. The fingers of that law are about to open to let go the most illustrious Being the world had ever seen, and whom it had worst maltreated. The strongest law of nature which philosophers ever weighed or measured must at last give way. It will break between the rock of Olivet and the heel of Christ's foot. Watch it, all ye disciples! Watch it, all the earth! Watch it, all the heavens!

Christ About to Leave

this planet. How? His friends will not consent to have Him go. His enemies catching Him would only attempt by another Calvary, to put Him into some other tomb. I will tell you how. The chain of the most tremendous natural law is unlinked. The sacred foot of our Lord and the limestone rock part, and part forever.

Leaning back, and with pallid cheek and uplifted eyes, the disciples see their Lord rising from the solid earth. Then, rushing forward they would grasp his feet to hold Him fast, but they are out of reach, and it is too late to detain Him. Higher than the tops of the fig-trees from which they had plucked the fruit. Higher than the olive-trees that shaded the mount. Higher, until He is within sight of the Bethlehem where He was born, and the Jordan where He was baptized, and the Golgotha where He was slain. Higher, until on stairs of fleecy cloud He steps. Higher, until, into a sky bluer than the lake that could not sink Him, He disappears into a sea of glory whose billowing splendors hide Him. The fishermen watch and watch, wondering if the law of nature will not reassert itself, and He shall in a few moments come back again, and they shall see Him descending; first His scarred feet coming in sight, then the scarred side, then the scarred brow, and they may take again His scarred hand. But the moments pass by, and the hours, and no reappearance. Gone out of sight of earth, but come within sight of heaven. And rising still, not welcomed by one angelic choir like those who one Christmas night escorted Him down, but

All Heaven Turns Out to Greet Him

back to His home, and the temples have especial anthem, and the palaces especial banquet, and the streets especial throngs; and all along the line to the foot of the throne, for years vacated but now again to be taken, there are arches lifted, and banners waved, and trumpets sounded, and doxologies chanted, and coronets cast down.

The angels throng'd His chariot wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung
"The glorious work is done."

It was the greatest day in heaven! As He goes up the steps of the throne that thirty-three years before He abdicated for our advantage, there rises from all the hosts of heaven a shout, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, "Hallelujah! Amen!"

"O garden of olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy glory shall ne'er be forgot."

No wonder that for at least fourteen hundred years the churches have, forty days after Easter, kept Ascension-Day; for the lessons are most inspiring and glorious. It takes much of the uncertainty out of the idea of heaven, when from Olivet we see human nature ascending.

The Same Body

that rose from Joseph's tomb ascended from Mount Olivet. Our human nature is in heaven to-day. Just as they had seen Christ for forty days, He ascended, head, face, shoulders, hands, feet, and the entire human organism. Humanity ascended! Ah, how closely that keeps Christ in sympathy with those who are still in the struggle! Ascended scars, face scars, hand scars, feet scars, shoulder scars! That will keep Him in accord with all the suffering, with all the weary, with all the imposed-upon. No more is He a spirit now than a body, no more of heaven than earth. Those of the celestial inhabitants who never saw our world, now walk around Him and learn from His physical contour something of what

our race will be when, in the resurrection, he will have uncounted bodies as well as uncounted spirits. On Ascension-Day He lifted Him through the atmosphere of Palestine until, at the immensities, He disappeared. He was the one being the world ever saw who could lift Him. Surely, if He could lift Himself, He can do lesser deed of lifting us.

"No star goes down but climbs another sky,
No sun sets here except to rise on high."

Christ leads us all the way: through the hour, for He was born in Bethlehem; through the hood, for He passed it in Nazareth; through the justices, for He endured the outrages of Pilate's court-room; through death, for He suffered in Calvary; through the sepulchre, for He lay three days within its darkened walls; through resurrection, for the solid masonry gave way on the Easter morning; through ascension, for Mount Olivet watched Him as He climbed the stairs through the shining gates, for He entered it amid magnificent acclaim. And here is a grand consideration that you never thought of: will see our Lord just as He looked on earth. He rose from the tomb He ascended from Mount Olivet. We shall see Him as He looked on road to Emmaus, as He appeared in the room in Jerusalem, as He was that day of victory on the ridge from which He swung into skies. How much

We Will Want to See Him!

I was reading of a man born blind. He was tried to one who took care of him all those years of darkness. A surgeon said to him, "I can remove that blindness," and so he did. His sight given him, a rose was handed to the man who never before had seen a rose and he was in admiration, and his family whom he had never seen before now appeared to him, and he was in tears of joy, when he suddenly cried out: "I ought first have asked to see the one who cured me; show me the doctor." When from our eyes the scales of earth shall fall, and we have our first vision of heaven, our first cry ought not to be, "Where are the loved ones?" Our first cry ought to be, "Who is Christ, who made all this possible? Show me the Doctor!" Glory be to God for ascended humanity. Could we realize it, and that it is all in sympathy for us, we would have as cool a courage in the midst of this life as had Charles the Twelfth who was dictating dispatches to his secretary, as a bombshell fell into the room, and the secretary dropped his pen and attempted flight. Christ said to him: "Go on with your writing! what the bombshell to do with the letter I am dictating. If the ascended Christ be on our side, not should disturb us.

"Our fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling in our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries."

I am so glad that Christ broke the natural law of gravitation when He shook off from His feet the clutch of Mount Olivet. People talk as though the cold, iron, unsympathetic, natural law controlled everything. The reign of

Law is a Majestic Thing,

but the God who made it has a right to break it, and again and again has broken it, and again will break it. A law is only God's way of doing things, and if He chooses to do them in another way, He has a right to do so. A law is strong enough to shackle the Almighty. Christ broke botanical law when, one Monday morning in March, on the way from Bethany to Jerusalem, a few words He turned a full-leaved fig-tree into a lifeless stick. He broke ichthyological law when, without any natural inducement, He swung a school of fish into a part of Lake Tiberias, where the fishermen had cast their nets for eight hours without the capture of a minnow; and making a fish help pay the tax by yielding from its mouth a Roman stater. Christ broke the law of storms by compelling, with a word, the angry winds to hush its frenzy, and the winds to quit their howling. He broke zoölogical law when He made the devils possess the swine of Gadara. He broke the law of economics when He made enough bread for five thousand people out of five biscuits, which would not ordinarily have been enough for the hungry. He broke intellectual law when, with a word, He silenced a maniac into placidity. He broke physiological law when, by a touch, he straightened a woman who, for eighteen years, had been bent almost double, and when he put a

the foot of inhumated Lazarus, and when, ut medicine, He gave the dying girl back in to the Syro-Phœnician mother, and when ade the palatial home of the nobleman re-again with the laughter of his restored boy, then, without knife or battery, He set cata-eyes to seeing again, and the drum of deaf vibrating again, and the nerves of paralyzed o thrilling again, and then when in leaving th He defied all atmospheric law and physi-ol law, and that law which has in it withes and and girders enough to hold the universe, the gravitation.

Christ who proved Himself on so many oc-
s, and especially the last, superior to law,
es; and every day, in answer to prayer for
od of the world,

He is Overriding the Law.

d be God that we are not the subjects of blind
but of a sympathizing divinity. Have you
seen a typhoid fever break, or a storm sud-
quiet, or a ship a-beam's-end right itself, or
ift, or a parched sky break in showers, or a
city disentangled, or the inconsolable take
or the wayward reform at the call of prayer?
seen it; multitudes have seen it. You have,
have been willing to see it. Deride not the
are. Because impostors attempt it, is noth-
against good men whom God hath honored
arvellous restorations. Pronounce nothing
ible to prayer and trust. Because you and I
ffect it, is no reason why others may not.
same argument I could prove that Raphael
ainted a Madonna, and that Mendelssohn
wrote an oratorio, and that Phidias never
ed a statue. Because we cannot accomplish
elves, we are not to conclude that others may
There are in immensity great ranges of mists
have proved, under closer telescopic scru-
be the storehouse of worlds, and I do not
ut from that passage in James, which, to
f us is yet misty and dim, there may roll out
heaven and a new earth, "The prayer of
all save the sick." The faith-curists may,
war against disease, be only skirmishing be-
general engagement, in which all the mala-
earth shall be routed. Surely, allopathy and
pathy and hydropathy and eclecticism need
ement from somewhere. Why not from the
id prayer of the consecrated? The might-
ool of medicine may yet be the school of
I do not know but that diseases, now by
ools pronounced incurable, may give way
ospel bombardment. I do not know but
e day may come when faith and prayer shall
e dead. Strauss and Woolston and Spinoza
me and Schleiermacher rejected the mira-
he far past. I do not propose to be like
nd reject the miracles of the far future.
now, the Christ of Ascension-Day is might-
any natural laws, for on the day of which
He trampled down the strongest of them
is mighty, but He who made it is mightier.
at fatality from your theology, and give
e throne.

ing to-day on the Ascension peak of
Olivet I am also gladdened at

The Closing Gesture,

gesture that Christ ever made. "He
His hands and blessed them," says the in-
count of our Lord's departure. I am so
lifted up His hands. Gestures are often
gnificant than words, attitudes than argu-
Christ had made a gesture of contempt
ith His finger He wrote on the ground;
of repulsion when He said, "Get thee be-
Satan;" gesture of condemnation when
"Woe unto you, Pharisees and hypocrites."
last gesture, His Olivetic gesture, is a ges-
benediction. He lifted up His hands and
them. His arms are extended, and the
His hands turned downward, and so He
benediction upon Olivet, benediction upon
e, benediction upon all the earth.

ruel world took Him in at the start on a
f straw, and at last thrust Him out with the
the spear; but benediction! Ascending until
He saw on one side the Bethlehem where
t Him among the cattle, and Calvary on
er side, where they put Him among the
As far as the excited and intensified
the group on Olivet could see Him, and
was so far up they could no longer hear
ds, they saw the gesture of the outspread
he benediction. And that is His attitude

to-day. His benediction upon the world's climates,
and they are changing, and will keep on changing
until the atmosphere shall be a commingling of
October and June. Benediction upon the deserts
till they whiten with lily, and blush with rose, and
yellow with cowslip, and emerald with grass.
Benediction upon governments till they become
more just and humane. Benediction upon nations
till they kneel in prayer. Benediction upon the
whole earth until every mountain is an Olivet of
consecration, and every lake a Galilee on whose
mosaic of crystal, and opal, and sapphire divine
spendors shall walk. Oh, take the benediction of
His pardon, sinners young, and sinners old, sinners
moderate, and sinners abandoned. Take the ben-
ediction of His comfort, all ye broken-hearted under
bereavement, and privation, and myriad woes.
Take His benediction, all ye sick-beds, whether
under acute spasms of pain, or in long-protracted in-
validism. For orphanage, and childlessness, and
widowhood a benediction. For cradles and
trundle-beds, and rocking-chairs of octogenarians,
a benediction. For life and for death, for time and
for eternity, for earth and for heaven, a ben-
ediction. Sublimest gesture ever made, the last
gesture of our ascending Lord. "And He lifted
up His hands, and blessed them."

Our Attitude.

Is our attitude the same? Is it the clenched fist
or the open palm? Is it wrath or is it kindness?
Is it diabolism or Christism? God give us the
grace of the open palm, open upward to get the
benediction, open downward to pronounce a ben-
ediction. A lady was passing along a street and
suddenly ran against a ragged boy, and she said:
"I beg your pardon, my boy, I did not mean to run
against you; I am very sorry." And the boy took off
the piece of a cap he had upon his head and said:
"You have my parding, lady, and you may run
agin me and knock me clear down; I won't care."
And turning to a comrade he said: "That nearly
took me off my feet. Nobody ever asked my par-
ding before." Kindness! Kindness! Fill the world
with it. There has always been too much of disre-
gard of others. Illustrated in 1630, in England, when
ninety-five thousand acres of marshes were drained
for health and for crop-raising, and the sportsmen
destroyed the drainage-works because they wanted
to keep the marshes for hunting-ground, where
they could shoot wild-ducks. The same selfishness
in all ages. Oh, for kindness that would make our
life a symphony suggestive of one of the ancient
banquets where everything was set to music; the
plates brought in and removed to the sound of
music, the motions of the carvers keeping time with
the music, the conversation lifting and dropping
with the rising and falling of the music. But, in-
stead of the music of an earthly orchestra, it would
be the music of a heavenly charm, our words the
music of kind thoughts, our steps the music of
helpful deeds, our smile the music of encouraging
looks, our youth and old age the first and last bars
of music conducted by the pierced-hand that was
opened in love and spread downward in benediction
on Olivetic heights on Ascension-Day.

"By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounted to the throne of God."

AN INDIAN'S WORK AMONG INDIANS.

THE story of a tour among the Indians of Dakota
is told in the American *Missionary* by Rev. James
F. Cross, who is establishing schools and mission
stations in the reservation. Among other places
he visited was the station where Spotted Bear is at
work for his brethren. "Spotted Bear," says Mr.
Cross, "who is the native teacher and preacher at
Northfield Station, has gone to work with earnest-
ness and enthusiasm. Here is a large community,
perhaps fifty houses, *heathen to the core*. Beyond
him few know anything of Christianity. Spotted
Bear has an evening school of twenty or more
young men. He teaches Dakota, and as much
English as he can. A few can read. These he
puts into a Bible class. The New Testament is the
text-book. On Sunday he holds two or three ser-
vices, and the house is always full. A larger room
is needed at once. To build this will be my first
spring work. The value of just such work as this
cannot be overestimated. Spotted Bear himself
got his education in just such a school.

"Here is a man, who by his life is denying what
nine out of every ten men in the United States are
saying: 'It is no use to work among the adult In-
dians.' He was twenty-five and over before he
commenced study of any kind. He is now a citi-

zen, church officer, teacher, preacher, all of which
require a fair amount of intelligence and informa-
tion. His work, too, is invaluable if the aim is to
change the Indian to an American citizen. In this
village this one room, only, is the opening to civili-
zation. Some of the young men are tired of In-
dian ways. They think the dance is something
that ought to be thrown away. These young men
now have a place to spend their evenings, beyond
the dance-house. These houses and native help-
ers break down more superstition and Indian life
than any other influence on the reservation. In
the matter of dress it is the same. Here is an In-
dian woman who is not ashamed to wear a dress
like a white woman. The teachers in the day-
schools complain that they cannot get the girls to
wear the civilized dress when they leave school.
And Indian dresses mean Indian dirt and careles-
ness. One Indian woman advocating 'dress re-
form' by example, will do more than any teacher
on the reservation.'

A NIGHT MISSIONARY AMONG THIEVES.

THE story of an adventure among New York
thieves is told in Dr. Gordon's *Watchword* by Mr.
H. B. Gibbud, the devoted missionary who for
many years spent his nights in going about the
streets of New York, rescuing the friendless and
fallen. He says that one night, or, rather, in the
small hours of the morning, he was in Pell Street,
the Chinese quarter, and also the headquarters of
the dreaded Whyo gang of toughs. "It is only
one block long, and runs from the Bowery to Mott
Street. On one side of the street are a number of
tumble-down tenements inhabited by a colony of
Chinese, who run gambling dens and "opium-
joints." On the other side there are a number of
stables, and several cheap lodging-houses, where,
for seven cents, one can find shelter and a place in
which to lie down. Half-way down the block a
dark lane, with the local name of "Shin-bone
Alley," runs around into the Bowery."

He spoke to a poor, ragged boy, who was trying
to get asleep on an ash-box. As he was trying to
say a word for the Master, a rough voice from a
wagon, which was left without its horses by the
sidewalk for the night, summoned the boy by the
name of "Dutchy." "It's de gang," Dutchy ex-
plained, by way of excusing himself, as he promptly
responded to the call by running to the wagon.
Mr. Gibbud heard the voices of several men inside
the vehicle. "Listening closely," he says, "I learned
from several allusions that they were planning to
rob me. I now began to realize that I had "fallen
among thieves," and to debate what was the best
course to pursue. My fears strongly suggested flight,
but another voice from within kept saying, 'He that
hath my word let him speak my word faithfully.'
And was not here a chance to speak the 'wonder-
ful words of life' to some who, perhaps, had never
heard of Jesus and the great salvation? So, pray-
ing for wisdom, I awaited further developments.
In a few minutes several of the roughs got out of
the wagon and gathered around me. One said,
'Boss, give us seven cents till we git a pint er beer
ter wash der cobwebs ouden our t'roats.'

"I saw the time for action had come, so I said,
'See here, boys, I want to give you a bit of advice.
When you go to rob any one, never pick out a mis-
sionary, for they are always as poor as a church
mouse, and never have anything worth stealing.
Now, I'm a missionary, so I can save you the trouble
of going through my clothes.' As they stood
speechless, I told them the story of the cross, and
how Christ in the agonies of death stopped to save
a dying thief, and took him as a companion to
paradise, and that if there was salvation for a dying
thief there was certainly a chance for living ones,
if they would only come to the same Saviour. I
urged them to quit their life of sin and to follow
Christ. When I turned to go away I said, 'Boys, I
want you to remember me. Will you do it?'

"Corkey spoke up and said, 'Wall now, young fel-
ler, I've ben round dese corners for de last seven
year, an' you're the fust un I ever seed round here
preachin' religion. Yer kin bet yer bottom dollar
I won't furgit yer phiz.'

"This first meeting led to many other quiet talks,
and to much seed-sowing among this and other
gangs of thieves; and I trust much good has been
done. One of their number, to escape a detective,
ran into the mission meeting, and, to use his own
words, 'was caught by the Great Detective, and
kept from stealing and everything else that is wick-
ed.' Worthy the Lamb to receive all the glory!"

JANE STREET M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Its Missions and its Pastor.

The Power of Enthusiasm—The Beginning of the Work—A Dilapidated, Forsaken Church—The New Pastor—A Fire Kindled—A Great Revival—The Development—A Band of Zealous Workers Gathered—Looking for New Fields—The Annex Opened—The William Taylor Self-Supporting Missionary Society—The Franklin Street and Madison Street Churches—Their Peculiar Situation—The Assembly Hall—Work—Reaching Down to a Lower Depth—The New Project—Personal History of Mr. Merritt.

A DISTINGUISHED writer, who was one of the most brilliant of the pioneers of that movement which, in our day, has swept over and through the churches, shaking the dry bones of creeds, and arousing men to energetic Christian activity, insists that "the enthusiasm of humanity" is indispensable to the realization of Christ's ideal of His kingdom on earth. We have seen that enthusiasm in action, and we have glorified God as we have seen the results. An illustration, selected, not on account of any superiority in it to thousands of others, but because it is typical of thousands which could be found in this and other lands at the present time, we give here, with pictures on the first page of the buildings which it has taken into service, and a portrait of the man whose strong faith and energy have placed him at the head of it. The work is that of the Jane Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York, under the charge of the Rev. Stephen Merritt—a work that has grown beyond the church itself, and has scattered seed all around, which is growing up and flourishing with beneficent results, to thousands of precious souls in neglected fields.

The Beginning

of the work dates no further back than 1888. At that time Jane Street Church was a forsaken enterprise, of which those who knew it best despaired. It was down-town; it was away from the homes of people who are devoted to real religious work; the building was in a most dilapidated condition; its services were so sparsely attended and so devoid of interest that it was decided to sell the church building. At the last moment some old friends of the cause stepped in, and invoked the power of the courts to restrain the sale. Mr. Merritt, who then had charge of the Franklin Street Church, was requested to look after it, and see if its old-time power could not be revived. For about a year he was responsible for both churches. He preached morning and evening at one or the other, and secured supplies for the services that he did not take himself. He held an evangelistic service in the Jane Street Church every night of the week, and at those meetings there were strange scenes.

"Break the coals small, and let us have a good fire," said a famous revival preacher once to a congregation of miners, who easily understood his metaphor. There was always a good fire, in that sense, at the week-night services in Jane Street when Stephen Merritt was there, as he generally was. A man who believes in the gospel with all his heart, and believes in its power to transform the worst lives, and to make the most depraved men good, happy, and useful; who believes that the Holy Spirit can regenerate the most hardened sinner, and that His power will be put in operation in answer to believing prayer, is not likely to neglect his opportunity if he has the love for souls which fills Stephen Merritt's heart. His very outside appearance is inspiring. He has the look of a happy man, of a man who has a good thing in his possession, knows its value, and is eager to tell his secret to others. Poor, miserable drunkards, with aching heads, ragged clothes, empty pockets, and wretched homes, could not look at such a man without thinking how much better a thing he was making of his life than they were. Sin brings misery, invariably. If the sinner does not suffer in his financial circumstances, he is ill at ease with his conscience, and suffers mentally and spiritually. He is conscious that he is not what he might be, and ought to be, and he is discontented. If he went into the Jane Street meeting—and if he happened to be in that neighborhood he was sure to be urged to go in—he would see a man whose face spoke of joy in this world, and a sure and certain hope of better things in store. He would perceive that there was no "half-fire and half-smoke" condition in the pastor, no uncertainty, no doubt, but full and strong conviction of the verities about which he talked, and a firm persuasion that they would be as effective with others as they were with himself. There, be-

fore him, was the evident presentment of happiness, a soul at peace with itself and with God, and as he listened he heard how such a desirable result had been produced, and was told that the spiritual revolution could take place in his own breast by the same means. What wonder that the slaves of appetite, sensual passion, and vice, looking at and hearing the pastor, took courage and besought Christ for deliverance?

The Development

of the work was rapid. Not only were sinners saved, and Satan's victims snatched from his grasp by the power of the Crucified One, but Christian men and women were stirred and aroused. Enthusiasm is contagious. Their theories, their notions of "the plan of salvation," which were dried up in some corner of their souls and periodically taken out and dusted, began to work like yeast, making themselves felt in their daily lives. They became alive in the warmth of the fire kindled in those week-night services in the dilapidated old Jane Street Church, and wielded a power over the life, not only in the church, but in the home, and the store, and the workshop. The members of the church wanted to work, too. The man in earnest had made them in earnest, and he wanted nothing better than to set them to work. There were only two hundred of them then, but their numbers were growing, and they knew, by what they had seen, what consecration and energy could do. Stephen Merritt was delighted with the prospect, and he gave more and more attention to the work, until at the close of the year it occupied all his spare time, and he was made pastor-in-charge of Jane Street. Then Thomas Harrison was invited, and there came such a revival of religion in that place as has not been seen anywhere of late years. The number of converts grew from hundreds to thousands. Many united with other churches, but so many wished to make the church in which they had been born again their church home, that the old church had to be enlarged. Adjoining ground was purchased and the accommodation of the building extended. It was filled to its utmost capacity, and its roll of membership had upon it nine hundred names.

The Annex

in the rear of the church, a picture of which fills one of the panels of the picture on the first page, was the first enterprise undertaken to accommodate the overflow. There the workers found a spiritual workshop. It is filled every night with numbers inquiring the way of life. Hundreds of such are living around our churches who never enter them. Their clothes are not good enough, as they think; they are tired with their work; they have no inclination for dry, doctrinal preaching; they have a host of excuses. But they will listen to men who talk kindly with them, listen to the story of their sorrows, give them advice and help, and show them the way to better things. This is done in the Annex, and it is surprising how quickly the response comes, and how readily the objections to religion vanish before a sincere and earnest effort in Christ's name. Scores have already been redeemed there from sin and uncleanness and have entered into the joy of salvation.

The William Taylor Mission,

the self-supporting missionary society—an incorporated body of active workers, about this time appointed Stephen Merritt their missionary for the lower part of the city, having at the same time had placed at its disposal by the Church Extension Society two churches—Franklin Street Church on the west side and Madison Street Church on the east side. (Pictures of both these edifices appear in the first-page illustration.) Stephen Merritt was not dismayed by this sudden extension of responsibility. He had a corps of workers ready for labor with abundant faith and energy. They took hold of the new work with vigor, and the Lord is sending them a rich harvest of souls. To these two churches is now added the Assembly Hall in McClees Building in Little Twelfth Street near West Street, where a mission had once been held. This work was also turned over to the Jane Street people and it is now in a wonderful state of revival. Noon-day meetings are held regularly, and evangelistic work every night. A few evenings ago ten young men were received into communion there, who had formerly been wandering in the ways of error and superstition.

The Franklin Street Church

is one of the most remarkable fields of labor in the city. It stands in the centre of a district almost destitute of homes. In the day it is a scene of busy

life, for huge warehouses and factories stand on sites once occupied by families; but at night clerks and laborers leave it for their homes in Harlem, and other districts, and the place is almost deserted, save for loafers and homeless men, women who, when they can evade the vigilance of the policemen on the post, creep into the sheltered doorways for snatches of sleep. Besides this church and the churches connected with old Times City, there is only the Roman Catholic church in the First, Third, and Fifth wards, though all at the wharves there is opportunity for Christian work among the shipping, and there are janitors and others whose occupation makes them denizens of this once crowded district. Not only has Franklin Street Church been revived, but a mission has been opened at No. 30 Beach Street, under the charge of Mr. Bevere, the converted Roman Catholic priest who is doing a work there wonderfully unobtrusive and successful. The entire expenses of that mission are defrayed by a benevolent Christian gentleman of New York.

The Madison Street Church

is a very interesting field. It is a very small group of workers, but they form a garrison whose station attracts profound admiration and sympathy. All around them are Jews, Romanists, Atheists, Anarchists in embryo, and a population of many nationalities, generally careless about religion, eager to mend the social condition by violent measures. Among them stands this church with its brave band of workers preaching the true and remedying the sorrows and burdens and miseries of life. They believe in their remedy, and the full of hope that they will get their neighbors to adopt it, too. They have had much encouragement already, and they believe their prospects are bright. All these many agencies have their centre in Jane Street Church, and Stephen Merritt, its pastor, goes from one to the other with his cheerful and strong faith, and hearty, full-toned voice, giving encouragement and stimulus to the workers.

The Lowest Depth

in the many strata of New York Society has a matter of concern for some time past to the pastor and his people. In the rear cellars of the city are to be found, by any one who dares venture into them, men, and women, and even children who never venture into the streets by day. To a depth lower than the slums. The people there are barely enough rags to cover their forms; they are as if they had never been washed for years. Indescribable hangs about them, vermin infest their faces. Even the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York Street would be a place that they would not think of entering than they would a Fifth Avenue Church. They are low and vile beyond conception, but they have immortal souls,—souls for which Christ died. Stephen Merritt is endeavoring to reach these. His project, which is not yet completely perfected in all its details, is to establish a mission in Roosevelt Street; to have the building opened at 10 o'clock at night, and continue until 5 in the morning; to have it clean and comfortable, and to provide hot coffee and bread for all who will come; to invite gifts of clothing, distribute to such as are in need, and medical assistance for the sick. It is an enormous undertaking, requiring almost superhuman faith, courage, and patience. The pastor believes it can be accomplished, and that its success would be phenomenal. It certainly will be watched with intense interest and sympathy by all Christian men.

The Personal History

of Mr. Merritt, having been sketched in columns some five years ago, only a brief mention of its leading events is needed here. He was born in New York City, on March 6, 1833. His father was an undertaker, but he wished his son to acquire an independent handicraft, and when he completed his education he sent him to the Brooklyn Navy-yard to learn the art of sail-making. Four years the boy worked in the Navy-yard, and at the end of that time his apprenticeship was completed, and he was free to follow his own inclinations. He was able to earn his own livelihood, and he left the Navy-yard to enter upon his career in the world.

A short time before, while sitting in the Brooklyn Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the Holy Spirit had spoken to his soul, and he had yielded himself to Christ. He was anxious to enter into manual work, but very wisely resolved to gain more intellectual culture, that he might be-

more effective laborer in Christ's service. He accordingly spent one year in the seminary at Amenia, N. Y., and at the end of that time returned to New York, eager for employment in the harvest-field of the Gospel. In 1858, Mr. Merritt, being then twenty-five years of age, received a lay-preacher's license in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his work of publishing the Gospel commenced. Six years later he received from Bishop Clarke ordination as deacon. He was not until 1871, however, that Mr. Merritt entered fully on the special work in which he has since been engaged in the praise of all the churches. That work was commenced in Bank Street, New York. A dingy room in that thoroughfare was twenty years ago identified by the name of a chapel, and in it a few poor people were gathered every Sunday to listen to the Gospel. Mr. Merritt became the pastor of the church and his genial manner, his warm heart, his ready sympathy with the poor and the struggling, were soon felt through the streets and in the homes of that neighborhood. The congregation grew; souls were saved, and the little church was enlarged. Before two years had passed a new church had to be built, and the commodious edifice on Perry Street was erected at a cost of \$35,000, to the surprise of the people themselves the money was paid up, and no one ever knew, though many would have suspected, how much of that large sum came from the pastor's pocket.

In 1874 Mr. Merritt was stationed at Piermont on Hudson with the oversight of three other adjacent churches, but at the end of 1875 he was recalled home by family affairs. His father's growing years and infirmities made filial attention an imperative duty. Stephen Merritt therefore devoted himself to relieving his father of business cares, took charge of the undertaking business, but the evenings and on Sundays he was active in Christian work. He had not been at home much more than a year, when his old church in Perry Street was moving with a view to his resumption of his pastoral charge over them. He was ordained anew by Bishop Merrill, and was placed in Perry Street for another term of three years. Thence he moved to Franklin Street. His work there was described in our previous article, published in 1885, as also some accounts of his labors in the cause of temperance, and his beneficence in public and private philanthropic work.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Dying Man's Vision is Described by a Watcher who stood by his bedside. The *Times* of Hartford, Conn., states that a printer was dying in his city, and in his last hours was watched by a "practical," hard-headed man, and the dying man had been sinking. The watcher, growing more labored, became slower and fainter. The watcher thought the man was dead, when suddenly his eyes opened with a glad expression of wonder and joyful recognition: he threw up his arms as in an embrace, and his whole face was animated as he rapturously exclaimed, "Why, mother! The same instant he fell back dead. Nothing will ever convince me," said the watcher, "of the occurrence, 'that that man didn't fully see his mother then and there.'" Though an actual proof of the reunion of loved ones on the other side the grave, this incident, which is one of many of similar purport, affords strong ground for comfort to some who, when they are parted by death from beloved children or friends, lack the faith to say with David, "I shall go to my father." (II Kings 12: 23.)

Nuns' Terrible Struggle with Maniacs in a Building is one of many instances of herculean labor in connection with the destruction of the Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum near Montreal on May 6. When the fire was discovered, the nuns were immediately set to work to get the female patients out of the wards. The more intelligent nuns were docile, and came out willingly; but the violent patients, who were confined in the upper wards, could not be made to comprehend their situation. They stubbornly refused to leave their rooms, and only those could be saved who were dragged out by main force. Both the nuns and the patients risked their lives in trying to get the deranged creatures away, but in many cases it was impossible. They laughed and yelled with delight at the flames, or screamed in abject terror; but they would not leave the building. One of the sisters, Maria McNicholls, fell a victim to their madness. Though a young girl of slight build, she success-

fully dragged out of the ward, and to safety, several of the resisting women. But one crowd of patients made a rush back to the burning ward, and the young sister followed through the flames to endeavor to rescue them, single-handed. The young girl was much beloved by the poor lunatics, and when they recognized her they crowded around her, clutching hold of her. When last seen, she was vainly endeavoring to free herself from the embraces of the excited women, who would not fly themselves nor let her go. Then a mass of flame and smoke hid the young heroine from sight, and all chance of escape was closed. She was not seen alive again. She might have been saved if those who loved her had not held her back. Their dementia relieves them of responsibility for their fatal act. But there are many who commit an analogous crime who have not their excuse. Many a young girl who has been very near the kingdom of God has been held back and drawn again into worldly pleasure by her family and friends who loved her with a fatal love. (II Peter 2: 18.)

The Ingratitude of Escaped Prisoners to Their Benefactor is mentioned in connection with the life of Colonel Hargous, who died three years ago in New York. In 1846, and for twenty years afterward, Colonel Hargous was the most prominent American citizen residing in Vera Cruz, Mexico. He carried on an extensive banking and shipping business, and accumulated a large fortune. When Colonel Hargous first settled in Vera Cruz there were a large number of Texas prisoners of war confined at the fortress of Perote, in Mexico. From time to time some of them escaped and reached Vera Cruz. They always found in Colonel Hargous a ready and generous friend, who aided them with his means, and with the facilities which his shipping interests afforded, for their escape to the United States. This he did at the risk of ruin to himself, and the risk was increased by the ungrateful carelessness of some of those whom he aided, who boasted of the help they had received from him to reporters of American newspapers. Notwithstanding this, Colonel Hargous continued the work, and through the help rendered by him many more prisoners were enabled to reach their homes. It is not of this form of "ungrateful carelessness" on the part of prisoners released from Satan's bondage that Christ has to complain. Too often their ingratitude is shown in silence, when they ought to declare everywhere what their Deliverer has done for them. (Luke 8: 39.)

A Girl Saved from Death by a Stranger's Blood was discharged from the New York Hospital on May 7. She was taken there from a house on Eighth Avenue where she lived with another girl, a seamstress, like herself. An escape of gas had filled the room in which they slept, and when it was discovered one of the girls was quite dead and the other unconscious. On the latter being received in the hospital, the usual remedies were applied without success. The attending physician said that nothing could save her from death but transfusion of blood. The case was published in the newspapers and was talked of among the convalescents in the hospital. When the doctor's statement was made known, a strong, healthy man, named Amos Lincoln, who was in the hospital under treatment for an injury, and was sufficiently recovered to be discharged, went to the physician and offered to give his blood for the benefit of the dying girl. His offer was accepted. A quantity of poisoned blood was taken from her arm, and a corresponding quantity of healthy blood was forced directly from the man's body into her veins. Immediately she recovered consciousness, her eyes opened, and in a short time her limbs, which had been completely paralyzed, recovered their normal power. Last week she was pronounced quite well, and left the hospital on Wednesday to return to her occupation. The man whose blood had saved her life suffered no ill effects beyond a temporary weakness. It was not so when sinners, through the blood of Christ, were saved from eternal death. He died that we, through His blood, might have everlasting life. (John 6: 54.)

The Mystery of a Child's Disappearance Was Solved on May 7. For three years the parents of a little girl, living near Wilkesbarre, Pa., have been searching for her and making inquiries far and near. On Decoration Day, 1887, she, with other children, was watching the parade of veterans, when she suddenly disappeared, and no trace of her could be found. Last week, however, the mystery of the missing child was solved. A man, while crossing

the mountains at Upper Lehigh, found among the rocks the remains of a childish form, only the bleached bones and a few bits of clothing remaining to afford a clue to its identity. The news was carried to Freeland, where the parents of the missing child were living. They hastened to the spot, and the mother's quick eye and keen memory served to identify the remains of a pair of stockings and new shoes as those worn by the child. The remains were brought home, and received interment. The child is supposed to have wandered voluntarily from the town and to have died from exposure on the mountain-side. How often has that been the story of wanderers from God! They voluntarily leave Him and wander on the mountains of sin and unbelief, and, though the Good Shepherd seeks them, they die in their self-exile. (Isa. 53: 6.)

A Man Kept in Prison Through a Blunder was set at liberty in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 8. Some time ago the man purchased a watch on the installment plan. He undertook to pay three dollars a week until the watch was paid for, but after paying about a third of the amount he lost his position, and was out of work a long time. The watch was used as collateral to raise money for the support of his family, and the payments on account of its purchase fell into arrears. At length the firm who sold the watch lost patience, and being unable to obtain either the money or the watch, had the man arrested. His wife, in her distress, went for advice to her clergyman, who kindly went around among his people, and raised the money to pay the debt. Having paid it over to the firm, he expected that the prisoner would be released at once; but, to his surprise, he learned a few days later that the man was still held in jail. He, therefore, employed a lawyer, who appealed to the courts. But the judge to whom he applied said he knew nothing of the case, and could not interfere. Other applications were met in the same way, and even the judge who had granted the order of arrest had no papers relating to the case in his hands. It was found that the constable who arrested the man had omitted to make a return. While the tedious forms of law were being complied with by great exertion, and with unavoidable delays, the man, whose debt had been satisfied, had to remain a prisoner, and not until last Thursday did the sheriff obtain authority to release him. No appeals were necessary to induce the man to quit the jail then; indeed, he considered it a grievous injustice that he should have been detained after the claim against him had been satisfied. It is a pity that men who are held in captivity by Satan are not similarly alive to their privileges; for Christ has satisfied the law, and has purchased their deliverance, but they do not avail themselves of it. (Gal. 3: 13.)

THE LATE MARQUIS TSENG.

(See Portrait on page 316.)

THIS eminent Chinese statesman and diplomatist, whose death at Peking has recently been announced, was long resident in Europe, as the able and successful Ambassador of the Chinese Empire. His personal name was Tseng Chitse, and he was born in 1848, son of Tseng Kwo-fan, a distinguished and influential Minister, who received the title of "Hou," which is regarded as equivalent to "Marquis." After studying in the Imperial College, and entering the official service, he accompanied his father, as private secretary, in the campaigns and administrative journeys that ensued on the Tai-ping rebellion, but it was not until 1877 that he obtained the rank of Tang Kwan, or expectant Secretary of State. In 1878 he received his first high office—that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Courts of England and France. He was acting in that capacity when Chung How was sent to St. Petersburg to settle the Kuldja difficulty by negotiation. The Chinese repudiated the Treaty of Livadia, and the Marquis Tseng was instructed to proceed to St. Petersburg as special Ambassador to obtain a more honorable and suitable settlement of the difficulty. His diplomacy was crowned with success, for the Treaty of St. Petersburg in 1881 restored Kuldja to China, and harmony to her relations with the neighboring Empire of Russia. He showed equal ability in the long dispute with the French Government upon the Tonquin question. When the Marquis Tseng returned to China in 1886, after eight years' residence in Europe, he was made a Grand Secretary, and President of the new Board of Admiralty, and during the last three years he has been regarded as one of the most important men in China, after the Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang.

THE SHUT DOOR.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of Boston, Mass. *

To whom, and to what time do the words of our Lord, "*When once the Master of the house is risen up, and shut to the door*" (Luke 13: 25), refer? This text has been made the hinge on which one of the most important questions of eschatology turns. If the words signify the closing of the gate of mercy upon all mankind, at the return of Christ, then the second advent ends the work of redemption, and there are no further triumphs for the gospel among the yet unsaved nations. But, according to the eschatological scheme now most widely accepted among scholars, the return of our Lord in glory, instead of ending the probation of the race, is to usher in the final and universal conquest of the gospel over the earth. Of course Christ's coming is in

Mighty and Terrific Judgment

upon apostate Christendom; but the Scriptures seem to teach that following this judgment will be the conversion of Israel, and through redeemed Israel, the yet wider and universal triumph of the gospel among all nations. If so, the text which we are considering must have some other application than the one above suggested. May not the reference be two-fold—nearer, to the Jews, and, more remotely, to Christendom?

Turning to Godet's exposition of this passage, we find it set forth under the heading: "*The rejection of Israel, and the admission of the Gentiles.*" We believe that this interpretation is not only the most harmonious with the general teaching of Scripture, but the most natural and obvious if we consider the words under discussion, by themselves.

1. Observe the description of

Those who are Excluded

by the shutting of the door. They are made to say: "*We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets.*" Does not this picture the Jews of Christ's own day? True, the words may be used figuratively, but they describe so exactly the relation which the Master had held with those now addressed, that the presumption is strongly in favor of applying them to them. "This word," says Schleiermacher, "was spoken in Galilee where many thus heard, and ate and drank with him."

2. Observe the harmony of the parable, as thus interpreted, with the actual facts. The Jews were shut out of the kingdom of heaven on their rejection of their Messiah. "The kingdom of God is taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof," said Jesus. (Matt. 21: 43.) Indeed, it should be noticed that, in the very same passage which we are considering, the solemn sentence of our Lord occurs: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Luke 13: 35.) This passage teaches plainly that Israel was now rejected, and to remain so

Until the Second Coming of Christ.

3. But can the representation, as a whole, be made to fit the Jewish people? Let us examine it in detail. Says Godet: "The Messianic Kingdom is here represented under the figure of a palace into which men do not enter, as might appear natural, by a magnificent portal, but by a narrow gate, low and scarcely visible—a mere postern. Those invited refuse to pass in thereby; then it is closed, and they in vain supplicate the Master of the house to reopen it; it remains closed, and they are, and continue, excluded. The *strait gate* represents attachment to the lowly Messiah; the magnificent gateway by which the Jews would have wished to enter, would represent, if it were mentioned, the appearance of the glorious Messiah whom they expected." This is the parabolic representation. But is the saying true of the Jews: "*Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able*"? Mark the change of word—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." They seek, but do not strive; they would enter in, but not through the strait gate. The "many" Jews were doing just this at the time of Christ. They were not indifferent to the kingdom of God; they sought to enter it—but how? Not through the lowly and despised Nazarene, the narrow Door by whom men must press in, in order to be saved, but by their self-righteous deeds.

4. When is it that the Jews begin

To Stand Without, and to Knock

at the door, saying "Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto them, I know you not

* Part of his article in the Watchword.

whence you are"? It is, of course, from the moment when the Master rises up and shuts to the door, or, in other words, closes the kingdom of heaven to those who refused to enter by way of the lowly and despised Messiah. "What moment is this?" asks and answers Godet. "Is it the time of the *Parousia*, when the great Messianic festival shall open? No; for the Jews then living shall then be convinced, and received into the palace." True: and a great number of texts confirm Godet's answer. The representation seems to apply to the time immediately following the casting away of Israel upon their rejection of Immanuel. But we believe that the conclusion of Meyer and Tholuck is the true one, that the prediction had reference to the time in which the wrath of God should have come upon them to the uttermost (1 Thes. 2: 16), especially at the destruction of Jerusalem, when some of those now living would in their extremity recall His offer to gather the devoted city as a hen gathers her brood beneath her wings, and they would not. Read that whole description of too-late despair contained in Luke 19: 42-45, and, as the solemn closing words fall upon our ears—"Because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation"—find the completest commentary on the words which we are now considering.

5. When are the words fulfilled, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out"? We believe, during the whole period of

Israel's Tribulation,

beginning with the destruction of Jerusalem, and ending with their conversion at the second coming of Christ. Alford's paraphrase of the passage is: "Ye Jews, who neglect the earnest endeavor to enter now, shall weep and gnash your teeth when ye shall see all the saints, Jews and Gentiles, in the kingdom of God, and yourselves excluded." As though to give a grim literalness of fulfillment to this prediction, there has been enacted for centuries, just outside the walls of Jerusalem, the very scene here depicted. At the Jews' wailing-place the representatives of outcast Israel gather, week after week, weeping, moaning, gnashing their teeth, and filling the air with their lamentations over their rejected condition. It is

A Typical Scene,

wondrously suggestive of our Lord's words in this parable: "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And, behold, there are last which shall be first; and there are first which shall be last." (Luke 13: 29.)

Who are the first? Clearly the Jews, of whom it is written: "*To the Jew first*" (Rom. 1: 16), and to whom the apostles said: "It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." (Acts 13: 46.) And who are the last, but the Gentiles who, by the casting away of Israel, have come into their place? (Rom. 11: 19.) Here is plainly the casting away of Israel, and the bringing in of the Gentiles; the last possessing the covenant promises made through Abraham, and the first thrust out into the outer darkness of the divine rejection, which rejection is of age-long duration, to be terminated only at the second coming of Christ, when they shall look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn, in saving penitence.

This phrase, "*shall sit down with Abraham in the kingdom of heaven*," connects this whole discourse, we believe, with the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Indeed, we are persuaded that this mysterious parable covers precisely the same ground as that which we have been considering. For, aside from its literal significance as setting forth the condition of the lost in Hades, it has, we hold, a parabolic teaching. Trench, in his work on the parables, gives this very fully, and shows that it was maintained very early in the Church.

The Clue to the Parable

is in the expression "Abraham's bosom." Strange that expositors should have searched through Rabbinical lore to find the meaning of this phrase when it is so obvious! The favored guest at the feast reclined in the bosom of the host. John is represented at the last supper as "leaning on Jesus' bosom." (John 13: 23.) Lazarus in Abraham's bosom means Lazarus enjoying fellowship and favor with Abraham at the feast. To "*sit down in the kingdom of God*" with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, is to recline at the feast with them, which is equivalent

to lying in the bosom. "Therefore, Lazarus Abraham's bosom signifies, parabolically, the C tiles introduced into the kingdom of heaven; w the Jew, represented by the rich man, is thrust

The shutting of the gate refers then, primarily would seem, to the rejection of Israel. But s the history of the Church is the counterpart of of Israel, there is also, no doubt, another refer in the imagery of the closed door, viz., to the rejection of apostate Christendom at the second c ing of Christ; and this we have pictured in the able of the ten virgins in Matt. 25. This do application is according to the general law of we call prophetic perspective. "The shut do therefore, is imagery which should appeal most emnly to the Christian and to the Israelite alik

AN APPEAL FROM AN ENEMY.

AN interesting work is going forward among Greeks at Ordo, as reported by Dr. Constan who, when he went to that place, narrowly esc losing his life by the capsizing of his boat. He floating in the water half an hour before he rescued. Writing to the *Missionary Herald*, Constantine says that much good is being there, and the prospects are hopeful. Among o incidents he mentions is that of "a married who became interested, but his parents felt b to take him away. But when he went back t old habits, then the mother came, and begged the brethren should save her son, and the Lord pleased to accept him. A woman who was wat by her husband lest she should go to church found climbing the wall that she might jump by the roof of the house. Another woman bec almost out of her mind in her attempts to stop husband, but she failed. One father whose chil were already following in the gospel path brought in in a singular way. One night he h Turkish (Mohammedan) guest. While in conv tion with him the Turk said: 'I see all your dren go to the Protestant chapel; where do go?' 'Well,' he said in reply, 'I sometimes go way, and sometimes the other.' 'Oh,' said Turk, 'that never will do. You should stick to church or the other with all your heart.' This vice, the same he had often received before, st him with new force, coming from one standing tiredly outside. He resolved to join his child whatever obloquy it might call down on his b He is now fully at ease, enjoying the light of gospel, which beams on his unbroken family."

The dear brethren meet in a structure that used for cattle, and the smell is terrible, and three hundred or more crowd in and around to the gospel.

A BISHOP SAVED BY HIS HORSE'S TEET

IN a letter to the pupils of St. Mary's Hall, bault, Minn., from Bishop Whipple, whose por and life appeared in this journal on Decembe 1888, the good bishop describes some of the b ships he endured at the beginning of his episcopi He says: "These pioneer days were the happie my episcopate. The people were warm-hea generous, and hospitable, and there are man these homes whose inmates seem as my own dred. There is hardly a parish or mission in nesota which has not linked with it sweet m ries of brave lives in which there was interw some divine poetry. In those days they calle the boy bishop, for, up to my consecration bis had been usually chosen from the venerable fat of the Church. It seems a dream that men s of me as "venerable," and it sounds very u until I look and see the lines on my cheeks. I of those I loved so well have gone before me to other home.

"I can recall many and many a time when I lost in winter storm or blizzard, and now it s as if some good angel guided my old missio horse out of the peril into a place of safety. never lost heart. The moment we were lost small, pointed ears moved back and forward; i stopped, he pawed the snow, and at the first gl of deliverance would force his less sensible m go where he wanted to go, even putting his into his neck to force him. When we escaped looked up with such a glad look out of those eyes which seemed to say: 'Master, all's well ends well.'

"For a part of the winter, when sleighing good and the air clear, cold, and crisp, and in e summer, there was nothing more exhilarating t a drive over our prairies; but it was quite ano thing when wading through prairie mud, batt

snow-drifts, or lost in a blizzard. I left Rose-
mont one winter morning, after an early break-
fast and I doubt if horse or driver ever worked
harder than my dear old Bashaw and I did that day;
just as night came on, I had reached the hos-
table inn of Mr. Amadon, at Farmington, only
miles distant. Once I was far into the night
from Le Sueur, with good Mr. Livermore, our
faithful missionary, to St. Peter. The night was
black as ink, and on one piece of dangerous road
the ferry I tramped through the mud in front
of Bashaw, with a bundle of tracts in one hand,
and I lighted to show us the way. Dear old Dr.
Lewney was with me, when we were an entire day
from St. Peter to Henderson, sixteen miles,
did not reach it after all; for, when night came
we found shelter in a German home with one
man, a father, mother and five children. Bashaw
down in the sloughs, time after time, and I can
see the old fellow now, as he looked into his mas-
sage, and would have said if he could, "It is a
road to travel." And yet there was always a
lining to the cloud. I baptized all these Ger-
man children, and we sat up to the wee small hours,
telling them the story of a Saviour's love."

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for May 25; Luke 10: 1-16; Golden Text
Luke 10: 11.

proof to Sacerdotalism—Exclusiveness Inconsist-
ent with a Prayer—The Lamb-like Spirit Required—
Messengers of Peace—Instances of Rejection Fore-
seen—Their Return—A Joyful Report—The Master's
utation—What He Deemed a Fit Cause for Rejoic-
ing—The Childlike Spirit Blessed—The Privileges of
a New Dispensation.

THE twelve apostles were not to have a monop-
oly in the ministry of the word, and in the work
of healing. "The Lord appointed other seventy
and sent them two and two before His face into
every city and place, whither He Himself would
go." There is no sacerdotalism or priestcraft in
the heart of God or in His Word. He has made no
over His heritage, but He calls those who are
willing to be "ensamples to the flock." (1 Pet. 5: 3.)
The mission of the seventy was much the same as
that of John the Baptist—to prepare the way of the
Lord, to tell of Him who was coming after them.
In an evangelist or missionary goes to his field
labor sure that the Master will not only follow,
but with him, in him—and when he is more con-
scious of the presence of Christ in him than of
himself—he is ready armed for all emergencies.

far from allowing His messengers to believe
that they are a specially privileged people, the
Master's joint command to them is that they shall

Pray for More

He sent: "the harvest truly is great, but the lab-
orers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the
harvest, that He would send laborers into His har-
vest."

Just as soon as the spirit of exclusiveness
possesses us, and we are tempted to think that God
has given us a special call which is not open to oth-
ers are in danger. In the heart of God, and in
His service everywhere, "yet there is room." Jesus
did not exclude His disciples even from the scene
of His agony, when, if at any time in His life, it
had have seemed that He must be alone. As His
disciples, He would have us always work with a wel-
come in our hearts to others, and a prayer that God
would send more into His vineyard, and all the
time, as with Elijah and Elisha, they may
take our place.

before giving them any charge, the Master taught
the spirit in which they should go. "Behold,
I send you forth as

Lambs Among Wolves."

He is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the
sin of the world" (John 1: 29), or, "Lamb, as it
has been slain." (Rev. 5: 6.) "He was oppressed,
and He was afflicted, yet He openeth not His mouth;
He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a
lamb before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth
not His mouth." (Isa. 53: 7.) In such a spirit, the
spirit of the lamb which resisteth not evil (Matt. 5:
39-42), which endures "grief, suffering wrongfully"
(Matt. 2: 19), Christ sends His disciples into the
world as examples of what they teach. If an evan-
gelist or missionary knows the Bible by heart, and
has a great gift for preaching, and yet is sensitive
to what concerns himself, allows any bitterness
in his heart, admits of the least spirit of retaliation
if he has been offended, he is no longer a lamb
which openeth not its mouth, he is no longer an
example of the new order of things which Jesus

came to establish, in a life dead to self, but "alive
unto God through Jesus Christ."

These first evangelists were also to put to the
proof the loving care of their heavenly Father, and
to show, by their utter abandonment of themselves
to Him, that His care for his people is something
more than a name. Jesus had been teaching on
the mountain, "Take no thought," or "Be not
anxious," "saying, What shall we eat? or What
shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed?
For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for
your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need
of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom
of God and His righteousness, and all these things
shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6: 31-33.) Now,
they were to go out upon this word of God, and
prove to themselves, and to those to whom they
preached, that it was sure ground, "Carry neither
purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." No money, nor purse
to carry any, no food, nor scrip to carry any, no
shoes to provide against weather, and "salute no
man by the way," admit of no distraction, let all
know that you are men of one purpose, one idea.

Their Message.

Their first message was to be Peace. Arriving in
such a spirit, dead to self-interest, dumb and unre-
sisting before persecutors, so abandoned to the Lord
that they sought not their own in any way, these
men were to be living examples of peace. We may
well believe that when, in the name of their Master,
they pronounced His message, "Peace be to this
house," there must have entered with the word the
very presence of the Master with His own peace.
Circumstances may alter, the letter of the word in
this passage may not so easily be carried out, but
the spirit. Would Jesus take back for a moment
His unmistakable characteristic of His followers
"lambs among wolves"? Would He have His mis-
sionaries conscious about things temporal? Would
He ever send them to bring another message to a
house where they might lodge? Surely not. The
same singleness of purpose must govern all the de-
tails of their life. "In the same house remain, eat-
ing and drinking such things as they give, for the
laborer is worthy of his hire;" if he is in the spirit
of his Master he will bring so heavenly an atmos-
phere into the house with him that it will more than
repay all which is spent on him, and he has not to
fear about his diet, "it is sanctified by the Word
of God and prayer" (1 Tim. 4: 5); if it is such as
he is quite unaccustomed to, the Lord will take the
responsibility. But where do we find such evan-
gelists and missionaries in the present day? Thank
God, there are such, but they are very few. Is it
not time, as the coming of the Lord is so very near,
for us to get as near to the Lord in our life and
work as possible?

As with the house, so with the city: "Into what-
soever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such
things as are set before you; and heal the sick that
are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of
God is come nigh unto you." Peace to the soul
and healing to the body were the gifts with which
they were laden, in announcing the advent of a
kingdom and a King. They were to show how God
makes us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance
of the saints in light," by delivering us from the
power of darkness, and translating us into the king-
dom of the Son of His love, "in whom we have re-
demption through His blood, even the forgiveness
of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.) They were to show that
this kingdom, this new order of things, this reign of
God in the hearts and lives of men, was come nigh
unto them, that they must have to do with it, that
they were responsible to accept or to reject the
kingdom and the king; and He made provision, in
the case they were not accepted in a city, that they
should wipe off the very dust of their feet against
that city with the testimony, "Notwithstanding be
ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is

Come Nigh Unto You."

But let us be careful how we bring a burden of re-
sponsibility upon others. We have sometimes heard
evangelists denouncing in very strong language
those who remained hardened in spite of all their ear-
nest exhortation, while, at the same time, we have
been painfully aware that the hindrance lay more
in the inconsistency and unchristlike spirit of the
evangelist than in the hardness of the people.
When we lay upon them the burden that the king-
dom of God is come nigh unto them, let them see,
in those who teach, that kingdom of "righteous-
ness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom.
14: 17.) We may greatly weaken God's words of
warning by using them unadvisedly. Oh, how we

need the guidance of the Holy Ghost in all we do
and say!

But cities, as well as individuals, must be dealt
with—cities as cities, and churches as churches,
just as the Lord deals with nations as nations. At
this time He opened His heart to the disciples, as
before destroying Sodom He spoke to Abraham,
"But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable
in that day for Sodom than for that city." But
why? Because the Head of the Church so unites
Himself with His people, and counts them so
one in Him, that He says, "He that heareth you
heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth
me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that
sent me." If this was so when Jesus was only with
His disciples, how much more now that the mys-
tery which was hid from ages and generations, but
which is now made manifest to His saints, Christ
in you the hope of glory (Col. 1: 27) is an accom-
plished fact to those who receive Him by faith!
How careful it ought to make those of us who teach,
that we teach only that which we have received of
the Lord; how careful those who hear, that they
should listen, not to the teacher, but to Christ, who
teaches by him.

The seventy went on their mission, and "return-
ed again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are
subject unto us through thy name"—"us" first,
"Thy name" second. Already

They were in Danger.

But the patient Master warns them at once, "I be-
held Satan as lightning fall from heaven;" success
is no safety from a fall, if self takes a place above
the name of Jesus. As long as there is any possibility
of taking credit to ourselves for what God does by
us, we are in danger—Satan fell from heaven itself.
"Behold, I give you power to tread on serpents and
scorpions, and over all the powers of the enemy;
and nothing shall by any means hurt you." "Power
over all the powers of the enemy"—it is no small
gift; but few of us have dared to claim it, or to
meet the enemy as a conquered foe; yet such he is
by the Word of God. "Notwithstanding, in this
rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you;
but rather rejoice that your names are written in
heaven." Success is purely of grace, and no credit
to the successful worker, but greater than all suc-
cess is the glorious fact that our names "are writ-
ten in heaven." If we want to have a name on
earth, we have our reward; but it is down here.
Only those who are truly crucified with Christ,
whose life here "is hid with Christ in God," have
a name in heaven. There they are better known
than here. Pure joy in successful work never en-
ters into the question whether we ourselves have
been the instruments. It is enough to know that
Christ has conquered, that souls are saved; what
matters it who has been the instrument?

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said,
Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast hid these
things from the wise and prudent, and hast reveal-
ed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it
seemed good in Thy sight." "Lambs and babes!"
Such is the character of his true followers—lambs
in relation to the wolves of the world, babes in re-
lation to our Heavenly Father, just as simple, just
as guileless. "Except ye be converted, and become
as little children, ye shall not enter into the king-
dom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3.) Human knowledge
cannot assimilate what is divine. "The natural
man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."
(1 Cor. 2: 14.) But those who are willing to come
down, to know nothing and to be nothing, to them
God unfolds His heavenly treasure.

"All things are delivered to me of my Father,"
then neither lambs nor babes need be afraid, "and
no man knoweth who the Son is but the Father,
and who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom
the Son will reveal Him." The knowledge of God
cannot come by study, but by the revelation of the
Holy Ghost. We must have to do with God that
we may know Him. "And He turned to His disci-
ples," the same disciples whom He had just re-
proved and warned, and said privately, "Blessed
are the eyes which see the things that ye see; for
I tell you that many prophets and kings have de-
sired to see those things which ye see, and have not
seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear,
and have not heard them." Let us value the privi-
lege we have of living in these days; let us praise
God that we are not under the Old Testament, not
under law, but let us never forget that so wondrous
a privilege entails the responsibility of walking
worthy of God, who has called us to His kingdom
and glory. (1 Thess. 2: 12.)

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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AWAY WITH HUMDRUM.

How to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is to keep out. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum. Some persons do not like the Episcopal Church, because they have the same prayers every Sabbath; but have we not, for the last ten years, been hearing the same prayers over and over again; the product of a self-manufactured liturgy that has not the thousandth part of the excellency of those petitions that we hear in the Episcopal Church? In many of our Churches sinners hear the same exhortations that they have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation as we teach our children the multiplication table, forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer, till we found out that he composed it on a fast-day during the yellow fever in 1832, and has been using it ever since. There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time, who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting; that is, fifty-two times the year, with occasional slices of it between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement they would have new wants to express and new thanksgiving to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same on you every week. We need a universal cleaning by which all canting and humdrum is rubbed out. If we would keep fresh let occasional excursions into other circles

Artists generally go with artists, farmers, mechanics with mechanics, gymnasts, Christian workers with gymnasts. But there is nothing that sooner gets in a new group, mind and thought and work run in a groove, put the minister out of the clergyman's line, and in our own line. Nothing but the best pages in the good than the *Life of Saints*, or some

department of Natural History or Art, to which you may turn—a case of shells, or birds, or a season-ticket to some picture-gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the bass-viol you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition. Let us go much into the presence of the natural world if we can get at it. Especially if we live in great thoroughfares let us make occasional flight to the woods and the mountains. Even the trees in town seem artificial. They dare not speak where there are so many to listen, and the hyacinth and geranium in flower-pots in the window seem to know they are on exhibition. If we would once in a while romp in the fields we would not have so many last year's rose-leaves in our sermons, but those just plucked, dewy and redolent. We cannot see the natural world through the books or the eyes of others. All this talk about "babbling brooks" is a stereotyped humbug. Brooks never "babble." To babble is to be unintelligent and imperfect of tongue. But when the brooks speak they utter lessons of beauty that the dumbest ear can understand. We have wandered from the Androscoggin in Maine, to the Tombigbee in Alabama, and we never found a brook that "babbled." The people babble who talk about them, not knowing what a brook is. We have heard about the nightingale and the morning lark till we tire of them. Catch for your next prayer-meeting talk, a chewink or a brown-thresher. It is high time that we hoist our church windows, especially those over the pulpit, and let in some fresh air from the fields and mountains.

CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

SOMETIMES in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes it is necessary to resist, but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks; caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming-out of stellar re-enforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him—ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth, and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust from the palace gate.

An Arctic explorer found a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his log-book, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the outlook were frozen in their

places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Their silence was louder than thunder. And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect and frozen of the world's scorn; and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies, and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

STAY WHAT YOU ARE.

WHAT a sickening thing it is to see a man copying the speech, the walk, the manner of a woman. The trouble is they do not imitate a sensible woman, but some female imbecile. And they limp and they go with mincing step, and lisp, and scream at nothing, and take on a languishing look, and bang their hair, and are the nauseation of honest folks of both sexes. O man, be a man! You belong to quite a respectable sex. The starting figure of the human race was a man. Do not try to cross over, and so become a hybrid, neither one or the other, but a failure half way between.

Alike repugnant are masculine women. They copy a man's stalking gait and go down the street with the stride of a walking-beam. They will they could smoke cigarettes, and some of them do. They talk boisterously, and try to sing bass. They do not laugh, they roar. They cannot quite manage the broad profanity of the sex they rival, but their conversation is often a half-swear; and if they said "O Lord" in earnest prayer as often as they say it in lightness they would be high up in sainthood. Withal there is an assumed rugosity of apparel, and they wear a man's hat, only changed by being in two or three places smashed in, and a d Canary clinging to the general wreck, and a man's coat tucked in here and there according to an unaccountable esthetics. O woman, stay a woman. You also belong to a very respectable sex. The second figure of the human race was a woman, a sometimes a second edition of a volume is the first edition improved and corrected. Do not try to cross over. If you do, you will be a failure as a woman, and only a nondescript of a man. You already have enough intellectual and moral handicaps in our sex without your coming over to make worse the deficits.

SHOW US HOW.

LAYMEN in this day, through increased intelligence, have formed their ideas as to how preaching ought to be done. They think they can beat the best of us who are ministers, and we have no doubt that some of them could. Let them come and let them prepare themselves for religious meetings, and show us how to be pointed and brief. We suppose that half-way between the way ministers do and the way laymen do it would be the right way. Ministers are too formal, and laymen are too loose in their religious addresses. But let us meet each other half-way. That will make us all both intelligent and warm-hearted talkers. The trouble with many laymen is that they think they can speak effectively for Christ without preparation. Although it took only a little while to adapt the ear for man's residence, God was getting together the material for this world during millions of years. Even the creation was not extemporized. It is right to make preparation for any important work that you have to do. In this age of concordance and Bible-dictionaries, and maps of Palestine, and succinct commentaries, there is no excuse for the prayer-meeting twaddle and balderdash with which many churches are afflicted. We who preach confess we do not know how; let the laymen show us

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Possibility of a National Deficit Instead of usual large surplus is presented in the report of Secretary of the Treasury to Congress. He mates the total receipts for the coming year at \$5,000,000, and the expenditure at \$341,430,477. This would leave a surplus of \$43,569,523. But the use has already largely added to several items the expenditure side of the account, and the new bill, if its author's estimate is reliable, will reduce the revenue by \$71,264,414. The House bills fifty-four and a half millions to the pension nine millions to the River and Harbor estimate, about twenty-five millions to the Public Build-outlay. It is plain that if all these changes are added out there will be, instead of the surplus of three millions as estimated by Mr. Windom, deficit of fully one hundred millions.

Another Decision on the Liquor Question by United States Supreme Court has caused a sensation throughout the country, and renders prompt congressional action necessary. The former decision, which was mentioned in these columns last week, denied the right of a Prohibition State to prevent the sale of liquor within its borders, if it imported from another State and sold in the original packages. This decision was based on the State Commerce law. The same law is the basis of the later decision which affects States not under Prohibition law. The Court holds that no State has a right to collect a tax on liquors imported from another State and sold in the original packages. The Court lays down the principle that State commerce is transportation from one State to another. If a State line is crossed distance material, and it matters not what may be the mode of transportation. It would thus be possible for men in any two States by making a mutual exchange of their commodity to avoid the payment of a tax in either State. It is only necessary to load a truck-load of bottles, containing single gallons of whiskey or other liquor, across a State line, and the liquor-dealer could supply his customers without paying any tax. As Congress is trusted to speedily amend the Inter-State Commerce law to prevent this arrangement, it may be expected it will not be dilatory in remedying the evil exposed by the former decision.

Two Distressing Disasters, alike in Character and detail, took place last week. On May 6 the Pointe Lunatic Asylum, near Montreal, burned, and on May 8 the Lunatic Asylum of Ontario County, New York, met the same fate. In both cases the disaster involved the loss of lives. The Canadian horror was by far the greater. The latest government report gives the number of inmates as 1,780, and of these over two hundred are missing. The fire started about noon, and a express was sent instantly to Montreal, ten miles away, begging for help. The engines arrived promptly, and were making progress in subduing the flames, when the supply of water was exhausted, and no further effort in that direction could be made. The firemen then devoted their efforts to assisting the nuns in rescuing the inmates. This was a work of difficulty, as the poor tormented creatures were fascinated by the flames, and could not be rescued. Five of the nuns lost their lives in the rescue work, and several others, the firemen, had narrow escapes. *The New York Herald* says the calamity occurred in the night. It started in the ward, and was not discovered until all the inmates had been saved. The violent patients were let loose, and immediately made for the woods. Many of those captured, but forty are still missing. The number of idiots burned was thirteen. Happily, the paupers in the building were saved.

Enormous Labor Demonstration Took Place in London on Sunday, May 4. This was an opposition to the part of the London Trades Council decision of the Continental Councils, which had voted May-Day for the demonstration. The demonstration was the size of the two processions of the London Council understood. It was a demonstration of its own people, who would prefer to spend the Lord's Day to losing a day's wages. There were fully a quarter of a million men in the demonstration. The leading secretaries of the trade councils, which included eight representing the leather trades, metal and iron workers, and the shipping, clothing, printer, and building trades. These bodies, in addition to numerous related trades, mustered in the districts of the metropolis early in the fore-

noon, and marched, headed by their leaders, and with bands and banners, toward the Thames Embankment, the central point, whence the marshalled array was ordered to start for the park. On their arrival there, resolutions demanding an eight-hour day were passed, and after short speeches from the various platforms, the vast assemblage dispersed in an orderly manner.

New York is to Have an Opportunity of Voting on the prohibition question. The two branches of the Legislature have passed a concurrent resolution to submit the question to the popular vote. The day fixed for the election is April 19, 1891. It is to be a special election so as to avoid complicating the subject with political issues. The Assembly, which passed the resolution on May 8, was divided on party lines. All the Republicans but one voted for the resolution, and all the Democrats but two, against it. This vote does not, however, imply Republican support at the polls. It merely indicates that the Republicans in the Legislature were in favor of submitting the decision to the people. There can be no question as to the result, but that should not deter Prohibitionists from recording their votes. The numbers will go on record, and it is well that other States should know how many Prohibitionists there are in New York State.

News of a Fresh Missionary Disaster Comes from Uganda. The young King Mwanga, the murderer of Bishop Hannington, has again been expelled from his kingdom. In his exile he needed the support of the missionaries, and promised in return for it to give them his protection after his restoration, and permit freedom of Christian teaching. They showed their magnanimity by helping him to return, and he appears to have kept his promise loyally. But his enemy, Kalema, has returned with an army of Arabs who support him because he is favorable to the slave trade. They have defeated Mwanga, and he and the missionaries have fled. The brief cable report of the revolution states that they occupy an impregnable position on Sesse Island.

The Antipathy to the Jews in Prussia has evidently lost none of its vigor since its more open manifestation subsided. In the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, on May 9, Count Pfeil moved that the Government take measures to remedy the evils arising from the large number of Jewish pupils in the superior schools. He declared that the existing conditions constituted a social danger. Herr von Gossler, Minister of Public Instruction, said it was impossible to exclude Jews from any educational establishment. Such an attempt would force the nation into a position leading to disruption, instead of union. The matter should be considered as a purely technical question of education, and not be the subject of a political demand. Notwithstanding the opposition of Herr von Gossler, the motion was adopted. This is a form of prejudice peculiarly illogical, and is simply an indication of the extent of the animosity existing in the upper classes against the Jews.

A Project for the Settlement of the Irish Question was suggested by Mr. Chamberlain in a public speech on May 7. He urged the Gladstonians, as a reasonable alternative for the admitted risks attending home rule, to assist the Unionists to pass the Land Purchase bill and relegate to the future the local government question, which could then be discussed upon its merits, unbiased by land difficulties. Otherwise it would be impossible to pass the Land bill this session, except by abandoning valuable clauses, or by the use of cloture. *Why did not Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone confer and arrive at an agreement on the land question, which otherwise would remain to plague the Liberals in their turn?* He regretted the omission to intrust the county councils with the working of the bill, but he would do nothing to embarrass the government. He had no wish to rejoin a party that was "drifting toward the principles of the Chicago Convention."

The Emperor of Germany Made a Remarkable speech in opening the Reichstag, on May 6. He astonished every one by the small attention he gave to the usual topics of a speech from the throne, and the prominence he gave to the interests of labor. He said that he wanted, above all things, to effect further legislation for the protection of the workingmen. The strike movements during the past year had suggested an examination of the question whether the laws of the existing State organization adequately took into account those wishes of the workingmen which were justifiable

and capable of realization. The questions claiming the foremost attention were those of Sunday rest and the restriction of women's and children's labor. The Federal Governments were convinced that the proposals of the last Reichstag might, in their essential points, become a law and be carried into practice without detriment to other interests. The legal provisions for the protection of workingmen against dangers threatening their lives, health, and morals were susceptible of amendment, as were also the laws relative to the issue of labor regulations. He also urged the enactment of a law for the better regulation and organization of industrial courts of arbitration, so that the courts may be appealed to for the settlement of disputes between the employers and the employed.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Swedish Missionary Society will shortly send out eleven new missionaries—seven to the Congo and four to China.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for the first six months of the financial year show a total advance of nearly \$83,000.

The McAll mission in France has now one hundred and twenty stations, in which more than a million and a quarter of French people—men, women, and children—listen to the gospel.

A great Romish missionary college is to be founded at Malta. According to the *Standard*, England is to have control over the missionaries sent by the college to the coasts and interior of Africa.

Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyer, M. D., principal of the Chicago Deaconess Home and Training-School, gave an address on "Deaconess' Work," last Sunday in two of the Methodist Episcopal churches in New York.

Dr. Pentecost's mission opened very hopefully in Aberdeen. The evening meetings are held in the music-hall, which is well filled every night, and packed on Sabbaths. The afternoon meetings are in the Free West Church.

A Russian official in Siberia states in a recent letter that the high cost of living in that province and the inadequate pay given make it almost impossible to find an honest man there. "Everything which is good and honest is mercilessly persecuted, and baseness is triumphant."

The Union Theological Seminary and the University of the City of New York have each received \$100,000 from Charles Butler, the president of the governing body of each institution. Mr. Butler is now in his eighty-ninth year, and presided last week at meetings of the two bodies.

Mr. E. P. Telford has been holding meetings every night during the past two weeks in Mr. Moody's church in Chicago. The *Chicago Herald* publishes an appreciative article on the evangelist, and remarks on the striking resemblance between his methods and those of Mr. Moody.

The Rev. Charles H. Yatman recently conducted a series of evangelistic meetings in Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa., lasting two weeks. Great crowds attended the evening services from the beginning, and on Sabbaths hundreds were turned away, unable to find accommodation.

Mr. H. W. Brown has been holding very successful services at Mattoon, Ill. The *Mattoon Journal* says that over 800 people managed to crowd into the hall in which his services were held, and fully two hundred were turned away for lack of room. At one service no less than 200 made a profession of faith.

The German Empress is forming a "League for the Preservation of Good Habits" among Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury in every form, both for themselves and their friends; to wear fewer, more simple, and cheaper dresses, and to practice rigid economy in their households.

The Ontario (Canada) government has introduced a license law which provides that no liquor shall be sold to boys or girls under eighteen years of age, and that no liquor shall be sold to a person under twenty-one years of age if a notice is received from the parents, guardian, or masters of such person forbidding such sale.

Mr. D. L. Moody says that, as some of the best fruits of his recent work in New York was gathered from the young men's meetings in Association Hall, Twenty-third Street, he is anxious to have the work continued every Sunday afternoon and evening. A chorus of male singers is being organized to render these meetings additionally attractive to young men.

A last will and testament, 5,000 years old, was found recently in Egypt. The testator, Sekiah, executed with his own hand in favor of his own brother, a priest of Osiris. The property disposed of in the will was to go to the brother's death to Sekiah's daughter, who, the internal evidence of the document shows, had the same legal right as a man to own and administer and dispose of property.

General O. O. Howard presided at the sixty-fifth annual meeting of the American Tract Society, on May 7, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York. The report showed that the receipts of the benevolent department during the year were \$140,940.68, of which \$75,772.21 was from donations and legacies. The expenditures were \$134,160.89, leaving a surplus of \$6,779.79. The receipts of the business department were \$257,750.27. The expenditures were \$264,414.57, leaving a balance overdrawn from the benevolent department of \$6,664.30.

A MESSAGE FOR HUMBLE FOLKS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

'Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.' Prov. 30:2.

Agur's Modesty—Acknowledged the Source of His Knowledge—I. A Sense of Inferiority no Impediment to Faith—The Excellences of Good Men Depressing Those Who Have Them Not—Their Weaknesses Not Perceived—Faith Producing Excellence—Humility a Reason for Faith—Fierce Conflicts Not Necessary—Not Desirable—II. A Sense of Inferiority Should Not Prevent Learning—III. Inferiority no Disqualification for Service—May be Compensated by Intensity—By Spirituality—IV. No Hindrance to Joy—Does Not Invalidate the Promise.

SOMETIMES it is necessary for a speaker to refer to himself, and he may feel it needful to do so in a way peculiar to the occasion. When Elihu addressed himself to Job and the three wise men, he commended himself to them, saying, "I am full of matter; the spirit within me constraineth me"; but when Agur instructed his two disciples, Ithiel and Ucal, he spoke in the lowliest terms of himself, and declared that he was "more brutish than any man." Wisdom is justified of her children. Neither of these men was to blame for his opening words to his hearers. Elihu was a young man, talking to elderly men of great note for learning; he saw that they had blundered terribly; he felt convinced that he had the right view of the matter under discussion, but he thought it discreet to introduce himself by modestly stating the reasons why he thought he should be patiently heard. Agur was probably a man of years and honor, and possibly his two young friends looked up to him more than was meet, and therefore his principal endeavor was to wean them from undue confidence in himself. I can suppose that both Elihu and Agur were equally humble—the one so modest that he felt that he needed to commend himself to gain a hearing; and the other so lowly that he feared the hearing he should win would place his personal influence in too high a place.

Especially, I think the truth of our text relates to one particular line of things. This man was a naturalist. We have nothing of his save this chapter, but his allusions to natural history all through it are exceedingly abundant. He was an instructed scientist; but he felt that he could not, by searching, find out God, nor fashion an idea of Him from his own thoughts. He had in thought climbed to heaven, and come down again; he had listened to the speech of winds, and waves, and mountains; but he protested that in all this he had not discovered God's name, nor His Son's name by his own understanding. This I take to be his meaning; but I shall not use the text in that way this morning.

Inferiority no Bar to Faith.

I. The first is this—a sense of inferiority must not keep us back from faith in God. I will suppose that some one here is saying, "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man:" our text brings before us a wise man, who said this of himself, and yet had firm faith in God. If we have to say what Agur said, let us also trust as Agur did. If only wise men might put their trust in God, what would become of nine out of ten of us?

I will have a word, first, with those who say, "We cannot hope to be saved, because we cannot reach the heights of other men." You have marked the holy conduct of certain godly men, and, setting your own imperfections side by side with their excellences, you have not only been humbled, but greatly discouraged. You have concluded that you could be saved if you were like these gracious men; but that, since you fall so far short of their noble character, you must be lost. You have seen them in sickness, and marked their patience and joy, and their acquiescence in the divine will, and you have been greatly humbled, which was well; but you have also fallen into unbelief, which was not well. Since you cannot play the man under fire as these champions do, you fear that you may not hope for eternal life.

You have been even more cast down when you have heard them talk of their high joys. The other day you met with one who wore heaven on his face, and you said to yourself, "I wish I knew such joy as beams in this man's countenance." You heard your minister describe the deep peace and holy calm which come with full assurance of faith; and every word he spoke about his own joy in the Lord was like a dagger at your heart; for you felt that you could not speak of such a blissful experience. You were never on the top of Tabor; never did you

behold the transfigured Lord. You are afraid to trust God because you cannot compare with other men in their heights.

Carefully notice two or three little points which I will mention. First, remember that *you see these good people at their best*. You have not seen their seamy side. Perhaps they have not told you of how, at times, their feet were almost gone, their steps had well-nigh slipped. You see their days, and not their nights. I think it is a very sweet trait in your character that you do so. In this you differ from the wicked world. The ungodly always notice the bad points in the saints.

Graces Follow Faith.

Recollect, also, that you now see men who have faith in God, and you see in them the result of that faith. Do not imagine that their graces existed before their faith. If you have not the result of faith before you have faith itself, do not be astonished; they had not these excellences before they believed in Jesus. Some of the brightest of them were once the blackest of sinners. "Such were some of you," said Paul; "but ye are washed." Can it be a wise thing to say, "I have not those fruits of the Spirit, and therefore I will not cultivate the tree of faith from which they grow"? Nay, rather say, "The Lord, who made these men what they are, can make me what they are."

Do you not think it would be very great folly on your part if you should refrain from believing in the Lord Jesus, on the ground that you had greater need to seek Him than other men? Because you lack these things which you see in the saints, and know that you can only have them of the Lord by faith, is that a reason why you should not go to God in faith? This is a grand argument for going at once. Should a man plead his poverty as a reason why he should not ask an alms? Is nakedness a reason for refusing to be dressed? Is hunger a motive for rejecting food? or sickness a motive for shutting out the physician? I argue in the opposite way. Your urgent need is the strongest reason why you should claim of the Lord by faith these promises which He has made to needy souls. If you are more brutish than any man, go to the Lord, that He may instruct you! God grant that the heights to which other men reach may never keep you back from faith in God, but may they rather urge you on to believe great things of God!

A Common Mistake.

But, further, I said—and perhaps I surprised you—that the depths of other men have often kept tremblers from a simple faith in God. I know many who say, "I cannot feel as others feel: my heart is hard and insensible, and when I listen to what believers tell me of their sharp distresses, I fear that I cannot be saved; for into these deep places I have never gone." These depths are of many kinds; but the mention of one or two may suffice. Some believers have been brought to the Lord through fearful conviction of sin, conviction most overwhelming: they seem to have found their way to heaven round by the brink of hell. Perhaps some of you escape these agonies, and know but little of the grinding process. Will you, therefore, fear to believe, because you think you are more unfeeling than other men? Will you refuse the cup of life because God has not infused all His bitters into it?

Hearken to me, ye that are so readily cast down: some of these depths you never need wish to know; for they would not be to your advantage, but to your loss. The dark side of much that is called Christian experience is not the work of the Holy Spirit at all. In many instances the mental distress which attends the work of the Spirit is produced by sickness of body; it is not repentance, but indignation or some other evil agency depressing the spirits. A sluggish liver will produce most of those fearsome forebodings which we are so ready to regard as spiritual emotions. There is such a blending of the physical with the mental that it is hard to name our feelings. All the experience of a Christian man is not Christian experience.

The Troubled Man

experiences a good deal, not because he is a Christian, but because he is a man, a sickly man, a man inclined to melancholy. Why will you envy such a person? Do you want to feel his despondency? Do you really desire disease? Do you think you could trust God better if you had a morbid mind and a disordered body? What nonsense! I do not admire your taste; I think you are very foolish.

In multitudes of instances the strange depressions which befall some excellent people are the

result of external trouble, of grinding poverty of frequent bereavements, or of excessive labors. These things may greatly intensify the bitterness of spiritual distress. Do you want affliction? you really think that poverty or bankruptcy will help you to believe in God? Give some men a day by the sea, and their dark thoughts vary. Were they ever desirable? In desiring what will only grieve you, you remind me of a child who would always cry until its mother said, "Will you cry for nothing? You shall have something to cry for before long." If you covet grief, even dare to threaten the Lord that you will believe Him unless He vexes you, it may be He will deal with you according to your desire, and then you will cry in earnest on the other side of your mouth.

Remember that all Christians are not, and not be of the same calibre. We are all sold brethren; but we are not all champions. God upon every one that believes in Christ to fight battles; but many of us are happy to belong to rank and file. We cannot all be captains. Here and there shall we find a David, who, with sling and his stone, shall go forth, a solitary champion, against gigantic Philistines. For David was needful that he should fight lions and bear his youth, or he would not have faced the giant. God sends us less of inward and outward trials than others, He knows best. We need enough so to drive us from self and carnal confidence; when that is effected it would be folly to sigh more. Seek not to copy another man's ups and downs; but wait on God, and put thy trust in Him, even though thou shouldst seem to thyself to be more foolish than any other living man.

No Impediment to Learning.

II. Secondly, and very briefly: A sense of inferiority must not keep us from learning. Suppose you have to say, "I am more brutish than any man," you have so much the more need of being taught the things of God. If you have not understanding of a man, there is so much more that you should go to school to the Holy Spirit, till the eyes of your understanding shall be enlightened, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

Vital truth is simple. A great many things are hard to understand; but that which is essential to salvation is not difficult. To know thyself a sinner and Christ a Saviour, is this a deep mystery? quit thine own self, and thine own trusts, simply upon the person and work of the Son of God; is this exceedingly difficult to understand? The safest truth is the simplest. If thou art staggered by the sublimity of heavenly learning, consider these things are revealed to babes.

Remember, also, that the Holy Ghost is a great Teacher. The best earthly teachers may be able to do very little with such slow scholars as we are; therefore let us go to our heavenly Teacher, that may give us of His Spirit, wherewith we may know the truth. He can teach young men wisdom, give to babes knowledge. When the Lord teaches it is wonderful how quickly we learn.

No Disqualification for Service.

III. I have been very brief upon that subject, and I must be much the same on the other side. A sense of inferiority must not keep us back from serving God. What if, like Agur, we take the lowest place? yet, like him, let us speak on God's behalf. Who knoweth, He may prophesy by also? Agur's simple word is called "the prophecy." If God shall speak by thee, my friend, thy thing so little of thyself will give a charm to speech. If God shall use such as thou art, He have all the glory of it, will He not? When the Lord uses a very clever man, there is always fear that people will ascribe the success to human instrument. But when the Lord uses a man who owns himself to be a poor, foolish creature, then the honor is not divided, but all men that this is the finger of God. The Lord loves to use tools which are not rusted with self-conceit. An axe which boasteth itself shall not be used on the thick trees.

Suppose you feel that you are more brutish than any man, shall I give you a little advice? If you can do but little, make the best of yourself by intensity. In the natural world, that creature is not to be feared which is the most energetic, rather than that which is the greatest. You shall find your life more in danger from the slender viper than from the huge ox. That which is the fullest of life and energy will achieve the most.

ake up by spiritual force what you lack in nat-
ability. If you lack talent, get all the more
e, and you will be no loser. If you love God
e, even though you know less of science, you
live a successful, because a holy, life. If you
a greater love for the souls of your hearers
the man who has ten talents, you may be ten
s more a soul-winner than he. It is spiritual,
mental power, which avails in conversion.
ur, a little further on in his one chapter, cheers
ie humbler sort of people by his talk about lit-
ings. In his twenty-fourth verse, he says:
ere be four things which are little upon the
e, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are
ple not strong, yet they prepare their meat in
ummer." You that cannot do very much,
care never to lose an opportunity. Make hay
the sun shines: seize the seasons, and turn
to account.

Power in Number.

st, if you are very little, you should, like the
s, associate with others, and go forth in an
ly way to work. Make yourself useful by drop-
into rank, and in holy companionship doing
part in connection with the rest. One locust
ing to be laughed at; but when they go forth
ids they make nations tremble. One believer
accomplish little; but in the ranks of the Sun-
chool the many can do wonders.
pose you are as little thought of as a spider,
py the spider in the two things which Agur
ons. Take hold with your hands. Always be
g hold upon the promise of the great King by
nd of faith. Let your faith come out of your
heart, as the spider spins her web out of her
owels. Be always hanging on to one promise
other, and constantly add to your holding.
also a holy courage like the spider, who is in
palaces. She is not satisfied with being hid-
way in a barn or a cottage; she pays a visit to
on, and makes her abode in his painted halls.
can go anywhere for Christ, go and spin your
gospel from your inmost soul. Make up
ind that, whatever company you are in, you
egin to spin about Christ, and spin a web in
to catch a soul for your Lord.

No Hindrance to Joy.

Lastly: a sense of inferiority must not hinder
y in the Lord. Suppose you have to say this
ng, very groaningly, "I am more brutish
ny man; I have not the understanding of a
What then? Are you going to fret and
about it? Will you, therefore, refuse to be-
a your God? I do not see, if it be true to
llest extent, that there is any reasonable
or being cast down in reference to the Lord
od. Would you expect to be saved because you
ot brutish? Would you look for heaven be-
you had a fine understanding, and could place
l of the letters of the alphabet at the end of
ime? If everybody said, "What a highly cul-
man this is!" do you think heaven's gate
open any the more readily to you? You are
wrong tack, my friend, if you think so. Cas-
s and attainments put plumes into the hat,
y do not protect the head from error.
ember, that if, by reason of our inferiority,
d I have to take a back seat, the back seats
in the house. Our littleness does not alter
promise. It is the same promise to the small
re great; to the weak as to the strong. Our
ncy does not alter our God. He is as full of
nd truth as ever. He does not increase be-
ve are enlarged; neither is He diminished
e we have declined.

Children are Heirs.

makes no difference to the covenant of
Babes in their long-clothes, if they are
ave quite as sure a right to their inheri-
have those who are of full age. One is as
protected as one-and-twenty. The children
yet take full possession, by reason of their
years; but the law defies a rogue to rob even
nt heir of his lawful patrimony. Enjoy you,
re, O you little ones, the infinite wealth of
enant, and doubt not your right and title in
Jesus!
ever little you may be, this makes no differ-
God's love to you. Ask yourselves, do you
at full-grown son of yours of twenty-five
hat you have the less love left for your chub-
boy at home, of two or three? Bless his
art! when he climbs your knee to-day, and
ether you have a kiss for him, will you an-
"No, Johnny, I cannot love you, for you are

so little that I give all my love to your older broth-
er, because he knows so much more than you do,
and can be so useful to me?" Oh, no; you love
the last one, perhaps, better than any of them;
certainly not less. They say, that if there be a child
in the family who is a little weak, the mother always
loves it most. It is so with our God; He is most
tender and gracious to the weakest and least known.

Lastly, be more tender to others who, like your-
self, are feeble. It is wonderful how gracious little
ones care for other little ones, sympathize with
them, pray for them, and comfort them. I believe
that the saying is strictly true, that

"The Poor Help the Poor;"

and I know that it is so among the spiritually
poor. High and mighty ones cannot help down-
cast saints; only those who have been afflicted can
console the afflicted. In the East, among the Bed-
ouins, in a shepherd's family, the little children,
as soon as they can walk, learn to keep the lambs.
You see, the little boy who can only go slowly can
lead the little lambs admirably, for he and they go
well together. The big father would have taken
long strides, and so have tired the little lambs; but
his little son can only go at a slow pace, and that
pace suits the lambs. So, dear friends, if the Lord
permits you to be among the little ones, look after
the little ones; and, whereas some would have to
bend their backs too much to look after the lowly,
you are on their level, and will naturally care for
their state. Thus will you find your sphere of use-
fulness, and in it you will earn to yourselves a good
degree. Though, like Agur, you feel more brutish
than any man, you will so live that nobody would
have thought so if you had not told them; and few
will believe it when you do tell them. To God
alone be glory. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Money Lent to the Lord.*

WHEN Bray took some of the money that he had
so hardly earned by his labor in the mine to pay for
something wanted for the chapels which he did so
much to build, his wife, whom he called "Joey,"
angrily declared, "We shall be brought to the
Union Workhouse, if you go on in this way."
"Never mind, my dear Joey, the Lord will provide;"
and so He did always, often marvellously. Here is
one incident from his own lips. He says:

"At one time I had been at work the whole of
the month, but had no wages to take up when pay-
day came; and as we had no bread in the house,
'Joey' advised me to go up and ask the 'captain'
to lend me a few shillings, which I did, and he let
me have 10s. On my way home I called to see a
family, and found they were worse off than myself,
for, though we had no bread, we had bacon and
potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them
five shillings, and went towards home. Then I
called on another family, and found them, if possi-
ble, in greater distress than the former. I thought
I could not give them less than I had given the
others; so I gave them the other five shillings and
went home. And Joey said, 'Well, William, have
you seen the "captain"?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Did
you ask him for any money?' she inquired. 'Yes;
he let me have ten shillings,' I said. 'Where is it?'
I was asked. 'I have given it away,' I replied. 'I
never saw the fellow to you in my life. You are
enough to try any one,' responded my gentle wife.
'The Lord isn't going to stay in my debt very long,'
I said, and I then went out. For two or three days
after this Joey was mighty down; but about the
middle of the week, when I came home from the
mine, Joey was looking mighty smiling, so I
thought something had happened. Presently Joey
said, 'Mrs. So-and-so has been here to-day.' 'Oh!'
I remarked. 'And she gave me twenty shillings,'
she continued. 'There, I told you the Lord wasn't
going to stay in my debt very long; there's the ten
shillings, and ten shillings interest,' was my glad
answer. My wife was delighted, also."

A Conflict with Satan.

[Bray, like Luther, Bunyan, and other men of
strong natures and earnest piety, had an idea that
he was often in combat with the enemy of souls in
material form. Following is his own account of one
such duel:]

* From *The King's Son*; or, a Memoir of Billy Bray, the fa-
mous Methodist preacher, who was at one time an irreligious
miner. This book has reached its twenty-eighth edition. It is
stated on good authority than no less than six hundred persons
have attributed their conversion to the blessing of God on the
reading of this simple narrative. Pp. 159. Price 75c. Published
by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 13 Cooper Union, New York.

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my
'tatures.' It was a wisht poor yield, sure 'nough;
there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An'
while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he
says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love
you?' 'I should reckon He do,' I says. 'Well, I
don't,' says the ould tempter in a minute. If I'd
thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'en, for
his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice.
'I don't,' says he, 'and I tell 'ee what for: if your
Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a
pretty yield o' 'tatures; so much as ever you do
want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of
'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble to
your Father to do anything; and He could just as
easy give you plenty as not, an' if He loved you He
would, too.' Of course, *I wasn't goin' to let he talk
o' my Father like that*, so I turned round 'pon 'en.
'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be,
comin' to me a-talkin' like this here? If I ben't
mistaken, I know you, sir, and my Father, too.
And to think o' you comin' a-saying He don't love
me! Why, I've got your written character home to
my house; and it do say, sir, that you be a liar
from the beginnin'! An' I'm sorry to add that I
used to have a personal acquaintance with you
some years since, and I served you faithful as ever
any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was
nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home
and an achin' head, an' no 'tatures, and the fear o'
hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear
Father in heaven. I have been a poor servant of
His, off and on, for thirty years. An' He's given
me a clean heart, an' a soul full o' joy, an' a lovely
suit o' white as'll never wear out; and He says that
he'll make a king o' me before He've done, an' that
He'll take me home to His palace to reign with
Him for ever and ever. An' now you come up
here a-talkin' like that!' Bless 'e, my dear friends,
he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—
I do wish he had—and he never had the manners
to say Good mornin'."

A Struggle with Tobacco.

[Bray had been a smoker all through, and after
his conversion he continued the habit for a time,
but he soon began to have scruples of conscience.
This is his account of the final struggle:]

"When I took the pipe to smoke, a still, small
voice within said to me, 'It is an idol, a lust: wor-
ship the Lord with clean lips.' So I felt it was not
right to smoke. The Lord also sent a woman to
convince me. I was one day in a house, and I
took out my pipe to light it at the fire, and Mary
Hawke—for that was the dear woman's name—
said, 'Do you not feel it is wrong to smoke?' I
said I felt something inside telling me it is an idol,
a lust; and she said that was the Lord. Then I
said, 'Now I must give it up, for the Lord is telling
me of it inside, and the woman outside; so the
tobacco must go, love it as I may.' There and
then I took the tobacco out of my pocket, and
threw it into the fire, and put the pipe under my
foot, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' I have not
smoked since. I found it hard to break off; but I
cried to the Lord for help, and He gave me strength,
for He has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble,
and I will deliver thee.' The day after I gave up
smoking I had the toothache so bad I did not know
what to do. I thought this was owing to giving up
the pipe, but I said I would never smoke again if
I lost every tooth in my head. I said, 'Lord, Thou
hast told us, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is
light,"' and when I said that, all the pain left me.
Sometimes the thought of the pipe would come
back to me very strong; but the Lord strengthened
me against the habit; and, bless His name, I have
not smoked since."

Bray and a preacher of somewhat the same type
of character were holding a missionary meeting at
F—. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the
preacher and others fervently responded to many
of his petitions. Observing this, he began to be
more minute and pointed in his requests. "O Lord,
help the people to give up their idols." The
preacher said, "Amen." "May thy children be
saved from the love of the world's fashions."
"Amen," again said the preacher. "Help Thy
people to give up their ribbons and feathers."
"Amen" was still the response of the preacher;
and again "Amen" when he added, "And their
cups and drinks." "And their pipes and tobacco,"
but to this there was no "Amen" from the preacher.
Bray at once said, "Where's your Amen, Brother B?
Why don't you say 'Amen' to the pipes as well as
the cups? Ah, you won't say 'Amen' to the pipes!"



The Late Marquis Tseng. (See page 309.)



Miss Bradshaw, a Returned Missionary from China, and Her Chinese Friend.

He then proceeded with his prayer. And what would be irreverent in most persons, did not appear so in him. But the preacher afterward remonstrated with Billy on his impropriety in administering this personal rebuke in public. He justified himself by saying, "You were hearty and loud enough with your 'Amen's' for others to give up their idols; but you were not willing to part with your own. Bless the Lord! I have given up all for Jesus."

A CHINESE LADY IN IRELAND.

(See Illustration.)

AN interesting meeting was recently held at Clontarf, Ireland. A few weeks ago Miss Bradshaw, the daughter of the rector of that town, returned from China where she had been laboring as a medical missionary. She was accompanied by a Chinese lady of high rank, who made her home at the Rectory. The Celestial male travels to a limited extent, but etiquette or religion has, until now, compelled the Chinese ladies to stay at home. The visitor, if not the very first, is certainly the second Chinese lady of rank who has ever visited Europe. Her object in making the journey is not only to see European civilization for herself, but to interest the ladies of Europe in the religious welfare of Chinese women. Through an interpreter she made a pretty and graceful speech to an audience in the Clontarf Parochial Hall. She dresses in great taste, and very richly. Her feet, it is stated, have been bound according to the barbarous Chinese custom, and are only three inches long. She and her missionary friend appeared in Chinese costume, and a photograph of them was taken, from which our illustration is drawn.

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for May 25, "Notwithstanding, be ye sure of this, that the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Luke 10: 11.

ONE summer afternoon, as the young ladies in a popular academy were finishing their studies for the day, an elderly lady with a peculiarly quiet, gentle manner, asked permission to speak to them for a few minutes. She handed a card to the principal, on which a well-known clergyman had written a few words of introduction. That was sufficient. She sat down, and in low tones and with a voice singularly soft and gentle, she spoke of the blessings which come from an early decision for Christ. It was not much that she said, and it was more of the nature of testimony than appeal. She had travelled over the greater part of life's journey, she explained; it was a road with many dangerous places in it; in the valleys there were swamps, and on the mountains there were slippery ledges, both of which might prove fatal to the traveller. She would not pass that way a second time, but her experience had taught her the nature of the way, and it might be useful to some who were setting out on the journey, especially as there was one infallible Guide whom she wished to recommend. It was all very simple and plain, and was evidently spoken with the kindest motive. She would like to speak

with any who wanted to know more of the road and the Guide.

"I should like to talk with her, Norah," said Florence Hastings. "I never listened to so nice a lady, and she is good; one can see that. Do come with me."

"No, I do not want religion now. It is all very well when one gets old. I shall certainly think of it then, but I want to have some fun and pleasure first. I know several religious girls at home, and they will not go to the theatre, and they will not dance and they object to this and that and the other, till they have no brightness in their lives. Don't go, Florence. I shall not."

But Florence did go, and when she returned to the school that night, she knelt by her bedside and solemnly pledged herself to Jesus, promising Him to follow Him and to obey Him as her King. There were no witnesses to the transaction, but it was definite, fixed, and determined on the girl's part. There were none of the struggles, the tears, and the anxieties that occur in the experience of some as they pass the boundary line of conversion. There was not even any question in Florence's mind about Christ accepting her pledge. It was all so simple. He had invited her to come to Him, and she went, believing in His good faith, and sure that He meant what He said.

The end of the term was approaching, and there was plenty of work preparing for the examinations. No one noticed any change in Florence. She was quiet, studious, and thoughtful, but she had always been that. Only she herself knew how important was the change that had taken place in her, and she did not realize it fully at first. But her motives were new; she did not think of herself so much, or seek her own gratification as before; she thought more of how she could please her King, and of what he wished her to do. Almost insensibly to herself her whole being was permeated by her new relation, and a strange, new love for every one filled her heart. She was to be a teacher, and this term closed the first period of preparation. The next stage was in college life, and then she would begin to earn her own livelihood. Norah, too, was not coming back to school. Her family was wealthy, and she was to have private teachers.

Florence and Norah were, however, destined to have one memorable meeting. Florence heard of her friend from time to time. Heard of her as a belle in society, courted, admired, flattered; heard of her brilliant marriage, of her splendid entertainments, and of her influence in the highest social circles. She heard, too, alas! scandal connected with her name, then exposure, and, finally, disgrace. She mourned for her, and prayed for her, and wished that she could see her old friend to tell her of her Lord, who casteth out none that come to Him. And the opportunity came. As Florence was returning home from a church service one night, she caught a glimpse of the familiar face in the glare of a street lamp, and recognized it instantly.

"Norah!" she exclaimed; "I am Florence Hastings; do you not remember me?"

"Florence! oh, yes! I have never forgotten. But why do you speak to me? All my other friends have cast me off."

"I would never do that, Norah. If you friend let me that to you."

"I am homeless and friendless both, and serve to be," said the desolate creature. "I not the courage to die, or I should have died ago."

"Come with me," said Florence; "I live alone, and you are heartily welcome."

"You do not know my past, or you would say so."

"The past makes no difference; come with me. I will come for this night, but in the morning will tell you all my story, and then you will turn away."

The sad story was told, and Florence heard with an aching heart. "Do you remember," she asked, as she finished it, "that day when we at school when you wanted me to go to see a lady, to talk about religion?"

"Yes, I shall never forget it."

"Nor I," said Norah sadly. "That was opportunity, and I missed it. I once heard a man preach from the text, 'The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.' It was nigh to me then, but I would not enter, and now it is too late. I am ruined for life and for eternity. Shut out is horrible. What might I have been saved! I had gone with you as you wished! Now impossible!"

Not impossible, while life lasts, and that Florence tried to show her friend. But it was hard. She had been deeply injured, and her heart was full of hatred and resentment against one who had injured her. She had learned to pleasure, and the ways of piety seemed dull and cheerless to her. All her habits and tastes were obstacles in the way of redemption. But Florence kept her with her, mindful of her commission from her Lord, and of the power He had given into her hands. Sickness came, and the poor waster trembled in the balance. Florence nursed her, prayed with her. At times she had hope of her soul, especially as the physical life ebbed. But she never knew whether she was really saved, for the last moment, when the soul quitted the body, Norah persisted in her belief that there was no entrance to the Kingdom possible for her.

STANLEY'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

THE history of the famous expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, the more that is known of it, is one of the most astonishing in the world's annals. The full story, written by Mr. Stanley himself, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, and will be read with much interest. In the meantime, the speeches Mr. Stanley is delivering in Europe afford some slight indication of the difficulties he surmounted in the

Emin and his people
ugh the unknown coun-
o the coast. The illus-
on here given is taken
a sketch made during
journey by an artist who
panied the expedition,
conveys an idea of how
long procession must
looked as it filed past
ley and Emin as they
in their mules surveying
oute from a high knoll.
e march commenced
pril 10, 1889. The com-
in all consisted of
persons. Two days
h brought them to
mbonis, and that night
ley was prostrated with
e sickness. "The
n had been too much,"
says; and for twenty-
t days he lay hovering
een life and death.
aks to the skill and de-
on of his surgeon, Dr.
e, he recovered, and on
8 the march was re-
ed. Only fragmentary
rts have as yet come to
l of that terrible jour-
It is known that Stan-
took the direct route
ugh German territory,
he valley of the Semliki
r, crossing it at Awam-
through Usonora and
ve to the Victoria
za. Mslala was reach-
n September 1, and
ampwa on November
On December 4 they
out at Bagamoyo,
e a steamer met them
carried them to Zanzibar.

Stanley's words indi-
that the journey was one of enormous difficulty.
ne point they had to fight for four days' con-
sely, against savage enemies. Women and
ren were sick, and had to be carried in ham-
s, and many died, in spite of the most careful
ation. As the great explorer looked back over
ast three years, as he stood safely in Zanzibar,
his mission triumphantly accomplished, he
no words of boasting to utter, but reverently
nowledges that his success was due to God's
ance and to His overruling hand.

WILL IT LIFT?
THE STORY OF A FOG.
By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 302.)

we must now turn our attention for a little while
e Graythorpes, from whom we have been
ed for a time, but who all the while are
ughly worthy of our interest and esteem.
r apartments at No. 59, and the few house-
oods which enabled them to call it "home,"
till witnessing a chronic struggle with poverty,
g mainly to Millie's continued ill-health, for
s still on her sofa; and it takes all and more
her mother's busy fingers and Mercy's skill
earn to provide her with medical attendance,
those dainties of a nutritious kind which en-
he palate and strengthen the patient—dainties
ften far beyond their purse to supply.
e doctor did not appear to do her any good.
ct, he all but acknowledged that he could not
honest frankness which, if it were more com-
in that profession, would go to the saving of
y lives. It was "on the nerves," he said, with
notony which brought no explanation and no
All she wanted, he declared, was good
ng, which she had, and plenty of nourishing
such as she could take—which she had not—
an entire change of air and scene, which she
l not get. Latterly he had dwelt much on
If only she could get away into the country,
cially to her native air, there was no knowing
lasting good might come of that.
e summer's morning the doctor called and
d his patient sitting up a little. There was a
color in her face and a promising brightness
r eye which led the man of skill to speak more
ful words than usual. He did not say, perhaps
id not know, that it was the clear, bright sun-



A Scene in Stanley's March to the Sea.

shine, and the pleasant breeze that came in upon
her through the open window; that it was the
pitcher of flowers which Mercy had bought and
set upon the table, and the vase of flowers which
she had bought and set on the mantelpiece; and
the beautiful nosegay of flowers which she had
bought and put in her sister's hands; the strawber-
ries and cherries which she had bought and placed
in dainty leaves beside her sister's couch—perhaps
the doctor did not know that it was these, and
other sights, and smells, and surroundings that re-
minded her of summer in the country, the happy
summers of her childhood, that had brought the
light to her cheek, and the color to her eye. And
at what a cost, and by what self-denial on the part
of mother and daughter, had these been provided!

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Graythorpe, you must
try to get your daughter into the country for a lit-
tle while. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary, and
it must be done. If you could get her away to her
native village, where she could breathe the pure
country air, and have new milk and fresh eggs, and
could take exercise among the green fields and
country lanes, and that sort of thing, I feel morally
sure she would recover. Medicine is of very little
use in a case like this. It's on the nerves, you see;
and time and change and Nature are the only cure."

"That sort of thing," said Mercy, with a faint
smile, after the doctor was gone; "that sort of
thing, unless a miracle were to occur, is beyond our
reach."

"Oh dear," said Millie, turning her pale face to
her sister; "I think one hour at dear Hilldrop
would work a miracle in me. I feel as though I
can almost breathe the air now, as it comes through
the plantation of larches behind the house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Graythorpe; "there is no place
like Hilldrop Farm; no place in the world to wor-
ship in like Faringham's little ivy-covered church.
I sometimes think we did quite wrong to come
away."

"I don't know about that, mother," said Mercy,
who could not dream of her mother doing wrong
in anything. "But I do think that we made a
mistake in cutting ourselves away so completely
from the dear old place and from the many kind
friends and neighbors we had when we lived there.
I suppose it would be called a 'little honest pride'
that led us to do it; but was it doing as we would
be done by?"

Hereupon Mercy rose to
her feet under the influence
of a "bright idea." "Mother,
do you remember dear
Mrs. Higginbotham?"
"Don't *you*?" said Millie;
"and all the toys and gin-
gerbread and ripe pears and
rosy apples with which she
used to bribe me to sit with
her in her cozy little parlor
behind the bar?"

"Well, then, listen to
me," quoth Mercy. "If we
have been foolish in the
past, that's no reason why
we should be foolish in the
future. I fancy we have
lost our pride by this time.
If we haven't, we ought to.
I'm going to write to Mrs.
Higginbotham. I know the
dear soul will be glad to
hear of us again; and I'll
ask her what it will cost for
mother and you to go and
stop at 'Hilldrop Arms' for
a few weeks. I will tell her
honestly how poor we are,
and ask her to be as reason-
able as she can in her
charges."

However unwilling Mrs.
Graythorpe felt at exposing
the measure of their "com-
ing down in the world" to
her former neighbors, neigh-
bors who had looked up to
her as their superior, she felt
that Millie's restoration to
health was a goal worth
while running through brake
and briar to reach, and so it
was decided Mercy was to
have her way.

"Now, then," said Mercy, cheerily, "no more
grizzling. I earned five shillings yesterday, and I
am going to take that pair of screens that Millie
painted to my little Dutchman. Who knows?
Perhaps he'll pay for them in *gold*! Now, little
Millie, let me freshen your pillow a bit. Kiss me,
mother, and wish me a good wish: nay," she added
softly, "pray for me and my letter too, for I am
going to write to Mrs. Higginbotham at the 'Hill-
drop Arms.'" And when Mercy sat down to write
the letter that might bring summer breezes to her
ailing sister from the larches and the limes of Hill-
drop Farm, hope throbbed high in her own breast
and also in the two dearest hearts close by.

They had not to wait long for the answer. This
was the missive that the postman brought:

"The Hilldrop Arms, Faringham, July, 11, 18—
My dear Mercy,—I am sure you will permit me to
call you so, as in the dear days of 'auld lang syne,'
when you and 'Little Millie'—not so very little
now I imagine—used to be daily and ever welcome
visitors here. Do you know, your letter came just
at the right time. My husband is called to London
on some special business, and I shall be all alone.
My boy, as perhaps you are aware, is over the sea
and far away. I shall dearly prize and value a little
companionship in these dull parts; and if I had the
pick and choice of all the world, there are none
that I should choose before your dear mother, little
Millie, and yourself. If you can all come, pack up
at once and come, and at the very threshold you
will see by my face, without a word, how dearly wel-
come you will be, and how delighted I shall be to
have you stay with me just as long as you like.
Indeed, it will be cruel of you, now that you have
raised such hopes, if you permit anything to hinder.
I want you, I long for you, and if you delay I shall
be compelled to come and fetch you. And as for
Millie, we will put the roses on her cheeks and the
light of health in her eyes before she has been here
a fortnight. Tell her I have some gingerbread-nuts
in the little cupboard. Give my love to her and
your mother, and accept a full share for yourself,
and be quick and come.—Ever your loving friend,—
ELIZA HIGGINBOTHAM."

I don't think that even Mercy ever sang a brighter
song than she did that day when it was made so
clear to her that Millie was to have a change of air,
and her dear patient mother, Mrs. Graythorpe, was
to see dear old Hilldrop Farm again.

At once they began to sum up their scanty resources, and they found, since that last interview with the little picture-dealer about the fans, that these were in a more hopeful and encouraging state than usual. Still they would not bear the strain of paying up arrears of lodgings, sundry other small items which must be discharged, and the traveling cost for three from London to the midland county, whither they were bound. Mercy was driven at her wit's end to know what to do. One morning, having risen a little earlier than usual, as she said, "to get things ready," for nothing could daunt her indomitable spirit, and she fully meant that they should go, she sat down for a few moments, and began with a sigh—sighs were numerous enough despite her courage—to con the matter of ways and means over and over again. Mrs. Graythorpe and Millie had not yet risen, so she had the little sitting-room all to herself. "Now, Miss Mercy," she said to herself, "you've got your considering cap on again; just for pity's sake help a poor girl to a fresh idea." As she spoke her eye moved slowly round the room in a vain search for something in the way of ornament, picture, drawing, needle-work, that had not yet been appropriated in their long and weary struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Her eye rested on the pianoforte, but only for a moment; off it went again on another vain round of useless search. By-and-by it rested there again.

"I can't let it go," she said; "whatever would Millie do when we come back again, and no dear, sweet friend in the world with a cheery voice to give us welcome? And yet, dear old friend, you must go! I'd almost rather part with my right hand: but Millie must have her roses back. Mamma must have a dose of Hildrop air." She slowly rose, seated herself on the music-stool, and half unconsciously applied her fingers to the keys. It was not until tears hid the keys, and the mahogany fretwork, and the crimson silk from her sight, that she knew she was playing "Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot?"

"No," she said, as her hands dropped listlessly to her side, "you can never, never be forgot. Your tones are too sweetly familiar and dear for that—all the dearer that you have preached me many a hopeful sermon when my heart was sad and sore; but," she said, rising quickly to her feet, "darling Millie shall see the Hildrop cornfields. There!" and dropping the lid that hid the keys with a decisive hand, she resolutely turned to her morning duties. The question was settled; the piano was to go.

How little, how very, very little, does the unthinking world know of the bitterness of sorrow, the poignancy of pain, that sensitive and honest poverty feels in parting with its household treasures, sternly compelled thereto either by the harsh demands of hunger or the plaintive moans and inarticulate longings of dear ones, pining in weakness and pain!

"Oh, Mercy dear! What will you do?" said Mrs. Graythorpe and Millie both in a breath, when the brave girl informed them of her decision. They knew that her music was life, and to lose that means of uplifting her own drooping spirits in the fierce battle she had to wage would be to make her poor indeed.

Poor Mercy's lip quivered a little as she repeated the question to herself; but her decision was made, and she replied quite cheerily, "Oh, don't trouble about me. Don't you see, when Millie's better she can soon earn another by her paintings; and till she does she and I can sing and keep each other's spirits up. Besides, I can try to pawn it first, and if I don't succeed, I dare say I can get the people who buy it to give me a little time to buy it back again. The plain fact is, I want to go to Hildrop, and the piano is going to take me there." It was a still plainer fact to Millie and her mother that the dear girl wanted them to go, and they could but thank her silently with tearful eyes; for Mrs. Graythorpe, at any rate, had no more to say as she looked on Millie's pallid features as she lay back upon the sofa, spent by the exertion of dressing and the excitement of the hour.

The piano which Mercy had resolved to

sell was a very good one, and bore the name of a maker whose fame stood high. She managed to make a tolerable bargain, and when the sum she got for it was paid over to her, the chink of the golden coin brought Hildrop so near that she could hear the music of trees, and smell the fragrance of the woodbine on the strength of her purchase, and with wonderful self-control watched its removal by the men, who little knew, as they carried it downstairs, what a wrench they were making, and how knell-like was their tread as they bore their richest treasure away. As this most precious of their household gods disappeared around the corner, the three were standing watching by the window. Mercy put on a cheery face, tried to make a little laugh, and even began to hum the charming Scotch song, "Will ye no' come back again?" But she had over-estimated her ability, and was fain to run upstairs, and closing the door of her room behind her, gain relief by letting her tears flow unrestrained.

At length the never-to-be-forgotten morning dawned, and our three prisoners, who had been so long pent up in a little dingy city cage, were set at liberty, and the coach that bore them away along the white roads, and between the green hedge-rows, and through the ever-varying scenery of hill and valley, dale and plain, and wood and river, never carried three more grateful hearts than theirs from the day it was spic-and-span new out of the coach-builder's manufactory. Millie had been carefully wrapped up so as to defy the unaccustomed coolness of the free winds of Heaven, when she was perched upon the top of the Highflyer, and spinning up hill and down dale at a good ten miles an hour. Prudent Mrs. Graythorpe had had the forethought to provide a small cushion or two, and by the favor of kindly and congenial fellow-passengers, Millie was so placed as to be in a restful and reclining posture nearly all the way.

It brought the tears to her mother's eyes, as she quietly watched her movements, to see her opening her mouth quite wide every now and then, and drawing in a good long breath, as though she was determined to force out the last atomic particle of London smoke, and make the most of her time and opportunity for appropriating the pure, unadulterated article—fresh air. Mercy, seeing that all went well with the invalid, fairly gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. She sat in a delicious silence, feeding her eyes with the beauties of Nature, now beginning to don their autumn bloom and aspect, regaling her ears with the songs of the birds, forgetting in the exquisite pleasures of the moment all the long, dreary struggle of the past, and utterly oblivious to the fact that after a few short weeks at most she and her loved ones must turn their faces towards busy, struggling London town.

At last, just as the sun was dipping, casting a sort of crimson glory on Hildrop Mere, and gilding afresh the vane that flashed and gleamed on the spire of Faringham Church, our travellers came in sight of the well-remembered home of long ago. Mrs. Graythorpe surveyed the scene with hushed and chastened feelings. A rush of memories, both sad and bright, came up at the call of each familiar sight. Yonder was the dear old house in which she passed her childhood; yonder was the Grange in which her not too happy married life was spent; and yonder was the orchard, close by the village school, where she and Gilbert Craske exchanged earnest vows when standing "beneath the milk-white thorn," vows which, alas! for youthful hope and promise, were fated never to be kept. Never!

Leave the comely and even beautiful silver-haired widow to her dreams, for "Hildrop Inn" is reached, and there stands God-mother Higginbotham with her eyes shaded with her hands, as she tries to descry her three welcome guests, and cannot readily do so because in them is the light of the setting sun. No sooner does she get a glimpse of them, however, than she clasps her hands, good woman, in unfeigned delight, flings a kiss at each, and then turns to scold the ostler because he is so long in so placing the ladder that Millie can be lifted down from her cushions on the coach.

Safely ensconced in the private parlor, Mrs. Graythorpe finds time to note that so far as

furniture and pictures, etc., are concerned, there is little change in her friend's surroundings, but in her face there is a change—the change which time and grief together will work, and none can say them nay. But there was no change in the smile that welcomed them—no change in the light of welcome that shone in the kindly grey eyes. Thank Heaven, in this world of change, that whatever comes to form and feature the love-light of affection knows no dimming and does not fail.

The clear, bright, bracing country air proved even more a wonder-worker than either Mercy or her mother had dared to give it credit for, much as they had hoped for, with respect to their care and comfort, Millie. She had not been at Hildrop many days before the roses began to promise a reappearance on her pallid cheeks, before her appetite did more than promise quite a remarkable advance; and, better still, before long, strength and vigor began to come back to her flaccid and feeble limbs. That mysterious something or other which the doctor mysteriously declared to be "on the nerves," began to act as though it had come to the conclusion to take itself off again. Her mother and sister, too, both felt inclined to sing the praises of the Faringham air, for both were brighter, better, happier for its generous influence, and Millie's rapid progress towards health and strength was a tonic of even a stronger and more effective kind.

It is not to be wondered at that the old-fashioned grand piano in the drawing-room, which Mrs. Higginbotham had had well tuned for her musical friend, Mercy, was not allowed to remain silent for many hours together. Most assuredly that auld-world instrument did never give forth sweeter music, or cheerier, than that which came forth under the skill of Mercy's fingers, and from the deeper fount of Mercy's grateful and trustful heart.

(To be Continued.)

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HEN INSTEAD OF RAVENS.
 A recently asked a mission preacher experience he had ever met anything story told in the Bible about Elijah fed by ravens (1 Kings 17: 6). The said that he believed God had many applied his wants directly, but he had used birds as His messengers. A by, however, spoiled the infidels triumphs by a well authenticated incident of messenger from Huguenot history, as so natural as to be quite probable. "At the massacre of St. Bartholomew there was a protestant named Merlin, some means made his escape to a st outside of Paris, and taking refuge ay-loft hid himself among the straw: to remain concealed there until he be able to find a place of permanent He remained there three or four raid to move in search of food or at he should be recognized and killed, elt he could not hold out any longer. imply a question as to whether he come out and perish by the sword or and perish by hunger and thirst. lved to venture out, but just then he noise at the door of the hay-loft. is hiding-place been discovered? a fierce pursuers upon him? He he hay moving. Nearer and came. Tremblingly he gazed in tion of the sound and saw a hen. tly knew its way about and made rtain corner. Could he catch it? ight easily escape him, and besides ying and might return day after day ys leave an egg. He waited until way then went over to where it had ng, and found a large egg. It was en by the famishing man. Next day ext he waited for the hen, but it did n. Then he ventured out and was l in reaching a place of safety. ds he learned that if he had gone that day the hen paid its visit he ost probably have been slain. He the ravens to Elijah sent a hen to d His saints and will still help His to-day who stand in need of it."

CHANGE IN THE TEXT.

minent Dr. Moxey points one of his s on Faith with the following illus- hich shows how essential it is for onvert to be warned against trust- s own feelings, or in anything but His promise: "A widow went to or Whittle speak. His text was 6, 'For God so loved the world ve His only begotten Son that r believeth in Him should not ut have everlasting life.' The stened with rapt attention, waited to the evangelist and was finally o lay hold on the promise and re- When she got home her little boy r happy face, and asked the reason 'have found Jesus, my dear boy,' imed; 'I am saved by his precious How do you know?' asked the ow. 'Listen,' she said, and she verse to him, and tried to make rstand how the words had brought assurance. Next morning Satan's favorite question of 'feelings,' ame down to breakfast with the old expression that her son had been customized to. 'What's wrong now, questioned the boy. 'Everything's ar; I have made a terrible mistake, have you lost Jesus, mother?' She ce to say she had. 'Has the verse then?' continued the boy; No, the not changed. 'Then' said the boy, erse meant anything last night, it e same now.' That was logical other saw it was so, and her faith hold on the word."

IMPEDIMENT REMOVED.

eamen's mission a sailor named who had been on a voyage to East as deeply moved under the Evan- appeals, but he went away quietly: meeting closed, and no one could him. He went to the next meet- he joy and peace of God's people much, and he fled, not to go far, er found him crying and sobbing e outer door, as if his heart would he writer went to him, but he only as he spoke of God's love. He

then told him the secret. Charlie bitterly hated one who professed Christ, because, probably in a thoughtless moment, he told this poor sailor that a dog would be more acceptable in God's sight than a wretch like him! This aroused all the blood, and anger, and resentment he possessed. As the days sped on, these passions seem to have grown, and though thousands of miles parted them, it was never forgotten by unhappy Charlie. But now he realized that the anger he felt was an impediment to his own salvation. 'How can I be forgiven if I do not for give?' he asked. 'I cannot tell this man that I forgive him, nor can I write to him, as I do not know his address.' He would not say, 'I forgive,' as he thought it useless when the other could not hear of it, and he could not realize a reconciliation. On the following night, our sailor friend was again present at our meeting; the subject was, 'The Father's Love' (Luke xv. 20). This crushed Charlie down, and he wept loudly. 'The forgiving heart of God humiliated and put Charlie to shame, and Charlie said from the depth of his heart. 'I forgive, I forgive!' He then and there cried for pardon, and rejoiced in his deliverance, and went out singing. He attended almost every open-air and indoor meeting after this until he left the town."

A CROCODILE'S PREY.

In a letter from Stanley Pool, in Africa, Mr. J. L. Rogers, who is laboring for Christ at that station, says: "Mr. Brown and I were just arranging and laying our plans for devoting ourselves more fully to the study- ing of the Kiteki language, and to getting out to do more itinerating work among the towns, when one of the greatest calamities possible happened to us at the present time in the sad death of our mission-boy, whose name was Iya. Last Saturday four of our boys went down to the water to bathe. Not long after they were gone we were startled by hearing an unearthly cry. On running down to the beach we found to our horror that a crocodile had caught Iya, and had taken him off under the water. It was an awful shock to us all. He was our interpreter, and when we went into the towns all the natives seemed fond of the lad. The loss of such is very great; he was very useful. The help he was to us with the language cannot be valued. I often had him helping me with the language, and at such times I spoke to him about his soul. He understood the way of salvation clearly. He told me he had asked Jesus to forgive him all his sins, and that he had given his heart to the Saviour. I believe he had, for his life gave good evidence that he was born again, and was a true follower of Jesus. He was the first Christian among the Bateki race. We hope his death may be blessed to many of his own people. Lately I have had large meetings in the towns, and the people give great attention when we are preaching the Gospel. We are very hopeful that soon a great work will be done among these people. Let the friends at home still pray for us. The windows of heaven will soon be opened, and we shall have the showers we have prayed so much for."

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AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN RIOT.

THE Chinese Government, in spite of the severity of the punishments which it inflicts on the disobedient, is not always able to restrain the bigoted fury of its subjects. A recent letter from Miss Ord, one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, thus describes the destruction last November of her school, and her own escape through the intervention of the Mandarin:

"On Wednesday, November 5, we had a serious riot at Nan K'ang Fu. The riot began at the chapel about six o'clock in the evening, and after the rioters had destroyed the house and everything in it, they then came to my house (Opium Refuge) about eight o'clock. The first intimation we had was a note from Miss McFarlane, begging us to get a boat and start for Ta-k'ang, they being in the ya-men. This was out of the question, as the mob was fast coming, so we went into the landlord's house adjoining ours. In about ten minutes the students (estimated at about 7,000) came along, literally yelling like wild beasts. They soon broke in, smashing and carrying off everything, except a few things in the landlord's house. The dear sisters at the other house—Misses McFarlane and Harding—have saved nothing but what they were wearing. In about an hour's time, nine o'clock, the mandarins came with soldiers to take us to the Prefect's ya-men nearest to our home. We walked, guarded by soldiers on each side, but the students would not let us get in there, and broke the Prefect's chair in pieces, so we were taken through the streets to the district magistrate's ya-men, where we stayed until last night (7th), whence they escorted us to the mandarin's boat, and sent us here under escort. We cannot speak too highly of their kindness; they did everything they could think of for our comfort. Indeed, we received kindness from so many, and the native Christians were just splendid; so bright, kind, and affectionate, and not ashamed to confess the Lord."

A TIGER'S PANIC.

"ONE evening," says Mr. Judd, a missionary in India, "after tea we had worship, and commended our friends and well-wishers and the mission to God. After worship I had to go outside, and right under the window was a tiger about twelve feet off. My first thought was, turn and flee; but fearing that he would jump on my back and shake me by the neck, as the cat does the rat, and seeing that I was too near to flee, I resolved to walk straight up to him, and begged Jesus to go with me and preserve me. The tiger had already been to the cow-house and scratched a hole to get at the cows and calves. The walls, however, were thick and hard, so that after scratching about nine inches deep he gave it up as a bad job. Now he came to the house seeking his supper. On the verandah was lying my Scotch dog, who had been sent to me from friends in Scotland. He had never seen a tiger before, so he rushed at him and barked furiously. The tiger had never seen impudence like this before, but here was a rough and hairy-looking stranger with a deep bass voice, bearding him to his face. He snarled at us and went a few steps on one side, and I made a shave between the wall and the tiger, praying all the time. After walking twenty yards I realized that I was safe. Then I thought of the dog which would lose his life to save that of his master, but the tiger turned and fled into the jungle, and even the brave dog was left unharmed. Surely the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

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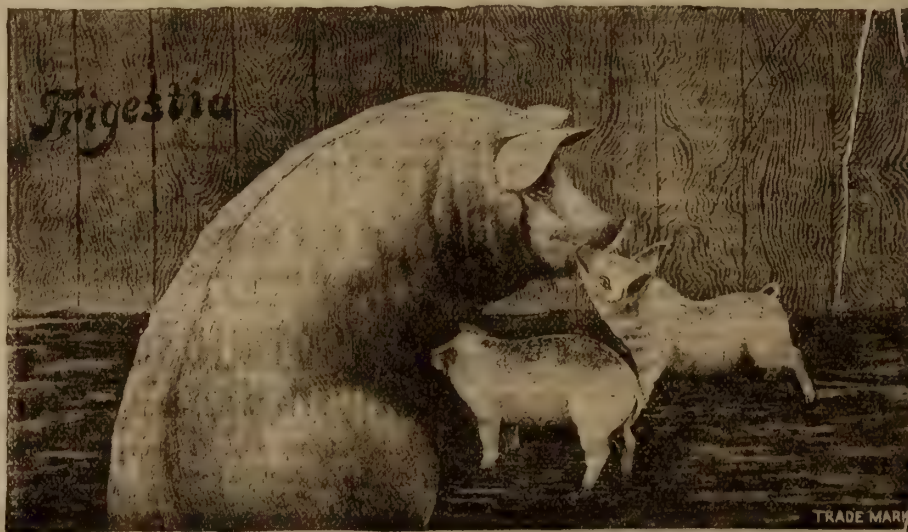
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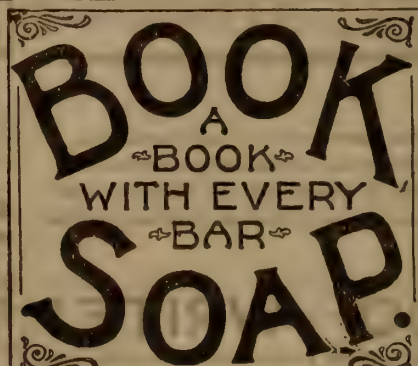
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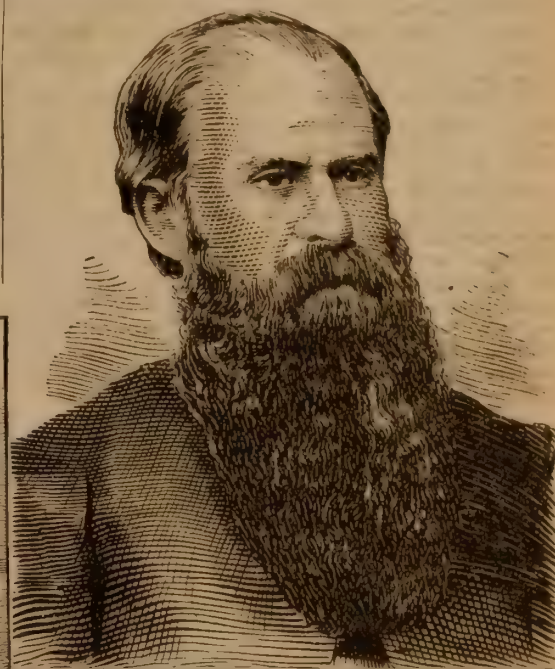
WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1890.

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Two hundred and fifty thousand laborers in Hyde Park, London, and the streets of American and European cities filled with processions of workmen carrying banners, brings the subject of Labor and Capital to the front. That all this was done in peace, and that as a result in many places, arbitration has taken place, is a hopeful sign.

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they have for the last twenty years been going on, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The Coming Crisis.

The antagonistic forces have again and again closed in upon each other. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism, but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. Most of the attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country three million hungry men and women. Now, three million hungry people can not be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep three million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clinched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop would stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I shall first show you this morning how this controversy between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Useless Denunciation.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no laboring man on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their for-

tune through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whiskey and beer!

Victims of Improvidence.

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses: result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this controversy between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught-horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Violence No Remedy.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. Blow up to-morrow the country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square and Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill and Rittenhouse Square and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working-classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. A few years ago assassination—the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland—only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempt to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect: to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-track in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing-offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only

A Hard Blow on the Head

of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. As a result of one of our great American strikes you find that the operatives lost four hundred thousand dollars' worth of wages, and have had poorer wages ever since. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three

times the value of the property. The miller would not take it, because it was the old homestead, he felt about it as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence; and the king, with a stick in hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck officers of state—said to this miller: "Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won't sell it I'll take it anyhow." The miller said, "Your majesty, you won't." "You said the king, 'I will take it.'" "Then," said the miller, "if your majesty does take it, I will sue in the Chancery Court." At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his infamous demand. And most imperious outrage against the working-class will yet cower before the law. Violence and contempt to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to law will accomplish

A Sure Remedy.

Well, if this controversy between Capital and Labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, it is for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it goes from my text roseate and jubilant, and puts its hand on the broadcloth shoulder of Capital, and puts the other hand on the homespun-cow-shoulder of Toil, and says, with a voice that grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That is, the head of the household will say: "I must treat the man in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated were down-stairs, and it were my work to wash, cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the man in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The man in the kitchen must say: "If my employer were to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of his; I shall not treat him as an enemy. I will be the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happen to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a day of my text before leaving home in the morning will go into his foundry, and, passing into what he called the puddling-room, he will see a man stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil, and he will say to him: "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half-time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of the counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "My business is bad; I don't make twenty dollars when I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or very little demand. You see, I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to stop the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful. I like you, and you seem to like me, and the boss must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

Help from the Men.

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place, and I am so, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent. from our wages, and then when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around at his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say 'Ay!' 'Ay!' 'Ay!' shout two hundred voices."

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those work-

the grave waiting for the arrival of the fune-geant. The minister of religion may have read an eloquent eulogium before they started the house, but the most impressive things are that day by the working-classes standing d the tomb.

at night in all the cabins of the working- where they have family prayers, the widow- and the orphanage in the mansion are re- vered. No glaring populations look over the ence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the the benediction of God and man is coming ie fulfilment of the Christlike injunction, itsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so to them."

An Illustration.

h," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, apocryphal, that is impossible." No, I cut out per this: "One of the pleasantest incidents id in a long time is reported from Sheffield, id. The wages of the men in the iron-works field are regulated by a board of arbitration, se decision both masters and men are bound. me time past the iron and steel trade has xtremely unprofitable, and the employers can- outhout much loss, pay the wages fixed by the which neither employers nor employed have ver to change. To avoid this difficulty, the en in one of the largest steel-works in Shef- it upon a device as rare as it was generous. ffered to work for their employers one week t any pay whatever. How much better that than a strike would be."

ou go with me and I will show you—not so as Sheffield, England—factories, banking- store-houses, and costly enterprises where rist-like injunction of my text is fully kept, i could no more get the employer to practice stice upon his men, or the men to conspire the employer, than you could get your right nd your left hand, your right eye and your , your right ear and your left ear, into phys- i antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? homes, in our stores, on our farms—not for other people to do their duty. Is there gence now between the parlor and the ? Then there is something wrong, either arlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are ks in your store irate against the firm? ere is something wrong, either behind the , or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The World's Need.

great want of the world to-day is the fulfil- this Christ-like injunction, that which He gated in His sermon Olivetic. All the economists under the archivolt of the in convention for a thousand years, can- le this controversy between monopoly and rk, between capital and labor. During the ionary War there was a heavy piece of tim- be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a was overseeing the work, and he was giv- mands to some soldiers as they lifted: away, there! ye heave!" Well, the tim- too heavy; they could not get it up. There ntleman riding by on a horse, and he stop- said to this corporal, "Why don't you m lift? That timber is too heavy for them . "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corpor- e gentleman got off his horse and came up ace. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all —yo heave!" and the timber went to its "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, you have a piece of timber too heavy for to lift, and you want help, you send to mmander-in-chief." It was Washington! at is about all the Gospel I know—the f giving somebody a lift, a lift out of dark- ft out of earth into heaven. That is the f helping somebody else to lift.

The Diabolic Law.

says some wiseacre," talk as you will, of demand and supply will regulate these til the end of time." No, it will not, od dies and the batteries of the Judgment spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king a of the infernal regions, take full pos- of this world. Do you know who Supply and are? They have gone into partner- they propose to swindle this earth, and hing it. 'You are drowning. Supply and stand on the shore, one on one side, the the other side, of the life-boat, and they o you, "Now, you pay us what we ask etting you to shore, or go to the bottom!"

If you can borrow \$5,000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say, "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bank- ruptcy!" This robber-firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat, and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price, or starve!" That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the centuries and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co- operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy.

The Law of Christ.

Have you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries, more gardens thrown open for the holiday people and the working-classes.

I was reading some time ago, in regard to a charge that had been made in England against Lambeth Palace, that it was exclusive; and that charge demonstrated the sublime fact that to the grounds of that wealthy estate eight hundred poor families had free passes, and forty croquet com- panies, and on the half-day holidays four thousand poor people recline on the grass, walk through the paths, and sit under the trees.

That is Gospel—

gospel on the wing, gospel out-of-doors worth just as much as in-doors. That time is going to come. That is only a hint of what is going to be. The time is going to come when, if you have anything in your house worth looking at—pictures, pieces of sculpture—you are going to invite me to come and see it; you are going to invite my friends to come and see it, and you will say, "See what I have been blessed with! God has given me this, and, so far as enjoying it, it is yours also." That is gospel.

In crossing the Alleghany Mountains, many years ago, the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted from the stage, and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped about him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, "What are you listening for?" Standing there, on the top of the mountain, he said: "I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent." A sublime posture for an Ameri- can statesman! You and I to-day stand on the mountain-top of privilege, and on the Rock of Ages, and we look off, and we hear coming from the future the happy industries, and smiling popu- lations, and the consecrated fortunes, and the in- numerable prosperities of the closing nineteenth and the opening twentieth century.

And now I have two words, one to capitalists and the other to laboring men.

A Word to Capital.

To capitalists: Be your own executors. Make in- vestments for eternity. Do not be like some capital- ists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember, those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, be- fore you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died eight or ten years ago, leaving in his will twenty million dollars; yet giving how much for the Church of God? How much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of twenty million dollars, how much? One million? No. Five hundred thou- sand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of ever-

lasting life. A man in a will giving twenty millions of dollars and not one cent to God! It is a dis- grace to our civilization.

A Word to Labor.

To laboring men: I congratulate you on your pros- pects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are get- ting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburgh, and at Washington. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratu- late you also on the opportunities for your children. Your children are going to have vast opportunities. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work. I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hun- dred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself, financially, by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children! A workingman goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for fifty cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as the day that is coming.

The Friend of Both.

But the greatest Friend of capitalist and toiler, and the One who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the conti- nents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around Him the fishermen to be His chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpen- ter shop showing himself brother with the trades- men. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for His obsequies. By charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast Him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but He was higher. None so poor, but He was poorer. At His feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glower- ed with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as He com- mands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

A VICARIOUS DEATH IN CHINA.

AN extraordinary act of devotion is described in the *Spirit of Missions*, as it was related by Bishop Boone, while on a visit to this country. He said: "I had a very valuable Chinese servant in my em- ploy, upon whom I leaned with implicit confidence, and one day he came to me and said: 'I shall be obliged to ask you to find some one to take my place, as, in the course of a few weeks, I am to be executed in place of a rich gentleman, who is to pay me very liberally for becoming his substitute'—such a mode of exchange, as the reader may know, being in accordance with the law of the em- pire. I then inquired what possible inducement there could be for him to forfeit his life for any amount of money, when he replied: 'I have an aged father and mother, who are very poor, and un- able to work, and the money that I am to receive will make them comfortable as long as they live. I think, therefore, it is my duty to give up my life for the sake of accomplishing this.' What a com- mentary is this on the Apostle Paul's words: "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet per- adventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5 : 7, 8.)

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

DR. HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

THE well-known Presbyterian clergyman, whose portrait, with pictures of the exterior and interior of his church, appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has recently been elected Moderator of the Brooklyn Presbytery. The honor of being chosen by his ministerial brethren to preside over their deliberations must be to any man a welcome and gratifying evidence of the esteem in which he is held by those who have the best opportunities of knowing him. In this case especially is it significant, inasmuch as the recipient is a minister of very decided opinions, and the kind of man who necessarily will sometimes arouse energetic discussion in regard to positions he feels called upon to take, and theories he promulgates. His election, therefore, is a mark of respect to his character, and an evidence of recognition of many excellences which are apt to be overlooked when their possessor has been a valorous antagonist in some hard-fought field. The

Personal History

of Dr. Van Dyke has, like that of many earnest and zealous and useful preachers of the gospel, been comparatively uneventful. That is the public view of it. To those who know anything of ministerial life, no minister's career can be uneventful. His pulpit labors involve most momentous issues to those who hear him. The word he speaks must be a savor of life unto life, or death unto death to his audience. The sense of responsibility which any man experiences who realizes that he is the ambassador of Christ is almost crushing. The world hears with comparative indifference that this or that man has been converted, but to the converted man the change is one involving the issue of all eternity; and compared with it, the world with all its wealth, the most decisive of all battles, the rise or fall of the most illustrious dynasties are but trifles. The change is unnoticed here, but in the other world it is not unmarked. The angels of God rejoice over one sinner that repenteth; and he that converteth the sinner from the error of his ways, saves a soul from death, and hides a multitude of sins. The day will come when the preacher's work will be recognized as the most responsible, as well as the most honorable, in which any man could engage.

Henry J. Van Dyke was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, March 6, 1822. He is therefore now in his sixty-ninth year. He commenced his classical studies in the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated from that institution in 1843, the year in which he attained his majority. Thence he proceeded to Yale, but having resolved to consecrate his life to the service of God in the ministry he quitted Yale to take a theological course at Princeton. He graduated there in 1845, and in June of that year he was solemnly ordained to the work of the ministry.

His first charge was at Bridgeton, N. J. He devoted himself to that sphere with faith and zeal. It is well for a young minister to enjoy a period of inconspicuous labor at the outset of his ministry. He has larger opportunities for continuing his studies, and more leisure to learn the lessons which every minister has to learn when he comes to apply his theology to the wants and ways of the world, than he would have if he passed from the university to the pulpit of some large church. Dr. Van Dyke gave seven valuable years to that New Jersey church. They were good years for the church, and they were not wasted years for him. God was fitting him there for responsible service when the command should come to go up higher. Many opportunities came to him during those years to attain a more prominent position, but the young preacher did not avail himself of them. He could not recognize in the offer of larger salary and city advantages the voice of God, which, after all, should be the one indispensable condition of a change of sphere. In 1852, however, there came an unavoidable cessation of labor, which seemed to him an intimation that his work at Bridgeton was finished. He was prostrated by illness, and his physicians told him that change of scene was necessary to his health. He went to Germantown, Philadelphia, for a few months, and while there recovering health and strength, the call came to the field which he now occupies. In June, 1853, Dr. Van Dyke accepted the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, and soon afterward entered upon his labors. It was not at that time in a very hopeful condition, but in a short time the energetic pastor had the happiness of seeing large additions to the membership of the church, of seeing the debt of

thirty thousand dollars on the church extinguished, and sixty thousand dollars raised for domestic and foreign missions, and other enterprises.

In 1857 Dr. Van Dyke made an extended tour in Europe, a regular record of which was published in a series of bright, entertaining letters which he sent to a religious journal. He returned to find the first clouds gathering on the national horizon which were to darken all the sky and burst in a storm that desolated scores of thousands of homes. At the critical moment, before the first bolt fell—on Sunday, Dec. 9, 1860, Dr. Van Dyke preached

A Famous Sermon

which made his name conspicuous in every city of the Union. This sermon was doubtless intended to allay Southern apprehensions, and restrain Northern impetuosity. This discourse, characterized as it was by most emphatic utterance, made great excitement. It was published and circulated far and wide. Twenty newspapers published it *in extenso*—a novelty in those days—and eleven publishers in as many different cities issued pamphlet editions of it. Every thinking man read it, and while the debaters on one side quoted Beecher, their opponents quoted Van Dyke. Among the wordy conflicts that at that time were waged in all the cities of the Union no ministerial names were so often quoted in the fray as those of the two Brooklyn divines. It provoked, also, direct attacks on the author, the most powerful of which came from Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, and Professor Taylor Lewis in the *New York World*.

It was natural after having taken so decisive an attitude, that when the war was over, and men were longing to heal the breaches in brotherly relations which it had made, that the eyes of the Northern Presbyterian ministers should be directed to Dr. Van Dyke when they wanted a representative to carry the olive branch to their Southern brethren. In 1870 he was commissioned by the Northern General Assembly in session in Philadelphia to proceed with a few other ministers to Louisville, Ky., where the Southern General Assembly was in session, to propose a reunion of the churches, and the pacification of the unhappy disunion. Much was hoped from this mission, and profound was the disappointment when the Commissioners returned unsuccessful.

A Threatened Removal

of Dr. Van Dyke from Brooklyn, disturbed shortly afterward the pleasant relations which had existed for nineteen years between pastor and people. A call reached the preacher from Nashville, Tenn., and many reasons prompted Dr. Van Dyke to give it favorable consideration. Ultimately he decided to accept it, and formally resigned his pastorate of the Brooklyn Church. The most urgent entreaties were used by his attached friends to prevent this decision, and it was only when they recognized it as inevitable that they yielded and submitted to the separation. Doubtless Dr. Van Dyke had a severe inward struggle before he arrived at his decision. It involved the rupture of many pleasant relations, and of many bonds precious alike to pastor and people. He found it necessary to take a tour in Europe before entering permanently on his Nashville pastorate, probably in the hope that, beside the rest and recuperation to be expected from the tour, the pain of going directly from one scene of labor to the other, would be avoided. On his return he was detained in New York by the sudden and serious illness of his wife. A prolonged sojourn in the neighborhood was involved in order that she might have the benefit of the attention of the physicians who alone seemed able to deal with the case. Under these circumstances the members of his Brooklyn Church renewed their solicitations to Dr. Van Dyke to resume his pastoral relations. At length he consented, and the Nashville Church was disappointed in its hopes of securing the pastor of its choice. From that time to this, Dr. Van Dyke has gone on with his work in Brooklyn, and has gathered around him a band of men and women attached to him, and united in mutual affection.

One of the most distinguished honors ever conferred on Dr. Van Dyke was his election as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met in Brooklyn in 1876. Over that body he presided with affability and talent.

A Graphic Personal Sketch

of Dr. Van Dyke was penned a few weeks ago by the reporter of a secular journal, who paid him a visit in his study at the church. He says: Dr. Van Dyke, though over sixty-eight years of age, carries his years wonderfully well. His hair and heavy

whiskers are but slightly tinged with gray, and he is hale and hearty. His voice is clear, and his reasoning sound and ripe. He is thoroughly an and fascinating in conversation. His course of lectures before the theological students at Princeton College during the last winter, was received with enthusiasm by the young men, while the members of the faculty would now and then shake their heads, especially when the doctor brought some of his progressive ideas on the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Dr. Van Dyke for many years made it his practice to steal for a few days' fishing in the early spring; and he is not likely to depart from his custom this year, the visitor to his study in the church is obliged to discover the story plainly told in a well-trout-basket hanging from the wall, while on and suspended across the horns of stags' heads is a fishing-rod. Dr. Van Dyke is as clever with rifle as with the rod, and during his midsummer vacation he shoots moose up in Maine.

This study of Dr. Van Dyke is a very pleasant room. It is not large, but cosy and full of interest. The floor is covered with heavy moquette and the walls are frescoed in subdued colors. The sides of the room are lined with books. The doctor is evidently prepared to receive visitors, and has half a dozen easy-chairs standing about. There is a large writing-desk in the room, but he does not use it. When writing, he sits in an easy-chair, holstered in green plush; a small table projects from one arm, while to the other is attached a book-support. Thus the doctor is enabled for hours in a half-reclining position and without reading. He never bends forward while writing, and has used this arrangement for thirty-six years.

The Advanced Thought

to which the reporter alludes, in referring to Princeton lectures, may be best understood from a few extracts from some letters of Dr. Van Dyke on the proposed revision of the Confession of Faith, which have been published, together with those from his opponents, Drs. John De Witt, B. B. Warfield, and William G. T. Shedd, by Anson D. F. Randolph and Company, New York. In these letters Dr. Van Dyke strongly advocates the Revision, and shows incidentally how thoroughly evangelical is his own attitude. On the subject of the practicability and expediency of revision, he says: "For one, I do not believe that either science of theology and Scripture exegesis, or art of expressing divine truth in acceptable language has so far declined in the Presbyterian Church that it would be impossible to rewrite the whole, or part of the Westminster Confession. If it were, it would be a sad result of these two hundred years of Biblical study and theological training. It is not necessary to discuss this question. As I know, nobody proposes to make a new Confession, nor to rewrite the old one, nor to make an entire new statement of any doctrine belonging to the system which it contains. It is a reconstruction, but a revision, which is proposed. To revise, according to Worcester, is 'to look at with a view to correct or amend.' After studying the Confession for nearly half a century, and adhering to it to-day with as much loyalty as I ought to feel toward any uninspired statement of divine truth, I am in favor of the proposed revision."

As to the scope and object of the revision, he says: "The object of the proposed revision is to change the system of doctrine taught in the Confession, nor to repudiate, modify, or dilute one doctrine of that system, nor to conform the Confession in all its propositions to individual differences, nor to 'bring each of our idiosyncrasies to expression.' We repudiate all such intentions of our purpose. Our simple object is the correction of certain ambiguities, omissions, and mistaken interpretations of Scripture in our Confession into more perfect harmony with other Reformed Confessions, and to make it complete as the expression 'of the general common faith of the whole body' of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America."

A Broad Gospel.

Coming to the fundamental question involved in the Revision, Dr. Van Dyke makes the following explicit statement of his own faith: "It is the common faith of the Presbyterian body, and of the whole visible Church of Christ, that the salvation of the Gospel is sufficient for all men, adapted to all, and freely offered to all, and that the eternal decree of God be no one from accepting it. The Scriptures are full of proof-texts to sustain this proposition."

es and pervades all our preaching of the Gos- and is the constraining motive in all the ag- sive work of the Church. And yet there is not, our Confession, one declaration which clearly prehends or alludes to the teaching of Script- in this point. The advocates of revision desire end the Confession in this particular. As to ssertion that it is not possible to frame a new ment on this subject which will *correlate* with onfession as it is, or which will not mar the ric integrity of the venerable document; this t what the enemies of our Calvinistic system always said, and what Calvinists have always d. If the writer of this paper believed what een said on this point by the opponents of on, he would renounce the Confession as his ard, for *the fullness and freeness of the Gospel precious to him than any historic monument.* ie does not believe it. He has always read the Confession, as perfectly consistent with ystem of doctrine which it contains, the Script- eclarations that Christ is 'the propitiation for ns of the whole world,' and that 'God is not g that any should perish, but that all should to repentance.'

BIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

life of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson, of ethodist Episcopal Church, written by the eorge R. Crooks, D. D., and published by s. Harper & Brothers, New York, should re- at the hands of the press different treat- ment that accorded to other biographies. The has grown familiar with ordinary biographies. uite in order, when any distinguished man or some friend or relative to tell the story of e in print, padding out the narrative of facts opies of the deceased's letters, and reports of eeches or sermons. This is often done in a ictory manner, or with an enthusiasm orig- g in the personal love and admiration of the for the subject of his biography. Anyhow, ty is done, a small circle of the dead man's al friends buy and read the book, but the l public takes little interest in it. Now this happen to the life of Bishop Simpson if the did not inform the public what a remarkable eely interesting work it is. The interest is nined to the personal friends of the Bishop; en to the church of which he was so distin- d a member; it will be felt by every intelli- tizen of the United States who reads it. Crooks has produced a charming work. He ull sympathy with the principles of Bishop on's life, he has a hearty admiration for the e has spared no time nor pains to gain a full dge of facts and incidents, and he has as- sed his material and made a life-like picture eminent preacher and a graphic portrayal of rk and his times. And what times they And what a work he did! Born in 1811 at Ohio, a poor boy with his own way to make, g himself to read, getting only three short t school, learning German and Latin, geom- d trigonometry without a teacher, and with e smallest supply of books, which he could y when their owners were not studying them, sheer hard work and genuine grit, making e proficient in all necessary branches of dge and fitting himself to fill efficiently and bly one of the most conspicuous and difficult as in the country. The leader of his church, ted friend and adviser of President Lincoln, er patriot, the matchless orator, the gifted er, and the shrewd, sagacious manager of ith such a boyhood behind him, must be a dity singularly fascinating to every true an. As pastor, as College President, as and as bishop, Matthew Simpson won for the confidence and respect of all who came act with him, and as the Christian patriot, lays of national darkness, the country loved n whose burning words stirred the hearts of n people and convinced religious men in ds that the cause he loved and advocated itled to their sympathy. e this, the student of history learns from his —letters, entries in his diary, personal com- n passing events, how that great struggle d to a man of intense piety, how those san- battles and fierce conflicts impressed a man ruggled nature and strong patriotism was d and governed by his love of Christ and al- to the Prince of Peace. We have had many drawn of that time, but this one is some-

thing new. Bishop Simpson knew more than the general public. President Lincoln repeatedly sent for him to Washington at critical periods and more than once quoted his words in the Cabinet councils. He necessarily felt deeply, and grieved as only a Christian patriot could grieve over, that fratricidal strife. The growth, development, variation of his attitude with the changing situation are an inter- esting psychological study, and this Dr Crooks en- ables us to make.

The book is an excellent biography, simple, cand- id, true to life. But it is much more. It is a va- luable contribution to ecclesiastical literature, sketching with clear and vigorous hand the history of the great church during a momentous period of its life. And it is a gem of national history fit to occupy a place in the archives of the great Republic.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Vow at Midnight in the African forest, is fulfilled by him in his article in *Scribner's Magazine* for June. He says: "Con- strained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed *a vow in the forest* solitudes that I would confess His aid be- fore men. Silence, as of death, was around about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrate by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mys- tery. In this physical and mental distress I be- sought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long- lost rear column." The illustrious explorer's avowal is typical of that every believer makes when he makes profession of his faith. He confesses that when he realized that he was helpless, and none but Christ could save him, he called upon Him and was de- livered. (Psa. 34 : 6.)

An Amusing Reminiscence of a Vexatious In- cident was related recently by a husband on the anniversary of his wedding, and is published in a Canadian journal. He said that he and his wife were married at Courtland, and after the ceremony they repaired to the railway station to go to St. Thomas to spend their honeymoon. A large crowd assembled at the station to see them off, and after the groom had assisted his wife into the coach of a Grand Trunk Railway train, he alighted upon the platform to shake hands with some of his friends. While he was doing so the train moved off with the bride. She arrived in the city, and upon telling her story to a fellow-passenger, he assisted her in hunting up friends. On the following morning the husband arrived in the city, and found his wife. The incident must have been annoying to both parties, but especially so to the gentleman, as it was the result of his own carelessness. He must have wished that he had paid less attention to his friends and more to his wife. When men enter into union with the Saviour they do well to avoid elaborate leave-takings with their old associates, unless they engage in them for the purpose of in- ducing their friends to travel in the same direction. (Luke 9 : 61, 62.)

An Unjustly Imprisoned Convict was Released from a prison in Georgia on May 13. It appears that seventeen years ago the body of a man was found in Burke County, under circumstances which clearly indicated murder. Suspicion fell upon a man who was known to have been on bad terms with the deceased, and to have had several violent quarrels with him. There was a lack of evidence connecting the prisoner with the crime, until a witness came forward at the trial, and swore directly to his guilt. The jury convicted the pris- oner, but, as the evidence was chiefly circumstan- tial, he escaped with a sentence of imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. He has been confined there for seventeen years, though all through he has protested his innocence. Two weeks ago the witness on whose evidence the man was convicted lay ill, and was told there was no hope of recovery. He then said that he had a confession to make, and asked that the proper authorities and witnesses should be brought to hear it. He declared sol- emnly that he was the murderer, and that he had sworn as he did at the trial in order to divert sus- picion from himself. He died soon after making the confession. A statement of what the self- accuser said was drawn up and sent to Gov. Gordon, with a petition of citizens for the release of the in- nocent man. The Governor promptly signed his pardon, and last week he walked out of prison, a

free man. Precisely opposite are the circumstances under which the sinner trusting in Christ receives His pardon. He admits his guilt, but pleads the merits of his Substitute, who, being innocent, suf- fered in his stead. (11 Cor. 5 : 21.)

A Snake was Mailed to a Lady in Georgia a few days ago. A press dispatch from Gainesville, Ga., says, that among the mail received at that city on May 12, was a box addressed to a lady, and marked "Flowers." It was delivered in due course, but upon opening the box, the lady to whom it was addressed was horrified to find reclining on a bed of crushed roses a half-grown snake, that lay quietly concealed, and sluggish from its confinement. A member of the family noticing her alarm, went to her relief; and again sealing up the package, returned it to the post-office, with a letter describing its contents. There it remained until a report of the case could be obtained. The Inspector con- sulted the Attorney-General on the subject, but learned that the sender of the reptile could not be punished for his wicked act. The snake was un- available, but the law had prescribed no punish- ment for the offender, even if he could be detected. It was evidently the device of some cowardly per- son who had a grudge against the lady. Happily, she escaped the injury it might have inflicted; and in this she was more fortunate than some of her sex, whose moral and spiritual nature is ruined for time and eternity by men whose subtle flatteries and allurements, like the snake among the flowers, are treacherous offerings. (Prov. 29 : 5.)

A Captain's Prejudices Were Disarmed by a Senator's humility some time ago. The Philadelphia Press published last week an anecdote of Senator Bruce, the colored statesman, who represented Mississippi in the United States Senate. When the Senator was about to proceed to Washington to take his place for the first time in the Senate, the captain of one of the Mississippi steamboats ex- pressed himself strongly about Mr. Bruce, and said that if the latter travelled by his boat, and put on any airs, there would be trouble. It happened that Senator Bruce did travel by that boat, and at the first opportunity he went to the captain, and said to him: "Captain, I am going a part of my journey on your steamboat, and I want to say to you that I want my trip to be made as pleasant and agreeable to you as it can be; therefore, if you will assign me to that place on the boat where my people are usually located, and give me a place at the table where the colored people get their meals, I shall be very much obliged to you." "When he said that," said the Captain, "and as modestly and politely as ever a man spoke to me in my life, I looked at him for a moment, and then seized him by the arm, and said: 'Come with me; there is nothing on my boat too good for you, sir; and I insist that you shall sit with me at my own table at meal hours.'" It was a practical illustration of the truth which ap- plies to Christian men of all races, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke 14 : 11.)

The Heroic Rescue of Six Shipwrecked Sailors is reported from North Scituate, Mass. On May 9 the schooner *Lucy B. Winsor* struck on Chest Ledge and sank immediately. The captain and five sailors had barely time to climb up into the rig- ging to the mast-head which was just above the water. The sea was very high, and the men were in great danger of being swept from the rigging be- fore word could be sent to the life-saving station. Captain Sylvester, and his son fifteen years old, put out to the wreck in an ordinary twelve-foot lobster- boat, and reached it after a hard battle with the waves. But after the rescued men were taken into the frail craft, the additional weight of six men proved too much for its floating capacity, and the boat immediately began to sink. In this emergency Captain Sylvester and his son tore up the flooring of the boat and threw overboard all the ballast, and the danger of sinking was thus averted. The re- turn trip to the shore was then commenced, and as the rescued men were all well-nigh exhausted, the work of rowing again fell to the gallant rescuers. After a half-hour's hard pull they landed their hu- man freight safely on the bank. Christian workers who go out to rescue shipwrecked souls are success- ful only when they follow the same method. Some doctrines which experienced Christians dwell on with delight, and which others repudiate, are not necessary in the gospel boat engaged in the work of soul-saving. Ballast may be needed later, but until the soul is saved the gospel invitation to whom- soever will, to enter and be saved, is all that should be carried. (Rom. 14 : 1.)

THE MILLENNIAL REIGN.

By Rev. Robert Dell.

Saints to be Like Angels—Special Dominion Over the Earth—Particular Localities Assigned to Individuals—The Nature of their Reign—Their Residence—The Great Annual Celebration—The Feast of Tabernacles—Features of the Feast as Kept in Palestine—Their Fuller Significance—The First and the Last of the Eight Days.

It is said of those who shall be accounted worthy to obtain the resurrection from the dead, that "they are equal to," or like "the angels." (Luke 20: 35, 36.) And comparing this with the apostle's argument in Hebrews 2: 5-8, "To the angels hath He not put in subjection the world to come" (*i. e.*, the millennial world) and other Scriptures, we conclude that the risen saints will, in the new economy, supply the place of angels, in ministering to men then living on earth. Various Scriptures lead to this conclusion. The future habitable earth will be in subjection to the Lord Jesus, who was once made lower than the angels. He will have dominion over all the earth. But His promise to all who overcome is, that they shall reign with Him. (Rev. 3: 21.) And the apostle Paul says of those who are justified by the Lord Jesus, and clothed in His righteousness, that they "shall reign in life." (Rom. 5: 17.)

And the ascription of praise to the Lamb, of the redeemed from every nation, contains the assurance, "We shall reign over (*epi*) the earth." (Rev. 5: 10.) Consequently the future earth will be put under the risen saints, in subordination to their risen Lord. And to this the vision the apostle refers, when he says of the redeemed, "they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years," who have "part in the first resurrection." (Rev. 20: 4-6.) And that they will have

Localities Assigned Them,

over which to rule, we learn from the parable of the talents, "Have thou authority over ten cities. Be thou also over five cities." (Luke 19: 17, 19.) The saints then will reign over the earth.

The nature of this reign is our next inquiry. Another promise to every one that overcometh is, "To him will I give power over the nations; and he shall shepherd them with a staff of iron." (Rev. 2: 26, 27.) The promise is, that believers shall hereafter be shepherds over the nations, under the Chief Shepherd, the Lord Jesus. The mention of the iron staff is an allusion to the shepherd's badge of office, the crook. Here, then, we see the risen saints supplying the place of angels, and becoming ministers to the Lord's people living on the earth. And it may be that those spots where they suffered for Christ's sake contumely, reproach, and death, will be the places allotted them to reign over, even as their Lord will reign where He suffered. We are further induced to think this, because the Scripture speaks of the mutual recognition of saints who have known each other on earth now; and if they know each other, and call to mind the time when they held converse about their absent Lord, we should suppose that they will also know the places where they walked together in this communion. That the risen saints will recognize one another we learn from the apostle's word, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"

But we must inquire, where will be

The Residence of the Saints

who reign with the Lord Jesus over the earth? And here, referring again to the account of the transfiguration, we find it said, "Behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them." (Matt. 17: 5.) We believe that this cloud, as one among the other parts of the event recorded, represents the place where the saints will abide. In all the texts where St. Matthew uses the expression, "kingdom of heaven," the word is in the plural number, "kingdom of the heavens." Again, in the vision of the apostle we read, "I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." (Rev. 21: 2, 10, 11.) Comparing these together, we conclude that the residence of the saints will be in the air, or heavens, "over the earth;" because this heavenly city of the living God is "the general assembly and church of the first-born, the spirits of just men made perfect." (Heb. 13: 22, 23.) In the vision of the apostle, there is no mention of the city reaching the earth. It is described as "descending out of heaven from God," floating, as it were, in

mid-air, between the third heaven, where God dwells, and the earth, over which it is to bear rule. And thus will the prediction of the prophet Daniel be fulfilled: "The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." (Heb. 7: 27.)

But there are a few intimations that, even during this period of blessedness, there occasionally will be found those who *reject* the Messiah as their ruler. When the prophet speaks of Jerusalem being created "a rejoicing, and her people a joy," he also says that "the sinner, being a hundred years old, shall be accursed." (Isa. 65: 18, 20.) The unconverted heart is ever the same, and, left to itself, is always at enmity with God. The binding of Satan will not eradicate this enmity, but only remove an impediment to its being changed into love, and the power of the Holy Ghost to convert the sinner will be as much needed then as now.

But we turn to the consideration of the fact that **The Feast of Tabernacles Will be Kept**

when the Lord Jesus reigns in Mount Zion. The two other great feasts of the law, the *passover* and the *feast of weeks*, have had their antitypes in this dispensation, foreshadowing, as they did, the atonement of the Lamb of God, and the pouring down of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost; but the feast of tabernacles has had no antitype as yet, nor can it under the present economy, for the many reasons

It Was Held After Harvest.

Consequently its antitype must be celebrated after the harvest, which is "the end of the dispensation," when "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matt. 13: 39-43.) It was not held until the arrival of the Israelites in Canaan, because it was a remembrance of having dwelt in the wilderness. Its antitype, therefore, cannot be celebrated until the attainment of the promised inheritance, the "rest that remaineth," when it will be held in remembrance of the present temporary dwelling, for "we have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Solomon's temple was dedicated at the feast of tabernacles. (1 Kings 8: 2.) At this feast Ezra set up the altar (Ezra 3: 1, 4); and at this feast Nehemiah finished rebuilding the temple. (Neh. 7: 1, 73.) The Lord Jesus has a spiritual temple building, the lively stones of which are believers in Him. He Himself being the chief corner-stone (1 Pet. 2: 5, 6); and "He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof, with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." (Zech. 4.) The feast of tabernacles will be kept at His advent with a joy hitherto unknown, great as was the rejoicing at that feast of old. It was

The Commemoration of Deliverance

from the wilderness, and safe arrival in the land of promise; and the psalms used in its services have reference to the mercy of God in these events. But their rejoicing was but the type of a fuller joy to come. Since then the ploughers have ploughed upon the back of Israel; and out of the depths have they cried, and will yet cry. But the Lord will arise into His rest, and their feet shall stand within the gates of Jerusalem, whither the tribes of the land, and the nations of the earth will go up, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord, at the feast of tabernacles. Israel will be there, a redeemed people; and the nations of the earth will be there, rejoicing with Israel, and uniting in the chorus of praise, "for His mercy endureth for ever."

Drawing water with rejoicing was part of the services of the feast. It was this that brought forth the Lord's invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink" (John 7: 37), when He saw the people drawing the water "in the last day, that great day of the feast;" and to this the prophet has reference when he says, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," when "great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." (Isa. 12: 3, 6.) The continuous libations of this day were the emblem of the continued and universal outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the reign of the Lord. The feast lasted eight days.

The First and Last Days

were Sabbaths, in which were holy convocations. (Lev. 23: 35, 36.) This feature of the feast represented the dispensational period of God's dealings with man. The first Sabbath was that of Eden, when God rested from all His work, and the holy convocation of "the sons of God shouted for joy, and the morning stars sang together." (Job 38: 7.) The six intermediate days are the six thousand years intervening between the first Sabbath and the last. And the last Sabbath will be that when "the

general assembly and church of the firstborn," of all "kindreds, and peoples, and tongues" shall enter into rest; and Jesus Himself, "the bright morning star," "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead the unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

It is the privilege of the Christian believer to hope for a participation in this glory. It is the blessed hope which is given to him to experience while passing through this world, and to realize full enjoyment when the journey is over. "I have not followed cunningly devised fables," when we look forward to the Second Coming of the Lord as the time for this full enjoyment. Surely He will come, and quickly. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus Hallelujah! Amen!"

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

How Nihilism Grew. *

IN Russia, notwithstanding a strictly exercised censorship, the philosophico-scientific gospel of materialism and atheism found entrance through the writings of Moleschott, Feuerbach, Büchner, Darwin etc., especially among the students. 1860, Nihilism, springing from this seed, first assumed the character of a philosophical and literary movement. It sought the overthrow of all religious institutions. Then came the women's question, claiming emancipation for the wife. The example of the Paris Commune in 1871 contributed largely to the development of Nihilistic idealism, its political revolutionary socialism. The Nihilist propaganda, like an epidemic, now seized upon the academic youth, male and female, was spread among aristocratic families by tutors and governesses, was secret disciples among civil servants, as well as officers of the army and navy, and was enthusiastically supported by ladies in the most cultured andalted ranks. In order to spread its views among people, young men and women disguised in peasant dress went out among the peasants and artisans, led and wrought like them, and preached their gospel to them in their hours of rest. But their efforts failed through the apathy of the lower orders; and the energetic interference of the Government, imprisonment and banishment thinned the ranks of the propagandists. But all the more closely those left bind themselves together under their central leaders as the "Society for Country and Freedom," and strove with redoubled eagerness to spread revolutionary principles by secretly printing their proclamations and other incendiary publications, and scattering them in the streets and houses.

On January 24, 1878, the female Nihilist, Vera Sassulitsch, from personal revenge, dangerously wounded, with a revolver, General Trepoff, the dreaded head of the St. Petersburg police. Although she openly avowed the deed before a court, and gloried in it, she was acquitted among the acclamations of the public. This was the hour when Nihilism exercised its fellest terrorism. The fair peaceful phrase, "To work, fight, suffer and die, for the people" was silenced; it was now sword and fire, dagger and revolver, dynamite and mine for all oppressors of the people; but above all the agents of police, for their spies, for all informers and apostates.

The Founder of the Moravian Brotherhood.

Count von Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, was born in Dresden, in the year 1700. His father died early, and his mother marrying a second time, the boy richly endowed with gifts of head and heart was brought up by his godly pietistic grandmother, the Baroness von Gersdorf. There in his earliest youth he learned to seek his happiness in the closest personal fellowship with the Lord, and the tendency of his whole future life to yield to the impulses of pious feeling already began to assert itself. In his tenth year he entered the Halle Institute under Francke, where the pietistic idea of the church within the church took firm possession of his heart. Even in his fifteenth year, he sought realization by founding among his fellow-student

* From *Church History* By Prof. Kurtz, Vol. III. This volume is the completion of a most laborious and useful work on ecclesiastical history. It places at the disposal of the student and the general reader a hand-book of facts clearly and concisely stated. The research it must have involved, and the labor required to give in so small a space so exhaustive a narrative are extraordinary. Prof. Kurtz has laid the public under great obligation, and Mr. MacPherson, who has translated the work from the German, merits from the English-speaking public the warmest thanks. Pp. 544. Price per volume, \$2. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.

the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." (Matt. 13:31.) After completing his school course, his father and guardian, in order to put an end to what seemed his pietistic extravagances, sent him to study law at the orthodox University of Wittenberg. He had at first to suffer a sort of martyrdom, rigid pietist swimming against the orthodox current. His residence at Wittenberg, however, beneficial to him in freeing him unconsciously from the Halle pietism, which had restrained his spiritual development. He did, indeed, firmly maintain the fundamental idea of pietism, the church within the church, but in his mind it gained a wider significance than pietism had given it. His endeavors to secure a personal conference, and, if possible, a meeting between the Halle and Wittenberg leaders were unsuccessful.

In the year 1719 he left Wittenberg and travelled for two years, visiting the most distinguished representatives of all confessions and sects. This, too, confirmed his idea of a grand gathering of all who love the Lord Jesus. On his return home in 1721, at the wish of his relatives, he entered the service of the Saxon government. But a religious genius Zinzendorf could find no satisfaction in such employment, and soon an opportunity presented itself for carrying out the plan to which his thoughts and longings were directed. . . . Soon the little colony of Herrnhut arose as the centre of that Christian society which Zinzendorf sought with all his power and strength to develop and promote. . . . Finally he had no special liking for the old Moravian constitution; but the lot decided in his favor, and the idea of continuing a pre-Reformation church was not without a certain charm. Zinzendorf drew up a constitution with old Moravian forms and names, on the basis of which the colony was established, August 13, 1727, under the name of the United Brotherhood.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for June 1, Luke 10:25-37; Golden Text, Lev. 19:18.

Discipline of the Worker—The Lawyer's Question—The New Doctrine of Eternal Life—The Lawyer's Intelligent Answer—Christ's Commendation of Him—Another Question—Touches the Essence of the New Religion—The Boundaries of the Pathway Extended—The Doom of Exclusiveness—The Samaritan's Unstinted Benevolence—The Final Word to the Lawyer.

These inquirers are not among Satan's newest recruits. We complain sometimes in our work that there is so little truth amongst those whom we have to do; that their motives are impure, that we can place so little reliance upon what they say; thus we excuse ourselves for the littleness of our work, saying that we are laboring on a barren soil. Let us not forget that God has an eye, not only to the work, but to the workman; that in the difficulty which He permits us to meet with, He is furthering our education, and affording us opportunities for carrying out in our lives the precepts of Christianity. Our blessed Lord's all its tiny details carried out His teaching, and ours does not do the same our spiritual children will be a poor, weakly, unsatisfactory class. Have before us in our lesson a lawyer, who to Jesus, not to be taught, not to receive anything from Him; but to criticise, to "catch Him in words," and, if possible, prove Him to be wrong. He came "tempting Him." "Master," he said, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Eternal Life

The new doctrine which men were speaking in those days, just as now some speak of assurance, others against consecration, others against healing. The only ideas of the lawyer were to do and to inherit; he spoke as a Jew, as one who was under the law and an heir of the promise. He knew little of "eternal life," that God has made to be a new creation was to him only a point of doctrine. The apostle John said that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have touched, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." (1 John 1:2.) We see that eternal life is the very life of the age, of God manifest in our flesh.

Lord Jesus knew the heart of him who stood before him to judge and criticise the only sinless Man in

the whole world, and who was his God, though the lawyer knew it not. The Saviour dealt with him on his own ground—the law. "What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he, answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." There they stood, face to face—He in whom that law was fulfilled to the very letter, whose whole being lay already upon the altar of His love to God, and who manifested only love to the would-be antagonist who catechised Him; and there stood the critic, who till now had never made his convictions a personal matter. And Jesus "said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live." The man was in the very act of transgressing this law; he would not willingly be questioned in the spirit in which he was questioning Jesus; the tables being turned upon him, he felt that he had lost ground, and now, instead of continuing to tempt or try Jesus, he took up an attitude of self-defence.

"He, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbor?"

There were many different views abroad among the Jews of that period about this essential question. A covetous man would find it inconvenient to make the circle of his neighbors a wide one, because he would be so unwilling to answer to any claims which such a relationship might make upon his purse. A proud man would limit the circle to those who held the same position in society. A Pharisee would not let the Sadducees into the number, nor Sadducees Pharisees. And the exclusive spirit reigns now among professing Christians. The Lord Jesus had nothing personal at stake on earth, and, therefore, He could take an unbiassed view of things; and as we live His life the atmosphere clears of all fog, and we can see things and persons as they are in the unclouded light of God.

The Lord, in the parable which follows, supposed an extreme case. "A certain man," no relation, no friend, not even an acquaintance, "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." The Lord does not tell us if he were a deserving man, or to which of the many sects among the Jews he belonged; he was in need, and every one who is in need desires to be helped. Who would do to him a neighbor's part? Do we know any who are in need—drunkards, criminals, prostitutes, gamblers? "They don't deserve to be helped," says the un pitying world which has made them what they are. But they are in need, this is their only claim upon those who have been saved by the sinners' Friend.

"By Chance"

There came down a certain priest that way." Oh that this were the only case in which the recognized pastor of a flock came in the way of a distressed one "by chance" instead of intentionally. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10.) He goes out of His way, and leaves the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness to seek after that which is lost, until He find it. The work of men filled with the Holy Ghost is no chance work. The Holy Ghost led Philip into contact with the eunuch, and Peter to Cornelius. (Acts 8:29; 10:19.) Every real laborer in God's vineyard, whether an ordained minister or not, has a right to expect the most intimate and direct leading, if he has surrendered himself to the government of the Holy Ghost, and laid down his own will and way. The priest who came "by chance" was certainly not guided by the Holy Ghost to pass by on the other side. "And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side." What was become of the precious office of both priests and Levites to "bless in the name of the Lord"? (Num. 6:23; Deut. 10:8.) Did it exist in name only? or did these men feel that they did not stand in a direct line between the needy one and God, and so were conscious of their lack of power; or were they so loveless that they were actuated only by indifference?

One passer-by acted out the precept of our golden text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" he it was from whom the least might have been expected, "a certain Samaritan." "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans" (John 4:9); but in the case before us the need of the poor sufferer was too strong a claim on the Samaritan for his religious prejudices to interfere, and he took the honored place of "neighbor to him who fell among

the thieves." The rein once given to his love, and the Samaritan spared no pains, no expense, no fatigue, no time, for the restoration of the stranger. There was no calculation as to how long the man would be a burden upon him, no shrinking from any sacrifice—compassion had taken possession of him. He had nothing to gain by it but the privilege of loving another as himself, a privilege not understood by the world, for "men will praise thee when thou doest well unto thyself." (Psa. 49:18.) Divine love is the very

Eternal Life, Christ in Us,

which the lawyer in his ignorance inquired about; it is a fire which is independent of earthly fuel, for it gives all, and asks for nothing in return. Earthly love soon dies away when it receives no love or no gratitude in return, or when its object is an unworthy one; it is so narrow that it cannot take in many objects at once, and when it gets a new object, it must diminish its supply of love to the old one. Oh how different to the love of Christ, always craving for new objects, always flowing freshly, always full, always equal!

The Samaritan went to the poor stranger and "bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." "The Lord . . . healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Psa. 147:3); and He says of His lost sheep, "I will . . . bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." (Ezek. 34:16.) It is never by chance that we become acquainted with the sin of another, and it is our precious office, as the Lord's Levites, to bless and to restore in His name. But oh how often is it that we have too little of the anointing of the Holy Ghost to be in a position to minister the Spirit to others, and to pour oil into their wounds; and too little of the new wine of the Kingdom, too little of Christ's nature, to cleanse wounds without inflaming them.

The Samaritan did not expect too much of the stranger; he did not look for him to walk immediately after his wounds were dressed, but, by walking himself, provided means whereby he should be carried. This is a lesson for us. Sometimes, when a poor lost drunkard or prostitute is brought to Jesus, we expect of them a walk which is firmer and freer from sin than our own. Jesus carries us: we are borne by Him: let us bring these weak ones in contact, not only with His forgiving but His sustaining grace, and then we shall expect from Him, and not from them, that they will be kept. The Samaritan brought him to an inn, and nursed him; made himself a servant to the stranger; and as Jesus' followers we are privileged to make ourselves servants to all, that we might gain the more.

But oh, how this parable opens up to us the love of Christ! Have we not also fallen among thieves? Where are the early years of many of us? The precious time given us by God for His service, where is it? Robbed by the world, the flesh, and the devil—spent in another service, gone beyond recall. Where are all the inestimable gifts and graces provided for us in Christ, during that lost time? Robbed by the unbelief and self which took for its own that which we might have held in partnership with God. And what have the outward institutions of religion done for us? What have the priests and Levites done? Passed by on the other side. But there was One who took our flesh upon Him, that He might come where we were; One who had compassion, who came to us when we were in no position to go to Him, who bound up our wounds with hands which had first been wounded for us, and poured in oil and wine, although, in His sufferings for us, none poured oil and wine into His wounds. And He came down that He might lift us up, and He has watched over and taken care of us.

"On the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." The Lord Jesus, too, is gone, gone to His Father, but He has left a provision for us, and made Himself surety for all our needs unconditionally; for He has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:13.)

The Lord Jesus was always personal in His dealing with inquirers. He first made the lawyer condemn himself in his answer to the question, "Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?" And then He who taught as one that had authority said unto him, "Go thou and do likewise."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

IN carrying out our intention to give at different times the faces and the work of prominent ministers of all denominations of Christians, we present in this number my Brooklyn neighbor, Doctor Van Dyke. He made one of the addresses at my Installation twenty-one years ago, and our ministries since that time have been side by side. He also presided as Moderator over the General Assembly that met in my church in 1876; so we have been considerably associated. Doctor Van Dyke is an out-and-out Presbyterian. Some men hold their theories of religion by the tips of their fingers, but this man holds them with the full grasp of both hands. The Doctor said the other day in Presbytery that he is getting old, but that is a delusion. It is with him only about two o'clock in the afternoon, and there are for him many long hours of useful work before sundown. What such a long pastorate as his implies! I warrant that he could give no accurate statistics of the number of sermons he has preached, the number of marriages he has solemnized, the number of the dead he has buried, the number of broken hearts he has comforted, the number of tears he has wiped away, the number of souls he has led into the Kingdom. May the afternoon of his life be as bright as the morning and noon have been busy and useful!

APPROACHING SUMMER.

WE are near the season of the year when our congregations are to be scattered for the summer. We are soon to pass the fifty-second milestone on the road heavenward. In most of the churches we soon close the ecclesiastical year. We must testify that during the past year we have found Christian association most delightful. We have been out in the world and tasted other kinds of association. We have mingled with men of the world. We have heard what they had to say and what they had to propose. We have laughed in their hilarities. We have rejoiced in their secular plans and propositions; but we have to testify that there is more enjoyment in one day of Christian association than in a whole year of worldly frivolity. Oh, how pleasant is Christian association! "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Well for our churches if we can say that during all this past year there have been no words of bitterness, but that we have all stood in one grand harmony of the Gospel; that our churches have been disturbed by no dissensions, rent by no angry discussions, but that we stand in full sympathy for each other's sorrows, and in appreciation of each other's joys, to bless the Lord for His good-

ness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. We have also to testify, as we approach the close of this ecclesiastical year, to the joy that there is in Christian work. We have found the service of God a pleasurable service, with no fearful reactions, and that there is even joy in its fatigues. The more we have talked for God, and the more we have worked for God, the more we have suffered for God, the more happy and rested we have really been. We do not think that anything you have done in your worldly occupations has rendered you so much satisfaction as you have found in the service of God, during these past months, and surely you will admit this yourself. We have also to testify near the close of this ecclesiastical year, to our increased confidence in the Son of God as a personal Saviour. We have tried Him, we have vexed Him many a time, and if He had not been a very large-hearted and very sympathetic Christ, He would long ago have cast us off from His presence. Yes, He is a good Lord. He keeps His promises. Aye, more, He goes out unto the wilderness of our sin to seek and find us and bring us back into His love and under His benediction. We have also to testify that heaven is becoming a gladder reality than it used to be. Once heaven was theoretically beautiful, but we had few personal friends there. We knew it must be a grand and glorious place because the Bible said so. But during these past few years so many of our good friends have gone into that land, that it is becoming a more practical and familiar place, and we really expect to be more at home when we get there, than we are here. When, some time since, a friend of many years went up on the steps of a hotel, sat down and instantly died, only the name on the top of his cane telling who he was and where he resided, we thought they seem to be all going up, our lifelong friends, and heaven will be a very delicious place. It will be a glorious reunion, and the more of our friends who go out of this world into that good land, the more attractive it is getting to be. Let us, then, when the time comes, close the ecclesiastical year in all our churches with the "Hallelujah chorus" and a cheerful benediction.

A GOOD LIFT.

WE had friends who were battering our ears with much talk about their style of exercise. They wished we would try it. Well, the day came for our experiment. We felt unusually dull, full of scepticism, we stepped in to look at the famous health-lift. Our unbelief was increased as we laid hold of the horizontal bar and were told to slightly raise seventy-five pounds, and then lie down on a lounge. We thought the operating doctor was joking. We could lift that weight with two fingers, and objected to lying down, until we found that to be a necessary part of the treatment. In three minutes more we lifted a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and after another interregnum we lifted two hundred pounds, each time taking a few moments' respite. We got up feeling twenty years younger; could hardly act with appropriate gravity till we got into the street, and came away an enthusiastic advocate of the "health-lift." The doctors tell us how it affects the blood, what transformation it works in the liver, how it strengthens the nerves, and what inspiration it gives to the brain. But we tell of the exhilaration to body, mind, and soul. We have one of these machines now standing in the corner of our room. It is a great economizer of time. In twenty minutes one can get as much life and energy out of it as from two hours' walk. We make it the punctuation to the chapter of each day's work. It is as good for a rainy day, when outdoor exercise is almost impossible, as in clear weather.

We commend it as cheap, practical, and a necessity—especially for men and women given to brain work. We were well when we bought it, but we are still better now. It produces rotundity where there is thinness, and solid proportions where there was obesity. As we always had admiration for people, since we have begun to use the health-lift we have been imagining how we will look when we become large at the girth and have come to two hundred and twenty genuine avoirdupois weight. Since our discipleship of this form of recreation we have remembered that all kinds of strength—more the physical than the mental and moral—come through the attempt to lift. There is, in almost every man's occupation or experience, some obstacle or heavy work that must be grappled and raised. The difference between the energy and force of one man and the energy and force of another is the difference in the amount they have been willing to lift. Those men who are flaccid, flesh and nerveless of mind and undecided of soul are the people who have looked on while others pulled and pushed. The heavy things in life are given to develop moral muscle and strengthen your back-bone. Begin with small weights first, and then you will be ready for large ones. Stand with burdens in life that weigh seventy-five pounds and you will gradually be able to take up three hundred pounds. Lay hold of your work in real earnest. Plant your feet firmly, take a long breath, brace yourself, and lift! We give the command the boss carpenter at the country raising, who twenty men in their shirt-sleeves have got the shoulders under the beam, "All together now! Ho! Heave!"

BAD REJOICING.

How little sympathy for a man who misses his mark in life, and falls headlong! Where there is one person to help him up, there are a score to cry "Good for him!" There is a strange element in some natures that rejoices in the downfall of others. Men have the mistaken notion that over the shoulders of the defeated they themselves can climb to victory. No, no. You will gain nothing in life but by hand-to-hand contest with obstacles in your own path. The failure of others will be no assurance of your success. When you see a man fall, take it for granted that in the same circumstance and under the same pressure you would have done just as he did. It is unwise, ungenerous, and unchristian to say, "Good for him!"

MINISTERS OFF THE TRACK.

THERE are secular papers asking, "What are the ministers coming to, when north, south, east and west there are men in canonicals disgracing themselves and the cause?" To the question "What are the ministers coming to?" we answer the most of them are coming to glory. When one of them does wrong his behavior is so in contrast with the general character of his profession that it is the more conspicuous. All professions and occupations have in them naughty people. We would not want to publish the long list of derelict farmers, lawyers, merchants, and mechanics. But let us not fail to make a distinction between a man and his profession. If a span of horses dash down the street, and kill their driver, do not let it be set down to the discredit of all horses. If, next year, a thousand ministers stumbled and fell, that would not hurt the profession. The ministry never stood so honored in the Church and the world as they do to-day. And they will continue to be more and more honored, until the work to which Christ called that profession is consummated, and the Gospel preached to every creature.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Number of Undesirable Immigrants Com- into the country increases, in spite of the stringent provisions of the Alien Contract Labor Law. A letter to the House Committee on Appropriations, Assistant Secretary Tichenor explains how come. He calls attention to the fact that the immigrant law prohibits the landing in country of convicts, lunatics, idiots, and paupers who come by water, in vessels of any description it fails to meet the case of immigrants of this character who may enter this country by land from contiguous territory. The department has received information that a large number of these undesirable immigrants have recently drifted into this country from Mexico and Canada. Mr. Tichenor therefore suggests an amendment to the law to prevent a continuance of this kind of immigration. He recommends that the appropriation for the enforcement of the Alien Contract Labor law, and that for the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion act be increased, and also that the Secretary be authorized to return to China, at Government expense, all immigrants in the United States in violation of law.

Founding of a National University is Pro- posed in a bill introduced in the Senate on May 14, by Senator Edmunds. Its object is to establish the University of the United States in the city of Washington, and it provides that it shall be governed by a Board of Regents, composed of the President, members of the Cabinet, Chief-Justice of the United States, and twelve citizens, no two of which shall be appointed from the same State. These twelve citizens shall hold office nine years, four to be elected every three years.

The purpose of this University is to institute and carry on a course of education and research in all branches of learning and investigation, and, in the opinion of the Board of Regents, from time to time, be most conducive to the advancement and to the increase and development of knowledge. The Board shall appoint the officers of the corporation, establish professorships, direct the course of instruction. Authority is given to the Board of Regents to secure the necessary land, provide for the construction of the buildings and to fix the compensation of the professors and their employees, for which purpose the bill appropriates \$500,000. The bill also appropriates \$5,000,000 to be permanently set aside in the Treasury of the United States as the principal and perpetual fund for the maintenance of the institution. No religious doctrine is to be taught.

destructive Cyclone Passed Through Sec- tion of Kansas, Ohio, and Missouri on May 10, doing grievous damage to property, and injuring persons, and killing some outright. A dispatch from Fredonia, Kan., says that in Pleasant Township three persons were killed, and a large number of persons were dangerously hurt. From Akron, O., a dispatch says that the storm with its characteristic shaped trailing cloud moved in almost a straight line through a well-settled part of the city, scarcely a foot of the mile and a half but was followed by its passage with splintered house timbers, uprooted trees, and leveled outhouses. In a trip over the storm's path, nineteen dwellings were counted that were blown into kindling-wood, or so badly wrecked that they cannot be occupied. Eighteen persons were badly hurt, and seventy-five made homeless. In Harrison and Gentry counties, Missouri, fifty buildings were wrecked, and three persons killed.

Terrible Mining Disaster Occurred at Ash- ley, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on May 15. The disaster is known as a "cave-in"—that is, the falling of the roof over an extensive portion of the mine. The colliery is entered by a slope from the town of Ashley, and its workings extend many miles under ground. The cave-in occurred about 8 o'clock in the morning. The mine employs about three hundred men and women who went to their work as usual at 7 o'clock. An hour later some of the men saw signs of a cave-in. The mine began to "work," as the miners call it. The roof cracked, bits of coal and rock chipped off from the sides of the gangways, and such tokens are never disregarded by miners, and those who noticed it at once abandoned their tools and made for the slope. The darkness with which the "working" began convinced them that the danger was imminent, and that it was even more imminent than they had feared. As they fled from their chambers they

gave the alarm, but before they could all escape the roof began to fall in. Explosions of gas followed, one of which was caused by the careless lighting of a naked lamp. Heroic efforts were made all day and all night to reach the entombed men. Early next morning nineteen were found—all dead.

The Narrow Escape of an Ocean Steamer from destruction was reported from Quebec on May 13. The dispatch says that the Allan Line steamer Parisian, which arrived there on that day from Liverpool, had been in collision with an iceberg off the banks of Newfoundland. A heavy fog prevailed, and the steamer was proceeding cautiously, at the rate of six miles an hour, when the lookout sighted a huge iceberg about forty yards ahead. The engines were immediately reversed, but the steamer ran on to a portion of the iceberg to a distance of about twelve feet. For a time the ship shivered from the shock and great excitement prevailed on board, a panic being prevented only by the self-possession displayed by the officers. She lay on her broadside a full minute, and the captain ordered all hands on deck, and the crew to stand by the boats. The vessel, however, soon settled back into clear water uninjured. Had the steamer been running at anything approximating her usual speed, nothing could have saved her from complete wreck and great loss of life.

An Effort to Suppress the Louisiana Lottery is enlisting the support of religious men in that State. At a meeting held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Baton Rouge, on May 13, it was stated that there was a strong enough anti-lottery force in the lower House of the Legislature to prevent the carrying of the bill over the veto of the Governor by a two-thirds vote. There are 98 members of the House, and 33 votes are sufficient to prevent the veto being defeated. There are certainly 39 men pledged against the lottery, and nine others who are known to be against it, though they have not come into the anti-lottery caucus. Besides this, there are three vacancies to be filled, and the men opposed to the lottery hope and intend to elect their men in each district. It is stated that the offer this year for the privilege of running the lottery is a million dollars a year for twenty-five years.

The Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels Which has been almost forgotten is still discussing the subject for which it was called together. It has agreed to adopt measures for repressing slave raids, and will shortly pass the proposition requiring all European countries possessing territories on the African coast to prevent the passage of fire-arms through such countries. Measures for the creation of armed stations on the slave caravan routes, and for the suppression of maritime slave traffic, have been adopted.

Germany's African Policy Was Explained to the Reichstag on May 12 by Chancellor Caprivi, who also incidentally made an ominous remark on the prospects of war. Referring to the success of England as a colonizing nation, he said that Germany could not apply the English system now, because men with proper training to carry it out were lacking. In England private capital was always forthcoming for such enterprises, whereas the German would rather buy the most dubious foreign security than spend his money for the German colonies. A "Bible and rifle" policy, with stations from which missionaries could operate, was necessary as the only way to end the slave trade, and kill the traders. As regarded the international features, the speaker was firmly convinced that the time would come when every soldier and every mark would be needed by Germany, and he therefore opposed sending more men or money to East Africa than was absolutely necessary. He did not believe that Germany could maintain her grip on her colonies in time of war. But as Germany's navy might have to reckon with Powers outside of Europe, it was important to secure coaling stations.

The Emperor of Germany Proposes to Call another labor conference. It is announced that the Emperor will summon delegates from every trade in Germany to discuss trade questions, and he proposes to establish a special permanent operatives' council, under the presidency of Baron von Berlepsch, Minister of Commerce, each member having 2,000 marks yearly, with the title of Arbeitsrath. The members of the council will be selected from the delegates to the conference. The project does not meet with the favor of the workingmen. They think that the prospect of their representatives being in the pay of the government will not

be conducive to their independence and concern for the interests of labor. That there is need, however, for the assistance of real workmen in the framing of measures for their benefit is obvious from the flaws in the bills already introduced. Some of the riders to the main proposals tend to make illusory some of the best provisions of the Labor Protection Bill by giving employers means of escaping them. Thus, under special circumstances employers can be authorized to break the rule limiting the work of children under thirteen years to six hours, and of youths under sixteen to ten hours. The bill mentions spinning factories and similar occupations where exceptions may be granted of which the employers may readily avail themselves. Another clause transfers direct responsibility for a breach of the laws from the employers to the managers or foremen, thus opening a way for evasions and making men of straw answerable instead of the principals.

BRIEF NOTES.

Every reader of this journal should read the announcement, on the second page of the cover, this week. The gift of a beautifully bound, gilt-edged New Testament, with an inscription in Dr. Talmage's handwriting, is offered on very easy terms. Such a prize will be highly esteemed by every possessor, and will be a treasure to hand down as an heirloom to children's children.

The Rev. William E. Moore, of Columbus, O., was elected, last Thursday, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly now in session.

Mr. Richard Weaver, the well-known English evangelist, after being laid aside since last August by a severe attack of bronchitis, is again hard at work.

The venerable colored Bishop Crowther has returned to his work in Africa. He was accompanied by a party of eleven missionaries, four of whom were ladies.

Archdeacon Farrar, of London, is founding a brotherhood whose mission it shall be to bring the Church to bear directly upon the masses, to Christianize them.

The many American friends of Mr. William Noble will be glad to learn that he is thought to be favorably progressing toward the recovery of health and strength.

Dr. Joseph R. Cummings, President of the Northwestern Methodist University at Evanston, died suddenly, on May 7, at his home in Evanston, Ill., at the age of seventy-three.

Miss M. F. Cusack, "the Nun of Kenmare," has recovered from her recent severe illness, and will shortly resume her lectures. She has been paying a visit to Bishop Whipple in Florida.

The New York Deaconesses' Home celebrated its first anniversary on May 12. There are thirteen lady volunteers engaged in the work, and the success of the institution during the year has been remarkable.

The work on the Adoniram Judson Memorial church in New York is now begun. On May 2 the tools were first used, and the workmen will push the work along so as to have the basement ready by October next.

At the recent annual meeting of the John F. Slater Fund Trustees in New York, ex-President Hayes, who presided, said that forty-five thousand dollars was paid out last year by the Trustees to advance industrial education among the negroes at the South.

Dr. George F. Pentecost says: "I am going to India next autumn on an evangelistic mission, to the Anglo-Indians, and next to the English-speaking natives." A number of earnest Christians, male and female, accompany him at their own expense.

The Illinois Supreme Court has just rendered a decision that the Y. M. C. A. is not wholly a religious body, but is largely a Christian and benevolent organization, and therefore the law restricting the amount of property to be held by religious corporations does not govern the Y. M. C. A.

The new missionary launch of the American Board made its trial-trip in Boston Harbor on May 15. Dr. Judson Smith conducted the dedicatory services. She will be sent to Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands, for the use of the Rev. F. E. Rand. Her engines attained a speed of eight knots an hour at the trial-trip.

On Sunday evening, May 10, the Quarterly Communion Service was observed at the Hebrew-Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor. Two converted Hebrews were admitted into the fellowship of the church. On Sunday evening, May 17, another Hebrew convert was baptized. And so the good work goes on.

Evangelist H. R. Keates is having some wonderful meetings in Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. There are numerous conversions every night. A revival is springing up in that densely populated district. The church itself is being wonderfully revived, and widening and deepening as the meetings go on. Mr. James H. Cannon, the one-armed singing evangelist, is giving very effective help. The meetings are now in their fourth week.

The National Temperance Society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on May 13, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Dr. Theodore Cuyler was re-elected President. The report of the year's work, made by Corresponding Secretary J. N. Stearns, showed the receipts for publication to be \$40,769.71; for donations and legacies, \$8,073.55; making a total of \$48,843.26. The expenditures amounted to \$49,512.09, and about \$2,800 has been received in contributions toward paying the debt of \$4,000.

THE CRUCIAL QUESTION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when He had found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" John 9: 35.

The Lord's Way of Comforting the Man—A Heart-Searching Question—I. It Needs to be Raised—Must not be Assumed—The Question Pressed on the Healed Man—In Spite of His Obedience—Of His Remarkable Experience—Of His Avowal—A Preacher Converted by His Own Sermon—The Man Had Suffered for Christ—II. The Question Can be Answered—Thousands Have Attained Certainty—The Marks and Evidences—III. Should be Answered at Once—IV. Of Utmost Importance.

"JESUS heard that they had cast him out." Our Lord had done too much for this man to forget him. Where grace has wrought a great work its memory lingers; as it is written, "Thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands." In this let us take comfort: if anything has happened to grieve us, Jesus has heard of it, and will act accordingly.

Our Lord sought for the outcast one. Unasked, He had opened his eyes; unsought, He looks after him in his hour of trouble. He was not easy to find; but our Lord is great at searching out His lost sheep, and He persevered until He found him. If we, at any time, should seem cast off from Christ as well as cast out by proud religionists, He will find us when we cannot find Him.

Our Lord's object was to do this man real service; he had been cast out of the synagogue, and he therefore needed comfort; but it would be a grand thing so to comfort him as to lead him onward and upward in the divine life.

Our Lord's Way of Comforting

was to ask a question which would lead to heart-searching, and suggest spiritual advance. He helped him by this question to make a considerable advance in faith; for, although the poor man had believed in Jesus up to the measure of his knowledge, his knowledge had been slender; but now he was to learn that the opener of his eyes was the Son of God. The man was excommunicated, and was then placed under the ban of the Jewish church; but trust in the Son of God would quickly remove from him any alarm which he might feel on that account. He that enjoys the favor of the Son of God will not tremble at the frown of the Sanhedrim.

Oh, that the Lord would comfort many this morning, while I press upon each one of you this one personal question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" To young and old, to rich and poor, I shall direct this solemn inquiry. It is not a perplexing question upon an abstruse point, but a simple and urgent inquiry relating to everybody here present. I wish you each one to think that I now put my hand on your shoulder, and look you in the face, and say earnestly, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

I. I shall begin pressing home the question by making the remark that the question

Needs to be Raised.

It must not be taken for granted that you do believe on the Son of God. "Oh, yes, I am a Christian," says one; "I was born in a Christian country, I was taken to church while a babe, and was duly christened, and I now repeat the creed. Surely this is sufficient proof of my faith!" All this may be so, but it is not to the point. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" This is a spiritual and vital question which cannot be thus set aside. You reply, "My moral character has always been correct; in business I have always discharged my liabilities, and I have always been ready to help every charitable institution." I am glad to hear all this. Still, it does not touch the matter now in hand; this query goes deeper than outward conduct. Hear it again—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Though this man had been scrupulously obedient, yet our Lord asked the question. It may be, I speak to some who say, "I have been at all times obedient to the duties of religion. Whatever I have found to be commanded of God in His Word, I have carefully carried out." No outward observances, however carefully carried out, will obviate the need of the inquiry, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" I am afraid some of you have *not* been very careful in fulfilling outward ordinances, and for this you are blameworthy; but if you had been scrupulously exact, yet no outward observances, however carefully followed out, can exempt you from the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

This man, in addition, had passed through a very remarkable experience. He could say, "one thing

I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." He could never forget that long night, while a child, a youth, and a man. All those years no ray of light had ever gladdened him; to him night and day were much the same; he had sat in deep poverty all through that dreary darkness, and learned no art but that of beggary. As the cooling water touched his eyes, and washed away the clay, the sunlight streamed in upon the life-long midnight; and he saw. He had undergone all that change, and yet the Saviour said to him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" So, my dear hearer, you may be a very altered man, and yet you may not be a believer on the Son of God. I also must take liberty to press home, upon the most remarkable person here, the same personal inquiry—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

The Germ of Faith.

This man, in addition to his reception of bodily sight, had exercised a degree of faith in the Lord Jesus. If you follow the chapter through, you will see that he had some sort of faith in Christ while he was blind, or he would not have gone to Siloam to wash away the clay. And when he saw, he did not doubt that Jesus had really made him whole; and he avowed the fact. He also said, "He is a prophet." He went further still, for he said, "If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." He had believed as far as his light helped him to believe; so that the germs of faith were in him. Yet our Lord Jesus Christ pressed him with the inquiry, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Beloved friends, you, too, may never have been troubled with scepticism: it may be, you have not even examined the grounds of your faith, because you have never been tempted to suspect them. You have taken in the gospel from your youth as clearly true, and so you have believed it without being much perplexed. I am thankful that you have done so. Still, do you believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God? It is of very small avail to say, "Oh, yes, I believe in Christ, the noblest of examples; I believe in Christ, the most instructive of prophets;" dost thou believe in Him also *as the Sacrifice*, as the Priest, the Saviour, the Salvation? And gathering all up in one, dost thou believe in Him *as the Son of God*?

A Shrewd Man.

Furthermore, this man had spoken out bravely for Christ, as you saw in the chapter which we read just now. "He spoke out like a Trojan," said one. Say, rather, "like a Spartan." He was cute, shrewd, sharp, and unanswerable. The learned doctors were nowhere in comparison with the blind beggar whose eyes had been opened. He stood up for the Man who had given him sight, and allowed no charge to lie against Him. His statements were short, but full; and his answers were themselves unanswerable. Who would have thought that a blind beggar could have fashioned such a logical argument as he did? Yet to this bold confessor the Saviour had to say, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Ah, my friend, as a preacher you may be able to declare the gospel very clearly to others, and you may enforce it with powerful arguments; but "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Even in your case, the question must be plied.

Some of you may remember that story which is told in one of Krummacher's books. I half forget it myself, but it was somewhat on this wise. The preacher had delivered himself of a solemn discourse, and was waited upon, on the following Monday, by one of his hearers, who said, "Sir, if what you said last Sunday was true,

What Will Become of Us?"

Now, if he had said, "What will become of *me*?" the preacher would have explained still further to him the gospel, in the usual way. As it was, he parried the word "us;" but his visitor, almost unconsciously, said, "Alas, dear sir! if these things be so, what shall we do?" The Lord used that plural pronoun to the awakening of the preacher, who had not been converted, though he thought he had been. Oh, that we who speak for God may also hear the Lord speak to us!

This man had gone further still; for he had suffered for Christ. He had been put out of the synagogue for bearing witness to the power of Jesus; but none the less for this he had to hear the question, "Dost thou believe?" Yes, you, dear friend, may have been laughed at by your relatives for your religiousness; you may have had to quit a good situation because of your determination to be honest, temperate, and pure; you may at the present moment stand under the ban of

some cold-hearted church, because you have been more earnest than was desired; but much as I appreciate your fidelity, you must excuse me if I hit you in the hole you in the Lord's name, and say, as Christ did to this man, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" It is one thing to play the hero before our fellowmen, and another to be true in secret chamber of our own soul. You are bold in your confession, but do you really believe in Lord Jesus? Can that bold confession be supplied by your life?

This question must thus be raised, and raised everybody, because many people nowadays do believe on the Son of God. There are many about who would be mightily offended if we denied the right to the name of Christian, who nevertheless know not "the Son of God." These folks add a man who will concoct a sermon to show that they may be Christians, and not believe on Jesus as God. I shall preach no such sermon until I have my reason; but I shall press upon this unbeliever this vital question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Man, if thou dost not so believe, thy faith falls short of that which Christ would have thee possess, and thou hadst need take heed lest it fall short of landing thee in heaven.

II. But, secondly,

The Question Can be Answered.

It were, indeed, a most unhappy thing if this question could not be answered. Suppose we were condemned to live in a state of perpetual doubt to our being believers in the Lord Jesus. That would involve an awakened man in a condition of constant anxiety. If I am not sure whether I am in the favor of God or not, I am in a condition of decided sorrow. I remember hearing a Christian minister say one day in company that no man could be sure that he was saved. Then I wondered what he had to preach that was worth preaching; for, if we cannot know that we are saved, then we cannot be sure that we are at peace with God; and this is to be in jeopardy every hour. There can be no peace to the mind of the awakened man if he does not know that he is saved.

There is a possibility of knowing to a certainty that you believe on the Son of God. Did I say there is a possibility of it? Thousands have attained to this certainty. As sure as mathematical certainty is the confidence of the believer in the Lord Jesus; for we know whom we have believed and we are persuaded that He is able to keep us in which we have committed to Him. There are believers in our Lord Jesus who have gone on for a space of thirty years without a doubt of their faith in Him, because that faith has been in daily, happy exercise upon Him.

You Can Answer the Question,

"Dost thou believe?" because you are at this moment believing; distinctly and intensely believing. If we feel a burning love to God, a growing hatred of sin, a struggle against the evil which is in the world, and somewhat of the likeness of Christ, we may safely infer that these fruits of faith come from the root of faith. By the work of the Holy Ghost upon life and heart we know, and are sure, that we have believed in the Son of God.

It is with some a matter of consciousness. He do I know that I live, breathe, stand, walk? I cannot explain to you the mode by which I arrive at certainty on this matter, but I am quite sure that I do live and breathe, and so on. Indeed, the power to question the fact implies it. So a believer may be sure that he believes that Jesus is the Son of God; and while he may not be able to give logical proof, yet he may be none the less conscious in his own soul that it is even so; and I am correct in his assurance, for even the very power to be anxious after grace is an evidence of grace.

If you want further help to solve the question, there are marks and evidences of true faith which you can readily test yourself. Do you inquire, "Do I believe on the son of God?" the answer this: Is Christ precious to you? For unto you who believe He is precious. If you love and prize Him as the most precious thing in earth or heaven, you could not have this appreciation of Him if you were not a believer. Again, are you obedient to Christ? for faith works by love, and purifies the soul. Is it so with you? Has sin become bitter? Do you loathe it? Has holiness become sweet? Do you follow after it? I do not ask whether you are perfect, but is the whole current of your soul toward being perfect? Can you say that if you could live entirely without sin it would be the greatest delight you could have?

absolute perfection would be heaven to you? then it shows which way your mind goes; it is that there is a change of nature, for no unwed heart pines after perfect holiness. These prove that you have faith in Jesus. Look to them.

Supposing, after using all inquiries and tests, still say, "Sir, this is a grave question, and rests great care. I have not settled it yet;" then view this man in his method. When he was asked, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" turned to the Lord, and replied with another question to the Lord Jesus. We may resort to Him for aid. He who had once been blind eagerly asked, "Who is He, Lord, that I may believe in Him?" Turn, then, O inquirer, in the midst of thy distress, and cry, "Lord Jesus, I charge Thee, teach me to know Thee better, I may have more faith in Thee." Go to for faith in Jesus.

Thirdly, the question should be answered, and should be answered at once.

Could I, would concentrate all your thoughts this one investigation, which to each man so concerns his own self—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Answer this from your own heart. I am no father-confessor; be father-confessor to your own selves. Let each man give his verdict at the bar of his conscience. Answer also as presence of Christ; for, like the man in the Bible, thou art in His presence now. Answer yourself before the heart-searching, rein-trying. Answer it to men also, for this thy Saviour is of thee. Be not ashamed to say outright, "believe on the Son of God." This fact must be hidden away in a corner. Remember how the Word in Holy Scripture always puts open counsel side by side with faith as a part of the plan of salvation. The question ought to be answered; asked before men, and answered at once. Do not delay, but keep thy Lord's command.

Remember, you are losing time while you are in doubt as to your faith. If you are not believing, as you are spending your days in death, and waiting for the Son of God. If it be a question whether you have believed on the Son of God, it is no question that you are

Losing Comfort and Happiness.

Dear friend! if thou hast not believed that thou art the Son of God, the hope that thou wilt grow fainter every day. The longer a man remains in any state, the more likely it is that he will continue there. When men have long been doomed to do evil, the prophet cries over them, "The Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" It is an awful thing to have heard a man long in vain. If even the appeals of Calvary are lost on you, what remains? Gospel-hardened sinners are hardened indeed. Some of you are unbelievers in the Lord Jesus Christ for ever, and, I fear, will die in unbelief; and never! The portion of unbelievers is terrible. Therefore, to this question at once. Do not delay an hour. If the answer is unsatisfactory, it can be altered if attended to at once. It has not as yet believed on the Son of God, it does so. Since eternity can be moulded by prayer, I pray you, arouse yourselves. Look to the Lord Jesus, for if that be right, all is well; that be found wanting, all is wanting.

So I close with my fourth point, which is the question may be

Of the Utmost Importance.

I know that I am saved I shall have no other holy work. A wise man stops at home, looks after his own concerns, while he feels that he is in peril; but when they are all safe, he turns to the interests of his neighbors. When I am saved, and that there is nothing more to do in that matter, for Christ has finished His work, when I inquire what I can do for Him who has done so much for me. Where is the child or man I can talk to about my Saviour? I will go to the upmost ones, and tell them of a present salvation. Perhaps I have never dared to speak to my children about eternal life; but I possess it, and know that I do, because I believe on the Son of God, I will begin to instruct them in this good doctrine.

What a help assurance will be in the time of trial! You have a great affliction coming on; you can say, "I know that I believe in Jesus the Son of God," you will face it with quietness; it is a surgical operation? You will lie still and yourself up to the surgeon's knife, come

life or death; and you will do it easily. Is it a cruel persecution which you have to face to-morrow? You will not be afraid; but, believing in Jesus, you will take up His cross. Are you growing old, and thinking of the time when you must die? It will not matter, for you know that you will only be going home, since you believe on the Son of God.

This, I think, will fire you with holy zeal and praise. You have been saying, "I do not know how it is that I am so dull and stupid! I go to the house of God, and I do not feel the power of the Word: I am afraid I am not a Christian." Just so. As long as you have that chilling fear upon you, you will not be sensitive to the cheering truth; but when you know that you believe on the Son of God, and are sure of your salvation, your heart will beat to another tune, and

The Music of the Upper Spheres

will take possession of your bosom. You will begin to taste heavenly happiness when you have a sense of heavenly certainty. Being thus moved with gratitude, and filled with joy, the result will be a great concern for others who have not believed on the Son of God. You will look upon unbelievers with sorrow and alarm. They are very wealthy, perhaps; but you will despise their gold, because it blinds their eyes. They are very clever, perhaps, but you will not worship their abilities, because the eternal light is hid from their eyes. You will say to yourself, "They may have all their wealth, and all their cleverness, but I have the Son of God." In this respect, you have done more than an angel could do; for an angel has no lost soul to trust with the Son of God, no sin to wash away in the Saviour's blood; but you have trusted Him, and you have been washed in His blood, and you are clean. Go home and sing, my brother. Go home, and tell it out among your fellows, that Jesus is the Son of God, and abundantly able to save. Go home, and weep some poor sinner to Jesus. Go home, and never rest until you can say to God: "Here am I, and the souls that thou hast given me. We are believing on the Son of God." Peace be with you!

THE DEACON AND THE PREACHER.

IN an account which John Ashworth gives of an old deacon, John Kershan, he tells the following story of his faithful dealing with an inexperienced young preacher:

"I had called to take tea with him one Sunday. During the repast he was silent, and seemed a little troubled. A young man sat at the table who had been preaching that afternoon what he thought to be a most magnificent sermon, from the text, 'All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.' He opened out his discourse in a grandiloquent style, quoting from Young, 'Morning stars exulting, shouting o'er the rising ball;' from Shakespeare, 'Cloud capped towers on gorgeous palaces;' and that sublime piece from Pollok's Course of Time, beginning, 'Whose garments were the clouds.' Mounting up still amongst what he called the 'stellar worlds,' he expatiated on the satellites of Herschel, Uranus, and Jupiter, and finished his aerial flight in the milky way.

"After tea the old deacon requested the young preacher to go with him into the front parlor. When both were seated, he said, 'My young man, thou hast been flying thy kite high this afternoon, very high, and if thou dost not mind, the string will break, and it will come down; thou hast been walking over the stars on stilts, cloud-capp'd towers shouting o'er the rising ball, satellites, Jupiter, and milky way indeed. It is thin milk in the pulpit. Thou got so high up, thou never saw Calvary where the Maker of all died for those Gospel-hardened sinners that were staring at thee; thou never told us that the work of God that praises Him most was the work of redemption, shedding His blood for a guilty world. My dear young friend, do come down, before thou tumblest down; keep at the foot of the cross; it is he, and only he, that humbleth himself that shall be exalted, either in the pulpit or out.'

"Few can conceive the agony of the young preacher while the old deacon was so crushing him. He had to preach again the same evening, and preach to this terrible old man. He was in great fear, and trembled as he walked up the pulpit steps. In his sermon he never reached the lowest star. During prayer he wept, and the people wept with him. Christ crucified to save perishing mortals was his theme, and God blessed His own Word, as He ever will. The old deacon met him at the church-gate, saying:

"Thou wilt have to pass my house, and must call to take supper with me; let me take hold of thy arm, for thou art younger than I. And now, my dear young brother, God has blessed us all to-night; I have been with Peter, James, and John, on the Mount, and with the Master, for we never get on the mount without the Master. The Lord will make thee a very useful preacher, when He has cured thee of cloud-capp'd towers."

NEW LIGHT ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IN a criticism of Prof. Drummond's work on Africa, Captain Hore, of the London Missionary Society, refers to an error that he declares to be as unjust as it is prevalent. He says that the worst sinners of slave-dealers are not the Arabs, as is generally supposed, but the Africans themselves. "If we can deal with the 'African,' the smaller 'Arab' slave-trade must die with it. But even if the 'Arab' trade were entirely cleared away, the 'African' trade will still exist in all its horror and vast extent. The public is prejudiced by a condemnation of these Arabs, the worst part of their character and doings being only brought forward. To them and their religion are attributed all the evil doings of the lower and degraded classes, who, by the wearing of turbans, or for other reasons, may be classed with them. It is a mistaken idea of the Africans being universally oppressed by Arab slave-dealers, whereas the fact is that the greatest slave-traders are the Africans themselves. This is indicated by the phrase; 'The slaves are needed to buy ivory with.' It corresponds with Sir S. Baker's explanation of the commencement of the slave-trade in the Soudan. Natives refused to sell their wares to the Arabs for cloth and beads, and demanded slaves. The Arabs, with no scruples of conscience on this head, yielded to the demand, and became slavers. Livingstone tells the same story of Arabs yielding to requests of Africans to buy slaves where ivory was scarce. The horrors of the slave raids of the far interior are committed, not by Arabs, but by natives and by disreputable half-castes, very likely by strangers mistaken for Arabs; those along the coast, where most visible to us, are no doubt by Arabs. The Arabs of Central Africa are frequently extensive slave-holders, but many extensive slave-holders are honest and benevolent. On the other hand, some of the real criminals, especially on the coast, may not own a single slave themselves.

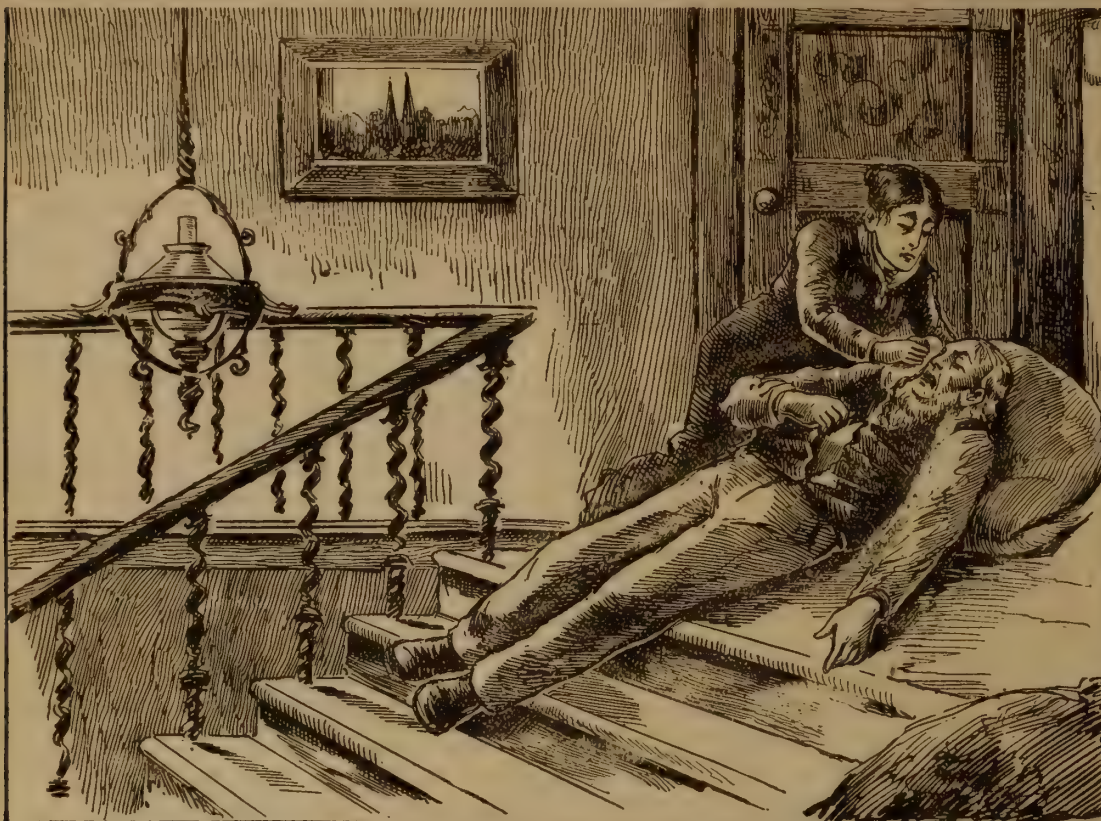
A VISIT TO GERMAN PRISONS.

THE modern prison philanthropist, Charles Cook, who has visited the prisons of nearly all countries in the world, has this to say of the prisons of Germany, which he recently visited:

What a striking contrast I find in the prisons here to those of other Continental countries. France in her dealings with criminals is excessively severe; Italy is careless alike of their health and their morals, making them work seven days in the week; Austria is intolerant to a degree of anyone but the priests of Rome seeking their spiritual welfare; and Spain, with her filthy gaols, is a disgrace to the nineteenth century; but one and all are identical in never supplying their prisoners with the Word of life. In one prison in Belgium I have seen sixty men in one room all sentenced "for life." In a Spanish prison in North Africa there were nearly 3,000 men, mostly with life-sentences, but in no instance had any of them ever had a copy of the Scriptures, save as I had managed to supply them. Here, after I have visited the prisons of Berlin, I have the joy and pleasure to report that in every cell I found the Scriptures and a hymn-book.

The treatment compares favorably with all other systems. There are light and airy work-shops, well ventilated. Here and there you see a portrait of mother and sister, or perhaps a wife, on the table of the lonely cell. Liberty is given to certain godly people to visit the prisoners, whose efforts to bring them to a sense of their sinfulness, and thus produce conviction, which may lead to conversion, have not been without fruit. There are also societies ready to take in hand the released prisoner, and start him afresh. All this on the Continent was to me novel and pleasing; and there are many things in the system of prison discipline and management as arranged in Germany, that other countries would do well to follow.

In the central prison in Berlin a large stained window in the chapel and the large Bible in the pulpit were the gift of the late Empress Augusta. The signatures of the old Emperor and Empress were pointed out to me in the visitors' book, where the name of the present Emperor is also found.



The Recent Murder of the Rev. T. A. Large, the Canadian Wesleyan Missionary in Japan.

I looked in at the Y. M. C. A., and found a live, healthy Association, apparently in good hands. On Sunday I heard a bright, earnest, evangelical sermon in the American Church.

THE MURDER OF A MISSIONARY IN JAPAN.

(See Illustrations.)

A SHOCKING story has been sent to the New York Herald from Japan. The dispatch states that the Rev. T. A. Large, of the Canadian Wesleyan Mission, has been murdered in the mission building at Azabu, a suburb of Tokio. Mr. and Mrs. Large, it appears, went, in April last, for a brief rest to Nuyanoshita, a health resort near Fujityama. They returned on April 4, and that night retired early to rest after their long journey. Their residence (a picture of which is here given) serves as a Christian school. That night two men, supposed to be burglars, entered with drawn swords and went to Mr. Large's room.

Mr. Large seized one burglar and grappled with him. In the struggle that ensued they reached the head of the staircase, and there the other burglar came to his companion's help. A powerful blow with the sword on Mr. Large's shoulder almost severed his arm, and rendered him powerless. Then the first burglar turned and struck several terrible blows at the missionary's head, crushing in his skull. Mrs. Large rushed between them to save her husband, and grasped the blade of the uplifted sword. It was so sharp that two of her fingers were sliced off.

The noise of the conflict had by this time awakened the other inmates of the house, and the burglars lost no time in making their escape. Pursuit was unsuccessful, and when the teachers returned they found Mrs. Large, unmindful of her own wounds, bathing her husband's face. He was quite dead, and his body was fearfully gashed. Opinion is divided as to the motive for the atrocity. Some think that the object was plunder, as Mr. Large was known to have \$800 in the house, which had just been received for school fees. Others, however, believe that the success which has attended Mr. Large's work as a Christian missionary, may have excited the fury of some bigoted Japanese, who took this method of ridding the country of the preacher.

AN UNRECOGNIZED NEIGHBOR.

(See Illustration on page 333.)

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 1. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Lev. 19: 18.

ON the deck of a transatlantic steamer approaching New York a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance stood looking earnestly at the coast which was gradually becoming more clearly defined. With him was a beautiful young lady

about twenty years of age, with a lovely oval face and wistful gray eyes.

"Well, Muriel," said the gentleman, "you will soon get your first sight of your new country."

"Yes, papa, but I am not anxious. England will always be home, however pleasant this may be."

"Oh I don't know that. I think we shall soon feel at home here. I shall get naturalized and be a good American citizen."

"You are the dearest and most cheerful of men. I wonder how you can bear the change. And to be driven out, too! Most men would have been embittered by such an experience."

"Oh that is all past. My Irish tenants could not pay. They might have paid a little, but of course they had to stand together, and I had to bear the punishment. I do not blame them."

"I do," said Muriel; "they ought to have remembered your kindness. Why, if it had not been for the legacy that has enabled you to buy this estate, we should have had nothing to live upon when they stopped paying rent. No, papa, you are too magnanimous. I cannot be brought to see any good in the Irish."

A few weeks later saw Mr. and Miss Haldane settled in their new home. The servants, who were engaged in New York, had gone on ahead, and had made preparations for their coming. Muriel had helped in selecting them, and had been very careful that no Irish man or girl should be among them. For some time her days were fully occupied in transforming the interior of the spacious mansion into a duplicate of the home they had left behind in England. Her dear, dead mother's picture was hung in their best room; other pictures occupied places on the walls corresponding to those they had in the old home. The furniture was similarly arranged, and then Muriel said all was as homelike as it could be made. Then she began exploring out-of-doors, and every day took long, solitary walks about the estate, wandering fearlessly about the broad lands, botanizing, looking for specimens of the butterfly race, and generally making herself familiar with nature in her new location. A beautiful, bright picture she looked in her tasteful dress, her large hat shading her face from the sun, and her gentle, wistful eyes dwelling with interest on the lovely scene.

But one day she came home with a cloud on her face, and it was still there when she took her seat behind the urn at the tea-table. Her father, who had been busy with his men all day, inquired as usual where she had been. She told him, and asked, "Who owns that cottage about a mile from the house on the north?"

"Why, my dear?" asked Mr. Haldane.

"Because I want you to buy it, Papa, and get

some new tenants. Those people are Irish called there to ask my way to-day. They spoiled me in the broadest brogue. When I heard walked right out of the house and would not any longer. I want you to get rid of them."

"Do not be so prejudiced, Muriel. I know very well. They are a worthy, industrious family. Muriel's face fell. "Well," she said, "their presence spoils the place for me."

"And Mordecai, the Jew, sat in the gate," quoth Mr. Haldane. "Get over this prejudice my dear," he added; "it is unworthy of you."

But Muriel could not get over it. So long as O'Briens were neighbors she felt sure she should be content. She would hold no intercourse with them, that she resolved; but their very presence was an offence.

Spring and summer passed, and Muriel was looking to the hanging of curtains of warmer colors about the house, and preparing it for winter, day she was more than usually active, and hours sped unnoticed by her. She was astonished in looking at her watch to see that it was nearly an hour past the usual time for the evening meal, she hurried down stairs expecting to receive father's good-humored chiding on her unpunctuality. But he was not there. She felt glad of it and hastened her preparations so that when he came in he should not know that she had not been ready at the proper time. At last all was done and she sat in her usual place waiting. Then, the first time she became anxious about him. Where could he be? He was usually so punctual. Another hour passed, and it was growing quite dark, and Muriel was terribly alarmed.

"Dennis O'Brien is at the door, Miss Haldane," said a servant coming into the room where Muriel sat. "He won't give any message; he wants to speak to you."

Muriel was in no mood to see the man. She was worried about her father. Still, as he was away she had better see the Irishman.

O'Brien had a buggy at the door, and he said wanted to drive Miss Haldane over to his cottage. Her father was there. The fact was, he had had a slight accident, and his foot was hurt so he could not walk. Miss Haldane had better come. Mr. Haldane would have much preferred to walk, rather than sit in the buggy with the hated Irishman; but it was dark, and there was no other means of getting to her father, so she went.

O'Brien was serious, and he seemed anxious to talk. Mr. Haldane had been thrown from his horse, he said, Yes, his foot was sprained; his head was hurt too. They had carried him into the cottage, and sent a boy on a horse for a doctor. He was in a sort of a faint; Mrs. O'Brien was attending to him.

All this was told to prepare Muriel for the shock that she must have when she saw her father. It was kindly done, and as necessary, for Mr. Haldane was in a critical state. The doctor told Miss Haldane that he might not live, as he had received no kind and prompt help from the O'Briens. If he had not been just as he was, and carried to the cottage, nothing could have saved him. How the Irishman could have carried him, he did not think. And Mrs. O'Brien was a treasure. Why, a woman had put a bandage on, and stopped the bleeding, as well as the best surgeon could have done it. Oh, no; he could not be dead for some weeks, but the O'Briens seemed kind people; they would not mind the inconvenience of a sick man.

What Muriel would have done if her father been at home she could not imagine. The kindly woman watched beside the bed, was so skilful and dexterous in nursing him, knew so much more of sickness than Muriel, and withal was so untiringly cheerful that the girl clung to her, and depended on her for everything. The whole family in the light of the inconvenience was to them, put their best efforts at the disposal of Mr. Haldane and his daughter, and were as anxious for the injured man's recovery as if he had been their nearest and dearest relative. "He is our neighbor," Mr. O'Brien said; "would we be so neighborly as not to help the gentleman at a pinch?" Muriel thanked her thanks; her heart was full for words.

"Well, Muriel," said Mr. Haldane, as they drove away from the O'Brien's cottage some weeks later, "thankful for his complete recovery, 'do you wish me to buy that cottage and turn those people out?'" "Oh, papa! What can we do for them to show our grateful we are?"

WILL IT LIFT? THE STORY OF A FOG. By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, (Continued from page 318.)

WHEN Mercy Graythorpe took the pair of screens in the little dealer in such articles, he told her of her repeated failures to obtain an interview; Mercy, always in fear of the sad perils and possibilities of London, laid a strong embargo on the dealer not to do or say anything to help the unknown to execute his purpose. "I do not want to see him," she said. "I do not wish to know him; if you cannot get rid of him I must cease to do so to your shop."

When she said that she hardly meant it, for it was one of her mainstays for subsistence, and was the point of prudently recalling the threat, when the little Dutchman, much to her satisfaction, replied: "No, no, Mees, Heaven forbid!" The little dealer was anxious to keep her custom, and he floundered in bad English until he was able to serve another customer, and had to leave himself unexplained. Mercy understood it, however, and Gilbert Craske did her most unconscious good turn, for she raised her prices, and success, too, from that day.

When next poor Gilbert called at the Dutchman's, that voracious gentleman told him, with shrugs and bows, and an unusual quantity of English, that "the Mees—the young Mees," had painted the "lofty" picture of "what you see in place—oh, ah, Oatlangzine," had gone away long time," and would "nefer come back." So the fog utterly refused to lift—nay, it seemed to settle down more and more; and Gilbert Craske sauntered back to the "Wellington" more anxious than ever to gain a clue to the comely widow with the silver hair.

"I must wait till Gil comes home. Gil's got wit



Muriel Haldane's Excursion.

enough for anything. Bless my heart! Why, that girl's the very woman for Gil! He'll have a double-barrelled gun, and he'll bring down one bird for himself and—Gilbert Craske, what doddering nonsense are you talking now?" Then he sighed and sighed again, and walked faster to walk himself into common-sense again. But he could not rid of the "doddering nonsense," whatever it might have been, until he crossed the threshold of the "Wellington," and found letters waiting for him there. As he passed through the hall, he noticed a large portmanteau placed upon the luggage stool, ready to be taken upstairs, and mentally noted that the porter seemed to think it heavy as he shouldered it and ascended the steps. But Gilbert Craske did not know that in that portmanteau lay the box which contained his gold!

We must now cross the ocean once again, and join Gil Craske, Junior and "Dick Allanson" who, it will be remembered, was no other than Frank Higginbotham, the son of the erring and misguided landlord of the "Hilldrop Inn." One morning, knowing that the usual mail steamer had probably arrived, they mounted their horses, and after a long ride reached the lonely shanty which did duty for a post-office in the Australian Bush. Yes; there was a letter, and a long one too, from England. It was none other than the letter we saw Gilbert Craske carry to the mail after his discovery of the robbery. "Dear Dad's" letter distressed the warm-hearted Gil while he read it. Honest, open-hearted Gilbert had always given his son his fullest confidence, and the present communication was no exception to the rule.

He told his son how he had purchased the Hilldrop estate on the strength of the large sum of money he had taken to England with him; how the money had been stolen; how that he had a shrewd idea as to who had done the dishonest deed; how he had put things in train to keep an eye upon his movements; how he felt restrained from taking too instant action because of his uncertainty; his unconquerable aversion to set the law in motion against anybody, and his hope of recovering the

treasure by other means. Then he wandered away from the subject to relate how he had failed to find again the faces that had peered out at him from the London fog, and suffered Gil to see that his heart was very sad and sore upon that subject. Finally, he requested his son to proceed with all promptitude in the disposal of the estate, and bring home with him all available capital, that he might be in a position to complete the purchase of Hilldrop within the time agreed upon. The whole tone and tenor of the epistle fairly took Gil's breath away, and for some moments after having twice read it carefully through, he stood silent, looking into vacancy, with the letter in his hand.

"Well, Gil, what news from the gov'nor?" said Frank, with some anxiety in his tone. "All serene, I hope; but you don't look over-jolly, old fellow."

"I daresay not, Frank," answered Gil. "At any rate I don't feel jolly, I can tell you. The fact is, the gov'nor's put his foot in it, and no mistake—aye, both his feet, or I'm a Dutchman. It'll take a long pull and a strong pull to get him out of the swamp, I fancy. Dear old Dad! Why did I ever suffer him to go alone?"

Gil looked so utterly choppfallen, and there was such a despondent tone in his voice, that Frank was seriously alarmed. He felt, however, that nothing was to be gained by following on the same track, so he replied—"But a pull together'll do the business, Gil, no doubt. You and he and I should make a strongish trio. We must hasten our steps and reach him, that's all. What's amiss?"

"Yes, that's what we've got to do," replied Gil, ignoring the question. "It's clear enough about that. We'll ride round by Macdonald's place on our way home, and accept his offer for the estate, and clear out by the next packet. There's no time to be lost."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Frank, now quite unable to prevent his anxiety from appearing in tone and voice. "Bad's scarcely the word for it," said the crestfallen Gil. "But come along, and I'll explain it as we go," and as they cantered along over the young grass, now flushing into green after a long and continuous drought, the young man told his comrade all about it.

"It's a very serious loss," he proceeded, after he had given his companion the salient points of the unwelcome letter, "and Dad's far too soft-hearted to be trusted to get it back again. The fact is, that girl he found in the fog, and all that happened after it, has befogged him to such an extent that he's lost his general bearings. I hope to goodness he won't come to grief before I can reach him. Dear old Dad!" The latter words were as expressive of the young fellow's devotion to his father, as the former were of his confidence to guide him safely if he could only get to his side in time.

For some time the two young men rode on in silence. The fact is, that in his excitement Gil had plied both whip and spur, and they were galloping across the plain at a pace which made conversation impossible.

Dick Allanson had much to think about on his own account. Had matters been left to himself, he would not have chosen to go to England quite so soon, because of his desire to increase his own fortunes by a little longer stay, and this for his erring father's sake. The intelligence that Gilbert Craske had bought the Hilldrop estate had greatly startled him, for he saw that if he and Gil were still to "ride their horses together" in England, which was the understanding between them, it would not be possible to hide from his beloved friends and benefactors the truth about himself, and, which was a good deal the more serious matter, about his misguided father too.

However, there was nothing for it but to swim with the tide, and Dick Allanson was always clear about one thing, and that was to "do the next thing," as the grand old proverb puts it, and to do right in all things by the help of God. He knew full well, as we all may know, by happy experience, that the "help of God" is as sure as sunrise to all who

"Trust in God and do the right."

Alexander Lander Macdonald, Esq., was a wealthy colonial magnate, who had made an offer for the purchase of the Malaloo estate, which had for some time been under consideration. Since the offer was made, a valuable vein of mineral wealth had been discovered in Gilbert Craske's well-managed property, and Gil had deferred his decision on the subject until the new discovery had been fully inquired into and substantiated.

They found the wealthy colonist in close conference with certain mining authorities who had come to present their report upon the subject. This was of so favorable a character that the moneyed Scotchman had made up his mind to give a greatly heightened bid for the territory which the Craskes had to sell. So the business in hand was greatly facilitated. Malaloo was sold for a sum so far in advance of the first price set upon it that the loss consequent on Jared Higginbotham's theft was more than covered, and Gil and his young friend continued their ride homeward a good deal lighter in heart on the financial question than when the letter at the post-office imparted to the son the serious extent to which he had been "fleeced" by the unknown thief.

Nor was this all. The investment which Dick Allanson had made of the money left him by his deceased patron had made him the possessor of a tract of land in which gold had been discovered, and he, too, found himself possessor of a richer heritage than had ever come to him even in his dreams. Not a day nor an hour was lost in completing the transfer of their whole property, and with eager spirits, and rising hopes of reaching England in time to save Gilbert Craske from further loss and harm, the two young men embarked at Sydney for "the mother country," and were soon out upon the high seas, homeward bound.

Home! To Gil Craske that meant mainly to be by his father's side, and to feel that he had full possession of his father's heart, and also, there is no denying it, to have that father, with his honest, unsuspicious mind, his all too kindly heart and open hand, under his peculiar charge again, for the stalwart and prudent young fellow felt somehow as though his main occupation and office was to take particular care of him.

Home! To Frank Higginbotham that meant something widely different. He longed, dearly longed to see his quiet, good and suffering mother again, and to be her protector and support. The thought of his father, however, filled him with feelings that had much of wormwood and of gall. Not that he did not love him. He did, and greatly, but that only made the matter worse; for if he still remained indifferent to his former sin, and refused to make amends for his fall from honesty and rectitude, he felt that the meeting could only be painful in the extreme, and the preparation for a speedy and probably final separation.

The young fellow was resolved that so far as the financial defalcation was concerned, he himself, either openly or secretly, would see justice done; but how could he abide with his friends, the Craskes, when it was known to them who was his criminal and unrepentant sire? Many and many an hour as he lay thoughtfully in his berth in the good ship that bore him home, he prayed to his God to turn his father's heart, induce him to cease to do evil, and learn to do well; and so make it possible for him, his son, to put right the foul wrong which had been committed, and look upon the face of his friend and comrade, Gil, with an unblushing face and a lightened heart. Oh, if he had but known that the father for whom he prayed had dyed his soul in crime of a still deeper red, surely he would have never left the land of his adoption, would never again have called England home! Oh, Jared Higginbotham! No man liveth for himself, and none can measure the heritage of shame and harm of those

who have to live and blush, and hide and suffer in silent penance for a parent's unamended, unrepented sin.

In due time the packet in which the young men voyaged across the broad Pacific dropped anchor in the Thames, and their first business was to repair to the address given in the letter which had reached them in the bush, "Gilbert Craske, Esq., 'The Wellington,' Crozier Street, Oxford Street, London."

The Wellington justified the character which the stage driver gave it when he recommended it to Jared Higginbotham on his arrival in London. It was "comfortable"; but it was not comfortable to the wretched Jared, could not be, could not be made to be, for Jared's discomfort was in himself; its seat was in his heart and mind and conscience; and when that is the case, the cosiest and most desirable surroundings are not much better than a bed of thorns.

The fact is, that Jared Higginbotham was as profoundly miserable as every wrongdoer ought to be; and, what was better still, he was profoundly ashamed of himself, and would have welcomed at any cost an opportunity of undoing the wicked and stupid deed which had made his life, despite the possession of the coveted gold, little other than a hell, which seemed to grow hotter every day. His great anxiety was to get out of the country; but then he did not want to leave his wife behind him, and his present trouble was to get her to join him in town; for he felt a growing antipathy to the thought of facing Hildrop and Faringham again, though never a soul at either place had, so far as he knew, the faintest suspicion of his guilt. How this was to be managed he could not tell, and he spent many days in mooning about the great city, cudgelling his muddled brains for a ruse that would induce his wife to forsake Hildrop and embark with him for the Antipodes. He felt pretty sure that she would be glad enough to go across the seas to see her boy again, and at length he resolved to feign severe indisposition, and so bring her to London to look after him.

Meanwhile he would put his interests in Hildrop Inn into the hands of an agent in that line for sale, and then hey for New South Wales, and freedom from the burden of fear and apprehension which now made his life worse than purgatorial in its pain. Poor Jared! Bad as he is, I can't help pitying him with all my heart. It is such a miserable, wretched, trouble-breeding career he has embarked on, and the end of it is so awful in its thick darkness, that—but here—the Book tells me that there is hope for the worst if they will but repent, and I know three people that are praying for him all the time—his long-suffering wife, his manly and noble-minded son, and one other who it might well be thought was far likelier to curse him and to put the "gyves upon his wrist," as soon as he had the chance.

One evening in October, when, especially in smoky, foggy London town, the autumn mist was making the evenings dark and gloomy, Jared was returning from a long and weary day's sojourn in the city. His interests in "Hildrop Inn" were giving him a good deal of trouble. The various agents he applied to were not quite clear as to the nature and reason of the transaction, and all alike seemed to think that the Inn must be visited and reported on, and that Jared had far better go down with the agent for that purpose. But, as we have seen, this was just what Jared did not want to do. Foiled, harassed, tired and sick at heart, he was slowly sauntering back to the "Wellington," through the night shadows, when he was suddenly accosted by the inquiry, "Am I in the neighborhood of Crozier Street?"

The speaker was a tall, well-built man of middle age, who looked down on Jared, who was not remarkable for his inches, with quite a stern visage and with somewhat lowering brows. Jared recognized him directly. Who would not who had once seen him—especially if he had been on the wrong side of the hedge at the time? For this was none other than Captain Legard, the chief constable of the county division of police in which Faringham was situated. Many a time had Jared had occasion to observe him, when either to renew his license or to appear as a witness he had attended quarter

sessions, and he had always felt a sort of awe of the chief officer, owing to his commanding visage and his magisterial mien.

To meet him suddenly in a London street, and to hear him ask for Crozier Street in that overpowering way of his, as if he expected to find a thief in it, and meant to pounce on him, set poor Jared in such a flutter that he had to gasp for breath, and for a moment could not get a word out for the life of him. At the "Wellington," in Crozier Street, was that box, that accursed box with its still more accursed gold, and suppose Captain Legard had come for that!

Jared Higginbotham was as white as a ghost. Latterly he had become quite haggard, his hair had whitened, he had permitted himself to go alike unshaven and unshorn, and he looked almost as little like the cheery landlord of Hildrop Inn as it was possible to be, to be him. In his present paroxysm of alarm, the transformation was complete, and I am in a position to tell the reader that Captain Legard did not recognize him. "Ye-ye-yes," Jared managed to say at last. "T-t-turn to the right, near the Mar-Marble."

"Thanks!" said Captain Legard, just as he would have said, "Out you go!" to a prisoner on whom a stupid jury had brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and wheeled round, saying to himself, "Been up to some mischief, or else not quite right in his head." For a moment Jared stood shivering on the pavement, his knees shaking one against the other. Then he resolved to follow the Rhadamanthus-looking Captain at a respectable distance to see whether it was the "Wellington" in Crozier Street to which he was going. Yes, sure enough, after looking the building carefully over as though he was getting ready to swear to it, Captain Legard went inside, and Jared Higginbotham's heart sank. He dared not follow him inside. As for "taking more ease in mine inn," that was out of the question for Jared. He could not take his ease anywhere, and least of all under the roof that sheltered Rhadamanthus and that accursed box at one and the same time.

Nearly opposite the "Wellington" was an arched passage to some stables, and in that recess Jared took his stand to watch and wait for the reappearance of the man, the sudden sight of whom had so filled him with alarm. Then he began to fear that Captain Legard never would come forth again, but would wait, wait for him, and the wretched man began to count the loose coin he had in his pocket, to see how far it would carry him, and how long it would sustain him if he were then and there compelled to take his flight.

(To be Continued.)

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A FATAL BLUNDER.

LDLY men often despise missionary and speak slightly of its value. As they know nothing about it, and if any records come in their way, they read them. One of these men, the captain of a ship, has been the cause of the life which might have been saved his ignorance of the results of Goshawk in the South Seas. His ship ran aground near the Penrhyn Islands, and was evidently going to pieces. His captain was for his wife, who was sailing with him. He put her in a boat and left the sailors in charge of it to steer the ship. He knew that in such a sea running they ran great danger of being lost; it seemed impossible that the ship could escape being capsized in so rough a sea. But he dare not send her to the nearest land, because, when he was there some years before, that land had been visited by cannibals. "Better that she should be drowned," he said, "than fall into the hands of those savages." After he had gone he busied himself saving the rest and other parts of the cargo as he reached quickly. Then he and his crew, armed and determined to live dearly. To his amazement, when he reached the shore, there was no opposition. He was greeted by a native who shook hands with him in civilized and bade him welcome. He and his crew were kindly treated, and their wants supplied. A missionary had been there for many months, and there was no cannibalism on that island, nor any practice. The natives were worshipping God, and were becoming civilized. Now he wished he had known this when he sent his wife on her perilous voyage. He was lamenting his ignorance, and his dead body was washed ashore, and towards the sailors who had accompanied him in bringing the news of the ship's fate, and their terrible situation in reaching land.

WHAT WAS MOURNED.

pression prevails among some of a wife's condition is improved by herself, and making her husband a wholesome fear of her sharp tongue. A bereaved husband lately mentioned an incident which implied that there was a better way of winning her to kindly ways. "We were married seven years," he said, "and in time my wife never gave me a scolding. But I shall never forget the scolding she gave me. It was one morning when we had been married about two years. I found a button missing, and threw it across the room. 'What on earth is that?' I said, in rough voice. 'Good, Christian woman, and she picked it up and sewed it on. 'And what did you ask a little bristling woman for?' she said, 'who was listening to my husband's tribute to the memory of his dead wife. 'She said, 'I, me, husband, I had a great deal to say to you yesterday, and I forgot it, but it shall be said again.' 'Oh,' said the man, 'I saw the picture of his dear wife in the paper, and his gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees and asked her forgiveness. She made a man of me, and the world has a different place since she died.' 'I saw a silence as he finished speaking, and a general clearing of the throat. The little woman's snapping tongue was suspiciously dim.

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

MAN in Philadelphia noticed strangers at his service one Sunday and was moved to address an earnest appeal to any present who might be able to help. After the service a young man appeared made his way to the speaker. "I was passing by your church," he said, "and having nowhere to go, I felt I must speak to you." Debbily exterior his speech showed an educated gentleman. He said he was connected, and had taken honors in college, and had coached many for their examination, knew the Greek Testa-

tament almost by heart, but could not resist the craving for drink. Watch, clothes, all were pawned for drink, so that his friends could do nothing more for him. The preacher pleaded with him to abstain altogether, wrote out a pledge, and then proposed to pray with him and for him. But the young man did not believe in God. He was a disciple of Herbert Spencer. "Then," said the clergyman, "you believe in the Great Spirit of the Universe—let us pray to Him?" The young man consented, and prayer was offered for strength to keep the pledge he was about to sign. Having signed, he looked at the paper with emotion, saying, "Oh, that my mother could have seen this before she died?" More than twenty years elapsed, and the preacher had heard nothing of the young man. He was delivering a temperance address in New York, and, appealing to young men not to rely on culture as a preservative, narrated this case. At the close a middle-aged gentleman, with a young lady, accosted him, saying, "I am the man, and this is my daughter; come and take tea with us and my wife." The preacher found the family next day in an elegantly furnished home; the father was in a high literary position; he had been delivered from the snare of his youth; was a Christian and regular worshipper at church; and when he died, not long after, his funeral was attended by many literary and other friends, to testify to their affection and respect.

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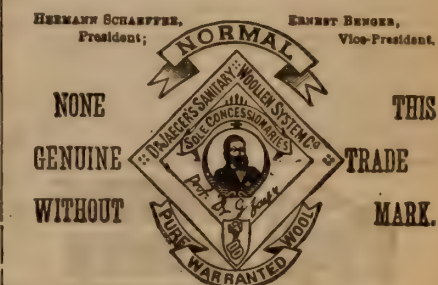
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DEUT XXXIII: 27

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'Mid the ills that now annoy you,
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When your way is dark and dreary,
Rugged, fill'd with rude alarms,
When perplex'd, exhausted, weary,
Trust the "Everlasting Arms."

When the waves of trouble heighten,
When the billows fiercely foam,
All you see conspires to frighten,
Friends and helpers fail to come;
When of human aid despairing,
And no voice the tempest calms,
Think of this, that underneath you
Are the "Everlasting Arms."

When corroding cares oppress you,
When the tempter's darts assail,
When your inbred foes distress you,
When they threaten to prevail;
When you dread the thought of yielding,
When you feel to die is gain,
When your hope seems just expiring,
"Everlasting Arms" sustain.

And when all below is closing,
When you touch the chilling flood,
When you feel the waters rising,
You shall find the promised good.
Timid Christians, venture on it,
Bid farewell to all alarms;
'Tis enough that underneath you
Are the "Everlasting Arms."

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HAMAN HUNG.

"So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai." Esther 7: 10.

The Offensive Oriental Courtier—The Plot to Avenge a Personal Affront—His Self-Selected Humiliation—The Comedy with the Tragedy—The Lessons of the Story—I. Insignificant Trifles Disturb a Man of Bad Heart—The Effect of Small Vexations—II. Worldly Vanity Courts the Respect of Piety—Satan's Offer to Christ—III. Pride Precedes a Fall—IV. The Boomerang of Wicked Plots—Examples in English History—V. The Speed of Fortune's Wheel—VI. Outward Prosperity Not Sufficient for Happiness—The Miseries of the Rich—The Day of Righteous Triumph Certain.

HERE is an Oriental courtier, about the most offensive man in Hebrew history, Haman by name. He plotted for the destruction of the Israelitish nation, and I wonder not that in some of the Hebrew synagogues to this day when Haman's name is mentioned, the congregation clench their fists, and stamp their feet and cry, "Let his name be blotted out!" Haman was Prime Minister in the magnificent court of Persia. Thoroughly appreciative of the honor conferred, he expects everybody that he passes to be obsequious. Coming in one day at the gate of the palace, the servants drop their heads in honor of his office; but a Hebrew, named Mordecai, gazes upon the passing dignitary without bending his head or taking off his hat. He was a good man, and would not have been negligent of the ordinary courtesies of life, but he felt no respect either for Haman or the nation from which he had come. But he could not be hypocritical; and while others made Oriental salaam, getting clear down before this Prime Minister when he passed, Mordecai, the Hebrew relaxed not a muscle of his neck, and kept his chin clear up. Because of that affront Haman gets a decree from Ahasuerus, the dastardly king, for the massacre of all the Israelites, and that, of course, will include Mordecai.

The Plot Thwarted.

To make a long story short, through Queen Esther this whole plot was revealed to her husband, Ahasuerus. One night Ahasuerus, who was afflicted with insomnia, in his sleepless hours calls for his secretary to read to him a few passages of Persian history, and so while away the night. In the book read that night to the king an account was given of a conspiracy, from which Mordecai, the Hebrew, had saved the king's life, and for which kindness Mordecai had never received any reward. Haman, who had been fixing up a nice gallows to hang Mordecai on, was walking outside the door of the king's sleeping-apartment and was called in. The king told him that he had just had read to him the account of some one who had saved his, the king's, life, and he asked what reward ought to be given to such a one. Self-conceited Haman, supposing that he himself was to get the honor, and not imagining for a moment that the deliverer of the king's life was Mordecai, says: "Why, your Majesty ought to make a triumph for him, and put a crown on him, and set him on a splendid horse, high-stepping and full-blooded, and then have one of your princes lead the horse through the streets, crying, 'Bow the knee, here comes a man who has saved the king's life!'" Then said Ahasuerus in severe tones to Haman: "I know all about your scoundrelism. Now you go out and make a triumph for Mordecai, the Hebrew, whom you hate. Put the best saddle on the finest horse, and you, the prince, hold the stirrup while Mordecai gets on, and then lead his horse through the street. Make haste!"

What a spectacle!

A Comedy and Tragedy.

at one and the same time. There they go! Mordecai, who had been despised, now starred and robed, in the stirrups. Haman, the chancellor, afoot, holding the prancing, rearing, champing stallion. Mordecai bends his neck at last, but it is to look down at the degraded Prime Minister walking beneath him. Huzza for Mordecai! Alas for Haman! But what a pity to have the gallows, recently built, entirely wasted! It is fifty cubits high, and built with care. And Haman had erected it for Mordecai, by whose stirrups he now walks as groom. Stranger and more startling than any romance, there go up the steps of the scaffolding, side by side, the hangman, and Haman the ex-chancellor. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai."

Although so many years have passed since cow-

ardly Ahasuerus reigned, and the beautiful Esther answered to his whims, and Persia perished, yet from the life and death of Haman we may draw living lessons of warning and instruction. And, first, we come to the practical suggestion that, when the heart is wrong, things very insignificant will destroy our comfort. Who would have thought that a great Prime Minister, admired and applauded by millions of Persians, would have been so nettled and harassed by anything trivial? What more could the great dignitary have wanted than his chariots and attendants, and palaces and banquets? If affluence of circumstances can make a man contented and happy, surely Haman should have been contented and happy. No; Mordecai's refusal of a bow takes the glitter from the gold, and the richness from the purple, and the speed from the chariots. With a heart puffed up with every inflation of vanity and revenge, it was impossible for him to be happy. The silence of Mordecai at the gate was louder than the braying of trumpets in the palace. Thus shall it always be if the heart is not right. Circumstances the most trivial will disturb the spirit.

The Little Vexations.

It is not the great calamities of life that create the most worriment. I have seen men, felled by repeated blows of misfortune, arising from the dust, never desponding. But the most of the disquiet which men suffer is from insignificant causes; as a lion attacked by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through the forest at the alighting on his brawny neck of a few insects. You meet some great loss in business with comparative composure; but you can think of petty trickeries inflicted upon you, which rouse all your capacity for wrath, and remain in your heart an unbearable annoyance. If you look back upon your life, you will find that the most of the vexations and disturbances of spirit, which you felt, were produced by circumstances that were not worthy of notice. If you want to be happy you must not care for trifles. Do not be too minute in your inspection of the treatment you receive from others. Who cares whether Mordecai bows when you pass, or stands erect and stiff as a cedar? That woodman would not make much clearing in the forest, who should stop to bind up every little bruise and scratch he received in the thicket; nor will that man accomplish much for the world or the church, who is too watchful and appreciative of petty annoyances. There are multitudes of people in the world, constantly harrowed because they pass their lives not in searching out those things which are attractive and deserving, but in spying out with all their powers of vision to see whether they cannot find a Mordecai.

Piety Courted.

Again: I learn from the life of the man under our notice that worldly vanity and sin are very anxious to have piety bow before them. Haman was a fair emblem of entire worldliness, and Mordecai the representative of unflinching godliness. Such were the usages of society in ancient times that, had this Israelite bowed to the Prime Minister, it would have been an acknowledgment of respect for his character and nation. Mordecai would, therefore, have sinned against his religion had he made any obeisance or dropped his chin half an inch before Haman. When, therefore, proud Haman attempted to compel an homage which was not felt, he only did what the world ever since has tried to do, when it would force our holy religion in any way to yield to its dictates. Daniel, if he had been a man of religious compromises, would never have been thrown into the den of lions. He might have made some arrangement with King Darius whereby he could have retained part of his form of religion without making himself so completely obnoxious to the idolaters. Paul might have retained the favor of his rulers and escaped martyrdom if he had only been willing to mix up his Christian faith with a few errors. His unbending Christian character was taken as an insult.

No Obeisance to Satan.

Fagot and rack and halter in all ages have been only the different ways in which the world has demanded obeisance. It was once, away up on the top of the temple, that Satan commanded the Holy One of Nazareth to kneel before him. But it is not now so much on the top of churches as down in the aisle and the pew and the pulpit that Satan tempts the espousers of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Platonic philosophers of early times, as well as Toland, Spinoza,

and Bolingbroke of later days, were so madly posed to Christianity? Certainly not because favored immoralities, or arrested civilization, dwarfed the intellect. The genuine reason, when admitted or not, was because the religion of Christ paid no respect to their intellectual vanity. Blount, and Boyle, and the host of infidels hate out by the vile reign of Charles the Second, as tiles crawl out of a marsh of slime, could not keep their patience because, as they passed along, they were sitting in the gate of the church such men as Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John would not bend an inch in respect to their philosophies.

Satan told our first parents that they would come as gods if they would only reach up and taste of the fruit. They tried it and failed, their descendants are not yet satisfied with the periment. We have now many desiring to be gods, reaching up

After Yet Another Apple.

Reason, scornful of God's word, may foam and rage with the proud wrath of a Haman, and attempt to compel the homage of the good, but in the presence of men and angels it shall be confounded. "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." When science began to make its brilliant discoveries that seemed to overthrow the truth of the Bible. The architect with his crowbar, and the geologist with his hammer, and the chemist with his batteries charged upon the Bible. Moses' account of the creation seemed denied by the very structure of the earth. The astronomer wheeled round his telescope and the heavenly bodies seemed to marshal themselves against the Bible, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Observatories and universities rejoiced at what they considered the extinction of Christianity. They gathered new courage at their considered past victory, and pressed on to conquest into the kingdom of nature until, alas! they discovered too much. God's word only been lying in ambush that, in some unguessed moment, with a sudden bound, it might

Tear Infidelity to Pieces.

It was as when Joshua attacked the city of Jericho. He selected thirty thousand men, and concealed most of them; then with a few men he assailed the city, which poured out its numbers and strewn upon Joshua's little band. According to previous plan, they fell back in seeming defeat, but, after the proud inhabitants of the city had been brought out of their homes, and had joined in the pursuit of Joshua, suddenly that brave man halted in flight, and with his spear pointing toward the thirty thousand men bounded from the thicket, the panthers spring to their prey, and the pursuers were dashed to pieces, while the hosts of Joshua pressed up to the city, and with their light torches tossed it into flame. Thus it was that discoveries of science seemed to give temporary victory against God and the Bible, and for a while the church acted as if she were on a retreat; when all the opposers of God and truth had joined in the pursuit, and were sure of the field, Christ gave the signal to His church, and, turning, He drove back their foes in shame. There was to be no antagonism between nature and revelation. The universe and the Bible were found to be the work of the same hand, two strokes of the same pen, their authorship the same God.

Again: learn the lesson that

Pride Goes Before a Fall.

Was any man ever so far up as Haman, and tumbled so far down? Yes, on a smaller scale every day the world sees the same thing. Again their very advantages men trip into destruction. When God humbles proud men, it is usually at the moment of their greatest arrogance. If there is a man in your community greatly puffed up by worldly success, you have but to stand a little while and you will see him come down. You wonder that God allows that man to go on tripping over others' heads and making great assumptions of power. There is no wonder about it. Haman has not yet got to the top. Pride is a command well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth dark and frowning host. We have the best authority for saying that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath showed his great spear in defiance, but the small stone from the brook Elah made him stagger and fall like an ox under the butcher's bludgeon. Have

lown cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare es do not feel the force of the storm, but those h all sails set capsized at the sudden descent of tempest.

Again: This Oriental tale reminds us of the fact t wrongs we prepare for others return upon our- es. The gallows that Haman built for Morde- became the Prime Minister's strangulation. bespierre, who sent so many to the guillotine, his own head chopped off by that horrid in- ument. The evil you practice on others will oil upon your own pate. Slanders come home. pressions come home.

Cruelties Come Home.

will yet be a lackey walking beside the very rger on which you expected to ride others n. When Charles the First, who had destroyed afford, was about to be beheaded, he said, "I ly ratified an unjust sentence, and the similar justice I am now to undergo is a sensible retri- on for the punishment I inflicted on an inno- t man," Lord Jeffries, after incarcerating many cent and good people in London Tower, was self imprisoned in the same place, where the es of those whom he had maltreated seemed aunt him so that he kept crying to his attend- : "Keep them off, gentlemen! for God's sake, p them off!" The chickens had come home to st. The body of Bradshaw, the English Judge, had been ruthless and cruel in his decisions, taken from his splendid tomb in Westminster ey, and at Tyburn hung on a gallows from ney until night in the presence of jeering mul- des. Haman's gallows came a little late, but ame. Opportunities fly in a straight line, just touch us as they pass from eternity to eter- , but the wrongs we do others fly in a circle, however the circle may widen out, they are to come back to the point from which they ed. There are guns that kick!

The Turn of the Wheel.

urthermore, let the story of Haman teach us quickly turns the wheel of fortune. One day, pting the king, Haman was the mightiest man ersia; but the next day, a lackey. So we go and so we come down. You seldom find any twenty years in the same circumstances. Of e who, in political life twenty years ago, were most prominent, how few remain in conspicuity. tical parties make certain men do their hard t, and then, after using them as hacks, turn out on the commons to die. Every four years e is a complete revolution, and about five thou- men who ought certainly to be the next Presi- are shamefully disappointed; while some, who day are obscure and poverty-stricken, will ride the shoulders of the people, and take their at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, quickly the wheel turns! Ballot-boxes are the on which men come down as often as they go. Of those who were long ago successful in the ac- uilation of property, how few have not met reverses! while many of those who then were tened in circumstances now hold the bonds the bank-keys of the nation. Of all fickle gs in the world, fortune is the most fickle. y day she changes her mind, and woe to the who puts any confidence in what she promises oposes! She cheers when you go up, and she as when you come down. Oh, trust not a ent your heart's affections to this changeful l! Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's anionship gather your satisfaction. Then, e sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches verty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, r death, time or eternity, all are yours, and ye Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Misery in Wealth.

ain: this Haman's history shows us that out- possessions and circumstances cannot make a happy. While yet fully vested in authority he chief adviser of the Persian monarch, and thing that equipage and pomp and splendor sidence could do were his, he is an object-les- f wretchedness. There are to-day more aching ws under crowns of royalty than under the ed caps of the houseless. Much of the world's ence and gaiety is only misery in colors. Many man seated in the street at her apple-stand is ier than the great bankers. The mountains orldly honor are covered with perpetual snow. erlane conquered half the world, but could not ue his own fears. Ahab goes to bed, sick, be- e Naboth will not sell him his vineyard. Herod agony because a little child is born down in

Bethlehem. Great Felix trembles because a poor minister will preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. From the time of Louis the Twelfth to Louis the Eighteenth was there a straw-bottomed chair in France that did not set more solidly than the great throne on which the French kings reigned?

Were I called to sketch misery in its worst form, I would not go up the dark alley of the poor, but up the highway over which prancing Bucephali strike the sparks with their hoofs and between statuary and parks of stalking deer. Wretchedness is more bitter when swallowed from gemmed goblets than from earthen pitcher or pewter mug. If there are young people here who are looking for this position and that circumstance, thinking that worldly success will bring peace of the soul, let them shatter the delusion. It is not what we get,

It Is What We Are.

Daniel among the lions is happier than Nebuchadnezzar on his throne. And when life is closing, brilliancy of worldly surroundings will be no solace. Death is blind, and sees no difference between a king and his clown, between the Nazarene and the Athenian, between a bookless hut and a national library. The frivolities of life cannot, with their giddy laugh, echoing from heart to heart, entirely drown the voice of a tremendous conscience which says: "I am immortal. The stars shall die, but I am immortal. One wave of eternity shall drown time in its depths, but I am immortal. The earth shall have a shroud of flame and the heavens flee at the glance of the Lord, but I am immortal. From all the heights and depths of my nature rings down, and rings up, and rings out the word 'immortal.'" A good conscience, and assurance of life eternal through the Lord Jesus Christ are the only securities.

The soul's happiness is too large a craft to sail up the stream of worldly pleasure. As ship-carpenters say, it draws too much water. This earth is a bubble, and it will burst. This life is a vision, and it will soon pass away. Time! It is only a ripple, and it breaketh against the throne of Judgment. Our days! They fly swifter than a shuttle, weaving for us a robe of triumph or a garment of shame. Begin your life with religion and for its greatest trial you will be ready. Every day will be a triumph, and death will be only a King's servant calling you to

A Royal Banquet.

In olden time the man who was to receive the honors of knighthood was required to spend the previous night fully armed, and with shield and lance to walk up and down among the tombs of the dead. Through all the hours of that night his steady step was heard, and, when morning dawned, amid grand parade and the sound of cornets the honors of knighthood were bestowed. Thus it shall be with the good man's soul in the night before heaven. Fully armed with shield and sword and helmet, he shall watch and wait until the darkness fly and the morning break, and amid the sound of celestial harpings the soul shall take the honors of heaven amid the innumerable throng with robes snowy white streaming over seas of sapphire.

Mordecai will only have to wait for his day of triumph. It took all the preceding trials to make a proper background for his after-successes. The scaffold built for him makes all the more imposing and picturesque the horse into whose long white mane he twisted his fingers at the mounting. You want at least two misfortunes, hard as flint, to strike fire. Heavy and long-continued snows in the winter are signs of good crops next summer. So, many have yielded wonderful

Harvests of Benevolence

and energy because they were for a long while snowed under. We must have a good many hard falls before we learn to walk straight. It is on the black anvil of trouble that men hammer out their fortunes. Sorrows take up men on their shoulders and enthrone them. Tonics are nearly always bitter. Men, like fruit-trees, are barren, unless trimmed with sharp knives. They are like wheat—all the better for the flailing. It required the prison darkness and chill to make John Bunyan dream. It took Delaware ice and cold feet at Valley Forge, and the whizz of bullets, to make a Washington. Paul, when he climbed up on the beach of Melita, shivering in his wet clothes, was more of a Christian than when the ship struck the breakers. Prescott, the historian, saw better without his eyes than he could ever have seen with them. Mordecai, despised at the gate, is only predecessor of Mordecai, grandly mounted.

JOSEPH'S RESERVOIR.

AN engineering work in Egypt is about to be commenced on ground which tradition associates with Joseph the son of Jacob. The New York *Herald* publishes a dispatch which states that Mr. Cope Whitehouse sails to-day for Europe on his way to Egypt to consult with other engineers on the practicability of constructing a reservoir in the Egyptian desert. The plans contemplate a reservoir covering 250 square miles, which would serve the double purpose of relieving the pressure on the levees in a time of flood and storing the water for a time of drought. Mr. Whitehouse said in reference to the work: "The great historical interest in this work arises from the fact that the Raiyan Canal, which is to be utilized, is named after the Pharaoh or Shepherd King, who reigned at the time the patriarch Joseph was Prime Minister of Egypt. The King's name was Raiyan. A large number of Arab traditions that have been collected attribute to Joseph the vast engineering works, which still are important factors in the cultivation of lower Egypt."

THE WANING SOCIAL SYSTEM.

THE prediction of a social upheaval is made by an English statesman whose acumen has never been doubted. Referring, in an interview, to the Emperor William's recently held International Conference on the labor question, he declared his belief that such a conference had produced no good results because "the characteristics and aptitudes of each people are so different, as well as the conditions under which they live, that any very deep-seated unanimity of opinion upon labor reform can hardly be looked for. Perhaps, however, one benefit might come in the decrease of the length of working hours. For example, Australia has demonstrated that shortening the hours of labor does not necessarily lessen the amount produced in any case, and whatever may be the final result of the congress, it will be but one step in the march toward the *general socialistic upheaval which I regard as inevitable*. In fifty or a hundred years our descendants will look upon the present organization of society very much as we look upon the feudal system of our ancestors. How these changes will come about no one can tell. There are too many unknown factors in the problem, but changes are about to come and are coming." (Heb. 8:13.)

PROTECTION FOR SLEEPERS.

A DECISION of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts entitles passengers in sleeping-cars in that State to recover damages from the companies if they are robbed in the cars. The Chief-Justice in giving the decision of the court said: "A sleeping-car company holds itself out to protect passengers during the night, when a passenger is powerless, from the nature of things, to protect his property. When property, such as a man may reasonably carry, is stolen, the company is liable for it. Such a rule is required by public policy and by the true interests of both the passenger and the company." This decision appears reasonable, and will probably result in the companies employing watchmen or taking some other precaution to prevent the passengers being robbed on their journey. The passengers will not now be kept awake by anxiety about the safety of their property. So many professing Christians are wrapped in spiritual slumber as they journey through life that it might be supposed that they imagined some similar law protected them; but it is not so. Constant watchfulness is required of all. (Rev. 3:11.)

THE DREADED CONFLICT.

THE tremendous preparations for war which Germany is making, are sketched in an article published by the *Posen Courier*. It says: "On the German side mobilization will be effected in a very short time. In less than seven days a little over 1,400,000 men will be concentrated on the frontier at points fixed by the general staff. The cars are ready, and the coal for the railroads was laid in long ago. Four or five days after the first advance, 800,000 men will form the second line. Finally there will be the landsturm, with about 1,100,000 on the first call. All these troops are thoroughly drilled, and armed with the repeating rifle. The artillery and cavalry have all that is necessary for undertaking a campaign. One can imagine, therefore, what the next war will be. It will be frightful and merciless. Certainly the Franco-German War of 1870 will look like child's play compared with the coming struggle which everybody is talking about, but which nobody but a madman would desire."

SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.

OUR readers will be glad to have the pictures of scenes in the Holy Land, which appear this week on the first page. They are engraved from photographs which Dr. Talmage brought home when he returned from his tour in that hallowed country. A large collection of these photographs is now in the hands of our artist who is making groups of them, which will appear from time to time in these pages, as rapidly as is consistent with the principle of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to give first attention to current events of interest to the religious public.

Light on Bible Topics

will, we trust, be gained from these pictures and the articles accompanying them. Though the Holy Land no longer dazzles the visitor with the magnificence of the Temple; though the splendid ritual of the Levitical Code no longer keeps busy a corps of priests and singers; though no processions of pilgrims are now seen wending their way to Jerusalem to keep the solemn feasts, the land and the dress, manners and customs, of the people have changed so little from those of ancient times as to astonish a visitor from this land of perpetual change and progress. The people are quiet, unenterprising, uninventive, and perform their labor, agricultural, mechanical and domestic, in the most primitive manner. Even after the lapse of so many centuries as separate us from Bible times, the traveller in Palestine sees in the dress and habits and labors of the people, many things which recall the imagery of the Book as well as the rivers, the mountains, and the lakes mentioned by the sacred writers.

The Jaffa Gate

of Jerusalem, which is the subject of the picture in panel No. 1, of the illustration on the first page, is sometimes called the Bethlehem, or Hebron Gate, because, travellers to either of these two places pass out by that portal. It is the only western gate of the city, the other three being the Damascus gate on the north, St. Stephen's gate on the east and Zion gate on the south. There were several other gates in the ancient city, but they are now built up. One of these, called the Golden gate, has a vast slab of marble laid transversely over it, and the Mahomedans hold the belief that Mohammed will sit there at the last great day and judge the nations gathered before it in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The gates of the city are guarded in the day and closed at sunset, to protect the inhabitants from the Bedouin robbers who are the most dreaded enemy of civilized people in those parts, at this day.

The wall, in which the gates are placed, surrounds Jerusalem, and is nearly two and a half miles in length. It is a massive structure, varying in height from twenty-five to fifty feet. Though it would be easily battered down by artillery, it is sufficiently strong to keep out the robbers, above mentioned. It has been the subject of considerable debate, and the question of how far it runs on the line of the ancient wall is still unsettled. It is probable that it does not date farther back than the sixteenth century; but there are massive stones in it, beautifully grooved and bevelled, which evidently have much greater antiquity. The smaller stones, and the rough masonry surrounding them, indicate that the builders of the existing wall used materials from the ancient wall, and some of these old stones may date back as far as Nehemiah, if indeed they were not first prepared and placed in position by Solomon's builders.

The Jaffa gate presents the appearance of the gates in nearly all Oriental cities. It is a place of concourse and of business. As no vehicle is allowed to enter the city, and indeed could not pass over the uneven pavements of its steep streets, which in many places are cut in actual steps, the people are not disturbed as they gather in the street, just within the gate. Mention is made in various parts of the Bible of judges holding court at the gates of the city. (Deut. 16: 18, Joshua 20: 4, Ruth 4: 1, Lamentations 5: 14, Zech. 8: 16, etc.) The reason for this custom was doubtless that the gate was easy of access, and that prominent men and wit-

nesses of the decisions were likely to be found there. At the present day in some Oriental countries, notably in Morocco, justice is still dispensed in the gate. There, too, the law was read, the prophets declared the word of the Lord, and were sure of an audience. It was also apparently a place for conversation, and gossip, as we may infer from David's complaint, "They that sit in the gate speak against me; and I was the song of the drunkards." (Psa. 69: 12.)

The Weeping-Place

depicted in the second panel in the illustration, is a pathetic evidence of the affliction of God's chosen people. In part of the western wall of the city are a large number of the ancient stones previously mentioned, and as it is near the site of the Temple—the holy and beautiful house of which, as Christ predicted, not one stone now remains upon another, it is believed that these stones once formed part of that magnificent structure. Thither the Jewish pilgrims, who go to Jerusalem from all parts of the world, congregate to bewail the desolation of their city. As early as A. D. 340, the privilege was accorded to them of going to this place once a year, on the anniversary of the capture of the city, and weeping there. Large numbers availed themselves of the privilege, and to this day, when they may visit it, at any time, they are to be found there, proving by their lamentations that they still take pleasure in its stones, and its very dust is dear to them.

Dr. Andrew Thompson paid a visit to the place a few years ago. He says: We were without a guide, but following in the steps of an aged Israelite, with a well-worn Hebrew Bible in his hand, we were not long in reaching the spot. Passing by a narrow path, through a dense thicket of prickly pears, we came to the ancient wall, with an open space before it, and with a few wild-flowers growing here and there, between the joints of its enormous stones, which the Jews believe to be taken from the old Temple wall. There they were, leaning against the wall, from eighty to a hundred of them of every age, from the white-bearded octogenarian to the boy of twelve. It was a touching sight. After the lapse of eighteen dreary centuries, Israel's representatives from almost every country in the world, were weeping over her ruined Temple, her ruined city, her people scattered and peeled. On that neighboring Olivet, long ago, One had wept and prophetically said, 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate;' and the words had come ringing down as a funeral knell through all those intervening ages.

"Some of the number were reading aloud out of the Book of Deuteronomy, others in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Often there were low murmurs and sobs; some would approach the wall with their lips as if to embrace it, and as some touching passage was read, the sorrow rose in a prolonged wail to the skies. Their sorrow was real, and their cries, at times, as one that mourneth for an only son." Would that they knew those words in which alone there is hope: "And they also, if they abide not in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again" (Rom. 11: 23).

The Water-Carrier

whose picture occupies panel No. 3, is a familiar figure in the cities of Palestine, especially in Jerusalem, where there are no wells and where the only means of supplementing the sparse supply which is caught from the roofs of the houses, is from reservoirs at a distance from the city. When there is a plentiful supply of water, the carrier fills his bottle with sherbet, which commands a ready sale. The bottle is the most interesting feature of the traffic. It is usually made of the skin of a goat. When the animal is killed, the head and feet are cut off, and the bones, flesh, and intestines are drawn through those apertures by the exercise of great skill and strength. They are then tied or sewn up, and the skin tanned with acacia bark to prevent its imparting an unpleasant flavor to the fluid it is intended to hold. In some cases, as for long journeys in the desert, the skin of an ox is used, and the bottles so

made will hold about sixty gallons each. Reference to these skin-bottles is made by Joshua upon whom the Gibeonites imposed by appearing before him with wine bottles "old and new and bound up" (Joshua 9: 4, 13), which the said were new when they started, but had become old and worn out on their long journey. It is to bottles of this kind that our Lord referred when He said (Matt. 9: 17): "Men do not put new wine into old bottles; else the bottle break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottle perish."

The Tomb of Absalom

stands outside Jerusalem in the valley of Jehoshaphat. It is a square isolated block hewn out of the rocky ground near the Kedron with depression or niche around it. The body of the monument is twenty-four feet square, and is ornamented on each side with two pillars and two pilasters of the Ionic order. Its height is twenty feet. Upon this block rests a low dome terminating in a small spire about forty feet from the ground. The strongest evidence of its association with the rebellious son of David is the length of time that the tradition can be traced. The oldest narratives we have of travels in the Holy Land mention this tomb, and say that it was then popularly understood to be a memorial of Absalom. A singular custom, prevalent to this day, impresses the association on the visitor. The monument is surrounded with loose stones which have been cast at it as an expression of Jewish scorn and antipathy to the young man who dared to usurp the throne of his father. A hole was made centuries ago in the front of the monument, and so many of the stones hurled at it have gone through, that the interior chamber is partially filled up. The Jew still continues to expectorate when he passes the tomb and to throw one stone. The pillars and the carving of the tomb have suffered from this habit. It may be that this is the spot mentioned II Samuel 18: 18, and called there "Absalom's Place," where he raised a marble pillar or memorial to prevent his name being forgotten as he had no son to perpetuate it. Whether that is or is not "Absalom's Place," the name of the rebel prince is not forgotten, and its aspect tells with what sentiments it is remembered.

The Lady's Airing

which forms the subject of the picture in panel No. 5, is a common scene in Palestine, Egypt and other Oriental lands. The lady, mounted on the donkey—a much smaller, sleeker, better groomed animal than with us, is conducted by the servant appointed by her husband for the duty. She would not consider it decorous, no would others consider it right for her to appear on the streets unattended. Her costume, however, is the most striking feature of the picture. Muffled in a thick shawl, not ungracefully arranged to cover the head as well as the shoulder and body; and the lower part of the face concealed by her *Tsayiph*, or veil, which reaches from just below the eyes almost to the feet, she may go abroad without reproach. It is not however, in accordance with Oriental ideas of propriety for a man to appear to notice her as she passes him in the street; when he meets her he is expected to pass as if not conscious of her presence. To lift, or even to touch the veil, would be regarded as a gross and unpardonable outrage, and the complaint of the woman in Solomon's Song: (5: 7) that "the keepers of the walls took away my veil," implies to Oriental ears an insult profoundly painful and humiliating to her.

MR. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

(See Illustration on page 340.)

THE scene of Mr. Stanley's landing at Dover, England, on April 26, was a memorable one. The accompanying illustration is taken from a photograph of it, which an artist in the crowd succeeded in getting. It was a work of difficulty, for the throng of spectators was a very large and eager one. It was also a very various one, composed of representatives of all classes. Mr. Stanley has enthused all ranks, and the people who were anxious to see him were not only scholars and scientific gentlemen, but artisans,

borers, and the usual loafers who manage to e every free show. It was curious to read how en of eminence and scientific reputation, many whom are personally known to Stanley, and shed to be among the first to greet him, were ceremoniously thrust into the background by rger and stronger men who were more ac- stomed to crowds.

Mr. Stanley was accompanied by Dr. Parke, e physician who saved his life in Africa, and Lieut. Stairs, his friend and comrade, and plain Nelson and Mr. Jephson. The steamer ich brought the party was specially hired for purpose by the King of the Belgians, and the in which carried the party from Dover to ndon was a special train provided by the di- ors of the London, Chatham and Dover Rail- id Company. The cheering that broke from crowd when Stanley set his foot on land was fening, and it needed all the efforts of the ge body of police on hand to enable the ex- rer to make his way to the train.

THE LATE MR. W. E. SHIPTON.

(See Portrait on Page 348.)

HE remarkable man who has just passed y in England deserves a more than local ute from the Christian church. He gave his re life to a labor which has placed the whole ld under obligation. Mr. Shipton took up work of the Young Men's Christian Associa- s, when that work was in its infancy, and did h to bring it to its present state of effi- cy. In his own land he nurtured it, and put and energy and systematic force into it, un- grew to its present prodigious influence. howed it to American visitors, explained its ods of work, described the experiments had been tried, and urged them to plant lar Associations in their own cities. He prompt in replying to their letters asking advice, and more than once visited the ed States and Canada to take part in the cils and give the benefit of his experience. an ever more completely found the niche as best adapted to fill. Kindly, genial, mag- , energetic, full of resource and with inex- tible invention of plans for getting hold of g men, interesting them, and leading them rist, Mr. Shipton was a model head of a g Men's Christian Association. He gave e work all his thoughts and energies for -six years, and lived to see it one of the useful of all religious agencies.

s a remarkable fact, and one that shows God uses, what the world calls misfor- , for His purposes, that Mr. Shipton's de- n to this cause originated in early hard- . He was left an orphan early in life, was ated at a public institution for orphans and, aving that place, commenced his worldly r amid London's temptations, with none to him of the evil or lead him to the good. ily he had already given his heart to God as kept from ruin. But he saw many of ung business associates going the down- road, and it was that sight, and his own tion of the dangers of city life for unbel- ed young men, that turned his thoughts direction of the Y. M. C. A.

A PROMISE KEPT.

y of the S. S. Golden Text for June 8. "Ask ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; k and it shall be opened unto you." Luke 11:9. ROUD and happy boy was Harry Trenton he attained the digniy of a bed-room of wn. A room all to himself, in which he keep the treasures dear to a boy's heart, ot have them contemptuously tossed away vants, who called them rubbish.

ter a while," said Mrs. Trenton, "I may picture to hang on your wall, if you want Larry."

ry had some pictures cut out of illustrated s, and sundry alleged pictures circulated ertisements of soap, and cocoa, and other s. These he pinned on his walls, but they became yellow and dirty. He did not ask other for the picture she had spoken of, ed to freshen up his own,

"Mamma, need I say my prayers to-night?" Harry asked, as he kissed his mother one night. "I am so tired, and I can scarcely keep my eyes open, I'm so sleepy."

That clearly was not the time for an explana- tion, or to teach the weary boy the value of prayer. Mrs. Trenton, earnest Christian and devoted mother as she was, had too much tact and sense to venture upon it then. She put down her work, and going up with her boy to his new room, helped him to undress, and sat beside him while he offered up the few simple petitions she had taught him as soon as he was able to remember them.

The next morning Harry's first invasion of his mother's sitting-room revealed a change in its arrangements. On an easel, near her work table, was a handsomely framed picture of a fair-haired boy of about his age, on his knees.

"Oh, mamma, how beautiful!" was the boy's exclamation. "Who is that?"

"Come here, my boy," said the mother. "Let me tell you all about the picture. It is for your bedroom. I promised you a picture some time ago, and I thought you would have asked me for it. You did not. I did not know but you might prefer your own."

Harry thought of the poor shabby little prints on his walls, and looked at this beautiful picture with its wide, gilt frame, and smiled. "I did not know it was like this," he said. "Is it really for me?"

"Certainly, and I want to tell you about it."

"You remember last night, Harry, that you asked me if you *must* say your prayers as you were so tired?"

"Yes, mamma, I was out skating until nearly bed-time, and I did not think it was so late until I heard the sunset gun, and then I ran all the way home. My feet and legs ached so when I came in I felt I should like to lie down and go to sleep right away. I thought it would not matter if I did not say my prayers just for once. But I did say them after all, you know, mamma."

"If my little Harry had wanted something very much that his mamma could give him, would he have said, 'Need I ask mamma for it?'"

"Oh, no, mamma, I should come to you right away and ask for it."

"Or if he had known how nice a picture mamma had for him, would he have kept from reminding her of her promise?"

"Oh, no!" said Harry, very sincerely.

"Well, my boy, your prayers are just that."

"But, mamma, I do not want the things I ask God for, and besides do you think He can hear me all the way up in heaven?"

"Yes, Harry, He does hear you and you do need the things you ask for. Suppose some morning you were told you must go away from home on a voyage to Europe, would you not say, I cannot go now, I shall need ever so many things for the voyage and while I am away. I wish I had known I was going, so that I might have been ready. And suppose you found that your papa had known all along about your going, and when you went to him you found that he had in his study every kind and description of article you would need, would not that be good? Well, prayer is something like that. You do not quite know what you will need when you grow up a big man like papa. You may have to do things you don't understand, and wicked men may try to persuade you to do things that if you did them you would be very miserable, but you cannot know that, and you do not know whether you should do them or not, and you wish you knew someone that could tell you. Now, God knows exactly how you will live and what you will need to make you happy and good and useful, and He can give you those things; and He has promised to give them to you—only he wishes you to ask for them. He says: 'Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' So when you kneel down to pray, you ask Him to deliver you from evil and to bless you. So you see you do really need the things you ask for, though you do not know that you do."

"Yes, mamma, I understand now; but do you

really think that when I say my prayers God hears me?"

"Yes, Harry, I am sure He does, and I will tell you something that will astonish you still more. He once spoke to a little boy like you. He wanted some one to take a message for Him to warn some people of a great trouble that was coming, and He chose a little boy to go for Him. The little boy was afraid at first, but afterward he listened and promised to do it. God often spoke to him afterward when he grew up and became a great judge and a very good man."

"Oh, do tell me all about it, mamma."

Then the mother took up her Bible, and read to him the story of Samuel, and before the picture of the little praying child was carried up to his bed-room, she knelt with her son and entreated God that He would so call him and consecrate him to His service.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Somnambulist Robbed Himself in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. A music teacher, who has recently begun business in State Street, on Thurs- day night awakened his brother, who shares his bed-room. He was moaning pitifully, and when his brother went to him he found him tied and gagged but still asleep. He was awakened with difficulty, but could give no account of his condition. It appeared, however, that he was a sleep-walker, and various indications about the knots which were made in his bonds showed that he must have tied them himself while in his sleep. When he proceeded to dress himself in the morning he found that his pockets had been rifled and every article of value which had been in them was missing. He and his brother made a careful search for them, and the missing articles were found skilfully concealed in the room. He had no recollection of taking them from his pockets and hiding them, but he had evidently done so while unconscious. He would not have been guilty of such folly in his waking moments, though there are other and more deplorable injuries that men inflict on them- selves when they are awake and know what they are doing. God says: "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his soul." (Prov. 8:37.)

A Distressing Death in a Quicksand Took place at Woodside, Long Island, on May 17th. An employee in the New York Post Office was having a house built there, and went down a well that was being dug, to repair the pipe. His son, a boy fourteen years old, was assisting him. The boy went into the house for some tools, and on taking them to the well, was terrified to see his father sinking in the sand at the bottom of the well. He called for help, and soon a number of men came to try to save the struggling man. The sand had by that time a firm grip upon him. He sank rapidly to his waist, and then to his arm-pits. A stout rope was tied around him and an effort made to draw him out; but the man begged them to desist. He said they would pull him in pieces. The rope was then made fast to prevent his sinking lower, and men set to work digging a new hole to undermine him, hoping to draw away the sand. They worked hard, but the man continued to sink, and it was necessary to loosen the rope that was holding him up, as the pain became intolerable. A rubber tube was procured and inserted in his mouth, so that if he sank below the surface before the men could dig down to him, he might obtain air. Gradually he sank out of sight, but still lived. Only the twitching of one of his hands which he had raised above his head showed that he was still alive five hours after the sand caught him. At last that ceased, and the anxious watchers knew that he was dead. The men who were dig- ging reached him about an hour afterward, and recovered his body. There are some men whom sin seems to hold with a similarly fatal grasp. Their habits and associations hold them so firmly in Satan's bonds that no human power can ex- tricate them. Even in that extremity if they can be induced to lay hold on Christ by faith, they may be saved. He is able to "bring them out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set their feet upon a rock." (Psa. 40:2.)

THE PROPHETIC DATES.

By Professor Infree *

Common Prejudice Against the Study of the Dates—The Veiled Words of the Prophets—Daniel Probably Censured—His Effort to Understand the Number of the Years—A Blessing on the Study—A Momentous Calculation—A Focal Date—The Rosetta Stone of Prophecy—How it is Applied—Various Prophetic Epochs—The Millennium of Blessedness.

It is difficult to understand the prejudice felt by Christian people, and even by many students of prophecy, against the efforts made by certain well-meaning men to calculate the time of the end of this dispensation. Intelligent men believing in the personal coming and millennial reign of our Lord, frequently deprecate a statement that He may be expected at such and such a time. They say, His coming will be like a thief in the night, that it will take men by surprise, that it will be at a time when men look not for Him, when they are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. All of this is true; they are Christ's own words; but it should be true only as far as the world is concerned. It should not apply to the Church, and especially not to those members of the church who are looking and waiting for their Lord's glorious appearing. That day should not take such men "unawares." True, numerous predictions in our own and former times, though based on prophecy, have failed of fulfilment. That was to be expected. The subject is necessarily an intricate one, because, if the exact date, were stated in the Bible, there would be an end of watchfulness and of the diligent study of the prophecies, which God clearly enjoins. The prophets

Speak in Veiled Words

and probably were not themselves aware of their meaning, even after "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ, which was in them, did signify." (I Peter 1: 11.) Mistakes, therefore, have been made, and they have discouraged some from searching, and many others from giving attention to the results of the studies of those who do search. This is to be deplored, because the prophets have given statements of dates and measures of time which they must have been led to give for some useful purpose. The Holy Spirit inspired their utterances with the definite purpose of putting men on their guard, and of encouraging a study of the clues given to the mystery. To all who believe in the inspiration of the Word of God the question of the times and dates ought to appeal with irresistible force, for in neglecting the study of any portion of the Word of God they are showing contempt for a message from God, and wilfully depriving themselves of the benefit it was intended to confer.

It is no novel disposition—this of objecting to a definite calculation of the dates. In all ages of the Church, of which we have record, it has been manifested. It is not unlikely that in the time of Daniel himself, there may have been some of his fellow-exiles who disparaged his studies and thought that he might be better employed.

Daniel was President

of that great realm of the Chaldeans (Daniel 6: 2) and his duties were probably no less engrossing than those of our Presidents. We know that his position was extremely difficult and delicate, as he was surrounded by prejudiced and jealous statesmen, who on one occasion would have caused his death if God had not interfered by miracle for his preservation. (Daniel 6: 5-23.) He must have had the most exhausting and perplexing kind of duties. Yet he says: "I, Daniel understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet." (Daniel 9: 2.) It would be quite consistent with Jewish character if his fellow-exiles expostulated with him, and urged him to let those dates and calculations alone, and devote his attentions to the advancement of his people's interests, as his exalted position gave him opportunity. Such expostulations

* From advance sheets of his new work on prophecy which we hope to notice more fully on its publication.

would be dictated by common sense. They are like those we hear now when any man announces that he "understands by books the number of the years." Yet how did God regard this effort to understand? He sent an angel who touched the student, and told him that from the first day that he set his heart to understand, his words were heard (Daniel 10: 12,) and he also said, "I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. I am come to show thee, for thou art greatly beloved." (Daniel 9: 22, 23.) Surely they who, like Daniel, give their mind to this study, will enjoy the favor of God, and their words are entitled to the respectful attention of God's people. And for the encouragement of both, the direct promise is given, "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy." (Rev. 1: 3.)

A Momentous Result

is that which has come from this study. It may not be accurate in all its details, but it deserves attention and there are many extraneous facts which combine to make it a probable solution of the problem. How nearly it concerns every one now living is evident from the fact that, in the opinion of the most learned and careful students of prophecy, the "time of the end" is not many years away; and a variety of calculations focalize in the first years of the next century as the probable date. As we have now entered the last decade of this century, the possibility is one of immediate concern.

The simplicity of the method by which this conclusion is reached renders it comprehensible to the most unlearned reader. It is easily stated in outline, and there are many treatises published which fill in the details. The first question to be settled is obviously the measuring line—the prophetic standard of time. In all the periods mentioned in prophecy the *day* is the unit. Evidently that word, day, as in the Mosaic record of creation, does not mean a day of twenty-four hours, in the sense in which we use the word. What then is the length of the prophetic day? When we find that out, the periods, the times of the Jews, the times of the Gentiles, the times of the desolation, the seventy weeks, etc., may be reckoned. This key-measure is given to us. It is like the Rosetta stone which contained an inscription in three languages, one of which philologists had long ineffectually tried to learn. As they already understood the other two, this Rosetta stone gave them the key which, when they applied it to the hieroglyphs, that had puzzled them so long, made the meaning plain. As it made sense of them they had no doubt as to its accuracy. It is so with

The Rosetta Stone of Prophecy.

This standard is found in Daniel 9: 25, 26. The angel told Daniel that from the date of the going forth of the command to rebuild Jerusalem several prophetic periods would take their starting point. One of these would be the period to elapse before the cutting-off of Messiah the prince; and to identify Him still more clearly, and with a prophetic view of the evangelical doctrine so precious to us in these days, but then indistinctly perceived, the angel said, the cutting-off was "not for Himself." This period was to be seven weeks, and sixty, and two weeks,—sixty-nine weeks in all. There is the key! Does it fit? Sixty nine weeks are 483 days. According to the calculations of the best historical students, the crucifixion took place in the year 38 or 39 of our era. The going forth of the command to rebuild Jerusalem was, as we know, in the year 445 before the commencement of our era. Add those two dates together, and you have the number 483—the very number we were in search of. The angel said 483 days would be the length of that period, and we find that its length was exactly 483 years. Therefore the prophetic day is a year long. That is evidently the key to the measurement of all the other prophetic periods.

Now the study becomes more simple. From the same starting point is the period of twenty-three hundred days (Daniel 8: 13) which were to elapse before the sanctuary ceased to be trodden under foot. Applying our measuring

standard, we find that the period would be about the year 1856. That year saw the close of the Crimean war when the Sultan of Turkey was forced to relax his grip upon the Holy Land and to emancipate the Jews from the restrictions which prevented their access to their holy places. Another period is the twelve hundred and ninety days (or years) mentioned in Daniel 12: 1. As the end of that period was to be marked by the same event as that which terminated the former period of twenty three hundred days, we must conclude that the twelve hundred and ninety days (or years) commenced in about the year 566 of our era. Thus we obtain a new date which furnishes a clue to the beginning and end of other periods. Into these we have no space to enter here, but enough has been said to show the system on which these calculations are made.

One point, however deserves special notice. It refers to the period, mentioned above, of twelve hundred and ninety days. To this period the angel, speaking to Daniel, adds forty-five prophetic days (or years) which he said would end in the period of blessedness. "Blessed are they that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." (Daniel 12: 12.) That time of Blessedness—evident in the Millennium—thus commences forty-five years after the termination of the former period of twelve hundred and ninety days, which, if the calculation previously described is correct, was in 1856; the forty-five years thus brings us to the next century. Blessed indeed will they who see it; come when it may!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon's Wronged Wife.*

As for Josephine, she was always and everywhere the same: affable, gracious, obliging, always seeking peace, sharing none of the severities, the anger, or the petulance of her husband, dissuading him from thoughts of vengeance, anxious to see him kind, generous and inclined to pity. The charm which she exercised on contemporaries has survived, and even when one thinks, whether rightly or wrongly, that she has discovered flaws in her private life, one feels an attraction toward her. Whether alive or dead, good women deserve our love. That great quality, a woman's real ornament, kindness, would make us pardon many faults. Josephine wished to call forth no tears but those of joy and gratitude.

Josephine's Court.

Josephine was never more at her ease than in the society of friends of the royalist regime for with them she felt a harmony of ideas and hopes. She liked their manners, their language and even their prejudices. She was flattered by their respect and devotion, and felt herself habilitated in the eyes of good society by her sympathy with the adherents of the white flag. Thiers has said that she ought rather to have crushed them beneath the weight of her pride, but how could she have done that, when she shared their feelings, their grief, their sufferings, and but for the 9th Thermidor would have died on the guillotine?

By her childish and youthful memories Josephine was a royalist. In her mind all authority other than that of a king was, if not precisely usurpation, at any rate a perilous thing. Gen. Monk seemed to her greater than a Cromwell or even than a Cæsar. A stool would have pleased her better than a throne, because she thought a stool firm and a throne frail. The royalists knew Josephine's character, and they appealed in turn to her vanity, her feelings, her interest, and her imagination. They told her that by persuading her husband to restore the throne she would do a great deed, that she would be the protectress, the guardian angel, the heir of St. Louis; that the throne and the altar would owe her everything, that she would place on her head an undying aureole, a

* From *The Wife of the First Consul*. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated from the French, by Thomas Sergeant Perry. The book is a sympathetic and discriminating biography of Josephine, the beloved, but deeply wronged wife of the Emperor Napoleon. Pp. 357. Price, \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

at Bonaparte would be the greatest of men. Bonaparte lent a ready ear to these persons, but Bonaparte laughed in his sleeve at the simple things who fancied that a man of his character could be contented with the second place.

Her Memorial.

In the modest church of Rueil, on each side the altar, there stand, face to face, two funeral monuments which call forth a host of memories. The one to the right represents a man kneeling, in full dress, but with no royal insignia, and the simple inscription runs thus: "Josephine, Eugene and Hortense, 1825." The statue which is of Carrara marble, is the work of the sculptor Cartellier. In the foundation of the pedestal rests the body of the woman who was Empress of the French and Queen of Italy. Opposite, a group in white marble, work of the sculptor Barre, represents a man and an angel. The woman is kneeling, wears a regal diadem, and she is wrapped in the folds of a long veil. Her attitude is that of prayer, with her hands lowered towards the earth, and her eyes raised towards heaven. On the pedestal is cut this inscription: "To Queen Hortense, her son Napoleon III."

TEACHING TO PRAY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

I. Lesson for June 8; Luke 11: 1-13; Golden Text Luke 11: 9.

Request of the Disciples—Welcome to the Lord—The Model Prayer—Unselfish—The Dearest Name—God First—The Daily Life Subject—We Will Completely Yielded—Mistaken Ideas of the Will of God—His Will in Children's Undulgence—The Day's Supply to be Asked For—The Childlike Confidence—A Prayer Often Ignored—Its Terrible Import to an Unforgiving Man—Power Under Temptation—The Overcoming Strength—Importunity Not Needed with a Father.

THE Gospel of St. Luke, written by a physician (Lk. 4: 14), who was probably well acquainted with natural law, is that which gives the most precious and detailed accounts of the Lord's work of healing, and also that which tells us of about the prayers of our Lord. The evangelist had been, by the redeeming blood of Christ, and by the Spirit of God, brought out of material and visible world, and "into the kingdom of the Son of His love" (Col. 1: 13, R. V.), to witness the power of God and the reality of prayer, and to testify that prayer is infinitely greater than all the powers of this world.

The disciples came to Jesus after one of His lessons of prayer with the request, "Lord, teach us to pray." It was a welcome request. "He said unto them, when ye pray, say,

Our Father."

There can be no real prayer until we know the Lord, and we stand on with God. Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, He gives us the position of sons. A father's interests are bound up with those of his child; we belong to our Father, a heavenly Father, who has not only all His resources, but all heaven's at His command, and who knows what we have need of before we ask Him," and who, if we mistake in our petitions, and ask that which, in His love, He must refuse us, is just as ready to hear the request we make.

Our Father—not my Father. Selfish prayers are like rusty hinges, which creak, and cry, and are difficult to move. The more really we know God as a Father, and are drawn near to Him as children, the dearer all our brethren in Christ become to us, and it becomes a luxury to pray for them, and all the more for Christians who do not understand us, because they are children of our Father.

Hallowed be thy name. As long as we are selfish about our own name, easily pained at what anybody may say of us, hurt when we think we are not appreciated, on the lookout for what they may think to be neglect, eager to hear any word of praise from man—it is clear what name is the dearest to us—we are living still for our own name. Oh, how many lessons has God to teach us before, at last, we become ashamed of ourselves, and the praise becomes insupportable to us, which once we so looked for. It is when

through outward sin we have brought shame on our own name, or when, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost, we have learned to know the plague of our own hearts, and we seek refuge in the blood of Christ, and a hiding-place from ourselves in Him, that our Father's name becomes so inexpressibly precious to us. The outcast has a home, the disgraced one a name, the broken-hearted one a shelter in that name of "Father." Let us hallow it, let us adore that He owns us as His children. But we cannot put on the name of our Father only when we pray; let it be hallowed all the day long, that, whatsoever we do in word, or deed, we may do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, through whom alone we can call God Father.

It is a wonderful check to our impulsive selfish life, that we are taught to pray first for that which concerns God, His name, His kingdom.

God First.

If our own requests pass through this sieve, they leave behind the sediment of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which might cling to them. *Thy kingdom come.* In measure as we come to know God, the desire becomes intensified in our hearts that His reign may increase in the world, souls be saved, and become subject to Him; that His rule of holiness and love shall gain the upper hand, that, in any business in which we are engaged, He shall rule, that in our family life He shall be the One considered above all. But in order that this may be so, there is an imperative need that all in our own hearts and lives should be completely subject to Him.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Many there are who look on God's will as something necessarily unpleasant, hard, and difficult; they speak of the will of God when death or sickness comes, when they meet with poverty or losses, etc., just as though God were always on the watch to make His children suffer. Oh, how little do we know of the real will of God! His will is "good, and acceptable, and perfect." (Rom. 12: 2.) Why should we be afraid of the will of Him who is love itself? We cannot desire for ourselves deeper spiritual blessings than it is God's will to give us, and if we will trust His will, instead of seeking our own, He will bless us in His own perfect way. If, in His service, we will trust His will, although everything may seem dark, and all may appear to be against us and to hinder the work, yet, He who loved immortal souls so much as to give His own Son to die for them, cannot love them less than we do, and what He permits in His work is always in the deepest love.

And give us this day our daily bread. The day's supply of all which it becomes a child to ask of a father, and a father to give a child; and this for spirit, soul, and body. We cannot live to-day on the provisions of yesterday. God wills to give us each day what we need for the day. As we advance, we become little children (Matt. 18: 3), and more dependent every moment, but more confiding every moment, too. He cannot fail to send the supply of strength, or money, or wisdom, for work which He has prepared that we should walk in. We may be sure if the supply ceases, God has something to say to us. We are not dependent, as the world is, on circumstances, on things, or people, we are redeemed from our vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers, by nothing less than the precious blood of Christ (1 Pet. 1: 18); let us maintain our liberty by the faith of the Son of God, and trust calmly for every need.

"And forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." This is a prayer which many honest unconverted people dare not, and do not, pray, but which many dishonest converted people pray, without apprehending its tremendous significance. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (Matt. 7: 2.) If we forgive, and yet intend to treat one whom we forgive with reserve, we are entreating God to deal with us likewise; if we forgive, and intend, when we have the opportunity, to tell others of our brother's fault against us which we have forgiven, we are praying God not to forget, but to mention against us

the sins He has forgiven us. Let us take heed how we pray. The unforgiving spirit of the unmerciful servant brought back on him all the debt which his Lord had forgiven him. (Matt. 18: 23-25.) Oh, how often has backsliding arisen from this cause! It is only as we see what we have been forgiven by the precious blood of Christ, that we can learn to forgive from the heart even those who least deserve it, even as we ourselves have been forgiven. "There is forgiveness with Thee,

That Thou Mayst Be Feared."

(Ps. 130: 4.) One of two things follows forgiveness, either a lightness of heart, glad to be rid of the burden, a selfish joy in being free, or, on the other hand, a deep consciousness of shame, of having wronged God, and of danger for the future, if not kept by Him. The former only leads to renewed misery, from the very fact that pardon came so easily; and the self life being uppermost, it rejoiced in its own deliverance for its own sake. The latter accepts forgiveness with a broken heart, and a deep sense of indebtedness to the precious Redeemer, and makes the occasion of falling and being forgiven an opportunity for laying the whole heart open to God's searching, that He may come in, and by His presence fortify the heart against the possibility of the recurrence of the same sin. In the former case, the forgiveness does not end in a cure; in the latter case, where self seeks nothing, and where the soul loves the holiness of God, He purifies as well as pardons. In Matt. 6: 12, it reads "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." How far have we unpaid debts against us in God's holy account? How much gratitude, how much love, how much service have we owed Him which is left forever unpaid as far as we are concerned? If we, on our part, find others failing in what we believe due to us; if they are ungrateful, if they return our love with coldness, if they betray our trust,—do we wish God's account with us to stand on exactly the same footing as our hearts' account with them? Let us be careful how we pray, or careful how we forgive.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," or, "the evil one." Whence is temptation to sin? "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed" (Jas. 1: 13, 14.) There is also temptation, or, proving, which is a trial of our faith. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." (Jas. 1: 2, 3.) In both kinds of temptation, the evil one is at hand; in both we need deliverance from his power. Temptation to sin can only enter our hearts through our self-life, and it is only as our self-life is conquered by the cross of Jesus, where we see ourselves crucified with Him, brought to naught, and counted out, that we can be delivered.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. This is added in St. Matthew. We begin to pray for His name and His kingdom, we end in strengthening our hearts in faith, by recognizing in Him the king, in Him the power, and in Him the glory. As though yet more fully to set forth

How True a Father

is our God, Jesus spoke a parable. A man goes to a friend at midnight to beg for provisions to help an unexpected visitor. His friend answers, "Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee." And yet, at last, he is persuaded by continued importunity. But not so is our God. "I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." You will never hear from your Father the words, "Trouble me not; the door is now shut." He is a Father, and will not give a stone for bread. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit (or, good things, Matt. 7: 11) to them that ask Him?"

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IS RELIGION WEARING OUT?

WHAT a beautiful thing the religion of Jesus Christ is. Although so long ago it started out on the world, it seems as new to us as though last night it were born in the manger, Religion, instead of wearing out is wearing in, and the world which once rejected it now begins to receive it, and all around the earth is heard the song of hosanna and congratulation. Look at the old Bible, composed under divine inspiration so long ago by the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle. If any other book in all the world had been half as much read as that book, it would have become a worn-out story, and been cast from the regard of men. No other book that the world has ever seen could endure so much reading and study without becoming stale and insipid, and positively disgusting. Yet after the studying of this book by the learned men of all ages, and after you have read it in the morning hour and in the evening hour, for years and scores of years, and heard its truths preached Sabbath after Sabbath, and its passages quoted day after day, not only in religious books but in secular literature, it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though this morning Ezekiel wrote his prophecies; and Luke inscribed the Acts of the Apostles, and Paul penned his Epistle to Timothy. The promises new. The miracles new. The parables new. The historical portions of the Bible new. Nothing that came last week from any of our great publishing houses so full of vivacity and freshness as this same old book. Never were there so many people studying it as there are studying it to-day. Never did it pour so much comfort and light and hope and peace upon the nations as it is pouring to-day. A lantern for every dark path. A lighthouse for every dangerous port. A soft pillow for every dying head. Then look at the mercy seat. Abraham knelt there. Noah knelt there. Daniel knelt there. Isaiah knelt there. John knelt there. Peter knelt there. Paul knelt there. All the redeemed of earth have knelt there. And yet we come now and find it an attractive place. While the angels of God have looked down from age to age upon it, and there has been no cessation to the supplication that has been going up from dungeons,

from ship decks, from Christian homes, from all lands, and from all ages, still it is a fresh and fair and attractive and beautiful mercy seat. So it is with the Lord Jesus Christ. He is an aged Christ. The Bible represents Him as such when it says "His hair is white like snow." And yet how attractive He is to our souls. We greet Him in our homes. We hail Him into our religious assemblages. Honored on earth and praised in heaven. Light for all darkness. Bread for all hunger. Harbor for all storm. Life for all death. Then the whole subject of heaven is old. You have been singing about it all your days, and talking about it, and praying about it, and hearing the subject discussed; and yet, that theme has as much rapture for your soul as when, at your mother's knee, you first heard there was any such place as heaven. Though "a great multitude that no man can number" have been standing around about the throne of God, and hallelujahs have been going up through all the ages, you are yourself anticipating with great rapture of soul, entrance upon that blessed rest; and the story, instead of becoming a worn-out and insipid story, becomes more and more thrilling by so much as you have trials and hardships and persecutions and temptations and sins. You sometimes say, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." Oh, land of light, land of love, land of joy, land of reunion—who can describe it? Fountains that never fail. Trees of life that never wither. Sabbaths that never end. We congratulate you that you have such a fresh religion, and while you possess it yourselves, commend it to all the people. There are those who have not tasted one of its joys, nor wept one of its sorrows, nor felt the inspiration of one of its promises. Let us pray God that the religion of Jesus Christ may be made so glowingly attractive to all the world, that men will step immediately into the kingdom of God, grounding the hostilities of their soul, and receiving Christ as their pardon and peace and life and joy and rapture and heaven.

THE BLESSING TO COME.

WHAT reader of this paper does not know that in all the prayer-meetings throughout this land, in all the churches, the cry has gone up, "Oh, Lord revive Thy work!" It was so in 1837, in 1847, in 1849, in 1850, and in 1855—the Christian Church implored the throne of mercy, and sceptics scoffed and said, "Aha! aha! where is your God now? He never answers prayer." But a great cloud came on the sky and there was a Pentecostal refreshment reaching all over this land in 1857. "But," you say, "even in 1857, in this land, and in 1875, in Great Britain, all the prayers are not answered." Not half of them were answered, not a fourth of them were answered. If they had been, instead of thousands and tens of thousands being brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be millions, and all the people of this land, and of Christendom, and of the whole earth, would march in solid column into the kingdom of Christ. So it seems in this great sunburst of divine blessing, God does not fully answer the prayers of His people. We go farther on and say that there will be a great garner day. Nations will be born into the kingdom of God within twenty-four hours. The submarine telegraph will flash the tidings under

the ocean: "China born unto God, India save Greenland redeemed. The whole earth baptized by God's gracious spirit." And God in that will look over the whole catalogue of prayer. He will call up and count every supplication that has been made on earth since the Garden of Eden was spread out, fair and beautiful. I will look at all the petitions, all the sighs of repentance, all the implorations for mercy, all the cries for the redemption of the kingdoms, and looking over them, He will answer every one of them. We were riding along the road, and saw what they call the sun drawing water—a fair light against the sky, and the farmers all said, "We shall have falling weather." The next day the rain came in torrents. We only anticipated it by the light on the sky. And so it seems to us as if we saw a light on the sky now, a light promising a glorious shower, yea, a deluge of mercy. That is what we want. The world has had one deluge; but that was for its destruction. Now we want another deluge—a deluge of salvation.

CHIROGRAPHY.

THE attempt has been made to reduce handwriting to a science. Many persons have been busy in gathering the signatures of celebrated men and women. A Scotchman, by the name of Watson, paid seventy-five thousand dollars for rare autographs. After we read an interesting book we want to see the author's face at his autograph. But there is almost always a surprise or a disappointment felt, when for the first time we come upon the hand-writing of persons of whom we have heard or read much. We often find that the bold, dashing nature sometimes wields a trembling pen, and that some man, eminent for weakness, has a defiant penmanship that looks as if he wrote with a splitter of thunderbolt. We admit that there are instances in which the character of the man decides the style of his penmanship. Lord Byron's autograph, was as reckless as its author. George Washington's signature was a reflection of his dignity. The hand-writing of Samuel Rogers was as smooth as his own nature. Robespierre's fierce looking autograph seemed to have been written with the dagger of the French Revolution. On the contrary, one hand-writing is often the antipodes of his character. An unreasonable school-master, has often, by false instruction, cramped or ruined the pupil's chirography forever. If people only knew how a brutal pedagogue in the Somerville Academy used to pull the ears of the author of this article, while learning to write, we should not be so often censured for our own miserable scribble. We defy any boy to learn successfully to make "hooks and trammels" in his copy book, or ever after learn to trace a graceful calligraphy if he had "old Taylor" bawling over him. As the memory of that instructor comes over us, our pen shudders along the line, till it will take the best printer in the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to decipher the hieroglyphics. We hope never to meet that man this side of heaven, lest our memory of the long-ago past be too much for our sense of ministerial propriety. There are great varieties of circumstances that influence and decide the autograph. We have no faith in the science of chirography. We could, from a pack of letters in one pigeon-hole, put to route the whole theory.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Prospect of Serious International Complications is opened by the instructions given last week to the commander of the vessel charged with the duty of protecting the seal fisheries in the Bering Sea. He is directed, not only to seize ships found fishing in violation of the claims of the United States, but to dismantle them and confiscate their cargoes. Now, the Canadian fishing fleet has gone to Behring Sea under the impression that the United States have no jurisdiction over the sea, outside of the usual three-mile limit from the shores. Mr. Blaine has practically admitted this fact, and it was understood the negotiations with the English Government were proceeding upon that basis. These objections to the captain of the cruiser are before somewhat of a surprise, and as the Canadian fleet does not know of them, there may be serious resistance and serious complications.

Decision Momentous to Mormonism Was rendered on May 19th by the Supreme Court of the United States. It involves the sum of \$750,000 now held by the Mormon Church, but which forfeited to the United States under the antitrust law. When the law was passed dissolving the corporation of "the Church of Latter-day Saints," annulling its charter, and escheating the property in excess of \$50,000 which would for purposes other than worship or religion, the Mormons brought a suit to test the constitutionality of the law. In the Supreme Court of Utah the decision was against them, but now the highest tribunal in the land confirms the decision. The main plea of the church was that the Church existed by virtue of a compact which constituted a contract between the Church and the Legislative Assembly of Utah, and such an enactment could not be repealed by Congress. The Court holds that Congress has the right to repeal any Territorial enactment, and that, as in this case the enactment had established a religion, it was a fit one to be repealed. Moreover, that, as the funds devoted to escheated were being used to propagate Mormonism in defiance of law, Congress had the right to seize them. Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field and Lamar dissented but they were a minority of the Court.

Serious Difficulty has Developed on the Argument of the Prohibition trouble on the "final package" question. By the recent decision of the Supreme Court no State has the right to prevent intoxicating liquor being sent into its borders, and sold in the original package in defiance of the Prohibition law. A bill has been introduced into the United States giving such power to the States. Now, it is claimed that Congress has no constitutional authority to delegate that power to the States. It was proposed last week to solve the problem by repealing intoxicating liquor from the operation of the Interstate Commerce Act which has caused all the trouble. That proposition was, however, negatived as being unstatesmanlike and illogical. Mr. Edmunds remarked upon it as a very curious and interesting circumstance that the condition of things had been reached, according to the debate and according to the judgment of the Supreme Court, the States had no power to deal with the subject and Congress had no power to deal with it, and that the States could not stop it unless Congress gave that power. It was only necessary to state that proposition to show that some where, there was a fault in the logic of some body. The present situation is so ridiculous and absurd that it must be amended in some way. Perhaps the Senators might get some advice from the Supreme Court.

Value of the Work Being Done in the Education of the neglected races at Hampton Institute, Va., was again demonstrated last week on the twenty-second anniversary of that institution. A class of forty-four was graduated, of whom seventeen were girls and two were Indians. A Sioux young man from Dakota, and an African girl from Nebraska. Both had something to say on the stage, and appeared to be excellent specimens of the good, live Indian.

An interesting feature of the exercises was the appearance of representatives of eight races now among the students. These were the Afro-American, Indian-American, Afro-Cuban, native African, Armenian, Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian. A student of each race, attired in appropriate costume, recited a few words in his native tongue and the translation in English. The valedictorian earnestly urged the colored race to stay in a land of civilization and education as the best solution of the race problem. The exhibits included industrial work done in the fifteen different workshops and on the farm, and proved that both Indians and negroes can work well at all the mechanical trades and in agriculture.

The English Conservative Government is charged with Socialistic tendencies. The charge, too, is brought by a Conservative peer, who must be supposed to know whereof he speaks. Yet the blending of conservatism and socialism is like the mixing of fire and water. This is the charge as it was stated in the House of Lords on May 20th by the Earl of March. He said that the government was given to meddling with affairs that ought to be left to private initiative, like workmen's houses, the payment of wages, and the feeding and education of the poor. It was especially inclined to predatory objects, and fostered projects to abolish leaseholds and deprive landlords of their ground rents. They even proposed to take by compulsion, without compensation, property belonging to city guilds, in order to apply it to what they called industrial schemes. Serious legislative bodies ought to look where Socialism was leading. It was not land alone, but every kind of property that was threatened. Freedom of contract and freedom of private enterprise were assailed. The Earl of March is partly right. That is the present tendency, and it has become necessary in the interest of justice. Men are demanding that property unfairly and unjustly acquired shall be surrendered, and the government is disposed to enforce the demand.

Serious Resentment and Much Irritation has been produced in Russia by the speech which the Emperor of Germany made recently at Königsberg. The Emperor said: "I shall not allow my provinces here in the East to be touched. Those attacking them will find that my strength is as that of a rock." As Russia is the only possible frontier assailant of East Prussia, his words are interpreted in St. Petersburg, as aimed against Russia. The Russian newspapers speak of them as an open and unprovoked threat; and protest against the Emperor being treated as a friend of Russia on his approaching visit. In Berlin, some newspapers deplore, in guarded words, the Emperor's utterances, and Prince Bismarck is reported as saying: "The Emperor is like a young hound that barks at everybody, that smells everything, that touches everything, and that ends by causing complete disorder in the room in which he is, no matter how large it may be." This is scarcely respectful language for the ex-chancellor to use about his sovereign, but Bismarck is noted for plain speaking.

The Old Dispute Between France and England on the financial questions of Egypt has at last been arranged. The French Government has given its approval to the proposed scheme of consolidating the various loans which the present and former Khedive negotiated for public improvements, and, incidentally, for the erection of magnificent palaces. These loans will now become the Egyptian public debt, and the bonds on which high interest has been so long paid will be liquidated, either in money obtained by new bonds, or by shares in the public debt. It is difficult to understand why France has so long resisted a project so clearly beneficial to Egypt. The effect of her resistance was so fully realized in Egypt that the merchants and public men referred to the interest on the loans as "the French tax" and the popularity of France in Egypt suffered in consequence. There is still considerable jealousy on the part of the French against the English occupation of the country,

but as France would not interfere herself when Egypt was suffering under the mal-administration of Arabi Pasha, and would take no part in the English campaign, her present attitude seems unreasonable.

The Project of Federating the British Empire has gained an illustrious supporter, and an influential one, in the Earl of Rosebery. In a speech delivered on May 22d he referred to the Bering Sea troubles, and the encroachments of the French in Newfoundland, as giving prominence to the question of the relation of the different parts of the empire to the foreign policy of the government. Many in Canada and Newfoundland, he said, must feel aggrieved that matters of importance are being treated without special representation of the localities most deeply interested. Under a good scheme of imperial federation that anomaly would be remedied. He wanted to base the empire on the co-operative principle. Each day saw the approach of better, more regular, and permanent relations between the parts of the empire, tending to an ultimate realization of the national unity.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Asheville, N. C., has elected as moderator the Rev. James Park, D. D., of Knoxville, Tenn.

Rev. Egerton R. Young, the famous Canadian Missionary, returns to his labors in the North-west, early next month, after a year spent in enlisting English sympathy and aid in his great work.

The number of ministers trained in Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastor's College, and sent out to labor in the ministry, has now reached 828. Of these 673 are still living and preaching in various parts of the world.

A new International Sunday-school Lesson Committee is to be elected by the International Convention which meets at Pittsburg, Pa., June 24-27. Plans will also be discussed for more complete co-operation in Sunday-school work throughout the world.

The United Societies of Christian Endeavor, of Brooklyn, held their first annual convention in the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, on May 15. Mr. G. C. Stebbins had charge of the musical exercises, and Margaret E. Sangster led in the devotional part.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the earnest and zealous rector of St. George's Church, New York, is laid aside by sickness. His physicians have insisted on his taking an extended period of rest. During his absence, his assistant pastor, Dr. Henry Wilson, will have charge of the church services.

Dr. George F. Pentecost arrived in New York on Thursday, last, from England, to prepare for his campaign in India, on which he enters in the Fall. His services in England and Scotland have been wonderfully blessed, and the Christian public there are not likely soon to forget them.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced work at Joliet, Ill., on May 15. The *News* of that town says that he "had a royal reception on his first appearance. The Central Presbyterian Church was filled from doors to pulpit, and the audience listened with rapt attention to one of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered in the city."

The meetings held by Rev. B. Fay Mills, at Newark, N. J., have led to a general revival of religion in that city. The number of cards sent to the pastors by persons declaring their resolve, in Christ's strength, to lead Christian lives in future, is over three thousand. All the churches in the city have received large accession to their membership.

The American Home Missionary Society holds its sixty-fourth annual meeting on Tuesday, next, at Saratoga, N. Y. Among the clergymen who have promised to attend and take part in the proceedings, are: Revs. S. H. Virgin, D. D., of New York; Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of Philadelphia; and John K. McLean, D. D., of Oakland, Cal.

A girl named Helen Keller, who is blind, deaf, and dumb, was placed in the South Boston Blind Asylum, about two years ago. She showed great intelligence, and made remarkable progress. Six weeks ago she was placed under the charge of Miss Fuller, of the Horace Mann School, and she is now able to speak intelligibly, and uses a vocabulary of three thousand words.

A great revival is going on at the Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, between First and Second Avenues, New York. It is conducted by Rev. H. R. Keates and Mr. James H. Cannon. The altar is thronged nightly, and sinners are converted and believers sanctified at every meeting. The attendance is constantly on the increase, and although the revival is now in its fifth week, there are no signs of waning interest. Next Sunday the revivalists now in charge will be reinforced by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Telford, who are coming on from Mr. Moody's Tabernacle in Chicago, for the purpose of aiding in this grand work.

THE ASCENSION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." *Psa. 68: 18.*

The Previous Dark Descent—The Homeward Journey—Commenced at the Sepulchre—Continued from Olivet—I. His Triumph Manifested—His Work Finished—His Ascension Representative—His People to be Caught Up—II. His People's Foes Defeated—Themselves Delivered—Their Bonds Broken—III. His Ascension Celebrated by Gifts—The Holy Spirit the Chief—Embodied in Men—For Men—IV. Special Gifts for a Special Class—The Rebellious to Receive—V. The Consummation of the Whole Work.

THE hill of Zion had been taken out of the hand of the Jebusites. They had held it long after the rest of the country had been subdued; but David at last had taken it from them. This was the mountain ordained of Jehovah of old to be the place of the Temple. David, therefore, with songs and shouts of rejoicing, brought up the ark from the abode of Obededom to the place where it should remain. That is the literal fact upon which the figure of the text is based. We are at no loss for the spiritual interpretation, for we turn to *Eph. 4: 8*, where, quoting rather the sense of the passage than the exact words, Paul says, "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

The Dark Descent.

Our Saviour descended, when He came to the manger of Bethlehem, a babe; and further descended, when He became "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He descended lower still, when He was "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" and further yet, when His dead body was laid in the grave. Well saith our apostle, "Now that He ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?" Long and dark was the descent; there were no depths of humiliation, temptation, and affliction, which He did not fathom. Seeing He stood in their place and stead, He went as low as justice required that sinners should go who had dared to violate the law of God. The utmost abyss of desertion heard Him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Low in the grave He lay; but He had His face upward, for He could not see corruption.

On the third day He quitted the couch of the dead, and rose to the light of the living. He had commenced His glorious ascent. To prove how real was His resurrection, He stayed on earth some forty days, and showed Himself to many witnesses. Magdalene and James saw Him alone; the eleven beheld Him in their midst; the two on the road conversed with Him; five hundred brethren at once beheld Him. He gave infallible proofs that He was really risen from the dead, and these remain with us unto this day as historic facts. This being settled beyond question, the time came for our Lord to continue His homeward, upward journey, and return unto the glory from which He had come down. From "the mount called Olivet," while His disciples surrounded Him, "He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight." The rest of His upward progress we cannot describe. Imagination and faith step in, and conceive of Him as rising beyond all regions known to us, far above all imaginable height.

How high He ascended after He passed the pearly portal, Paul cannot tell us, save that he says, "He ascended up far above all heavens," and describes Him as "set at God's right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion;" and as "dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." The man Christ Jesus has gone back to the place from whence His Godhead came. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ! Thou art the eternal Son of the Father! Thou sittest ever in the highest heaven, enthroned with all glory, clothed with all power, King of kings and Lord of lords. Unto thy name we humbly present our hallelujahs, both now and for ever,

I. Now, concerning the text itself, which speaks of the ascent of our ever blessed Lord, we shall first speak of

Our Lord's Triumph.

He came here to fight the foes of God and man. It was a tremendous battle, not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickednesses and evil powers. Our Lord fought against sin, and death, and hell, and hate of God, and love of falsehood. He came to earth to be our champion. For you and for me, beloved, He entered the lists, and wrestled till He sweat great drops of blood; yea, "He poured out His soul unto death." When He had ended the struggle, He declared His victory by ascending to the Father's throne.

Now, our Lord's work was done. We are sure that the purpose of His love is secure, or He would not have returned to His rest. I do not believe in an atonement which is admirably wide but fatally ineffectual. I rejoice to hear my Lord say, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." "It is finished" is a description of every item of the divine labor; and, therefore, has He ascended on high. There are no dropped stitches in the robe of Christ. The love that brought our Lord here would have kept Him here, if He had not been absolutely sure that all His work and warfare for our salvation had been accomplished to the full.

Further, as we see here the ending of our Lord's descent and the accomplishment of His work, remember, that His ascent to the Father is representative. Every believer rose with Him, and grasped the inheritance. When He uprose, ascending high, He taught our feet the way. At the last

"His People Shall be Caught Up"

together with the Lord in the air, and so shall they be for ever with the Lord." He has made a stairway for His saints to climb to their felicity, and He has trodden it Himself to assure us that the new and living way is available for us. In His ascension He bore all His people with him. Though you have no other means of getting to glory but faith in Jesus, that way will bring you there without fail. Not only will He not be in glory and leave us behind, but He cannot be so, since we are one with Him; and where He is His people must be.

Let us rejoice in the ascent of Christ as being the ensign of His victory, and the symbol thereof. He has accomplished His work. If thou hadst not led captivity captive, O Christ, thou hadst never ascended on high; and if thou hadst not won gifts of salvation for the sins of men, thou hadst been here still suffering! Thou wouldst never have relinquished thy chosen task if thou hadst not perfected it. Thou art so set on the salvation of men, that for the joy that was set before thee, thou didst endure the cross, despising the shame; and we know that all must have been achieved, or thou wouldst still be working out thy gracious enterprise. The voice of the ascension is—*Consummatum est*: "It is finished."

II. Having led your thoughts that way, I would, secondly, remind you that the Lord's triumphal ascent demonstrated

The Defeat of All Our Foes.

"Thou hadst led captivity captive" is as certain as "Thou hast ascended on high." Brethren, we were captives once—captives to tyrants, who wrought us woe, and would soon have wrought us death. We were captives to sin, captives to Satan, and therefore captives under spiritual death. We were captives under divers lusts and imaginations of our own hearts; captives to error, captives to deceit. But the Lord Jesus Christ has led captivity captive. There is our comfort. Yet, forget not that we were hopeless captives to all these: they were too strong for us, and we could not escape from their cruel bondage.

The Lord Jesus, by His glorious victory here below, has subdued all our adversaries, and in His going up on high He has triumphed over them all, exhibiting them as trophies. The imagery may be illustrated by the triumph of Roman conquerors. They were wont to pass

along the Via Sacra, and climb up to the Capitol, dragging at their chariot-wheels the vanquished princes with their hands bound behind their backs. All those powers which held you tight have been vanquished by Christ. We ever form your spiritual slavery took, you clean delivered from it; for the Lord Christ has made captives those whose captives were. "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

Death also is overcome, and his sting is taken away. Death is no more the king of darkness. Whatever there was or is, which can oppress our soul, and hold it in bondage, the Lord Jesus has subdued and made it captive to Himself.

Remember, again, that the victory of our Lord Christ is the victory of all who are in Him. Looking at the great battle now raging in the world, I gaze with joyful confidence. We are fighting now with Popery, with Mahomedanism, with idolatry in the foulest forms; but the battle is in effect won. We are struggling with the terrible infidelity which has fixed itself a cancer upon the Church of God, and our souls sink as we survey the horrors of this almost continuous war. How often we groan because the battle does not go as we would desire it! Yet there is no reason for dismay. God is in no hurry as we are. He dwells in the leisure of eternity, and is not the prey of fear, as we are, brethren, by those bleeding hands and feet which have secured the struggle. By that side opening down to His heart, we feel that His heart is fighting in our cause. Specially, by His resurrection, and by His climbing to the throne of God, He has made the victory of His truth, the victory of His church, the victory of Himself most certain and certain.

III. Let us notice, thirdly, that our Lord's triumphant ascension was

Celebrated by Gifts.

The custom of bestowing gifts after victory was practised among the Easterns, according to the song of Deborah. Those to whom a triumph was decreed in old Rome, scattered money among the populace. Sometimes it seemed as if every man in the city was made rich by share of the spoils of vanquished princes. Thus our Lord, when He ascended on high, received gifts for men, and scattered largess all around.

What are these great ascension gifts? The answer, that the sum of them is the Holy Spirit. This is the great largess of Christ's ascension, which He bestowed on His church at Pentecost. Beloved, the gifts here spoken of are those brought by the Holy Spirit. "The water that shall give him," said Christ, "shall be in him well of water springing up into everlasting life." He said again, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." We read that He "spoke of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him should receive." "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" To conquer the world for Christ we need nothing but the Holy Spirit, and in the hour of His personal victory He secured us this boon. If the Holy Spirit be but given, we have in Him all the weapons of our holy war.

But observe, according to Paul, these gifts which our Lord gave are embodied in men; the Holy Spirit comes upon men whom He has chosen, and works through them according to His good pleasure. Hence, He gave some apostles, some, evangelists, and some, pastors and teachers. No one may be judged to be given of God to the Church in any of the offices unless as the Spirit dwells upon him. All are given of God upon whom the Holy Spirit rests, whatever their office may be. It is ours to accept with great joy the men who are chosen and anointed to speak in the name of the Lord; be they what they may.

These gifts, given in the form of men, are given for men. Churches do not exist for preachers; but preachers for churches. We have, sometimes, feared that certain brethren thought that the assemblies of believers were formed to provide situations for clerical persons; but, indeed, it is not so. My brethren

church, we who are your pastors, are your
nts for Christ's sake. Our rule is not that
dship, but of love. Every God-sent min-
if he discharges his duty aright, waits
the bride of Christ with loving diligence,
elights greatly to hear the Bridegroom's

I wish that you who talk of my Lord's
nts as if they were rival performers would
thus to profane the gifts of the ascended

The very abilities of those by whom the
builds up His Church are all arranged by
e wisdom, and it should be ours to make
ost we can of them. Comparing and con-
ing the Lord's gifts is unprofitable work.
all God's servants as you are able to profit
em. Hear them prayerfully, not for the
gence of your curiosity, nor for the pleas-
ure of your ear with rhetoric, but that you,
gh the Word of God, may feel His Spirit
ing in our hearts the purpose of His will.

I want the attention of all who are uncon-
d, for I have glorious tidings for them. To
I speak under my fourth head: our Lord's
ph has a very special bearing. "Thou
received

Gifts for Men,"

or angels, not for devils, but for men—
fallen men. I read not that it is said, "for
ps or ministers," but "for men;" and yet,
is a special character mentioned. Does
xt particularly mention "saints," or those
ave not defiled their garments? No, I do
ad of them here. "Yea, for the rebellious

I must pause to brush my tears away.
e are you, ye rebels? Where are those who
lived in rebellion against God all their

Alas! you have been in open revolt
st Him; you have raged against Him in
earts, and spoken against Him with your
es. Some have sinned as drunkards,
s have broken the laws of purity, truth,
ty. Many rebel against the light, violate
ience, and disobey the Word—these also
mong the rebellious. So are the proud, the
ful, the slothful, the profane, the unbeliev-
e unjust. Hear, all of you, these words,
arry them home; and if they do not break
earts with tender gratitude, you are hard
l. "Yea, for the rebellious also."

a description includes those who have re-
against God, though once they professed to
e loyal subjects. Perhaps I am addressing
who have so far backslidden that they
hrown up all religion and have gone back
e world and its sins; these are apostates
the profession which once they made. To
I would give

A Word of Encouragement,

I will turn to the Lord. Once upon a time,
Bunyan was under great temptation from
evil. This trial he records in his *Grace
ding*. He thought that God had given
p, and that he was cast away for ever; and
found hope in this text. I have copied
little bit which refers to it: "I feared also
his was the mark that the Lord did set on
even continual fear and trembling under
avy load of guilt that He had charged upon
or the blood of his brother Abel. Then
wind and twine and shrink under the
n that was upon me, which burden did
o oppress me that I could neither stand,
o, nor lie, either at rest or quiet. Yet that
would sometimes come into my mind,
ath received gifts for the rebellious. Re-
us," thought I, why surely they are such as
were under subjection to their Prince, even
who, after they have sworn subjection to
overnment, have taken up arms against
and this, thought I, is my very condition.
I loved Him, feared Him; served Him; but
am a rebel and I have sold Him. I said, let
go if He will, but yet He has gifts for
s; and then why not for me?"

that I could cause every despairing
to reason in this way! Oh, that the Holy
would put this argument into every trou-
mind at this moment: "And then why not
ef." Come home, dear brother, come home,
ere are gifts for the rebellious; and why

not for you? Would God that all my brothers
and sisters would be cheered by this dear word,
and take it home to themselves with a believing
repentance and a holy hatred of sin! I would
print the words in stars across the brow of
night. "Yea, for the rebellious also."

V. I have done when I have handled the fifth
point, which is this: Our Lord's triumphant
ascension secures

The Consummation of His Whole Work.

What doth it say? "That the Lord God might
dwell among them." When our Lord Christ
came here at the first he was willing enough to
"dwell" among us; but it could not be. "The
word was made flesh and tabernacled among
us," like a Bedouin in his tent, but not as a
dweller at home. He could not "dwell" here on
that occasion. *He was but a visitor, and badly
treated at that.* "There was no room for Him in
the inn," where everybody else was freely wel-
come. "He came unto his own"—surely they
will lodge Him, "but His own received Him not."
There was no room for Him in the temple—
there He had to use the scourge. There was no
room for him in the open streets, for they took
up stones to stone Him. Out of the synagogue
they hurried Him, to cast Him down headlong
from the brow of the hill. "Away with Him!
Away with Him!" was the cry of the ribald
crowd. This dear visitor, who came here all
unarmed, without sword or bow, they treated as
though He had been a spy or an assassin, who
had stolen among them to do them ill. And so
they ran upon Him with a spear, and He, quitting
these inhospitable realms which knew Him not,
took home with him the marks of man's dis-
courtesy. Oh, earth, earth, how couldst thou
drive away the dearest friend, and compel Him
to be a wayfaring man, that tarrieth but for a
night! nay, worse, as a man astonished, who
meets with wounding in the house of his friends?

A Dwelling for God.

After He had risen again, He went home that
from this throne He might direct a work by
which earth should become a place where God
could abide. Again is the temple of God to be
with men and he shall dwell among them. This
promise is partly fulfilled before your own eyes
this day; for the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost,
and He has never returned. Jesus said, "He
shall abide with you for ever." The Holy Dove
has often been greatly grieved, but He has
never spread His wings to depart. This is still
the dispensation of the Spirit. You hardly need
to pray to have the Spirit poured out, for that
has been done. Ever since the ascension, the
Holy Ghost has remained among men, though
He has not been, at all seasons, equally active.
All through the night of Romanism, and the
Schoolmen, he still tarried; there were humble
hearts which rejoiced to be His temples even in
those doleful days. To-day He is still with His
regenerated ones. In spite of impudent striv-
ings against the divine inspiration of His Holy
Scripture, and, notwithstanding the follies of
ecclesiastical amusements, He is with his chosen.

But there cometh a day when this shall be
carried out to the letter. Methinks I hear the
angels say, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye
gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which
is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come
in like manner as ye have seen Him go into
heaven." Now, "in like manner" must mean
in person. In person our Lord was taken up,

In Person He Will Come Again;

and when He cometh, the Lord God will, indeed,
dwell among us. Oh, that the day would come!
We wait and watch for His glorious appearing;
for then will He dwell among men in a perfect
fashion. What happy days shall we have when
Jesus is here! What a millennium His presence
will bring; there can be no such auspicious era
without it, any more than there can be summer
without the sun. *He must come first, and then
will the golden age begin.* The central glory of
that period shall be that the Lord is here.
"The Lord God shall dwell among them."

Even now his angels come and go in heavenly
traffic. Soon the little boat of this globe shall
be drawn nearer to the great ship, and earth

shall lie alongside heaven. Then shall men
praise God day and night in his temple. Heaven
shall find her choristers among the ransomed
from among men. The whole world shall be as
a censer filled with incense for the Lord of
Hosts. All this will be because of those gifts
received and bestowed by our Lord Jesus in the
day when He returned to His glory, leading
captivity captive. O Lord, hasten thy coming!
We are sure that thine abiding presence and
glorious reign will come in due season. Thy
coming down secured thy going up: thy going
up secures thy coming down again. Wherefore,
we bless and magnify thee, O ascended Lord,
with all our hearts, and rise after thee as thou
dost draw us upward from grovelling things.
So be it! Amen.

A SEAMAN'S SIGHT RESTORED.

ONE of the most remarkable cases of Divine
Healing on record is described by Mrs. M. Baxter,
in her magazine, *Thy Healer*. It is confirmed
by men who have seen the man and heard his
story. His name is W. H. Wyatt, and he is mate
of the schooner *Advance*. He was formerly a
very dissipated man. People living in the ports
between which his schooner traded have fre-
quently seen him reeling about the streets in a
state of intoxication. One day he was induced
to visit a sailors' mission, where he was con-
verted. His understanding, his disposition, and
his faith, were most childlike in character. He
was troubled by no doubts, but accepted literally
the promises of the Word. Shortly after his
conversion he suffered from an affection of the
eyes. He had consulted two physicians and one
surgeon and they prescribed for him, but after
a time admitted that they could do no more for
him, and gave him no hope of ever seeing again
with one eye. He was then led to think how
Jesus healed the blind man, making clay and
anointing his eyes; and that Jesus was the same
yesterday, to-day, and forever, and could do the
same for him. He says: "On Sunday I was in
great agony and sent a man down to the dock
for some clay. When he brought it, I spread it
on the cabin table, then knelt down and asked
God to send His blessing upon it. I then ap-
plied the clay; I felt relieved at once, and the
improvement continued, until the next Sunday I
could see with it to pick up a pin, and it is still
going on better and better every day. Jesus
said, Have faith in God."

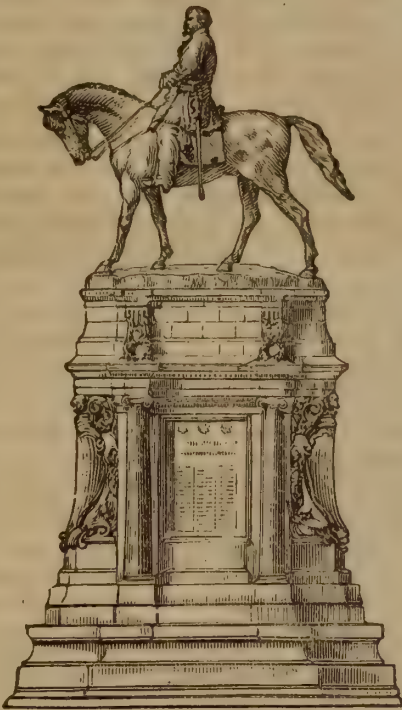
A MISSIONARY'S COSTUME.

At a recent meeting of the Baptist Missionary
Society in London, one of the speakers an-
nounced in the programme was the Rev. J. T.
Turner, the famous Missionary in China, who
has returned to his own country for a brief
period of rest. As Mr. Turner is well known
to the Christian public there, a large number
of persons were attracted to the meeting by the
promise of his presence. They were disap-
pointed however on their arrival at not recog-
nizing him among him among the speakers, on
the platform. All the other speakers on the
programme were present, and with them a
Chinese gentleman; but Mr. Turner could not
be seen. When however, the chairman had in-
troduced several speakers who addressed the
meeting, he called on Mr. Turner. Then the
Chinese gentleman stepped forward, and there
was a roar of applause from the persons nearest
the platform, who recognized in the queer
habiliments and shaven head, with pending
queue the eminent missionary. He said:

"It is in no spirit of mere idle buffoonery that
I venture to appear before you in Chinese cos-
tume, but because I thought that you would like
to have before your minds a vivid picture of
how the men appear for whom you are asked to
pray. We wear this dress; but why do we wear
it? It is not because it is more comfortable or
less expensive, or more handsome than the
English dress, but because we find it a help in
our work. We should find in many places that
it would be simply impossible to stand up and
preach the Gospel quietly in the crowded mar-
ket-places and the busy streets, if we appeared
before the people in English dress. We want



The Statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee.



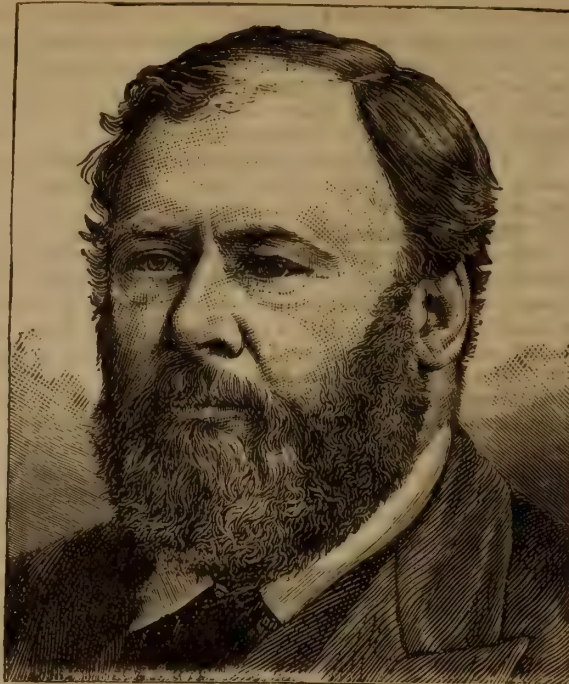
The Statue and Pedestal.

to take the Gospel to all classes, and if we went to a Chinese gentleman's house in English costume, very likely we should not be allowed in at all. The doorkeeper would see us coming with a great crowd of ragged boys and curious people behind us. Before we were able to get inside the doors, he would tell his master that we were coming, and the order would be given to shut the doors and we should be shut out. But when we want to go and see a Chinese gentleman, I send my servant with my card case—the speaker here exhibited, amid much laughter, a portfolio about twelve inches square—and I present my card—exhibiting, amidst much laughter, a strip of pink paper apparently about nine inches wide—the master will say, 'Well, what is he like?' 'Oh, he is quite proper—just the same as us.' 'Well, let him in.' And after the usual shaking of hands and salutations and a cup of tea I can sit down and tell the man for the first time in his life about the Saviour, who loved him and died for his sins. Dear friends, I would wear any dress that would help me to win souls for Jesus Christ."

MR. STANLEY'S FUTURE BRIDE.

(See Portrait.)

THE announcement is made in a cable dispatch that Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was supposed to be an inveterate bachelor, is shortly to be married. The lady to whom he is engaged is Miss Dorothy Tennant, a niece of Sir Charles Tennant, of England. She is a well-known artist, and is about thirty years of age. There has been no difficulty in obtaining her portrait, as the most distinguished artists of the day, Millais and Watts,



The Late Mr. W. E. Shipton. (See page 341.)

have made pictures of her which have been hung in the Royal Academy exhibitions. Her own pictures have also appeared there, the most recent being a painting of a group of street Arabs which was highly praised by the critics. It is stated that the originals of the picture are London outcasts whom Miss Tennant has not only painted but befriended, having them to her mother's house and teaching them every day for some time past. An artist, now residing in Detroit, Mich., was a classmate of Miss Tennant's in England and knew her well. He describes her as a most charming girl, tall and stately, with beautiful, large eyes. Her determination in overcoming the difficulties of her work was remarkable, contrasting forcibly with the light, frivolous manner, in which the other girls in the studio pursued their studies.

One journal which professes to have authoritative information says, that Mr. Stanley made his proposal before setting out on his recent expedition, but the answer he received was not altogether favorable. On his return, however, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is one of Miss Tennant's respected friends, met the explorer and carried him off to her house. On the way she intimated to him that if he renewed his offer he might be more successful. Stanley found Miss Tennant at the house of the baroness and this time succeeded in gaining the beauty's consent. Other versions of the story are given by other journals, but there appears to be no doubt that whatever the preliminaries may have been, Mr. Stanley and Miss Tennant are now engaged.

THE GEN. LEE STATUE.

(See Illustrations.)

AN interesting scene was witnessed at Richmond, Va., on May 7, when the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee arrived at the depot. The various parts of the statue, which were put together this week were then in boxes, but the people knew what those boxes contained and were all alive with enthusiasm. The boxes were loaded on wagon-trucks and covered with bunting and flowers. Long ropes were attached to the trucks, and the old soldiers of the beloved general dragged them from the train to the site on which the statue now stands. One truck was claimed by the widows and daughters of dead soldiers, and they drew it through the streets amid tremendous cheering. Even the orphan children of Gen. Lee's soldiers insisted in taking part, and the boys helped the men and the girls the women, with the load.

The statue, which is to be unveiled to-morrow with appropriate ceremonies, is forty feet high, and weighs eight tons. It is an excellent like-



Mr. H. M. Stanley's Future Bride.



Dr. W. E. Moore, Moderator of the General Assembly.

ness of the famous warrior. It represents him as mounted on his favorite charger, Traveler, which he rode at Gettysburg. The statue stands on a pedestal twenty-one feet high, which has six spurs, on each of which it is proposed to place the statue of some famous Confederate general. Three of them have been already selected. They are "Stonewall" Jackson, J. E. Stuart and A. P. Hill. When the six are completed and placed in position, the group will be one of the most beautiful memorials in the United States.

REV. WILLIAM E. MOORE, D. D.

MODERATOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

THE election, on May 15, of Dr. Moore, of Columbus, O., to the highest office in the gift of his ministerial brethren, was somewhat of a surprise. Though his talents and technical knowledge of denominational business, abundantly fitted him for the discharge of the duties of the office, it was expected that some one whose attitude on the question of revision of the creed was more in harmony with that of the majority would have been chosen. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, who is an advocate of Revision, nominated Dr. Moore, and Dr. Agnew of Philadelphia, who is opposed to revision, seconded it. This support from both sides of the house disarmed all opposition, if there were any, and when Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, moved that Dr. Moore be elected by acclamation it was done without a dissentient voice.

Dr. William E. Moore, has been, since 1884, the clerk of the assembly and has filled that difficult position with great satisfaction to the



Mr. H. M. Stanley's Arrival in England.

church. The last two digests of Assemblies which he prepared, were masterpieces. He is sixty-seven years of age, having been born at Strasburg, Pa., in 1823. He graduated from Yale College, in 1847, and in 1850, became pastor of a church at West Chester, remained there until 1872, when he was called to accept the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Columbus, O. It is generally known that Dr. Moore, besides his laurels in the ministry, has an honorable record. He served during the Gettysburg campaign as a lieutenant of infantry in a cavalry regiment, and was also, throughout, an active member of the Christian Union. He still maintains his military position by holding the office of Chaplain of the 4th Regiment, Ohio National Guard.

WILL IT LIFT.

THE STORY OF A FOG.

by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 334.)

With that dark archway Jared Higginbotham watched and waited. His suspense was increasing. What could the police captain be doing? He must be waiting for him to return. He could see himself in imagination with the captain, driving with the captain in a cab through the London streets; seated in a rail-car beside the Captain, and—worse than all—going through Hilldrop village where everyone knew him, and stood and stared at him, and pointed significantly at the handcuffs. All this flashed through his mind, as he waited and wondered what the captain was doing. Perhaps he was changing his room. Perhaps he had abandoned the gold. He did not care if he hated the sight of it. He wished he had possession of it. It was a burden. It was killing him. It was making him mad. It was killing him. A bright thought struck him, a thought whose very inception induced a long sigh. Why should he not take the thing in and put it where he found it? Where Mr. Allanson's trunk was there yet? He did not know, and whether he could get the trunk he could not tell; but at any rate, he would put it in the corner, and keep a secret, unobserved watch over it until it got into the owner's hands again. Oh, if he could only he could do this; and the man felt as though he could sink upon his knees, there and then, and ask a merciful God to give him such a chance. These thoughts were passing through his mind, when he saw Captain Legard and the land-

lord of the inn talking earnestly together at the door. The dreaded chief-constable was smoking a cigar, and by-and-by Radamanthus laughed evidently at some joke the landlord had uttered. Of course, it was a Rhadamanthean laugh, and was not to be confounded with the cachinnations of irresponsibility. "Well, good-night, old fellow, he heard the officer say "I'm glad I've seen you," "Good-night, my boy, give us a call when you come to town again," was the landlord's cheery reply. Then they shook hands, and Captain Legard, turning in the direction of Oxford Street, was soon out of sight.

And so, after two mortal hours of indescribable mental torture, Jared found that he had been brewing hell-broth for his own drinking, and that Captain Legard's errand to the "Wellington," did not concern him. "Oh, Jared Higginbotham! What a double-dyed fool you are. Aye, and a doubled-dyed villain into the bargain." So said the self-convicted sinner to himself. He bit his lip with self-contempt. Truly, "The wicked fleeeth when no man pursueth."

All that evening Jared Higginbotham had the coffee-room of the "Wellington" all to himself, and it may well be understood that he never spent an evening in more wretched company during the whole term of his mortal life. As he sat thinking, thinking, thinking, the whole course of his years unrolled itself before him, and more and more he saw himself in the colors painted by a convicted conscience, and a mind and heart permitted for once to have full swing, and to say to their owner the honest truth which he had never fairly faced before. "Verily, I have sinned, and done evil in Thy sight."

That was the verdict he was continually passing himself; and the indictments were so many, and the sentence recurred so often, that he grew despondent, desperate, despairing, and seriously thought of suicide; not so much as a means of ending his mental tortures, as of ridding the world of a baleful thing not fit to live.

The one thing that withheld his hand, and threw something of the light of hope into the dark profound into which he was plunged, was the thought that had come to him under the archway of the stables. He would undo, so far as he could, the wrong he had committed.

Rapidly and quietly he would make his way to Hilldrop, and all unobserved, would put back the ill-gotten gold in the place, or near the place he took it from, when the yellow-visaged devil flung his horrible enchantment over him and made him once again a thief.

Having made up his mind to this course of action, he repaired to his chamber in the vain hope that his utter misery might be dulled a little by the intervention of kindly sleep.

But evil deeds are not so soon or so easily undone; moral blunders of that kind are very, very difficult to repair. There is an awful tangle of thorn and briar, a haunt of noxious things, both stings and fangs, for Jared Higginbotham to struggle through before he is out of the wood, the dark wood of horrible enchantments, into which he plunged with reckless rush—if, indeed, he ever gets out, and is not remorselessly buried in that deep "Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk."

For a long time sleep was an utter impossibility. One of those equinoctial storms, which, at that season of the year, often launch themselves suddenly and savagely over those latitudes, burst upon London, and the night was full of gruesome sounds and doleful noises. The storm-giant shook the door and windows, howled down the chimney shrieked through key-hole and cranny; and at last, when Jared sank into troubled sleep, he was startled out of it by horrid dreams, begotten of his distracted mind, and of the strife of wind and storm. Then fear took hold upon him and his chamber and the passages without were peopled with voices, trappings, sighings, groans, all of which, in his dazed and desperate state of mind, had to do with him, and were sent to him, as the whip of angry fate, in punishment for his evil deeds.

Jared, both by nature, early training, and a life-long residence in a rural district, was eminently superstitious, and no words of mine can express the fears and terrors that haunted him through those direful hours. In the dead of night he felt himself compelled to rise from the bed in which he had tossed to and fro, till he was physically exhausted, lighted the candle, and partially dressing himself, sat beside his bed, and taking a Bible from the table sought to distract his thoughts by turning over its pages, and reading here and there such passages as caught his eye.

Small advantage did the Book bring him. This is what he read: "Thou hast set at naught all them that err from Thy statutes. My flesh trembleth for fear of Thee; and I am afraid of Thy judgments. Woe unto the wicked, for it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him. There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death. I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

Such were the dread messages which seemed to be addressed to him. As he read the last passage, it seemed as though the weird sounds he heard were the laughings and mockings of Heaven against his useless plaints. He could read no more. He undressed again and went back to bed. He must have fallen asleep, but was all the time half conscious of his surroundings. The room grew awfully hot and close, he thought. He felt as if he were stifling. His dreams seemed to be realities. It seemed to him that unable to bear the imprisonment of the haunted chamber, and with a sort of feeling that to open his door would be less oppressive, he unlocked it and walked out upon the dark and silent landing towards the window on the stairs, which let in a dim dull gleam from the outer night. There and then he saw a sight which sent him staggering back a pace or two, froze his blood, and all but stopped the beating of his heart. On the lower landing of the broad semi-spiral staircase, over which he had often looked when awake, Jared Higginbotham dreamed that he saw the ghost of Richard Allanson, the man from whose trunk in the guest-chamber of "Hilldrop Inn" he had stolen the box of gold.

There was no mistaking the apparition which the conscience-stricken Jared Higginbotham saw in his dream. Every lineament was clearly revealed, and in every respect was a faithful and lifelike reproduction of the face of the man whom he had so deeply wronged, and for the possession of whose money he had sold himself to a devil whose recompensing tortures were too heavy to bear. The figure was attired in a long white garment which seemed to reach almost to his ankles, but these Jared could not see. On his head was something not much unlike a white turban of ample dimensions. But the most impressive sight that met Jared Higginbotham's widely opened eyes, was a broad red gash across the throat, and the cadaverous pallor which sat upon his face.

As soon as the ghostly eyes were fixed upon Jared, the spectre frowned, lifted one hand to the dreadful wound in his throat, and raised the other towards heaven as if to call down vengeance, or to call heaven to witness how that dreadful gash was given. The night was very dark, but the figure seemed to have on it a sort of phosphoric gleam. The light of a lamp outside cast a flickering ray through the window full on its face. There came a gust of wind which made the window shake and rattle; a wild scream was heard, the dim light that showed the ghost died out; the word "go!" seemed to come from those spectral lips; and, with a groan of terror, Jared started up wide-awake and covered with cold perspiration. He trembled so that the bed shook under him. Whether he had been asleep and dreaming, or whether, indeed, an apparition had visited him, he could not tell. He was afraid to move, but at last he turned around and buried his face in the pillow as if to shut out all possibility of looking again upon that "sight abhorred."

Now, just at this time, when Jared's conscience was wideawake, and Jared's mind was sensitive to all impressions, he was quick to interpret the meaning of the dream, if it was a dream; and it is not surprising that the interpretation troubled him even more than the gruesome sight itself. Of course, he knew that bad as he was, and abominable as his conduct had been, he was not actually guilty of murdering the man whose gold he had stolen. But that red gash had to be accounted for somehow. Conscience-stricken Jared was equal to the occasion, and this was the way he read the message brought to him by the horrible figure.

"Richard Allanson," quoth he, "was not so rich as I had supposed. No doubt the loss of so much money as I stole from him brought him to great poverty. Suddenly within sight of positive want, or unable to face creditors who demanded their due, he was smitten with despondency. This deepened into despair, and he committed suicide. When the ghost lifted one hand to the fatal wound, the other to heaven, and fixed his reproachful eyes on me, it was to call heaven to witness that I was the cause of his untimely death. And so I am, both a thief

and a murderer, and oh, just heaven, that I might die!"

So the miserable man argued to himself as he lay with his head buried in his pillow, and an untold horror in his soul. This is where the tempter has led him! "The way of transgressors is hard." This is the horrible issue of his wicked love for gold. Look upon him, ye who are enamored of the sheen and the chink of minted gold, and learn that in hell there is no more malignant fiend than Mammon, on earth there are no more perilous traps and snares than he of the glittering visage, and the sonorous voice doth set for men who make gold their idol and money their delight.

After a time he ventured to raise his head from the pillow, and sat up, looking ghostly, ghastly, despairing; a pitiful sight, indeed. He has come at last to be fairly face to face with himself—with neither glass nor veil. He sees himself through the merciless crystal of a convicted conscience; sees himself as God sees him; not simply a fool, a wrong-doer, but a sinner, a sinner doubly vile! Since he had read those awful messages from the Book last night; since he had seen the midnight vision in his sleep, he seemed to be almost bereft of reason. I think he would very likely have taken his own life, but for one thing—the desperate hope that he might get the accursed box replaced in corner of the room at "Hilldrop Inn." But how?—when?—he seemed bereft of all strength. If he sought to walk he staggered like a drunken man. The paralysis of perfect condemnation had come upon him, his memory recalled that dreadful figure with the gash in the throat, and in the phosphorescent light which was emitted from it he could see his own hand not only stained with yellow gold, but blood!

There was no more sleep for Jared that night. Toward morning he mustered enough courage to get up and light the gas. Then he went back to bed and tossed about restlessly till daybreak. He rose early, dressed and went out. The room was hateful to him. He must see human faces, hear human voices or he would go crazy. All day long he wandered from place to place, trying to forget his vision. For the great part he did so silently. Once or twice he got into conversation with people he met, but he was so depressed and distraught that they looked at him suspiciously, and turned away from him as if there was something uncanny about him. Jared was hurt by this kind of avoidance, and he fancied he saw it at last in the faces of people he met, but did not speak to. Why, his very face must be betraying him! It would be better to be alone than this. So he went back to the Wellington.

Night found the miserable man again in his room, more miserable than ever, and with new cause for thought. What is it that is agitating him now? Poor Jared! What is he thinking of, as he sits there, in the shadows of the night, just as the two young men are sitting in an equal shadow in the room below? He has had another staggering revelation. Richard Allanson is not dead! or, if he was, he had come to life again. He had seen a large portmanteau in the hall, and on it, "Mr. Richard Allanson." He had ventured a timid question to the porter on the subject. "Yes," was the answer, "Mr. Allanson had come in that day." He saw the visitors' book on the table, and turned to its latest page. Yes, Mr. Gilbert Craske, jun., a familiar name, and Mr. Richard Allanson, boldly written. Can there be two? He can soon settle that. He stopped the chambermaid on her way to his own room. "That Mr. Richard Allanson," said he, "has he been here before, may I ask?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the maid, having in her mind the gentleman first brought there by Jarvie on that foggy November night, "he always stops at the 'Wellington' when he comes to town."

"Then it's he!" said Jared, as he entered his room, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, he heard his voice, bluff and clear, from down below, making some inquiries of the landlord. He heard the very name, followed by the closing of a door. Now Gil Craske was built in all things after the model of his worthy father, and it was

Gil's voice that Jared's conscience had taken for his sire's.

There sits Jared Higginbotham, a poor miserable sinner—a penitent sinner, a sinner with a conscience that is at last sensitive, clear-voiced, a master voice that will be heard. There he sits. There are tears on his cheek, as he whispers "Thank God! thank God!" and then drops his chin on his breast for daring to mention the Divine name. What is he thanking God for? That Mr. Allanson is *not* dead, and that the apparition had played him false? Now, then, what is to be done? The man he has foully robbed is, *he* thinks, at that moment downstairs. He has seen his bag; he has read his name; he has heard his voice. What shall he do?

O, Jared Higginbotham! Now comes the crisis; the final chance for you, body and soul. The gloom gathers; the night deepens. Behold, he prays! He opens his portmanteau—the portmanteau that brought the accursed box from Hilldrop. There it lies with all its wealth of gold untouched. The inn-keeper lifts it from its place, holds it at arm's length in his hand, as though he would thank any one—angel, man, or devil—to rid him of it, passes quickly from his room; descends the stairs with swift determined step.

He has not noticed until now that a fog, thick and heavy, has settled down. He welcomes it as a good, kind friend come down to screen his unhappy face from the scorching blaze of a good man's eye.

"Which is Mr. Allanson's room?" he asks of the porter in the hall. "Number 7," replies that worthy, pointing at the same time to the door. There is one brief pause, a poise as it were, in which Jared Higginbotham's soul is on the balance. "Yes," he whispers, "I'll be rid of it, come what will. God help me!" He knocks at the door, does not, perhaps dares not pause for permission, but opens it and enters! The Rubicon is crossed, thank God!

(To be Continued.)

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SPELL ON A SORCERER.

long since a man named Liu joined a church in China, whose business had it of making fire-crackers for use in worship. The Rev. J. J. Coulson, one of the China inland missionaries, the following account of him: he first went home he met with opposition and persecution. At e he was threatened with legal pro- if he persisted in opposing the re- his forefathers; he went away to a place a few li from home, and earnestly and wept. Almost imme- his prayer was answered, for his accuser was in turn sued by an- an for a sum of money. No less ee of his relations died in turn, ing faithfully warned by him; but e, alas! untouched by the Spirit's and died as they had lived. Upon all opposition ceased. Now the his family, including elder broth- onverted. He did not like to leave ear ago, as they were not strong in, but now they are able to stand in strength, he has left them. At one whole village brought a sorcerer ch him, or to drive out the devil as supposed to possess him. He ing at the time they arrived, and d New Testaments and Commen- whole theological library—were ut before him on the table. When red the room, Mr. Liu went to the and laying his hand upon his, said, ame of Jesus of Nazareth, I com- to leave!" Immediately the sor- rendered speechless and powerless, spirit within being quite subdued. d urged on the sorcerer, beseech- o exorcise Mr. Liu, who then said : ame of the Father, Son, and Holy command you to leave," whereupon fied, as if for life, shouting out, o powerful for me, he is too great. d wanted him to come back, but he ot take me to him, his Saviour is g for me; his prayer is too power- ficacious," so Mr. Liu got the repu- being more powerful than the r the gods."

OF ACOUSTIC CAPACITY.

MACON COCHRAN, a somewhat ec- indefatigable and zealous mis- with the Hudson Bay Company, preparing to build a new church one that had become too small ngregation. In this good work ith determined opposition from s M'Leod. He was a man noted opensity for liquor and his pro- Angus publicly and privately de- t the new church would be too could see no sense or reason in it. ulated with the Archdeacon, and hat he could never make himself t. At the opening service, when g was crowded to the very doors, deacon called out, "is Angus ere?" "Here, your reverence." Angus, stand over there in that orner, to the right of the door. us M'Leod," he continued in sten- es, "if you don't stop your drink- our swearing you'll go to hell. Do that, Angus M'Leod?" When mitted that he could hear, the n sent him to the opposite cor- e he repeated his admonition, and ted beyond doubt that the church means so large that the preacher be heard in it.

A RUINED LAWYER.

lent illustrating the insidious power ve of strong drink gains, is told amilton, the well-known temper- cer. He says: "I knew a lawyer, pected and admired both for his of heart and his intellectual abili- married a lady in every way his d for a time nothing could equal piness. But a shadow fell upon hold. Both husband and wife loved r a time they took it moderately, med to increase their happiness; he servant became master and the slave. Business was neglected, us squandered, and home was al- go to ruin, and soon they were in its. The two held a council as to

how they could raise some money, and it was decided that the wife should go to some of her husband's old business friends, and, pretending he was dead, ask for money to bury him. She went, and at the first call, when the partners of the firm heard that poor K— was dead, they gave a hundred dollars towards the expenses of the funeral. Encouraged by this success, the same trick was practiced again and again with success, until it was detected. Ultimately all sense of decency was gone, and these once brilliant people sunk to the level of the gutter. No one had brighter prospects than that man had, no one had less idea of becoming a drunkard than he had, yet he became one, and every one who trifles with strong drink is running the same risk."

HELP IN A CRISIS.

A STORY of answered prayer is related by Mr. Newberry, who is laboring as a Protestant missionary in Italy. He says, "Some years ago one of our helpers out in a country district was in need of money. He had none for a week, and had often been that way before. So his wife came to me and said, 'We must have money. Why don't God provide for us now in our need?' I said, 'Have you not got Jesus Christ? and with Him you have all things.' She said there were not even any vegetables in the garden, and it looked as if they must starve. I said we should get down on our knees and pray. We had prayer, and while we were on our knees the postman's knock came to the door. Finding no one to take the letter from him, he came up to my room and knocked at the door. He handed me a registered letter, which he could only deliver to myself and receive my signature that I had received it. It contained a remittance from a friend in America who had been blessed at some of our meetings two years ago. So God answered our prayers. If we didn't grumble so much, but praised the Lord for His blessings, He would answer our prayers at the time, and bless us more abundantly than He does."

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There are several of these reprints, differing in minor particulars, but don't be duped. The body of each is a literal copy of the 1847 edition.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

The New York Times says:

"Only those who are ignorant of the great advances that have been made in dictionaries are likely to buy this reprint at any price."

The American Bookseller, of N. Y., says:

"The etymologies are utterly misleading, and naturally so; for when the Webster of 1847 was issued, Comparative Philology was in its cradle. The definitions are imperfect, requiring condensation, re-arrangement and additions. The vocabulary is defective, some of the commonest words of to-day, especially scientific terms, for which a dictionary is most often consulted, being entirely absent. In not one of these three prime requisites of a dictionary is the Webster reprint a trustworthy guide, or, rather, it is a misleading one. * * * This 'reprint' is not intended for intelligent men. It is made expressly to be foisted by all the arts of the book canvasser on those who have been precluded from a knowledge of what developments lexicography has undergone during the last forty-two years. This is the cruellest feature of this money-making enterprise."

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I am weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest,
Jesus loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary night and morning
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright immortal life.

I can wait a little longer,
For His will is very dear;
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the day is near.

Not a moment will He keep me
When the harvest-time is come,
Angel messengers will reap me,
And shall take the harvest home.

Where He is—so hath He taught me—
I shall be when I can bear
All the weight of glory brought me,
By His intercession there.

Welcome then be every dealing,
That is helping to the end;
Though the discipline I'm feeling,
I can hail it as a friend.

—Selected.

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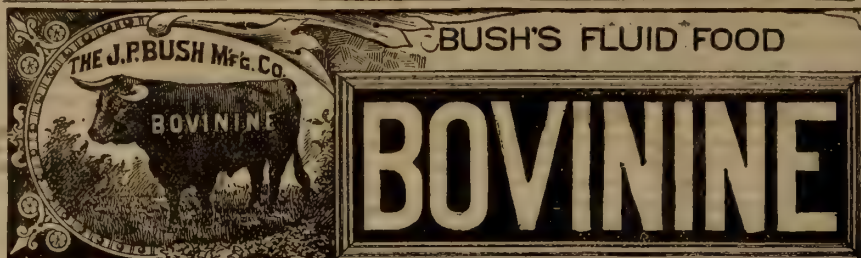
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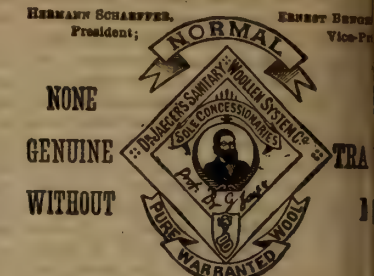
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THE SWORD: ITS MISSION AND ITS DOOM.

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven." Isa. 34:5.

Different Kinds of Swords—The Divine Mission of the Sword—On the Battle-Field of Marathon—The Momentous Issue of Chalons—The Blessed Work of Washington's Sword—The Sheathed Sword—Necessary to Maintain Order—Its Use in the Draft Riots—Its Power in 1849—The Militia Necessary After War Ceases—The Qualities the Sword Develops—The Doom of the Sword—Its Youthful Victims—Its Remorseless Cruelties—To Become the Plowshare—The Two Roses.

THREE hundred and fifty-one times does the Bible speak of that sharp, keen, curved, inexorable weapon, which flashes upon us from the text—the sword. Sometimes the mention is applaudatory and sometimes damnatory, sometimes as drawn, sometimes as sheathed. In the Bible, and in much secular literature, the sword represents all javelins, all muskets, all carbines, all guns, all police clubs, all battle-axes, all weaponry for physical defence or attack. It would be an interesting thing to give the history of the Plough, and follow its furrow all down through the ages, from the first crop in Chaldea to the last crop in Minnesota. It would be interesting to follow the Pen as it has tracked its way on down through the literature of nations, from its first word in the first book to the last word which some author last night wrote as he closed his manuscript. It would be an interesting thing to count the echoes of the Hammer from the first nail driven, down through all the mechanism of centuries to the last stroke in the carpenter's shop yesterday. But in this, my annual sermon as chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, I propose taking up a weapon that has done a work that neither Plow nor Pen nor Hammer ever accomplished. My theme is the Sword—its mission and its doom.

A Difference in Swords.

The sword of the text was bathed in heaven; that is, it was a sword of righteousness, as another sword may be bathed in hell, and the sword of cruelty and wrong. There is a great difference between the sword of Winklereid and the sword of Cataline, between the sword of Leonidas and the sword of Benedict Arnold. In our effort to hasten the end of war, we have hung the sword with abuses and execrations, when it has had a divine mission, and when in many crises of the world's history it has swung for liberty and justice, civilization and righteousness and God. At the very opening of the Bible and on the East side of the Garden of Eden, God placed a flaming sword to defend the tree of life. Of the officer of the law, St. Paul declares: "He beareth not the sword in vain." Through Moses God commanded: "Put every man his sword by his side." David in his prayer, says: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty." One of the old battle shouts of the Old Testament was, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Christ, in a great exigency said, that such a weapon was more important than a coat, for He declared: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Again He declared: "I come not to send peace but a sword." Of Christ's second coming it is said: "Out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword." Thus, sometimes figuratively, but oftener literally, the divine mission of the sword is announced.

The Beneficent Sword.

What more consecrated thing in the world than Joshua's sword, or Caleb's sword, or Gideon's sword, or David's sword, or Washington's sword, or Marion's sword, or Lafayette's sword, or Wellington's sword, or Kosciusko's sword, or Garibaldi's sword, or hundreds of thousands of American swords that have again and again been bathed in heaven. Swords of that kind have been the best friends of the human race. They have slain tyrannies, pried open dungeons, and cleared the way for nations in their march upward. It was better for them to take the sword and be free, than lie under the oppressor's heel and suffer. There is something worse than death, and that is life if it must cringe and crouch before the wrong. Turn over the leaves of the

world's history, and find that there has never been a tyranny stopped or a nation liberated except by the sword. I am not talking to you about the way things ought to be, but about the way they have been. What force drove back the Saracens at Tours, and kept Europe from being overwhelmed by Mohammedanism, and, subsequently, all America given over to Mohammedanism? The sword of Charles Martel and his men. Who can deal enough in infinities to tell what was accomplished for the world's good by the sword of Joan of Arc? In December last, I looked off and saw in the distance the battlefield of Marathon, and I asked myself what was it that, on that most

Tremendous Day in History,

stopped the Persian hosts, representing not only Persia, but Egypt, and Tripoli, and Afghanistan, and Beloochistan, and Armenia; a host that had Asia under foot and proposed to put Europe under foot, and, if successful in that battle, would have submerged by Asiatic barbarism, European civilization, and, as a consequence in after time, American civilization? The swords of Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Aristides. At the waving of these swords, the eleven thousand lancers of Athens on the run, dashed against the one hundred thousand insolent Persians, and trampled them down or pushed them back into the sea. The sword of that day saved the best part of the hemispheres, a trinity of keen steel flashing in the two lights—the light of the setting sun of barbarism, the light of the rising sun of civilization. Hail to these three great swords bathed in heaven!

What put an end to infamous Louis XVI.'s plan of universal conquest by which England would have been made to kneel on the steps of the Tuileries and the Anglo-Saxon race would have been halted and all Europe paralyzed? The sword of Marlborough, at Blenheim. Time came when the Roman war eagles, whose beaks had been punched into the heart of nations must be brought down from their eyries. All other attempts had disgracefully failed, but the Germans, the mightiest nation for brawn and brain, undertook the work, and, under God, succeeded. What drove back the Roman cavalry till the horses, wounded, flung their riders and the last rider perished, and the Hercynian forest became

The Scene of Rome's Humiliation?

The brave sword, the triumphant sword of Arminius. While passing through France last January my nerves tingled with excitement and I rose in the car, the better to see the battlefield of Chalons, the mounds and breastworks still visible, though nearly five hundred years ago they were shovelled up. Here, Attila, the heathen monster, called by himself the "Scourge of God, for the punishment of Christians," his life a massacre of nations, came to ignominious defeat, and he put into one great pile the wooden saddles of his cavalry, and the spoils of the cities and kingdoms he had sacked, and placed on top of this holocaust the women who had accompanied him in his devastating march, ordering that the torch be put to the pile. What power broke that sword, and stayed that red scourge of cruelty that was rolling over Europe? The sword of Theodoric and Actius.

To come down to later ages, all intelligent Englishmen unite with all intelligent Americans in saying that it was the best thing that the American colonies swung off from the government of Great Britain. It would have been the worst absurdity of four thousand years if this continent should have continued in loyalty to a throne on the other side of the sea. No one would propose a Governor-General for the United States as there is a Governor-General for Canada. We have had splendid queens in our American Capitol, but we could hardly be brought to support a queen on the other side of the Atlantic, lovely and good as Victoria is. The only use we have for earls and lords and dukes in this country is, to treat them well when they pass through to their hunting grounds in the Far West, or when their fortunes have failed, reinforce them by wealthy matrimonial alliance. Imagine this nation yet a

part of English possessions! The trouble that mother-country has to-day with Ireland would be a paradisaic condition compared with the trouble she would have with us. England and the United States make excellent neighbors, but the two families are too large to live in the same house. What a god-send that we should have parted, and parted long ago! But I can think of no other way in which we could have possibly achieved American independence. George the Third, the half-crazy king, would not have let us go. Lord North, his prime minister, would not have let us go. General Lord Cornwallis would not have let us go, although after Yorktown he was glad enough to have us let him go. Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth and Trenton, and Valley Forge, were proofs positive that they were not willing to let us go. A committee of Americans going across the ocean to see what could have been done would have found no better accommodations than London Tower. The only way it could have been done by the sword, your great-grandfather's sword. Jefferson's pen could write the Declaration of Independence, but only Washington's sword could have achieved it, and the other sword bathed in heaven.

The Sheathed Sword.

So now the sword has its uses, although it is sheathed sword. There is not an armory in Brooklyn, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Charleston, or New Orleans, or any American city, that could be spared. We have all our American cities a ruffian population which, though they are small in number, compared with the good population, would again and again make rough and stormy times if, back of our mayors and common councils, and police, there were not in the armories and arsenals some keen sword which, if brought into play, would make quick work with mobocracy. There are in every great community unprincipled men who like to row on a large scale, and they heat themselves with sour mash and old rye and other decoctions enriched with blue vitriol, potash, turpentine, sugar of lead, sulphuric acid, logwood, strychnine, night-shade, and other precious ingredients, and take down a whole glass with a sounding "Ah!" of satisfaction. When they get that stuff in them, and the blue vitriol collides with the potash, and the turpentine with the sulphuric acid, the victims are ready for anything but order and decency and good government. Again and again, in our American cities, has the necessity of home guards been demonstrated.

You remember, how, when the soldiers were all away to the war in 1863-64, what confusions were kindled in the streets of New York, and what negroes were hung. Some of you remember the great riots in Philadelphia at first sometimes kindled just for the opportunity of uproar and despoliation. In 1849 a hiss at the theatre would have resulted in New York City demolished had it not been for

The Citizen soldiery.

Because of an insult which the famous American actor Edwin Forrest had received in England from the friends of Mr. Macready, the English actor, when the latter appeared in New York, in Macbeth, the distinguished Englishman was hissed and mobbed, the walls of the city having been placarded with the announcement: "Shall Americans or English live in this city?" Streets were filled with a crowd, insane with passion. The riot act was read, but it only evoked louder yells and heavier volleys of stones, and the whole city was threatened with violence and assassination. But the Seventh Regiment, under General Duryea, marched through Broadway, preceded by mounted troops, and at the command: "Fire! Guard! Fire!" the mob scattered, and New York was saved. What would have become of Chicago, two or three years ago, when the police lay down in the streets, had not the sharp commands of military officers been given. Do not charge such scenes upon American institutions. They are as old as the Ephesian mob that howled for two hours in Paul's time about the theatre, and the ruins of which I stood last January. Try

re witnessed in 1675 in London, when the
ivers paraded the streets and entered build-
s to destroy the machinery of those who, be-
se of their new inventions, could undersell
rest. They were witnessed in 1781 at the
l of Lord George Gordon, when there was a
gious riot. Again, in 1719, when the rabble
d, "Down with the Presbyterians! Down
the meeting-houses!" There always have
n, and always will be, in great communities,
ass of people that cannot govern themselves
which ordinary means cannot govern, and
e are exigencies which nothing but the
rd can meet. Aye, the militia are the very
regiments that it will be safe to disband.

The Sword in Civil Life.

rbitrament will take the place of war be-
n nation and nation, and national armies
disband as a consequence, and the time will
e—God hasten it!—when there will be no
l of an American army or navy, or a Russian
y or navy. But some time after that, cities
have to keep their armories, and arsenals,
well-drilled militia, because until the millen-
day there will be populations with whom
trament will be as impossible as treaty with
vern of hyenas or a jungle of snakes. These
who rob stores and give garroter's hug, and
l about the wharves at midnight, and rattle
dice in gambling-hells, and go armed with
l or dirk, will refrain from disturbance of
public peace just in proportion as they re-
t that the militia of a city, instead of being
skward squad, and in danger of shooting
other by mistake, or losing their own life
ooking down into the gun-barrel to see
s loaded, or getting the ramrod fast in their
leg, are prompt as the sunrise, keen as the
wind, potent as a thunderbolt, and ac-
e, and regular, and disciplined, in their
ements as the planetary system. Well done,
I say to legislatures, and governors, and
rs, and all officials who decide upon larger
ries and better places for drill and more
ore equipment for the militia. The sooner
word can safely go back to the scabbard to
here, the better; but until the hilt clangs
at the case in that final lodgment, let the
l be kept free from rust; sharp all along
dge, and its point like a needle, and the
le polished, not only by the chamois of the
mental servant, but by the hand of brave and
otic officers, always ready to do their full

Such swords are not bathed in impetuous-
r bathed in cruelty, or bathed in oppres-
or bathed in outrage, but bathed in heaven.

The Qualities it Develops.

ore I speak of the doom of the sword, let
so say that it has developed the grandest
es that the world ever saw. It has devel-
courage—that sublime energy of the soul
i defies the universe when it feels itself to
the right. It has developed a self-sacri-
hich repudiates the idea that our life is
more than anything else, when for a prin-
it throws that life away, as much as to say,
not necessary that I live, but it is necessary
ighteousness triumph. There are tens of
ands among the Northern and Southern
ns of our civil war, who are ninety-five
ent larger and mightier in soul, than they
l have been, had they not, during the four
of national agony, turned their back on
and fortune, and at the front sacrificed
r a principle. It was the sword which on
orthern side developed a Grant, a McClellan,
oker, a Hancock, a Sherman, a Sheridan,
dmirals Farragut and Porter and on the
ern side a Lee, a Jackson, a Hill, a Gordon
e Johnstons, Albert Sydney and Joseph E.,
dmiral Semmes, and many Federals and
derates whose graves in national ceme-
are marked "Unknown," yet who were
self-sacrificing and brave as any of their
generals, and whose resting places all up
own the banks of the Androscoggin, the
on, the Potomac, the Mississippi and the
ma, have recently been snowed under with
flowers typical of resurrection, and strewn
ed flowers commemorative of the carnage

through which they passed, and the blue flowers
illustrative of the skies through which they as-
cended.

Its Doom.

But the sword is doomed. There is one word
that needs to be written in every throne-room,
in every war-office, in every navy-yard, in every
national council. That word is Disarmament.
But no government can afford to throw its sword
away until all the great governments have agreed
to do the same. Through the influence of the
recent convention of North and South American
governments at Washington, and through the
Peace Convention to be held next July in London,
and other movements in which prime ministers,
and kings, and queens, and sultans, and czars shall
take part, all civilized nations will come to disarm-
ament and if a few barbarian races decline to quit
war, then all the decent nations will send out a
force of Continental police to wipe out from the
face of the earth the miscreants. But until dis-
armament and consequent arbitration shall be
agreed to by all the great governments, any single
government that dismantles its fortresses, and
spikes its guns, and breaks its sword, would sim-
ply invite its own destruction. Suppose, before
such general agreement, England should throw
away her sword; think you France has forgotten
Waterloo? Suppose before such general agree-
ment Germany should throw away her sword;
how long would Alsace and Lorraine stay as
they are? Suppose the czar of Russia before
any such general agreement should throw away
his sword; all the eagles and vultures and lions
of European power would gather for a piece of
the Russian bear. Suppose the United States
without any such general agreement of disarm-
ament should throw away her sword; it would
not be long before the Narrows of our harbor
would be ablaze with the bunting of foreign
navies coming here to show the folly of the
"Monroe Doctrine."

Its Burden.

Side by side the two movements must go.
Complete armament until all agree to disarm-
ament. At the same command of "Halt!" all
nations halting. At the same command of
"Ground arms!" all muskets thumping. At
the same command of "Break ranks!" all
armies disbanding. That may be nearer than
you think. The standing army is the night-
mare of nations. England wants to get rid
of it, Germany is being eaten up by it,
Russia is almost taxed to death with it. Sup-
pose that the millions of men belonging to the
standing armies of the world and in absolute
idleness, for the most part of their lives, should
become producers, instead of consumers.
Would not the world's prosperities improve,
and the world's morals be better? Or have you
the heathenish idea that war is necessary to
kill off the surplus populations of the earth, and
that without it, the world would be so crowded
there would soon be no reserved seats and even
the standing-room would be exhausted? Ah! I
think we can trust to the pneumonias, and the
consumption, and the levers, and the Russian
gripes to kill the people fast enough. Beside
that, when the world gets too full God will blow
up the whole concern and start another world
and a better one. Beside that, war kills the
people who can least be spared. It

Takes the Pick of the Nations.

Those whom we could easily spare are in the
penitentiary, and their duties detain them in that
limited sphere. No; it is the public-spirited and
the valorous who go out to die. Mostly are they
young men. If they were aged, and had only
five or ten years at the most to live, the sacrifice
would not be so great. But it is those who have
forty or fifty years to live who step into the jaws
of battle. In our war Colonel Ellsworth, fell
while yet a mere lad. Renowned Mc Pherson
was only thirty five. Magnificent Reynolds was
only forty-three. Hundreds of thousands fell
between twenty and thirty years of age. I
looked into the faces of the French, and
German troops as they went out to fight at Sedan,
and they were for the most part armies of
splendid boys. So in all ages war has preferred

to sacrifice the young. Alexander the Great
died at thirty-two. When war slays the young
it not only takes down that which they are, but
that which they might have been.

So we are glad at the Isaiahic prophecy, that
the time is coming when nation shall not lift up
sword against nation. Indeed, both swords
shall go back into the scabbard—the sword
bathed in heaven and the sword bathed in hell.
In a war in Spain a soldier went on a skirmish-
ing expedition and, secluded in a bush, he had
the opportunity of shooting a soldier of the other
army, who had strolled away from his tent. He
took aim and dropped him. Running up to the
fallen-man he took his knapsack for spoil, and
a letter dropped out of it, and it turned out to
be a letter signed by his own father; in other
words, he had shot his brother. If the bro-
therhood of man be a true doctrine, then he
who shoots another man always shoots his own
brother. What a horror is war and

Its Cruelties.

was well illustrated when the Tartars after
sweeping through Russia and Poland, displayed
with pride nine great sacks filled with the right
ears of the fallen, and when a correspondent of
the London *Times*, writing of the wounded after
the battle of Sedan, said: "Every moan that the
human voice can utter rose from that heap of
agony, and the cries of 'water! For the love of
God, water! A doctor! A doctor!' never ceased."
After war has wrought such cruelties, how glad
we will be to have the Old Monster himself die.
Let his dying couch be spread in some dis-
mantled fortress, through which the stormy
winds howl. Give him for a pillow a battered
shield, and let his bed be hard with the rusted
bayonets of the slain. Cover him with the coars-
est blanket that picket ever wore, and let his
only cup be the bleached bone of one of his
war-chargers, and the last taper by his
bedside expire as the midnight blast sighs
into his ear: "The candle of the wicked
shall be put out." To-night against the sky
of the glorious future

I See a Great Blaze.

It is a foundry in blast. The workmen have stirred
the fires until the furnaces are seven times
heated. The last wagon-load of the world's
swords has been hauled into the foundry, and
they are tumbled into the furnace, and they be-
gin to glow and redden and melt, and in hissing
and sparkling liquid they roll on down through
the crevice of rock until they fall into a mold
shaped like the iron foot of a plough. Then the
liquid cools off into a hard metal, and, brought
out on an anvil, it is beaten and pounded and
fashioned, stroke after stroke, until that which
was a weapon to reap harvests of men, becomes
an implement turning the soil for harvests of
corn, the Sword having

Become the Plowshare.

Officers and comrades of the Thirteenth Reg-
iment of State militia: After another year of
pleasant acquaintance I hail you with a saluta-
tion all made up of good wishes and prayers.
Honored with residence in the best city of the
best land under the sun, let us dedicate our-
selves anew to God and country and home! In
the English conflict, called "the War of the
Roses," a white rose was the badge of the House
of York, and the red rose the badge of the
House of Lancaster, and with these two colors
they opposed each other in battle. To enlist
you in the Holy War for all that is good against
all that is wrong, I pin over your heart two
badges, the one suggestive of the blood shed for
our redemption and the other symbolic of a soul
made white and clean, the Rose of Sharon and
the Lily of the Valley. Be these henceforth our
regimental symbols—Rose and Lily, Lily and
Rose!

"The Christian Herald" Binder. — Numerous Appli-
cations have been received from readers of this journal for a case
in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be
placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To
meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and
they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong
cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the
outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted
with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely.
A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United
States, on the receipt of one dollar.

THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG.

(See illustration on first page.)

THE attention of thinking men, the world over, is, in these days, attracted to Germany. The condition of affairs there is being watched with intense interest. The changes which have taken place as the result of Bismarck's fall, the expectation that the balance of political power will be changed now, that the weight of the personality of the chancellor has been taken out of the scale, the strange spectacle of a young Kaiser combining extreme views of the divine right with the doctrines heretofore associated with Socialism—all these unite to make the political and social situation in Germany a study of absorbing interest. We therefore present on the first page a picture of the ceremony of the opening of the new Reichstag by the Emperor—and with it such a sketch of the situation as may help our readers to understand the news they may get in their daily papers from Germany during the next few weeks.

The German Congress

is what the Reichstag practically is, though it differs from our Congress in many important details. The German Empire is a Union of twenty-one monarchical States and three independent republican municipalities. The President of this Union is the King of Prussia, who as such has the title of German Emperor, and is represented in the national legislature, the Reichstag, by the Chancellor of the Empire, who also presides over the deliberations of the Bundesrath, a body composed of special envoys—resident of the several States. From this body emanate the bills which the government introduces in the Reichstag, and the leading spirit in the Bundesrath is the Chancellor, who thus has great opportunities of becoming an autocrat, such as Bismarck was. He knew perfectly well what he wanted, and having carried the Bundesrath with him he proceeded to carry the Reichstag, too. This he sometimes did by an adroit combination of parties, sometimes by a skilful separation of his opponents, sometimes by other secret means; and if all these failed, the Reichstag was dissolved. By no means could it stand against the Chancellor. If it would not yield it must go.

A New Era

is now proclaimed. The young Kaiser announces that he has resolved to end the days of official dictation. He has instructed his new Chancellor, General Caprivi, to state publicly that in future the wishes of the several political parties and their propositions were to be duly considered. Should Emperor William adhere to this programme, Germany will for the first time have a constitutional government, in fact, as well as in name. If this is to be carried out, the Reichstag will essentially differ from its former standing, when, as a matter of fact, it was little more than a debating society whose decisions had no practical power over State policy.

The Reichstag

is composed of 397 members. These serve without salary, and although life in Berlin is expensive, they are strictly forbidden to receive any pecuniary help from the political parties, who would, in many cases, gladly pay for the privilege of being represented by men too poor to pay their own charges in the capital. Some members have been prosecuted by the Government for receiving money from the political clubs. The member of the Reichstag has a free pass on the railroad from his home to Berlin and back, for every session of the Reichstag and no more; that he gets from the Government. Formerly he was elected for three years, with this Reichstag the term is made five years. The elections are by manhood suffrage, and the machinery for casting and counting the votes is equal to our own.

A remarkable feature of the political situation in Germany, is the large number of parties into which the Reichstag and the community that elects it are divided. It is easy to see how this weakens its power and influence. If it were divided, as with us, and in England, two parties, compact and united, its power would soon be

felt; but there are about eighteen parties, each of which has some one or two votes solidly upon that, but breaks up and scatters on other questions. One party group wants Denmark rehabilitated; another wants France to get back her conquered provinces; the Hanoverians wish to secede from under Prussian domination; a turbulent Polish contingent prays for Kosciusko and—the coming of the Messiah; the Roman Catholic party promises to make trouble until the Emperor invites the Pope to share his throne; and the Socialists want a general rearrangement of social conditions. Bismarck could always rely on the support of the Imperial Conservatives and the National Liberals, and it was his custom to purchase, with some concessions, the support of a sufficient number of other groups to give him a working majority. In the Reichstag of 1887, he combined three quasi-conservative groups, which were called the *Cartel*, or coalition party, which became a mere government machine, and earned general unpopularity in the country.

An Influential Party,

not in numbers, but in weight of ability and in the growing confidence of the thinking men of the country, is the *Freisinnige*, or Constitutional party. These are moderate men, set for the strict interpretation of the Constitution, and opposed to bureaucratic government on the one hand and Socialism on the other. This party was Bismarck's abomination, because it exposed the inconsistency of his projects with merciless logic, and showed the motives which prompted them, pointing out which represented the Chancellor's real principles, and which were practically bribes to keep his *cartel* together. This party was always on the watch for any blunder of the Chancellor's, and exulted in any check that he received at home or abroad. In many of its principles—notably the opposition to protection as a fiscal principle—it resembles the Democratic party with us, but necessarily differs from it in many other of its principles. It numbers only sixty-three in the present Reichstag. Its chief leader is Eugene Richter, but his want of tact and his dictatorial manner have alienated some members of the party. These are disposed to follow Dr. Theo. Barth, editor of the *Berlin Nation*, another prominent member of the party.

The Socialists, who polled 1,427,323 votes at the last Reichstag elections—a gain of 664,195 since the elections of 1887—hold thirty-five seats. Prominent among the Socialist Deputies are Paul Singer, a cloak manufacturer, and Ignaz Auer, of Munich, a harness-maker by trade, and a man of nerve and great oratorical power. There are three anti-Semites in the Reichstag. Court-Chaplain Adolph Stoecker is the leader of these, a man whose method for improving the condition of the country is to root out every creed but his own; Max Hugo Libermann, formerly an officer and now doing literary work, and Otto Boeckel, a printer in Marburg, and publisher of the *Reichs-Herald*, the organ of the anti-Semites.

The Opening Ceremony

of this new Reichstag, which is the eighth since the German Empire was proclaimed in 1871, was a scene of great magnificence. Every one felt that it was the first scene of an era momentous to Germany, and through Germany to the whole world. The Fatherland was about to take its place in the van of civilization, and to lead in the new dispensation of recognition of the rights of labor. The Emperor's speech was, therefore, awaited with eager expectation, and all the leaders of society, and of the old system of aristocratic predominance were gathered to hear it. The Empress was present, and the diplomatic gallery was filled with the representatives of foreign powers. When the Emperor and the court entered, there was a general cheer, spontaneous and sincere. As he rose with the paper in his hand, there was a hush of expectation and an impressive silence, which continued throughout its reading, broken only by here and there a shout of applause. In firm, well-separated words he read to an assembly of statesmen, warriors, and diplomats, such a speech as Germans, at

least, have not been brought up to expect from such a quarter. Prussian kings usually have been little more than soldiers. One or two have been dreamy scholars or amateurs in art. Never until now, has a Hohenzollern publicly pledged himself to the service of every-day workers, the plain people of the country, recognizing them as the real basis of national happiness as opposed to the pretensions of any caste or class. Not a syllable of his words was indistinctly uttered, nor was any effort made by him in the direction of oratory.

The Emperor's Speech

was in no way a disappointment. His Majesty said he hoped it would be practicable at the present session to solve the important and pressing questions which would come up for consideration. He wanted, above all things, to effect further legislation for the protection of the workingmen. The strike movements during the past year had suggested an examination of the question whether the laws of the existing State organization adequately took into account those wishes of the workingmen which were justifiable and capable of realization.

The questions claiming the most attention were those of Sunday rest, and the restriction of women's and children's labor. The federal governments were convinced that the proposals of the last Reichstag might, in their essential points, become a law and be carried into practice without detriment to other interests. The legislative provisions for the protection of workingmen against dangers threatening their lives, health and morals, were susceptible of amendment, and were also the laws relative to the issue of labor regulations. The rules concerning workmen's books also required to be supplemented with the object of assuring parental authority in view of the increasing insubordination among youthful workingmen. His Majesty said that bill on this subject would be laid before the Reichstag.

Another bill would be submitted for the better regulation and organization of industrial courts of arbitration so that the courts may be appealed to for the settlement of disputes between employers and the employed.

Anxious for Reforms.

The Emperor continued:—"I trust you are willing to co-operate in order to bring about an agreement between the legislative bodies upon the proposed reforms, and thus take a significant forward step in the peaceful development of the conditions of labor. A just solicitude for the workmen constitutes the most effective means by which to strengthen the resources with which I and my exalted allies are resolved to oppose with unbending determination any attempt to disturb the legal order of things. In effecting these reforms only such measures will come up for consideration as can be carried out without endangering the industry of the Fatherland. Our industry only forms a link in the economic work of the nations competing in the world's markets. I have therefore made a point of going about among the European States where economic position has the same character, for the exchange of views regarding a joint recognition of the legislation required to protect workmen. I most gratefully acknowledge the favorable reception of my suggestions by the States concerned.

"The resolutions adopted by the recent Law Conference in Berlin expressed their common views upon the most important field of work and culture of our time. I do not doubt that the principles laid down in those resolutions will form the seed, under God's help from which will spring up happiness. The workingmen will be blessed by the fruit, which will be harmonious relations between the people."

The affairs of Germany, such as usually form the main topics of imperial and royal speeches, were then summarily dealt with. The brevity with which they were handled, showing by comparison how much more urgent the Emperor deemed the subject of the rights of labor. The full text of his speech, made about eight hundred inches of type in a German newspaper, ten

h relate to the workingman, two to foreign
ions, two to the army, one to the budget,
one only to colonial enterprise in Africa.
metically, one might conclude that all the
ches of his government together do not
t for as much in his estimation as the daily
of the nation's backbone.

EVANGELIST H. R. KEATES.

(See Portrait on Page 364.)

TE wonderful revival now in progress in
teenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church,
York, is attracting general attention through
city. It had a small beginning, but it has
n steadily, and now seems destined to be
a widespread movement. It will, therefore,
rest our readers to see the portrait of the
who has been used of God to start the work,
it is now given on another page of this issue.
H. R. Keates is an Englishman, though he
spent a considerable time in this country.
was born at Wolverton in 1846. He had a
y father and mother, and was early trained
ious ways. But as he grew up he strayed
the paths of frivolity. At one time he was
ngly attracted to the stage, and even made
appearance there on one or two occasions
own to his father and mother. He dis-
ed so much talent that he was offered a
lar engagement with a theatrical company.
contract was duly drawn up and the mana-
signature attached; but Keates would not
until he had taken a night to think of it.
night his mother was praying for him. She
a presentiment that some crisis in his life
impending and she went to his room after
ad retired to rest and spoke to him so
stly that the next morning, when he rose,
rest act was to burn the contract.
was not until 1874, however, that he was
y brought to Christ. Then he began to
with all his heart. First, he labored among
men under him in the railroad office in
h he was employed, and he was blessed in
ng many of them to the Saviour. After-
rd, he became a preacher in the Methodist
ch, and still later he joined the Salvation
r. He remained in that organization five
g, and held a very responsible position in it
gland, and afterward in America. He had
conscientious scruples about some of the
t developments of that movement, and
decided that it was his duty to resign.
t this time he became acquainted with
p Richardson, of the Reformed Episcopal
ch, formerly of Chicago, whom he met in
nd. The Bishop encouraged him in his
: to give himself to the direct work of soul-
g and ordained him to the ministry. At
ad of last year he came to this country.

AN UNSATISFACTORY LIFE.

y of the S. S. Golden Text for June 15: "Take
l, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life
isteth not in the abundance of the things
h he possesseth." (Luke 12: 15.)

a small office, the shelves of which were
with papers, sat Mr. Mendon, the head of
mercantile house whose transactions in-
l millions of dollars annually. He was
writing, as he had been since early in the
ng, with occasional intervals, in which he
udience to heads of departments, to his
; and to various representatives of firms
hom he had business relations.
had written without interruption for near-
hour when a card was brought to him
g the name of the Rev. Frank Davidson.
itated a moment, and was half inclined to
ord that he was too busy to see the call-
finally changed his mind, and told the
o send him in. The visitor was the new
of a church in the street near Mr. Men-
business premises. He briefly explained
id then said that he was raising a sub-
o start in business a woman who had
y been bereaved of her husband, who
en a clerk in Mr. Mendon's employ.
Mendon looked earnestly at the clergy-
hile he was speaking, then glanced over

the subscription list, and wrote a cheque for a
liberal sum. The clergyman thanked him and
was about to leave, when Mr. Mendon said:
"I have been trying to think when and where
I can have met you before. Your features are
familiar, and yet I fail to place you."

The clergyman smiled. "Recall Dr. Arnold's
Latin class," he said, "and the boy who used to
sit next to you there, and you will have it."

Mr. Mendon sprang from his chair, and grasp-
ed the clergyman's hand. "Why, Frank," he
said, "how stupid of me. Of course, I remem-
ber you perfectly, though I have not seen you
for thirty years. And so you went in for theol-
ogy, after all, as you used to say you would, and
you are come to St. Stephen's? Well, it is not
often I see an old school-fellow; you must come
and dine with me. I will let the work go for
this evening."

The clergyman, after some ineffectual resist-
ance, yielded, and the two men were soon on
their way to the merchant's splendid mansion,
outside the city. It was a beautiful home, lux-
uriously furnished. Pictures, books, a lovely
garden, and all that could be purchased with
money to make life enjoyable had been added
to the home. Mr. Davidson strolled through the
house and grounds by the side of the proprietor,
and listened to the stories he told of how he
acquired this and that precious treasure.

"You must be very happy here," he said, as
they entered the dining-room after the survey
"At any rate you have all the means of happi-
ness that money can procure."

"Yes," said Mr. Mendon, "I suppose I ought
to be happy, but I cannot say that I am. I used
to think, when I bought this place and began to
fill it with such things as I liked that after I had
made a certain sum, I would quit business and
settle down to enjoy my life. But I begin to re-
alize that I could not enjoy the quiet and rest.
Work and money-getting have become a second
nature to me."

"That is possible, I suppose," said Mr. David-
son.

"Yes, I am proud of the place, but it does
not content me. When I am here I spend most
of the time in this room and my little office in
the rear. I look over it periodically to see that
it is in order, but it gives me little pleasure."

"Why do you work so hard?"

"The business requires it. It is a splendid
success. You would be surprised to know what
it brings in. It would be a sin to leave it for
some one else to spoil."

"And how about your soul? It is a clergy-
man's question; but let me ask it as your
friend."

"Ah! the answer will not satisfy you; it
does not satisfy me. I have been too busy to
attend to it. I know I ought not to say so. I
have always meant to make that an earnest
matter. At first I put it off, with other things, un-
til I had made a fortune. And then I had so
much else to think of. But I must not put it off
much longer. Now you have come, you will help
me, and I'll come to your church."

"That is very sad. I had great hopes of you
as a boy. I thought you would be a great
preacher or a missionary."

"Ah! I have done better, have I not?"
And Mr. Mendon looked around the room and
out of the window over his grounds.

"In a worldly point of view—yes. But if you
lose your soul you had better have remained
poor. Come, my friend, let us pray together,
now."

"No, it would be of no use. I have not time
to attend to religion, and when I do begin I want
to go on. In a few weeks some important mat-
ter will be closed up, and then I will begin with-
out fail. Come, don't look so serious. I will
make you a definite promise. In a month from
to-day you shall come here and hold me to it,
and put me in the way."

Mr. Davidson had to accept that promise as
the best he could obtain, but before the month
had passed he was called to read the burial ser-
vice over the remains of his friend, and he
knew that there was no hope in his death.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Girl Who Heard with Her Eyes, Astonished
a gentleman who recently paid a visit to the
New York Asylum for Deaf Mutes. As he was
approaching the building he met a bright young
lady, of whom he asked: "Can you direct me to
the asylum?" "Yes," she said, "it is over yon-
der, and as I am going there, I will show you the
way. Have you any children there?" "No," he
replied. "I am going to attend the annual ex-
hibition." They had a pleasant walk through
the grounds, and all the way the young lady and
her companion kept up an interesting conver-
sation. When nearing the main entrance he
asked her how many children were in the insti-
tution, and she replied that there were over three
hundred deaf mutes, and a number of pupils
who were deaf, but could speak as well as any-
body. "I am one of the latter," she added. "I
can speak fairly well, as you perceive, but I have
never heard a sound." "How on earth, then,"
asked her surprised companion, "have you been
able to answer my questions if you did not hear
them?" "Oh!" said she, with a smile at the as-
tonishment of the other. "We hear with our eyes."
The man could scarcely believe it, but it proved
to be true. It is so in spiritual matters. The
poor and the ignorant, and those who have the
least natural advantages, often astonish us by
their quickness to hear and understand the
things of God. (Matt. 11: 25.)

A Bidder at an Auction Sale Was Unjustly
condemned by the whole company recently.
The *Constitution*, of Atlanta, Ga., in reporting
the sale by auction of some household effects,
says, that one of the lots was a pretty pair of
crutches. In the crowd was a poor crippled boy,
and the crutches were just the right length for
him. He was the first to bid on the crutches.
An elderly well-dressed man bid against him.
There were cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" in the
crowd. The boy made another bid, and once
more he was overbid by the same old gentle-
man. The boy bid all he was able, and turned
away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were
knocked down to the elderly man, and to the
great surprise of all he took them to the poor
little boy and made him a present of them.
There probably never was an old man who
was more abused and praised in such a short
space of time as was the purchaser of the
crutches. But he heard none of it, and disap-
peared even before the grateful boy could thank
him. The time will come when many events
which now we speak of as the inscrutable dis-
pensations of Providence, will be seen in a sim-
ilar light. God thwarts our efforts, and brings
to nothing our well meant designs, in order that
He may do better for us than we hoped to do
for ourselves. (Rom. 8: 28.)

A Murderer's Extraordinary Confession Is Re-
ported from Springfield Mo. On May 22d the
sheriff of Stone County placed a man in prison
who said he had committed a murder; that he
and another man had planned to rob and murder
an old school-teacher. The old teacher was
persuaded to go with them to Stone County,
Mo., to look for a location for a little store which
he wanted to establish. When the men reached
Cow Creek, a wild and lonely region on the Mis-
souri border, the victim was persuaded to leave
the main road and take a path leading through
a deep hollow. There the murderer says he ac-
companied him and shot him twice and took his
money and watch. After robbing his victim he
thought of killing himself, but the dying man
begged him to live and try to get forgiveness for
the crime. The most unique part of the confes-
sion is the murtherer's statement that he asked
the dying man to pray for him, and that the
murderer and his victim did actually clasp
hands in that lonely hollow and pray together.
It was Christlike magnanimity and it is not sur-
prising that the murderer feels remorse at kill-
ing such a man. The time is coming when
every man who has rejected Christ who prayed
for His murderers and all who have been un-
faithful to Him after calling themselves Chris-
tians will feel still greater remorse, "seeing that
they crucify the Son of God afresh." (Heb. 6: 6.)

THE NIGHT COMETH.

By W. E. Blackstone.*

The Age of Progress—Not in Godliness—The Night of Infidelity following the Age of Discovery—The World Exposed to Satan's Insidious Attacks—The Antichrist at Hand—Progress in Refinement—Vice and Unbelief Rampant—The Savorless Salt—Only One Soil Productive—The Laodicean Age.

WE hear in these days so much boasting of the advance of science, the discoveries of philosophers, and the achievements of art, that we are not surprised to learn that this age is beyond all others the age of progress. But all the progress made does not prove that there is an increase of Godliness in the world. Many of the acknowledged leaders, to-day, in science and philosophy, yes, even those who rank the very highest among them, are positive infidels.

It is strange, indeed, that the Christian optimists, in their noisy trumpetings of the strides of science, should lose sight of this momentous fact. It is not improbable that all this vaunted progress may usher in

A Period of Unbelief

and wickedness of devilish malignity. It has been so before in the world's history. The power, splendor, and wisdom of David and Solomon were followed by the idolatry and the shedding of innocent blood of the reign of Ahab and Manasseh, resulting in the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the Babylonish captivity. The temple, built by Herod, was one of the grandest works of art. It flashed with splendor, and the temple service was conducted on a magnificent scale. The Jews of his time enjoyed great privileges in literature and learning, and yet they crucified the Lord Jesus.

The world by "wisdom" or philosophy" (Col. 2:8), or "science falsely so called" (1 Tim. 6:20) can never find out God. Indeed, we have a clear evidence of this, in the rationalism, infidelity, and atheism of our day. No matter how refined and polished is their garb or the delicacy with which they may be set forth, still they are only the poisonous deceptions of Him, who can appear as "an angel of light" (2 Cor. 11:14). The truth is, that Satan is the arch enemy of God, and the world, in this present evil age (Gal. 1:4) is in his power (John 5:19) so that he begets the people of God with his "wiles," and arrays against them "principalities . . . powers . . ." and the rulers of the darkness of this world." (Eph. 6:11-13.)

Darkness Coming.

Surely, then, this wicked world, which is so radically opposed to God, and under the present control of His arch enemy, is not growing better. On the contrary, judgment, fire and perdition are before it. (2 Pet. 2:2-6; Jude 7; Mark 9:43-48, etc., etc.) Perilous times are coming (1 Tim. 4:1, etc. 2 Tim. 3:1, etc.). "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." The tares, which naturally grow much faster than the wheat, shall continue up to the harvest. (Matt. 13:40.) "The mystery of iniquity," which already worked in the days of the apostles, shall culminate in "the man of sin" the personal Antichrist, whom even the mass of the Jews will receive (John 5:43; Isa. 28:15-22), and who will be so great and rule with such universal authority, that he is to be destroyed only by the personal appearing of the Lord Himself. (2 Thess. 2:8.)

There is no hope then, for the world but in the coming of Christ the King. And praised be God for the promises. The Lord will come at the end of this age. Antichrist will be destroyed (2 Thess. 2:8; Rev. 19:20). All things that offend shall be gathered out (Matt. 13:41-43) and the Millennial Kingdom of righteousness shall be established on the earth.

But it is insisted that the world has made Progress in Civilization and refinement, in benevolence, in personal liberty, international fraternity, Christian work, etc. In proof of this, the abrogation of slavery is often cited—also the cessation of the inquisi-

tion and martyrdom—the establishment of charitable institutions, the great postal and commercial means of communication, built upon the agencies of steam and lightning—the right of trial by jury, international arbitration, missionary triumphs, etc. But we answer that civilization and refinement are not the source of holiness. They may elevate the head while the heart is untouched. The gilded palace of sin is as certainly the gateway to hell, as the darkest den of vice. The cultured and scientific atheist is as surely in the service of Satan, as the thief or the murderer. Jesus Himself classed them all together when He said "he that is not with me is against me." (Matt. 12:30.) So it matters not how much more like an angel of light the serpent may appear, nor how civilized and refined the world may be. Satan is the devil still. And the world is still the world.

His ways and methods may change, but

The Spirit of Darkness

is the same. And accordingly, we see that while slavery is disappearing—Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism, are lifting their godless, headless forms. And darker are their forebodings than were even the days of the inquisition and martyrdom. Oppressing monopolies, systematic speculation and fraud are parallel with charitable institutions. The mails, so useful for news and correspondence, afford a most convenient agency for disseminating the flood of obscene literature which is blasting the morals of the young. Trial by jury has too often proved a mere farce, in which the criminal escapes. The nation which opened the way for the missionary, also forced upon the teeming millions of China the awful curse of opium.

It is also argued that, as Christians are the light of the world, and the salt of the earth (Matt. 5:13, 16; Phil. 2:15), the greatly increased number of professed Christians must certainly have augmented the light and the salt, and consequently have made the world better. But let us notice carefully that Jesus speaks of the salt losing its saltiness and becoming good for nothing, and He also intimates that the light may be hid under a bushel. And therefore He exhorts. "Have salt in yourselves." (Mark 9:50.) Evidently the Jews lost their "savor," (Matt. 5:13) and "were broken off." (Rom. 11:20.) This leads to the solemn query—is the professing Church progressing or declining in faith and spiritual life?

The Kingdom in Mystery

(Matt. 13:10, 11), or the state of Christendom until Christ comes again, is taught us, we believe, by the parables of Matt. 13. "The parable of the sower shows the varied and imperfect reception of the Word. The parable of the tares shows the early and continued effect of Satan's presence among the saints. The parable of the mustard-seed shows outward growth sheltering evil. The parable of the leaven shows the gradual and utter corruption of the truth. The parable of the treasure hid in a field shows what Israel is to be in the world. The parable of the pearl of great price shows what the Church is to Christ. And the parable of the drag-net shows the cleansing of the kingdom at His Second Coming."

There is, perhaps, but little opposition to this interpretation of the parables, excepting that of the leaven, which has been extensively interpreted to teach exactly the opposite, viz., that the power and influence of the Gospel or Christian life is to permeate the masses of the world, until the whole is leavened into holiness. The inconsistency of this is seen when we consider that precisely the contrary is taught by the parable of the sower and the tares, each of which most undisputably show that evil is to continue and grow up to the end of the age. This is surely the most sufficient and scriptural reason for assigning the same typical meaning to the leaven, in this and the correlative passage (Luke 13:21), which we find it to bear in the numerous other passages, where the same word is used, viz., the corrupting influence of evil and the symbol of death.

Here then we are most emphatically taught not

only that the world is growing no better, but that the professing Church itself, will lose its saltiness, becoming nominal and lukewarm whose end is graphically depicted. (Rev. 3:16) The entire teaching of the Word of God, we believe, agrees with this.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Blood Bought Ivory.*

EVERY tusk, piece and scrap [of ivory] in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard game the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste this late year of the nineteenth century, signified as it has been by so much advance; the populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed.

Starvation Camp.

After informing the unfortunate cripples our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and seek relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I counted the fifty-two men, eighty-one loads and ten canoes in charge of Captain Nelson, bade him be of good cheer, and, hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks, and hemmed in narrowly by the dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of six hundred feet, and presented the never-ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the two cataracts which ever rivalled each other in thunder. The imagination shudders at the helpless position of those crippled men.

And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, tramp on and on, whither, we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible canon.

Stanley's Donkey Eaten.

Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through the endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but a spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of him.

Help at Last.

We descended the slope of the clearing to the little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen issuing lines of men and women to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left, and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and beans. The well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears; and our hands were soon clasped by lusty, huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from

* From his work entitled *Jesus is Coming*. Pp. 156; price 30 cents; published by F. H. Revell, 148 Madison street, Chicago.

* From Mr. H. M. Stanley's article on the Emin Pasha relief expedition in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, which contains also articles on "City Houses," "The Rights of the Citizen," "Amateur Field Athletics," three chapters of Harold Frederic's serial story and other interesting matter. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

nyema, though their no less stout slaves, arm-with percussion muskets and carbines, echo-heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions.

We were conducted up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, by troops of men and youngsters, who were irrepressibly licentious in their joy at the new arrivals and the promise of a holiday. On arrival at the village we were invited to take our seats in the shady verandas, where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. The caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters, which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God uttered by them for our marvellous escapes from the terrible loneliness that stretched from their settlement to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of miles—praises in which, in our inmost hearts, one of our sorely tried caravans most readily joined.

THE RICH FOOL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for June 15, Luke 12: 13-21; Golden Text, Luke 12: 15.

Life the Leaven of the Pharisees—A Secretive Life—An Unanswered Prayer—A Type of Many—Warning Against Covetousness—Spiritual Covetousness Possible—The Glory of Service—The consistency of the Money-Making Christian—A Product of a Degenerate Time—The Man's Interview with his Soul—The Authoritative Listener—His Judgment—The Terrible Summons to the Hardened Soul.

JESUS was teaching His disciples, as He often in the presence of the multitude. The soul of God's children is no secret place; God reveals Himself to the world by His dealings with His children. He had been saying to them, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." What was the leaven which specially belonged to the Pharisees? Surely, self-life. The Pharisee liked to attract attention to himself, therefore he made broad his phylacteries and enlarged the borders of his garments; he made long prayers in public; but no mention was made of his "rising up," as Jesus did, "at a while before day," to pray to his Father who is in secret. He loved the first place, the uppermost rooms at feasts . . . and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi." (Matt. 23: 5-7.)

All for Self;

Pharisee had no care for the widow, or the aged, or the needy. Self was his idol; all life, all his prayers, all his hopes centered in himself; he saw the world, and God, and fellow creatures, only in the light of how far they might serve his interests. "Beware of this leaven," said our Lord. It was this which made the Pharisee's prayer to savor of "I"; "I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess" (Luke 18: 11, 12.)

Self-life is very secretive; it hides all which is advantageous to it. But Jesus taught "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known."

There was power in the words of Jesus, and the multitude could easily observe the hold they had of the disciples. But "the leaven of the Pharisees," was also at work. One of the commentators thought, "If I can only make use of the power which that Man has over the minds of men to influence my brother, I shall get the publicity I have so long desired," and he actually conceived the design of utilizing Jesus for his own purposes! "Master," he said, "speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me." The history of most unanswered prayers is a similar one, the leaven of the scribes and Pharisees is in them. Man wants to utilize all power to his own selfish ends, and to be God the servant of his own human will, his earthly ambition, his selfish affection—in short his self-life! And

Such Prayers God Cannot Answer.

If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." (John 15: 8.) "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do

also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father; and whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." But the Father is not glorified in the Son when he who prays does not do the works of Christ, but his own selfish works. The "whatsoever" is granted to him whose life is to do the work and will of Jesus, who, like Paul, can say, "To me to live is Christ."

Jesus answered: "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? And He said unto them, Take heed; beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man's life consists in what he *is*, not in what he *has*. A man's possessions may be a mere accident, but his true life is the sphere which he fills toward God and man. He may possess money, houses, lands, titles, or talents, graces, beauty; but all this is outside of his real life. His real life, which tells on earth, and is written in heaven or hell, cannot be independent of his God and of his fellow creatures. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14: 7.) Lot had great possessions in Sodom, but his possessions did not make him the man he was. It was his self-love which took him down to Sodom, and in order to save his soul the possessions for which he had lived must be destroyed. His life consisted in a divided heart, and his history has come down to us as a warning. Abraham's life consisted not in his sheep and camels, his servants and handmaids, but in his relation to God as His "friend." (Isa. 41: 8.) His riches never helped any one else to become rich, but his relationship to God not only told upon his own generation, but upon every generation of men since, so that to this day the Scripture holds good: "They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." There is a

Spiritual Covetousness

as well as an earthly covetousness. Some Christians are perpetually straining after some spiritual power or spiritual satisfaction which they want to have, and to be conscious of having—something which seems to them a kind of goal. But here, too, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses." Jesus "emptied Himself," (Phil. 2: 7, R. V.) and the Father that dwelt in Him did the works. (John 14: 10.) It was in no consciousness of power as Man that Jesus lived. "I can of Mine own self do nothing," (John 5: 30) He said. The hunger after some superiority of spiritual power—something more than others—is a form of covetousness. The yielded spirit takes the lowest place, and is willing to be nothing and to do nothing, and God says it is the greatest. The noblest spirit is the one who serves, and God says it is the first.

"And He spake a parable unto them, saying: The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" "He thought within himself," took counsel with the meanest counsellor he could find—himself. Paul's idea was, that "laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20: 35.) But the rich man had never yet tasted the luxury of helping the weak. The leaven of the Pharisees, the self-life, had leavened the whole lump, and every conception of his small mind was centered upon his contemptible self. Writing to the Ephesians, Paul says again: "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good,

That we May Have to Give

to him that needeth." The possibility of a man, a Christian man, living to increase his own riches, better his own position in the world, or make a name for his family, evidently never entered the mind of Paul. It needed the present degenerate days of the Church that it might be possible for a man to name the name of Christ, and yet to give his life to making a name for himself; to accept of the blood of

Christ as the ransom for his soul, and yet spend all the strength of his life to accumulate to himself riches and comforts in the very world in which He who died for him had "not where to lay His head." It needed an age such as ours to develop the awful contrast between a Saviour who "pleased not Himself" and a Church of His professed followers who accept of His salvation, but whose lives are lived not "unto Him who died for them," but to themselves!

When the repentant crowds who hung upon the inspired words of John the Baptist asked him, "What shall we do?" he answered them, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." (Luke 3: 11.) But the rich man's counsellor gave him no such advice, and he came to the decision, "This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years, eat, drink, and be merry." Miserable man! It was not thus that David talked to his soul; his song was set to another key. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name, bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." (Psa. 103: 1, 2.)

There was one present at the rich man's interview with his soul whom he did not reckon upon, or take into account. He listened silently until the affair was settled, and then broke in with the authority which belongs to Him as the Lord of life and death,

"Thou Fool,

This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" It is an awful thing for a soul when the first conscious communication from God is a call to surrender a misspent life into the hands of Him who can only be a Judge to him. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." (Prov. 1: 7.) "The fool hath said in his heart, no God." (Psa. 53: 1.) But his saying so cannot blot God out of His universe, nor yet annul the responsibility he himself is under to that God who has created him, provided for his redemption, and who will judge him at the last day. It is the fashion in this day to ignore God, to laugh at the supernatural, and to doubt answers to prayer. "An adulterous and sinful generation" find it inconvenient to have a holy God moving and living and working among them, and so they lift up their created reason against Him who created it, to banish their Maker from the world they live in. Vain hope. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." (Psa. 2: 2.)

But first, as the Good Shepherd He goeth after the lost sheep. In every man's life, even that of the most worldly, there are moments when the Spirit of God strives with him, and when he is conscious that it is a time of crisis with him. Every man at some time or other has a conviction that God is real. And these are

Solemn Moments

which determine the eternity of a soul. When a sinner at such moments turns away from God, such opportunities become more and more rare. The Spirit, who is quenched, does not force Himself again upon a sinner; and he becomes more and more indifferent and callous, until, like an unexpected thunder-clap, God's voice summons him, "Thou fool," this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Such was the voice which, louder than the Red Sea's roaring, rung in the ears of Pharaoh, such was the awful whisper of the witch of Endor to King Saul, such was the call to the rich man who in his life-time received his good things; the tale of life was told, and they had not begun to live for eternity, their whole existence was one grand, terrible, irremediable mistake, and God's epitaph over such a lost soul is the awful word, "Thou fool." "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." We exist for God, self is a usurper of His rights, "Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." (2 Cor. 5: 15.)

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FORWARD!

MOST cheering are the reports that come to us from the Publishing Department of this paper. The field seems illimitable. We believe that a consecrated printing-press is the mightiest of all agencies for lifting the fallen, instructing the ignorant, and saving the lost. We have no faith in the successful doing of anything save that which is done through Christ, in Christ, and for Christ. We want to speak His praise now and forever. We believe His gospel the freshest, fairest, gladdest thing that was ever told. We shall make no compromise with anything hostile to it. We believe in the gospel as Christ lived it, Paul wrote it, Payson prayed it, and Whitefield preached it. We do not want to cut our religion to suit the times, but cut the times to suit religion. We have no sympathy with the modern Christianity that is made up partly of Rationalism, Materialism, and Humanitarianism, with a slight tincture of gospel for flavoring, as ten drops of vanilla go into a gallon of other liquid. We want the "strong meat" of the Word, and not "milk for babes" skimmed and diluted. So many are now trying to feed us with a sort of religious pap sweetened with molasses. We wish we could have a half-dozen John Knoxes walk through our modern Christianity to give it pluck and backbone. If any contributor has on his table directed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article that looks both ways, half truth and half error, half light and half darkness, let him change the direction on it to the editor of *The New York Weak-in-the-Knees*, and thus save the plethora of our chip-basket. So also do we more and more believe in denominational brotherhood. With a grandfather born in one denomination, and a father connected with another, and a brother converted at a Methodist "anxious seat," and dearest friends put clear under the water in John Dowling's Baptistery, and near relatives in beautiful Liturgy praying every Sabbath "From famine and pestilence and sudden death Good Lord deliver us,"—we never had any sympathy with a sectarian strife, and as for bigotry, that owl of the night, we always keep on hand a gun loaded and capped to bang away at it. We have known so many good men in all denominations, and so many bad ones, that we have got done asking whether the post and rails that divide the eccle-

siastical farms came from Princeton, Andover, Middletown, or Rochester. When we are told that heaven has "on the East three gates, and on the West three gates, and on the North three gates," we dare not compel men to crawl into heaven through our auger-hole. Evangelical always: Sectarian never!

STIR THEM UP.

THERE has somehow got abroad an impression among our young ministers, that the people will not take the unadulterated gospel. It is thought that instead of the theory that men are corrupt and unsavable, save through Christ, we must flatter them with the idea that there is good enough in them, if it could only be brought out—we must flatter them, and tell them what fine fellows they are, and that if they have a little fixing-up they will be all right. Hence, religion is often presented as a weak sentimentality rather than an infinite necessity. To please the fastidious taste of the day, we must make our sermon a sort of cream meringue, light and frothy, and sweet, and almost vanishing at the touch of a spoon. O vast mistake! The people are hungry for a stout gospel with bones in it. The greatest novelty for an audience now is Repentance and Faith. The people are ready to hear, if we are not too great cowards to speak it. Do not let us be patting them on the backs when we ought to be rousing their souls.

THE WEDDING.

It is a bad sign when our hearts make no response to the hilarities of life, and we stand grim and stupid in the presence of those who unite hands and hearts and destinies. If there is anything that stirs my soul in natural scenery, it is to stand at some point where two rivers come down and join each other, each tinged with the story of the forests through which it has rolled, and then, while the hills look on and the woods swing their censers, and the stars put forth their blossoms of light—the two rivers join hands for their journey to the sea. But a more thrilling scene is the conjunction of two immortal lives, born far apart from each other, and watched by different maternal tendernesses, and coming through different experiences, yet just at the right time united to move thereafter together until they reach the sea which bounds our mortal condition. What a matter of thanksgiving to Him who setteth the solitary in families, that in the vast majority of instances it turns out to be that the marital union is the one the very best possible. Because through the gossiping of society and the newspaper press instances of connubial variance come to hand, we are apt to conclude that the whole thing is guess-work, or a lottery in which there are not as many prizes as blanks. We forget that the one instance of marital discord brought more attention than the five thousand instances of marital harmony—just as one violin out of tune would scrape to pieces Thomas' orchestra. I believe that most of the matches are made in heaven, while we must admit that here and there, because of the fume, and bluster, and complaint, and rumpus, and smoke, there seems to be a match whose sulphur indicates the other place. The affiancing may be different from what we expected, but in three-fourths of the cases you are surprised at the coming together of those who have been so opposite; but God, who knows both

the temperaments, and all the circumstances decrees for the best. Indeed, it is on these differences of temperaments, the household happiness and success depend. The one is too fast the other too slow; but by counterpoise they are just right. The one is nervous, the other lymphatic, and they counterbalance each other. The one is a spendthrift, and the other miser and the result of the two is a reasonable medium in the uses of money. The one too brilliant and the other too dull, and they compromise a healthful common sense. With this feeling that, however it may seem to us, in all probability the union is for the best, we go to our weddings with our hands full of congratulations, and our hearts full of hope. The more flowers in the hair, the more silver among the bride's presents, the more jubilant the music, the better it pleases us. We give a hearty amen to all the prayers. Our best wishes go on with the ring, and as the trunk is heaved to the carriage-box, and the sound of the swift wheels are heard in the distance, we feel that the blessing of the Lord God will go with them all through. Let the marriage bell ring. All success to the periodicals which give especial attention to these brightest scenes of earth. And blasted be the influences which would dishonor that institution which was absolutely the only living thing which floated off from shipwrecked Paradise to bless our race—how beautiful, consecrated, jubilant, heaven-descended marriage.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

THERE are now in the United States about fifty agricultural colleges. They are doing much for the science of farming. May all success attend them. We think, however, that men seldom get to be practical farmers through such institutions. The students have so delicate a tin that they will not much like going out into the teeth of the northeast wind to sow winter grain. Many of the best farmers in the best farming regions of the world never heard of an agricultural college. The practical part of the science of agriculture must be dug up by two brawny hands out of the middle of a cornfield. They make the successful farmers who come in the regular line of succession. Their father tills the soil, and their grandfather and their great-grandfather who went from plow to Lexington and back from Lexington to the plow. Many a man puts down his gilt-edged book on phosphorus and sub-soiling, puts on his gloves, takes a jack-knife, and goes out to trim his grape-vines, trimming them in the wrong place—and is under the delusion that he is a farmer. That does very well if you have inherited, or first made your fortune, and have an income of twenty thousand dollars a year, and you can afford to lose a thousand of it annually in experimenting with cows and chickens and unheard of rotations of crops. But if we wanted our boy to become an agricultural success, we would put him when very young in the furrow and tell him to go ahead until he comes to the haystack then turn round the haystack to go back to the furrow. By all means through agricultural colleges keep up the science of farming, but let none suppose that you can keep your soft hands and untanned cheeks and fastidious tastes and yet be a successful tiller of the soil. You must learn to rough it.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Original Package Question Came to a vote in the Senate on Thursday last. There are no doubts about the bill being constitutional, probably there will be a debate in the House at that phase of the question; but there can be no doubt as to the propriety of the measure. The decision of the Supreme Court placed the laws that have passed the Prohibition amendment in a ridiculous position, and deprived them of the power, which they ought to have, of deciding a question intimately concerning their own affairs. The bill, which passed the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10 provides that all fermented liquors, or other intoxicating liquors or liquids imported into any State or Territory for use, consumption, sale or storage, shall, on arrival in such State or Territory or (remaining there) be subjected to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in exercise of the police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquors or liquids had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.

More Fruitful Source of Surprises was invented by our legislators than the Alien and Labor Law. It was thought that the law was exhausted when a church was fined for inviting a clergyman from abroad; but now it appears that it is a violation of the law for mechanics to come here in response to an advertisement. That is the ruling Secretary Winthrop made last week. The Builders' Exchange of Chicago, advertised for carpenters in a Canadian newspaper, and learned to its surprise that the advertisement constituted a contract within the meaning of the law. It is a curious decision, grounds for which do not appear on the surface.

Probably it would not stand the test of a court of law. There is, however, no reason to quarrel with it, as it will operate in the case of the strikers to the advantage of the weaker party in the struggle. The strikers will now have less reason to dread their employers filling their ranks with foreigners. They will have no reason at all to dread it, if Mr. Windom should go a step further, and exclude foreign workmen from coming to this country through reading in newspapers that there is a strike in their own country in America.

An Attempt to Suppress the Louisiana Lottery ought to have the moral support of the Christian public of the United States. It is an effort to be made to disguise the real character of the enterprise, and it may succeed. That the lottery is a source of mischief to the State, instead of a benefit, is evident. Savings-bank deposits in Louisiana show that it is pauperizing the people. In other States deposits have nearly doubled in amount in the past ten years; but in Louisiana they dropped from two millions in 1879 to less than one million in 1889. It makes no difference whether the lottery pays forty thousand dollars a year to the educational fund. The fact that a man a year is now offered for the privilege, is what a beggarly percentage of its profits have been contributed to the objects for which it is ostensibly established. The State cannot be expected to continue a partnership in the iniquity, wrong in principle and wrong in policy. It stimulates and nurtures the gambling spirit in a State constitutionally prone to the vice, and is therefore a moral evil. It is wrong, it is foolish because then the State should run the lottery itself, and take all the profits. The men who are trying to clear the skirts of their State of the defilements of the pest should have encouragement of knowing that the sympathy of all good men in the country is with them.

Distressing Railroad Disaster at San Francisco, on Friday, emphasizes the necessity of a rule, now established in the East, that in reaching a place where there is known risk, an engineer shall bring his train to a dead stop. In this case the train from San Francisco to Oakland had to cross the draw-bridge over Oak Creek. A man is stationed at the bridge to

wave a red flag if the bridge is open, and the engineer is required to reduce speed so that he may stop in time if he sees the red flag. On Friday the bridge was open to allow a yacht to pass through when the train approached. Whether the flag was waved, or the engineer did not see it, or was unable to stop his train, does not appear. The engine went right into the chasm, dragging after it the first of the three coaches composing the train. Happily, the coupling between that and the next car broke, and the two rear coaches were saved. The tide was in, and the coach was completely covered by the water. About forty passengers were in it. The men broke the windows and some of them made their escape, and were rescued by the boats that were quickly at the scene of the disaster. The other men, women and children—twenty-nine, it is feared—could not get out, though the cuts on the bodies that were recovered, and their torn clothes, indicated that they had made a struggle to do so. Nineteen bodies were brought up, but it is feared that ten others died whose bodies were washed away.

Mr. Stanley Bitterly Complains of the Indifference of the English Government to its African interests, and compares its attitude unfavorably with the assistance the German Government is giving to Captain Wissman. Speaking last week at a public banquet in London he remarked, that if it were merely a question of rivalry between an English and a German company he should not mind, but when the Government backed up the German company it was not a fair fight, and the capital which would have made a railway right up to the Victoria Nyanza would be wasted. Instead of people in two years' time being able to take tickets to the Victoria Nyanza, the company would have nothing to show except a bushel of treaties. But to the Germans there was nobody to say even "Bo!" He could speak very forcibly, but he was restrained. Lord Salisbury, in reply says that the English Government has surrendered nothing. There have been negotiations with Germany, but the public must not be disturbed by Mr. Stanley's words, as he is not behind the scenes.

The Arrest of Fifteen Russian Nihilists in Paris, proves that in spite of recent assurances to the contrary, the Order is still active. The French police had received information that a plot to kill the Czar was being organized in Paris. They made a search but obtained no clue to the plotters until May 12th. Then a number of trees in a field near Nancy were found to have been injured by explosives. On inquiry it was found that several men had been experimenting with dynamite in the field. A number of metallic tubes were found in the field, and these were traced to the seller of the tubes. From him was obtained the information which led to the arrest of the whole party. Five of the plotters are students and five are young women. In the lodgings of the leader were found a quantity of incriminating documents, a number of finished bombs, and the ingredients for filling others.

England has a New Fishery Trouble on Her hands. This time her antagonist is on her side of the ocean, though the matter in dispute is on ours. It appears that under several treaties dating as far back as 1713, France claims to have acquired the right of controlling the fishing on the northern coast of Newfoundland. The people of Newfoundland contend that they have a concurrent right of fishing there, but lately the French have forbidden it, and have threatened to cut the nets if they were not removed. They have also closed the lobster-canning establishment on that shore, and have sent an armed force to enforce obedience. The Legislature of Newfoundland has sent an appeal to England for protection, and the people are so disgusted with the failure of the Government to interfere on their behalf that they threaten to refuse payment of taxes. They claim that if England will not protect them she is not entitled to their money. This question of the Newfoundland fisheries has long been a source of trouble. The English Government concluded an agreement with the French, which they supposed would

settle it, for this season at least; but the people of the colony claim that their interests were sacrificed, and that the agreement was made in direct violation of an understanding that no settlement of the question should be made without the approval of the Newfoundland Legislature. The French Government has made the suggestion that the value of the French rights should be submitted to arbitration, and that England should purchase them partly in money and partly in African territory.

BRIEF NOTES.

A gold watch is to be given away at the end of this month in connection with the canvass for new subscribers to this journal. For particulars see the second page of cover.

The revival in the Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, continues with unabated interest. Mr. E. P. Telford arrived as arranged, and on Sunday last commenced his campaign against sin and Satan in that densely populated district. In the evening, the largest congregation Seventeenth Street Church has held in the last ten years assembled to hear him. Mr. Telford delivered a most impressive sermon from the words, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" (11 Kings 18: 21.) The audience was deeply moved, and when the invitation was given to those who desired to commence a new life, to come to the altar for prayer, there was prompt response. The services are being held every night this week at 7:30. Rev. H. R. Keates, Mr. James H. Cannon, the Wesleyan Singing Band, and the pastor of the church, are assisting Mr. Telford in this most interesting work.

The general Synod of the Reformed Church in America commences to-day at Asbury Park, continuing a week.

A millionaire missionary is now laboring in China under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. He devotes the balance of his income to the work.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, who has been laboring in Liberia, is now in England in very poor health. She is believed to be recovering, and hopes soon to return to America.

Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, who is well-known to our readers as a prominent teacher of Faith-healing, was married on May 14th to Mr. George S. Montgomery.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has just closed a very successful series of meetings at Farmington, N. H., which has resulted in the conversion of nearly one hundred persons, and the quickening of Christians.

Rev. A. B. Simpson's Church in New York has now twelve missionaries in the foreign field. There are four in China, three in Africa, three in Japan and two in India. A farewell meeting was held at the Home on May 12th, to commission several others for the Sudan.

The receipts of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions last year amounted to \$794,066.44. From churches, \$291,719.86; from Woman's Boards, \$280,285.51; from Sabbath-schools, \$36,062.56; from legacies, \$112,877.68; from miscellaneous \$73,120.83.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., formerly of Philadelphia, has been appointed Alexander Duff lecturer on Foreign Missions for the four years' term 1890-1894. This necessitates a course of lectures in three centres in Scotland. He is expected to return to America this week.

Rev. B. Fay Mills closed his evangelistic services at Bridgeport, Conn., on May 21st. Nineteen churches united in the movement. About fifteen hundred persons have signed cards expressing their desire to begin the Christian life. The business men's prayer meeting held daily during Mr. Mill's stay will be continued.

Major Whittle closed on Sunday last a series of services in Mildmay Conference Hall, London, which have been held every day for two weeks. The numbers present were large, and believers, especially, were greatly profited. He will hold a few services this week in Ireland, and will then sail for home. His transatlantic campaign has been wonderfully blessed.

Dr. George F. Pentecost will take a prominent part in the exercises at Northfield, Mass., this month and next. He will speak daily at Stone Hall, Northfield, each morning, and in the village church each Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, from June 1 to 14, and after that daily in the church. The annual sermon before both schools will be given on Sunday, June 15, by Mr. Moody. Dr. Marcus Rainsford of London, Dr. MacArthur of New York, and Dr. L. W. Munhall, will also take part in the meetings.

The National Temperance Congress, of which a preliminary announcement has already been made here, will be held on June 11th and 12th, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. This is an effort to unite Temperance men of all shades of opinion in organized effort. Every anti-liquor man or woman will be welcomed. All local State and National Societies should send representatives. Conferences will be held during the day and mass meetings on both evenings. The call for the congress is signed by representative men, some of whom are Prohibitionists and some opposed to Prohibition. Particulars as to the programme, hotel accommodation and reduced railroad rates may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. Joseph A. Bogardus, 167 Chambers Street, New York.

THE FACE ILLUMINED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone," etc.
Exodus 34:29-35.

The Long Fasts of Moses—His Strength Supernaturally Sustained—Only a Meek Man Could Bear the Glory—I. How the Glory Came—A Reflection of the Glory He had Seen—A Prayer Answered after Fourteen Centuries—The Result of Fellowship—And Intense Intercession—And Faithfulness With the People—II. What the Shining Meant—Special Favor for Moses and the People—The Seal of his Commission—III. Why Moses Did not Know It—The Meek Man Could not Know—Absorbed in the Welfare of Others—IV. Why he Wore a Veil—Lessons From the Illumined Face.

A FAST of forty days does not improve the appearance of a man's countenance: he looks starved, wrinkled, old, haggard. Moses had fasted forty days twice at the least; and according to many competent authorities the tenth chapter of Deuteronomy seems to imply that he fasted forty days three times in quick succession. I will not assert or deny the third forty days; but it is certain that, with a very slight interval, Moses fasted forty days, and then forty days more; and it is probable that to these must be added a third forty. Small attractiveness would naturally remain in a face which had endured so stern an ordeal; but the Lord whom he served made his face brilliant with an unusual lustre.

Moses Did Not Know,

at the time, that his face was shining; but he did know it afterward, and he has here recorded it. He gives in detail the fact of the brightness of his own face, and how others were struck with it, and what he had to do in order to associate with them. We are sure that this record was not made by reason of vanity, for Moses writes about himself in great lowliness of spirit: it was written under divine direction, with a worthy object. The man Moses was very meek, and his meekness entered into his authorship, as into all the other acts of his life: we are therefore sure that this record is for our profit. I am afraid, brethren, that *God could not afford to make our faces shine; we should grow too proud.* It needs a very meek and lowly spirit to bear the shinings of God.

It would appear, so far as we can make out the narrative, that his face continued to shine long afterward. After Moses had come down from the mount, the brightness began to diminish. Paul tells us that it was a "glory to be done away;" but when he went into the holy place to commune with God, the brightness was revived, and he came out again and spoke to the people with that same glowing heaven upon his brow. When he addressed the people in the name of God, he took off the veil, and let them see the brightness of God in His ambassador; but as soon as he had done speaking, and fell back into his own private character, he drew a veil over his face, that none might be kept at a distance thereby. The man Moses was as meek with the glory on his countenance as before it gathered there. Brethren, if God honors you as preachers or teachers, accept the honor, but do not attribute it to your own worthiness, or even to your own personality; but ascribe it to the office to which the Lord has called you.

I. With this as my preface, I shall now come immediately to my subject. Here is Moses with a strange glory upon his countenance. We will first answer the question, how came this glory to be there? The skin of Moses' face shone; how came it to do so? The answer is, it was

A Reflection of the Glory

which he had seen when he was with God in the holy mount. It was the result of that partly-answered prayer, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." God could not, at that time, grant the prayer in its fulness, for Moses was not capable of the vision; and the Lord told him, "Thou canst not see my face, and live." I look upon that prayer, however, as a very wonderful one, for this reason, that it was answered to the full, fourteen hundred years after it was presented. The glory of God is only to be seen in

the face of Christ Jesus; and on the top of Tabor, Moses saw the Son of God transfigured, and his prayer was there and then answered to its utmost bounds. In the transfiguration, God showed to Moses His full glory; for he was then made able to behold it. But though on the top of Mount Sinai he could not see the full glory of Jehovah, yet he had seen enough to make an impression upon him of such a kind that the skin of his face shone. God is light, and they that look upon Him are enlightened, and reflect light around them.

Came of Fellowship.

The light on the face of Moses was the result of fellowship with God. That fellowship was of no common order. It was special and distinguished. I do not doubt that Moses walked with God after the fashion of believing men in the pursuit of his daily calling; but he spent two periods, of forty days each, in solitary fellowship with God. Everybody was away; Aaron, Joshua, and all the rest were far down below, and Moses was alone with God. His intercourse with God was intense, close, and familiar; and that not for one day, but for eighty days, at the least. Protracted fellowship brings a nearness which brief communion cannot attain. Each morning's sun found him still in the light of God; each evening's dew found his soul still saturated with the divine influence. What must be the effect of such whole-hearted, undisturbed fellowship with God? Oh, for the enjoyment of such heavenly communion! My brothers and sisters, have we not lost a great deal by so seldom dwelling apart, so little seeking continuous, absorbing fellowship with the Most High? I am sure we have. We snatch a hasty minute of prayer; we afford a hurried quarter of an hour for Bible reading, and we think we have done well. Very far am I from saying that it is not well. But if for minutes we had hours, the gain might increase in proportion.

I would have you note that this communion with God included intense intercession for the people. God will not have fellowship with our selfishness. Moses came out of himself, and became an intense pleader for the people; and thus he became

Like the Son of God,

and the glory descended on him. The Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends. The Lord loves intercessory prayer; and if ever He makes a man's face to shine, it is when he, like Christ, has made intercession for the transgressors, and poured out his soul, not for himself, but for a guilty company.

Yet once more. This man Moses not only obtained this brightness by his long communion and his intercessory prayer and self-oblivion, but by his faithfulness among the people. When he went down in the interval between the two fastings, and found the people worshipping the golden calf, he did not spare them. He loved them, but he did not keep back the stern blow of justice. Grand old Moses! Faithful servant of God! Unbending executioner of divine justice! Meek wert thou, but by no means indifferent to truth and righteousness. God chooses not milksops, destitute of backbone, to wear His glory upon their faces. We have plenty of men made of sugar, nowadays, that melt into the stream of popular opinion; but these shall never ascend into the hill of the Lord, nor stand in His holy place, nor wear the tokens of His glory. Moses was no trimmer, no hunter after popularity; but he was sternly true to his Lord, and hence he was such that the Lord could safely make his face to shine. Enough of this, though much more might be said; learn the useful lesson which this part of the subject teaches.

II. But, secondly,**What Did This Shining Mean?**

This brightness on his face—what did it signify? Very briefly, it meant this: "God's special favor for Moses. God seemed to say, 'This is my man: I have chosen him above all others: among those that are born of woman there is no greater than he: I have put a measure of my own glory upon him, and the token thereof shines in his face.'" Surely, it also meant

special favor for Israel. If they could but have understood it, they would not have been afraid, but conscience made them cowards. God effect, said to them, by the shining of the face of Moses, "I have had favor upon you, for I have accepted your intercessor. My servant Moses has been pleading for your lives, and proof that I have accepted you and will spare you, I have written your pardon across his shining brow." Favor to Jesus is favor to us.

This brightness on the face of Moses was God's witness to his commission. He had a witness, for he had glorified him. The people could not doubt his commission when they looked upon his shining face. And more. It was not only a witness of his office, but it was an increase of his power.

The People were Overawed

by this strange new light. They dared, after this, to murmur against Moses, for they dared to murmur against God Himself; still, to a people of such a temper as theirs, supernatural light must have been a source of wonder and of awe.

The pith of the whole thing, I think, lies in this—the face of Moses shone typically, to show us that there is a great glory about the law of God. It has a glory all its own from its spirituality, its holiness, its perfectness, its justness, its immutability, its power over the conscience, and so forth. It has eminent glory, because it has been ordained of God Himself, and there stands as the sacred rule of the universe. This is not what Paul understands by the glory of the law. He makes the glory "of that which was to be abolished," the glory of the ceremonial law, to lie in its end. Now, the end of the law for righteousness is Christ. The law was given to point us to Christ, to drive us to Christ, to be our schoolmaster to whip us to Christ, to convince us of our need of Christ, and to take us out from every other hope but that which begins and ends with Christ. The glory of the law is Christ. And so Moses comes with a glory on his face which the children of Israel could not perceive, nor steadfastly look into.

III. And now, thirdly,**Why Did Not Moses Know of It?**

For we read that "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone." I answer, first, that it is not easy for a man to see his own face, unless he can borrow a looking-glass. Speaking in the plainest, the meaning I intend is this: it is not easy for a man to form an accurate judgment of his own character. There are people in the world who think they see their own faces clearly; but they shine like suns; and yet they do not shine at all, except it be with brazen impudence and self-conceit. In other cases, lowly men are afraid that their faces do not shine at all; but yet they are brightness itself. It is no part of the shining of some faces that their owners are modest and humble. Brethren, we cannot see our own faces; and until you know your own characters. Upon reflection, you may arrive at something like a judgment, but it is not one which you may safely rely upon.

Our own judgment of our own character usually errs on the side of partiality to ourselves. Nor is the evil so readily cured as some suppose, for the gift of seeing ourselves "as others see us" is not so corrective as might be supposed. Some persist in seeing us through the colored spectacles of prejudice and ill-will; and this injustice is apt to create in us a further partiality to ourselves. If other men make mistakes about us who can see us, they probably do not make such great blunders about us as we do about ourselves, since we cannot see our own faces. Truth to tell, we are very fond of ourselves, and have our own characters in high esteem; therefore we are unfair judges on points of difficulty about ourselves.

Another reason why he had not thought of his face was, that he was so much engaged in doing good to others. He gave himself up for those stiff-necked Israelites; he actually lived for them, and offered himself before God to die for them. He carried the whole people in his bosom.

he carries her child. He fed his flock like a shepherd; and, like the Good Shepherd, he would give his life for the sheep. Oh, the self-sufficiency of the man Moses! He never thought of his own face; for he was thinking about other faces. What would he have given if they had been capable of such nearness to God as he himself enjoyed! Oh, to be so absorbed in doing good, that we have

Not a Thought or a Care

our own personal repute! Then a man may be good in self-forgetfulness, and may find himself famous to his own amazement.

It is well when men are not self-conscious. The best, my beloved brethren, that our faces should shine to others, and not to ourselves. You might know your own excellency, do not let it, for there is an ill savor about self-consciousness. *To come forward and say, "I am utterly holy," is babyish.* It is like a child who says, "See my new frock! Look at my pretty frock!" I tremble to hear one say, "I quite passed out of the conflict mentioned in the seventh of Romans, I have got it, and I have got that." God save us from being too much about the shining of our faces! May the light of His countenance illumine the whole circle of our being, while we lie at the feet, mastered by a reverent awe of Him!

I must hasten on to another interesting question. Why did Moses wear a veil? Having brightness on his face,

Why Did He Hide it?

In answer, in part the natural meekness of the Lord led him to do so. He was forced into the position of leader; he never wished to be prominent, but the Lord put great pressure upon him in the desert, and drove him on to be as strong as Jeshurun. He had no ambitions. Though he was to be as God to Pharaoh, he never exalted himself in the Egyptian court. Among the rulers he did not monopolize power; but he yielded to the chosen elders a portion of magisterial dignity. The man Moses was meek; and so to hide the brightness of his face was a pleasure, and not a trial to him. Many a lovely woman, he shrunk from the gaze. We shall do well to possess the quality of humility.

He veiled his face in tender condescension to the people. When they ran away from him, he sought to them to know why they were afraid. "O Lord, we fear that splendor on your brow," he said, "let me veil it," says he; "I would not veil it, but win." He always sinks himself, this Moses. The God-given glory of his face was not slight, nor seek to abate; but so that it would bring him honor from men, he put under a veil. That he may come closer to people whom he loves, he is content to hide his glory. Let us also seek to bless the people, and to keep in touch with them.

The Veil.

A practical warning I would earnestly apply. Do not think we have a great many people who do not think we have a great many people who do not belong to them ourselves?—whose foolish hearts are blinded so that they do not see the light of the glory of God in the face of Christ? Is veiled for them? Are not many suffering from veiled hearts? In your circle there are many of God: you have heard of his face as he walks with God: others have told you of beauties they see in his character. You do not see anything particular in him; you, on the contrary, despise him, and avoid his company. He wears a veil for you. Here is the Book of exquisite sweetness! Your soul, how her face brightens when she reads how she has been sustained by it in the darkest trouble! You read it now and then; but you do not see anything remarkable in it, certainly nothing that charms you: the Book is a treasure to you. Am I not speaking the truth to many of you? Oh my friends, when you do not see Christ, and do not admire Him, confess that you must be blinded; when you do not see the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and do not charm you, conclude that the veil is upon your hearts. Oh, that you would turn unto

the Lord! For when you turn to God, the veil shall be taken away.

I close with these

Lessons from the Face of Moses.

First, learn the exceeding glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. How so? Well, this was, so to speak, in a minor degree, the transfiguration of Moses; and all it came to was that *his face shone*. But when Christ came, he was transfigured as to His whole person. A word is used by an instructive commentator in reference to Christ's transfiguration which expresses a forcible idea: He speaks of it as incandescence. He was all brightness and light; surpassing the mere shining of the skin, even as the sun far surpasses every form of its reflection. The glory of Christ is beyond all comparison—the glory which excelleth. Oh, that I knew how to speak of it! "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

Another lesson is just this. See the possibilities of glory which await human nature. If Moses' face can shine here, I can understand how, in the next state, when we are risen from the dead, our bodies may be all light and bright, and we ourselves like flames of fire. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Unless our Well-beloved cometh quickly, our bodies will be sown in dishonor; and now I see how they can be raised in glory. Then shall we put on "the glory of the celestial." We shall be among the shining ones, and

Shall Ourselves Shine

as the sun in the kingdom of our Father. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—any more than it did appear what Moses should be—"but we know that, when He shall appear,"—whose appearing is more glorious than that of Moses—"we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Lastly, here is one more lesson. What honor God may put upon any one of us if we really put honor upon Him! My brothers, my sisters, if you are consecrated to God as Moses was, He can give you an unconscious influence which others will be compelled to recognize. Upon your brow the heavenly light of grace will rest; from your eyes the lamp of truth will shine. Walk in the light, as God is in the light, and have fellowship with Him; and then you, too, shall shine as God's light-bearers, and your whole life shall be as the star which guided the wise men to Christ.

O Spirit of God, rest on every one of us according to our capacity to endure the tongue of fire! Say unto us, O Saviour, this morning, "Go forth, my friends, and be burning and shining lights to my praise." Amen.

A CHINAMAN'S SOUL CRAVING.

IN Christian lands we have little opportunity of realizing what men will bear for the sake of Christ. But the martyr spirit is not dead. The religion for which men were willing to go to the stake hundreds of years ago is still as precious to men in the end of the nineteenth century and is still capable of inspiring them with the courage to suffer rather than renounce it. The Rev. J. T. Turner mentions a case in point, which occurred under his own observation in China. He says:

"I was sitting in my study in the province of Shansi, one Saturday night, thinking of the services of the coming day, and presently some man rushed into my room and said that Mr. Lea had been seized and beaten by the officials. We had two brothers of that name who came in every week from their village home to spend the Sunday with us to hear the Gospel. On this occasion, as they entered the city gates, one of them was seized by the marshal of the district magistrate, and taken off to the Judgment Hall in his bureau. As he stood there, the magistrate said to him, 'Have not I, your ruler, put out a proclamation forbidding you to learn this corrupt religion?' And the man said, calmly, 'This

religion is not corrupt, it only teaches us to love God.' The official was enraged and said, 'Down with him,' and that man was flung upon the ground. 'Give him 200 blows,' and with a rod as thick as my wrist, that man received 200 blows. And then the magistrate said, 'Now, if any of you go and learn that religion, I will beat you to death,' and, although legally he had no right, yet he had power to do it. That man was brought to me straight from that Judgment Hall, and as I bent over him and dressed his wounds, the tears would come into my eyes. It was the first man I had ever seen *bleeding for the sake of Jesus*, and I felt it was a solemn moment. He looked up in my face; and said with a triumphant look, which I shall not soon forget, 'Oh, sir, it is nothing'; this is mere physical pain. You do not know what I have suffered in my heart for want of this religion.' What a revelation! I think that to satisfy the cravings of one such heart is worth all the money that has ever been spent on missions. Nor was the man exaggerating. There are many men in China whose cravings for spiritual peace are agonizing. The penances they voluntarily undertake prove that. I remember standing on one of those roads one day. In the distance I saw a man, and as he came along he lifted up his hands to heaven and then cast himself at full length upon the ground. I watched that man, and I found that, after lifting up his hands and flinging himself full length upon the ground, he made a mark where his fingers touched, and then he went forward and put his feet to that mark and went down again. That man had come all the way from the South of China, to the North, measuring every inch of the ground with his body. Why? He was going on a pilgrimage to a sacred mountain. That means that he was thirsty for something to satisfy him. We who know of the water of life, the which if a man drink he shall never thirst, are bound by all that is holy and humane to tell such men of it."

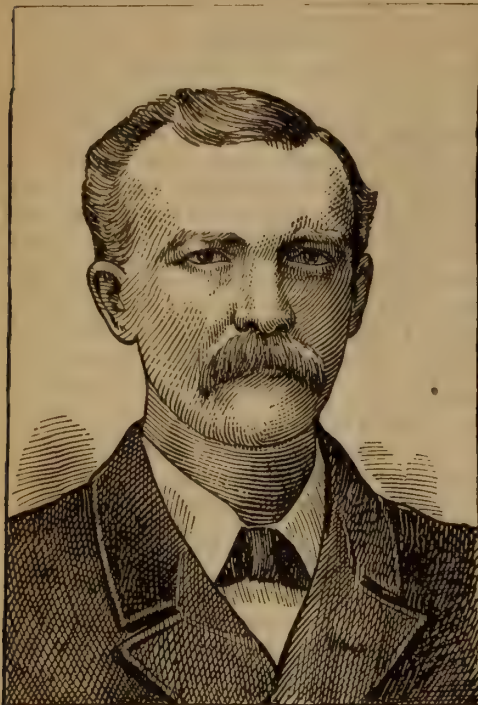
A SCEPTIC'S TRIALS.

AN incident related by an evangelist illustrates two facts which have often been observed. The first, that an infidel in trouble, gets little sympathy or help from his fellow unbelievers, but is more likely to be helped by Christians; and the second, that the really honest sceptic, when led to Christ, generally pays for the effort, by becoming an earnest Christian. He says:

"I took a deep interest in a workingman, who lived in my district when I first took charge of it. His intelligence and mental activity, first attracted me and afterward, his kindness of heart affected me still more.

"He had imbibed sceptical notions, and always took good care to air them whenever I called to see him; yet he seemed to ask questions with a view to get at truth. Month by month I worked and prayed for this man's conversion, and, in this way, three years passed by, during which time I had followed him from one spot to another, round and about my district, for he had removed several times. I never knew this young man out of trouble, neither have I ever witnessed a struggle so severe as his for existence. His dairy was the first to go; then he was stricken down by a severe illness, long and painful. His wife was taken ill about the same time, and was conveyed to the hospital. On their recovery, the youngest child of three, of whom the father seemed dotingly fond, was taken from them by death. Then for months he joined the ranks of the unemployed, wandering about from place to place in search of work, while his wife and children were kept at the point of starvation.

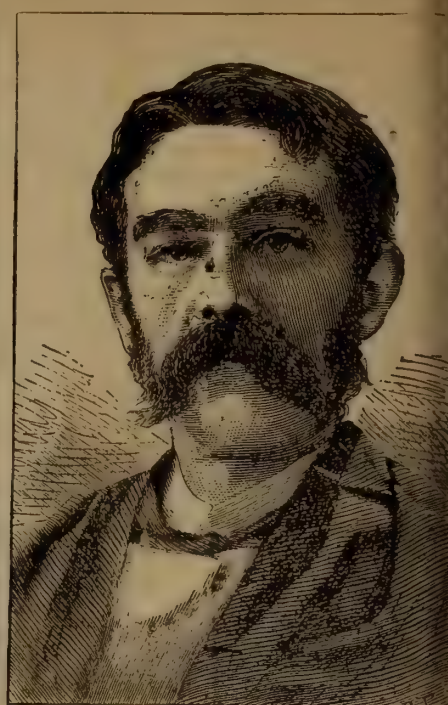
"One Saturday evening at the commencement of this year, I called, as usual, to see them, and was saddened to find that all that week they had existed on a very small allowance of bread, and when I went in they had nothing in the house. The eldest girl that afternoon had fainted from sheer want. By my making their case known, they were relieved at once. I knelt down in prayer with them in the room, and pleaded earnestly that God in His mercy



Evangelist H. R. Keates. (See page 357.)



The Garfield Memorial.



Dr. Tucker, Bishop of Equatorial Africa.

On the following Tuesday, he found work, which has been constant to this day. He was much struck with this wonderful answer to prayer, and the impression never left him. He came at once to our Mission Hall, was converted, and is now one of the brightest, most sincere and useful Christians I have known."

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S SUCCESSOR.

(See Portrait.)

UGANDA and its district has been a fatal field for the servants of Christ. Bishop Hannington was murdered there, Bishop Parker fell a victim to the fatal climate, and now Alexander Mackay is dead. Yet the field is not to be abandoned. Another hand seizes the standard dropped by the hands of the dead, and another brave and valiant leader, undeterred by the fate of his predecessors, goes forth to carry on the fight against darkness, heathenism, and cruelty. On April 24th, the Rev. Alfred R. Tucker was consecrated Bishop of Equatorial Africa, and *the same night* he set out for his field of labor. So God raises up men who count not their own lives dear unto them, if they can win victories for Christ. No better proof could be furnished of the power of Christianity than the promptitude with which men step into the gap in the front ranks.

When news of Bishop Parker's death reached the Church Missionary Society, its committee looked around for a successor. The name of a man of remarkable energy, devotion, and heroic calibre was brought to its notice. He belonged to a family of artists, several of whom had won distinction in their profession. He was himself an artist whose pictures had won the praise of the critics, who predicted for him a brilliant future. He was also an athlete and pedestrian who had broken many records. On one day he had walked sixty-four miles including the ascent of four of the highest mountains in England, involving 12,000 feet of hard climbing. This man had at the age of twenty-eight abandoned his profession and his brilliant prospects to give himself to the service of God in the ministry. He had gone to Oxford to study and, instead of giving his leisure to frivolity and dissipation as so many Oxford students do, he had used it in going out into the villages to preach the Gospel in the open air. He had won the degree of M. A., had been ordained, and had worked with signal tokens of God's blessing in two curacies, and was, at the age of nearly forty years, toiling on with indefatigable energy. He was just the man for the post, but it was not for the Society to invite him to a position of danger. They made no movement toward him; but God was showing him His will.

By what is called a singular coincidence, but what the Christian recognizes as the Providential arrangement of God, Mr. Tucker, the man whom the Society had in view, went to them and offered himself as a missionary for Africa. The brave man had a wife and a baby boy, but they were willing to remain behind for three years, and Mr. Tucker said he was ready to go at once. He was accepted, was made the Bishop of the vacant see and is now on his way to his diocese. All honor to such a man! The Church throughout the world will bid him God-speed and pray for his preservation and success.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most imposing memorials in the whole world was dedicated on May 30th, at Cleveland, O., to President James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States. We give in this issue a picture of its exterior. It is erected on a high ridge of ground in Lake View Cemetery. Its main feature is a circular tower fifty feet in diameter, and one hundred and eighty feet high. It is surrounded by a broad stone terrace which is reached by flights of wide steps. From the front of the tower projects a square porch which forms the entrance. The sides of the porch are divided into five panels of *bas-relief*, representing five periods of Garfield's life, and contain over a hundred life-size figures. The first, shows him as a young man teaching school; the second, represents an episode in the war, when Garfield rode through a storm of shot and shell in the battle of Chickamauga to carry despatches to Gen. Thomas; the third, represents Garfield addressing an audience of citizens; the fourth, his inauguration; and the fifth, depicts him in his coffin.

Passing through this porch the visitor reaches the interior of the tower, in the centre of which is the statue of Garfield in Carrara marble, standing on a pedestal. Arranged around it is a circle of polished red granite pillars, supporting a dome that forms a canopy over the statue, and outside them an aisle from which a general view of the interior is obtained. Above the pillars is a marble frieze representing the funeral procession, the figures in cream color on a background of deep red. Over the entrance door are figures of War and Peace, and underneath, the legend, "Erected by a grateful country in memory of James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States; Scholar, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot; Born, 19th Nov., 1831; Died, Sept. 19th, 1881."

The whole is rich in color and gilding, and decorations. Beneath, in the crypt, are the re-

mains of the lamented President, away from gaze of the public, and secure from the intrusion of strangers. The memorial, when complete, will cost \$150,000; of which, one-half contributed by the citizens of Cleveland.

ARABS AT PRAYER.

(See Illustration.)

THE accompanying picture, engraved from photograph brought home by Dr. Talmage, presents a scene very familiar to every traveler in Mohammedan lands. At the hour of prayer the faithful Mohammedan ceases his employment wherever he may be, and no matter where he may be around him, and gives himself up to devotion. He will go to the mosque, if one is accessible, but if not, he prays where he is.

As a preparation for the ceremony, he will, if possible, go through a thorough ablution. His hands and arms, his face, neck, and ears thoroughly washed, he gargles his throat, washes his feet and as much of his body as the scanty dress of the country leaves exposed, before the hour when the call from the minaret of the mosque, "God is God, and Mohammed is prophet," shall sound. In all the better class of houses, there is running water in the inner courts for this purpose, and on the banks of every stream the poorer classes of people may be seen making their preparations.

This is the manner of the ceremony, as described by a recent traveller, who, like others, witnessed it daily while he was in Egypt: "The man next us raises his open hand till the thumb touches the ears, exclaiming aloud, *Allah-hu-akbar*—'God is great.' After uttering mentally a few short petitions, the hands are brought down and folded together near the girdle, while he recites the first chapter of the Koran, and two or three other brief passages from the same book. Now he bends forward, resting his hands upon his knees, and repeats three times a formula of praise to 'God most great.' Then, standing erect, he cries, *Alla-hu-akbar*, as at the beginning. Then he drops upon his knees, and bends forward until his nose and forehead touch the ground, directly between his outstretched hands. This he repeats three times, muttering all the time the same short formulas of prayer and praise. The next move brings him to his knees, and then settling back upon his heels, mumbles over various small petitions, with sundry grunts and exclamations, according to taste and habit. He has now gone through the regular *Rek'ah*; and standing up as at the first, and on exactly the same spot, he will perform a second, and even a third, if especially devoted with precisely the same genuflections.

hey seem to be wholly
bed in their devotions
manifest a power of isola-
and abstraction quite
ising. That is the result
bit and education. Small
ren imitate it to perfec-

There is certainly a
unity in their mode of
hip, and when peorfirm-
a large assembly in the
ues; or by a detachment
diers in concert, guided
eir genuflexions by an
n or dervish who sings
ervice, it is very impres-
I have seen it admirably
rmed by moonlight on
ild banks of the Orontes,
e plain of Hamath, and
ene was something more
romantic. But alas! it
y as villainous a set of
rs as could be found
n that lawless region."
nappily these conspicu-
levotions are too often,
the case cited, by no
is an evidence of a
ous life. In fact, many
lers assert that it is a
of the contrary. Wheth-
e men who make the
and regular prayers do
impose on the people
gain a record for piety,
will divert suspicion
them, or whether they
that these prayers will
down to the credit side
eir account to counter-
ce their evil deeds, does
appear. Certain it is that
prayers have no appre-
effect on their lives, and
therefore not an evidence
ritution. The injunction
e Saviour, to avoid vain
tions, and not to pray
ing at the corners of the
s as the hypocrites do

6: 5-7), is recalled by this description,
re understand how the application of His
s would be seen by His auditors.

**WILL IT LIFT.
THE STORY OF A FOG.**
By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray.
(Continued from page 350.)

FORE Jared Higginbotham knocked at that
of the room in the Wellington Hotel, as
ded in the last chapter, there had been a
within the room which should be describ-
On the other side of that door were the
oung men from Australia, Gilbert Craske,
and Frank Higginbotham who, as our
rs will remember, was known under the
of Richard Allanson to Gilbert and his
r.
en they arrived in London, they went to
Wellington to look for Mr. Craske, but did
nd him there. The fact is, that Gilbert
e, senior, was very uncertain in his move-
s. He had committed himself to a per-
search after the widow with the silver
and the more defeats and disappointments
et with, the more resolved he was to pros-
his self-imposed mission.
e young men were disappointed, but, as it
lear that the "Wellington" was his recog-
headquarters, they resolved to hire a
o, and make that their headquarters, too.
the very first night of their arrival, Frank
nbotham caught sight of his father. For
moments he was in doubt, so greatly had
otel keeper's form and features altered for-
orse; and when conviction deepened into
nty, he felt that he had received another
tion—namely, that in his father's case the
as worse than the first, and that in him he



MOHAMMEDANS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.
(From a Photograph Brought from Egypt by Dr. Talmage.)

saw, in the worse sense of the term, a ruined
man. He soon discovered that he also was
lodging at the Wellington, and the young man
was filled with apprehension and concern.

Gil saw that his friend was sad and in trouble,
and with that tenderness of feeling and sym-
pathy of nature which he had inherited from his
father, he set himself to gain his companion's
confidence.

"I say, Dick," said Gil, "to see you down-
hearted and in trouble is worse than being in
trouble myself. Can't you trust a fellow, and
give him a chance to lift the load a bit? What's
the matter, old chum?"

"Look here, Gil, I could trust you with my
life, and my reputation, which is of greater
worth," said Dick, with strong feeling, "and yet
I have kept a secret from you for many a year,
and have filled my own heart with sorrow at the
fear of your one day discovering it. I have done
wrong in so acting; my one excuse is this, that
the reputation of another is involved, and that
sealed my lips. But now I feel I must tell you."

"That's right, laddie," said Gil, drawing up
his chair so that he might lean his arm on that
of the easy chair in which Frank was sitting.
"Wait till I ring for candles, and then fire
away."

"No, thank you, Gil, I prefer the twilight, I
can tell my story better." And with this he heaved
a heavy sigh at the thought that he needed
to hide his blushes as he mentioned his own
father's name.

I need not recount the sad story that the high-
spirited and humiliated young man poured into
the astonished ears of his friend.

Frank concluded his story in tears, and for
that matter, true-hearted Gil also let fall his

tears for company. "Now,"
said Frank, "you have heard
the whole miserable story
from the beginning, and you
can understand how wretched
and unhappy the sight of my
father, and such a sight, has
made me. Yet God knows I
love him, and I would give all
I have in this world, ay, my
life, I think, for my mother's
sake, if I could hear my father
say: 'I have done wrong, and
I repent, and, as far as in me
lies, I will make amends be-
fore God and man.' Gil
Craske, dear friend! for want
of that I think my heart will
break."

Placing his hand on his com-
panion's shoulder, Gil said:
"Heart up, comrade! Heart
up! You and I have been
taught to believe that the
grace of a merciful God can
meet the biggest wants we've
got. We may surely pray for
this, and who knows, you may
yet hear your father confess
his grievous sin."

"God grant it," said Frank.
"Night and day I've prayed
for it for years! but it tar-
ries, tarries, tarries. Will it
ever come?" Frank buried
his head in his hands. His
friend sat by him in the shad-
ow. The room was filled with
the gloom of evening; two
hearts were filled with greater
gloom. They sat in the silence
and the night wore slowly on.
It was while they were so sit-
ting that Jared knocked at the
door, and entered without
waiting for permission, as re-
lated last week.

"Is Mr. Allanson in?" said
Jared, with a low, firm voice.
He can indistinctly perceive
some one standing near the

fire, whose dull, red glow, was seen amid the
mist which filled the room.

"Yes," said Gil Craske, "but wait, I'll call for
lights." Ah, there was no doubt now, that was
Mr. Allanson's voice, and even through the
gloom he could see that that was Mr. Allanson's
form and features.

"No, no, sir!" said Jared, in a voice of pitiful
entreaty. "Don't have a light! Oh, Mr. Allan-
son, I have sinned against God and against you.
I stole your box of gold. I repent. Oh, God
knows I truly and bitterly repent. Do with me
as you will, punish me as you will, only take
back the gold. Every coin is there. Oh, my
God, I'm rid of the fiend at last, at last! May
God have mercy on my soul."

Jared had thrust the box into Gilbert's hand,
and, being rid of it, he waved his own hands to
and fro in the air as if to realize his freedom
from the hateful fetters of dishonest gold, and
then sunk upon the floor in a heavy, helpless
swoon.

Frank Higginbotham, for surely the name of
"Richard Allanson" had now served its turn
and done its work, had remained seated all the
time, simply because he had no power to rise.
Now he rose, and staggered to the spot where
the penitent sinner lay. "Gil, my friend," said
he, "help me to lift my father. What he means
I cannot tell. Whose box it is, I do not know;
but this I know—this I know, thank God. Oh,
Gil, Gil, Gil! Help me to lift my father, for this
penitent man is he."

I know that Gil Craske's honest cheeks were
wet with a brother's tears, and if there are such
things as tears of joy in heaven, I think the an-
gels that rejoice over a sinner that repenteth
had occasion to wipe the pearly drops away.

For some moments Jared lay as one dead. While they were quietly and confidently tending him and aiding his recovery, Gilbert said to his companion, "Frank my boy, that box is my dear old father's. I know it well, and could swear to it in any court of justice; and the gold in it is no doubt the large sum of money he lost."

"But why should he ask for Mr. Allanson?" objected Frank. "He could not know."

"Look here, old fellow," said Gil, hitting the truth exactly, as his shrewd wit often did, "you took that name to serve a purpose. Perhaps my father has used it, too. He may have followed your example, if he wanted a name to serve a purpose, too. Perhaps it has something to do with that mysterious lady he wrote about. That's quite enough by way of reason for any of Dad's romantic impulses. That's his box, thank God!"

Frank looked at his comrade with some degree of wonderment. It was new to hear him speak so feelingly about money. "Yes," he said, quietly, "I am glad you have got the gold again."

"Blow the gold," cried Gil, though what good could come of that operation I fail to see. "I said thank God, you buzzard, because, now that the affair is *ours*, no mortal out of doors need ever know." Then Frank understood, and a silent hand-grip was his sole reply.

No sooner had Jared come to himself again than he pleaded, in pitiful tones, that he might be dismissed to his own room—he would not leave it, only let him hide himself a little now that his shameful tale was told. Then Frank revealed himself; then Gil assured him of his father's forgiveness; and what could poor, dazed, melted, penitent, startled, astounded Jared Higginbotham do but weep? What better thing could he do than weep in silence? His tears were tears of pure repentance now mingled with tears of grateful joy. A few questions and answers on both sides soon laid bare all the truth, and it was felt by all that a speedy removal to the "Hilldrop Arms" was the best thing to do next.

That decision was a wise one for more reasons than they knew. They would find at Hilldrop the solution of several mysteries that were perplexing them, and there were hearts there which would be gladdened by the news they would carry with them. News of recovered gold, and better news still—news of a man reclaimed.

Matters were proceeding calmly down there, and pleasantly, for the Graythorpes' and their kind hostess, Mrs. Higginbotham, really enjoyed their visit as much as Mrs. Graythorpe and the girls, and declared it was doing her good. She said she would have "moped to death" while Jared was away in London if they had not been with her. They soon found, too, that there was more reason for her depression than they had suspected.

One evening, soon after the arrival of the Graythorpes, the three guests with their delighted hostess were gathered round the winter fire which filled the room with its red and cheerful glow. It seemed now to be Mrs. Higginbotham's turn to sigh and to carry an uncanny look of sadness on her face. We who know of the long absence of her darling laddie in a foreign land, and especially of the humiliating reason of his going—we who know also of the change which had come over the conduct and manner of her erratic husband, and of his mysterious visit to the great city—can understand how it was that the innkeeper's wife was pale and wan, and how at times she was unable to keep up that brisk and cheery tone and temper which was largely assumed for the sake of her beloved and welcome guests.

As the good woman—for she was, in truth, a good woman and a kind—sat there in the firelight's fitful glow, with her face in unconscious repose, Mercy was forcibly struck with the look of anxious care it undoubtedly wore, and of the presence within her of a spirit tired and ill at ease. True to her life-mission as an angel of good cheer, she set herself forthwith to lift the cloud by administering the marvellously potent medicine of cheerful music wedded to sweet and hopeful song.

"Godmother," said Mercy, using the familiar name to which only Millie had legiti-

mate right, "you need a little of my 'soothingsyrup.' I do think God's gracious Providence has really provided music for us older children to quiet us when we are fractious, to soothe us when we are in sorrow, to ease us when we are in pain, and to act as a kindly cordial whenever the soul is sore, or the heart is sad." Both Millie and Mrs. Graythorpe had caught sight of the mournful shadow before its wearer succeeded in dismissing it at the sound of Mercy's cheery voice.

Millie's token of sympathy was a pair of arms flung tenderly round her neck, and loving kisses on cheek and forehead, as her dark tresses fell on Mrs. Higginbotham's fast silvering hair. Mrs. Graythorpe quickly moved her chair beside that of her familiar friend, and sat holding her hand right tenderly, while Mercy sang and played until the drawing-room was flooded with the tide of holy song, on which the spirit of the sore-tried wife and mother was lifted and upborne. Mayhap, Mercy's inspiring strains may cause some other drooping spirit "to take heart again." Here they are, the sweet, delicious words of that true mistress of poetry, Adelaide Ann Proctor:—

"I think if thou could'st know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those looked-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou would'st rejoice, and not complain.

"I think if thou could'st see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee,
Are shadows hiding light;
Life's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,
If thou could'st see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear, and wise, and bright.

"And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see,
Wisdom and sight are slow,
In poor humanity.
If thou could'st rest, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest;
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best!"

"Yes, 'trust is best,'" said she for whom the golden and gracious song sermon was mainly intended, as she warmly thanked Mercy for her timely song; and the "angel of good cheer" felt abundantly rewarded as she noted that the shadow had fled, and trust and hope in God had brought a peaceful rest to take the dark benumbing shadow's place. God bless all shadow-lifters, say I, in this world of care, all smile-bringers in this world of tears! If each would try to be to each, these two, how soon this world might witness a change for the better. And, all the while, God's Providence, in most mysterious fashion, was a co-worker with Mercy and for good Mrs. Higginbotham, away in far-off London.

I need not stay to tell how our happy and grateful trio of Graythorpes wandered to and fro around the familiar haunts of their other, and, in some respects, happier days. Every field, and lane, and wood, as well as the old homestead of Hilldrop Grange, was explored again and again; the ruins of the old abbey called up tender memories of their childhood's days to both Mercy and Millie, for it had been a favorite playground in those happy times when they made the ancient walls and crumbling arches to resound with merry laughter as they played at "hide-and-seek" among its curious nooks and secret corners. And all the while Millie's roses deepened, and her strength increased. There was nothing "on the nerves" now, but the invigorating influence of Hilldrop breezes, the delightful effect of Hilldrop visions, and the unremitting stimulus of Hilldrop air.

One day, in the course of their peregrinations, they met our old friend Jimmie Sladd, who, much to my regret, and owing solely to the narrow limit of these pages, has dropped for a while from view. Thanks to the unforgetting kindness of Gilbert Craske and the Faringham grocer as a medium of communication, Jimmie's wants were constantly attended to, and, to use his own expression, he was "lying among the clover, like an owd 'unter 'at's run his last race."

"Of course, the old man had been delighted to see his former mistress again and "the young ladies," and equally, of course,

they had taken the earliest opportunity of visiting their aged helper, for people of the Graythorpe strain and cast are never guilty of the indescribable meanness of those who, on the plea that "service is no inheritance," can turn their backs on those who have rendered them honest and faithful service, simply on the ground that they have no further use for them.

"Well, Jimmie," said Mercy, "how are you this morning? And what's the latest news?"

"Why," said Jimmie, placing his two hands on the top of his stick, and resting his somewhat stooping form thereon; "I'm all right in body and mind—righter 'i' mind than body, though, for I've had a few twinges of my owd enemy, the rheumatiz, an' I feels to hobble a bit more than common. But it's passin', it's passing. What a blessin' it is 'at things like them is passin', an' 'll pass altogether by-an'-by! I offends thinks when I hear 't parson say 'at a buryin', 'We never continny 'i one stay,' what a good thing it is for such things as rheumatiz, for instance, an' monny another thing that bothers us, keeps goin', praise the Lord!—an' better allus follows wuss, an' betteran' better still, if we bide it patiently."

"Well, that's good philosophy, Jimmie," said Mrs. Graythorpe, with a smile, "but I don't think you would get much good of it if it wasn't for the help of religion."

"That's just it, ma'am," said Jimmie, lifting his stick, and tapping the ground sharply with it by way of emphasis. "I don't tak' mitch account of 'losophy,' as you call it, but the love of Jesus does teach me a few things 'at's worth knowin'; an' that's one—that things 'at troubles us 'i various ways is passin'." Here Jimmie dismissed them one after another with a wave of his hand. "Ay, an' better still; it tells us that we hev good things 'i possession 'at doesn't pass, an' can't pass, an' won't pass; ay, an' better still," Jimmie continued, waxing warm, "it tells us of things that's comin', comin' as sure as sunrise, an' that's the 'glory that shall be revealed.' I've waitin' for it, missis—poor owd Jimmie Sladd's waitin' for it." Then, looking upward, with a smile such as a child might wear who catches a glimpse of his father's face, he said, "an' it's comin' by-an'-by."

(To be Concluded.)

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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AND POVERTY IN AN ATTIC.
Lester told us that the abundance of life consisteth not in the things that seeth (Luke 12 : 15.) Many rich men loved the truth of the words in their experience. Many of the Saviour's, too, have proved the converse of finding in the peace which He gives abundance, while possessing little of life's goods. An extreme case in a recently cited by a witness before a permanent committee of inquiry, which stigmatising the condition of the poorest of the community. He said: "I had a garret, reached by a narrow stair, with a rope nailed to the wall at the bottom, instead of a hand rail, gentle, delicate-looking sisters, sitting at a table, sewing the fatiguing blue shirts. Their mother lies on a bed in the corner of the room. They said, so they say, and ask me to examine 'remains' on the table, consisting of crusts of bread and something they butter. The sisters were too poor to have a machine, and they could not go out in any factory, for 'mother is so weak.' So they toil on, earning out two cents an hour. The home is clean, and round the walls my eyes saw sundry Scripture texts. The mother reclined upon her small bed and looked rightly and hopefully. 'How old are you?' 'Eighty-six.' 'And are you in pain?' 'Oh, yes, thank God, I feel strong.' Her face was a picture of contentment. The room seemed to me something very beautiful as we sat beside this aged saint's bed. The mother read things, written in un fading ink as we were going, she said, 'pray

PRISONER'S REGRET.
The prisoners in a penitentiary man girl whose depravity seemed as in one of her years. The crime she was incarcerated was a serious one. The chaplain went to see her in a outraged state of mind. She could not speak a few English words, and could not understand the language at all. The chaplain, when leaving her cell, left with a copy of the Gospel of John in German. She studied it diligently, and God's words. A complete change was wrought in her demeanor, and on the day of her discharge she besought the chaplain to retain the little volume. She was referring to some books belonging to the prison, and that none of them could be given. With quivering lips and tearful eyes she said: "Oh, sir, I am so sorry for that! I have never done me so much good as this book. I am sure if I had read it I should never have been sent here." At the small volume from the place she kept it, the chaplain discovered that one he had himself presented to her. He told her that she was welcome to it, and expressed the hope that the Lord would bless it to her soul. Kneeling at the door of the cell, the young woman held the little book to her heart, and exclaimed: "He has blessed it to me already! Him, and I thank you for it. I will read it over and over, and I am sure I shall come to good again."

OLD MISER'S DEATH.
A touching instance of a death resulting from love of money which we are assured is the root of all evil (1 Timothy 6 : 10) by a Scottish minister in a letter to his parish. "You mind old Jean in the back of 'Old Witch?' She died yesterday. An old creature! She was afraid to die of want, and to save a little she starved herself, and brought on Palsy with its hammer struck her like an ox—and they found her this morning lying half dead on her backstone. Great quantities of unwholesome food were found in her house, and she had thousands of dollars in money. The doctor agreed to use the money in getting soups and wines and all such things the doctor ordered; and old Jean died of them very heartily, under the care of her neighbors had provided them, and recovering fast, till waking up

her attendant two mornings since at 2 a. m., to ask after money, she was stunned to hear that she had been eating and drinking her 'ain siller,' and so shocked was she that she swooned away and died soon after. What a mystery is human life and character! Queer specimen of it this! I tried again and again to speak to her of the most solemn things, but her heart was sheathed in gold and silver."

THE RECONCILIATION OF TWO MINISTERS.

The story of a quarrel adjusted by a poem is related in the life of the Rev. John Owen. He was much concerned over the estrangement of his two intimate friends, the Rev. Charles Simeon and Robert Hall. They had been dear friends, but a misunderstanding occurred, hot words were spoken and the breach widened, and in their anger they declined intercourse. After several friends had tried to restore peace and failed, Mr. Owen wrote these lines on two cards, and then left one at the house of each minister:

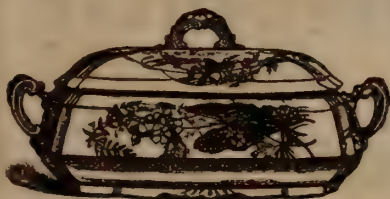
"How rare that task a prosperous issue finds,
Which seeks to reconcile discordant minds!
How many scruples rise to passion's touch!
This yields to little, and that asks too much;
Each wishes each with others eyes to see;
And many sinners can't make two agree.
What mediation, then, the Saviour showed,
Who singly reconciled us all to God."

The first who read the lines was so strongly impressed by them that he hastened from his house to call immediately upon his offended friend; the friend had also read the lines, and being affected by them, had done the same, and the offended persons met each other in the street. A reconciliation instantly took place—a reconciliation which was never interrupted till death separated them.

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ARE YOU SHINING FOR JESUS?

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

Are you shining for Jesus to-day, brother,
Shining so clear and so bright,
That the souls that are perishing near you,
May be guided to Him by your light?
They are wandering far in the darkness,
They are lost 'mid the mazes of sin;
O brother, if brightly you're shining,
Perchance you may gather them in!

Are you shining for Jesus to-day, brother,
Shining in deed and in word?
Is your life by its purity showing
The likeness of Jesus your Lord?
The world watches closely, my brother:
If naught in your life it can see
But the fair, fragrant fruits of the Spirit,
Then the Father will glorified be.

Are you shining for Jesus to-day, brother,
Shining for truth and for right,
Where bold unbelief and its minions
Are posing as angels of light?
They would banish the cross of our Saviour,
They would silence that story of love;
Shine out o'er their folly, and show them
How futile such efforts must prove.

Oh, shine out for Jesus to-day, brother!
Shine where He needs you the most,
Shine where the darkness hangs deepest
O'er the path of the straying and lost;
Shine only and always for Jesus,
And then when thy toiling is o'er,
In mansions of glory eternal,
Thou shalt shine as the stars evermore.

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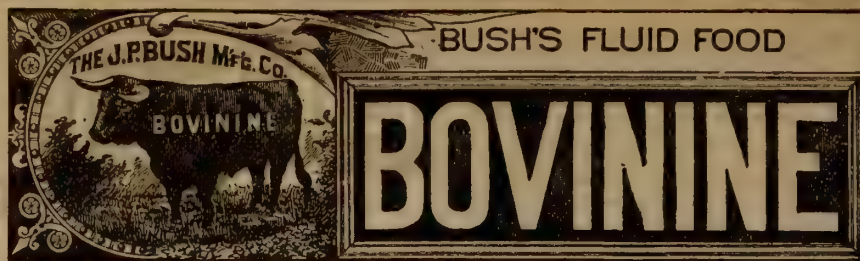
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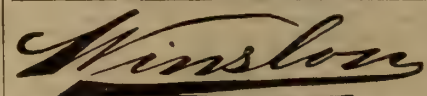
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EDITED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Vol. XIII., No. 24. Offices, Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1890.

Price 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, 1.50.

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ORIENTAL SCENES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BROUGHT FROM EGYPT BY DR. TALMAGE.

1. Travelling in the Desert—II. The Sphinx—III. An Egyptian Lady—IV. Ascending the Pyramids—V. The Mammoth Effigy of Sesostris.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ALL TROUBLES PAST.

"There was a rainbow round about the throne."

Rev. 4: 3.

The Rainbow Noah Saw—Only Visible to the People in the Ark—Only Seen After Rain—No Shower no Rainbow—How there Can be Rainbows in Heaven—Earth's Glories Preserved in Heaven—The Colors of the Foundations—The Celestial Ceiling—The Safety Implied—After the Deluge of Trial—And the Deluge of Sin—Of Blood—Of Sorrow—A Boyish Fancy—The Colors Symbolical.

As, after a night of fearful tempest at sea, one ship, more stanch than another, rides on undamaged among the fragments of spars and hulks that float about, so old Noah's ark, at the close of the deluge, floats on over the wreck of a dead world. Looking out of the window of the ark, you see the planks of houses, and the sheaves of wheat, and the carcasses of cattle, and the corpses of men. No tower is left to toll the burial; no mourners to form in line of procession; no ground in which to bury the dead. Sinking a line twenty-seven feet long, you just touch the tops of the mountains. Ghastliness and horror! The ark, instead of walking the sea, like a modern ship, in majesty and beauty, tosses helplessly: no helm to guide; no sail to set; no shore to steer for. Why protract the agony of the good people in such a craft, when they might in one dash of the wave have been put out of their misery?

But at yonder spot in the horizon we see colors gathering in the sky; at just the opposite point in the horizon other colors are gathering. I find that they are the two buttresses of an arched bridge. The yellow, the red, the orange, the blue, the indigo, the violet are mingled, and by invisible hands the whole structure is hung into the sky, and the ark has

A Triumphant Arch

to sail under. An Angel swings his hand across the sky, and in the seven prismatic colors he paints with pencil of sunbeam the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature. God lifted up that great arched bridge, and set it over His own head in the heaven. John saw it, for he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

I notice that none but *the people who were in the ark saw the rainbow*. It cast its shadow clear down into the water where the people were buried, and lighted up the dead faces with a strange radiance, but they could not see it. So only those who are at last found in Christ, the Ark, will see the overspanning glories of the throne. Hence you had better get into the Ark! As you call your family out at the close of the shower to show them the sign in heaven, so I want you all at last to see the grander rainbow round about the throne. "Look there!" says Noah to his wife, "at that bow in the clouds; and, Shem and Japhet, look! look!—the green, the yellow, the red, and the orange!" I should not wonder if some of your own children in the Good Land should after a while cry out to you, "Look, father! look, mother! there is a rainbow round about the throne!" You had better get into the Ark, with all your families, if you want to see it.

I notice also that the chief glory of God comes after the rain.

No Shower No Rainbow.

no trouble, no brightness of Christian comfort. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse-clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow. Many Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf that heaven makes is thrown over the shoulders of the storm. You can not make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow: you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colors of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades, and sadnesses, and vicissitudes of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian character.

Your child asks you, "Father, what makes

the rainbow?" and you say, "It is the sunlight striking through the rain-drops." Therefore I wondered how there could be a rainbow in heaven, since there are no storms there; but then I conclude that that rainbow must be formed by the striking of heaven's sunlight through the falling tears of earthly sorrow. When we see a man overwhelmed with trouble, and his health goes, and his property goes, and his friends go, I say, "Now we shall see the glory of God in this good man's deliverance." As at Niagara Falls I saw, one day, ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich-hued wings of all the promises.

The Rainbow in Heaven.

I notice that the *most beautiful things of this world are to be preserved in heaven*. When you see the last color fade out from the rainbow of earth, you need not feel sad, for you will see the rainbow round about the throne. That story about the world burning up has given me many a pang. When I read that Paris was besieged, I said, "Now the pictures and statues in the Louvre and Luxembourg will be destroyed; all those faces of Rembrandt, and those bold dashes of Rubens, and those enchantments of Raphael on canvas, and those statues of Canova." But is it not a more melancholy thought that ruin is to come upon this great glory of the earth, in which the mountains are the chiseled sculptures, and upon the sky, in which the "transfiguration" of sunrise and sunset is hung with loops and tassels of fire? I was relieved when I found that the pictures had been removed from the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and I am relieved now when I think that the best parts of this earth are either to be removed or pictured in the Good Land. The trees must twist in the last fire—the oaks, and the cedars, and the maples; but in heaven there shall be the trees of life on the bank of the river, and the palm-trees from which the conquerors shall pluck their branches. The Hudson, and the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio shall boil in the last flame, but we shall have more than their beauty in the River of Life from under the throne. The daisies, and the portulacas, and the roses of earth will wither in the hot sirocco of the judgment, but John tells of the garlands which the glorified wear; and there must be flowers, or there could be no garlands.

The rainbow on our sky, which is only the pillow of the dying storm, must be removed; but then, glory be to God! "there is a rainbow round about the throne." I have but to look up to the radiant arch above the throne of God to assure myself that the most glorious things of earth are to be preserved in heaven. Then let the world burn: all that is worth saving will be

Snatched Out of the Fire.

I see the same truth set forth in the twelve foundations of the wall of heaven. St. John announces the twelve foundations of this wall to be, the first, of jasper—yellow and red; the second, of sapphire—a deep blue; the third, a chalcidony—a varied beauty; the fourth, emerald—a bright green color; the fifth, sardonyx—a bluish white; the sixth, sardius—red and fiery; the seventh, chrysolite—golden-hued; the eighth, beryl—a bluish green; the ninth, topaz—a pale green mixed with yellow; the tenth, chrysoprasus—a golden bluish tint; the eleventh, jacinth—fiery as the sunset; the twelfth, amethyst. But these precious stones are only the foundation of the wall of heaven—the most inferior part of it. On the top of this foundation there rises a mighty wall of jasper—of brilliant yellow and gorgeous crimson. Stupendous cataract of color! Throne of splendor and sublimity!

You see that the beautiful colors which are the robes of glory to our earth are to be forever preserved in this wall of heaven. Our skies of blue, which sometimes seem almost to drop with richness of color, shall be glorified and eternized in the deep everlasting blue of that fiery stone which forms the second foundation of the heavenly wall. The green that sleeps on the brook's bank, and rides on the sea-wave, and spreads its banners on the mountain top, shall be eternized in the emerald that forms the fourth foundation

of the heavenly wall. The fiery gush of the morning, the conflagration of the autumnal sunset, the electricity that shoots its forked tongue out of the thunder-cloud, the flame at whose breath Moscow fell and Ætna burn, shall be eternized in the fiery jasper. It seems as if all earthly beauty were in one billow to be dashed up against that wall of heaven; so that the most beautiful things of earth will be kept either in the wall, or the foundation, or in the rainbow round about the throne.

I notice the *unspeakable*

Attractiveness of Heaven.

In other places the Bible tells us of the floor of heaven—the waters, and the stones, and the fruits; but now St. John tells us of the roof—the frescoed arch of eternity, and the rainbow round about the throne. Get a ticket, and, carefully guarded, you go into the royal factory at Paris where the Gobelin tapestries of the world are made, and see how for years a man will sit putting in and out a ball of colored worsteds through the delicate threads, satisfied if he can in a day make so much as a finger's breath of beauty for a king's canopy. But behold how my Lord, in one hour, with His two hands, twisted the tapestry, now swung above the throne, into a rainbow of infinite glory. Oh, what a place heaven must be! You have heretofore looked at the floor this morning take one glance at the ceiling.

I notice what must be the feeling of *safety among the people of heaven*. Have you ever seen a cloud burst? There have been days when it rained as if it would never stop. You knew, if it kept on in that way long, all the nations would be drowned; yet you had no apprehension, for you remember the Bow of Promise painted on the cloud in Noah's time. So the glorified have but to look to the arch around the throne of the King to be reassured that the deluge of trial is forever past.

After the Deluge of Sin.

On earth, the *deluge of sin* covers the tops of the highest mountains. I heard an Alpine guide, amid the most stupendous evidences of God's power, swear at his mule as he stumbled in the pass. Yes, the deluge of sin dashes over the top of the highest mountain ranges. Revenge, drunkenness, impiety, falsehood, blasphemy, are but different waves of a flood that has whelmed nations. New York is drowned in it, Brooklyn is drowned in it, Boston is drowned in it, London is drowned in it, St. Petersburg is drowned in it—two great hemispheres are drowned in it. But the redeemed, looking unto the "rainbow round about the throne," see the pledge that all this is ended for them forever. They have committed their last sin, and combated their last temptation. No suicide leap into those bright waters; no profanity befoul that pure air; no villain's torch shall fire those temples; no murderer's hand shall strike down those sons of God. They know that for them the deluge of sin is assuaged, for "there is a rainbow round about the throne."

Now the world is covered with

A Deluge of Blood.

The nations here are all the time either using the sword or sharpening it. The factories of the world are night and day manufacturing the weaponry of death. Throne against throne, empire against empire. The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land: despotism against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night, of "peace and good will to men," is drowned in the booming of the great siege-guns. Stand back, and let the long line of ambulances pass. Groan to groan. Uncover and look upon the trenches of the dead. Blood! blood!—a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No batteries are planted on those hills; no barricades blocking those streets; no hostile flag above those walls

smoke of burning villages; no shrieks of chered men; but peace! German and Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in the field of death, now, through Christ reaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Shields stacked forever; shields of battle hung

The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for there is a rainbow round about the throne. Now the earth is covered with

The Deluge of Sorrow.

Trouble! trouble! trouble! The very first utterance when we come into the world is a cry. Without any teaching, we learn to weep. What has so wrinkled that man's face? What has so maturely whitened his hair? What calls that sigh? What starts that tear? Trouble! Trouble! I find it in the cellar of poverty, and up among the heights on the top of the mountains; for this also hath gone over the tops of the highest mountains. No escape from it. You go into the store, and it meets you at your counting-desk; you go into the street, and it meets you at the corner; you go into the house, it meets you at the door. Tears of poverty! Tears of persecution! Tears of bereavement!—A deluge of tears! Gathered together from all earth, they could float an ark larger than Noah's.

At the glorified, looking up to the bow that is the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No shivering wretch on the palace-step; no blind man at the gate of the heavenly temple, begging for alms; no grinding of the screw-driver of sin-lid. They look up at the rainbow, and in lines of yellow, and red, and green, and orange, and indigo, and violet, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thank God for glory spanning the throne!

A Boyhood Fancy.

Our boyhood we had a superstition that at the foot of the rainbow there was a casket of gold; but I have to announce that at the end of this rainbow of heaven there is a box full out of the wood of the cross. Open it, and you find all the treasures of heaven.

That our eyes may all look upon this bow of promise, lifted by Christ's own hand! We trace the separate lines of beauty across the spectrum. In the line of red I shall see the blood of my Lord; in the blue, the bruises that marked His cheek; in the green, the freshness of His grace; in the violet, His humility; in all the curve of beauty, the bend of His right arm as He swung over all the redeemed.

At the end of what I told you at the beginning, what I tell you at the close—that none but those who are in the ark saw the rainbow, and only those who are at last in Christ shall see it amid the glories of heaven.

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

A VENERABLE BRIDE.

LOVERS' quarrel of nearly half a century ending in a marriage at Independence, recently. A local journal says, that three weeks ago, rather a remarkable couple went to court House to be married. The bride was seven years of age and the bridegroom seventy. The story told by the latter is some fifty years ago, he and the lady who is his wife were living on adjoining farms near Aberdeen, Scotland. He had loved her from boyhood, and she had promised to marry him when he was able to provide a home for her. That period was rapidly approaching, when some young clergyman came to the village.

The girl admired the new comer, and over saw, or fancied he saw, a change in her manner toward him. He upbraided her with inconstancy, and she answered him with words. One day after seeing her walking with the clergyman he repeated his protest, and

they had a bitter quarrel. The next day he went to beg forgiveness, but the girl would not see him. Finally she sent him back the engagement ring, and then he thought all was over. He was so greatly depressed that the country became hateful to him, and he came to America. He drifted to Wisconsin where he made money and became wealthy. About a year ago he thought he would like to see his old home again. He went, and while there, made inquiries for his old love. He heard that she had repented of her harshness to him, and hoped he would return or write her. At length, hearing nothing of him she married, had led an unhappy life, and had gone to America with her husband, who was an idle, shiftless fellow, who was now dead, and she was living in poverty. He secured her address, returned, and found her in Independence, Mo. She consented to marry him, old as they both were, and the aged bridegroom declared in conclusion, that they were as happy as the youngest bridal couple in the country. Doubtless, however, the bride's happiness is alloyed with regret, as she thinks that that happiness might have been her's for so many years, but for her folly in dismissing the man who loved her. So it is with many who are converted late in life. While rejoicing in Christ they mourn over the years that were spent apart from Him which might have been years of joy and service. (Joel 2:25.)

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Stuart's Hairbreadth Escape.*

ON one of my visits to the army, I took Dr. Kirk, Mr. William E. Dodge, and another friend from New York, to visit Camp Convalescent, about ten miles from Washington. Here we held a memorable prayer-meeting in one of our large tents; and the meeting became so deeply interesting that, when the drum beat for the soldiers to retire to their quarters, the colonel of an Ohio regiment (who I afterward learned was an infidel) said, as many of the soldiers rose to go, "Keep your seats; I will have you all excused for being out after hours." The meeting increased in interest, went on until it was ten o'clock, when it was with difficulty adjourned. As we passed out of the door the colonel asked us where we were going to stay for the night. We told him that we had to go to Washington, and pointed to our carriage that stood by the door. His reply was, "That is impossible, as all the sentinels have been posted for the night, and Gen. Grant has given orders that no civilian shall have the countersign." This order had become necessary through the countersign having been misused. To this I replied, that if Gen. Grant were there, I could get it. The colonel responded, "But he is not here, and you will have to stay with us for the night." Then Mr. Dodge said, "I have a most important engagement in New York, and must leave Washington by the early morning train."

The colonel then left to see what could be done about the matter. On his return, taking me aside so that my friends could not hear what he said, he told me that when we had got about two miles out of the camp we should encounter a sentinel, who would cry out, "Who goes there?" that I should then respond, "A friend, with the countersign;" to which the sentinel would reply, "Advance, and give the countersign;" that I was then to advance and give the countersign, which was *Beverley*. We left the camp and were stopped by the sentinel, who demanded the countersign as the colonel said he would. Leaving the carriage and advancing to within a few paces of where the sentinel stood, I saw him with his gun pointed at me and heard him exclaim, with a loud voice, "Halt, and give the countersign;" to which I answered with the mystic word, *Beverley*. Judge then of my astonishment when the sentinel responded, "Mr. Stuart, you have got the wrong countersign;" to which I replied, "What is the

right one?" He answered, "I dare not give it to you under penalty of death, and had I not known your voice I should have shot you on the spot."

Returning to the carriage, with this startling news, nothing remained but to return to the camp we had left. On making our way to the headquarters of the general in command and explaining our trouble, he asked if Dr. Kirk was not one of our party, adding, that if so, the countersign might be imparted to him. It was *Massachusetts*. Up to this day we have never been able to understand why the colonel gave us the wrong countersign, which might have cost me my life. On retracing our steps toward Washington late that night, and going through the same ordeal, *Massachusetts* carried us safely through the lines. Upon coming up to the sentinel I was curious to ascertain how he recognized my voice. Strange to say, he told me that he heard me, some years before, address a Sunday-school, of which he was a member, in New York. Had it not been for this recognition, and his knowledge of my connection with the army, I should have been a dead man. Placing my hand upon his shoulder I asked him if he had the countersign. His reply was, "Thank God, I have." "What is it?" said I. His prompt reply was, "The blood of Jesus." Shaking my good soldier friend by the hand, and bidding him good-night, I said, "With this countersign there will be no danger of your being halted at the gates of Heaven."

A Bishop at the Front.

I had the pleasure of taking the venerable Bishop McIlvaine to the front that he might see for himself the work we were doing among the soldiers. On reaching Fredericksburg we found that the town was deserted by its citizens, and every house filled with wounded and dying soldiers, many of whom I visited in company with our good bishop, who at times, was so affected that he could not restrain his feelings. I can see him now in that splendid mansion on the hill overlooking the town, talking to our wounded men on the verandah, in the parlors, the kitchen, the dining-room, and the chambers up-stairs, until we reached the garret, on the floor of which, among other soldiers, lay a poor dying Indian, and the only English word that he seemed to understand was the name of Jesus. To see the venerable bishop go down on his knees, with his hands on either side of this poor dying soldier, and pray that the blood of Jesus might wash away his sins, was a sight I shall never forget. No wonder that he said to me, "Stuart, I must retire. This is too much for my feeble frame." During our brief visit to one of the factories which was occupied as a hospital, we found a number of persons gathered around the cot of a soldier who was near his end, without a hope in Christ, and begging for our prayers in his behalf. The Bishop joined this group and spoke to the suffering one as only he could. At this time my attention was drawn to a soldier on the other side of the room, whose face was so calm and placid that I felt that he was not much of a sufferer. The contrast between the two men was so great that I said to the latter, "You seem to be so happy that I suppose you did not suffer much in the battle." His only reply was to throw off the coverlet when I found that both his legs were gone. The grace of God sustained him, and his face was beaming with joy, presenting a sharp contrast to that of his neighbor, who was filled with despair. This Christian soldier who died that very night, said that he was willing to give his life for his country, and God took him at his word.

Volume XII., of the *Christian Herald*, containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

"The *Christian Herald*" Binder. — Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

* From the *Life of George H. Stuart, Written by Himself*. A deeply interesting work, describing not only Mr. Stuart's own eventful life, but the work of the Christian Commission in the War. With portraits of several famous men. Pp. 383; Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia.

PICTURES FROM EGYPT.

(See first page.)

THIS week on the first page is another group of pictures engraved from a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage. They are grouped on the principle of locality, these being all connected with Egypt and the desert. In publishing them we call attention again, to the main purpose we have in view. It is not so much to furnish interesting narratives of travel—though no countries in the world, supply better material for that purpose—but to throw light on the Scriptures. It is a remarkable and, to the Christian a most encouraging fact that the more the Bible lands are explored, and the more closely they are examined by men of learning, the more clear does the meaning of the Word of God become, and the more expressive are the passages which but for the exploration might have remained incomprehensible. The Bible can afford to invite the fullest investigation. Those who investigate with an impartial mind almost invariably believe.

The Camel,

which is the subject of Illustration No. 1, is one of the most convincing proofs in natural history of the world being the creation of a Being of infinite wisdom. Precisely in the place where neither horses, nor asses, nor any other beast could do the work that man needs to have done, the camel is found, with precisely the organs and qualities required for the service. Without its aid the desert would be almost impassable. It has a broad cushioned foot adapted for walking easily on the loose sand. It has four stomachs, one of which is fitted with membranous cells for holding water, thus enabling it to store a supply of this necessary fluid, sufficient to last it for four or more days without drinking—a quality indispensable for long desert journeys in which wells are few and far between. Then the hump on its back has its use, too. No animal can go so long without food. The hump which in a well-fed camel is large and firm at the outset of the journey, becomes small and flabby if food is scarce by the way, the beast having some extraordinary power of absorbing sustenance from this strange protuberance. Add to this its astonishing power of smell, enabling it to steer for the water long before its driver is aware that he is near a stream; eyes that have a prodigious length of sight, and nostrils which have a muscular power of closing against the entrance of the sand, and there is an animal specially adapted with wonderful foresight for the special work it has to do.

The value of the camel as a beast of burden was early recognized. Pharaoh gave some of them to Abram (Gen. 12: 16), and when his servant went to look for a wife for Isaac, he took ten camels as the equipage of the party. (Gen. 24: 10). Rebekah drew water for them (Gen. 24: 19), and when she returned with the servant to become Isaac's wife she rode upon a camel. The Ishmaelites who bought Joseph of his brethren were riding on camels. (Gen. 37: 25). And among the grievous losses the Egyptians sustained, during the prevalence of the plagues, the loss of their camels is specifically mentioned. (Exod. 9: 3). In the New Testament, too, the beast furnished our Lord with one of His most forcible illustrations. "It is easier," He said, (Matt. 19: 24), "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." The eye of a needle referred to was doubtless the small entrance for foot passengers, at the gate of a city which was often called the needle's eye, in comparison with the large entrance for animals and vehicles. The tall, unwieldy animal, could enter at the small entrance, but it was with difficulty, as it is for the rich man to enter the kingdom of God. The phrase was a proverb in Palestine for an exploit so difficult as to be almost impossible.

There appear to be as many varieties in the camel as there are in horses. Some of them, whose strength is extraordinary, can carry loads of over six hundred pounds piled on their backs, and will travel at a pace of about three miles an hour, while the dromedaries, lighter and swifter,

will keep up a pace of nine miles an hour for twenty consecutive hours. Some of them will go at a rate of twelve miles an hour for one or two hours. They are thus as much an indication of the trade of a country in the East, as the lines of railroad are with us, and it is to this fact that Isaiah alludes when, in describing the blessings of Messiah's reign, he says: (Isa. 60: 6), "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah . . . they shall bring gold and incense." Travel on camel-back needs experience. It is comfortable when the animal walks, but the oscillation when it runs, with its long, swinging strides, is as trying to the inexperienced rider as a first voyage at sea. Dr. Talmage tried the experiment of a ride on a camel during his recent tour, but was glad to finish his journey on a donkey.

The Sphinx,

a picture of which occupies panel No. 3, of the illustration on the first page, has excited the wonder of many generations. It is a colossal image cut out of the solid rock, about three hundred feet from the second pyramid. Some idea of its gigantic proportions may be formed from the picture. The two men who stood there, when the photograph was taken, were men of ordinary size, yet they look insignificant beside the image. It measures 102 feet around the forehead, and the other features are in proportion. The inscriptions upon the image and on the surrounding rock indicate that it was set up about the same time as the great pyramid, which was, according to our generally received chronology, only some two or three generations after Noah. The skill with which the natural rock was sculptured into the shape of the human face, still excites the admiration of sculptors, and their wonder is no less excited by the adroitness with which masonry was used to supplement the rock in shaping the body of the image. It is still uncertain whether the face was an ideal one, or represented the features of the king. The fact, however, that an altar was found standing before it, when the sand which had covered it for generations was removed, indicated that it had been worshipped. Like the smaller Sphinxes in the avenue at Memphis, the great Sphinx has a human head on a lion's body and probably at one time there were wings on its sides. It must have been in all its glory when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt, for a tablet on the wall of a ruined temple at its feet, states that the temple was erected and dedicated to the Sphinx by Rameses II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites.

The Ascent of the Pyramid,

depicted in panel 4 of the illustration on the first page, is a work of some difficulty for which the assistance of guides is required. These men not only show the way, but actually hoist the climber in places of unusual steepness. Not long since, an Englishman who attempted the ascent unassisted, succeeded in getting to the top, but missed his footing in descending and was dashed to pieces. Three guides are detailed to each member of the party. Two of these go ahead and pull him up, while the third helps to raise him from behind. They are in the pay of a sheik, who undertakes to have the party taken up and down safely, and particularly cautions them against giving any gratuity to the guides. During the ascent these latter exert themselves to make a favorable impression on the visitors. They have acquired sufficient English words to make themselves understood, and they chatter away in cheerful, affable manner. Once on the top they produce curiosities which they claim were found in the sarcophagi, or are little idols from the tombs, or, if the visitor looks very ignorant, stones, which they declare are sapphires. These they want to sell, and they put on a very fierce manner in urging a sale. Visitors looking at the fierce visages of the men, and then down at the rocky precipice before them, and realizing how easily such men might push them over, are apt to buy anything and pay any price asked. The men understand this, and their ferocity and bluster are merely elements of their trade.

At the top of the pyramid the visitor does find it rising to a point, as it appeared to from the plain below, and as it did when the pyramid was built, but there is a perfectly level surface, on which about two hundred persons might stand. Before the descent is commenced one end of a long strip of muslin is fastened around the waist of each visitor and the other end is retained by the guides. This is a necessary precaution, for if one stumbled and fell would rebound from step to step until he mangled at the bottom. The ascent and descent occupy about twenty minutes each; but when Dr. Talmage and his friends were there, they were astonished by one of the guides, a man sixty years, who asked them to notice the time in which he could go up and down again alone. He went up like a cat, and having stood a moment on the top waving his hands in triumph he came down with equal agility, and stood safely again among them, in ten minutes from the time he began the ascent. A stone hut is erected at the foot of the pyramid, in which the visitor finds coffee provided. There is to be a hotel built there shortly, which, it is expected, will be largely patronized by invalids, especially those suffering from pulmonary diseases, to whom the atmosphere so warm and dry as that at the base of the pyramid is very beneficial.

There are some seventy pyramids in all, the most famous are the three of Gizeh, in the Libyan Desert, at Memphis, on the west bank of the Nile. Their purpose long remained a mystery, but it is now conclusively proved that they were built as places of burial for the monarchs of Egypt, from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty, about four thousand years ago. The process of construction was to dig down to the solid rock and excavate the chamber in which the king intended that his mummy should lie. From this chamber a narrow, slanting passage was cut to the surface, the entrance to which should be outside and beyond the base of the pyramid. Above this chamber towered a stupendous solid mass of the pyramid itself, this grew and increased in area and height as the king, who was building it for a colossal tomb for his body, lived on. The shape of the pyramid, which was square at the base, with four sides exactly facing the four points of the compass and tapering in width and inward point at the top, lent itself naturally to gradual growth. Slabs appear to have been placed vertically against each tier of steps, a new tier at the top thus became necessary to preserve the outline. At the time of its completion the base of the great pyramid covered thirteen acres, and was 480 feet high, or seventy feet lower than the obelisk at Washington. It is now much reduced in size, a large number of the facing-stones having been removed and used in the building of Cairo. The work occupied thirty years in construction and 100,000 men were employed upon it. In a country in which public works of so colossal character were undertaken, the statement that the whole Hebrew nation was employed in brickmaking and kindred pursuits does not seem so incredible as it has been represented.

A peculiar feature of the great pyramid is the construction of two chambers in the heart of the pyramid which were apparently made after the structure was built. One of them is cut above and to the west of the other, and they are connected by a spacious gallery and a slanting passage, while another slanting passage leads from them to the exterior of the pyramid. It is on the measurement of these chambers, the gallery, and the passages, that Prof. Petrie Smith based his theory of the symbolic and prophetic significance of the pyramid.

The Veiled Lady

in the medallion, in the centre of the illustration, is the portrait of an Egyptian lady of high rank. It also is taken from a photograph, and shows how the veils (mentioned in our previous article on May 28th), are now worn. The modern custom retains the veil, but compromises in the manner in which it is worn. The head and top of the hair is covered by one portion

d the mouth by another. The eyes, which he chief beauty in an Oriental woman's face now uncovered, and the delicate lace which the veil, allows much of the contour of face to be seen. It could not have been a veil as this, that Rebekah used when ing her future husband, in the field she k a veil and covered herself." (Gen. 24: The customs in Mohammedan countries, ver, are still based on the assumption of feriority in woman. They do not join the in worship, and they are left, in the major- f cases, absolutely uneducated. Christian- as that claim on feminine fealty that it her her true place in the home, in the y, and in society, which in Oriental lands, nished her.

The Statue of Sesostris

rich a picture occupies panel number five of illustration, is the sculptured image of Ram- II., the great monarch of ancient Egypt, n the Greeks called Sesostris. His body recently been discovered, preserved by the lerful skill with which the Egyptians emed their dead, and is now in the museum koulak, near Cairo. This was the mon- under whom Egypt attained the zenith er power. "The great builder," as he is d, in whose reign the greatest of the na- edifices were erected. His precocious de- ment led his father, Seti I., to associate him e he was only twelve years old with himsel e government. He reigned jointly with his r until his father's death twenty years later. then reigned alone for forty-seven years. l, he governed Egypt during the long period ty-seven years. It seems to be generally ed that this Rameses II., or Sesostris, was ather of the princess who adopted Moses, therefore the Pharaoh of the oppression, ough to slay Moses (Exod. 2: 15), after he killed the Egyptian. He died while Moses in exile in Midian, and the expression used e inspired chronicler in recording his death ys a delicate hint of the length of his reign. ame to pass," he says (Exod. 2: 23), *in pro- of time*, that the King of Egypt died. The Menephtah, owing to the length of his r's reign, was an old man when he ascended throne, probably over sixty. He was the aoh who would not let the people go, the lating Pharaoh, who, when he finally drove out, sent an army after them to bring them . There are no ancient statues in Egypt so erous as those of the great Rameses. Many em were probably sculptured during his reign and by his order, while others were e after his death by his subjects who treas- his memory and worshipped him as a God. ace appears on the ancient monuments, and that his body has been found, we are able e how skilfully and faithfully the Egyptian tors did their work.

REV. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D. D. Elected Bishop of the M. E. Church, South.

See Portrait on Page 380.

US is not the first time that Dr. Haygood een called to the bishopric. Sixteen years e had become so well-known in the Church, his eminent abilities, profound learning, genial disposition had inspired such con- ce among his ministerial brethren that he elected bishop, though at that time he was thirty-five years of age. But Dr. Haygood then engaged in a work in which he was ly interested and which he wished to con- to superintend until a crisis was safely ed and he could leave the work to other s with the confidence that it would go on loping and improving. He therefore ded the honor his brethren conferred upon believing that he could render more valu- service to the Church in the more humble ion he then occupied. Now the offer has renewed, and in the changed circum- ces of this later time, Dr. Haygood has no nction in accepting it.

Haygood is in his fifty-first year, having born in Georgia, in November, 1839. He only twenty years old when he took his

place in the Conference as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He early took a deep interest in educational matters and was ever ready to lend a hand in assisting young men to acquire the knowledge and power which would fit them to become efficient ministers of Christ. In 1876 he reached the highest position in this department that was within the reach of a Southern Methodist minister, by becoming president of Emory College, Macon, Ga. During the eight years that he held this office he gave to its duties all the love and enthusiasm and hard work of a nature in which those qualities seem inexhaustible. Then another laborious, but not less congenial task was committed to his hands in the general administration of the fund of a million dollars, which John F. Slater, of Connecticut, bequeathed to aid in the work of educating the colored race. This fund has been managed under his administration with wonderful skill, and with a clear and compre- hensive knowledge of the real needs of the people whose best interests it was designed to promote.

Dr. Haygood has the true American idea of the purpose and use of education, and never fails, when he has opportunity, to impress his principle on those who are seeking to raise themselves in the social scale. "If book-learning," he insists, "does not increase one's earning capacity, it is a business failure; if it decreases it, it is an injury as well as a failure; if it increases wants and decreases capacity to supply them, it is simply ruin—ruin of all sorts." He is profoundly convinced of the hopefulness of his work. "It is," he says, "in the colored race of this country to become self-sustaining," and probably no man in the country has labored more earnestly than he to make them so. Like his brother bishop, Dr. Fitzgerald, Dr. Haygood is a zealous opponent of sectional prejudice.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Singular Absence of Mind on the Part of an editor, in a New England town, was frankly confessed recently, in the columns of his journal. He says that he had promised his wife to purchase some article for the household, and on leaving his office about seven o'clock in the evening, he went to his nephew's store to get it. To his amazement he found the store closed. Looking around, he saw that all the grocery stores were also closed. Inquiring the reason from an acquaintance, who was passing, he learned that the store-keepers had agreed among themselves to close at six o'clock during the summer months. Then it dawned upon his memory that he had not only published an announcement of the fact in his own journal, but had himself advocated the movement in an editorial at its initiation, and had subsequently, in a paragraph, notified buyers of the day when it would go into operation. There is reason to fear that a similar absence of mind afflicts some persons, who, though unconverted are engaged in occasional Christian work. It will be unspeakably sad if it is found, at the last, that any Sunday-school teacher who has warned others of the danger of procrastination has been cut off in his sins. (1 Cor. 9: 27.)

An Heiress was Found in the Slums of Leadville, Col., a few days ago. The *Republican* of Denver, Col., states that a lawyer of that city was recently requested to institute a search for a woman who had lived there some years ago. He had a minute description of her and began his search. He found that when in Denver she had been in very unhappy circumstances. Her husband was a drunkard and a gambler and had made her home miserable. He had plenty of money but soon spent it, and afterward made his living by very disreputable means. The woman remained faithful to him and patiently bore his insults and ill-treatment. He fell ill and she worked for his support and nursed him with the most exemplary kindness, which he repaid with brutality. Finally he died and the widow earned enough to bury him decently. Then work failed her and she went to Leadville to look for employment there. She

managed to earn just enough to support her, but the sum was so small that she had to live in a tenement house in the most squalid part of the town; vice and misery were all around her, but she lived an honest life and kept herself aloof from the evil. There the lawyer found her and informed her that he was commissioned to pay her \$150,000. Nearly fifteen years ago she had incensed her father, a wealthy merchant in Ohio, by her marriage, and he drove her from his door vowing never to see her again. But he repented before he died and tried to find her. He failed, but he left her all his property. During those long years of misery she had never written to him or asked his help, though she had learned by bitter experience that he had been right in opposing her marriage. She did not know that he was willing to receive her, or she would have gone back to him. It is so with many of those who have wandered from God. They know that they have done wrong, and their misery is a just punishment of their sin, but they do not return because they do not know that God still loves them and is yearning to forgive them. (Isa. 55: 7.)

The Captains of Ocean Steamships Which have recently collided with icebergs or have narrowly escaped collision, are blamed for their temerity by the officials of the Government. These latter state that all the collisions which have occurred during the last two months could have been avoided by observing the course laid out by the United States Hydrographic Office. This office has been each month sending out warnings of the amount of ice in the North Atlantic, caused by peculiar climatic conditions in the Arctic. The drift of the vast ice-fields and monster bergs was directly in the line of ocean steamships, and special bulletins have from time to time appeared, indicating the position of the ice and its probable location in the immediate future. During the month of May alone, there were six notable encounters with ice, five of which were by passenger steamships. The captains incurred awful responsibility in taking the course beset by dangers, after being explicitly warned of it. The disposition to disregard warnings is not, however, confined to mariners. In the voyage of life are innumerable dangers, against which the voyager is warned in the Word of God. The appalling number of moral and spiritual wrecks, prove how few are deterred from taking the dangerous course. (Prov. 29: 1.)

A Dog's Services were Pleaded in a New York court on May 27th, as a defence for contempt of court. A gentleman living on Ninth street was charged with disobeying an order from the court, requiring him to kill his dog. A few days previously some boys were playing outside his door with a ball, which rolled into his passage-way. They rushed in after it, shouting uproariously. His dog did not understand the noise, and running into the hall, bit one of the children. The child's parents asked the Court to order the dog killed, and the Court did so. But the dog still lived, and so the owner was summoned to show cause why he should not be committed for contempt of court. He said that he could not bear to kill the dog, for he owed his life to the animal's intelligence and fidelity. About a year ago his bed caught fire while he was asleep, and the dog had jumped on the bed and barked, and pulled at his sleeve until he awoke. In a little while it would have been too late. The judge, having heard his story, understood his reluctance to slay his preserver, but said the dog must either be killed, or the owner must pay a heavy fine. The man said he was willing to pay, or even go to prison, rather than kill the dog, and the judge finally let him off with a fine of ten dollars, which he cheerfully paid. Most men would have acted in the same way, for even a dog has claims on the gratitude of one to whom it has rendered such a service. It is much to be wished that the same spirit actuated Christians in their spiritual concerns. There is not always the readiness to make sacrifices for Him who has saved them from eternal death, that He has a right to expect. (Rom. 12: 1.)

AFTER THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Rev. W. Haslam, M. A.

Restitution Promised—A Common Error—Mistakes About Isolated Passages—Physical Changes in Palestine—In Jerusalem Itself—A Site Raised for the Temple—A Plateau Nine Miles Square—The Whole Earth Affected—Restoration Universal—To Be Effected Suddenly—How It Appeared to Isaiah.

THE word Restitution occurs but once in the New Testament; but Regeneration, or that which it implies, God has promised by the mouth of His holy prophets since the world began. Moreover, the Apostle Peter tells us that "the heaven must receive" Christ "until the times of restitution of all things." (See Acts 3: 21.)

Here then we have a long-intended and long predicted event set before us; and we are plainly told when to expect its fulfilment. It is to be at the Coming of the Lord to the earth.

The Apostle Paul also gives us his testimony on this subject. He says that "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God," "because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. 8: 19, 21.)

Yet, notwithstanding all these plain assertions in the Word of God, by some strange aberration or power of deception, it has been believed and taught that when Christ comes in His glory the end of all things is to take place! This teaching has been most devoutly received for centuries, and by multitudes it is so still.

Scripture plainly declares that the Lord is coming to take His people to Himself; and that immediately subsequent to this He is coming with them.

To Remove Sin and the Curse

from the earth, and to bring in everlasting righteousness. There are, to be sure, some passages of Scripture which, when distorted and torn away from their context, may seem to support the popular tradition. But what error, may I ask, is there that cannot be confirmed by such misuse or misapplication of the Word of God?

For instance, we read, "There was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind: and the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places." (Rev. 6: 12-14.) These words, which refer to the day of the Lord's Coming, and to the great physical changes which are to take place, may easily be taken as signs of the end of the world by those persons who entertain such an expectation.

Zechariah tells us that the Lord's "feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east; and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley: and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south. And ye shall flee to the valley of the mountains; for the valley of the mountains shall reach unto Azal: yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah, kind of Judah: and the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Thee." (Zech. 14: 4, 5.)

In these remarkable words we have note of a change which is to be in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

A Valley is to Be Formed

From the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea. In consequence, a channel shall be opened across Palestine, through which the waters of the Atlantic by the Mediterranean Sea will pass through and fill the desert land beyond. There a highway shall be made to the east and to the west. This physical change evidently refers to some intended improvement not to destruction. It will render Jerusalem more accessible to all the nations of the world.

Then, as to the site of Jerusalem itself; we

are told by the same prophet that "the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon, south of Jerusalem; and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from Benjamin's gate unto the place of the first gate, unto the corner-gate, and from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's winepresses. And men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction; but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited." (Zech. 14: 10, 11.)

Here again the prophet speaks not of destruction, but the elevation of the land upon which the city of Jerusalem is to be built. We may suppose that the extent of land so lifted up will be sufficient for the foundation of the temple which Ezekiel tells us the Lord will build. (See Ezek. 40. This Temple is to be *nine miles square*, and therefore will require an ample plateau for itself, and for the city of the King. The words of Isaiah may be literally taken when he says that "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it" (Isa. 2: 2).

I have only mentioned some of the physical changes which are to take place in Palestine in connection with the restoration of all things. But as the curse extended to the whole world, so may we may expect will

The Coming Regeneration.

Great changes came upon the earth on account of sin at the time of the curse; and now that the Lord is coming to put away the curse and its consequences, we may well understand that even greater changes will take place. These changes will restore the earth, not to what it was, but to something far better.

The heaven and the earth, the air and the sea, will be more or less affected by the renovating power of the Lord. It is reasonable to suppose that the redeemed and restored earth, which is to be the Lord's kingdom, will be better than the created earth which was intrusted to Adam.

The heathen nations have a traditional expectation about this restitution which they have jealously kept. It is said among their writers and poets that this world is not what it was, neither is it now what it is to be hereafter. They sing of a golden age which once existed and has passed away. They hold their tradition in connection with the story of a garden or paradise which is lost, and of a Deliverer who is coming to restore it. This is their expectation; and it is ours also, if we read Scripture aright!

The Prophet Isaiah gives us a beautiful picture of the removal of the curse from nature, and the happy consequences which shall ensue when "God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense." (See Isa. 35.) His description of what is to be gives us a striking contrast to the present state of things; for now all nature seems to resent the curse brought upon it. Man has to watch against and resist the hatred of the serpent, and to defend himself from the violence of beasts of prey. He has to provide against the dangers of whirlwind and storm, the burning heat of the arid desert and the miasma of the swamp. He has to overcome the hardness of the stubborn soil which commands man to labor; and by dint of perseverance he has to win the treasures of metals and minerals which are hidden away from him in the earth. All these hindrances, and many more, are to be removed. Animosities and jealousies of men against one another—wars and fightings among nations—religious controversies among worshippers—these also shall vanish. In their place a peace will ensue and remain, which the world is not able to give now, and will not be able to take away then.

This Restitution or Regeneration is not brought about, it will be seen, by gradual and progressive improvement; it

Will Be Effected Suddenly

by the Word of the Lord. The idea of gradual improvement is one which overlooks the great fact of the Fall, and the completeness of that death, or gulf of separation, which was the

consequence of it. Man is altogether past mending; and so is the world. It is necessary, therefore, before men can desire or seek salvation to show them, by the operation of the Spirit their lost and ruined condition. The regeneration of the world will be accomplished in the same way as the regeneration of the sinner that is, by the operation of God himself. I created the world by Christ, and by Him also I will re-create it.

Adam had only a limited portion of the earth for his place; but the Lord, the Second Adam, shall have the world at large for His Eden. His dominion is to be an everlasting dominion, one that will be beyond the reach of temptation or fall, or curse.

Such is the "restitution of all things," spoken of by the mouth of God's holy prophets from the beginning of the world. We may see in the passages which treat of the Millennium or reign of Christ upon earth, how the glory of the Lord is revealed to all flesh.

COMPOSURE IN A CYCLONE.

THE peace that comes of faith is strong enough to support the Christian under the most distressing circumstances. An illustration of this related in Dr. Gordon's *Watchword*, is furnished by the experience of a godly man who was brought face to face with death in a horrid form during the recent cyclone at Clinton, N. Y. The wooden house in which he lived was torn splinters, and the floor, with its heavy timber, uplifted and thrown forward upon the family. The man tells this story of the terrible hour:

"When consciousness returned after the stunning blow, I found myself lying upon my back, pressed down by a terrible weight. Within a few feet of me a fire was burning. I knew that I was face to face with death, but I felt no fear. My mind was perfectly calm, and the words of the prophet came to me: 'Oh death, I will be thy plague; Oh grave, I will be thy destroyer.' The Christ appeared to me as the fulfilment of the prophecy; and at once the words of the apostle sounded in my ears: 'Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?'

Such exaltation of soul took possession of me that I seemed to be no longer in the body. I closed my eyes, assured that if the weight did not crush out my life, the fire would soon reach me and I should be burned to death. When I opened my eyes the fire was gone, and the hands of friends were rescuing me from my perilous position. So death passed by and left me a little longer here, but I know now that even when he may, he has no power to fright or harm me. I shall be more than conqueror through Him that loved me."

GHASTLY FUNERAL RITES.

THE colored African Bishop, Dr. Crowther, in a recent letter to the Church Missionary Society describes the circumstances attending a funeral which he witnessed during his tour in the district near the sphere of his labor. "About four days before our arrival at Ohaebele, an old, rich woman was dead and buried. When the grave was dug, two female slaves were taken, whose limbs were smashed with clubs. Being unable to stir, they were let down into the grave, yet alive, on mat or bed on which the corpse of the mistress was laid, and screened from sight for a time. Two other female slaves were laid hold on and dressed with best clothes and coral beads. This being done, they were led and paraded about the town to show the public the servants of the rich mistress whom they would attend in the world of spirits. This was done for two days, when the unfortunate victims were taken to the edge of the grave, and their limbs were also smashed with clubs, and their bodies laid on the corpse of their mistress, and covered up with earth while yet alive. We can only imagine what would be the feelings of these unfortunate victims. Some of the Bonny converts attempted to rescue these last two females by a large offer of ransom, to buy bullocks for the occasion, but it was refused them. Can there be any

doubt as to the urgent necessity of sending Christian teachers among this poor ignorant people, who are slaves to Satan, and yet glory in their shame? After these atrocious deeds were performed, volleys of trade cannons were fired for days, in honor of the dead. I counted ten of these cannon in the street opposite the house of the dead, about four or six pounders each."

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for June 22; Luke 12:22-34; Golden Text Luke 12:30.

Mark of the Children of the Kingdom—Two Specimen Invalids—Two Institutions—The Care for Clothing—A Fruitful Source of Anxiety—A Lesson from the Birds—Anxiety a Clear Loss—God's Provision for Real Troubles—No Support for Anticipated Trouble—Elisha's Directions to Naaman—How to Seek the Kingdom—Almsgiving Enjoined—What the Real Heavenly Treasure Is.

AFTER speaking to the multitude the parable of the rich fool, Jesus turned again to His disciples, and continued His teaching to them. Therefore I say unto you, be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." And He gives as his reason, "For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; but your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Trust in our heavenly Father about the daily recurring needs of our bodies, is to be one of the distinguishing marks which shall separate the true disciples from the nations, the children of God from the world: does such a difference exist?"

"Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat." (R.V.) There are

Two Invalids

standing side by side. Both are suffering from the same disease, an acute form of dyspepsia. Up to the present time, both have suffered severely when taking almost any kind of food. Both are Christians, but the one has placed her case in the hands of the doctors, the other is trusting the Lord alone for her body. The one wakes in the morning with the weary thought, "What can I eat this day which will not hurt me?" Breakfast time comes, and with it the apprehension, which only an invalid can understand, of the coming suffering which eating will occasion; she eats in fear, and under the keen recollection of the sufferings of yesterday, and her very fears induce the pain she is so dreading. The other, with the morning light, has opened the word of God, and her eye has fallen on the words, "Be not anxious for your life what ye shall eat. . . . neither be ye of doubtful mind. . . . your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." With the words, a consciousness of God speaking, comes into her heart; she is awed, her whole being bows before her God, and all her fear of suffering from taking food vanishes. Breakfast comes, and she sees it "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer." A new power comes with the blessing which is asked upon it, it is a real and an answered prayer. She eats with a praising, and not with a fearful heart, and her great joy, the old suffering does not follow. Her Father has known her need, the lesson of trust which the sickness drove her to learn has been learned, and she is healed.

There are two religious institutions in the same street; the one is kept up by solicited subscriptions and collections, the other is dependent on the Lord alone in answer to believing prayer. A time of commercial crisis arises. "What shall we do?" asks the secretary of the institution which depends on man, or on God through man. "We must make a strong appeal; we must get lists of givers, and spend all our remaining cash on printing and postage. Of course, this will throw us in debt, but we may expect to receive at least four times as much as we spend, and then we can pay our debts. It is true, but the receipts do not cover the debts incurred, and the institution gets more deeply in debt. The leaders of the other institution, on a day before the Lord in fasting and prayer, had said, "Lord, show thy servants what thou wilt to say to them through this failure of funds. Thou wouldst have any of the work given up,

thou hast but to say so; all is thine." No shadow of anxiety crosses their hearts; they know they are in a Father's hand. The last shilling goes for bread, not for printing and postage, and just as soon as the tried faith sees no visible resource left, the Lord comes in, and abundantly supplies the need. It is the vocation of children to honor their Father by trusting Him. The children's need is a justifiable claim on a Father's resources. We have to be quite clear that the relationship is a truly understood one on both sides, that no doubt and no misgiving exists, and then we can as truly challenge our Heavenly Father to do a Father's part to us as we can expect Him to call on us to do a child's part toward Him.

"Be not anxious for your life. . . .
What Ye Shall Put On."

Not food only, but clothing, is part of the supply which a child may confidently expect from a true father. And clothing as well as food occupies the attention of "the nations of the world." Here, again, the poor and the rich, the sick and the healthy, the worldling and the Christian, have their preoccupations and their anxieties. "The life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment." And yet, with many, the raiment is everything, not as a means of warmth or of decent covering, but as an expression of a certain position which the wearer wishes people to understand he or she occupies; or, again, it may be as an expression of the taste; or, again, as a vulgar exhibition of the wealth possessed. And this preoccupation with the extreme outside of our being is often shared even by Christians. "A gentleman can afford to wear a shabby hat; his position does not depend upon his clothes," was said one day. But how much more could it be said, "A Christian is known by something better than his clothes, and the utmost plainness of attire will not hide the glory of God within him."

Our blessed Lord calls us to consider His care for the lower creation, that we may learn His Fatherly care for us. "Consider the ravens, that they sow not, neither reap; which have no store-chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them: of how much more value are ye than the birds!" (R. V.) What are the birds to God? Simply creatures created for the use of man. But what is man? A creature created for the use, for the indwelling, for the companionship of God. Shall He care for the lesser and neglect the greater of His creatures? Does the name Father signify nothing with God, or does it mean that He takes the responsibility which it entails?

Anxiety Disables for Real Work.

It preys upon the nerves, and predisposes to sickness. And, after all, it is not a real, but an imaginary suffering. It is not, "I am hungry now," but, "I fear I shall be hungry to-morrow." It is not, "I am suffering pain now," but "I fear, if I eat this, I shall suffer for it afterward." Is God not able to change the evil thus anticipated before the time comes? Anxiety and impatience go together. If we had learned how the Lord waits that He may be gracious unto us (Isa. 30:18), waits till we are ripe for blessing, waits until He can give without injuring us, we should fear to be in a hurry. He will "be exalted that He may have mercy upon us." Yes; in the very trial of our faith, He cannot move until we are quiet and confident (ver. 15), and so exalt Him as being equal to the task. "For the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him."

God always provides beforehand for real troubles, but He makes no provision for anticipated troubles, because He has taught us to pray, "Give us *this day* our daily bread," and has commanded us, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (Matt. 6:34, R. V.) When Naaman, the Syrian, had been marvellously healed of his leprosy in the river Jordan, which he had so despised, and came again to the prophet Elisha with the declaration, "Now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel. . . . Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt

offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord" (II. Kings 5:15-27). Satan began to fill him with imaginary apprehensions. His lord had been in the habit of leaning on his hand when he went into the house of his god Rimmon to worship; what should he do now? Should he give up his office and make a stand for God, or should he bow down in the house of Rimmon, without bowing in his heart to the false god, and so retain his office? He wanted to make his course clear. But Elisha makes no provisions for eventualities which may, perhaps, never occur. It was no way certain that the king would live till his return. If he did, who could tell whether the sight of the healed Naaman might not lead him to know the true God? Was Naaman to take for granted that he alone of all the people of Syria, would recognize the hand of the true God? Elisha only said to him, "Go in peace." The God whom he had found under the waters of Jordan would return with him; he would have a better guide than Elisha, whom he must trust by the day.

Distrust is Loss.

And thus it is with us too. Distrust for to-morrow robs us of peace for to-day, and the same God who has held our souls in life for to-day is certainly to be found in to-morrow, also, whereas, our own anticipations may or may not be correct. All anxiety comes when the eye is off God. If He who fed a people in the wilderness with bread from heaven leads us by His hand into to-morrow, we cannot be badly provided for. It is no risk to trust God. But trust in God and begging from man are the exact opposites, and any man who pretends to trust God, and then in a prayer-meeting makes known his need to man, is really acting a lie, it is only a hypocritical way of begging—and he would be more honest if he begged straight out.

"Howbeit, seek ye His kingdom, and these things shall be added unto you." It is strange that we should learn so slowly to trust our Father! Seek His kingdom, and He will take care of you; trust Him with your concerns, and be occupied with Him. But in trial, sickness, penury, how can we seek His kingdom? Is not the very pressure upon us such that we cannot do anything for Him? Thank God we do not need to go out of the house to seek His kingdom. Is He King in this very trial? Are we acknowledging Him saying, "Yes, Lord," letting Him into it, believing that "All things work together for good," looking, "not at the things which are seen" (II. Cor. 4:13), and which press upon us, not as the Father's hand which is "not seen," and which He guarantees us? Let us seek His kingdom in the present hour, in our present circumstances, in our present perplexities, and bow our heads to the stroke; this is the first necessity, then He, on His part, will be faithful, "and all these things shall be added unto us"—they are but the second necessity.

"Sell that ye have, and give alms." God would have His children hold loosely whatever they have on earth—not riches only, but position, talent, experience, influence—all which we esteem of value, "and give alms."

Be A Giver

rather than a proprietor. "Make for yourselves purses which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not." The rich have need to be freed from anxiety as much as the poor. If the poor and the sick are not to be anxious as to what they eat, the rich have to see to it that they hold no riches which are not of eternal duration. Jesus was speaking to disciples that were most of them very poor. What is the "treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief draweth near, neither moth destroyeth?" Christ Himself—In Him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. 2:3.) Everything outside of Him is a thing to be rid of. Any riches which make us independent of our Lord; any power, wisdom, knowledge, which makes us independent of Him, is something we are better without. Where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. If He is our treasure, our hearts will be set on Him, and all possessions, beside Him, will be valueless.

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T. DE WITT TALMAGE, Editor.

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INSIPID RELIGION.

MUCH of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthy and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but it is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with a steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waist-band, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded. One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to come to the Saviour, while he gives no strong, common sense reason, why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize. Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more outdoor exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we can carry the grace of God with us down into every-day practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God, save when three times a day he worshipped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God, will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine re-

ligion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And He went forth conquering and to conquer."

MINISTERS AS LISTENERS.

ONE of our chief joys in Summer vacation is hearing others preach. What a grand thing it is to go to church and hear. Some of us who regularly preach realize it when we are off resting. How strange not to know which hymn it will be until it is given out. What a novelty to be prayed for by some one standing while you sit. What a glorious opportunity of taking the bread of life which you had no hand in mixing or baking. We pity the pastors who never have a chance to hear. If we address others forty-four Sabbaths in the year, have we not a right during six or eight Sabbaths to listen? What we ministers most need is to be preached to. We spend the most of the year leveling the Gospel artillery at others, it is a good thing in Summer to have ourselves shot at. We occupy so much time in compounding medicines for other sick souls, we do not give any one an opportunity to prescribe for us. We cannot think of anything more healthful for our over-worked clergy than to employ some of their Summer vacation in persistent silence, receptacles of the Gospel instead of its dispensers.

UNMARRIED.

A STATISTICIAN has given us authority for stating that there are in one State of the American Union, one hundred and forty thousand unmarried ladies. So in all parts of the land there are people marching single file who ought to be keeping step with some one on the right or left. What is the matter? It is one of the curses of the day that there are so many unmarried people between twenty-five and fifty years of age. There are those who, no doubt, were ordained from all eternity to bachelorhood or solitary femininity. But this is not the condition intended for most people. The cause of this invasion of the divine rule is, first, because men are too proud to live in humble circumstances. They want a magnificent fifty or hundred thousand dollar cage before they appropriate a canary. Now a genuine bird will sing just as well in a plain as in a gilded enclosure. Many of our men expend in cigars, and wines, and drives, and theatres, and operas, as much money as would support a good wife, and when they get ready for domesticity take their dissipations along with them into the holy partnership. The second reason for the one hundred and forty thousand unmarried girls in one State is the unparalleled extravagance of woman's wardrobe. A young man sees one of these princesses of fashion walk through a ferry boat or glide down the street, and says to himself: "If I had to navigate a bark with such rigging as that, I would get on the shoals in no time! I wonder how much all that apparel cost, and that diamond-cluster breaking through the kid glove? Dear me? What would become of my salary if I had to support such an outlay as that? From bankruptcy, suicide, and marriage deliver us!" Excessive display in dress may make more sensation at the levee or the ball-room, but prudent and successful young men will say: "Very good to dance with, but excuse

me from a serious consideration in that direction!" A busy bee will not want to be affianced to a butterfly. We fear that before things are righted the one hundred and forty thousand unmarried ladies of one State will become two hundred and forty thousand. "John Anderson my Jo," had better choose some one who at the close of life's ascent can sing, "We clamb the hill thegither." Better start married life with two rooms and a trunk, and end in a mansion, than start in a mansion and end in a hovel. Better go climbing up than tumbling down.

CHEERFUL WORK.

DO NOT fret about results. All Christendon engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can, and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic the man has all he can do to take care of himself and has no time for the improvement of others. If you have salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say: "No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything you could cure and would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his feet solidly planted on the rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.

CLEANLINESS.

WE approach a delicate subject. We must be cautious for fear we make some of our readers mad. The world needs more careful ablution. Taking our nose for a witness in the case, we judge that many people do not wash themselves often enough. In city houses, with bath-rooms and water-pipes running every whither, there is no shade of excuse for lack of cleanliness. Indeed, there is no excuse anywhere for neglect of ablution. You answer that you wash your face and hands every morning. What of that? Your hands and face could get along without immersion easier than the rest of your body, for the dirt would rub off by contact with fresh air and the implements of your occupation. You need frequent application of water from the top of your head to the end of the long toe. Once a week will not do. God washes the flowers every night with dew, and you are certainly no purer than the jasmines and verbenas. Three-fourths of the world does not wash often enough, either for health or decency, and could apply in a physical sense what Paul said in a spiritual: "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" If only one-half of the world had been water the divine meaning might have been doubtful, but with three-fourths of the world water, the doctrine of frequent purification ought to be every way adopted and acted upon. The tarrying of some people in your room for half an hour necessitates fumigation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Realization of Some of the Recommendations of the Pan-American Congress is provided for by a proposal made in the Senate on June 3 by Mr. Blair who moved for an appropriation of \$1,750 for salaries, office and miscellaneous expenses and printing of the conference. He urged that the President be authorized to invite the governments of the other American republics and the Hawaiian Kingdom to appoint commissioners to meet in Washington on the first Wednesday of June 1891, to consider the establishment of international committees, and that he be also authorized to appoint three members of the Inter-Continental Railway Commission, and that the customs union recommended by the Conference be established, and a suitable building for the accommodation of the Latin-American memorial library be built or purchased and be dedicated on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The Protest of a Large Number of Merchants and importers against the Tariff Bill, which the House has passed, and the Senate is now trying to amend, proves that it will have serious effects on the trade of the country. Whether the benefits it will confer on manufacturers will be sufficient to compensate for the loss to traders is the main question involved. Senator Plumb, who has made a thorough study of the bill, says that "it will raise the price of nearly everything used by the mass of the people." If that is true, a political effect cannot fail to be disastrous to the Republican party. It is the masses who give the votes, and they will resent the increase in the cost of living, and will not be consoled by the assurance that the manufacturers are benefited by the arrangement. The merchants contend that the Bill, if it becomes law, will cripple the foreign commerce of the country, cause other nations will not buy from us if they cannot sell their goods in exchange. Senator Hiseock predicts that the nations will continue to buy, and pay in money, instead of in goods, but the experience of the merchants is opposed to that belief.

The Compromise Adopted by Congress on the liquor question last week, is the result of protests from officers in the army. After the conference between the committee of the two Houses of Congress, a report was presented proposing as a substitute for the order prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in the canteens, an order that in any State or Territory having prohibitory laws the canteen should not supply intoxicating liquor. When the report was under discussion in the Senate, Mr. Allison said that the committee had heard evidence to the effect that the system of selling liquor in the canteens was in the interest of good discipline, morality, reason and temperance." The Senate apparently credited this remarkable statement, for it adopted the report by a vote of 35 to 8. This is probably the first time that it has ever been suggested that the sale of liquor under any circumstances was in the interest of religion, morality and temperance. It usually operates the other way. If the rule is really reversed when the liquor is sold by the Government instead of by private persons, it would be interesting to learn the reason of it. The eight Senators who had manliness and courage to vote against the report, were five Republicans—Hale, Dixon, Teller, and Blair, and three Democrats—Olquitt, George and Turpie.

The Complete Annihilation of a Town in Nebraska by a cyclone occurred on June 2nd. On that night the sudden cessation of telegraphic communication between Lincoln and Bradshaw, a town of some five hundred inhabitants, situated about sixty miles west of Lincoln, indicated that some disaster had taken place. A party of men were sent up the line to ascertain the cause. They returned the next day with news that the town was utterly destroyed. Every house was in ruins, and in the case of a few houses on the outskirts, the walls of which were still standing, the roofs were gone and the windows and door blown out. The railway station was crushed, and every car stand-

ing in it, except one, was wrecked. That car, which was loaded with live stock, was blown along the line without leaving the tracks, to York, a distance of nine miles. Sixteen persons had been killed and all the living were homeless. Gov. Thayer immediately sent a detachment of the State militia to the scene of the disaster to help in the work of extricating any persons who might be still living under the ruins and also a supply of tents to shelter the homeless people. The survivors say that the disaster came with scarcely any warning. They heard a loud roar, and in a minute, the cyclone was upon them, and the whole town collapsed before it. The Governor has issued an appeal for help, which is meeting with a prompt and liberal response.

The Emperor of Germany Appears to have become his own Secretary of State as well as his own Chancellor. He was displeased at the delays in the negotiations with England regarding East Africa, and took entire control of the communications on the subject. He sent for the British Ambassador, and has had several interviews with him. Dr. Krauel, the head of the Colonial Department, assisted the Emperor toward the conception of proposals, which are expected to prove acceptable to Lord Salisbury. Broadly outlined, these proposals are that the German sphere of influence shall extend to the limits of the Congo State from the northern extremity of Tanganyika to the Albert Nyanza; that Uganda and British Unyoro shall be neutral ground, and that the navigation of the lakes shall be free. These are the proposals which aroused Mr. Stanley's indignation, but they will probably be accepted by England.

A Word of Reproof and Warning to Prince Bismarck was uttered last week by the Emperor of Germany. A cable despatch announces that the Emperor has notified the fallen statesman that if he does not cease his utterances in the press the result will be serious. A press correspondent reports also that a number of officials at minor German courts are threatened with dismissal for intriguing, at the instigation of Count Herbert Bismarck, to obstruct the Emperor's policy. These reports indicate that the Emperor means to carry out his own policy and not to tolerate the criticisms and censures of his former mentor. An intimation, however, is made by a journal friendly to Bismarck, that if he is not allowed to use the press for criticism, he may use his power as a member of the Reichstag for the purpose. It says that he will there always freely express his views regardless of the Government. He will especially try to show that the State police in Alsace-Lorraine cannot fulfil their objects, owing to the renewal of the settlement treaty with Switzerland, which Prince Bismarck terminated in 1889.

The President of the French Republic Ordered the release of the young Duke of Orleans from prison on June 3. A commissary was at once sent to Clairvaux, to the jail in which the prince was confined, and he was set at liberty. The President's order, however, stipulated that he should quit French territory, and the commissary was instructed to conduct him over the frontier. The prince was taken in the custody of the commissary and two warders, to the Swiss frontier and there left. He stayed at Basle one night and then took his departure for Brussels, whence he returned to England. His offence was entering France in defiance of the law, which excludes from the country members of the families who have pretensions to the throne. He returned openly on his attaining his majority, to offer himself for military service. He was promptly arrested and sentenced to two years imprisonment. He has served 117 days of his sentence. The fact that the President could imprison in a common jail the heir of the royal family, without causing any popular demonstration indicates the strength and solidity of the Republic.

The British Government Takes an Optimist view of the fishery difficulty in Newfoundland. In answer to questions in the House of Commons on Thursday, the member who represents the State Department in the House, said that

there had been no landing of a French armed force at St. George's Bay or elsewhere on the island. The commander of the French warship had requested the removal of certain nets in St. George's Bay. The request, he said, was justified. No threats had been used. The people of Newfoundland had not refused to pay taxes unless they were supported in their position by the government, although resolutions relative to the subject had been adopted. He appeared to think that the Newfoundland people were unreasonable in their opposition to the settlement the government had made with France without their consent. That the feeling of irritation still continues is, however, evident from the remarks of one of the Newfoundland delegates who said last week that the French outrages had been going on for years, and the people had lost patience. It was to the interest of both the French and English to conceal the facts. Newfoundland had thus to fight both. The people, he said, are now fully aroused and the facts will now be made known to the world. The French shore, which is the cause of all this difficulty, extends along the most fertile and richest mineral land of the island. The nets that were destroyed by the French sailors must have been in some places within one hundred yards of the shore.

BRIEF NOTES.

Twenty-four students have this year graduated from the General Theological School (Episcopal) in New York—one of the largest classes on record.

Rev. Sam Small, the famous evangelist, has been elected President of the Methodist University at Ogden, Utah, in which city he has been holding meetings.

Miss Mary Coddington of New York city, has given the City Mission \$40,000 for the building and endowment of a boy's club-house for the poor boys of the city.

The efforts of the American Sunday-school Union to organize new Sunday-schools, have led during the past two years to the founding of nearly two hundred churches.

Evangelists Folger and Jackson have held revival meetings during the past three weeks at Newburyport, Mass. More than a hundred persons have made a profession of faith and there are many inquirers.

Rev. Sam Jones has had enormous audiences at Nashville, Tenn. At some of the Sunday night services it is believed that fully 10,000 were present. There were nearly 5,000 at his afternoon service for men only.

The meetings at Dallas, Tex., conducted by Mr. Dixon C. Williams and Prof. D. B. Towner, have resulted in many notable conversions. They were held in the rink, and at the last services over 4,000 persons were present.

The United Presbyterians in General Assembly at Buffalo last week, decided to make war on the use of tobacco. Not only ministers and students, but Church members who use tobacco are to be counted unworthy.

Three tents are to be used for religious services in Chicago during this Summer. They are to be set up in the west, north, and south sides. The evangelists in charge will be C. L. Kirk, Ferdinand Schiverea and Harry Smead.

The fourteenth annual meeting for Bible Study will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, July 10-17. Special arrangements have been made for rates, both hotel and transportation. The secretary is W. F. Erdman, Asheville, N. C.

The American Baptist Educational Society announces that the sum of \$400,000 dollars has been raised, which was necessary to secure the \$600,000 promised by Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, of Cleveland, for the proposed Baptist University in Chicago, Ill.

A proposition has been made for the erection on the grounds of the World's Fair, Chicago, of a great tabernacle, wherein 20,000 people might assemble, to be used as a great temple for the religiously inclined of all faiths; the services to be carried on at various hours by the various Christian denominations.

The International Missionary Union is holding its seventh annual meeting at Clifton Springs, N. Y., this week. The papers and discussions are to embrace themes of general interest to missionaries. There will also be addresses of more general public concern. Entertainment is provided for all foreign missionaries.

Major Cole and Mr. F. S. Jewett have closed their meetings at Camden, Ark. The pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in the town have received into their churches ninety-five new members, who attribute their conversion to God's blessing on the services.

Mr. C. H. Yatman commenced a series of revival meetings at Sturgis, Mich., three weeks ago, which have been much blessed. A noted politician, who was one of the converts at Mr. Yatman's meetings, in Lima, has just been elected Mayor by the united efforts of the churches and the Y. M. C. A. He promises to reform the methods of city government, which need it.

SAVED FROM SHAME.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the Scripture saith, whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Rom. 10 : 11.

The Essential Message—I. An Old-Fashioned Style of Proof—The Scripture Saith—Used by Christ—By the Apostles—Paul's Paraphrase—II. A Simple Statement—What Believing Is—Resting on a Person—III. The Promise—Not Ashamed by Discovering His Mistake—Nor Ashamed to Own His Faith—Nor Ashamed of Its Effect on Others—A Dead Cardinal Needing Repose—IV. A Wide Door of Hope.

WHEN a city is to be stored for a siege, it will be well for those who attend to the commissariat to lay in a proportion of everything that is necessary for human comfort, and even a measure of certain luxuries; but it will be of first importance to bring in great quantities of corn. The necessities of life must be the chief provision. These we place in store-houses by tons, whereas in other articles pounds may suffice: if there be a failure of bread, what will the people do? For this reason, I feel I must preach over and over again the plain gospel of salvation by grace through faith in Christ Jesus. While I would withhold nothing that may minister to edification, to comfort, to growth, or to the perfecting of the saints; yet, first and foremost in abundance, even to overflowing, I must gather for you the bread of life, and set forth Christ crucified as the sinner's only hope.

I. I shall begin my sermon this morning by reminding you that, here is

An Old Fashioned Way of Proof.

"The Scripture saith." In this enlightened age little is made of Scripture; the tendency is to undermine men's faith in the Bible, and persuade them to rest on something else. It is not so with us, as it certainly was not so with Paul. He enforced and substantiated his teaching by declaring, "The Scripture saith."

In this he follows the manner of Christ Jesus our Lord. Though quite able to speak of Himself, our Lord continually referred to Holy Scripture. His first public sermon was founded upon the Book of the prophet Isaiah. All along to the very end He was always quoting the Old Testament. So did His apostles. One is struck with their continual reference to Moses and the prophets. While they set the truth in a fresh light, they fell back continually upon the old revelation. "As saith the Scripture," "According to the Scriptures"—these are phrases constantly repeated. Paul declared that he spent his life "witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come."

Evidently they regarded the statements of Scripture as conclusive. They took counsel of the Scriptures, and so they ended the matter. "It is written" was to them

Proof Positive

and indisputable. "Thus saith the Lord," was the final word; enough for their mind and heart, enough for their conscience and understanding. To go behind Scripture did not occur to the first teachers of our faith: they heard the Oracle of divine testimony, and bowed their heads in reverence. So it ought to be with us: we have erred from the faith, and we shall pierce ourselves through with many sorrows, unless we feel that if the Scripture saith it, it is even so. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and therefore they spake not erroneously, nor even dubiously.

Paul, in saying here, "For the Scripture saith," is referring, I think, to the general sense of Scripture, rather than to any one passage. There are several texts from which it may be gathered that believers shall not be put to shame; such as, "They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed." But if the apostle is referring to any one passage of the Old Testament, he is not quoting it verbatim, but he is expounding it, and giving its general sense. Paul quotes, if he quotes at all, from the Septuagint translation rather than from the Hebrew, thus sanctioning a translation. Let us read the words in Isaiah 28, 16,

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." You see at once the difference between the text as Paul gives it to us, and the original Hebrew, in the words but not in the sense.

Observe, first, that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Paul reads the passage

In its Largest Sense.

The original text is, "He that believeth;" but Paul makes it, "Whosoever believeth." That is the true meaning. "He that believeth," means any "he" that believeth; and to make this fact clear, Paul says, "Whosoever believeth."

Next, note that Paul reads the verse with the context. In the Hebrew it is, "He that believeth;" but Paul reads it, "Whosoever believeth on Him." Did he do right to supply the "on Him?" Certainly, since he thus gives the sense of the quotation as it stands in the prophet. I said before that Paul is not quoting *verbatim et literatim*, he aims at giving the sense of the passage; and, therefore, paraphrases it so as to remind you of its connection.

Once more, the apostle gives us the true and plain meaning of the text. He leaves the figure which was suitable for Isaiah, but might have been misunderstood by the Romans, and he gives the sense intended by Isaiah in plainer language. The prophet said, "He that believeth shall not make haste." That "making haste," means being fluttered and alarmed, and so being led to run from the foundation. Such a person fled in haste because he was ashamed of his hope. Paul puts aside the drapery of the metaphor to let the uncovered sense stand out boldly. He expounds the Scripture under infallible guidance, and gives its meaning to us in this form, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

II. And now, secondly, we have before us

A Simple Statement

of the way of salvation: "The Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." The way of salvation is to believe on Christ, whom God has laid in Zion for a foundation. What is believing on Him? It is *trusting in Him*. The language is not "Believe Him,"—such belief is a part of the faith, but not the whole. We believe everything which the Lord Jesus has taught, but we must go a step further, and trust Him. The faith that saves is not believing certain truths, nor even believing that Jesus is a Saviour; but it is resting *on Him*, depending *on Him*, lying with all your weight on Christ as the foundation of your hope. Believe that He can save you; believe that He will save you; at any rate leave the whole matter of your salvation with Him in unquestioning confidence. Depend upon Him without fear as to your present and eternal salvation. This is the faith which saves the soul.

Notice, next, that this faith is believing on a Person: "He that believeth on"—*it?* No! On "HIM." Our faith is not based on a doctrine, or a ceremony, or an experience; but on "HIM!" Our Lord Jesus Christ is God; He is also man; He is the appointed and anointed Saviour. In His death He is the propitiation for sin; in His resurrection, He is the justification of His people; and in His intercession, He is the eternal guarantee of their preservation. Believe "*on Him*." Our faith fixes herself upon the Person of the Lord Jesus as seen in His sufferings, His offices, and His achievements. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

The text refers to

The Truth of the Trusting.

The apostle does not say, "Whosoever believeth on Him with full assurance, or with a high degree of confidence, shall not be ashamed." No; it is not the *measure* of our faith, but the *sincerity* of our faith which is the great question. If we believe on Him at all, we shall not be ashamed. Our faith may be very trembling, and this will cause us sorrow; but a trembling faith will save. Observe, again, that all depends upon the presence of this trusting, and not upon the age of it. "He that believeth on Him:" this relates to the immediate present. Perhaps

the truster has only believed on Jesus during the last five minutes. Very well, he does believe on Him, and he shall not be ashamed. Some of us are glad to remember that we were built on the sure foundation more than forty years ago. But the length of years during which we have believed does not enter into the essence of the matter: believers are saved whether their faith has lasted through half a century or half an hour.

Now if any soul here perishes, it will not be my fault. However feebly I may preach this morning, I shall go home satisfied that I have set before you enough for your salvation, if you be willing and obedient. I have most plainly set before you the way of salvation. What more can I do? I can bring the horse to water, but I cannot make him drink; I can set the water of life before you, but I can do no more if you turn away from it. If you accept of the Lord Jesus and believe on Him, you shall not be ashamed; but if you put Him far from you, you will die in your sins, and your blood will be upon your own heads.

III. So I pass on to the third point:

The Glorious Promise

to those who obey the Gospel. "The Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," and this means that he shall not be ashamed at any time by discovering that he has been deluded. Men are ashamed when their hopes fail. If a man has an expectation of eternal life, and on a sudden he sees his hope dashed to shivers, is he not ashamed? If on his dying bed his confidence should turn out to be based on a falsehood, how ashamed he will be! If any of you are trusting in your gold, it will turn out to be a poor confidence when you are called upon to leave all earthly things. I have heard of one who, on his death-bed, laid bags of money to his heart; but he was forced to lay them away, and cry, "These will not do! These will not do!" It will be a sorry business if we have been trusting in our good temper, our charity, our patriotism, our courage, or our honesty, and when we come to die shall be made to feel that these cannot satisfy the claims of divine justice, or give us a passport to the skies. You will never have this vexation of spirit if you take Christ Jesus to be your confidence.

Furthermore, dear friends, he that believes on Christ shall not be ashamed to own his faith. This is a sharp saying, and it cuts as a razor. I wish it would make a great gash in cowardly spirits. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Some think they believe on Christ, and yet they are ashamed to own their faith in the Lord's appointed way; or, indeed in any way. If they are in ungodly company they do with their faith as they do with their dog when a friend comes in: they say, "Lie down, sir." Because it is inconvenient to be known to be a believer, they treat the Lord Christ as they would treat a dog. Some of you have never made a confession of your Lord: what will become of you?

I am not ashamed of my hope; I love to state it, to glory in it, and to

Make it Widely Known.

I heard of a "modern-thought" minister of some repute, that a person asked him, "Sir, what is your theory of the atonement?" He replied, "My dear sir, I have never told that to any living person, although I have been a preacher for years, and I am not going to commit myself now." He seemed to think that this was rather a wise thing. My course runs in the opposite direction: I believe in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and I am not ashamed of the old-fashioned doctrine. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me;" why should I be ashamed to own it?

We shall not be ashamed because our faith is proved to be unreasonable. When a man is convicted of believing an absurdity, he is ashamed. But there is nothing unreasonable in the truth that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

There is a sweet reasonableness in the provision of a Substitute for guilty men, and a still sweeter reasonableness in the salvation of those who believe in the Lamb of God. In fact, the Gospel system is so blessedly reasonable, that when it comes home to the enlightened understanding it carries the mind by storm. I have seen love at first sight with many a man who, for the first time, has heard how God is "just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." It has seemed so Godlike a method, that the man has accepted it at once: it

Bore its Proof on its Face.

We are not ashamed of the gospel of salvation by faith in Christ because it proves inoperative upon our lives. I remember the witty Sidney Smith, who by mistake figured as a clergyman, managed to come into collision with the Methodists, and he charged them with so much preaching faith that good works were at a discount. Surely he never heard Mr. Wesley. I venture to say that the Methodists produced more good works than Mr. Smith's preaching ever did. If any say to us, "This faith of yours takes you off from trusting in works;" we answer, "It does; but it does not take us off from practicing them." Faith is the mother of holiness and the nurse of virtue. The lives of the Puritans who taught the gospel of faith in Christ were infinitely preferable to the lives of those Cavaliers who believed in human merit. Indifferent to morality? We never knew what holiness was until we believed in Jesus.

We are never ashamed of it, again, as to its operation upon others. When I look back through my life, having preached nothing in his place but faith in Christ as the way of salvation, I can, without any effort of memory, remember many drunkards made sober, harlots made chaste, lovers of pleasure made lovers of God. Many have been reclaimed from among the poorest and most degraded, and some from the rich and vicious. We have seen what faith in God has done by lifting them from the level of selfishness to

The Heights of Grace.

If we had to go into the worst slum of London we would not wish for anything better to preach than Christ crucified; and if we had to visit the ayest hells of the West End, we would not wish for any theme more powerful than the Cross of our Lord Jesus. "Believe and live" is still a harm most potent. We have no cause to be ashamed of what the truth of God has done in ages past, and is doing even at this day.

We might be ashamed, if we could be outshined in our prospects by some other system. What form of religion offers more to the believer than the system of grace and simple faith in Jesus? Nowhere in the world, that I know of, is there any other system of religion which promises sure salvation to its followers. The Roman Catholic system does not at all provide for present and everlasting salvation. What does it provide for? For your getting out of purgatory in due time, and no more. When I was in the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, I read a request for prayer for the repose of the soul of his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. Now Cardinal Wiseman was a great man, a prince of the Church, but yet he is somewhere in the other world, where he is not in a pose: so this request indicates. There must be a very poor outlook for an ordinary Catholic. For my part I would give up so cheerless a hope, and become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and go to heaven. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

IV. I have done, when I say to you, lastly, at in my text we see a wide door of

Hope for the Seeker.

Read that word, "whosoever," whosoever, whoever. I must keep on ringing that silver bell. Rings in the thirteenth verse—"Whosoever all call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." It rings in the text—"Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." No secret decree has ever been made to shut out any soul that believeth on Him. God has not hidden in secret in a dark place of the earth,

and said, "Such a man may believe in Christ, and yet he shall be lost." Do not be afraid of this; for it is impossible. No measure of sin in your past life can deprive you of this promise. "Whosoever believeth on Him," though he had been a murderer, or a thief, or a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a liar, or a blasphemer, shall find his faith removing his sins through the blood of Jesus, and renewing his heart by the Holy Spirit. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

"But I do not feel as I ought," says one. You shall feel aright if you will believe on Him. You shall not be shut out of the promise through any want of sensitiveness. It is not said, "Whosoever believeth on Him and is sensitive to a high degree shall be saved." No: "Whosoever believeth on Him." You ought to be sensitive, you ought to be tender, you ought to be grieved for sin, and you shall be if you believe on Him. "Alas," cries one, "I have a strong besetting sin, I have a hot temper, or fierce lusts, or a desperate thirst for drink." Yes, I know; but if you believe on Him you shall not be ashamed; for these shall be conquered and destroyed. You shall be helped to fight against them until you get a complete victory, and so you shall never be ashamed.

Backsliders Welcome.

"Ah," says one, "but I once made a profession, and I have gone back." Yes; but, "whosoever" does not shut out the wanderer. Backsliding is a great and bitter evil, but he that believeth is justified from every sin. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Come, then, with your heaped up sins and be unburdened. Come, though seven devils dwell within you: come to have them driven out, and yourself made white in the blood of the Lamb. Come, for you shall not be ashamed. Let no man stand back and say, "I dare not come." Remember, the word of the Saviour, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Lastly, in that day when the earth and heaven shall melt, and nothing shall be seen but Christ upon the throne, judging all the earth, those who have not believed in Him will be ashamed. They will have no excuse to offer: they have none even now. They will then be ashamed that they did not take the counsel of their godly friends, and heed the pleadings of their minister. They will be ashamed to think how they put off thoughts of Christ, and lingered until they found themselves in hell. The face of the Lord Jesus will be terrible to unbelievers to the last degree. Assuredly, the flames of hell will be more tolerable than a sight of His face. The bitterest wail of Tophet is this—"Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne!" Ye sinners, seek His face, whose wrath ye cannot bear. God help you to seek it now. Before you leave this house may you seek it and find it. He saith, "Seek ye my face." May God the Holy Spirit lead you to obey the call. Amen.

MISSIONARY WORK IN MADAGASCAR.

THE story of the commencement of Christian work at Rasoaanjanahary in the Island of Madagascar is very interesting and remarkable. "It was," says the veteran missionary, Rev. T. Rowlands, "chiefly through the instrumentality of a girl who had the rank of a princess in the savage tribes called the Ibara who inhabit the west and south of our Betsileo district. During one of the many wars made on the outlying tribes by the old, cruel queen, Ranavalona I., she, this little princess, was with many others, taken captive, and was sold into slavery at the capital. While serving there, she became acquainted with some of the persecuted Christians, was influenced by them, and eventually became a Christian herself. After many years, her father and herself regained their freedom and returned to their home in the far south, about thirty miles south of our present station. Now, she was the only Christian there, the nearest Christian community being about sixty miles distant.

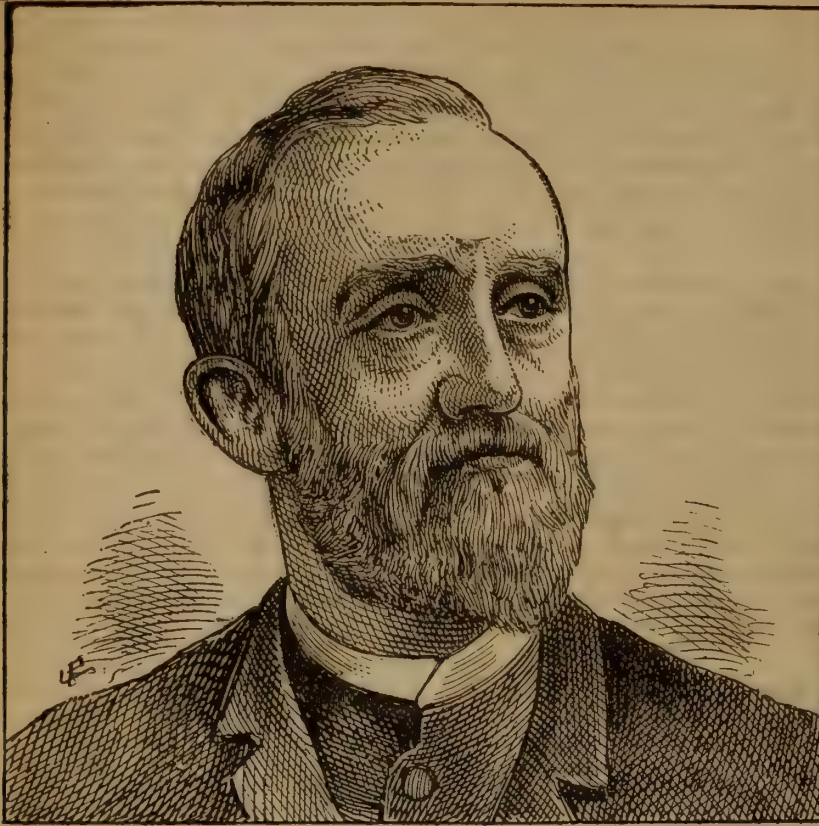
But such was her zeal that once every two months she used to travel on foot all that way to communion—three days' journey each way. She was the chief instrument, in God's hands, of winning the first souls for Christ there, and laying the foundation of the Christian Church which has now become the mother Church of a large and rapidly-increasing mission district.

One of our most thriving fields is the district of Betsileo. Just imagine an extensive plain nearly surrounded by immense granite rocks, rising nearly a thousand feet from the base, and presenting the most rugged and romantic appearance imaginable. On and among the hillocks, studded all over the plain, and also crowning the many larger hills in the distance, are the Betsileo villages, and in the centre is the garrison town of Ambohimandroso (consisting of some 5,000 inhabitants), which is the central mission station. At the principal station you will find two substantial brick chapels, and two active working churches of over 400 communicants, which are also practically self-supporting. There you will also find the training institute, dispensary and Sunday-school for adults and children, classes of various kinds for men and women, and all maintained efficiently. In sixty-one villages (or out-stations) you will find modest little mud or sun-dried brick chapels, which serve as school-rooms as well, in each village a native teacher, who also preaches on Sunday, ten honorary native pastors in charge of churches, and ten native trained evangelists in charge of groups of six or seven stations, more or less, and about 200 communicants scattered all over the villages, making a total of over 600 communicants in this district. There are in Madagascar to-day, roughly speaking, 45,000 communicants.

AFRICAN MEDICINES AND PHILOSOPHY.

SPEAKING at a missionary meeting in London, the Rev. W. T. Willoughby, a missionary just returned from Africa, thus described the beliefs prevalent more or less throughout that vast continent: "Sickness is very prevalent out there, and when a man is sick he goes to the native doctor. And here I ought to say that, as far as my acquaintance with the medicine men goes, I cannot think that they are by any means worse morally than their neighbors. I could not honestly call them rogues, nor could I honestly say that they were swindlers; there are rogues among them, there is no doubt, but the village medicine man, so far as I got to know him, believes honestly what he practices, though, alas! his practices are extremely absurd. He is himself the dupe of his own opinions, and he makes others the dupes of his own opinions too. When a man is sick he goes to a medicine man, and he seeks to discover, by means of a certain incantation, what the disease is from which his patient is suffering. He very soon finds that the patient is bewitched, and the difficulty then is to discover the man who has done the deed. This, perhaps, he will fail to do; possibly he will succeed, then certain incantations have to be performed again, and the sick man is expected to recover. He ought to recover if he does not. In return for this he pays the medicine man a certain sum.

"These medicine men know a great deal more about the religious ideas of the tribe than any others. I said to one of them one day, 'I want you to tell me something about what men do and where men go after they die.' 'Well,' said my friend, 'I will tell you as much as I know of it. When a man dies his spirit has to wander about this earth until somebody builds a little spirit hut (which is a model of the hut they live in) to the memory of the deceased. Then the spirit has permission to take himself away, and he goes up there.' 'Well, but,' I said, 'some men are bad and some men are good; are they not? Do the good men and the bad men all go to the same place?' 'Oh, no; they never care to go.' 'How is that? Can't the good spirits go where the bad ones are, or the bad ones go where the good ones are?' 'They can all go where they like.' 'But,' I said, 'the good ones



Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.



Bishop Atticus G. Haywood. (See page 373.)

go to the best place.' 'Oh, yes.' 'How is it, then, if the bad ones can go where they like, that they do not go to the best place, too?' 'I don't quite see your reason. Down in my village there are bad men and good men—they can all go where they like every one of them; but you come down to-morrow and look, and you will find all the bad men together and all the good men together; the good ones don't like being where the bad ones are, for they are not happy there; and the bad ones do not like being where the good ones are, for they are not happy there.' That is a little bit of the New Theology, it seems to me. But it is the very best specimen of native religious ideas that I met with."

REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D. D.

(See Portrait.)

THE selection of two men to fill the vacant bishoprics in the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, was a duty calling for the exercise of sound discretion and sincere devotion to the best interests of the Church. This duty the recent General Conference seems to have performed to the general satisfaction of the ministers and members of the churches. It is a happy thing for any community, religious or secular, when it places in the positions of honor and influence the best men at its command, and when the choice so made has the endorsement of those who know both the wants of the community and the character of the men chosen.

Dr. Fitzgerald, whose portrait we now give, is one of the men chosen by the General Conference for bishop. He is sixty-one years of age, having been born in North Carolina, in 1829. He first took his position as a recognized minister of the Church in 1854, when he became a member of the Georgia Conference. But his experience has not been limited to the South. He spent some time in a Western field, and in 1867, had become so well-known, and his talents and acquirements had gained so general a recognition that he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is, however, in the editorial chair that he has won his most brilliant triumphs. He was chosen editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, a representative organ of Southern Methodism. In that position he has displayed conspicuous ability, and has won the confidence of both ministers and laymen. His voice and pen have been used for the best interests of the Church, and he has through-

out the painful dissension which has separated into two sections the Methodist Church of America, been an advocate of peace, and unity, and conciliation.

HORACE FAIRLEGH'S FAITH.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 22: "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." (Luke 12: 30.)

"You are very kind to take so much interest in me," said a bright, eager-looking young man, to a venerable fellow-traveller in a horse car, "but you could not bring me to your way of thinking. I am a newspaper man, and therefore proverbially a hard case."

"There is no reason why you should be, Mr. Fairleigh," said the white-haired man to whom he spoke. "You must see sad sights, sometimes, and must know how much help a man gets who trusts in God."

"I have noticed that such men get a reflex benefit. Their trust and faith helps them as it would if they believed in anything else. If a man believes in a charm, or in his luck, it is just the same. He has the comfort of his theory. God does not look after your interests, but if you believe He does, your faith tends to keep you cheerful and contented."

"Ah! I know that theory is common, Mr. Fairleigh, but it falls far short of the facts. The faith is good in itself, as you say. We have the help it brings surely, and that is worth having. But we have something better. You cannot meet a real Christian whose experience has not convinced him that God knows what things he has need of and supplies the need of those who trust Him."

"Well, I don't want to rob you of your faith. I could not hold it myself; but it must be very comforting for those who can hold it. It does them no harm anyway. But here I am at my destination. I have a busy day before me. We that have no faith in a God to take care of our future must work hard and make money to keep us in our old age. By the way, I notice that Christians as a rule do not give much evidence of their faith in that line. Some that I know are just as eager to get money and hoard it as if they had no faith in God providing for their old age. Good morning."

Young Fairleigh swung lightly from the horse car, without its stopping, as he had done hundreds of times. But the street had just been

watered and the dust upon it was now a greasy mud. Fairleigh's foot slipped and he fell heavily on his side. He felt shaken and startled, and before he could recover himself and rise to his feet a rapidly driven buggy was upon him. The driver swerved quickly as he saw him, but one of the wheels passed over his ankle, causing him excruciating pain. A score of kindly passers-by were instantly at his side and carrying him into a drug-store. "Call an ambulance," said the druggist, "it is a bad fracture." In a few minutes the ambulance was on its way to the hospital with young Fairleigh inside. When he came out of the institution some weeks later, he had but one foot, and all his bright hopes, and all the pride and joy of his heart were gone.

He hobbled on his crutches to the office of the journal on which he had been employed. His place had been filled, but the proprietors were kind and sympathetic. He could never do his own work again, but they promised to give him work that he could do at home. It would not be the kind of work he liked, and it would not help him to rise in his profession, as he hoped to have done, and it would not be very remunerative. It was a downward step, and Fairleigh felt it bitterly.

"I must find some cheaper rooms," he said to the manager of the journal, "Do you know of any?"

"Yes, we have just passed around the hat to set Mrs. Winton up in keeping a boarding-house. She will rent you a room cheap and make you feel at home."

That was just what Mrs. Winton did. She bought a cheap hanging shelf for his books, and hung it near his chair where he could reach it without rising, and put his books on it. A day or two afterward she added a Bible to his little library, having noticed that there was not one among them. Fairleigh noticed the addition but he said nothing at the time. He knew she must be very poor, and he wondered that she should do so much for him when there was no prospect of profit.

"I am afraid you will not make your business very profitable, Mrs. Winton," he said one day if you are as liberal to all your boarders, as you are to me."

"I am not sure that profit should be always our first consideration," Mrs. Winton answered. "If I can make enough to live, I don't mind."

"How about sickness and old age? You should not forget that they are possible."

"Oh, I save all I can, but I do not fret about it. If I have an opportunity of doing a little kindness, at a cost within my power, I do it. I have enough faith in God to believe that He will provide for me if I ever get so that I cannot work."

"Well, it must be a very comforting kind of faith, and I ought not to protest. If you were more concerned about your saving you would not do so much for me."

"Mr. Fairleigh wished he had the faith of this Christian woman. The day was past when he felt as he did that day in the horse-car, that he could provide a competency for himself to support him in old age. He fretted now every day about that, for he could earn no more than he required for his necessities. How different his position and prospects from those of a few months ago! He wondered if he was wrong, after all, about that faith. Perhaps God really did guide human affairs, as these Christians believed. But if so, he could not expect the blessing, for he had always spoken so scornfully of the doctrine. And he had been a great sinner, besides. His dear, dead mother's prayers for him, had come to nothing. He would read the Bible and see what it was that so sustained such people as Mrs. Winton. Perhaps he could get it. Yet it seemed mean to neglect God in his days of strength and prosperity, and go to Him when he was crippled and poor. Yet God was magnanimous; he had always heard that. Perhaps He would receive him still. His head sank forward on his arms and for the first time in ten years, Horace Fairleigh prayed.

Mrs. Winton had occasion to return to the room soon afterward, and receiving no reply to her knock on the door, she entered. She was alarmed at her boarder's attitude. She thought he must have fainted. His face was very pale and his hand drooped as if it was lifeless. She spoke to him, but he did not move. Then she went to him and putting her hand on his shoulder called him by his name. Then he raised his head and she saw that he had been weeping.

"You are a Christian, Mrs. Winton," he said. "I would sooner have your help than a minister's. Tell me; do you think God will receive me now, after long years of neglect and scoffing?"

"Certainly if you go to Him in faith."

"I do not know that I have faith even now," Fairleigh said, sadly. "I am in need; that is all I know for certain. If I were not a poor cripple I should not have felt it. That must tell against me."

"Your Heavenly Father knows your need, and He is really a Father, so He will supply it. Perhaps He saw your need of just this affliction to bring you to Himself. He knows our need of trial as well as blessing."

"That is a strange thought, Mrs. Winton. I must think it over. Perhaps you are right. Prosperity would never have brought me to God. Why, how different things would look in that light."

"It is the true light. We know so little of ourselves that we do not know what we really need. God knows, and when we are sure of that, nothing worries us. We accept the changes in our lot whether they are joyful or painful, convinced that our 'Heavenly Father knoweth we have need of these things,'"



Horace Fairleigh Comforted.

The good seed was dropped in prepared ground—ground broken up by bitter trial, and Mrs. Winton left the bowed man, believing that the Holy Spirit would bless it to his benefit. And He did. The faith Fairleigh had once despised, became his main spiritual support, the greatest treasure of his life.

**WILL IT LIFT.
THE STORY OF A FOG.
By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray.
(Continued from page 366.)**

THE spectacle of the poor old man's peace and restful faith in his God and his confident trust in his Saviour was one not to be soon forgotten. Jimmie Sladd was transformed. His shabby old clothes and his bent form were forgotten, and his former mistress could only see in him a brother in Christ, one of those who are poor in pocket, but rich in faith. But the old man was mindful of the proprieties. Mrs. Graythorpe had asked him a question, and he was too respectful to leave it unanswered.

"You asked me what was the latest news," he said, after a pause. "There doesn't much news come Faringham way; but there's one bit 'at I'se glad to hear about, as I've good 'casion to be."

"Indeed, Jimmie, and what's that?" inquired Mercy. "Why," replied the old shepherd; "Mr. Allanson's coming back to Hilldrop inn again."

"And who is Mr. Allanson?" said Mrs. Graythorpe, who had heard Mrs. Higginbotham speak of him with much respect.

"Who is he?" said Jimmie, "the best an' kindest-hearted man in all the world. That's what he is. They say he's bowt the Hilldrop property; an' if it's true, it'll be the grandest thing for Hilldrop, an' for Faringham, an' for all the country round. Why, there he is!" said he, pointing with his stick to a stout, hale, cheery-faced man of middle age, who was seated on the box chatting to the coachman as the "Highflyer" drove past on its way to the Hilldrop Inn.

Mrs. Graythorpe had time to get a good look at him; heard his voice, too; for no sooner did he spy Jimmie Sladd than he called out, "What, Jimmie! God bless you, old friend!" Mrs. Graythorpe saw a face and heard a voice that were both familiar to her, and a great silence fell upon her.

Meanwhile the passenger on the coach was descending from his elevated position and going into the Hilldrop Arms made his way to his old room, the self-same parlor in which Jared Higginbotham caught an awful Tartar in the shape of a box of gold. He had now all but given up his search for the maiden he had

fetching you a cup and saucer. I'm right glad to see you. What's the best news in these parts, eh?" Jimmie had laid his hat and stick carefully on a chair, had straightened out of his stiff shepherd's smock a few unnecessary creases, had smoothed his scant, grey hair by slipping his open hand first from the crown backward to his neck, and lastly from the crown forward to his eyebrows or near them, for Jimmie did not go in for a "parting to the right or left;" and then, taking his chair to the table, delivered himself as follows:

"Why sir, the fust thing, an' the best thing is, that you're come back again; and the next thing is that we're main glad to see you. We were beginnin' to be frightened 'at you'd g'ien us the go-by, an' that we shouldn't ha' you 'ere any more. It seems to me, sir, as though I'se sort o' livin' i' clover for a bit. There's owd friends here, and there's owd friends there, and they warm the heart of an owd man to see 'em, sir. They do, I'se sure."

"What old friends have you found now, Jimmie?" said Gilbert, who was always himself on the look-out for forms and faces that had to do with auld lang syne.

"Why, sir, there's my owd mistress and the young ladies that used to live at Hilldrop Grange many a year ago," he said, deliberately.

"Jimmie Sladd! What do you mean?"

Mr. Gilbert Craske had stood upon his feet with his teacup in one hand and a piece of buttered crumpet in the other. "Only this, sir," said Jimmie deprecatingly, "that Mrs. Graythorpe is sitting, this minute, with Mrs. Higginbotham in the bar."

Gilbert Craske carefully put down his tea and his toast. Then he sat down upon his chair, and for the space of one minute gave himself up to a brown study, with which Jimmie did not interfere.

"Help yourself to another cup of tea, Jimmie. I'll soon be back," said Gilbert, eventually, and then went downstairs in his slippers. Softly and slowly he proceeded to make his way towards the bar. This was a small recess fenced off from a large parlor by a partition of glass and frame-work, which reached over six feet high, but did not go up to the ceiling of the room. The sliding sash, which was generally open to customers, was closed, and Gilbert was fain to peep through the glass to get a look at the tenants within. What with the display of bottles, glasses, etc., plain and colored, and what with the shadow of the corner, in which Mrs. Graythorpe sat, he could not satisfy his eyes.

dragged out from among the cab-wheels in the London fog, and for the mother of the maiden, who should, indeed, have been mentioned first in this matter of search, and had come to Hilldrop in a not too equable or contented frame of mind. While the good man is discussing his crumpets and tea, Jimmie Sladd is admitted to his presence, a servant having first acquainted him that Jimmie was down-stairs "waiting to pay his respects."

"Send him up, Alice," said burly Gilbert. "There's nobody better worth seeing." I am afraid that if the comely widow had been discoverable there would have been a decided exception in her favor.

"Well, Jimmie, old friend. How are you? Draw your chair up to the table. The girl's

Gilbert noiselessly took a chair and placed it in a convenient spot. Slowly and silently he stood upon it, and for a while contented himself by listening to the sound of voices. Then he ventured to look over. He was not by any means a tall man, and he had to crane his neck a little. But he was rewarded. Mrs. Higginbotham sat with her back to him just below. He knew it was her by the bright ribbons on her cap. Just opposite were the two young ladies. Yes; one of them was the heroine of the fog, and no mistake. At that moment a lady arose from her seat in the opposite corner to reach something from the mantelpiece. There was no mistake here, either. It was the widow with the silver hair, whose face he had seen in the doorway of that mystical No. 59! and Whose heart had first been intrusted to his keeping long, long ago, "beneath the milk-white thorn!"

Poor Gilbert forgot all the need of silence; forgot all about the discredit of eavesdropping or spying; his big heart beat fast within him, his eyes were dim with an unbidden show of feeling, as he said, in delighted surprise, "Well! This is a go!"

In a moment he bethought him, and jumping from off his chair, he sped as fast as he could to regain his room and rejoin his waiting friend, honest Jimmie Sladd. He had not managed matters, however, with sufficient promptitude to prevent Mrs. Graythorpe from getting a second look at the face which gave her food for thought as it passed her on the "Highflier" a little while before. What induced her, I wonder, to repair to her bedroom presently, and to spend quite a time before the mirror and at her toilet, and then to sit alone and ponder? And pray what business good reader, is that either of yours or mine?

That same evening, a November evening once again, the landlord of the "Hilldrop Arms" suddenly and unexpectedly returns from town, bringing with him a couple of young men, tourists as he explained, who desired to explore the unquestionable attractions of Hilldrop and Faringham and the regions round about. But the little inefficient fiction was of small avail. A mother's keen and loving eyes soon rent the veil, and Mrs. Higginbotham, in tearful gladness, held her long absent laddie to her heart.

Gil Craske's voice, clear, round, and full, the very counterpart of his father's brought Dad down from the upper floor in full assurance as to who its owner was. Had he been listening for some other voice, I wonder?

"Well, Gil, my lad!" said dear, simple-hearted, impulsive Gilbert, senior. "Welcome to old England! Welcome to your dotting dad," and then whispered, "there's somebody else here that I hope will give you a welcome by-and-by."

"Now," said Gil to Jared Higginbotham, "now's your time." Jared asked to speak with the senior Gilbert alone; and from the same room from which he had stolen it, he restored "the box" which had caused him such awful misery; and in words fit and few confessed his fault, and cast himself on the mercy of the man to whom he had done such grievous wrong.

Then Jared told him of that awful night in London, when he thought he had seen his ghost. Gilbert was compelled to laugh, not loud but deep. "Ah," said he, "I remember; I had a feverish sore throat. There was no water in my room, and I ventured down stairs in my night-shirt to get a supply from the filter that stands in the hall."

"But what about that cut in the throat, sir?" said Jared, unprepared for the suggestion that he had been deceived by his own conscience.

"Red flannel, my friend, red flannel!" said Gilbert. "As I turned the first landing, a gust of wind blew out my candle, and I remember saying, as I groped in the gloom, 'Here's a go!'" So that was the "Go!" that Jared heard, and that sent him with feet winged with terror to his own room! I have a shrewd notion that most ghost stories, as Bloomfield puts it, are "just as true."

Then speaking with all seriousness and kindness of heart, Gilbert said: "Landlord, from my heart I am glad and thankful that you have won in this contest with the devil. I could have borne the loss of money,

but I could not bear to think that the thief might lose his soul. From my heart I forgive you, and as the Great Example said, so I would say and pray, "Go in peace, and sin no more."

It scarcely needs that I should say anything more. The old proverb, "All's well that ends well," lets out the whole secret. I have been most anxious to trace the course of poor Jared Higginbotham, and if possible to see him safe out of the dreadful pit which he had dugged for himself. Now that he has done his best to undo the mischief he had wrought; now that he has returned to the full all that his cupidity wrongfully took away; now that he has confessed fully and frankly to those he has injured, and has been fully and frankly forgiven, I am glad to lay down my pen and leave him with his face turned toward the paths of honesty, honor, integrity, and truth. He and his fine-spirited son, Frank, will soon put the previous wrong to rights, and I have the best reason for believing that Jared Higginbotham was led to seek and kind that inward strength which comes from Heaven by way of the Cross of Jesus, by which the feeblest can say "No" to the very strongest temptation and triumphantly stand.

Gilbert Craske found the old flame still alight in the breast of the comely widow, the sweet Alice Leaming of former days, and it was not long before she avowed the fact in answer to his frank request for her hand and heart. All Faringham was rejoiced to find that she was to be again the honored mistress of Hilldrop Grange, and agreed that Gilbert Craske had taken the right course to win, as the new proprietor of the Hilldrop estate, the esteem and confidence of all.

A new, bright, cheerful chapter was at once opened in the life of Mercy Graythorpe and her sister Millie. It soon became apparent that whatever it was that was "on the nerves" of Millie, it had taken to itself wings and flown away. She was soon the life and soul of the Grange, for, of course, Gilbert Craske would not hear of anything other than that the sisters should have their home again by the hearth of their early youth. On the other hand, Mercy, faithful, strong-hearted, noble Mercy, seemed to have got the something "on the nerves" instead of her sister Millie. She became silent, moody, and unrestful. She seemed as though she could not settle down in the old place, and spent very much of her time at the Hilldrop Arms, with Mrs. Higginbotham. She became that good landlady's right hand, and Mrs. H. declared she did not know what she should do without her.

The villagers soon began to link her name with that of Frank Higginbotham. They predicted a speedy union between them twain. There seemed nothing against it, they thought, only that she was a little too old for him, or rather that he was a little too young for her.

But lo, and behold, it was all a mistake, as village gossip generally is. It came out at last that Gilbert Craske, Jun., the manly and genial Gil, had been trying hard to win her—that her fine sense of what was right and fitting had rebelled against living under the same roof with him, feeling sure the world would say she was "setting her cap at him." But the young farmer from Australia overrode all obstacles. He felt that he had her heart in his keeping—that she could not hide—and so eventually she was both wooed and won, and became the happy wife of a happy husband, and, at Faringham Abbey, they dwell in a cheery home of their own.

Well, after this, Mrs. Higginbotham declared that she must have her god-daughter, Millie, to be her confidante and companion, as she could not spare them both. But strange to say, Millie would not go. Her visits were but few and brief. Mercy tried to persuade her to try to fill her place with the dear, true friend, who had been so kind, and through whom their present happy fortune had come to them. "Why don't you go oftener, Millie, darling?" said Mercy, the young matron. "Why did you go so often?" said Millie, blushing.

"Oh, well, that was because I had private reasons," replied Mercy.

Then Millie kissed her sister and ran away to hide her blushes as she said, "And don't

you think I may have my private reasons too?"

"Ho, ho!" quoth Mercy to herself; "sits the wind in that quarter?"

Her sisterly love and anxiety soon found out that it did, and was not likely to veer to any other. So she set herself to the congenial task of "smoothing the way;" and at this present time the Faringham villagers have hit upon a piece of gossip that for once in a while is true—namely, that Frank Higginbotham, who has just purchased a large farm from some few miles distant, will, by-and-by take Millie Graythorpe there to help to manage it.

I have not time to discourse upon the delight Jimmie Sladd experienced when he discovered that Mr. Allanson was no other than that very Gilbert Craske who was his own god-son, and of whom he had said, "I've nussed him and bussed him many a time when he was in short frocks; he had the making of a man in him, had little Gil." Now, to use his own expression, Jimmie really was "in clover;" and so until his Divine Master calls the good old shepherd higher, he is certain to remain.

Jared Higginbotham and his worthy wife are one now in heart and sympathy; but Jared is very quiet and reserved. He does not say much, but he thinks a good deal; and his thoughts humble him and help to shape his conduct after the model of Him who forgives so freely and loves the forgiven one so much.

Here I take leave of those of whom I have thus written; and as I look first into the home of Gilbert Craske and his wife, and then at the hearth of young Gil and his precious Mercy, and then at the peaceful dwelling of Frank and his young bride, Millie, and think of the way God's Providence hath dealt with them, I feel that I cannot do better than quote Jimmie Sladd, "The good Lord's allus on the side o' them as means well and does well; an' when folks hev' Him on their side it doesn't greatly matter how many an' how much tak' sides again 'em. Them an' Him's more than a match for all that's contrary."

Still and ever the apostolic challenge rings out unanswered and triumphant: "If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

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AN AGNOSTIC'S STORY.

The prevalence of agnosticism in Russia increased of late years even more widely than in other lands. It is not outspoken infidelity. Its professors do not say, "There is no God"; they simply say, "We do not know whether there is a God or not." One of these Russian agnostics, N. Panin, a noted scholar, has become a believer, and gives this account of the change in his views: "I began to read the Bible carefully to find out what good there was in it. I knew there must be much that was valuable, or it would not have retained its influence through the centuries. Determined I would pass over the miracles and other difficulties, and treasure up the things of ethical value that I might find. I thought that in this effort God—if there was a God—would give me light. So I read the Bible trustfully, leaving the difficulties alone, till God should enlighten me. I strove to follow out its teachings as far as I could. I gained light day by day, and soon I found the Bible becoming its own interpreter. I also went trustfully to prayer. As I could not believe, I did for power to believe. If I were not strong enough to follow Him, I prayed for necessary strength, in all things coming to Christ for help. Continuing for some time, I soon learned my utter inability to live without God. Then I got to know how deep I was in sin. Sins of which I had not formerly been cognizant now troubled me and gave me no rest, showing how my very being was permeated with sin, and that I required what the Bible called regeneration, or I should never get out of my burden of sin, or be free from the sins which dwelt in my carnal nature. It became evident to me that I must give myself to Christ, if He would receive me. I so, and received Him as my Saviour, wonderful to tell, the moment I testified His saving power I became a new man." This is the testimony of a learned agnostic, and shows the wonderful power of the Word of God unto the salvation of souls when read in the right spirit.

PATRIARCHAL APOSTATE.

An eminent Jewish missionary in Berlin, with the constant reiteration of the fact that he was an apostate or messenger from the religion of his fathers, repeatedly answered the charge in a convincing manner. "Why do you persist in ostracizing me and refusing to listen to my arguments?" he asked of a company of Jews, turned their backs upon him in a public manner. One of them replied, "I say, very man hold his own opinion; but a man leaves the religion of his fathers, it is a disgrace to him—he is a *meshumad*." The challenge thus thrown out promptly accepted. "Well, gentlemen, we are all Jews here—except myself, I regard as a *meshumad*—very let me ask you what you think of Abraham?" "Oh, he was a man; a holy and perfect one." "What do you say?" And the statement was made. "How can you say that? Did I leave the religion of his father—where were his fathers in Ur of the Chaldees?" They tried to get out of it by saying they accepted a better, the true religion; the speaker reminded them that was not the question at issue. Abraham had forsaken the religion of his fathers, and hence, according to their own dictum, was to be stoned. They caught the point at once, and said they had never thought of it, and the issue was a conversation which lasted until ten o'clock, and a promise on the part of the Jews to come to the mission.

OFFERING GOD A BARGAIN.

Among the converts at an Evangelistic meeting was a young man, who made a profession of faith. He did not seem earnest about it, and the pastor of the church had some doubt about his sincerity. His doubts increased when he learned that the young man had become engaged to one of the young ladies in the choir. She was a devoted Christian, who would not be thought of marrying an unbeliever. The pastor, therefore, suspected that the young man had made a profession of religion in order to remove the obstacle to their union. But he is an intelligent young man, and un-

derstood, mentally, the way of salvation. The pastor hoped, therefore, that in some way the Holy Spirit would apply it to his heart. That result did come, but it came in a very painful way. The young people were married, and soon afterward removed out of the city into the country. There, to the grief of the Christian wife, her husband discontinued his attendance at church, and spent the day loafing or working in his garden. He also objected to her going to church, too, as it was a long distance away, and he preferred to have her stay home and cook a hot dinner. But she continued praying for him, and begged the prayers of her former pastor in his behalf. This is how God answered the prayers: They had a little baby boy, who was the joy of the father's heart. He was strong and bright, but one day he was stricken with illness. Both parents were very anxious about him, and one morning the father was told he had better not go to business that day, as there was no hope for little Willie. He went into the room where the child lay, and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he threw himself on his knees and cried, "Oh, Lord, I will be out-in-out for Christ if Thou wilt only spare my boy!" But God does not make bargains with men. He requires them to give themselves unconditionally to Him. The child was taken. God took the lamb to cause the sheep to follow, and that father from that day began to serve God. It was a great wrench, but it was required to turn that man's heart to God. The Lord, before He put forth His power, endeavored to woo him with gentle pleadings, but these failing, sterner measures had to be adopted.

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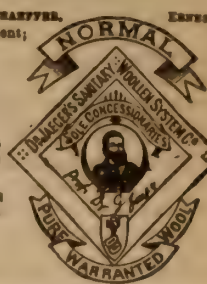
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The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeams bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

—Selected.

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A CLERGYMAN UNDER AN OPERATION.

WHAT power there is in the Christian religion to support a believer in the time of trial is illustrated in a narrative from the pen of a chaplain to one of our great hospitals. He states that one night, after he had retired to rest, he was called up by the chief surgeon. "He informed me," says the chaplain, "that there had been a railway accident, and an old clergyman was in the hospital whose foot would have to be amputated, and as he was about seventy-two years of age, his case was critical—'Would I go and see him before the operation?' Of course I was soon by the sufferer's bedside, and a remarkable visit it was. Several surgeons were there examining the crushed limb. The sufferer took my hand pleasantly, and listened quietly to what I had to say. I spoke to him of the love and wisdom of God. I reminded him of the Saviour's tender words about the fall of a sparrow and the argument He drew from it—'Fear not, therefore, ye of more value than many sparrows.' To my astonishment the patient burst into praise. 'Of course it could not have happened without my Heavenly Father's permission. I know He is love. I know He is light. I know He does all things well.' Then he addressed himself to one of the surgeons. 'Doctor,' he said, 'do you understand these things? Are you on Christ's side?' It was a strange pulpit from which the patient was preaching, and a strange congregation, and when the limb was amputated he went on preaching to one and another in the ward. The night nurse said: 'I've never heard the like!' And I suppose she never had. It was four months before my friend could leave the hospital. During all that time he adorned the doctrine of God, our Saviour. He was a fine example of a Christian rising superior to temporal circumstances."

A SISTER'S EXAMPLE.

WHAT kindness and consistent conduct may do in a family is seen in the following incident, which is related by an evangelist who knew the case: "A young girl was converted one night, and the same evening she knelt in her bedroom to commit herself to the care of her Saviour. Her sister, who shared the room, regarded her with amazement, and sarcastically said, 'What new nonsense is this? Do you mean to say that you are what they call converted?' 'Yes,'

was the straightforward reply, 'I am converted. To-day I gave my heart to Christ, and resolved that I should strive to follow His example.' 'Then you will not be going to the ball on Friday, nor the dance next week?' 'No.' 'Ah, well, we shall see how long it lasts, but in the meantime I will have nothing to do with you.' And for over three months she never spoke to her sister, though the other in every way showed a friendly and conciliatory spirit. At the end of that time the unconverted girl was laid on a bed of sickness, then the gentle spirit of her sister shone forth, as she strove to alleviate the invalid's pain and make her sick bed as easy as possible. The patient could not but compare the conduct of her sister with what hers would have been under like circumstances, which caused her to wonder if faith in Christ had anything to do with it. She spoke to her sister about her thoughts, and soon, under her gentle influence, was brought to give herself to Christ. Such was the power of example, and living the Christian life. 'Let your light so shine that it may be seen of men, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'"

A PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION.

THE biographer of the great philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, relates that a lady of distinction, at whose house Carlyle was staying, was shocked by the plainness with which he rebuked her self-congratulation. In speaking of the Jews, and the prejudice of society against them, she said they deserved their fate for their wickedness in not receiving Jesus as their Saviour. She finished her diatribe against them by saying, "How different would have been His reception had He appeared in our own time! How delighted we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His Divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The plain-spoken philosopher, thus appealed to, said in his broadest Scotch accent, "No, madam, I don't. I think, had He come with plenty of money and good recommendations, and fashionably dressed, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor to receive from your ladyship a card of invitation, on the back would be written, 'To meet our Saviour'; but if He had come denouncing those aristocrats, the Pharisees, and associating with the publicans and Radicals of the day, we should have treated Him now very much as the Jews did then, and cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him!'"

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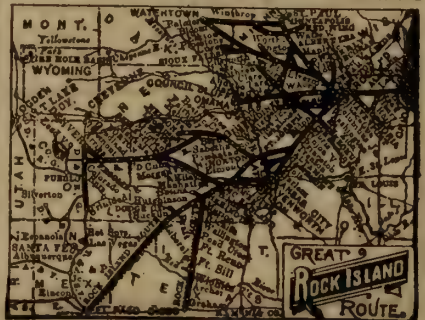
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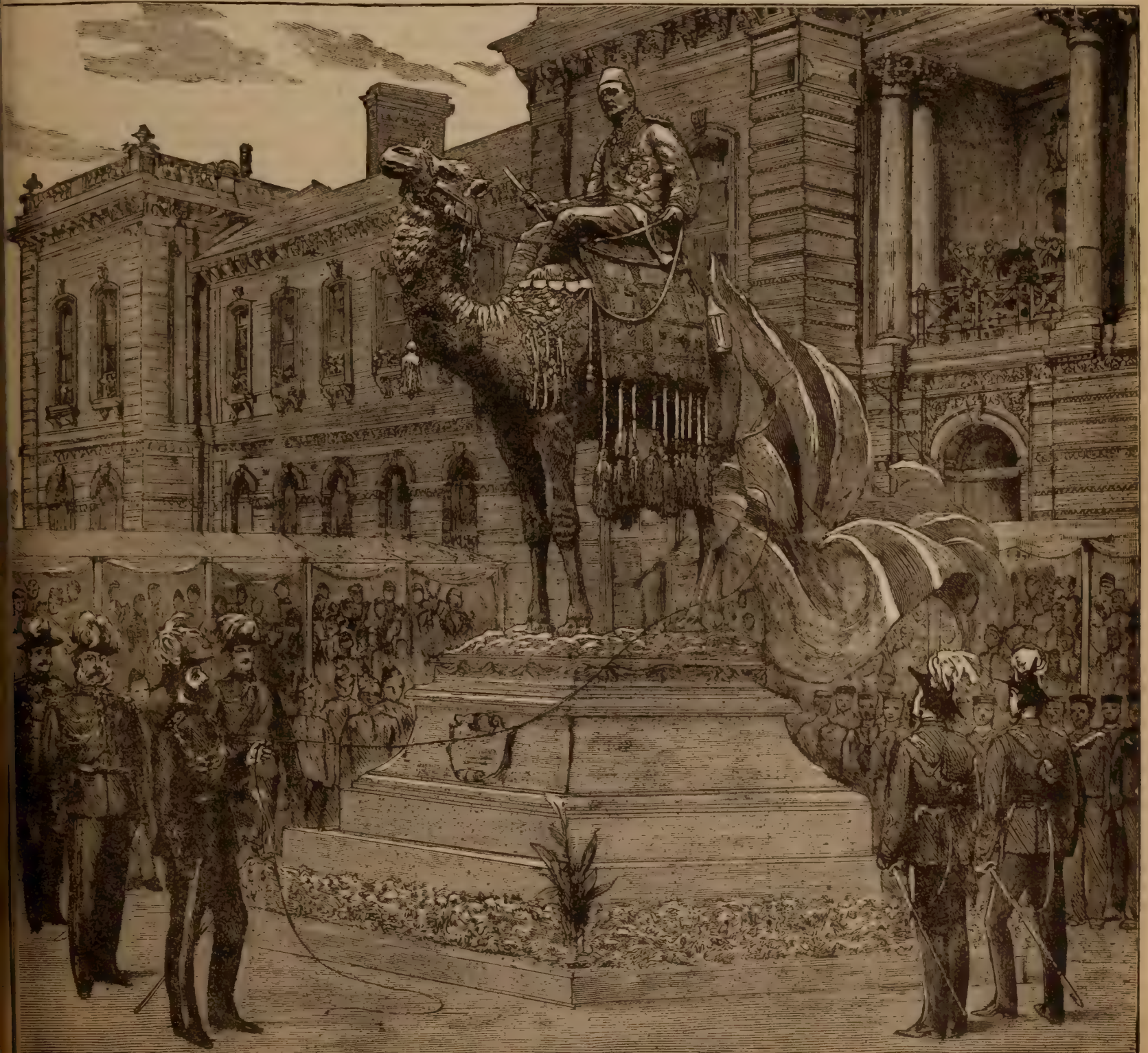
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THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL GORDON.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE KISS OF WELCOME.

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Luke 15: 20.

The Prodigal's Return—Probably Motherless—Unrecognized by the Neighbors—The Father Watching—His Quick Recognition—Who the Father Represents—A Daughter's Memento—I. The Father's Eyesight—The Distance of Men from God—How far God's Sight Reaches—II. The Father's Haste—The Returning Sinner's Need of Help—Always Met on the Road—III. The Father's Kiss—No Reproaches—The Unsearchable Love—Proved on Calvary—The Saviour's Dying Words—The Bars of the Sheep-fold Lowered.

ONE of the deepest wells that inspiration ever opened is this well of a parable which we can never exhaust. The parable, I suppose, was founded on facts. I have described to you the going away of this prodigal son from his father's house, and I have showed you what a hard time he had down in the wilderness, and what a very great mistake it was for him to leave so beautiful a home for such a miserable desert. But he did not always stay in the wilderness; he came back after a while. We do not read that his mother came to greet him. I suppose she was dead. She would have been the first to come out. The father would have given the second kiss to the returning prodigal; the mother the first. It may have been for the lack of her example and prayers that he became a prodigal. Sometimes the father does not know how to manage the children of the household. The chief work comes upon the mother. Indeed, no one ever gets over the calamity of losing a mother in early life. Still, this young man was not ungreeted when he came back.

However well apparelled we may be in the morning when we start out on a journey, before night, what with the dust and the jostling, we have lost all cleanliness of appearance. But this prodigal, when he started from the swine-trough, was ragged and wretched, and

His Appearance,

after he had gone through days of journeying and exposure, you can more easily imagine than describe. As the people see this prodigal coming on homeward, they wonder who he is. They say: "I wonder what prison he has broken out of. I wonder what lazaretto he has escaped from. I wonder with what plague he will smite the air." Although these people may have been well acquainted with the family, yet they do not imagine that this is the very young man who went off only a little while ago with quick step, and ruddy cheek, and beautiful apparel. The young man, I think, walks very fast. He looks as though he were intent upon something very important. The people stop. They look at him. They wonder where he came from. They wonder where he is going to.

You have heard of a son who went off to sea and never returned. All the people in the neighborhood thought the son would never return, but the parents came to no such conclusion. They would go by the hour, and day, and sit upon the beach, looking off upon the water, expecting to see the sail that would bring home the long-absent boy. And so I think this father of my text sat under the vine looking out toward the road on which his son had departed; but the father has changed very much since we saw him last. His hair has become white, his cheeks are furrowed.

His Heart is Broken.

What is all his full table to him when his son may be lacking bread? What is all the splendor of the wardrobe of that homestead when the son may not have a decent coat? What are all the sheep on that hillside to that father when his pet lamb is gone? Still he sits and watches, looking out on the road, and one day he beholds a foot-traveller. He sees him rise above the hill; first the head and after awhile the entire body; and as soon as he gets a fair glance of him he knows it is his recreant son. He forgets the crutch, and the cane, and the stiffness of the joints, and bounds away. I think the people all around were amazed. They said: "It is only a

footpad. It is only some old tramp. Don't go out to meet him." The father knew better.

The change in the son's appearance could not hide the marks by which the father knew the boy. You know that persons of a great deal of independence of character are apt to indicate it in their walk. For that reason the sailor almost always has a peculiar step, not only because he stands much on shipboard amid the rocking of the sea, and he has to balance himself, but he has for the most part an independent character, which would show in his gait, even if he never went on the sea; and we know from what transpired afterward, and from what transpired before, that this prodigal son was of an independent and frank nature; and I suppose that the characteristics of his mind and heart were the characteristics of his walk. And so the father knew him. He puts out his withered arms toward him; he brings his wrinkled face against the pale cheek of his son; he kisses the wan lips; he thanks God that the long agony is over. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

Oh, do you not recognize that Father? Who was it? It is God! I have no sympathy with that cast-iron theology which represents God as hard, severe, and vindictive.

God is a Father

—kind, loving, lenient, gentle, long-suffering, patient, and He flies to our immortal rescue. Oh, that we might realize it. A wealthy lady in one of the Eastern countries was going off for some time, and she asked her daughters for some memento to carry with her. One of the daughters brought a marble tablet, beautifully inscribed; and another daughter brought a beautiful wreath of flowers. The third daughter came and said: "Mother, I brought neither flowers nor tablet, but here is my heart. I have inscribed it all over with your name, and wherever you go, it will go with you." The mother recognized it as the best of all the mementoes. Oh, that our souls might go out toward our Father—that our hearts might be written all over with the evidences of His loving kindness, and that we might never again forsake Him.

In the first place, I notice in this text, *the father's eyesight*; in the second place, I notice, *the father's haste*; and, in the third place, I notice *the father's kiss*.

The Father's Eyesight.

To begin: *the father's eyesight*. "When he was a great way off his father saw him." You have noticed how old people sometimes put a book off on the other side of the light. They can see at a distance a great deal easier than they can close by. I do not know whether this father could see well that which was near by, but I do know he could see a great way off. "His father saw him." Perhaps he had been looking for the return of that boy especially that day. I do not know but that he had been in prayer, and that God had told him that that day the recreant boy would come home. "The father saw him a great way off."

I wonder if God's eyesight can descry us when we are coming back to Him? The text pictures our condition—

We Are a Great way Off.

That young man was not farther off from his father's house, sin is not farther off from holiness, hell is not farther off from heaven, than we have been by our sins away off from our God; aye, so far off that we could not hear His voice, though vehemently He has called us year after year. I do not know what bad habits you may have formed, or in what evil places you have been, or what false notions you may have entertained; but you are ready to acknowledge, if your heart has not been changed by the grace of God, that you are a great way off—aye, so far that you cannot get back of yourselves. You would like to come back. Aye, this moment you would start, if it were not for this sin, and that habit, and this disadvantage. But I am to tell you of the Father's eyesight. "He saw him a great way off." He has seen all your frailties, all your struggles, all your disadvantages.

He has been longing for your coming. He has not been looking at you with a critic's eye or a bailiff's eye, but with a Father's eye; and if a parent ever pitied a child, God pities you. You say: "Oh, I had so many evil surroundings when I started life." Your Father sees it. You say: "I have so many bad surroundings now, and it is very difficult for me to break away from evil associations." Your Father sees it, and if you should start heavenward—as I pray you may—your Father would not sit idly down and allow you to struggle on up toward Him. Oh no! Seeing you a great way off, He would fly to the rescue. How long does it take a father to leap into the middle of the highway if his child be there, and a swift vehicle is coming, and may destroy him? Five hundred times longer than it takes our heavenly Father to spring to the deliverance of a lost child. "When he was a great way off his Father saw him."

And this brings me to notice

The Father's Haste.

The parable says he ran. No wonder! He did not know but that the young man would change his mind and go back. He did not know but that he would drop down from exhaustion. He did not know but that something fatal might overtake him before he got up to the doorsill: and so the father ran. The Bible, for the most part, speaks of God as walking. "In the fourth watch of the night," it says, "Jesus came unto them walking on the sea." "He walketh upon the wings of the wind." Our first parents heard the voice of the Lord, walking in the garden in the cool of the day; but when a sinner starts for God, the Father runs to meet him. Oh! if a man ever wants help, it is when he tries to become a Christian. The world says to him: "Back with you. Have more spirit. Don't be hampered with religion. Time enough yet. Wait until you get sick. Wait until you get old." Satan says: "Back with you; you are so bad that God will have nothing to do with you;" or, "You are good enough, and need no Redeemer. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Ten thousand voices say: "Back with you. God is a hard master. The Church is a collection of hypocrites. Back into your sins; back to your evil indulgences; back to your prayerless pillow. The silliest thing that a young man ever does is to come home after he has been wandering." Oh, how much help a man does want when he tries to become a Christian! Indeed, the prodigal

Cannot Find His Way

home to his father's house unassisted. Unless some one comes to meet him he had better have stayed by the swine-troughs.

When the tide comes in, you might more easily with your broom sweep back the surges than you could drive back the ocean of your ungiven transgressions. What are we to do? Are we to fight the battle alone, and trudge on with no one to aid us, and no rock to shelter us, and no word of encouragement to cheer us? Glorify to God, we have in the text the announcement: "When he was yet a great way off, his father ran." When the sinner starts for God, God starts for the sinner. God does not come out with a slow and hesitating pace. The infinite spaces slip beneath His feet, and He takes worlds at a bound. "The father ran." Oh, wonderful meeting, when God and the sinner come together. "The father ran." You start for God and God starts for you, and you meet, and while the angels rejoice over the meeting, your long injured Father falls upon your neck with attestations of compassion and pardon. Your poor, wandering, sinful, polluted soul, at the loving, the eternal Father, have met.

The Father's Kiss.

I remark upon *the father's kiss*. "He fell on his neck," my text says, "and kissed him." It is not every father that would have done that. Some would have scolded him, and said: "He went off with beautiful clothes, but now you are all in tatters. You went off healthy, and come back sick and wasted with your dissipation." He did not say that. The son, all haggard, and ragged, and filthy, and wretched

stood before his father. The father charged him with none of his wanderings. He just received him. He just kissed him. His wretchedness was a recommendation to that father's love. Oh, that father's kiss! How shall I describe the love of God?—the ardor with which He receives a sinner back again? Give me a plummet with which I may fathom this sea. Give me a ladder with which I can scale this height. Give me words with which I can describe this love. The apostle says in one place, "unsearchable;" in another, "past finding out." Height overtopping all height; depth plunging beneath all depth; breadth compassing all immensity. Oh, this love! God so loved the world.

He Loves You.

Don't you believe He loves you? Has He not done everything to make you think so? He has given you life, health, friends, home—the use of your hand, the sight of your eye, the hearing of your ear. He has strewn your path with mercies. He has fed you, clothed you, sheltered you, defended you, loved you, importuned you all your life long. Don't you believe He loves you? Why, if now you should start up from the wilderness of your sin, He would throw both arms around you. To make you believe that He loves you, He stooped to manger, and cross, and sepulchre. With all the passions of His holy nature roused, He stands before you to-day, and would coax you to happiness and heaven. Oh, this Father's kiss! There is so much meaning, and love, and compassion in it; so much pardon in it; so much heaven in it. I proclaim Him the Lord God, merciful, gracious, and long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth. Lest you would not believe Him, He goes up Golgotha, and while the rocks are rending, and the graves are opening, and the mobs are howling, and the sun is hiding, He dies for you. See Him! See Him on the Mount of Crucifixion, the sweat on His brow tinged with the blood exuding from His lacerated temples! See His eyes swimming in death! Hear the loud breathing of the Sufferer as He pants with

A World on His Heart!

Hark to the fall of the blood from brow, and hand, and foot, on the rocks beneath—drop! drop! drop! Look at the nails! How wide the wounds are! Wider do they gape as His body comes down upon them. Oh! this crucifixion agony! Tears melting into tears. Blood flowing into blood. Darkness dropping on darkness. Hands of men joined with hands of devils to tear apart the quivering heart of the Son of God!

Oh! Will he never speak again? Will that crimson face never light up again? He will speak again; while the blood is suffusing His brow, and reddening His cheek, and gathering on nostril and lip, and you think He is exhausted and cannot speak, He cries out until all the ages hear Him: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Is there no emphasis in such a scene as that to make your dry eyes weep, and your hard heart break? Will you turn your back upon it, and say by your actions what the Jews said by their words: "His blood be on us, and on our children?"

What Does it All Mean

to us, my brother, my sister? Why, it means that for our lost race there was a Father's kiss. Love brought Him down. Love opened the gate. Love led to the sacrifice. Love shattered the grave. Love lifted Him up in resurrection. Sovereign love! Omnipotent love! Infinite love! Bleeding love! Everlasting love!

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

Now, will you accept that Father's kiss? The Holy Spirit comes to you with His arousing, melting, alarming, inviting, vivifying influence. Hearer, what creates in thee that unrest? It is the Holy Ghost. What influence now tells thee that it is time to fly, that to-morrow may be too late; that there is one door, one road, one cross, one sacrifice, one Jesus? It is the Holy Ghost.

My most urgent word is to those who, like the

young man of my text, are a great way off, and they will start for home, and they will get home. They will yet preach the Gospel and on communion days carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life, and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The Church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say:

Oh, My Wasted Life!

Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in, and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of His pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep-fold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in; some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs; but bounding in. Thank God! Saved for time, and saved for eternity.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Little Kindnesses.*

ONE of the best sermons I ever heard was on *sins of omission*. The preacher said: "The majority of us abstain from murder; we neither forge nor do we shop-lift; and few of us have tried our hands at picking a pocket. For us the whole list of crimes and misdemeanors is fenced off and divided from our ordinary lives in the region of the impossible. With the exception of an occasional inclination to murder, which amidst the manifold provocations of daily life is apt to beset people of quick and unregulated passions, we can honestly declare that we have never been tempted." And yet we feel, most of us, that we are steeped in sin, and have fallen away from the standard of even a philosophical Christianity. Our lives are black with sins of omission, not the things we have done and ought not to have done, but the things we ought to have done and have not done.

"Frederica Bremer has touched this subject sweetly in one of her books. A comfortable motherly woman is driving home on Christmas-eve in a sledge, laden with cakes, and toys, and goodies for little people of her own; and at the turnpike the toll-keeper's children run out into the snow to look at her. She sees the humble interior in the fire-glow, and thinks she would like to give those little ones a few of her rosy apples and oranges, and cakes. But the sledge drives on before she puts the thought into action. The sledge drives on, and the kindly act is left undone; the opportunity is lost. Life is full of such opportunities, full of kindnesses we might have done, the people we might have helped, the tears we might have dried, the souls we might have saved, perhaps—putting the matter in its most serious aspect."

What a different thing home-life would be, if every member of every family were constantly doing little kindnesses to every other member! "Family jars" is a proverbial expression. To live with people, to be related to them, means very often to be made miserable by them. Some persons seem to imagine that their relations exist for the express purpose of being worried. And even in less extreme cases, even in cases where

there is no very poignant misery in the family circle—just think what an enormous amount of happiness there might be, over and above what there actually is, if every member of the family always did his best to promote it. Some people are perfectly satisfied with themselves if they refrain from doing positive harm. They think themselves extremely amiable, if they are not aggressively unamiable. A man, for example, sometimes prides himself on being a good husband, because he does not beat his wife, does not very often snub her, and sometimes lets her have her own way. But as for trying to make her, and keep her, continuously happy—well, he has got something else to think about. And this constant neglect of little happinesses leads in the long-run to great misery.

Carlyle's Remorse.

Read Carlyle's diary. His wife was brilliant, devoted, a woman of women; he accepted all her homage, all her faithful service, even to scrubbing floors and hunting noxious insects; and he neglected her. He allowed her to be dependent on outside friendship for a drive or an ice; little pleasures which he could have given her so easily, and did not. The carriage which would have saved her months of agony—the result of a fall while trying to scramble into an omnibus—the husband provided too late. All his sins against her were sins of omission—the sins of a man absorbed in his own work, thinking more of Frederick and his dry-as-dust German biographers than of the faithful, long-suffering wife. Never did he do her conscious or deliberate wrong; and he seemingly let her follow the bent of her own mind in cleaning rooms and riding in omnibuses. The sin was in not insisting on better things: in not perceiving that this bright creature was wasting health, talent, life, for his sake; in not exercising an affectionate tyranny against those small economies, the scraping and paring that were no longer needful. And so, when she has gone from him, there goes up that bitter cry: "Oh! for five minutes more of her, to tell her with what love and admiration, as of the beautifullest of known human souls, I did intrinsically always regard her! . . . Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness. Be wise ye living, and remember that time passes and does not return."

Negligent Parents.

And not only in the relations between husband and wife, but also in those between parents and children, between masters and servants, how much happiness is lost by the omission of little kindnesses! You have heard, I daresay, a good many sermons on the duties of children to their parents—very comforting, no doubt, you found them. I am going to preach one some day, on the duties of parents to their children. The latter set of duties are at least as numerous and as important as the former. Some people think they have done quite enough when they have fed, and clothed, and educated their children. They are satisfied, that is to say, when they have performed the duties for the neglect of which they could be punished by law. But moral duties and legal duties never altogether coincide. The scope of the former is always much more comprehensive than that of the latter. You have not fulfilled your duty to your children unless you have tried to secure for them all possible comfort, and merriment, and joy. And this you cannot do unless you are actuated by a spirit of continual kindliness. Whether your children are to be pitied or envied will depend, not so much upon their receiving, or failing to receive, occasional presents and treats, as upon their receiving or failing to receive, small, but ever-recurring kindnesses.

"The Christian Herald" Binder. — Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

* From *Church and Creed*, a volume of sermons by Professor Momerie, a work of marked ability, dealing with theological and practical questions from the standpoint of the Broad Church, Pp. 258; Price, \$1.50. Published by Thomas Whittaker & Bible House, New York.

THE STATUE OF GEN. GORDON.

ON the first page this week is a picture of the statue erected in England to the valiant Christian soldier whose romantic career and pathetic death won the admiration of the whole civilized world. The English people have in this memorial manifested their affectionate regard for the remarkable man whose sad fate they deplore. The reproach of his death does not rest with them, but with the government that was in power at the time. Gordon's touching appeals for succor aroused the whole people, but the government was deaf to them, until the indignation of the country stirred it up to send a relief expedition, lest it should lose place and power. It was too late then for the success of such an expedition as was sent. Slow and cumbrous methods were adopted, the expedition was burdened with heavy artillery, and the officers in command were wedded to old systems of warfare unsuited for operation against a foe of the Mahdi's character. Before the expedition could enter Khartoum, the Mahdi had taken the city, and Gordon was dead. All the people mourned for him from the Queen down to the humblest readers of the newspapers, and this statue is an expression of their sorrow and admiration.

The Memorial.

The statue has been erected by subscription which was raised so quickly and so liberally that the committee had in a short time more money at command than was needed for the work. The balance was expended in placing a monument in Westminster Abbey, marble busts at Chatham and Woolwich barracks, a stained-glass window in Rochester Cathedral, and a shield presented to Miss Gordon, sister of the lamented hero. The statue, which is the work of Onslow Ford, R. A., sculptor, represents General Gordon in the uniform of an Egyptian General, as Governor-General of the Soudan, riding a camel; the pedestal is inscribed simply "Gordon." From an artistic point of view alone, the statue is a triumph over difficulties. Mr. Ford, was "greatly daring" when he decided to represent the hero seated on a camel. The camel is an excellent but not a beautiful quadruped. Its vast size might have been expected, moreover, to have unduly dwarfed its rider by comparison, and to have rendered the work undignified. Mr. Ford's genius has overcome the difficulty, however, and the statue is both a faithful and picturesque representation of the Governor-General of the Soudan. It stands in the square of the Brompton Barracks, opposite the Royal Engineers' Institute.

The Heroic Life

which this statue is intended to memorialize was in all respects a worthy one. Charles George Gordon was the son of an officer in the English army. He was born on Jan. 28th 1833. He was sent to the Royal Academy at Woolwich for his education, it having been decided that he should have a military career. He acquitted himself with honor, and developed so remarkable an ability for sketching and the making of maps that he was appointed to the Royal engineers, and in 1852 received his commission. Two years later he was ordered to the Crimea with his regiment to take part in the siege of Sebastopol. He reported himself on Jan. 1, 1855, at headquarters, but, not being detailed for any duty for several weeks, he took notes of the sad state of the soldiers through the breaking down of the commissariat department, and recorded some of his observations in his *Letters from the Crimea*.

In due time he was ordered to the front to do

Duty in the Trenches.

His letters at this time exhibit his strong religious feelings and the submission to the Divine will that so characterised him. Believing that "a man's immortal till his work is done," and being ever ready for death if it should come suddenly, he knew no fear even when in the most exposed situations, as the following incident shows: One day, in going the round of the trenches, he heard a corporal and a sapper of engineers in violent altercation. He stopped to ask what was the matter, when he was told that the men were engaged placing some fresh ga-

bions in the battery, and that the corporal had ordered the sapper to stand up on the parapet, where he was exposed to the enemy's fire, while the corporal, in the full shelter of the battery, handed the baskets up to him. Gordon at once jumped up to the parapet, ordering the corporal to join him, while the sapper handed them the gabions. When the work was done, and done under the fire of the watchful Russian gunners, Gordon turned to the corporal and said, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself."

Although daily exposed in the trenches to the fire of the enemy, and frequently engaged in repulsing sorties, the only mishap that befel him was a slight contusion on the forehead from a stone struck up by a shell, by which he was kept only a few hours from duty. His conduct throughout the siege gained the notice and approval of his superiors, and the love of his comrades. He also received the decoration of the French Legion of Honour, a mark of distinction seldom conferred on so young an officer.

Chinese Gordon,

the name by which he was best known for many years, originated in the services he rendered to the Chinese government in 1863. Gordon was at that time in China with the British forces. The war between China and Great Britain was over, but the Chinese government was threatened with dissolution by the Taeping rebellion. It had sustained many reverses, and was almost in despair, when it was proposed to place a British officer in command of the native troops. Gordon was appointed and took command on March 25, 1863. His first step was to besiege the rebel stronghold, Taitsan, which he took by storm, and not long after took Quinsan, by which he cut the communications of the rebels on the main lines. Eight hundred prisoners were taken, who, on being spared, gladly joined his force. His energies were now devoted to the capture of Soochow, a town garrisoned with 40,000 rebels. During the repeated attacks on this place Gordon was always at the front unarmed, but carrying a *small black cane* which he used in directing the troops, and which got for itself the name of Gordon's magic wand of victory. He captured Soochow, and after that victory the rebellion was over.

In the Soudan

Gordon first took office in 1874. He was appointed Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt and accepted the appointment, mainly on account of the opportunities it gave him of suppressing the slave trade. From 1874 to 1879 he governed this vast region with satisfaction to the Cairo administration, and with credit to himself. When he left the Soudan the public peace was undisturbed, and the tranquillity of the Khedive's latest acquisition seemed assured. His health was broken and he longed to be at home for rest and study of the word of God in company with dear Christian friends. He accordingly resigned, and returned to England.

In 1884 the trouble of the Khedive of Egypt had reached an acute stage. He was advised to abandon the Soudan to the Mahdi, but both he and his advisers were well aware that the course might imperil the safety of Egypt itself. They were reluctant to abandon it, but were doubtful of their power to hold it, as the necessity for concentrating all the forces in Egypt was imperative. It was then that Gordon was thought of. The prestige of his name and his personal popularity in the Soudan might suffice to hold it with a small force. Gordon was consulted, and he was willing to go. He arrived

In Khartoum

on Feb. 18, 1884, and was received with effusive demonstrations of welcome, thousands of the people crowding round him to kiss his hands and feet. He had been but a very short time in the city, before he saw how completely the state of affairs in the Soudan was changed. The remembrance of his own former rule kept the peaceable population quiet; but he had also many active, determined, and treacherous enemies. He seems, rightly or wrongly, to have come to the conclusion that Khartoum ought,

at all hazards, to be defended. By this time the Mahdi's troops had surrounded the city. The siege continued five months, and Gordon wrote urgent letters begging for help. He felt that he was deserted. The English government, however, had opposed the retention of the Soudan by Egypt, and was little disposed to send an expedition to relieve Khartoum. Finally yielding to the pressure of public opinion, a force was sent, under the command of Lord Wolseley, but it did not arrive until the city had fallen.

The closing scenes of the fall of Khartoum and of the death of Gordon, are still involved in uncertainty. There can be no doubt however, that the soldiers were weakened by insufficient food, and the number of their enemies, and at last, listening to the baleful influence of Faragh Pasha they intrigued with the enemy. The black troops remained faithful, but there were only about 2,300: and with these it was impossible to maintain the defensive. About the 6th of January 1885 Gordon issued a proclamation to the famished inhabitants, giving such as desired, permission to join the Mahdi. Great numbers availed themselves of this privilege, and the population of the town was thereby reduced from 34,000 to 14,000. Every living animal from donkeys to rats was consumed, and at last a ration of gum was issued daily to the troops. The Mahdi's forces captured the fort of Omdurman about the 13th of January, and on the 23rd Gordon had a stormy interview with Faragh Pasha, who was in treacherous communication with the enemy. On the 25th the notables of the town urged him to surrender, but he determined to hold out to the last. At half-past three on the following morning, January 26th, 1885, the enemy made an attack on the Bourre Gate, and the troops being too exhausted by privations to make an effectual resistance, the town was taken.

Death of Gordon.

Accounts differ as to the exact circumstances of Gordon's death, but that most generally received is that he was killed at or near the palace, by a volley of musketry, when hurrying with two officers and twenty men towards the House of Herr Hansel, the Austrian Consul, who was also killed. Gordon was in front, leading the party, and fell, together with both officers and nine men. His body was seen by several witnesses at the gate of the palace, and, it is said, his head was struck off and sent to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman, where it was recognized.

A few days afterwards the British relieving force arrived at Khartoum. Thus perished this noble man and sincere Christian, two days before his fifty-second birthday. The foundation of his religious character was his belief in the Bible as a revelation of the will of God. He was earnest and diligent in the study of it, and had the most intense and unwavering faith in its literal application to the affairs of daily life.

MISS DE BROEN.

(See Portrait on Page 396.)

A MISSION, truly remarkable in its origin, its sphere, and its success, is that conducted in the French Capital by the lady whose portrait we now give. Its headquarters are at Belleville, the section of Paris, in which the communists are most numerous, and in which the majority of the people are of the poorest class. No great city in the world probably contains a district so thoroughly steeped in poverty, of the desperate, wolfish kind, as does Paris in the Belleville Precinct. Hunger and hardship have transformed its people into a condition, little removed from savagery. Their poverty is so bitter and so hopeless that anarchy appeals to their nature with awful power. We know not what they have suffered, but we may imagine it when we reflect on the frightful work they did with fire and sword during the brief period of their supremacy in 1871. It is no trifling hardship that could change the genial French nature into a nature capable of such atrocities as those of the commune.

While the ruins of the Tuilleries were still smoking, and ruin and desolation were all around, a quiet, gentle lady appeared among

the fierce men and woman, whose hands had wrought this havoc, and began talking to them of the love of Christ. They listened in wonderment to her story, and admired the courage that could bring one so unlike themselves into their dreaded section. Many of them were utterly heathen, knowing nothing of God and the Bible; still more numerous were those who knew in a perverted way, and hated both. Both classes were charmed by the newcomer's gentleness, and evident goodwill, and they listened. She took so deep an interest in them and made their misery so well known among her friends, that money was entrusted to her by benevolent Christian persons to relieve some of the most urgent cases, and then her battle was won.

This lady was Miss De Broen, whose name is now beloved throughout the Belleville section. She is of Dutch descent, but her grandfather, Baron De Broen, having acquired large estates in Russia, went to that country to live upon them in the last century. He suffered heavy losses by the invasion of Napoleon, and the name of the French, therefore, had unpleasant associations for the family. Miss De Broen is thus returning good for evil in devoting her life to the best interests of the French people. She had been converted early in life, and her father's second marriage having made her home uncongenial, she looked around for a sphere in which she could work for God. She travelled in Switzerland, and subsequently to London, visiting missions and talking with Christian people. After the Franco-German war she visited several districts of France, with a friend who was relieving the wounded, and the bereaved families of soldiers. In the course of her travel she went to Paris and saw the heroes of the Commune in their homes, and there began the work that has made her name famous.

Her house-to-house work went on for some time with so much encouragement that she ventured to hire a room in Belleville, where she could talk to a large number of women at one time. It was regularly filled, and through the kindness of friends interested in her work, she was able to provide an occasional meal here for some starving women and children. Then she opened a night-school in the building, for men and women, which was much appreciated. She also attached to the work a dispensary for sick children, which did more than anything to win the hearts of the parents. It was Christ's way. She seemed more anxious to relieve suffering than to make converts. But when one and another was expressing gratitude, and inquiring why the lady took all this trouble for their sakes, she spoke of "the love of Christ that constraineth." They thought whatever her religion might be, it must be good to bring forth such fruit.

The work continued to grow. Christian men and women, who visited Paris, went out to Belleville to see the strange work, were astonished to hear that even the ferocious, desperate Communists were being tamed under Christian influence. "Never shall I forget," says one, "the change in the faces of the people who had been in Miss De Broen's classes. I had seen them before she went among them, and they were sullen, fierce, vindictive. Now they are gentle and lovable." Funds were raised to help her, and an iron hall was erected, more commodious and convenient than the room she had previously occupied. There she has her dispensary, her soup-kitchen, her meetings every afternoon and evening, and her school and services on Sunday. Even the avowed infidels and the leaders of the anarchists have gone, and the notorious Louise Michel, presided at one of the meetings. When Miss De Broen began to speak of God there were cries of "Away with her," and Louis Michel pulled at the speaker's dress in alarm for her safety, but a rough, stalwart man rose, and exclaimed, "Let her alone; we know her. She does not merely preach; she lives what she says." After that there was no more disturbance, and, at the close, fierce men and women came around her, taking her hand and saying, "How happy you are in your faith;

we have none. The government does not care what becomes of us; we are miserable. Let us come again; we want to hear more of your doctrines." So this noble woman is gaining ground, and Belleville is learning the gospel from her lips and life.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Remarkable Fatality Occurred at Middletown, N. Y. on June 6. A boy wanted a gun to shoot crows, and having heard that an elderly lady, who lived near, had a gun, went to her and asked her to lend it to him. She did so, previously warning him it might be loaded. She said that it had belonged to her brother who had been dead more than twelve years and it had never been used since his death. The boy stepped out of doors and exploded two caps on the nipple without any effect. He then dropped the breech to the ground and applied his mouth to the muzzle, with the intent of blowing a current of air into the barrel as a test of any obstruction there. At this moment there was a discharge from the gun, which sent a big bullet crashing through his brain and killing him instantly. The destructive power of the charge had not been lost in all those years. It is so with the evil that men do. Its consequences may not be apparent at the time it is committed, but the time comes inevitably in the next life, if not in this, when its deadly nature is fully realized. (Eccles. 8:11.)

A Vow of Silence was Kept for Thirty Years by a lady in Georgia, who died on June 3. A local journal says that thirty years ago a man returned to his home from business in an irritable, nervous mood. His wife, unaware of his state of mind, began to tell him of some trivial annoyance, when he interrupted her and roughly bade her be silent. He added that the sound of her voice was hateful to him. His wife was usually patient under his abuse, but those words cut her to the quick and she answered solemnly that he should never hear her voice again. He never did, nor did anyone else. She went about her duties as usual, but she did not speak. When it was absolutely necessary to communicate with any one, she used a slate. In spite of her husband's penitence and his entreaties and the appeals of friends and relatives she kept her vow. When her husband was dying he begged her to speak but one word to show that she had forgiven him. She wrote on the slate, "I cannot; God forgive and help me, I cannot." She survived her husband several years, but still maintained her silence. Whether she felt it impossible to break her vow, or whether she had lost the power of speech by long disuse is not known. She died without uttering a word, having been silent for thirty years. Doubtless she regretted her vow as much as her husband did the hasty speech that led to it. Though few, if any persons, have suffered exactly as they did there are many whose lives have been maimed and spoiled by a few angry words spoken in disregard of the Apostolic injunction. (James 3:5,10)

A Tribute to the Memory of a Dead Author was paid recently by an American visitor to London. Having read in his younger days this author's description of scenes and localities in the British metropolis, and having a profound admiration for him, he took a pleasure in identifying the places described. One of these places was a restaurant famous for its pies. He stood for a few minutes looking at the old shabby building and recalling the scenes associated with it in his favorite books. A plaintive voice at his elbow disturbed his train of thought with the request, "Please sir, won't you buy me a veal and ham pie?" He looked down and saw a small hungry-looking boy, with whom a veal and ham pie would agree right well. Now his author had been very fond of boys, and was especially noted for his kindness to poor boys. The American saw his way to an active tribute of an appropriate kind to his memory. "How many boys," he asked, "would the shop hold?" "I dunno," said the boy; "fifteen or sixteen I should say." The American said, "Well, you go and fetch fifteen more boys and bring them here, and I'll treat

the lot." In a minute or two the boy came back with fifteen others as ragged and hungry as himself. Our countryman led the disreputable procession into the shop and gave the astonished waiters orders to supply the boys with all the pies they wanted. He sat down and watched them feasting with a full heart; and, when they were satisfied, he paid the bill with the feeling that if his favorite author could have seen the feast, it would have given him more gratification than a gift of ten times the amount for a statue of him. Those who love Jesus have abundant opportunities of manifesting their love in a similar spirit. There are many things we can do in remembrance of Him, and that they will be acceptable to Him we know, for He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." (Matt. 25:40.)

A Desperate Rescue by an Engineer Occurred near Allentown, Pa., on June 2. The engineer had charge of the mail train and was going at a rapid rate, when he saw a tall, graceful girl walking on the track ahead of him. He blew a loud whistle, and the girl heard the warning and stepped lightly to the next track. He was horrified to see that she had walked right in front of a train approaching in the opposite direction. He tried by motions to warn her of her danger, but she did not understand him, and in looking back at him lost sight of her real danger. The noise of his train prevented her hearing that of the other. The man could not bear to see her killed, and he determined to venture his life in an effort to save her. He shut off steam, reversed his engine, and applied the steam-brakes. Before the train stopped his engine was abreast of the girl. He leaped from his cab, clutched her by the waist, and dragged her off the track just as the other engine swept by. The escape was so narrow that the man, though strong and brave, fell down fainting with emotion. We all admire the heroism that could lead a man to take such a risk to save the life of a stranger; but we listen unmoved to the story of that infinitely greater rescue of men who, like the girl, were unconscious of their peril, and which was effected by Christ at the cost of His life. And they whom He rescued were not strangers merely, but enemies. (Rom. 5:7.)

A Tree of Death has been Sent to a Lady in Savannah, Ga., by her brother, who is living in Java. He says that the natives warned him against handling a certain tree, which grows in the volcanic districts of Java and Sumatra, and which they called *Kali Mujah*. They said its breath would kill birds and even human beings. He paid little heed to the story until, chasing a bird-of-paradise one day, he saw it drop lifeless to the ground without apparent cause. He found the bird under a tree which gave forth the peculiar odor described by the natives, and knew that he had found one of the famous death-trees. He examined it closely. It had long slender stems, armed with thorns nearly an inch long, and covered with broad satin-smooth leaves of a heart shape and of a delicate emerald on one side and blood red, streaked with cream, on the other. The flowers were large, milk-white, and cup-like, and gave forth a faint perfume resembling that of chloroform. After inhaling it he became almost insensible, had a violent headache, singing in the ears, and twitching of the muscles. It appeared to have a baleful influence on other plants; for, though the soil was fertile, none were growing near it. It was fatal to all insects; and small birds felt its effects at a distance of fully three feet. They dropped to the ground and, if not speedily removed, soon died. He procured this specimen with some difficulty and sent it to America. It is the first living one that has ever been brought here. Unhappily, however, we have many forms of evil which produce still more disastrous results. Though the "death tree" does not flourish here, our saloons, gambling-houses, and haunts of vice, do the same deadly work on the souls of the people that the "death-tree" does on animal life. They attract the multitude, while few go the way to the "tree of life" the leaves of which are "for the healing of the nations." (Rev. 22:2.)

THE GLORIOUS EXPECTATION.

By G. H. Pember.*

The Time of Rejoicing—The Bereaved Bride—Absence Necessary—To Return for the Marriage—The Joy it will Bring—The Hope Lost—The Promise Forgotten—Remembrance of this Time to the First Advent—The Latter Rain.

UNTIL the time of the Saviour's departure had come, He would never stand by and see His people suffer, but always interfered for their relief. To cite His own words, the children of the bridechamber could not mourn, so long as the Bridegroom was with them. But such a state of things might not continue, for the disciples needed something more than justification; they had also to be sanctified, and that process could only be effected by the presence of the Holy Spirit to lead them through the cleansing fires of much tribulation. Accordingly the Lord says: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Yes, it was necessary that the Bridegroom should depart for awhile, and during His absence, the children of the bridechamber should indeed mourn. In those dark days they must weep and lament while the world was rejoicing. They must be sorrowful, yet not without hope, for by-and-by their sorrow should be turned into joy.

How anxiously then would the disciples desire to hear what should be the cause of so glorious a change in their condition! But the Lord did not leave them long in suspense. "I," he continued, "will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no one taketh from you." This was indeed glad tidings for the disciples, and no less so for all other true believers. The Bridegroom, who sojourned with us a short time at His betrothal

Will Return for the Marriage,

and if those who love Him could not mourn during His temporary presence, how all sorrow and sighing will flee away forever when He appears the second time, never again to be separated from His own! No matter what our sufferings, our perplexities, our anxieties may be, the instant we catch a glimpse of that dear face, which once was crowned with thorns for us, every disquietude will have vanished; the Egyptians which we may have seen that day, we shall see no more forever. The mountains of affliction which may be surrounding us, though they tower to the skies, shut out the light, and bar us from all that we love, will in a moment be leveled with the ground. The ship that may be fearfully tossing in mid-ocean on the waves of anguish, will immediately be within the calm, fair haven on the other side. And as we tread the happy shore that has never been stained by sin, we shall meet all the brothers and sisters in the Lord whom we have loved and lost, and, in the full consciousness that we have at last met to part no more, shall join them in ascribing blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. So will the days of our mourning be ended, and everlasting joy shall be upon our heads when the Lord Jesus comes, and, according to His promise, sees us again. Moreover, if we be alive at the time, we shall be caught up to meet Him in the air, and escape altogether the gloomy portals of death.

Surely, then, the hope of this glorious event must be continually in the hearts of all believers? Doubtless they are accustomed to soften all care, and to soothe every grief with the thought, "The Lord is at hand!"

Nay, such is by no means the case. Passing strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that the Church, though for awhile the return of the Lord was her only hope,

Soon forgot Him,

thought she could win her way without needing His personal presence, and did her best to establish herself as an earthly power, instead of waiting for the Son from heaven! Even at the time of the Reformation she did not recover her hope; she did indeed grasp again the truths connected with the First Advent, but altogether

neglected those of the Second. And although in our days the Spirit of God is sending forth a stream of heralds to cry "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" yet even now there are many professing Christians of whom it is scarcely too severe to say that, if they do love the Lord Jesus, they at least seem to love Him best at a distance; for His glorious appearing is anything but a "blessed hope" to them.

How then can we account for such a phenomenon? Does it arise from the fact that the Second Advent is seldom mentioned and obscurely taught in the Bible? Oh, no; we cannot explain it in that way. For in the later Scriptures the Lord's return is brought before us perhaps more frequently than any other subject, sometimes in plain and direct statements, sometimes in parables, sometimes in exhortations, and sometimes in allusive notices. Indeed, Dr. Bullinger reckons no less than three hundred and eighteen references to it in the New Testament.

It is thus clear that we must seek an explanation of our difficulty, not in the Bible, but in the hearts of its readers.

History is Repeating Itself.

and the men of our times are found to be just what men were at the First Advent. For centuries the Jews had talked of their Messiah, boasted of Him, and looked down with scorn upon the Gentiles because of His expected coming. Yet when it was announced that He had actually been born into our world, not only was Herod disquieted—that, one could readily understand—but all Jerusalem was troubled with Him. For the truth was that the priestly hierarchy and the Pharisees were merely supporting their respectability, and feeding their pride upon the glorious promises of the Deliverer; and so, as soon as they knew that He had really come, they instinctively felt that He would tear away all their covering of lies. Conscience whispered that the Messiah of God would never permit their system of iniquity to continue.

Moreover, in their confusion of the two Advents they began to tremble at the question, "But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" They remembered that He was to be like a refiner's fire, and would purify the sons of Levi and purge them as gold and silver. And for such things they were neither prepared nor willing to be prepared. Therefore they recoiled from Him with horror, knowing that He could be no Deliverer to them; they opposed Him during the whole time of His ministry, and as soon as they could compass their purpose they put Him to a shameful death.

Very similar is the disposition of many Christians of our days; they are content with churches upon earth, and do not wish the present order of things to be broken up, having in the depths of their hearts, but little confidence in the age that must follow. Yet!

The Impending Crisis

is far more solemn than that which disturbed Herod and the dwellers in Jerusalem. For we are not told that the Lord Jesus has just been born in Bethlehem, and therefore cannot be manifested to the world for some thirty years. No! the awful message to us is that at any moment, as suddenly as lightning from a summer sky, He may call for His waiting ones, and then begin to smite the earth with plagues, preparatory to His personal appearing to complete the destruction of His enemies.

To believe and rejoice in such a message we must have, first, a surpassing love for, and a boundless confidence in Him who is coming, and then a consequent readiness, to leave the scenes of earth and all their attractions without a backward glance as soon as His summons is heard.

Now, if we do not possess these qualifications, should we not be instant in prayer until we do possess them so that what was said of the Corinthians may be true of us also: "Ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?" And if we do feel that we love Him more than all besides, should we not also love His appearing, and long for it? How discontented, amazed, nay, even indignant should

we be if an earthly friend, while continually vaunting his affection for us, were always careful to avoid our company, and should never express a wish to see us face to face! And are there none among us to whom the Lord might sorrowfully turn and say, "Of thee is the parable spoken: thou art the man"? For centuries the whole Church, with rare individual exceptions has cared nought for her Lord's promise to come again; but in the last few decades many have remembered it, and the desire for His presence is returning.

The Showers of Blessing.

How marvellously have the lost truths of this New Testament been recovered during the times of the latter rain, which seem to have commenced with the Reformation. The first shower of blessing fell, and again the glad tidings were heard that salvation is not of works, but is the free gift of God to every one that seeth the Son and believeth on Him—freely given to us, but only after it had been purchased for us by the precious blood of Christ. Once more it was seen that the Lord had borne our sins in His own body on the tree, so that all Christendom and the whole wide world might resound with the joyous invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

The second shower fell in the preaching of Whitfield, the band of devoted evangelists who gathered around Lady Huntington, and many others. Then the mourning sinner heard that he could not only be saved by faith, but saved immediately; that the instant he received the Lord Jesus, conversion had taken place.

Then followed the great revival which began in America and spread with more or less power through the Protestant lands of Christendom and in Ireland. And now the various denominations of the Church learned a new lesson, perceived more clearly that they had all been baptized into one body in Christ, and commenced to hold united prayer and other meetings on a larger scale than before.

Lastly the shower of our own days, which is very probably the last, the one immediately preceding the harvest, has brought once more into prominence two crowning truths which complete the restoration of apostolic doctrine. "Follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" is now everywhere taught, and believers are being urged to purity of life, to whole-hearted consecration, and to earnest labor for the Lord. Meanwhile, on all sides, and waxing louder and louder, is heard the note of warning, "The Lord is at hand!"

CHINESE CONVERTS TESTED.

ONE of the best evidences of the value of mission work is not the number of the converts, but the proofs the converts who are made, give of their sincerity, and the high value they set on the religion they profess. There is found here and there in China, an eagerness to learn, a true martyr spirit that should quicken in every Christian heart an interest in foreign missions, and an effort to support them. Miss Grace Scott, one of the China Inland Missionaries, mentions in a recent letter two facts of this nature. She says:

"It might interest some of our friends to know how the Gospel found an entrance to this country village of Odzing. Less than two years ago a native colporteur visited the place with books and tracts. A woman welcomed him, and he began to tell her of Christ. She answered that once, when visiting the city of Wenchow, she heard, at the Native Orphan Asylum, a man telling of this Jesus and ever since had been longing to hear more. The colporteur was delighted to find that he was the very man who had spoken to her then. He stayed some few days, and instructed her and her household. At present there are eight or nine Christians in the village, and though now driven from their homes, their faith and confidence in God were in no way shaken.

"We have in our house at the present time six persons who have been cruelly beaten, had their things stolen, their wheat and vegetable

* From his article in Dr. A. J. Gordon's *Watchword*.

rops destroyed, and themselves driven from their homes, because they refused to give money for the support of the idols. For six weeks they have been here, at serious loss to themselves and heavy expense to me, and yet their case seems as far from being settled as ever. The English Consul has kindly done all he could, but the magistrate has, so far, hardly moved in the matter, excusing himself on the ground of distance (about thirty-five miles), and the difficulty of controlling people so far off. One of the most trying experiences is seeing our native Christians tried and ill-used while we are unable to protect them, and are ourselves protected and allowed to live in comfort."

THE PHARISEES REPROVED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

S. Lesson for June 29; Luke 11: 37-54; Golden Text Luke 11: 36.

The Sign Refused—A Generation More Obtuse than Jonah's—Groping in the Presence of the Light of the World—The Meaning of the Single Eye—An Undivided Aim—The Ceremonial Washing—The True Cleansing—The Woe of the Hypocrite—The Motive Scrutinized—Teachers who are not Doers—Unbelievers Reverencing Dead Teachers—Exasperation Aroused by Faithful Reproof.

THE Lord Jesus, in His teaching, had been removing His hearers because they sought a sign; God's great Sign was manifest, present before their eyes, but they had no eyes for Him, and He declared that no sign should be given them but the sign of Jonas the prophet: "For as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of Man be to this generation." He told them how the Queen of the South "came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here;" now the men of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonas: and behold, a greater than Jonas is here." He told them that the men of Nineveh and the Queen of the South should rise up in the judgment with that generation, and should condemn it, and He added, "No man when he hath lighted a candle putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bush, but on a candlestick; that they which come in may see the light."

God had sent His Son to be the Light of the world, but the generation to which Jesus came did dazzled their eyes with other objects, and in the very presence of God's light they groped for the wall like the blind. (Isa. 59: 10.) Therefore

When thine Eye is Single,

thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness." Light and life streamed forth from the human body of our blessed Lord; those who came in contact with Him found light for their darkness, health for their sickness, comfort for their sadness; when He came in contact with the dead, He brought them to life again; and from His glorified body we receive our power, our light, our life. What He is to us, He would have us, as members of His body, to be to the world—His interpreters, reflectors, instruments. And, therefore, it is necessary that our whole being, body as well as soul and spirit, should come under the immediate control of the Holy Spirit; and should be "full of light, having no part dark," transparent, so that every movement, every word, every deed, may be in the full light and simplicity of Christ. "If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the light shining of a candle doth give thee light."

What is it then to have a single eye! Surely

One Undivided Aim

Christ pleased not Himself, sought not His own, did always those things which pleased His Father—this was a single aim. Paul said, "his one thing I do." In the multiplicity of His labors His aim was one, to live Christ, pressing to the mark for the prize of His high calling. He did not stay by the way to think whether he could afford to lose this, whether his endurance

would hold out for that, whether his physical strength would be equal to the other; he had counted the cost, committed himself to the race-course, and staked all upon the issue. Paul's eye was single. Therefore it is that God has given us more details of his inward and outward life than of any other man mentioned in the Word of God.

"And as He spake, a certain Pharisee besought Him to dine with Him; and He went in, and sat down to meat. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that He had not first washed before dinner." It would appear from Mark 7: 3-9, that the Jews practised a ceremonial washing, not for the purpose of cleanliness, but in obedience to some tradition of the elders, for the Lord says, "For laying aside the commandment of God,

Ye Hold the Tradition of Men;"

and again (Ver. 13), "Making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered." Are there not many who wish to be considered religious, and are exceedingly scrupulous as to whether they pray always kneeling, as to the laying no other book upon the Bible, and many other external marks of reverence, which are not to be despised, but which never change the heart or bring the soul in contact with God? There are some who would think it a greater sin to pray standing or sitting than to give way to anger or to be in debt.

"The Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and platter: but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. Ye fools, did not He that made that which is without make that which is within also? But rather give alms of such things as ye have" (or, give of the contents, i. e., of the vessel, Alford); "and behold, all things are clean unto you." That is to say, let your bodies serve the purpose for which they were created, to minister to God and man, and then the contact with men and things will not defile you; live, eat, think, speak to the glory of God, and "all things are clean unto you."

"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees!" These were unusual words from the lips of Him who came, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." (John 3: 17.) But there was a reason for them. "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore, whatever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not after their works: for

They Say, and Do Not."

Jesus' heart was open to the vilest sinner, and bless God! it is so still; but for those who want to appear holy, and get the credit of it before men, while their hearts are reeking in sin and wickedness—for those who will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd, even the Lord Jesus could only say, "Woe unto you."

"Woe unto you, Pharisees; for ye tithe mint, and rue, and all manner of herbs," ye do that which costs you nothing, and wins you the reputation for being pious, but "ye pass over judgment and the love of God," ye neither submit yourselves to the judgment of God nor yet do ye accept His love. "These ought ye to have done," these which ye have neglected, are of primary importance, and ye ought not to have left the other undone. "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets," ye love the praise of men whether there is any ground for it or not. Oh, this awful, deadly blindness to things eternal! In our own day it reigns in the religion of many. Many are there whose aim is not to be holy, but to appear so; not to be pure in the sight of God, but to get credit with their fellow-creatures for being so; not to be self-denying as a habit of life, but to do two or three great things which may win the character of self-denial, and then to hide under that character a self-indulgence and a self-complacency which are despicable. To such our Lord has but one message, "Woe unto you!"

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them"—pitfalls for others, misleading sign-

posts, which may cause others to go out of the way, and to rest in externalism, "having a form of Godliness, but denying (in word, in manner, in deed, in everything,) the power thereof!" (11. Tim. 3: 5.) These words of the Lord's were not without convincing power. One of the lawyers said unto Him, "Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also. And He said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers? for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

Theory without Practice!

This is what God hates—a teacher of the Word who is not a doer, is even more abominable than a hearer who is not a doer. To such the Lord has but one message, "Woe unto you!" No man has a right to teach others that which he himself is not prepared to put into practice. Paul could say, "Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do." (Phil. 4: 9.) Oh, that every Christian parent, master, teacher, or minister, could say the same!

The Lord continued: "Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers: for they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres;" and yet neither the fathers nor the children hearkened to the voice of the prophets! It was an easy thing to build the sepulchre of a prophet whose voice could no more disturb them. And thus it is in our own day, that men, such as John Bunyan, John Knox, etc., who were persecuted, despised, imprisoned, in their own lifetime, yet are memorialized after their death by the very successors in unbelief of those who have ill-treated them. It costs a man nothing to help in setting up a statue to the memory of one who, if he were living, he would keep at the greatest distance possible.

But He who knew "what was in man" (John 2: 25), went on to say, "therefore said also the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them shall they slay and persecute: that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world may be required of this generation: from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, which perished between the altar and the temple: verily I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation." That generation took upon itself the awful responsibility of rejecting God's Son, and, in rejecting the salvation which reached back to the time of Zacharias, and even to that of Abel, chose the awful alternative of having their lot with the rebellious in all ages, and thus the blood of Abel and Zacharias, who were both slain for God's sake, is required of those in all times who take part against God.

"God Requireth That Which is Past."

"God Requireth That Which is Past." "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." And these were the professed leaders of the people. No wonder God said, "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in My council, and had caused My people to hear My words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evils of their doings" (Jer. 23: 21, 22). But these lawyers of the time of Christ, instead of opening the knowledge of God to others, took away the key, and caused many to stumble at the law (Mat. 2: 8), because they made no personal experience of it.

Christ's faithful dealing with the Pharisees and lawyers incensed them against Him, for "a scorner loveth not him that reproveth him; neither will he go unto the wise" (Prov. 15: 12). "The scribes and Pharisees began to urge Him vehemently, and to provoke Him to speak of many things; laying wait for Him, and seeking to catch something out of His mouth, that they might accuse Him." But they did not know that His mouth was guarded, that no guile could come out of it. "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." (John 14: 10.)

*This is a suggestion for a Sunday-school lesson on the part of Mrs. Baxter. The International S. S. Lesson for the day is either view of the previous thirteen lessons, or temperance (Daniel 17); or missionary lesson. (Isaiah 55: 8-13.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DE WITT TALMAGE, Editor.

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RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

ONE of the great natural needs of the world is a newspaper. The desire for one was evidenced so long ago as Paul's time, when it was said of the Athenians that they did nothing else than to tell or hear some new thing. Long before the art of printing was invented, the news of the day was gathered up and put in letters, and in manuscript form presented to the aristocracy. After awhile printing was invented and we live in a day when newspapers are published in almost all lands. In Mexico, in San Domingo, in Australia, in China, in India, even there the printing press has been exerting its power, and it is impossible to exaggerate the influence of a rightly conducted secular newspaper. But I have an idea that the printing press was prepared by God chiefly for the evangelization of the nations. I notice that at the time when the Church of God was waking up to the grandeur of its mission, God came out in His providence and said: "If you are now disposed to work, here is the mightiest of all agencies with which you may work."

The Boston *Recorder* began the campaign of religious journalism in this country, in 1815; but the work has gone on until now all the denominations of Christians have their organs of information, while there are other newspapers which, discarding and overlooking the bounds between the different denominations, work for evangelization without reference to any particular religious party. In every family there ought to be at least one religious newspaper. You take a morning paper—perhaps two morning papers. You take an evening paper—perhaps two evening papers. They are secular. Certainly there ought to be a religious newspaper in every Christian household. Without such a paper it is impossible that a family be intelligent in regard to the doings of Christ's kingdom. You would pronounce that business man utterly stupid who did not take a secular paper. You would have no very great respect for a merchant who, applying to no secular journal for information, should be ignorant in regard to the money market, in regard to the tariff of certain styles of goods, in regard to our peaceful or belligerent relations with foreign nations. You would have no regard for a man interested in the affairs of his country who never consulted the papers in the autumn in regard to the respective merits of candidates of different parties seeking office. But how utterly stupid is that Christian man who sits down with no religious newspaper, ignorant of the grand achievements of Christ's kingdom. During the last war, the army was divided into three divisions. You watched their

marching, you read the list of killed and the wounded. You kept yourself well informed in regard to the victory or to the defeat of those armies: yet have you no interest in the fact that there are scores of divisions in Christ's army, all in the field to-day? Are you ignorant of the great revivals that have occurred all over the world? Do you know that there is thunder all along the line, and that the people are coming into the kingdom of God by hundreds and by thousands? The Church of Christ is assaulting Mohammedanism, assaulting Paganism, assaulting all forms of despotic government. How are we to be intimately acquainted with this grand procedure unless it be through the religious newspapers?

I argue also in behalf of taking religious newspapers into all families, because we need something to preach to us all the week long. We go into the house of God, and we hear the Gospel for an hour Sabbath morning and an hour Sabbath evening. But we want something on the stand, something on the library shelf, something by us to preach on Monday, on Tuesday, on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, and on Saturday. We want a religious newspaper, that we may take it up five minutes while we are waiting for breakfast, that we may take it up in the half-hour of leisure after tea. It may be we only have time to read a sonnet about Christ or heaven, or read some call to a heavenly life, or read some fact in regard to Christ's kingdom. A religious newspaper preaches a sermon three hundred and sixty-five days long in every year, but the sermon is different from other long sermons in the fact that you can get away from it when you want to. We need religious information all the week long. The tendency of business is to make us pack-horses, to make us mere carts, to make us mere yardsticks. It is shoes, shoes, shoes! all the week. Hats, hats, hats! Crockery, crockery, crockery! ribbons, ribbons, ribbons! Now the religious newspaper comes in and says: "You are mortal. After awhile you are going to be done with these things, and you are to have an existence which will defy ail the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity."

Believing that you are persuaded that a religious newspaper ought to be placed in every household, I want to suggest certain rules by which you may make a selection. In the first place select those which abstain from all sectarian bitterness. There are many religious newspapers in this day that seem to have an appreciation of only one passage of Scripture, and that in Psalms: "Blessed be the Lord who teaches my hands to war and my fingers to fight." They are everlastingly stirring up old squabbles. There are Presbyterian newspapers that have not yet done discussing the difference between old schoolism and new schoolism. There are Methodist papers that have not yet done discussing whether a lay delegation ought to be permitted. There are newspapers of all denominations of Christians that are yet stirring up the old slavery question, as though that question had not done enough in filling a half century with acrimony, and producing the ghastliest war of modern times. I advise you very strongly not to have anything to do with a religious newspaper that bristles. Do not make a pet of a porcupine.

Have nothing to do with religious newspapers whose contributors are worn-out politicians, or ministers of the Gospel who, too lazy to keep up with the times, lie flat on their backs groaning because others do keep up with the times. A religious newspaper ought to be like a bed of spring violets, like a parterre of summer gladiolas. When the night falls, and the shutters are closed, you strike a light. So although the world may be closed darkly all around about you, have in your household a cheerful Christian illumination. A man or a newspaper that helps me either to laugh or to sing, I take to be my benefactor. In your choice of religious newspapers, seek those that are out-and-out evangelical. If you have in your house for one or two years a paper that is shilly-shally, at the end of the time you will be occupying a position in religion that is shilly-shally. The man that tries to carry water on both shoulders will succeed in keeping those on both sides of him sopping wet.

In the choice of religious newspapers seek those that are vivacious. Secular dullness may be excusable—religious dullness never. If a man is busy all the time on dull subjects and amid dull people you cannot blame him for getting dull; but when a man comes to write or speak in regard to the most exhilarant and exciting of all themes, the love of Christ, the glories of heaven, the imperative necessity of Christ's religion—and is dull in what he writes or dull in what he speaks, you come to the conclusion that he has mistaken his calling. When a young man comes before Church courts for examination as a candidate for the ministry, I ask him; "What is natural religion? What is revealed religion? What do you mean by the attributes of God? What do you mean by the decrees of God?" All these questions ought to be asked, no doubt, but there is one question which we ought to ask also; "Can you keep people awake when you are talking to them?" Now what is true in regard to religious address is true in regard to a religious newspaper. If no newspaper come into your house that is filled with stupid essays about God, or that is filled with pious twaddle or mental insipidity. One of the greatest slanders on the religion of Jesus Christ is dullness, is stupidity. A religious newspaper ought to come into your house like a fresh breeze off a meadow, instead of like the dank air of a cellar-door that has just been opened for ventilation.

In this matter of selecting religious newspapers, choose those that will give you help in both worlds. Such a paper will teach you how to be a better man, to be a better woman, to be a better child. It will help you in merchandise, in mechanism, in your studio, in your law office, in your school teaching, in anything you are called to do. But, above all, if it is the right kind of a paper, it will open before you the gates of heaven. A religious newspaper that calls for no repentance, exhibits no Christ, kindles no soul with no exhilarant anticipation of heaven is a dead failure. A religious paper that tends to tell you how to live in this world, without telling you how to prepare for the next world, will help you neither for this nor for that. O that all our religious journals might come up to a higher standard of influence. May God help us to an intelligent and saving choice in the selection of religious newspapers!

CURRENT EVENTS.

Instructions to the Cruisers for Behring are to capture and dismantle every vessel sealing there, whether she is British or American. This is ostensibly an attempt to protect the seals during the season and there should have the support of England. The difficulty arises from the dispute as to the violation of our rights over the sea. So long as the power our government wishes to exercise, for the general good, is held in our control of the sea, so long there will be friction between the two governments. Last year five Canadian vessels were seized, the seals were confiscated, but the escape of the seals was connived at by our captains. This year there are more ships engaged in the business and the orders are more stringent. Therefore a distinct prospect of trouble, unless the negotiations which are said to be still in progress, result in an amicable settlement before the cruisers get beyond the reach of telegraphic communication.

Seafarers by Sea will Hope that Congress will deal promptly with the bills now introduced to render operative the recommendations of the recent International Maritime Conference. As suggested by the Conference that the future legislation should be taken by this body, as it was our government that suggested the Conference, and received the delegates. The bills embody the decisions of the Conference, and if they are adopted, the President will have the power to issue a proclamation declaring the date on which the new rules are to go into effect. This is intended to allow time to the other Powers taking part in the Conference to make similar legislation, so as to have simultaneous action, without which confusion would result. The improvements adopted by the Conference were not all that were hoped for, but distinctly tend to insure greater safety in voyages, and it may therefore be hoped that all will gain that step, and others will follow.

Proposal to Apply the Alien Contract Labor Law to Mormon immigrants is made by an order in the Immigration Bureau and it has caused the Mormon authorities to fierce opposition. The Inspector who makes the proposal demands that the solicitation of immigrants by Mormon missionaries, the promises made to them in Europe, and the payment in whole or in part of their passage money are all violations of the Contract Labor Law, and he advises that a case be tried. This is quite a new element in the anti-Mormon fight, and the outcry it has excited proves that it is a formidable one. A committee was sent to New York last week to labor with the Collector of the Port on the subject. The result was not encouraging to the committee. The Collector believes it his duty to have a test case tried, and the immigrants expected to arrive this week will be questioned with a view of obtaining evidence for a case. This new blow, added to the heavier one of confiscating the funds of the Church, which the Supreme Court recently dealt them, will confirm the Mormons in their belief that the United States are inimical to their faith, as subtly they are to their works.

Significant and Instructive Figures in Connection with the number of labor strikes during the past five years, are given in the report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which has just been issued. It seems that the total number of strikes recorded during that period by the Bureau is 9,384. Of these 4,432 were more or less successful. The estimated gain in wages resulting from them is set down at \$18,623,060. The loss to the workmen during the continuance of the strikes cannot be estimated, as there is no record of the wages they might have had had they remained at work. There were, however, paid out to the strikers a total of \$1,210,260. The loss to the employers by a suspension of business during the strikes is estimated at \$6,157,942. The one prominent feature to be drawn from these figures is the necessity of appointing Boards of Arbitration. Both capitalists and laborers deplore the losses

entailed by strikes, and it is the interest of both parties to avoid them. It ought not to be difficult in any community to find some man, clergyman or layman, in whose integrity and impartiality both parties have confidence. With him should be joined two or three men appointed by employers, and the same number appointed by the employees. These might constitute the board, and both parties agree that when any dispute arises it should be submitted to the board, whose decision shall be final. The jurisdiction of such a Board might be a State, or it might be a certain trade throughout the country. By such a system the deplorable losses and sufferings of strikes would be avoided, and an equitable system of payment secured.

The Question of the Colored Vote in the South is receiving a more reasonable and candid attention in that section than heretofore. An able journalist in Alabama has published an exhaustive survey of the subject which is more statesmanlike than any production of the kind that has emanated from the halls of Congress. It implies that the objection to the domination of the colored population is now based, not on race prejudice, but on illiteracy. The remedy proposed is for the States interested to attach such restrictions to the right of suffrage as will exclude the illiterate and irresponsible. There is no doubt about this being the right principle. Here in the North, also such restrictions would be very beneficial. It is an anomaly anywhere that an ignorant and senseless man should be allowed by his vote to neutralize the vote of the well-informed and intelligent man. Beside which, the danger to the commonwealth is increased by the ease with which the political manager can by sophistry or direct bribery control an election through the ignorant and venal classes. The suggestion of the Alabama journalist is worthy of adoption, not only in the South, but throughout the Union.

The English Parliament is Still Wrestling with the liquor question. An enormous demonstration took place on June 7, as a protest against compensating liquor-dealers whose licenses might be withdrawn. There are districts in which there are more saloons in proportion to population than even persons opposed to the temperance movement, consider necessary. It is admitted that some of these must be closed and the government has stirred up a hornet's nest by proposing to compensate them. Mr. Gladstone strongly protested against the proposal. He said that it really meant the endowment of a gigantic interest at the expense of the public purse. It would entirely paralyze all hope of effecting a reduction in the number of saloons without ruinous cost to the country. There would be a more eager effort to acquire that description of property with the confidence that any loss there might come to it through restrictive legislation would fall upon the national treasury.

The War Estimates of European Powers Give no indication of any tendency toward disarmament. June 13 the appropriations for the army of Austria-Hungary were introduced and Marshal Baron Bauer, Minister of War for the whole monarchy, stated that *the peace of Europe was not secure*, and that therefore a considerable increase in the army was necessary. The cost of such increase would amount to from \$36,000,000 to \$45,000,000. He said he was not yet able to state definitely the exact cost of the desired increase. This indicates ominous clouds in the Balkan provinces which have long been that storm-quarter of Europe. These provinces are jealously watched by Russia and Austria, and constant intrigues are in operation for increasing the influence of one or other of these Powers. The recent trial of Major Panitza shows that Russian influence is gaining, as he has throughout the troubles of the past few years made himself conspicuous in resisting Russian dictation.

A Graceful Compliment to Bismarck was Paid by his successor, Gen. Caprivi, in the course of his speech on the military appropriations the other day. Referring to the proposed increase of the amount needed, he said, that he was sim-

ply carrying out the plans formed by the retired statesman. He had not presumed to change them. The withdrawal of Prince Bismarck had left affairs, from their nature, less secure than when his fascinating personality still figured before the world. A thousand things which were in themselves unchanged now appeared with notes of interrogation instead of points of exclamation. "I quite understand," he added, "that you should wish that things had happened otherwise or that Prince Bismarck should return. It was inevitable sooner or later. We still find the simplest duties difficult because his weight does not fall into the scales. I count in the first place upon a patriotic understanding on all sides. Let us wait another year. Then, if necessary, I shall be prepared to combat all conflicting elements here. But to-day I still face the fray with some anxiety."

BRIEF NOTES.

A number of students from Chicago Seminary have commenced Evangelistic work at Lyman and Earling, on the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota.

The Rev. Henry Marden, the devoted missionary of the American Board in Central Turkey is dead. He was on his way home for a brief rest and was taken ill, and died at Athens.

The new Episcopal diocese of Western Missouri has been organized at Kansas City, Mo. The Rev. E. R. Atwell, rector of Trinity Church at Toledo, O., was elected Bishop. Kansas City is the see city.

The report that Count Campello has returned to the Romish Church and has made a humiliating recantation, is authoritatively contradicted. The contradiction comes from the Count himself and his associates in Evangelistic work.

The Universities Mission to Central Africa employs seventy Europeans at four principal centres in Africa and on Lake Nyassa, where a church steamer is maintained. Bishop Smithers is the leader of this mission, which extends over 25,000 square miles.

A Santee Sioux Indian, Charles Alexander Eastman, or in his own tongue, Tawakanhdia, has just been graduated from the Medical School of the University of Boston. He is the son of a chief and a half-breed woman of great beauty, and was born on the Sioux Reservation in Minnesota.

At a recent communion service of the Presbyterian Church at Kamiah, Idaho, twenty-one Nez Perces Indians made a profession of faith and were received into the church. These raise the roll of membership to two hundred and ninety, all of whom, with their pastor, belong to the Nez Perces tribe.

The Fourteenth Summer School of Philosophy, will be held at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 6-13. Among the speakers are President Reed, of Dickinson College, Professor George Macloskie, of Princeton, Professor Jesse B. Thomas, of Newton Theological Seminary, and Dr. Thomas Scott Bacon, of Maryland.

Rev. Oren D. Thompson of Detroit, died in that city on June 4, aged eighty-four years. He was one of the pioneers of Michigan, and his long life was filled with active labors as a preacher and organizer of Churches and Sunday-schools. He was an active member of the Christian Commission in the war.

Miss Elaine Goodale, the poetess, who is superintendent of Indian schools in Dakota, will live principally in a wagon this summer. She has been supplied by General Morgan, Commissioner of the Indian affairs, with a covered wagon and a pair of horses to travel from school to school through Dakota.

Miss Leilla Bull, a former member of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Pittsfield, Mass., has been a missionary in Osaka, Japan, for nearly two years. She reports that the temperance society organized there among the women by Mrs. Leavitt now numbers 200 women and that all the officers, except the president, are Japanese.

Dr. Talmage preached on June 6, at Mott Haven, N. Y., at the ordination of his nephew, Rev. G. Edwin Talmage, as pastor of the Reformed Church. Two other ministers of the family also took part in the interesting service. They were the young pastor's father and elder brother. The former is the Rev. John Talmage, D.D., the eminent missionary, who has labored for many years at Amoy, China; and the latter the Rev. David Talmage, who delivered the charge.

Mr. E. P. Telford's service in Seventeenth Street M. E. Church, New York, were largely attended last week in spite of the intense heat of the weather. There were manifest tokens of the Divine blessing in some very interesting conversions. On Sunday, June 8, eleven were brought to a knowledge of Christ at one service. Mr. Telford now leaves the revival in good shape to be continued by Mr. Keates and his friends. During their stay in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Telford were the guests of the pastor of the church, and made many warm friends.

THE BELIEVER'S CREDENTIALS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." John 17 : 18.

A Fact the Disciples Believed—Another Fact Based Upon It—I. Christ's Own Commission—Involved Subjection to the Father—The Quitting of His Rest—Why the Second Advent is Delayed—Affinity with Men—Abiding in Humiliation—Unreserved Dedication—II. Why Christ was Sent—With One Design—To Teach—To Live—To Save Men—The Believer's Work Indispensable—III. How Christ Came—With Authority—With Determination—IV. How He Behaved—Constant Service—A Grandmother's China—Practical Words.

HERE is a great fact mentioned, namely, that the Father sent the Son into the world. In this our Lord's disciples had believed. Jesus says Himself, "They have believed that thou didst send me." It is one of the first essentials of saving faith to believe in Christ as the Sent One of God. They had proved, in their own experience, that Jesus was sent of God; for they had found Him to be sent to them. Our Lord based upon that fact another. He says to His Father, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." As surely as Christ was sent into the world by the Father, so surely are the saints sent into the world by Christ. Note well, that I say "the saints;" I mean not the apostles only, but all the saints. Beyond question, our great Intercessor pleaded for all those whom the Father gave to Him; and hence it is of all these that he speaks in the words of our text. He says to them all, without exception, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

This is no trifle, but a very solemn business. To our Lord it was a special matter of prayer. It is here in that prayer which always seems to me the core of the whole Bible. Our Lord pleads not only about our being saved, but about our being sent. There is something here which deserves our deepest thought.

Our Lord was evidently most careful as to our commission, which he bases upon His own commission, and declares to be as certain and real as His own sending by the Father. He so values this, that He prays, "Father, keep them," and "Father, sanctify them." May those two prayers be heard for us, and then we shall stand with our loins girt, our shoes on our feet, our lamps trimmed, and our lights burning, ready to go forth at the command of the Most High to the very ends of the earth. Our mission by Jesus grows out of His mission by the Father, and we may learn much about it by considering how the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ's Commission.

I. I would open up this subject by asking you, first, to consider what our Lord's being sent involved to Himself; for, to a large extent, there will be a parallel between His being sent and ours. The parallel is drawn by way of quality, not of equality. Christ's commission is on a higher scale than ours; for He was sent to be a propitiation and covenant-head, and so came into positions which it would be presumption for us to dream of occupying. Still, there is a likeness, though it be only that of a drop to the sea.

Our Lord's mission involved complete subjection to the Father's will. He said, "My Father is greater than I:" this did not relate to His essential nature and dignity as God, but to the position which he took up in reference to the Father when He was sent to be our Saviour. He that sendeth is greater than He that is sent: the Saviour took up that subordinate position that He might do the Father's will. From that time forth, so long as He remained under His commission, He did not speak His own words, nor do His own deeds; but He listened to the Father's will, and what the Father said to Him He both spoke and did. That is exactly where you and I have to place ourselves now, deliberately and unreservedly. If we are ambitious, and our ambition is guided by wisdom, it will take us down to that basin and the towel, and we shall be willing to wash the disciples' feet, to show that we are sent by our condescending

Lord. We shall henceforth have no respect unto our own dignity or interest, but shall lay ourselves out to serve Him to whom we belong. Whatsoever He saith unto us we shall aim to do. Although we are sons of God, yet now we are also servants; and we would not do our own will, but the will of Him that sent us.

What He Left.

This meant for our Lord the quitting of His rest. He reigned in heaven, all angels paid Him homage; but when the Father sent Him, He left His high abode. He was laid in the manger, for there was no room for Him in the inn. Where the horned oxen fed, there must the holy child be cradled. The royalties of heaven are left behind; the rest which He enjoyed in the bosom of the Father must be renounced for toil, and hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and the death of the cross. Dear friends, you may serve the Lord, and yet be as happy as your Lord was; but if Jesus has sent you into the world you are not to seek ease or comfort; you are not even to make your own spiritual comfort the first object of your thought. Henceforth you are to consider nothing but how you can answer the design of Him who sent you.

When sent of God, the Saviour also had to forego even heaven itself. He was here on earth the God-man, the Mediator, and He did not return to the splendor of His Father's court till he could say, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do; and now, O Father, glorify thou me." We must not sigh for heaven while so much is to be done on earth. The rest of glory will come soon; but just now we have to do with the work of grace. Let us stick to our work here below, and do it thoroughly well, for our Lord has gone above, and is preparing a place for us.

Why Does not Our Lord Come

at once in his glory? Why do we not see the millennial reign begin? It is because of the long-suffering of God: He waits and puts off the closing scene, because He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He keeps back even the glorious advent to give men space for salvation. The Bridegroom postpones His marriage day that men may be brought to Him by the divine longsuffering. If Jesus can do this, surely we may well wait out of compassion to our fellow-men. Even our hope of being forever with the Lord may wait a while.

The words of the text are, "As thou hast sent me into the world"; and this implies affinity with men. Our Lord was not sent to the edge of the world to look over the fence, and converse hopefully from a distance; but He was sent right into the world. He took on Him human nature, and became bone of our bone. We read, "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." He was a man among men. In this way Jesus has sent you, my brethren, into families, into offices, into establishments, into places where you labor for daily bread, amongst a company of ungodly men. Do not cry out because you have thus to mingle with them.

A Pattern of Humiliation.

He was sent into the world, and this involved abiding in humiliation. "The world knew Him not": therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. You are not sent into the world, to be honored and pampered; nor even to receive your righteous due. Expect to be misunderstood, misrepresented, belied, ridiculed, and so forth; for so was the Sent of the Father. You are to look for evil treatment; for as the Father sent His Son into a world which was sure to treat Him ill, so has He sent you into the same world, which will treat you in the same manner if you are like your Lord.

In a word, your being sent of Christ involves unreserved dedication to His work. When Christ came into the world, He did nothing but what His Father sent Him to do. Now, as the Father sent Jesus, so has Jesus sent you, to be henceforth by occupation a Christian. You are to be consecrated wholly and alone to the one object for which Christ has set you apart. There may be other lawful objects; but these you render

subsidiary to the one object of your life. Henceforth you belong to Christ, body, soul, and spirit—from the morning light to the evening shade and through the night-watches. Let your whole being be the Lord's; for "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." "This is a high standard," says one. My brethren it is none too high; and it is sad that any should think it so. God help you to know that you are sent, and clearly to perceive what your mission involves. We, too, are missioned from above; we, too, are to have a hand in the saving of the world.

II. Secondly, having thus shown you the parallel so far, I now ask you to consider

Why Our Lord was Sent

into the world. Our Lord came here with one design. Christ was not sent to teach a correct system of philosophy. He was not Plato, or Jesus; not a sage, but a Saviour. He could have solved the problems of the universe; but He did not even allude to them. He was not an Aristotelian, ruling the world of human thought; although He could have done so easily had He chosen. Blessed be His name, He came to save from sin; and this no Plato or Aristotle could have done. All the sages and philosophers put together are not worth as much as the little finger of a Christ. Christ entered into no rivalry with the academy; He came on a very different errand. He could have anticipated all that we have slowly learned, and saved the world the long processes of experiment and observation; but this was not the object of His mission.

Let us inquire what was Christ's work upon earth. It was, first, to teach. Wherever I went He was an instructor of the ignorant. He preached of the kingdom, and of faith, and grace. We are to teach. "I do not know anything," says one. Then do not tell it; but first go to the Lord and

Ask Him to Teach You

something; and as soon as you know the A B C of the Gospel, go and teach somebody that A B C. Learn first; but when you have learned, then let others learn from you. That is what Jesus did: be teaching the Gospel everywhere.

Forget not that *He lived*, and His living was teaching. His actions were so many heads of His life-sermon. His every movement was instructive. He went about doing good. May your life tally with your teaching; and may the best part of your discourse. The most solid and most emphatic teaching that comes from you should be what you do rather than what you say. Christ has sent you into the world for that end.

"Ah!" say you, "our Lord might very well give Himself up to His work; for if He had done so, the whole world must have perished. Listen! Your work also is indispensable. His is the work of Christ to be made effectual among the sons of men for their salvation? Must they not hear it, that they may believe it? How shall they hear without a preacher? I venture to say that as the salvation of men depended on Christ, so, in another sense, the salvation of men at the hour depends upon the Church of God. If believers do not go and preach Christ, who will? If you that love Him do not commend Him, who will?"

III. This leads me a little further, and I now invite you to consider

How Our Lord Came;

for this will show us how we ought to go forward when we are sent. Our Lord came with authority. The Lord God had sent Him, and He had the Father at His back. Be sure that, when Jesus sends you, you are invested with authority, and they that despise you do it at their peril. Your blunders and mistakes are not authorized; but so far as you speak His Word with a desire for His glory, he that receives you receives Christ, even as our Lord said, "He that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me." God is with you, be not afraid; your Lord will not let your words fall to the ground.

Our Lord came with ability, too. What is His ability consist in? Mainly in this—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me." This is also where your sufficiency

be found; and you can have as much pleasure of it. You cannot get every faculty of the brain, but you can have every influence of the Spirit. It may be, you cannot reach the best form of education or of utterance, but these things are not vital: God can speak with a stammering tongue, even as in the case of Balaam. You shall do the Lord's work, and I, if you are anointed of the Holy Ghost. The Lord came with abiding resolve to go through with His mission to the end. He never went of going back. He steadfastly set His face to Jerusalem. He pressed through through death, to accomplish our redemption. In these days we shall not do much, but we have a desperate determination to persevere in the teeth of difficulties. Those who back will go back. Remember how Gideon claimed throughout the host, that if any man was a faint-hearted he might go home; so proclaim to-day: go home if you are weary. "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the word!" Woe is unto you if you do not have the children, or speak to individuals, or to the masses, or in some way fulfil your mission! Bear with me, while I bid you consider

How Our Lord Behaved

sent One. Oh, that we may learn from Him how to fulfil our own mission! Our Lord was early. While He was yet a youth, he said, "I am not that I must be about my Father's house." As soon as ever a man is converted, he should inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Next, our Lord waited very patiently. He was forty years old before He preached openly. He did not know all that He did in the workshop of the carpenter. Is it not possible that He supported his widowed mother by his hand-labor? We know; but of this we are sure, that it is the duty of many young men to look after their mothers first. It is the duty of all to "show piety to the world." Many Christian women will have all if they have carried out home duties. There is a holy woman upon whose grave they have this epitaph, "She made home happy." What Jesus did for the first thirty years of His life. He was doing the Father's will when a young man at home. Though He did not teach, yet while He was working and learning, was carrying out the purpose for which He was sent.

Baptised of John.

At the time came for Him to commence His public service, He sought proper entrance into it. He did not blunder into God's service by a rush and a leap; but He went to John the Baptist, and to be publicly recognized as Messiah. I like our young friends, when at their time has come for public service, to go in right style and due order, carrying the Lord's mind in the Lord's way. When Jesus was being passed, see how He labored at His Father's will. He was always doing the Father's will. He kept all the day, and every day, and every-where with everybody. Some Christian people render occasional service. They are good at a Convention. They save up their services for meetings. At a religious gathering they are in fine form; but they are not everywhere. *The kind of person the Church needs* is the maid-of-all-work, the worker who is in his hand to anything which Providence requires, and is glad to do so, however humble the work may be. My venerated grandmother had

A Set of Choice China,

I believe, is, part of it, in existence now. Does it exist now? It has seen little service, only came out on high-days and holidays once in six months, when ministers and friends came to tea. It was a very nice set of china; too good for children to break. Christians are like that fine old ware: it is not to be used too often. They are good for every day. They do not teach the servants, and try to win the poor people of their own neighborhood to Christ; but they wait till a Conference. Oh, you fine bits of old china, I know you! Don't fear. I am going to break you. Yet I would somewhat

trouble you by the remark that in the case of such ware as you are, more pieces get broken in the cupboard than on the table.

Notice about our Lord's service, that His prayers always kept pace with His work. This is where most of us fail. When our Lord had a long day's work, we find Him taking a long night's prayer. "I have so much to do," says one, "that I could not be long in prayer." That is putting the case the wrong way upward. When you have most to do, you have most need to pray; and unless you keep up the proportion, your offering will fail in quality.

Practical Lessons.

I would leave with you four words. We are sent; therefore, whenever we try to press Christ upon men we are not guilty of intrusion. We have sometimes known strangers asked in this place about their souls; by certain of our friends, and they have grown angry at such a question. This is very silly of them, is it not? But I hope the friend who meets with an angry answer will not be at all hurt. You are not intrusive; though the angry person says you are. You are sent, and where Jesus sends you you have a right to go. Go on without fear: your commission is your warrant: if Jesus has sent you, you have a right to speak even to princes and kings.

Next, we are sent; therefore, we dare not run away. If Jesus bids us go forward, we must not retreat. If what we have preached and taught be of God, if we are ridiculed for it let us take no notice, but steam ahead. Put more coals in the furnace, get the steam up, and go faster than ever in the same course.

Next, we are sent; therefore, we are sure to be helped. Our King never sends a servant on an errand at his own charges. Our own power fails us, but He never allows His power to fail us when engaged in His service. Those who are sent shall be sustained.

The Accounting.

But, if we are sent, remember lastly, we have to give in an account. Our Lord does not call for the time-sheet every night; but a time-sheet is kept all the same, and there will be a day for passing in the checks, and we shall have to answer for what we have done. You will have to render in your account, and may God grant you may not have to make a lamentable return in this fashion—"On such a day so much wood, and such a day so much hay, and on such a day so much stubble." You know what I mean: so much time spent in planning frivolous amusements for the people, so much talent expended in teaching what is not the gospel, so much zeal consumed upon matters which do not concern eternal things, all this will burn. Beloved, do your Master's work, win souls, preach Christ, expound your Bibles, pray men to be reconciled to God, plead with men to come to Christ. This kind of work will stand the fire; and when the last great day shall dawn, this will remain to glory and honor. God bless you, brethren, for Christ's sake!

AN ORDINATION UNDER A LAMP-POST.

MANY of our readers have listened with delight to that eminently successful evangelist Major D. W. Whittle, but probably few have heard the story of his ordination. Here it is in his own quaint words, as he told it recently to a group of friends:

"I have been sixteen years now doing the work of an evangelist; led into it by that bundle of electricity and steam and dynamite combined, D. L. Moody. Years ago he crossed my path. God works in a mysterious way, and brings us into line in order to make use of us. In 1863 I was in Chicago, home on a brief furlough with a wound received at Vicksburg. There was a great demonstration at that time, and that dear eloquent man of God, Bishop Simpson, was to give an address, stirring up the people in connection with the work of the Christian Commission. I was brought on to the platform, and I never felt so foolish in my life as in being there. Dear friends in Chicago received me kindly because of the patriotism and love of the soldiers they felt. Mr. Moody was in the

audience, and as I stood on the platform, he rose to his feet, and waved his hat, with that face of his all lit up. I told him afterwards how foolish I felt, and he said to me, "Whittle, I took you into my heart that night, and you have never been out of it since." I thought I was amply rewarded for being made a fool of. Well, he followed me right along, and one night, in the city of Chicago, I received my ordination, and Mr. Moody was the Bishop who ordained me. We stood under a lamp-post as we were walking home. We were talking about the work, and what ought to be done, and what could be done. In that earnest, simple, direct way of his, he pulled out his Bible, and put his finger on II. Timothy 4: 1, 2, and said, "See here, Whittle, this is what God wants us to do—'Preach the Word.'" That went down into my soul and I have never got rid of it."

A CHINESE WEDDING.

AN American lady missionary in China sends to the *Missionary Link* an interesting description of the marriage of two of the converts of the mission. It appears that in consideration of the social prejudices of the two families, the Chinese wedding customs were retained, though the ceremony was Christian. In the course of her narrative she says:

After four hours had been spent in arraying the bride, we were permitted to see her, and a marvelous spectacle truly, was the figure seated motionless, in the centre of a room adjoining the mission-hall. Gorgeously elaborate was her array from head to foot: the former crowned with a helmet-like erection, of a material resembling turquoise-enamel, wrought into the finest filagree-work, from which projected glittering artificial beetles and butterflies, and other quaint, rich ornaments, the whole surmounted by three large round tufts of crimson silk, arranged tiarawise. From the brim of this head-gear, fell all around, strings of pearl and ruby beads, about half a yard in length. Just visible through these at the back, were broad loops of jet-black hair, stiff and solid-looking as polished ebony, and decorated with artificial pink roses. The bride's principal vestment, was a long tunic whose foundation-fabric of crimson satin was scarcely discernible amidst its embroidery of gold: a corner turned back, lined with emerald satin, revealed an underskirt, panelled in brilliant red and blue silk, this also profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. A belt of scarlet satin studded with tablets of white cornelian, crossed the waist behind. From the front edge of her head-dress, a red silk veil fell almost to the ground, adding much to her appearance. The whole costume was, I learned, hired for the day.

Into some aperture of head-gear and veil, I contrived to insert the sympathizing inquiry, "Are you very tired?" and caught a faintly whispered reply, *Veh sadoo* (not tired), as I was called off with the admonition that the damsel must neither speak, nor be spoken to.

"The bridegroom entered, attended by his friends, he and they alike dressed in deep purple satin gowns, and hats of velvet or fur, the crowns covered with scarlet fringe, and surmounted with a crystal and gilt ball. Then appeared his brilliant, if not very graceful bride, half led and half supported by two motherly Chinese women, in every day dress, save for a broad bordering of gold-garnished azure satin on their large hanging sleeves. A simple marriage service from a Chinese version of the English prayer-book, was read by a missionary who has befriended the bridegroom from childhood and trained him as a helper in mission-work. Then a joyously sung hymn concluded the ceremony. Afterward the bridegroom, with his native friends, partook of dinner, the women in a separate room, while the heroine of the day was conveyed to some retreat where the foreign lady visitors were privileged to see her partake of some refreshment, the red veil being now lifted from a very calm and contented countenance. Thankful she must have been for this merciful violation of native etiquette, which would have prohibited her tasting food till the end of the day.



Miss De Broen of the Belleville Mission. (See page 388.)



Missionaries and Converts of the Hill Tribes of Central India.

"Finally the bridal pair, closely encased in sedan-chairs, adjourned to the home prepared by the husband hard by in the native city, where, as we have good reason to believe, a happy and useful life awaits them."

THE HILL TRIBES OF INDIA.

(See Illustration.)

Considerable discussion has been aroused as to the possibility of evangelizing the Gonds, Korkoos and other tribes of Central India, and as to the value of the work done by the Rev. Albert Norton and other American Missionaries who have been laboring for several years among them, by the criticisms of Sir Lepel Griffin, recently published. Two photographs have now come from India that answer those criticisms. The first is a group of natives as they were when Mr. Norton and his devoted wife arrived there. The natives were gaunt, almost naked,—the children entirely so—and ferocious and cruel of expression. The second, from which our illustration is taken, represents a number of the same people in company with their beloved teachers, after they had come under the ennobling and civilizing influences of the religion of Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton are now leaving this sphere of labor, after giving to it the best years of their lives. But they have in their mission-house two missionaries who have volunteered to take their places and carry on the work. These latter have received a suitable theological preparation for the work in the institution established and conducted by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear from week to week in this journal. On their arrival at Bithson, a lonely place on the hills about eighteen miles from Ellertysar, they were welcomed by Mrs. Norton and her children, and began at once to study the language, sharing the entire work of the house, and living in the simplest way. The little privations and self-denials which the remoteness of the place imposes upon them, seem easy to them while they have the joy of living in the midst of natives who are still sitting in the dark shadows of heathen superstition and hopelessness, but are willing to listen to Gospel teaching. They rejoice in the privilege of going down from the hill, where the Mission premises stand, into the valleys, and seeing the natives coming out of their miserable huts, bringing a mat for the missionaries to sit down upon, and listening attentively and thankfully to the Gospel message, translated by the eldest of Mr. Norton's boys, and to the hymns sung to them in their native language.

Col. Dalton, an official under the British government in that district says: "The mission

stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, in the central provinces of Jubbulpore and Khandwa should be made bases from which aggressive evangelistic work should be pushed among the Gonds, Korkoos, Bhils, and other hill-tribes of the central provinces. Something has already been accomplished among these aboriginal races, but more missionaries of an aggressive stamp are sadly needed. If the same effort be put forth, there is no reason why we may not see tens of thousands from the Gonds, Korkoos, and Bhils of Central India coming over to Christianity, as has been the case among the Karens and Burnam and the Kols and Santhals of Bengal."

MR. STANLEY'S BIBLE.

THE tendency to hold the Bible in light esteem which is so prevalent in the present day, is apt to discourage young people from studying it. So many who do study it, do so in a critical, supercilious spirit, under the guidance of teachers whose chief aim appears to be to diminish its authority, that it is well to have it made known how it is regarded by men of eminence, who are held in high respect for their achievements in the cause of science and humanity. An incident in point was related a few days ago respecting Mr. H. M. Stanley, whose recent achievement in the rescue of Emin Pasha, places him in the forefront of the distinguished men of our time. A personal friend of the explorer says: "I was sitting a few days ago next to Mr. Stanley, the great African traveller, and in conversation he said to me, 'Just before I started for Africa Sir William Mackinnon said to me, 'Now I want to give you something, but I should like you to choose for yourself. I shall have the utmost pleasure in presenting you with anything you like. Never mind the expense. Just say what you would like.' I replied, said the traveller, 'Give me a Bible.' The desired gift was soon in my possession, just the Bible I wanted. And during my absence in Africa I have read that Bible through three times.'"

THE STOLEN FLOWERS.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 29: "If thy whole body, therefore, be full of light, having no part dark," etc. (Luke 11:36).

"I wish I had some flowers," said Philip Hunt. "My sister is to be taken away to the ship to-night. She is going to Europe to see if that will do her any good. She is dreadfully ill; I don't believe I shall ever see her again. I wish I could take her some flowers when I go to say good-bye. She had one poor little rose-bud when I was there yesterday. It was crushed and, soiled but she seemed to think it the most precious

thing in the world. Reminded her of her country I guess. I'd buy some, but I haven't left."

"Nor I," said Robert Lane, to whom he was speaking. "I would lend it you if you give it you for that matter. You have been a good friend to me with my lessons. I'll give you a good turn. Let us go and look at our garden. Perhaps there is a rose-bud or two there now. Perhaps there is a rose-bud or two there now. Perhaps there is a rose-bud or two there now."

"No," said Philip, "I've looked at the garden. They will be a week longer yet."

"Oh, come along," said Robert, "I'll show you what the rain and sun may have done this morning."

The two boys went out of the big garden which the conversation took place, around the building to the back where the boarders had a little garden of their own which Mr. Prior, the principal, encouraged them to cultivate. Philip was lame, but his bright eager face indicating great intelligence and quickness in acquiring knowledge made up for his years. It was clouded over now as he walked along on his crutches beside his brother. It was a futile visit. As Philip had said there was not a single flower out yet. He walked on disappointed and depressed. They came to the south side of the garden. There Mr. Prior's garden was, and it looked longingly at the two rose-bushes with buds just opening in all their beauty.

"Say," said Robert, "let us go to the garden and ask him to give you a few. I'll show you what the rain and sun may have done this morning."

"No use," said Philip disconsolately. "I've gone to the teacher's convention; and he drove off in his buggy. He won't be back Monday; I heard him tell the stable-boy."

The boys stood and look at the coveted roses—always a dangerous practice when temptation—and the more they looked the more beautiful and desirable they seemed to be. It was a very strong temptation, for nothing selfish in it. Philip thought how his sister's eyes would brighten if she saw how her stilling berth on the ship would be fumed by their fragrance. And Robert thought of the pleasure it would give his church to them to give to this loved sister of his a very potent temptation; too potent for his nature.

"I can't stand it," said Robert, "I'll go and gather some of those buds, anyhow. You come, your crutches will make such a noise. They will get them and you can take them right to your sister."

Philip protested, against his taking a

protests were enfeebled by the presence of his sister. Both boys knew roses did not belong to them, in fact, there was an explicit prohibition against their taking any from Mr. Prior's garden. Still, it was so good and so urgent, and Mr. Prior was not at home, or they had asked permission. There were many rose-buds too, more than Mr. Prior or his daughter could pick. There would be many more to-morrow. Robert was sure they could be helped in helping themselves to begin to think so, too. In a moment a handful of the buds were plucked and a little later they were carrying them to his sister's room to board the steamer.

When the summons that reached the following Monday morning did not need to be told the story of the inquisition. Neither had they been at ease about the flow-ers. The conscience has the habit of coming out more emphatically after a time than before it. Robert had been in his mind not to do anything again, and Philip was re-hat his friend should have been used for his sake. The thing, however, could not be made to make a voluntary confession to invite punishment, so they agreed to say nothing about it. But now they were evidently called to account.

"Sorry to hear," said Mr. Prior, "the two boys stood before him, you have broken one of the rules of the school. Did you know you were forbidden to pick flowers from the garden?"

Robert stepped forward, feeling it his duty to take offence on his own shoulders: but Mr. Prior put his hand on Robert's shoulder and turned him to the front. "Did you know it?" he asked in a more peremptory tone. "My daughter told me you take the flowers and I want to know you knew at the time you were doing so."

"Sir; I knew it was forbidden, but—"

"Did you know too, Hunt?"

"Sir."

"You knew that you were not only breaking the rules, but you were *stealing*. Now let me tell you it could have led two boys of your standing to a crime. That is the word for it. What the law calls it. There are men in prison now for just that offence."

Mr. Prior kept his hand on Robert's shoulder as the question was addressed to him. He was a transgressor, and Philip was a cripple, he hoped he might spare on that account. He told the whole story. Mr. Prior had some sympathy in maintaining the severity of his face, but his daughter's eyes filled with tears as she saw her father. She would have interceded for the boys, but Mr. Prior waved her aside.

"You still think you were justified in taking the flowers?" he asked.

"Sir, I did at the time, but things look different now," Robert said.

"What do you say, Hunt?"

"We had not taken them now, sir; but you would let Lane off; it was my fault."

"I put me in a painful position, you boys," Mr. Prior said. "I cannot let either of you off without punishing you. I should fail in my duty if I did. But I want you to see why I do it. I want you to learn an important lesson, and the only way to impress it upon you. You had to face your conscience before you took the flowers. It told you it was wrong to take them and you had to talk it over. You had to let the light of God give you to show you the difference between right and wrong. Now, no



The Inquisition About the Flowers.

man can resist temptation who does that. If you do wrong, knowing it to be wrong, that is another matter. Your danger is in doing wrong under the idea that in the circumstances it is right. You must keep your guiding light always burning. The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, lighted from His own ineffable light. If you put it out, or cover it temporarily by such arguments as you used, you will be in darkness, and fall into mischief and ruin. You must 'Look to it,' as Christ taught, 'that the light which is in you be not darkness.'

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser,

Author of *The Only Way Out*, *Epochs of a Life*, etc.
THE BITTER-SWEET OF MEMORY.

"YOUR mail is lighter than usual this morning, Mr. Heritage. You'll have to be content with but one letter. No journals at all this time."

"Ah, well, I shall not complain. Perhaps the quality will make up for the lack in the quantity. Sometimes a single letter is of more value than a whole armful of other mail matter."

"Especially if it contains a cheque, eh?"

"That isn't likely to be the case this morning."

"Ha! ha! You mean cheques don't come in so rapidly these hard times. Well, one doesn't find 'em rolling up hill, that's a fact—or down either, for that matter."

"Business will look up by-and-by, I hope."

The first speaker engaged in the foregoing dialogue, was the mail carrier on his daily morning route, his lithe, agile figure, clad in the indispensable blue-gray suit which has become a part of the American postman's personality. His interlocutor was Mr. Robert Heritage, who sat before his writing-table at the open window of his library; for it was May and the weather was warm and balmy. The apartment was on the ground floor, and so the carrier, as was his wont, tossed Mr. Heritage's mail into the window upon the desk, and then, after a minute's hurried exchange of remarks, passed on.

The house in which Mr. Heritage had established himself as a lodger was a private resi-

dence on a quiet street of Basseterre, a town of about sixty thousand inhabitants, according to the latest census. However, the figure was placed considerably higher by the ambitious citizens of the flourishing place, who were anxious for its business prospects and reputation. Heritage himself took a laudable pride in the enterprise of the city, in which he had now been a resident for several years.

His library was a well-appointed room; the walls were lined on two sides with tall cases whose shelves were filled with books, which were of the highest literary excellence and scientific value. Upon the other two walls hung several choice engravings, with Holman Hunt's "The Awakened Conscience" and "The Light of the World," both of which perhaps gave some clue to the moral and spiritual sentiments of their owner. On the casement of an open window to the left, placed in such a position that the combined fragrance would be wafted to him by the western breeze, were blooming hyacinths, heliotropes, and several kinds of geraniums; while a pot of delicately hued primroses stood as an ornament on one corner of his writing-desk.

The other appurtenances of the room were such as bespoke the man of taste and the scholar. An open secretary, delicately curved and solidly built, stood at his left. Several reference books, an Oxford Bible, some sheets of manuscript, a sealed letter or two, and scrawls of various kinds lay upon the table, and in the pigeon-holes and small drawers were crowded such belongings as appertain to the needs of the student.

But Heritage's thoughts were not at this moment upon his books and flowers, for he was intent on learning the contents of the letter that he had just received. His paper-knife slipped deftly under the flap of the envelope and cut it open. A pleased smile played over his mustached lip as he glanced at the enclosure, and when he had read it through, his well-chiselled features were radiant, making him look actually handsome.

It was a gratifying epistle on several grounds, but chiefly because it recalled pleasant memories, and proved that he was not forgotten by some old friends, whose esteem was well worth having. It came from Prof. Detwold, of Mount Morril University. That was Heritage's *Alma Mater*, and Detwold had been his college friend and fellow-student. He now wrote at the suggestion of the members of the Literary Athenæum to ask Mr. Heritage to deliver an address to them at their approaching reunion, which would be held during Commencement week. "Do come," wrote the Professor, "it will oblige me and will be a pleasure to us all."

"Of course, I'll oblige you, my dear chum," said Heritage, apostrophizing the writer, "I could not resist such an appeal from an old friend. What comrades and confidants we used to be in those 'halcyon days' of our college life! I wonder whether Detwold remembers the evening we burt our Lyncurgus, when the Sophomores made a raid upon us, or the time when the old President caught him in the act of rolling a cannon-ball through the halls of the old dormitory. Ha! ha! ha! Those were prime days."

"But about that address," he said, arousing himself with an effort from these pleasant memories. "I shall have no time to prepare anything new, and probably I should acquit myself better with something I have on hand and have used already. My lecture on 'Scholastic Pretenders' would answer the purpose, I should think. It seemed to suit the Teachers' Institute when I delivered it there. With a little revising it would do for the Athenæum."

So he wrote to his friend promising to come, and as he sealed his letter, he began to enjoy in anticipation the pleasure of meeting old acquaintances of his college days. Smiles flitted over his face as one and another familiar visage was recalled by his memory; but suddenly his expression changed, and a frown knitted his brow. Apparently memory had recalled one figure which had less agreeable associations. "I wonder if she will be there," he muttered between his set teeth. "I declare I would not go if I thought I should meet her. I expect it would be as painful for her as for me. The dead past is so clumsy at burying its dead, and we don't realize it until it is too late. Well, she is little likely to go. I will take the risk."

It had been five years since the fine June day when the celebrated Mount Morrill University had granted Robert Heritage a diploma, with the degree of B. A. Since that event he had not been idle, but had carried on certain literary and scientific lines of study, on account of which, his *alma mater* had, two years after his graduation, conferred upon him an A. M. He was now the Principal of the High School in the city of Basserine; a position he had held for nearly five years. He had been frequently urged to take the superintendency of the city schools, but had declined, fearing that additional burdens and responsibilities would interfere with the extraneous literary studies he was anxious to pursue.

One thing more must be added. There had been a time when he was strongly inclined to enter the ministry, and he had even gone so far as to give special attention to the study of theology; but finally, for various reasons which need not be recounted here, he had abandoned the idea, feeling that teaching was his forte. Yet his study of dogmatics and the allied branches of theology had given him a keen interest in all current doctrinal discussions.

Having mailed his reply to Professor Detwold, he hurried to the "central building," arriving just in time to begin the work of the day.

The school-year in Basserine closed a week earlier than the time of the reunion at which he was to speak; so that there was nothing to interfere with his visit to the old college. The weeks passed rapidly, and at last the morning came when he was to start on his journey. On his way to the depot he stopped at a book store and purchased several works of fiction that had been provoking a good deal of comment in the literary world. He would need something to beguile the weariness of the journey. It was a bright morning in June. The sky was a shining dome of the deepest azure, the sun sparkled in the dew globules on the grass, and the air was vocal with the maternal minstrelsy of many birds.

For a while Heritage sat at the car-window looking out at the landscapes flitting by in quick procession, as the "limited Express" whirled and rumbled on. Now a green, sloping field caught his eye; now a rocky grotto or a quiet dingle flashed into view; a sparrow-hawk poised for a moment in mid-air over a meadow and then swooped down upon the mouse or small bird that it had marked for its prey; at intervals a red-headed woodpecker would wheel off in a tumult of fright from the telegraph pole in which it had chiselled its summer domicile. These observations were interesting to Heritage, who was a lover of nature; but presently he interrupted them by the reflection:

"If I am to get these books read, I must be at them."

Blue pencil in hand he took up one of the volumes, and having examined its binding, title-page, and general make-up with the critical eye of a book-lover, he began its perusal. He had not read many pages before an expression of impatience, if not disgust, crossed his face, marring somewhat its expression of habitual good nature, or *bonhomie*, as his college friends were wont to express it.

"I don't see how an author can have the patience to write such inane, pointless stuff, such refined nonsense!" he reflected. "The style is smooth and graceful, it is true; in fact, it is too fine, too elaborate for the worthless subject matter. Why, I've

read over twenty pages without finding a single thought worth preserving. And then there is scarcely any movement in the tale to relieve its tedium. The author is a literary trifle."

He closed the book with so sharp a concussion that the old German woman opposite looked up with surprise and stopped munching her breakfast of bread and broiled chicken for a few moments. Then he picked up a second volume, and, as in the former case, gave it a critical examination by way of preparation.

"Ah! this is a story with a 'local coloring,'" he thought. "I hope the coloring is something more than mere daubing."

The book opened with a four-page description of some mountain scenery, the author pouring forth a turgid stream of verbiage, adjective upon adjective, detail following hard upon the heels of detail, obsolete, rare, and foreign words crowding thick and fast upon one another, until the landscapes appeared about as clear in outline as the pictures of a boy's cheap magic lantern. Heritage had read, or tried to read, several pages, when his lids began to droop, while the mountains of the author went reeling, and tumbling, and turning somersault, and performing other evolutions before his vacuous gaze; his head gradually lost its poise, and he nodded. He was awakened by the book falling from his hand, and saw a broad grin on the face of the old German woman.

"The story is intolerably dull," he muttered, flinging the volume into his valise beside its equally despised fellow. "The author's self-consciousness spoils it all. Well, I wonder if this one," taking up the third work of fiction, which he had brought with him, "will prove as excellent a soporific as the last. It has certainly made quite a sensation in reading circles. Ah! it deals with certain problems of theology I see, and it is the author's treatment of them that has stirred up the doctors, and the author is a lady, too."

The very first sentence of the new book fixed the attention of the critical reader. He detected at once that the writer had virility of thought, and a serious purpose, all of which prepossessed him in favor of the work, which was indeed one of real literary merit, the author's clear, graceful style and her skilful management of her characters and incidents relieving it of all tedium. And yet it was vastly more than a vapid society novel, as Heritage admitted at once. He scarcely glanced up from the glowing pages as the hours of the forenoon sped.

"A powerfully written story!" was his mental comment, when the train stopped for the noon lunch.

He got off the train, ate his lunch absently, and then hurried back to the book that had so enthralled his attention, reading uninterruptedly until the middle of the afternoon.

"It is a real pleasure to read a story by an author who combines such a rare artistic taste with just as rare a mental grasp, he reflected, closing the book for a few minutes, and looking out at the distant wooded hills. "What a graphic style she has! I scarcely know a modern writer who wields a more facile pen. And yet the book has one serious defect as a contribution to a religious discussion. The author does not settle the questions she raises. She suggests doubts, and her characters abandon their old religious beliefs, but she omits to state the reasons they had for leaving their faith. She generalizes too much there. We cannot judge whether they did right if we do not know what their reasons were. It looks, too, as if she had a bias against orthodox Christianity, and inclines strongly toward the so-called 'liberal' or rationalistic doctrines. Unconsciously perhaps, she is a little unfair, making her orthodox characters narrow, if not bigoted, whereas in real life we find them just as large-orbed, and well-poised, as their opponents. I am afraid the story will disturb the faith of the weak, and that is most unfortunate. It is a pity; I am very sorry."

His eyes were still bent, though vacantly, upon the remote landscapes over which the silvery mists hung like a gauzy mantle.

"Why, shouldn't I—" he stopped short, giving the half-formed thought time to artic-

ulate itself in his mind. "Why not write a story myself, on the other side of the theological question—one that would have for its aim the counteracting of this rationalistic teaching? Ah! let me think. I might weave into it that romantic episode of my college days—no, no, that would never do; it might stir bitter memories. I must have no personalities. They are not necessary."

The train steamed on, Heritage's thoughts keeping pace. Presently the prolonged shriek of the locomotive was heard, and the speed of the train gradually slackened, until it came to a full stop at a station, crowded with waiting passengers. Our traveller had now come within about fifty miles of his destination. Always interested in any phase of human nature displayed before him, he looked curiously out of the car-window, watching the selfish struggle of men and women pushing into the coaches. Suddenly he gave a start of surprise, the blood rushed to his face, he looked intently out of the window as if to settle a doubt, and then, with a half-stifled ejaculation, sank back into the seat in evident discomposure.

For a minute or two he sat staring at the front entrance of the coach, as if expecting some one to enter. Presently his eye became riveted upon the face and figure of a tall, lithe girl of the brunette order of beauty, who stood in the doorway glancing with dark keen eyes through the car in search of a vacant seat. A tell-tale flush burned on Heritage's cheeks, he became more flurried than before, and bent his face over his book with the obvious purpose of preventing the young lady recognizing him.

The next few moments were evidently a period of suspense for the young man. The lady was walking down the aisle of the car toward the rear, where he sat, and if she found no vacant seat on her way might take the one recently vacated opposite to him. A stranger judging by the usual proclivities of young men, and knowing nothing of the past relations of the two, would have expected that Heritage would rather court recognition than avoid it, for the newcomer was a girl of attractive appearance, and her physiognomy indicated both intelligence and culture. She had a graceful figure, dark, flashing eyes, and black wavy hair, which was coiled into a knot at the back of her beautiful head. The face was slightly sallow and bore traces of suffering, physical or mental, and there was a nervous tremor perceptible in her movements that implied restlessness and excitability.

She found a seat a few paces away from the young man, and he breathed a sigh of relief. He watched her furtively for a few moments, and then when her attention was occupied with some movement at the front of the car, he took up his valise and moved quietly to a car further in the rear of the train. He had the vexed irritated look of a man unexpectedly confronted with some reminder of past misdoing, yet Heritage was a man of high moral character little likely to have any scandal associated with his past career. No man could have his open, frank, earnest manner whose conscience reproached him with evil deeds.

(To be Continued.)

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GIPSY'S IMPRISONMENT.

of the most successful workers of the degraded classes in England is a Gipsy, who is known as Gipsy Smith. He was, in his young days, one of the gipsies, wandering from town to town sleeping in tents pitched by the roadside and making a precarious livelihood of fortune-telling and other less respectable. Since his conversion, the natural gifts which he formerly used in singing and declaiming in the streets, have been used in the service of Christ.

He has the reminiscences on which he has written for his illustrations in preaching, following story of his vicarious imprisonment: "We had reached a country which was frequented by expressmen, and I pitched the tent for the night, I left my brother in it, and went with my brother or two other members of our community to the tavern for a carouse. I was a little worse for liquor when we left to go to the tents; my brother was nearly drunk, but the others, being older and accustomed to heavy potations, were sensible, though they had drunk as much as we. I remembered afterwards that the heavily laden express cart before us was passing it, while the driver was waiting for a few minutes to go into a

next day a couple of police officers came to the expressman to the tents, and they found a basket of clothing had been taken from the back of the wagon the night before. I had seen one of the young men who had been with us, sink away in the arms of the officers, and I had suspected it was he who had stolen the basket. "Now," said one of the policemen to the expressman, "do you know the fellow who took your basket?" At once he turned to me, saying, "It was that dark fellow who had been with you in another mind, the handcuffs on, and was marched away as a thief. I protested my innocence, and I did so again when I was before the judge. I think he half believed me, for he urged me to tell him the truth, but I was innocent and he would have me arrested. I did not do that, for I thought that, being innocent, I should escape without getting into trouble. To my astonishment, however, the jury found me guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

It was a dreadful experience, for I had been in prison before. At last the months dragged themselves away, and I was released. My mother and brother, young man for whom I had suffered, came to the prison gates to meet me. No one would see me but he put his arm around my shoulders, and in a voice broken with emotion, said I was the best friend he had. I was 'a brick,' 'a trump,' and he was so excited that he did not care to say more, and the policemen around me understood the cause of his excitement. I expected to see them arrest him on my own confession, but, as I afterwards learned, they could not do that, as I had been convicted and punished for the same offense. He was safe, and I have often since what an illustration that was of the doctrine of the Atonement. I, the sinner who believes in Christ, am to be punished, because his punishment is borne for him. 'He was bruised for our iniquities.'

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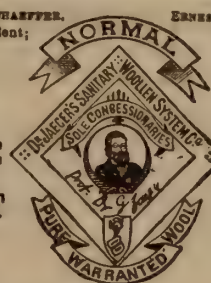
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TWO OR THREE.

There were only two or three of us
Who came to the place of prayer,
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care,
Since after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master Himself was present there
And gave us the living bread.

We knew His look in our leader's face,
So rapt, and glad, and free;
We felt His touch when our heads were bowed,
We heard His "Come to Me!"
Nobody saw Him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was His token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin
From the weary shoulder fall;
Each of us dropped the load of care,
And the grief that was like a pall;
And over our spirits a blessed calm
Swept in from the jasper sea,
And strength was ours for toil and strife
In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord Himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge He gave—
Wherever His loved ones be,
To stand Himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm,
It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
"Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus Himself had come
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The Sorrowful Trio—Naomi's Appeal to her Daughters-in-Law—Orpah Decides to Go Back—I. People Who Stay in Moab Have Often Fine Susceptibility—The Hardest Hearts Sometimes Drawn to Christ—God's Servants Drawn From the Hopeless Classes—People of Lovable Natures Not Won to Christ—II. Some Who Start Well Turn Back—The Converts at a Revival—The Example of Lot's Wife—III. Returning to the World Involves a Struggle—The Sacred Barriers in the Way—Shenstone's Discontent—IV. A Religious Choice Dividing Families—V. Reasons Why People Refuse Christ—The Wide Invitation.

MOAB was a heathen land. Naomi is about to leave it and go into the land of Bethlehem. She has two daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, who conclude to go with her. Naomi tells them they had better not leave their native land and undertake the hardship of the journey, but they will not be persuaded. They all three start out on their journey. After awhile, Naomi, although she highly prized the company of her two daughters-in-law, attempted again to persuade them to go back because of the hardship and self-denial through which they would be obliged to go. Ruth responds in the words from which I once discoursed to you: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God, where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me." Not so with her sister Orpah. Her determination had already been shaken. The length and peril of the journey began to appal her, and she had worshipped the gods of Moab so long that it was hard to give them up. From that point Orpah turned back, the parting being described in my text: "And they lifted up their voice and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her."

Learn from this story of Orpah that some of those who do not leave the Moab of their iniquities are

Persons of Fine Susceptibility.

It was compassion for Naomi in widowhood and sorrow that led Orpah to start with her toward Bethlehem. It was not because of any lack of affection for her that she turned back. We know this from the grief exhibited at parting. I do not know but that she had as much warmth and ardor of nature as Ruth, but she lacked the courage and persistence of her sister. That there are many with as fine susceptibility as Orpah who will not take up their cross and follow Christ, is a truth which needs but little demonstration. Many of those who have become the followers of Jesus have but very little natural impressibility. Grace often takes hold of the hardest heart and the most unlovely character and transforms it. It is a hammer that breaks rocks. In this Christ often shows His power. It wants but little generalship to conquer a flat country, but might of artillery and heroism to take a fort manned and ready for raking cannonade. The great Captain of our salvation has forced his way into many an armed castle. I doubt not that Christ could have found many a fisherman naturally more noble-hearted than Simon Peter, but there was no one by whose conversion He could more gloriously have magnified His grace. The conversion of a score of Johns would not have illustrated the power of the Holy Ghost as much as the conversion of one Peter. It would have been easier to drive twenty

Lambs Like John

than to tame one lion like Peter. God has often made some of His most efficient servants out of men naturally unimpressible. As men take stiff and unwieldy timbers, and under huge-handed machinery bend them into the hulk of great ships, thus God has often shaped and bent into His service the most unwieldy natures, while those naturally impressionable are still in their unchanged state.

Oh, how many, like Orpah, have warm affections and yet never become Christians! Like Orpah, they know how to weep, but they do not know how to pray. Their fineness of feeling leads them into the friendships of the world, but not into communion with God. They can love everybody but Him, who is altogether lovely. All other sorrow rends their heart, but they are untouched by the woes of a dying Christ. Good news fills them with excitement, but the glad tidings of great joy and salvation stir not their soul. Anxious to do what is right, yet they rob God. Grateful for the slightest favors, they make no return to Him who wrung out the last drop of blood from His heart to deliver them from going down to the pit.

They Would Weep

at the door of a prison at the sight of a wicked captive in chains, but have no compassion for their own souls over which Satan, like a grim jailer, holds the lock and key. When repulsive, grasping, unsympathetic natures resist the story of a Saviour's love, it does not excite our surprise; but it is among the greatest of wonders that so many who exhibit Orpah's susceptibility also exhibit Orpah's impenitency. We are not surprised that there is barrenness in a desert, but a strange thing is it that sometimes the Rose of Sharon will not grow in a garden. On a summer morning we are not surprised to find a rock without any dew on it, but if, going among a flock of lilies, we saw in them no glittering drops, we would say, "What foul sprite has been robbing these vases?" We are not surprised that Herod did not become a Christian, but how strange that the young man Jesus loved for his sweetness of temper should not have loved the Redeemer. Hard-hearted Felix trembled, proud Nebuchadnezzar repented, and cruel Manasseh turned unto the Lord; but many a nature, affectionate and gentle, has fought successfully against divine influences. Many a dove has refused to come in the window of the ark yet finding no rest for the sole of her foot.

Hopeful Beginnings.

Again, the history of Orpah impresses upon me the truth that there are many who make a good starting, but after awhile change their minds and turn back. When these three mourners start from their home in Moab there is as much probability that Orpah will reach Bethlehem as that her sister Ruth and her mother-in-law Naomi will arrive there. But while these continue in the journey they commenced, Orpah after awhile gets discouraged and turns back. This is the history of many a soul. Perhaps it was during a revival of religion they resolved upon a Christian life, and made preparations to leave Moab. Before that they were indifferent to the sanctuary, churches were necessary evils. The minister almost always preached poor sermons, because they had not the heart to hear them. They thought the bread was not good because their appetite was poor. Religion did very well for invalids and the aged, but they had no desire for it. Suddenly a change came upon their soul. They found that something must be done. Every night there was a thorn in their pillow. There was gall in their wine. They found that their pleasures were

Only False Lights

of a swamp that rise out of decay and death. Losing their self-control they were startled by their own prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." They did not suspect it, but the Holy Ghost was in their soul. Without thinking what they were doing, they brushed the dust off the family Bible. The ground did not feel as firm under them nor did the air seem as bright. They tried to dam back the flood of their emotions, but the attempt failed, and they confessed their anguish of soul before they meant to. The secret was out! They wanted to know what they must do to be saved.

With Ruth and Naomi, weeping Orpah started for the land of Bethlehem. They longed for the Sabbath to come. Straight as an arrow to the mark the sermon struck them. They thought the minister must have heard of their case and was preaching right at them. They thought

the sermon was very short, nor did they once coil themselves up in their pew with their eye shut and head averted with an air of unmoved dignity. They began to pray with an earnestness that astonished themselves and astonished others. Shoving the plane or writing up accounts or walking the street when you might have thought their mind entirely upon the world, they were saying within themselves "O that I were a Christian!" Orpah is fully started on the road to Bethlehem. Christian friends observing the religious anxiety of the awakened soul say, "He must certainly be a Christian. There is another soldier in Christ's rank, another sick one has been cured of the leprosy. The observers turn their attention another way, they say, "Orpah is safe enough, she has gone Bethlehem."

The Ancient Example.

Alas! Alas! Starting out for heaven is a very different thing from arriving there. Remember Lot's wife. She looked back with longing to the place from which she came, and was destroyed. Half way between Sodom and the city of Refuge that strange storm comes upon her, and its s and brimstone gather on her garments until they are so stiffened she cannot proceed, nor can she lie down, because of this dreadful wrapping around her garments and limbs; and lo after her life has gone she still stands there covered up by the strange storm that she called a pillar of salt, as some sailor on ship deck in the wintry tempest stands covered with a mail of ice. Ten thousand times ten thousand men have been destroyed half way between Sodom and the city of Refuge. Orpah might well never have started as afterwards to turn back. Yet multitudes have walked in her footsteps. Go among those the least interested sacred things and you will find that they were once out of the land of Moab. Every one of them prayed right heartily and studied the Bibles; and frequented the sanctuary, but Lot's wife looked back wistfully to Sodom, and Orpah retreated from the company of Ruth and Naomi. It is an impressive thought that as Orpah had gone so far as actually to look out into the land of Bethlehem she turned back and died in Moab.

A Hard Road.

Again: let our subject impress upon us the truth that those who have once felt it their duty to leave their natural state cannot give up the duty and go back to hardness of heart with a struggle. After Orpah had thoroughly made up her mind to go back to the place from which she started, she went through the sad scene of parting with Ruth and Naomi. My text says: "They lifted up their voice and wept." Ah, hearer, it requires more decision and perseverance to stay away from the kingdom of God than to enter it. Although she did not in it, Orpah passed through a greater struggle turning back into the land of Moab than would have been necessary to take her clear through to Bethlehem. Suppose you that those persons who have remained in their evil ways have no struggle? Why, they have been obliged to fight every inch of their way. The road to death is not such easy travelling as some ministers have been accustomed to describe it. From beginning to end it is fighting against the sharp sword of the Spirit. It is climbing over the cross. It is wading through the deep blood of the Son of God. It is scaling mountains of privilege. It is wading through lakes of sorrow. It is breaking over communion tables and baptismal fonts and pulpits and Bibles. It is wedging one's self through between pious kindred who stand before and press us back and hold on to us by their prayers after we have passed them in our headlong downward career. No man ought to think of undertaking to go back into Moab after having come within sight of Bethlehem unless he has a heart that cannot be made to quake, a sure foot that will not slip among infinite perils, and an arm that can drive back the Son of God who stands in the centre of the broad road, spreading out His arms and shouting into the ear of the thoughtless pilgrim, "Stop! Stop!"

We talk about taking up the cross and following Jesus, but that cross is not half so heavy as the burden which the sinner carries. It is a very solemn thing to be a Christian, but it is a more solemn thing not to be a Christian. Just in proportion as gospel advantages have been numerous will be the disturbance of the heart that will not come to Christ.

The Bible says, in regard to the place where Christ was buried, "in the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre;" and in the midst of the most flowery enjoyments of the unpardoned there is a chilliness of death. Although they may pull out the arrows that strike their soul from the Almighty's quiver, there remain a stinging and a smarting. If men wrench themselves away from Christ

They Will Bear the Mark

of His hand by which He would have rescued them. The pleasures of the world may give temporary relief from the upbraidings of conscience, but are like stupefying drugs that dull the pain only temporarily. Herod monopolizes the most of the world's honor, and yet is thrown into a rage because they say a little child is born in Bethlehem who, may after awhile dispute his authority. Byron conquered the world with his pen and yet said, that he felt more unhappiness from the criticism of the most illiterate reader, than he experienced pleasure from the praise of all the talented.

In the last century in England lived the immortal Shenstone. Portions of his life were given to the writing of poetry, but this was not evidently the field for which nature had equipped him. His name will never be forgotten, because of the home which he adorned and beautified, until there probably never has been so bright spot since the Garden of Eden as

"The Leasowes."

In addition to the marvels of nature, he added the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel, put on their glory of verdure. What the greenness of deep grass and the foam of cascade, and the glitter of still lake could give of beauty were added. No life was more diligent and no soul more ingenious, than those of Shenstone, and all that genius and diligence, were directed to the adornment of that treasured spot. What more could one want to make home happy. Yet there is one man who sits sighing in those bowers, and casting gloomy looks upon those parks, and the birth of leaping waterfalls makes no melody to his ear. It is Shenstone, the owner of the leasowes. "I have lost my road to happiness," says the despondent man. "I am angry and morose, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things just as it becomes a madman to do." My friends, there is no solid happiness in anything but religion. I care not how bright a home, Orpah has in Moab, when she runs from duty she turns from peace.

Again: This subject teaches that a religious voice and the want of it frequently divide families. Ruth and Orpah and Naomi were tenderly attached. They were all widows, and their life had been consecrated by a baptism of tears. In the fire of trial their affections had been forged. Together they were so pleasantly united, you can hardly imagine them separated. At a fatal line is drawn dividing them from each other, perhaps forever. Naomi cannot be in a heathen country. She must go into Bethlehem that there among the pious she may worship the true God. Ruth makes a similar choice, but Orpah rebels. "And they lifted up their voice and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." The history of this family of Elimelech is the story of many families of this day. How often it is that in a circle of relatives, while they look alike, and walk alike, and talk alike, there is a tremendous difference. Outwardly united in the affectional relations of this life, they are separated in the most important respects. Some are the children of light, and others the children of darkness. These are alive in Christ,

and those are dead in sin. Ruth in the land of Bethlehem, Orpah in Moab. Dying, yet immortal hearer, by the solemnity of the parental, and filial, and conjugal relation, by the sacredness of the family hearth, by the honor of the family name, by the memory of departed kindred, I point out this parting of Ruth and Orpah.

Again: This subject suggests to me two of the prominent reasons

Why People Refuse

the kingdom of Christ. There may have been many other reasons why Orpah left her sister and mother-in-law, and went back home, but there were two reasons which I think were more prominent than the rest. She had been brought up in idolatries. She loved the heathen gods which her ancestors had worshipped, and, though these blocks of wood and stone could not hear, she thought they could hear, and, though they could not see, she thought they could see, and, though they could not feel, she thought they could feel. A new religion had been brought to her attention. She had married a godly man. She must often have heard her mother-in-law talk of the God of Israel. She was so much shaken in her original belief that she concluded to leave her idolatries, but, coming to the margin of the land of Bethlehem, her determination failed her, and speedily she returned to her gods. This is the very reason why multitudes of persons never become Christians. They cannot bear to give up their gods. Business is

The American Juggernaut

that crushes more men than the car of the Hindoos. To it they say their morning and evening prayers. A little of Christ's religion may creep into the Sabbath, but Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, are the days devoted to this American idol. Every hour there is a sacrifice on the altar. Home duties, health of body, manly strength and immortal affections must all burn in this holocaust. Men act as though they could take their bonds, and mortgages, with them into the kingdom of heaven.

There are many who have no unholy thirst for gold, yet who are devoting themselves to their worldly occupations with a ruinous intensity. Men of the stock exchange, men of the yardstick, men of the saw, men of the trowel, men of the day-book, what will become of you, if unforgiven, in the great day when there are no bargains to make? It is possible to devote oneself even to a lawful calling until it becomes sinful. There is no excuse on the earth or under the earth for the neglect of our deathless spirit. The man who has no time to attend to religion will have no time to enter heaven.

But there are others who, while their worldly occupation has no particular fascination over them, are entirely absorbed in the gains that come to that occupation. This is the worship of Mammon.

The Ring of Dollars and Cents

is the only litany they ever utter. Though in the last day the earth itself will not be worth a farthing, a heap of ashes scattered in the whirlwind, they are now giving their time and eternity for the acquisition of so much of it as you might at last hold in the hollow of one hand. The American Indian who gave enough land to make a State out of, for a string of beads, made a princely bargain compared with the speculation of that man who gains the whole world and loses his own soul. How much comfort do the men take who died unforgiven ten years ago, leaving large fortunes to their heirs? Do they ever come up to count the gold they hoarded or walk through the mansions they built? Though they could have bought an empire, they have not now as much money as you have this moment in your pocket. Solomon looked upon his palace and the grounds surrounding it, pools rimmed with gold, and circling roads along which, at times, rushed his fourteen hundred chariots, while under the out-branching sycamores and cedars walked the apes and peacocks, which by the navy of Hiram had been brought from Tarshish, and from the window

curtains with embroidered gold and purple through which came out the thrill of harps and psalteries mingling with the song of the waters. When Solomon saw that all these luxuries of sight and sound had been purchased by his wealth, he broke forth in the exclamation, "Money answereth all things." But we cannot receive it as literal. It cannot still the voice of conscience. It

Cannot Drown the Sorrows

of the soul. It cannot put a bribe in the hand of death. It cannot unlock the gate of heaven. The tower of Siloam fell and killed eighteen of its admirers, but this idol to whose worship the exchanges and banks and custom-houses of the world have been dedicated, will fall and crush to death its thousands. But I cannot enumerate the idolatries to which men give themselves. They are kept by them from a religious life. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and the first thing that Christ does when He comes into the temple of the soul is to drive out the exchangers.

But it was not only the gods of Moab that made Orpah leave her sister and mother-in-law. She doubtless had a dread of the hardship to which they would be exposed on the journey to Bethlehem, and Orpah was not alone in the fear. Doubtless some of you have been appalled and driven back by the self-denials of the Christian life. The taunt of the world, the charge of hypocrisy which they would sometimes be obliged to confront, has kept many away from the land of Bethlehem. They spend their life in counting the cost and, because a Christian life demands so much courage and faith, they dare not begin to build. Perhaps they are courageous in every other respect. They are not timid in presence of any danger except that of trusting in the infinite mercy of Christ. The sheep are more afraid of the shepherd than of the wolves. They shrink away from the presence of Christ as though He were a tyrant rather than a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. They feel more safe in the ranks of the enemy where they must suffer infinite defeat than in the army of Christ which shall be more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved them. Men shiver and tremble before religion as though they were commanded to throw their life away, as though it were a surrender of honor and manliness, and reason and self-respect and all that is worth keeping.

Christ's Weapons.

What has God ever done that His mercy should be doubted? Was there ever a sorrow of His frailest child that He did not pity? Was there ever a soul that He left unhelped in the darkness? Was there ever a martyr that He did not strengthen in the flames? Was there ever a dying man to whose relief He did not come at the cry of "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Aye, my soul, what has God done that so basely thou hast doubted Him? Did He make the whole earth a desert? Are all the skies dark and storm-swept? Is life all sickness? Is the air all plague? Are there nothing but rods and scorpions and furnaces? God knew how many suspicions and unbeliefs men would entertain in regard to Him and therefore, after making a multitude of plain and precious promises, He places His hand on His own heart and swears by His own existence: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Why then fight against God? This day the battle rages. Thou art armed with thy sins, thy ingratitude, thy neglects, and Christ is armed against thee, but His weapons are tears, are dying agonies, are calls to mercy, and the battle-cry which He this day sends over thy soul as He rushes towards thee is "save thee from going down to the pit for I have found a ransom." I would not envy thy victory, O hearer, if thou dost conquer, for what wilt thou do with the weapons thou hast snatched from the armed Redeemer, what with the tears, what with His dying agonies, what with His calls to mercy? Would God that Orpah would get tired of Moab! Would God that Orpah would go to Bethlehem.

CHINESE MISSION WORK IN NEW YORK.

The Advantages of Foreign Missions at Home—The Valuable Opportunity—Dr. MacArthur's Testimony—His Life and Work—The Origin and Growth of the Work at Calvary—Its Recent Developments—Other Denominational Efforts—Dr. Greer's Guild—The Methodist Chinese Y. M. C. A.

THE possibility of doing effective foreign missionary work at home, has now aroused evangelical churches of all denominations to energetic and organized effort. The opportunity is one that should not be missed. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, this week calls attention to it, and by giving pictures of a typical school in New York, hopes that its readers who live in every city of the Union, and who, as a class, are earnestly desirous of spreading the knowledge of Christ throughout the world, may be stirred up to make the best use of the opportunity afforded them. There are over a hundred thousand Chinamen scattered through the country, and the majority of them have come here in the hope of gaining a modest competence with which they intend to return to their own land, there to spend their old age. Few of them look upon this country as their permanent residence. It is for the churches to see to it that every one of these men who have come here as heathen, who, even here have their idols and are seen prostrate before their Joss, practising their heathen rites, shall be taught the knowledge of the true God, and when they return to their own land shall carry with them the good news of Him who was "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Opportunity

is one of extraordinary promise. In China, the Christian missionary is a foreigner, and must encounter the prejudice which prevails everywhere against foreigners, and nowhere is so strong as in a nation so conservative as China. He has, too, the enormous difficulty of expressing his thoughts in a difficult foreign language. He is liable to make mistakes and to tell his story in phrases which seem grotesque to the natives, and which render its meaning almost incomprehensible. But here, the Chinaman is the foreigner. He finds that his Christian teacher has no prejudice against him. His interest lies in learning the English language. He acquires it with wonderful rapidity. He mixes with the people and learns the use of simple words relating to his business, and is daily enlarging his vocabulary. In China, he might pass by the foreigner painfully endeavoring to make himself understood, but here he has strong inducements to concentrate his efforts on the comprehension of all he hears. His opportunities for making money are increased by his knowledge of English, and he naturally gives his mind to the study of it. He consequently appreciates the help of Christian teachers, which, as he perceives, springs from a kindly and disinterested motive, and is grateful. He avails himself joyfully of their service, and in learning English he learns the truths of the Christian religion. So with God's blessing, he goes back to be himself a missionary, able to tell his own people in their own tongue the glorious tidings of salvation through Christ.

Individual Effort

in such circumstances is all powerful. Every Christian may engage in it. Though there may be no Chinese school in his city, he may seek out a Chinaman, and he will find him ready to receive help, and grateful for any effort to assist him. The man who will help him to read and write English is his friend, and he is too shrewd not to understand that. He is conscious of his obligation, and learns to respect and love his teacher. As he makes progress, that sense of obligation grows. He pays more and more attention to that teacher's words, and is impressed with the disinterestedness of the labor freely given for his advantage. He wonders what can be the motive for the kindness so opposed to all the maxims of the world, and learns that it proceeds from the love of Christ and concern for his own soul. So the Chinaman is reached more easily here than he would have been in his

own land. The impression is deeper, the obstacle of prejudice is non-existent, and he becomes a Christian by natural process. Then when he returns to China, by his life, and by his words, and by the influence that his independent financial standing gives him, he can labor effectively in the cause of Christ.

Dr. MacArthur,

whose portrait appears on the first page, is is an enthusiast in this work. He is only one of many clergymen in New York, and other cities who have realized the opportunity afforded them, and are laboring earnestly in the work. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist clergymen are giving time and effort to it, and are encouraged by the success attending the effort. They have aroused their congregations to a sense of its value and importance, and there are no churches without self-denying men and women ready to engage in it. The minister has only to show interest in it, to encourage the workers, to give his advice, and occasional participation, and it sustains itself. In New York all the denominations named have successful Chinese schools in their districts, and the pastors speak highly of the results.

Dr. MacArthur is especially hopeful. He is a vigorous energetic man of forty-nine years of age. He comes of a Scottish family which emigrated from the Highlands to Canada early in the century and settled in Ontario. Robert Stuart MacArthur was born in 1841. He studied at the Canadian Literary Institute of Woodstock Ontario, and at the conclusion of his course entered mercantile life. He had been converted at the age of thirteen, and the devotion and energy, which characterize him now, were then manifest. All the time which he could spare from business was given to Christian work. In Sunday-school, in the houses of the poor at St. Andrews, Quebec, where he was living, it was his delight to speak of Christ and salvation. Gradually from giving addresses to little gatherings, he was led to preach, and his sermons were with power. He was led to see the duty of giving himself wholly to the work of the ministry. He went to the University of Rochester, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1867, and thence he went into the Rochester Theological Seminary for a three years' course. During his studies he continued preaching in neglected districts, and from one sphere of his labors a revival started, which led to the formation of a church which is now an important and flourishing society. He received several calls at the conclusion of his college course, among which was a pressing one from Titusville, Pa., but finally he accepted a call from Calvary Baptist Church, New York, (a picture of which appears on the first page) where he was ordained, and began his labors in June, 1870.

During the twenty years he has been there the church has grown amazingly in numbers and influence, as well as in financial standing. It has opened up many fields of Christian effort, and Dr. MacArthur has been the leader in them all, inspiring and stimulating the workers. This later development in the direction of Chinese evangelization seems to have taken a deep hold on his sympathies. He speaks of it most enthusiastically. "I am deeply interested in this work," he said recently to the writer. "We have had

A Chinese School

in connection with this church for six years. It has been most prosperous, and a considerable amount of good has been done. We have twelve Chinamen now here in regular attendance, most of them members of our church, and leading exemplary Christian lives. Many whom we have had have gone back to China, converted to Christ and are now doing good work in their own country. All our scholars have developed one prominent trait. They are liberal and cheerful givers. Not only do they contribute to the support of the schools and evangelistic work among their own countrymen here, but they give largely to foreign mission work especially in China. Two Chinamen, who

were taught in the school, recently started for home. We had letters from them, which they wrote from San Francisco before sailing, speaking in the highest terms of their gratitude for the help they received here, and avowing their intention to work as missionaries.

The Origin and Growth

of the work, Dr. MacArthur says, were unequivocal indications of the Divine approval. A small Chinese class had been gathered in another church, which was about to remove farther uptown. Its new location would be difficult of access for the Chinamen, and the class was therefore offered to Calvary. It was evidently a work of God, and the church dare not refuse. Mr. Freeman, a member of the Calvary church, whose portrait with that of Miss H. Dunstan, one of the lady teachers, appears on the first page, was ready to take hold of the school, and several ladies volunteered as teachers. They knew nothing of the Chinese language, but books were procured with phrases in parallel columns, Chinese on one side and English on the other. The ladies showed themselves skilful in imparting instruction, and the Chinese pupils were no less intelligent and earnest in gaining it. Each lady had one Chinaman for her particular charge, and the pupils showed a remarkable degree of attachment and respect for their respective teachers.

Some interesting developments have recently taken place in the work. In the lower part of the city of New York, an effort is being made as an outgrowth of the work at Calvary to reach Chinamen of a higher class than those in the laundries near the church. Some of the pupils of the laundries are ignorant of their own peculiar departments of education. When they came to the Calvary school they could scarcely read their own language. But in lower New York there are Chinamen of culture, merchants, college graduates, and men of excellent attainments. Two excellent ladies, members of the Calvary Church, undertook at their own cost mission among these men. These ladies—Mr. Rounday and Miss Christopher—have obtained the use of a room in the Baptist Mariners' Temple, and are organizing a mission work there. A library is being formed. The founding of a Hospital for Chinamen is also under contemplation, and a young Chinaman, who has studied medicine in the Long Island Medical College, to be placed in charge.

This work at Calvary Church is, as we have said, a typical work. The

Other Denominations

are equally in earnest in the same direction, as this work is but a specimen of the others. I. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church is prominent in this field of labor. He has taken up the work organized by Mr. John Thorne returned missionary from China, who, having started the work in New York, is now in Philadelphia organizing a similar work there. I. Greer has imbibed his spirit and his enthusiasm and is fostering and developing the movement. He has now a Chinese Guild at No. 11 St. Mark's place where Christian Chinamen meet for social converse and improvement and where Chinese strangers can obtain advice and help. Here there is a Sunday-school from fifty to seventy in attendance. This guild is under the management of Guy Maine, a most intelligent and consecrated Christian Chinaman, who, with Dr. Stewart Happer and others, is doing a valuable philanthropic and religious work among the Chinese. The Methodist Episcopal Church has also entered energetically into this field, has established a Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, and in other ways helped in the work. We hope that this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch of the effort may encourage our readers, in other cities, to do for the Chinamen in their neighborhood what is being done for them in New York, and so the Missions in China may find their hands being continually strengthened by the arrival in China of men from America, able and anxious to help them in the stupendous task of evangelizing that vast empire.

AN ELEPHANT BATTERY IN INDIA.

(See Illustration on pages 412 and 413.)

Two important and interesting incidents in the daily life of the animals, which constitute a part of the British forces in India, are depicted in the illustrations given in this number. The elephants are connected with the artillery branch of the service, and have proved themselves amenable to the arts of the drill-sergeant as the horses of the cavalry. The first of the two sketches represents the morning bath. The elephants much enjoy the operation, lying down in any position to suit the convenience of their attendant. He rubs their hides with a piece of tallow, and, should it slip out of his hand, they politely pick it up with their trunks and restore it to him. They also use their trunks to dash water over themselves, and can hit off any part of their bodies with great exactitude. These are all female elephants, as they are more tractable than males. In the second sketch the elephants are formed up in a row, waiting for their breakfast. Every elephant has five bundles, each containing two pounds of raw rice, laid in front of her; and they are not allowed to take it up for themselves, as they usually spill some of the rice. When the word "feed" is given, each animal raises its trunk. The mahout then picks up a bundle and puts it into the animal's mouth. After the feed they march back in line to the tables, where they remain for the rest of the day, with some sugar-cane and coarse grass as second course.

Elephants have been used in Indian warfare from very ancient times. Pliny and other historians mention them. They were also used in Persia. Thence the practice spread to Asia Minor, and though not mentioned in this connection in the Bible, the Apocrypha contains records of their use. It is stated that the Maccabees had to contend with such trained elephants in the Syrian armies of the Seleucids in immense numbers. Military elephants used to go into battle with a wooden tower on their backs in which were four or more soldiers armed with bows. Their height and vast strength rendered them formidable in battle, and the intelligence which they showed in their training gave them additional value.

AN INEBRIATE CHILD.

In the recently issued report of the Fourth Convention of Christian Workers* is an extraordinary autobiographic sketch by the Rev. J. L. Jones, whose work at Cleveland, O., has been lessened in the conversion of some of the most hardened criminals in the city. He said: "I am one of those whom the Lord has saved from drunkenness. Twenty-two years ago it pleased God to bring me out of drunkenness. Twenty-two years have been spent in the city of Cleveland as a missionary, where I have many warm Christian friends. I have been thirty-one times behind the prison bars. I was the son of a minister. My people were educated people, but I could not put the A B Cs together. Grandfather got me when I was a little child to take whiskey. Before I was six years old, it was well known in my city that I was a drunkard. I loved the intoxicating cup. I never knew a case just like mine. I have been ground between the railroad cars, and everybody turned their back upon me but a minister of the Gospel. I went to him and said, 'I am going to turn away from my wicked ways.' I stood on the verge of whiskey palsy and delirium tremens, but I said, 'I am going to turn away from my wicked ways,' and that minister gave me half his bed that night, and slept with me. Now where will you find another minister who will take a drunkard and give him half his bed, nurse him and keep him there six weeks? To-day I am a minister of the Gospel. I speak of this only because I want you to know that God sometimes takes us right out of the gutter and lifts us into His service. Since that time I have had charge of various Sunday-schools and other Christian work, but I cannot go into all the details. I speak of it only to praise God, because He can

use the most hopeless case I ever saw in this world. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' If He can save *one-armed Jack* and keep him twenty-two years in Cleveland, where is the man that the Lord cannot save? I would like to see him."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Life of a Hard Working Mother was Described recently by a bright boy with whom a reporter entered into conversation. He said: "My mother gets me up, makes the fire, and sends me off. Then she gets my father up, gets the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get \$4 a week, and my father gets \$3.50 a day." "How much does your mother get?" With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes! for us she does, but *there isn't any money in it.*" As the boy grows older he will find that very many of the world's best workers toil without any prospect of making money by their labors, and very often they do not win the gratitude of those who benefit by their exertions. Missionaries, preachers, and Christian workers often do a great deal of laborious work with the knowledge that there is no money in it, but, like their Master, they will eventually be satisfied as they look back on the travail of their souls. (Isa. 53:11.)

An Automatic Register of Temperature is the object of an invention recently patented. By an ingenious contrivance the exact heat in any given place is registered by means of an electric wire at another place. The inventor explaining its uses says: "Suppose that a man has an immense cold storage warehouse like that in connection with the markets in New York. It is desirable and even necessary that he be able to sit in his office, and tell at a glance just what the temperature is in each room and closet of that warehouse, and whether his refrigerating machinery is working evenly for a rise of temperature might spoil thousands of dollars worth of provisions stored there. Take the case of a ship with a cargo of fruit, grain, or vegetables. Fermentation setting in would produce heat. Heat reacting, would accelerate fermentation, and soon half the cargo is ruined, possibly the ship might be set on fire. My invention would give prompt and timely warning of the danger, and measures could be taken in time to check it. What a startling record would be made if such an automatic register could be applied to the condition of churches. Variations of spiritual temperature often take place unknown to those who have the oversight of the church, who are too apt to consider large attendance and good collections sufficient indications of a church's welfare. Christ has given warning that He is not satisfied with such indications. (Rev. 3:15, 16.)

An Experiment in Hypnotic Nerve-Training has had injurious effects on two pupils in a Massachusetts Academy. One of the teachers there has conceived an original idea in educational methods which she applied to the pupils. Her object was to train them to obtain complete control over their own minds, and nerves, and muscles, so as to focus and exercise them at will on any given subject for any length of time. The system adopted was to have them lie perfectly flat on the floor, and by an effort relax all the muscles of the body, so that if a hand or an arm is lifted it will fall back as if lifeless. When complete passivity was attained, the pupil was next told to make one arm tense, and use it while all other parts of the body were relaxed. This, the teacher believed, would give the pupil the power of concentrating all her power in one particular set of muscles by the exercise of the will. With this physical training was combined a corresponding mental training, designed to develop a power of complete mental abstraction in any given direction. Two of the

pupils became sick under the system and were sent home for medical treatment. The physicians who attended them were puzzled for a time, but at length pronounced their case one of hypnotism, and treated it accordingly. The patients are now recovering, but for several weeks it was feared that they would lose life or reason. The achievement of attaining entire passivity is, as the teacher admits, extremely difficult, and she supposes that these pupils were of a nervous temperament too active to accomplish it. Still more difficult does the Christian find it to reach a condition of entire passivity of soul as a preliminary to higher attainments in the Christian life. The will and the natural man are so strong that it would never be attained if God did not give the help of the Holy Spirit to those who are trying to yield themselves up fully to Him. (Gal. 5:17.)

A Canine Hospital Patient has been Treated at the Charing Cross Hospital, in London. The English correspondent of a New York journal states that the Secretary of the hospital reports the case, and pledges his word to its literal truth. He says that on a recent Sunday night a rough terrier barked outside the door of the hospital till he was let in. When admitted he limped in, squatted on the mat, and held up an injured forepaw. The house surgeon came, whereupon the dog followed him at once across the hall to the accident room, jumped at once, when invited to do so, on the chair, and again held out the injured paw. It was dressed, when the dog licked the hand of the surgeon and loudly barked its gratitude till it had to be turned out, showing great reluctance to leave. The house surgeon, confirms this statement, and adds that the next day the dog came, like any other out patient, to have his paw dressed. It is not known to whom the dog belongs. The dog had evidently had some previous experience in some way, through its owner, or another person, of the benefits to be derived from a hospital in cases of injury, and applied on his own account for the aid rendered others. It is strange that men do not show in their spiritual maladies a similar sagacity. They see others delivered from their evil habits and made happy for time and eternity through Christ, yet they do not seek the blessing for themselves. (John 9:27, 28.)

How a Sentinel's Mistake Disconcerted a Royal lover is told by the German correspondent, of an American journal. He states that some months ago, when the young prince royal of Greece went to Berlin, to pay his addresses to the sister of the Emperor of Germany, he used to go frequently from that city to the palace at Potsdam, where the young princess resided. They were stated formal visits and the princess being duly notified that her lover was coming, the imperial carriage was sent to the station for him. But the prince thought he would like to pay her an unexpected, and informal visit. He therefore set out dressed in the usual attire of a gentleman, and on arriving at Potsdam hired an ordinary hack, and drove to the palace. There, however, the sentinel on duty stopped him. The prince stated who he was, and what he had come for. "No," said the sentinel, "you are no prince. You are not in uniform: you have no decorations. I know a prince when I see one. Go away," and he clutched his rifle menacingly. The prince protested, but without avail. At last, however, he saw a footman pass, and induced him to carry a card to the ex-empress. Very soon that lady came herself, and, to the sentinel's amazement, received her future son-in-law with cordiality, and took him to the palace. "I thought," said the sentinel afterward, "that he was one of those crazy fellows, who imagine themselves great folks." As he could not recognize royalty in common dress, his mistake was natural and his surprise at seeing the empress recognize him, must have been great. Similar mistakes as to the status of the poor of this world are often made, and there will be similar surprise at the last great day, when those among them who are rich in faith are recognized of God and welcomed to the heavenly mansions. (James 2:5.)

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THE APOCALYPTIC WAR.

By Dr. J. H. Todd.*

The Dragon Who Makes War—Represents Satan Himself—Who the Persecuted Are—The Remnant Left in Jerusalem—The Instruments Employed—Two Beasts from the Sea and Earth Respectively—The First Beast Invested with Satanic Power—His Character—The Second Beast Co-ordinate—Can Work Miracles—Compels Worship—Imposes a Mark—The End of the War.

AFTER the dragon, who is expressly called the Devil and Satan, is cast out of heaven into the earth, he is represented as persecuting with great wrath, the woman who had brought forth the man child. (Rev. 12: 1-6.) And after the woman had escaped into the wilderness, he turns his fury against "the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." The prophecy, signifies that after the occupation of Jerusalem by the Gentiles, the great mass of the Jewish people will be compelled to evacuate the promised land, and will be preserved by some singular providence, in the wilderness "where she hath a place prepared for her of God, and where she shall be nourished, safe from the power of her enemies, during the whole continuance of the persecution. We learn that at the period to which we suppose these prophecies to refer, when the Gentiles should tread down the holy city, and the abomination of desolation shall stand in the holy place, there shall be

A Flight From Judæa,

as well as from Jerusalem, into the mountains, occasioned by the urgent and overwhelming pressure of some sudden danger, such as is indicated in the Apocalypse, "and the dragon cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood." The prophecy supposes a remnant of the woman's seed to be left exposed to the fury of the dragon, after the flight of the woman; and it describes this remnant as consisting of those "which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." "The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed." The circumstances of this war are detailed in Revelation 13; the instruments by which it shall be carried on, and the limits within which it will be restrained by the protecting Providence of God over His Church.

The Instruments Employed

by the dragon, in this his great wrath against the woman and her seed, are represented to the Apostle under the figure of two Beasts, of which one was seen to rise up out of the sea, and the other out of the earth.

The first of these Beasts is described as "having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy." Now it is remarkable that the dragon, when he was first seen by the Apostle, was seen with the same number of heads and horns as this Beast: but the crowns of the dragon were upon his heads, and were, therefore, but seven in number, whereas the crowns of the Beast were on his horns, and were, therefore ten. This circumstance evidently denotes some close and mysterious connection between the dragon, who is expressly said to be the devil and Satan, and the Beast here exhibited to the Apostle: and this is indeed expressly stated in the prophecy, for we read: "And the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority."

The prophecy goes on to describe the character and actions of this formidable enemy of the truth and of the people of God. First, it is expressly revealed that he shall establish a system of idolatry over the whole earth, the objects of idolatrous worship being the dragon and the Beast himself. A second characteristic of the Beast is blasphemy of the most awful character.

We are further told, thirdly, that "it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them." Fourthly, the duration of this persecution of the saints is limited; "power was given unto him to continue, forty and two months."

This fixes the appearance of this Beast to the same chronological period in which, as we have seen, the holy city shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, and the woman preserved in the wilderness from the face of the Serpent. And we may infer, that, at the end of this time, the Beast shall himself be destroyed and killed with the sword; for it is added, "he that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." (Ver. 10.)

It follows from these characteristics of this great enemy of the saints, that the power foretold must be identical with that predicted under the emblem of the little horn, in the prophecies of Daniel 7. For they coincide, as you will perceive, in their actions and in their duration; both being characterized by idolatry, blasphemy against God, and persecution of the saints: and both being in existence for the some period of "a time, and times, and the dividing of a time," or as it is expressed in the Apocalypse, for forty and two months or three years and a half.

The Second Instrument

to be used by the Dragon in this awful war is a Beast who, as the Apostle saw, came up out of the earth as the first Beast came out of the sea. Of this Beast it is said that he had "two horns like a lamb," and that he spake as a dragon" (ver. 11); and he is elsewhere called "the false prophet" (chap. 19: 20; 22: 10). His character and actions are thus described in the vision before us: First, his power is co-ordinate with that of the first Beast: "he exerciseth all the power of the first Beast before him," i.e., in his presence, or before his face. Secondly, he shall have power to work miracles. "And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the Beast" (chap. 13: 13, 14). Thirdly, it is further stated that the object of the miracles performed by this second Beast shall be to promote the idolatrous worship of the first Beast; "he causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first Beast, whose deadly wound was healed" (Rev. 13: 12).

Fourthly, he shall also impose "a mark" upon all the followers of his idolatry, to be impressed upon their foreheads, or upon their hands; and this mark shall be closely connected with that commercial character, which as we learn from a subsequent vision, shall be one of the distinguishing features of the kingdom of the beast. "And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or on their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had that mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name" (ver. 16, 17).

We learn from another passage of the Apocalypse, that these two beasts shall perish together by the same doom; "And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone" (chap. 19: 20). The power of dominion of these beasts will be chiefly exercised

Among the Gentiles.

Of the first beast, it is said that, "power was given him over all kindreds and tongues, and nations; and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the Book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (chap. 13: 7-8).

On the whole then, we see from this prophecy, if the view I have taken of it be correct, that in the latter days when the Gentiles shall have

fallen away into the great apostasy, and the candlestick of the Christian Church shall be removed from amongst them [at the Rapture] the Jewish nation, after their restoration to the Promised Land, shall again be subjected to fearful persecutions, and the great body of them forced to abandon Judæa, and to take refuge in "a place prepared for them of God," where they shall be preserved "until the indignation be overpast;" that a formidable power shall then arise, headed by

Two Remarkable Leaders,

who shall fix their seat and establish their authority among the apostate Gentiles, setting up a gross blasphemous system of idolatry, persecuting the saints, the holy people and putting all to death, whether Jew or Gentile, small or great, who shall refuse to conform to the idolatrous worship that shall be the then established religion of the world; that one at least of these blasphemous potentates shall have power to work miracles, whereby he shall deceive them that dwell on the earth; and that Antichrist's kingdom which shall thus be set up on the ruins of the Gentile Church, and, in open defiance of everything Divine and sacred, shall be destroyed only by the immediate presence and sudden appearing of Him, "out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations; who shall rule them with a rod of iron; and who treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God."

But if it be true, as I have endeavored to show, and as the ancient Christians unanimously believed, that the purport of the Apocalypse is to forewarn us of a fearful trial of our faith which is yet to come, which is, perhaps, at hand; that it predicts an apostasy and the prevalence of errors, in comparison with which all former apostasy and heresy and error, great and awful as they have been, will sink into insignificance; that it predicts a persecution of such bitter intensity, and of such universal extent, that all former persecutions of the Christian name will become as nothing; and that it teaches us to look for a deliverance of the Church out of this fiery trial, not from any human aid or power, but from the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ Himself; then, surely, my brethren, the question whether these things are so or not—the question whether or not this be the real testimony of Holy Scripture, and the mind of Him by whose inspiration the Apocalypse was given is a question which demands the most serious and unprejudiced examination from every Christian.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST CONVERTED.

IN South Ceylon a remarkable conversion has recently occurred. The Rev. John Scott, who has just returned from that land on a visit, says that a very promising work is going on there among the Singalese, Mohammedan, and Tamil people. One of the most notable of the new converts is a Buddhist priest who came to the missionary's house to talk with him. "He had been to a school," says Mr. Scott, "and had been taught to read the New Testament. I did not seem to do him any good at the time. Afterward, at the wish of his parents, he entered the Buddhist priesthood. He was ordained in their manner, and then a strange influence came upon him. We know what it was—it was the influence of the Spirit of God, and it made him very uneasy and anxious about what would become of him after death. He applied to the priests in the monastery, but they could give him no satisfaction, and he became much distressed in mind. One day a villager came and brought him some little colored papers, and said that we were preaching in the open-air from the doctrine found in these papers, and asked if the people might read them. He said 'leave them with me; I cannot tell till I have read them.' He found Christ was held forth in them as the hope in life and after death, but he could gain no further light from these papers. Then one day he had a newspaper put into his hand in Singalese, and found that it had been

*This is an extract from a sermon preached by the eminent divine fifty years ago, and published in this month's *Prophetic News*, which, besides, contains the following articles: "The Lord is Coming" by Rev. W. Haslam; "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms of the Roman Empire," by Benjamin W. Newton; "The Great Day of Christ's Return," by Thomas Jones; "Future Translation of Christians at Christ's Second Advent," by Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass.; etc., etc. Price 6 cents, including postage; seventy cents a year. Subscriptions may be sent to Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

ated at the Wesleyan mission Press of Colombo. He said: I must go there. He came a long, difficult, and dangerous journey, because the Buddhists had known what he was about and would have prevented him. He came to the house, and the result was that the following day he gave up his yellow robes and formally renounced Buddhism. That night I sent him one of our local preachers to a distant village, where they were having special services. I heard the Gospel preached for the first time in his life, and afterward there was a meeting in which inquirers were asked to come forward, and he came forward and found peace with God. He stayed a little while with me and I sent him out as far as I could to native Christian churches, and he returned saying he had believed before that the Singalese could be so bright, cheerful, and loving." On the 1st Sunday I baptized him in the presence of the congregation in Colombo. I sent for him immediately before leaving Ceylon, and was thankful that he was standing firm.

LAWFUL WORK ON THE SABBATH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for July 6; Luke 13: 10-17; Golden Text Matt. 12: 12.

Common but Heathenish Idea of Suffering—The Carnal Spirit of Condemnation—A Woman Imprisoned in Her Own Body—The Loosing of Her—The Indignation of the Ruler of the Synagogue—The Sabbath of Rest in God—The Healing was at, Not Work—The Spirit of Infirmity.

THE teaching of Jesus was always in opposition to the traditions of the day, which were in accordance with the Word of God. "The men of the Pharisees." (Luke 12: 14.) "The tradition of the elders" (Mark 7: 5), found no joy at His hands. We are redeemed with precious blood from (our) vain manner of life handed down from (our) fathers." (1 Pet. 3, 19, R. V.) and saved "from this present world, or age." (Gal. 1: 11.) One of the notions which was very common, and which had strong hold on people, both in Christian and heathen lands, at the present time, is that of fortune as a sure sign of the culpability of a person who suffer, a heathenish idea which is up the heart's compassion for suffering. There were some present with Jesus, who told of those "Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices"—probably one of the numerous factions which had opposed the Roman government. No doubt their very words were of voice was condemnatory of those executioners, but Jesus left them no ground to stand on. He said, "Suppose ye that those Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, nay; except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. These eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwell at Jerusalem? I tell you, nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The spirit of condemnation is a carnal spirit, who possess it "walk as men" and are "carnal." (1 Cor. 3: 3.) They which "are carnal" can "restore" a fallen brother "in the spirit of meekness" (Gal. 6: 1); they are released from the spirit of judging; they are released, not only from sin, but "from among men" and "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth;" "like their Lord," in their mouth was no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God." (Rev. 14: 4, 5.) The whole law of which the children of Israel were witnesses was summed up in the words, "Thou shalt love," and yet the most harsh, ungentle, condemnatory spirit was found in them. And He was teaching in one of these synagogues on the Sabbath. And behold, there was a man which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could not wise lift up herself." The poor woman used her remaining strength to find her way to the synagogue, where she would meet Jesus, and hear His word. Her very presence was an appeal to Jesus. He was anointed to teach "liberty to the captives, and the open-

ing of the prisons to them that are bound" (Isa. 51: 1); and of all prisoners, those who are imprisoned in their own bodies by physical helplessness are the truest. There may be the will to walk, but the limbs cannot obey; there may be the effort to feed themselves, but the stiffened hands hang powerless, and they must be dependent upon others for everything. "When Jesus saw her, He called her (R. V.), and said unto her, woman thou art loosed from thine infirmity."

Thou art Loosed.

Imagine an eighteen-year's-long prisoner who had thought himself a prisoner for life, accustomed to his narrow dwelling, hoping for nothing, seeking for nothing outside, and one day the doors are unexpectedly opened and the only official who would have sufficient authority to declare it, appears upon the scene and says to her, thou art loosed! Before she could recover from the joyous import of His words, "He lays His hands on her," and immediately the curved spine returned to its straightness, and the tightened muscles relaxed. The creative hand has been the restoring hand, and "she glorified God." It was an interruption perhaps, to the regular order of things in the synagogue, but how glad everybody would be; how they would surround her, and take her by the hand; how the women would embrace her in their joy! But no; the ruler of the synagogue, instead of joining the woman in glorifying God, "answered with indignation because that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath day"; and ignoring the poor woman altogether, "He said unto the people, there are six days in which men ought to work; in them, therefore, come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day."

Again, Jesus had to correct the leaven of the Pharisees and the tradition of the elders, who held to outside forms, and all which did not demand a real change of heart and mind. The Lord then answered him, and said, "Thou hypocrite! Doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound to these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?"

Let us go back a little. Jesus loosed her by His word, without waiting, either for her consent, or for that of the elder of the synagogue. He came to proclaim liberty, His office is to make us free. Bondage either to sin or sickness, to man or circumstances, should not continue to exist in the life of a child of God. "If the Son therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8: 36.) He has set us free from sin, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." (Rom. 6: 12.) Therefore, by right of the death and resurrection of Christ, we are loosed from sin, and have but to believe it. "He hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath transported us into the kingdom of His dear Son" (Col. 1: 13). But of course if we do not yield ourselves to His loving power, we are not loosed. He has loosed us from men's service. "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men." (Cor. 7: 23.) We have

No Right to be in Bondage

and have a spirit of infirmity which bows us down under other men's opinions, or the power of their will or prejudices. We are loosed from the bondage which would bow us down under oppressing circumstances. He has loosed us by His own word, which tells us that "all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8: 28.) If we are bowed under them, it is because we do not believe He has set us free by Himself taking the responsibility, and because we have not really cast all our care on Him, believing that He cares for us. (1 Pet. 5: 9.) He says, "Thou art loosed," but, by our unbelief, we are bound still. He has loosed us from sickness by bearing it Himself. "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses" (Matt. 8: 17), and most surely, as we trust Him, He unlooses our bonds, in some cases, by so lifting us above the

weakness or pain, that there is nothing of bondage in it, like the men in the fiery furnace; and in others by completely healing. There are some who seem to need a touch, like this woman, a word, and then a touch: some have heard the word, but have not yet experienced the touch of healing.

And the Question of the Sabbath?

Was the ruler of the synagogue right? Jesus in replying to him, not only argued, "Ought not this woman be loosed? And, even more, ought she not to be loosed on the Sabbath day?" The whole teaching of the Sabbath day tends to one great purpose,—that God shall have His rest in man, and that man shall have his rest in God. Every seventh year was to be a year of rest among His people, they were neither to sow nor reap (Lev. 25: 4), and thus the lesson of trust in Him found exercise, the people were to practice trusting God for the supply of their temporal need, for if the sixth year were a scarce year, and they must not sow in the seventh year, they risked famine, and thus the temptation would be great to violate these commands. If they trusted God, they would obey, and leave the responsibility of feeding them to Him. If they could not trust Him they would fail to keep His Sabbath, and this was the case,—they thought they could provide for themselves better than He could for them; so that perpetually we read in the prophets of this plea of God against them, "They kept not My Sabbath," or, "They despised My Sabbath," and the captivity in Babylon was to last, "until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths, for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath to fulfil threescore and ten years." (II Chron. 36: 21.) The idea of the Sabbath was that the people should cease from their own works, "as God did from His" (Matt. 4: 10), and should trust Him. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord," etc. (Isa. 58: 13, 14.)

In healing this woman on the Sabbath day, Jesus was not disobeying the law, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." There was no work, but rest in His words, "Thou art loosed." There was no work but rest in the laying of His hands upon her. There was rest for her from her long suffering, and rest for the people from the pain it would be to them to see her bound. It was all rest. No instruments were used, no bandages, no doctor was sought in the midst of the service which was being offered to God. Satan was conquered in a daughter of Abraham, i. e., one who is "of faith" (Gal. 3: 7.) It was God's work, no man could have wrought it.

But what is this

Spirit of Infirmity

which possessed the poor woman? Do we ever see anything like it in our day? Every invalid will know that there are times when they are quite above the suffering, and the weakness which their condition of body causes them, and there are other times when the pain and weakness conquer them, when they cannot rise above them, they are overpowered; it seems impossible to pray, impossible to hope, they have gone under the trouble. This is a spirit of sickness. It is the same with an unclean spirit when it gets possession; the man or woman who is possessed by it is under a power he cannot resist. It is the same with a drunkard, an opium slave, etc. But Christ Jesus has given all that believe power over unclean spirits, and all these powers of sin, and self, and sickness. He can bring us up from under them, and always will when He is trusted. But He always does it on the Sabbath day, i. e., when we are in rest of soul. "We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. 4: 3.) But while we try to do battle against it, we are helpless, but when we are at rest, then God works.

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THE GOSPEL ON THE WING.

It is said to be against the law in all our cities to hold religious services on the public thoroughfares. Without molestation, razor-strop men and quack-medicine venders may gather their audiences; but if a man with no idea of personal gain dare to take a stand on a dry-goods-box, and tell the story of Christ and heaven, he is a criminal. Now I have to say if there is a law forbidding Gospel proclamation on the streets, while the venders of a new style of soap or preparation for mending broken dishes may by the hour harangue the people on the street corners, then it is time that the law was changed. The Christian people of our cities have submitted too long to this invasion of their rights. Who ever heard of any damage done by preaching Christ on the streets? If our cities are ever to be redeemed, and our abandoned population reformed, it will be by this evangelism on the wing. The majority of the inhabitants of our cities will not come inside the churches. If the Gospel do not meet these outside on the street it will never meet them at all. We have got to get back to the way it was done when John Wesley and the Fletchers and George Whitefield preached in the open air. This summer there ought to be a camp-meeting on every street of every city in America. The world is dying for lack of it. Christ says, as of old: "Go out into the highways and the hedges." The Founder of our Christianity preached the most of His sermons outside of synagogue and consecrated building. The model sermon of the centuries had a mountain for a pulpit. It is all right that we have our neatly appareled assemblages on the Sabbath, seated in cushioned pews under adorned rafters. But are the decorous worshippers thus gathered to be the only ones who shall get the advantages of the Gospel which is the world's necessity? I call upon the Christian lawyers of these cities to report on this question, and by wise organization move for the repeal of any statute that runs into the face of our glorious Christianity. By canvass of the city of Philadelphia, to discover the truthfulness or falsity of the charge that the attorneys of that city were nearly all antagonistic to the Christian religion, it was found out that nine-tenths of them were either members of churches or respecters of religion, on Christ's side, and

we appeal to the men of the Bar and Bench to see to it that there shall not be a point where it shall be a criminality for a man to tell our dying populations the way out of their sorrow and sins. The time will come when our churches will be only the headquarters, or the war barracks, from which we shall send forth the good soldiers of Jesus Christ to do battle everywhere, instead of being, as many of our churches are, select Pullman cars to take a few through passengers, sound asleep, to the Grand Central Depot of the celestial city. I am jealous more than I can tell, of this attempt to stop street-preaching. It cost too much to establish religious liberty in this country to have it interfered with. "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ—into the factory, the engine house, the club room, into the dark lane and the wide thoroughfare. Let every man, woman, and child, in these cities, know that Jesus died, and that the gate of heaven is wide open. With the Bible in one pocket and the hymn book in another pocket and a loaf of bread under your arm, go forth, and woe be to the law that forbids the fulfillment of your magnificent mission. The trouble is, we are trying to save this world in our own way as dictated by severest proprieties. If we have not the newest style of rifle we won't shoot, and if we have not the best style of rod and reel we won't fish. We will have to get down off our stilts and give up our finical and fastidious notion about the way things ought to be done, and, utterly reckless of everything but the results, go ahead to do our whole duty. Here we are in the evening of the Nineteenth Century, and vast multitudes about us as ignorant of their necessity as though the angels had never chanted over the Saviour's birth and the foundations of the world had not quaked at His martyrdom. God grant that the work may go on at such increased ratio that the few years that yet remain of this century may see the world's disenchantment. We may be nearer than we think to the sunburst of the millennium.

SUPPRESS THEM.

ONE of the grandest results of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting is the fact that all the devotional services of the country have been revolutionized. The tap of the bell of that historical prayer-meeting has shortened the prayers and exhortations of the Church universal. But since it has become the custom to throw open the meetings for remark and exhortation, there has been a jubilee among the religious bores who wander around pestering the churches. They talk long and loud in proportion as they have nothing to say. They empty on us several bushels of "Ohs" "Ahs." But they seldom get a chance, for we never throw the meetings open when we see they are there. We make such a close hedge of hymns and prayers that they cannot break into the garden. One of them we are free of because, one night, seeing him wiggle-waggle in his seat as if about to rise, we sent an elder to him to say that his remarks were not acceptable. The elder blushed and halted a little when we gave him the mission, but setting his teeth together he started for the offensive brother, leaned over the back of the pew and discharged the duty. We have never seen that brother since, but once in the street, and then he was looking the

other way. By what right such men go about in ecclesiastical vagabondism to spoil the peace of devotional meetings it is impossible to tell. Either that nuisance must be abated or we must cease to "throw open our prayer-meetings for exhortation."

POLITICS AS A BUSINESS.

WHAT a most unsatisfactory life the life of professional politicians must be! The majority of them go from disappointment to disappointment. For every position there are at least a hundred candidates; hence, of necessity, ninety-nine applicants are disappointed. Do not suppose that all the complaints made up and down the land are founded in unadulterated patriotism. The simple fact is, the appointment is more than they can bear. As an inexorable law, we cannot have more than six Presidents in a generation. What a disappointing thing to seek the Presidency, when of the one thousand who think themselves qualified for the office only five men can get it! There is more probability that any of them will be stricken by lightning than that they will get to be President. If you, through love of city, or State, or nation, seek official position, go ahead; but if you seek it for a livelihood, or seek it for you make a terrible mistake. Always vote, always attend the caucus. Always use your influence for the betterment of the public interest. But he who enters politics as a profession, hoping from it to get famous and rich, is in all probability committing a blunder. Through all the wards, through all the townships, through all the States there are people sore of head and sick of heart, cast down and misanthropic. The time was when men were so far from objecting to seeking that they had by penalties to be compelled to take office. The Court of Plymouth in 1632, enacted that "whoever should receive the office of Governor should pay twenty pounds sterling, unless he should be chosen twice successively; and whoever should refuse to take the office of counsellor or magistrate should pay ten pounds." No more such compulsion is necessary, and the scramble is terrific, notwithstanding all the peril financial, social, moral, and eternal. Macaulay wrote, "Every friend of a man which a man may have becomes precarious soon as he engages in politics." Thomas Win, the great orator of Ohio, said to a man who wanted him to get him official position in Washington: "Accept a clerkship here and sink at once all independence. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out to-morrow, and there is another man over my shoulder at the White House who can kick me out, and then you and I can kick him out, and so on. But if you own one acre of land it is your own, and your cabin is your castle. You are sovereign, and you will feel it in every tick of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus secured you." But if you have a mission in public affairs, advance confidently. Whatever our duty findeth to do in any department of social, civic, or religious duty, let us do it. We must have to do for this world's improvement, and must do quickly or never do it at all. Napoleon said that the Austrians failed at Rivoli because they did not know the value of minutes.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Proposal from Mr. Blaine was introduced to Congress with the President's approval Thursday last. It is nothing less than free trade with Central and South America. Considering the quarter from which the proposal emanates and the vigorous speeches in favor of protection that Mr. Blaine has delivered, the suggestion is astonishing. The debates in the American Conference clearly proved that the reason why our neighbors bought so little from us, and so much from Europe, was that they could send their products to Europe in exchange, while their purchases from us must be largely paid for in gold. Not that we did not send their products, but because our tariff forced the consumer as to make them practically uneconomical. This was understood, but it was supposed that even the desire of closer relations with our neighbors was not so strong as our reluctance to abandon the principle of protection. It is gratifying to find that so uncompromising an advocate of protection and so influential a statesman as Mr. Blaine, desires a change. He recommends that the President be authorized to declare our ports open to the products of any of the Central and South American Republics, which will admit our products on the same terms. It is difficult to understand how this proposal can be consistent with Mr. Blaine's principles, but it is clear evidence of his sagacity and patriotism.

The Changes that the Senate Proposes to make in the Tariff Bill passed by the House, are not so radical as was anticipated. The measure came from the Committee on June 18 and was carefully studied by the Senators. The chief change is in sugar, the duty on which should, the committee think, be increased. Other articles of minor importance are placed by the Committee at a lower rate. The change which is sure to cause the greatest opposition is that in respect to works of art. The House placed them on the free list, but the Senate Committee reserves the duty of thirty per cent. Should the Senate endorse its Committee's recommendation there will be a dispute between the two Houses which a Conference Committee will find difficult to settle. On the whole, however, the prospects of Tariff legislation on the lines of the McKinley bill have improved since the report is made public, though there is still considerable doubt whether the bill will reduce the revenue to the extent claimed for it and whether the changes it makes will really remove the burdens which are restricting commerce.

The Politicians are Becoming Awakened to the fact that the new ballot reform law necessitates some educational effort on their part. It strikes at the root of ring rule and provides facilities for independent movements which are their special dread. It also may be used prejudicially to the public interest by the multiplication of tickets which at a critical time may divert support from really beneficial projects. So long as there are men with special hobbies their support may be drawn to a ticket shrewdly prepared with a view to the hobby. It would be harmless so far as the specialty is concerned; but it might succeed in depleting the strength of the party to which the supporters naturally cling. In some cases one hundred persons are sufficient to put a ticket in the field and if these independent tickets are numerous the vote will be frittered away and the honest voter confused. The new law like other things may be abused and it will be necessary to make the public understand that it is possible to have it applied by its enemies to defeat the very object for which it was enacted.

The Advice of the Secretary of the Treasury to silver has been rejected by a formal vote of the Senate. Mr. Windom finds himself inundated with silver dollars, which the people do not want, and will not have. Yet by law he is required to go on coining two millions of them every month. They go into the treasury vaults, and if they are sent out into circulation they go back again. Mr. Windom therefore pro-

posed to suspend the coinage until there was a demand for it; but, in order to disarm the opposition of the silver men, he proposed to continue the purchase of silver and even increase it. He wished to keep it in bullion, uncoined, and to issue notes against it which could be redeemed in bullion at the market rate. A Bill embodying his suggestion passed the House with some modifications, but when it came up for consideration in the Senate on June 17th, it was so changed as to have an effect precisely opposite to that desired by Mr. Windom. Not only did it provide for unlimited coinage of silver, but the silver was to be coined free of charge. This rebuke to the administration in the Senate was due to sectional combination. Fifteen Republican Senators from the West voted with the Democrats, while only three Democrats went over to the Republican side. The House will probably reject these changes, and the expectation that it will do so, allays the apprehension that would otherwise be aroused in commercial circles.

The Report of an Outbreak of Cholera in Spain startled the whole civilized world last week. The plague first appeared at Puebla de Rugat in the Province of Valencia where some soldiers from Northern Africa had been quartered. It was alleged that they had carried the infection, but the fact that the first victims of the disease all resided in one street, which had been opened for repaving, indicated that the soldiers had less to do with the outbreak than had the soil. The greater part of the inhabitants fled in terror when the nature of the disease became known, and carried the infection to the environs. The Spanish Government sent a commission to investigate and it reported that there were forty cases of pronounced Asiatic cholera and there had been many deaths. A cordon of soldiers was placed around the infected district and it is hoped that the disease will be localized and stamped out. Portugal, Italy and France have, however, taken the precaution of a quarantine against Spanish ships.

The Discovery of another Nihilist Plot Against the life of the Czar is reported. Three weeks ago he and his family were in their retreat at Gatschina and were not expected to return to St. Petersburg for some months. Suddenly, however the imperial household quitted Gatschina in such haste that no luggage was taken with them. They went to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. No reason was given for the unexpected removal; but last week it was explained by a press correspondent, who says that the St. Petersburg police have discovered a widespread conspiracy against the Czar's life. The imperial palace at Gatschina is undermined. The guards at all the palaces have been doubled. Several arrests have been made.

The Sultan of Turkey is Disturbed by Symptoms of revolution. An agitation has developed among the aristocracy of the empire against the extravagant expenditure of the imperial palace. Protests are being made against the course of the Sultan in entertaining foreigners with banquets, and fetes, and ignoring the intense misery in the country, and the sufferings of the Moslems. At a meeting of notables it was declared that the moment had arrived to restore the old *regime*, as alone conducive to the greatness and prosperity of the empire. The Sultan is alarmed and suspects that the movement was prompted by persons in his court. The gates of the Yildiz Kiosk have been closely guarded, and ingress and egress have been prohibited. Several civil and military officials have been arrested.

England and Germany Have Apparently agreed upon an amicable settlement of their claims on Eastern Africa. An important concession on the part of England has paved the way for the adjustment. For nearly a century England has held possession of the small island of Heligoland, in the North Sea. It was ceded to her by the Danes. It is practically of no value, but in the event of a war with Germany it would be of immense strategic importance. This fact was recognized on both sides, and

Germany desired to gain possession of it. Lord Salisbury agreed to cede it to her, subject to the approval of the English Parliament, and in return, Germany agreed to certain concessions in Africa. The general public does not understand the value of those concessions, but the fact that Mr. Stanley declares the bargain a good one for England, carries great weight. He says that it adds 500,000 square miles of African Territory to the British possessions. Speaking on the subject at a public meeting, after the agreement was made public, he dwelt with enthusiasm upon the prospects in Africa, and said he was confident that if he could muster all the chiefs of the regions that England had acquired they would acquiesce in the opinion that the date of the agreement would be a red letter day in the African calendar. He was sure that when the news spread a grand feast day would be held throughout the interior of Africa.

BRIEF NOTES.

Prof. Moffat, of Princeton Theological Seminary, is dead. He was seventy-nine years of age.

Major M. L. Blanton, of Nashville, Tenn., is doing successful evangelistic work in North Mississippi.

Mr. S. H. Hadley of the Jerry McAuley Mission, Water Street, New York, asks us to acknowledge his receipt of two dollars for the mission from B. S.

A Summer school of theology will be conducted this season at Round Lake, by the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Butts, president of Drew Theological Seminary.

Joseph Hillman, the leader of the Troy Praying Band, died on June 14, aged sixty-seven years. Mr. Hillman organized the Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association, and was its president for several years.

Evangelist Bliss is holding a series of summer night meetings at the First Church, Chicago, and preached there last Sunday morning and evening. The meetings were held all last week and are to be continued.

Evangelist Bischoff has been holding successful meetings at Appanoose, Mich. The attendance has been large and many have come long distances to hear the Gospel. Already more than thirty persons have made profession of faith in Christ.

One of the teachers secured by Mr. D. L. Moody for his Summer School for College Students at Northfield, is the Rev. W. R. Mowll, of All Souls' Church, London, England. Mr. Mowll is a graduate of Cambridge, of high repute for learning and piety.

The revival at Seventeenth Street M. E. Church is still continued, with manifest tokens of the Divine blessing. It is being conducted by the Rev. H. R. Keates, E. S. Johnson (formerly Joseph Hillman's favorite solo singer) and J. H. Cannon, and his singing evangelists.

One of the delegates at the recent Temperance Congress, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, was Rev. Lorenzo Waugh, of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Waugh is eighty-two years of age. He gave Bishop Harris his first license to exhort, in the Ohio Conference in 1834.

A Summer convocation of Christian workers of different denominations will be held in July and August, at Western Springs, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, Rev. A. B. Simpson, Mrs. E. V. Baker, Miss Scovil, the Rev. R. L. Marsh and others will take part in the meetings.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India, is on his way to this country for a brief visit. Several matters in connection with the extension of his work require personal consultation with the General Committee. He reports remarkable success, and prospects unprecedentedly bright. He expects to arrive about July 1st.

The annual pilgrimage of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Congregation will this year be to Watkin's Glen and Niagara Falls. The party will leave the Bridge Dock, Brooklyn, on July 2, at 8 o'clock A.M. Applications for tickets and information may be sent to Mr. John Wood, 223 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, or any of the trustees.

Mr. E. P. Telford has left New York for a tour of six weeks among the churches in Nova Scotia. Afterward he hopes to attend several camp-meetings. Among them those at Hamilton and Framingham, Mass., and Northport, Me., in which, with others in New Hampshire, he expects to take part by invitation of the managers. Letters in relation to his fall work may be sent to him at the office of this journal.

A call for a convocation for prayer, at Northfield, Mass., has been issued by Mr. D. L. Moody. It will commence on July 31st, and continue ten days. Mr. Sankey and Mr. Stebbins will have charge of the musical exercises. Mr. Moody writes: "All Christians who long for a closer communion with God and more spiritual wisdom, zeal and power to do His work, are most heartily invited to assemble with us. Board may be obtained at the Seminary buildings during the time of the meetings for one dollar and fifty cents a day, to secure which please address me. Accommodations may also be obtained at the new hotel, 'The Northfield,' by applying to the manager, Mr. Samuel Grigg."

THE SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee." Ps. 5: 11.

Christ's Legacy—Peace and Joy—I. The Kind of Joy Allotted to Believers—Universal to All Who Trust—Constant at all Times—To be Manifested—With Variations—Logical—From the Heart—II. The Reason for Joy—The God in Whom he Trusts—Because of What God Does—The Discoveries Faith Makes—The Promises It Believes—III. The Failures Reported—Deep Spiritual Joy Not Perceived—Some Professors Only Pretenders—Unhappiness Caused by Others—IV. Arguments for Joy.

"THE Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." There is an ancient difference which He made in His eternal purpose; and this is seen in every item of the covenant of grace. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself"; but it is also written, "The foolish shall not stand in their sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity." You that have believed are of the house of Israel, and heirs according to promise; for they that are of faith are the true seed of faithful Abraham. See that ye make manifest this difference by the holiness of your lives. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." Evermore display this difference by the joyfulness of your spirits. The servants of the Lord should wear the royal livery: that livery is made of the fine cloth of holiness, trimmed with the lace of joy. Take care that you exhibit both holiness of character and joyfulness of spirit; for where these two things are in us, and abound, they make us that we be not barren nor unfruitful. To us there should be joy, strikingly to contrast with the unrest of the unbeliever. If you walk in the light as God is in the light, go forth and let men see the brightness of your countenances, and take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him His gracious calm as well as His holiness.

The subject for this morning is joy, the joy of faith, the joy which is the fruit of the Spirit from the root of trust in God. I want you to see not only the sparkling fountain of joy, but to drink deep draughts of it; yes, and drink all the week, and all the month, and all the year, and all the rest of your lives, both in time and in eternity.

I. First, let us speak a little upon the kind of joy which is

Allotted to Believers:

"Let us all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee." Note, first, concerning this joy, that it is to be universal to all who trust: "Let *all those* that put their trust in thee rejoice." This is not only for the healthy, but for the sickly; not only for the successful, but for the disappointed; not only for those who have the bird in the hand, but for those who only see it in the bush. Let all rejoice! If you have but a little faith, yet if you are trusting in the Lord, you have a right to joy. It may be, your joy will not raise you so high as it might do if your faith were greater; but still, where faith is true, it gives sure ground for joy. O ye babes in grace, ye little children, you that have been newly converted, and sadly feel your feebleness, yet rejoice; for the Lord will bless them that fear Him, "both small and great!"

This joy, in the next place, is to be as constant as to time as it is universal as to persons. "Let them ever shout for joy." Do not be content that a good time in the morning should be followed by dreariness in the afternoon. Do not cultivate an occasional delight, but aim at perpetual joy. To be happy at a revival meeting, and then go home to groan is a poor business. We should "feel like singing all the time." The believer has abiding arguments for abiding consolation. There is never a time when the saint of God has not great cause for gladness; and if he never doubts and worries till He has a justifiable reason for distrust, He will never doubt nor worry.

Next, let your joy be manifested. "Let them ever shout for joy." Shouting is an enthusiastic utterance, a method which men use when they have won a victory, when they divide the spoil when they bear home the harvest, when they tread the vintage, when they drain the goblet. Believers, you may shout for joy with unreserved delight. Some religionists shout, and we would not wish to stop them; but we wish certain of them knew better

What They Are Shouting For.

The shouting need not always be done in a public service, or it might hinder devout hearing; but there are times and places where a glorious outburst of enthusiastic joy would quicken life in all around. The ungodly are not half so restrained in their blasphemy as we are in our praise. How is this? They go home making night hideous with their yells: are we never to have an outbreak of consecrated delight? Yes, we will have our high days and holidays, and we will sing and shout for joy till even the heathen say, "The Lord hath done great things for them."

This joy is to be repeated with variations. Joy blends many colors in its one ray of light. At times it is quiet, and sits still beneath a weight of glory. I have known it weep, not salt drops, but sweet showers. Have you never cried because of your joy in the Lord? Sometimes joy labors for expression till it is ready to faint; and anon it sings till it rivals the angels. Singing is the natural language of joy; but oftentimes silence suits it even better. Our joy abides in Christ, whether we are quiet or shouting, whether we fall at our Lord's feet as dead, or lean on His bosom in calm delight.

This joy is logical. When I was a child, and went to school, I remember learning out of a book called "Why and Because." Things one learns as a child stick in the memory; and therefore I like a text which has a "because" in it. Here it is: "Let them ever shout for joy, *because* thou defendest them." Emotions are not fired by logic; and yet

Reasons Furnish Fuel

for the flame. A man may be sad, if he cannot explain his sadness, or he may be greatly glad, though he cannot set forth the reasons for his joy. The joy of a believer in God has a firm foundation: it is not the fabric of a vision.

Once more, the happiness is a thing of the heart; for the text runs thus—"Let them that *love thy name* be joyful in thee." We love God. I trust I am speaking to many who could say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Is it not a very happy emotion? What is sweeter than to say, with the tears in one's eyes,—"My God, I love thee!" To sit down and have nothing to ask for, no words to utter, but only for the soul to love—is not this heavenly? Measureless depths of unutterable love are in the soul, and in those depths we find the pearl of joy. When the heart is taken up with so delightful an object as the ever-blessed God, it feels a joy which cannot be rivalled.

II. Now I come to the second head:

The Ground and Reason

of holy joy. I am bound to speak upon this matter: for I have told you that the joy of the believer is logical, and can be defended by facts and so indeed it is. For first, the believer's joy arises from the God in whom he trusts. "Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice." My nature gets all its wants supplied, all its desires gratified, when it rests in God. Oh, you that never trusted in God in Christ Jesus, you do not know what real happiness means! You may search all the theatres in London, and ransack all the music-halls, and clubs, and public-houses, but you will find no happiness in any of their mirth, or show, or wine. True joy dwells where dwells the living God, and nowhere else. In your own home with God, even though that home be only a single room, and your meal be very scanty, you will see more of heaven than in the palaces of kings! Have God for your sole trust, and you shall never lack for joy.

Our joy arises next from what the Lord does for us. "Let them shout for joy, because *thou*

defendest them." God always guards His people whoever may attack them. "The Lord is thy keeper." Angels are our guardians, providence is our protector; but God Himself is the preserver of His chosen. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." No fortress guards the soldier as well as God guards His redeemed. The God of our salvation will defend us from all evil, He will defend our souls. "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

I have pointed to the deep sources from which the joy of the believer wells up; but I must also add, it is by faith that this joy comes to us. Faith makes joyful discoveries. I speak to those of you who have faith. When you first believed in Christ you found that

You were Saved.

and knew that you were forgiven. What a joy is justification by faith, when it is well understood! What bliss also to learn our union with Christ! Believers are members of His body of His flesh, and of His bones. Because He lives we shall live also. One with Jesus! Wonderful discovery this! Equally full of joy is our adoption! "Beloved now are we the sons of God"; "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Faith then heaps fuel on the fire of our joy; for it keeps on making discoveries out of the Word of the Lord. The more you search the Scripture, and the nearer you live to God, the more you will enjoy of that great goodness which the Lord has laid up for them that fear Him.

Faith perceives that affliction may be more precious as a test, acting, as doth the fire, when it shows what is pure gold and what is base metal. Faith joys in a test so valuable. Faith sees sweet love in every bitter cup. Faith knows that whenever she gets a black envelope from the heavenly post-office, there is treasure in it. When the Lord's black horses call at our door they bring us double loads of blessing. Up to this moment I, God's servant, beg to bear my unreserved testimony to the fact that it is good for me to have been afflicted. In spiritual life and knowledge and power, I have grown but little except when under the hand of trouble. I set my door open, and am half inclined to shut to pain and sickness and sadness, "Turn hither; for I know that you will leave a blessing behind. Come, crosses, if you will; for you always turn to crowns." Thus faith glories in tribulations also, and in the lion of adversity finds the honey of joy.

The Bank of Promises.

Moreover, faith believes great promises. It opens other wells of joy. I cannot stop to quote them to you this morning: the Book of the Lord is full of them. What more can the Lord do than He hath said? The promises of God are full, and as varied as they are full, and as sure as they are varied, and as rich as they are sure. "Exceeding great and precious promises." When I wrote "*The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith*" I was at no loss to find a promise for every day in the year; the difficulty was what to leave out. When a man gets a promise from the hand of faith, and goes to God with it, he must rejoice.

Above all, faith has an eye to the eternal reward. She rejoices in her prospects. She takes into her hand the birds which to others are in the bush. To be with Christ in the glory-life is the joy of hope, the hope which maketh us ashamed. Our hope is no dream; as sure as we are here to-day, we who are trusting in Christ will be in heaven before long; for He prays that we may be with Him where He is, and may behold His glory. There is a crown of life laid up for you, which the righteous Judge will give you. Wherefore, have patience a little while. Bear still your cross. Put up with the difficulties of thy way, for the end is almost in sight. "The way may be rough, but it cannot be long: So we'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

We will look, for a minute or two, into a matter, which is

The Failures Reported
 earning this joy. I think I hear somebody "It is all very well for you to tell us that vers are joyful, and have logical reasons ladness; but some of them are about as as can be, and create dulness in others." obliged to speak very carefully here, for I afraid that certain Christians give cause for objection.

Let me say to some of you who love to raise tions, What do you know about this joy? you unbelievers? Well, then, you are out ight: you are not competent to judge. The a of believers you do not know, and with joy you cannot intermeddle. You have no tual taste or discernment, and what judg- can you form? A genuine believer may e happy as the angels, and yet you may not y his joy, because you are not in the secret. as! some professors of religion are mere enders, these have no joy of the Lord. To y out their pretence, these persons even ine that it is necessary to pull a long face o talk very solemnly, not to say dismally. r idea of religion is, that black is the color eaven. But, dear friends, we cannot pre- hypocrites arising; it is only a proof that religion is worth having. It would not pay ody to be a hypocrite unless there were igh genuine Christians to make the hypo- s pass current. Therefore, do not say too h about hypocritical weepers, lest you slan- true men.

The Sad Christians.
 ext, remember that some persons are on- tionally sad. They cried as soon as they were ; they cried when they cut their teeth; and have cried ever since. Their spirits are low down, and when the grace of God gets their hearts it lifts them a great deal to g them up to a decent level of joy. Think hat they would have been without it. Many d have died in despair, if it had not been aith. The grace of God has kept them up, ey would have lost their reason. I am sor- ere should be persons who have bad livers, le digestions, or irritated brains; but there uch. Pity them, even if you blame them. y must not so pity themselves as to make xuse for their unbelief; but we must re- ber that often the spirit truly is willing, butlesh is weak.

Moreover, I would like to say a very pointed g to some people who charge the saints undue sadness. *May you not be guilty of ing them so!* There is an unkind, morose, ed, drinking husband, and he says, "My a religion makes her miserable." No. It is her religion, but her husband. You are gh to make twenty people unhappy: you y you are; and therefore do not blame the woman, if, when she sees you, the tear is er eye. Alas! when she thinks of your go- down to hell, and knows that she will be ed from you for ever, the more she loves the more sad she is to think of you. "Oh," some wild boy here, "my mother is wretch- I do not wonder;

I Should be Wretched.
 if you were my son. If any of you are liv- ngodly lives, it makes your parents' heart : to see you going headlong to perdition. Is t abominable that a man should make an- r miserable, and then blame him for being If you were but saved, how your mother's ould brighten up! If your father saw boy turn to the Lord, he would be as happy e birds in spring. Speak tenderly on this ter lest you accuse yourself.

you say that some Christians are unhappy, t you not also admit that many of them are y happy? I was once waited upon by an en- iast who had a new religion to publish. bers of people have a crack which lets in light, and this man was going to convert to his new ideas. After I had heard him, I , "I have heard your story, will you hear e?" When I talked to him of my lot and

portion in the love of a covenant God, and the safety of the believer in Christ, he said, "Now, sir, if you believe all this, you ought to be the happiest man in the world." I admitted that his inference was true; but then I said to him, what rather surprised him, "So I am; and I am going to be more so all the rest of my life." Surely, we ought to rejoice abundantly, dear friends, for ours is a happy lot. "Happy are the people whose God is the Lord."

IV. I close by mentioning the arguments for abounding in joy. You cannot argue a man into gladness, but you may possibly stir him up to see that which will make him happy. First, you see in my text

A Permit to be Glad:
 "Let all that put their trust in thee rejoice." You have here a ticket to the banquets of joy. You may be as happy as ever you like. You have divine permission to shout for joy. Yonder is the inner sanctuary of happiness. You cry, "May I come in?" Yes, if by faith you can grasp the text, "Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice." "But may I be happy?" asks one. "May I be glad? May I? Is there joy for me?" Do you trust in the Lord? Then you have your passport;

Travel in the Land of Light.
 But the text is not only a permit, it is a pre- cept. When it says, "Let them shout for joy," it means that they are commanded to do so. Blessed is that religion wherein it is a duty to be happy. Come, ye mournful ones, be glad. Ye discontented grumblers, come out of that dog- hole! Enter the palace of the King!

We have here more than a permit and a pre- cept, it is a *prayer*. David prays it, the Lord Jesus prays it by David. Let them rejoice, let them be joyful in thee! Will He not grant the prayer which He has inspired by causing us to rejoice through lifting upon us the light of His countenance? Pray for joy yourself, saying, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." 'Abound in joy, for then you will behave best to those who are round about you. When a man is unhappy, he usually makes other people so; and a person that is miserable is generally un- kind, and frequently unjust. It is often dyspep- sia that makes a man find fault with his servants and wife and children. If a man is at peace with himself, he is peaceful with others. Get right within, and you will be right without.

The Seamy Side.
 Do you not know that if you are full of joy you will be turning the charming side of re- ligion where men can see it? I should not like to wear my coat with the seamy side out: some religionists always do that. It was said of one great professor, that he looked as if his religion did not agree with him. Godliness is not a rack or a thumscrew. Behave not to religion as if you felt that you must take it, like so much physic, but you had rather not. If it tastes like nauseous physic to you, I should fear you have got the wrong sort, and are poisoning yourself. Believe not that godliness is akin to sourness.

May some of you that have never rejoiced in Jesus Christ learn how to praise Him to day by being washed in the precious blood! You that have praised Him long, may you learn your score yet more fully, and sing in better tune henceforth, and for evermore! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon's Second Wife.*
 WHEN the empress of Austria was compelled to leave Vienna with her children at the ap- proach of the French under Napoleon, she had more the appearance of an exile than a sover- eign. She was very ill at the time, and scarce- ly able to support the jolting of her carriage, and she groaned continually, as much from her moral, as from her physical sufferings. "It is

* From *The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. The description that the author gives of the days when the Austrian princess occupied the place from which the unhappy Josephine had been deposed, belies his title. They were not happy days for her, and could not be happy for her husband, Napoleon. They were days of short-lived splendor, and that was all. The book is a vivid and faithful description of a most interesting period of French history. Pp. 383. Price, \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

horrible," said Marie Louise, "to see her suffer so." It rained in torrents, and the thunder roared, as if to foretell all the misfortunes that were about to overwhelm the country. The roads, made still worse by the bad weather, were abominable. When the fugitives reached Buda, after a long and difficult journey, they were wet through, and nearly worn out with fatigue.

The illusions of the Imperial family were speedily destroyed by the harsh reality. Vienna surrendered May 12, after suffering severely. In a few hours eighteen hundred shells had fallen into the city. The streets were narrow, the houses high, and the populace crowded within the narrow fortifications, were terrified and infuriated at the sight of the damage caused by the shells, which started fires in every direc- tion. Who would have said to the Viennese who were hurling all manner of imprecations at Napoleon, the author of their woes, that in ten months later they would be singing the praise of this detested Emperor, and would be volun- tarily setting French flags in their windows as symbols of friendship? Marie Louise, herself, who wrote often to her father, had written as lately as April 25: "We have heard with delight that Napoleon was present at the great battle at Eckmühl, which the French lost. May he lose his head as well! There are a great many pro- phesies about his end, and people say that the Apocalypse applies to him. They maintain that he is going to die this year at Cologne, in an inn called the Red Crawfish. I do not attach much importance to these prophecies, but how glad I should be to see them come true!" These sen- timents, it must be confessed, are a singular preparation for the next year's wedding.

The Marriage to Napoleon.
 At the ceremony the Emperor seemed ab- sorbed. The Grand Almoner, after a deep bow to their majesties, intoned the *Veni Creator* and then proceeded to bless the thirteen pieces of gold and the ring. Napoleon and Marie Louise arose, advanced to the altar, and clasped their bared right hands. The priest then ad- dressed the Emperor, "Sire, do you acknow- ledge and swear before God and His holy Church that you take for your lawful wife her imperial and royal highness, Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, here present?" "Yes, sir." Then turning to the Empress, "Madame, do you acknowledge and swear before God and His holy church that you now take for your lawful hus- band, the Emperor Napoleon, here present?" "Yes, sir." Do you promise and swear to show him the fidelity in all things which a faithful wife owes to her husband, according to God's holy commandment?" "Yes, sir."

The procession formed anew after the cere- mony, and retraced its steps. The Emperor gave the Empress his hand, and it was observed with surprise that in passing through the long gallery his face which had been so triumphant and joyous, no longer wore the same expression.

Last Interview with Napoleon.
 On December 12, 1812, the Empress went to her bed in the Tuileries, sad and ill. It was half-past eleven at night. The lady-in-waiting, who was to pass the night in a neighboring room, was about to lock all the doors when sud- denly she heard voices in the drawing-room close by. Who could have come at that hour? Who except the Emperor? And, in fact, it was he, who without word to any one, had just arrived unexpectedly, in a wretched carriage, and had found great difficulty in getting the palace doors opened. He had travelled incognito from the Beresina, like a fugitive, like a criminal. When he burst into his wife's bedroom, in his long fur coat, Marie Louise could not be- lieve her eyes. He kissed her affectionately and promised that all these disasters should soon be repaired; he added that he had been beaten, not by the Russians, but by the ele- ments. Nevertheless his decadence had begun; his glory was dimmed. Marie Louise began to have doubts of Napoleon. His courtiers con- tinued to flatter him, but they had ceased to worship him. A dark cloud lay over the Tuil- eries. The Empress had but a few more days to



An Elephant Battery in India—The Morning Bath. (See page 405.)

pass with her husband- . . . After Leipsic everything was lost; that was the signal of the death-struggle, which was to be long, terrible, and full of anguish. Europe listened in terror to the cries of the dying empire. But it was all over. The sacred soil of France was invaded. January 25, 1814, at three in the morning, the hero left the Tuileries to oppose the invaders. He kissed his wife and his son for the last time. He was never to see them again.

DEACON FOSTER OFFENDED.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 6: "How much is a man of more value than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." (Matt. 12: 12.)

No one ever raised a question about Deacon Foster's piety. He never missed a Sunday service in any weather, and he was always at the prayer-meetings. It was quite a distance from his house to the church, but for some time the deacon walked it, having conscientious scruples about using his horse on Sunday. But his wife could not walk so far in the winter, and the deacon himself came near being fast in a snowdrift one very hard Sunday. So he thought it out, and determined that old Clay must work on Sunday, but the old horse should not be deprived of his Sabbath. He should keep the Jewish Sabbath. The deacon took care that every one should know of the arrangement, so that no one should charge him with inconsistency. So he had a good reputation with them that were without, as with them that were within the Church.

Perhaps, if the deacon had a fault, it was in being a little censorious. His boys said he was strict. One of them had become an infidel, and he declared that he was first prejudiced against religion by his father's harshness and narrow-mindedness. The deacon drove him from his home when he heard of his scepticism, and the boy had gone to New York to get his living. He was now doing well as a drummer for a dry-goods house, and sometimes came to his native place, but always avoided his father and his old

home. Ministers who came to "supply" the pulpit at intervals when the regular minister was absent, said the deacon was captious. He criticized their doctrine, and told them that he had heard their text handled in a more spiritual manner. Members of the church, too, found that the deacon had a very quick eye for their shortcomings, and a caustic tongue in dealing with them on the subject. But the deacon's standard was high; there was no doubt of that, and he was a credit to the community.

"Doctor," he said one Monday morning, when he called on the minister, "I am afraid we have a case for church discipline on our hands."

"Oh, I hope not, Deacon," said the venerable dominie.

"Well, I should have dealt with it myself in a spirit of Christian candor," said the deacon, "but it seemed too serious. I thought the weight of your office would perhaps have more effect; but I think it must come before the church. I doubt if even a reproof from you will suffice."

"What is it, and who is it?" Dr. Duffield inquired.

"It is Brother Graham," said the deacon solemnly. "I noticed he was not at morning service yesterday. 'Forsake not the assembly of yourselves together,'" quoted the deacon.

"Perhaps he was visiting a sick boy," said the minister. "You know he has a large number of boys in his Bible class."

"I thought of that," said the deacon, "but he was not. No, sir; when I went to the hotel to feed my horse—I always do that myself so that no one shall have to work for me on the Sabbath day—I saw Brother Graham come out of the side door. He had not been drinking. There's no liquor sold *there* on the Sabbath. But he had been smoking. I smelt the fumes of tobacco on him. Now one of the Lord's people in a hotel, smoking on the Lord's day, instead of being at service—that, even you must own, is bad, Doctor, though you do make excuses for every wrong-doer."

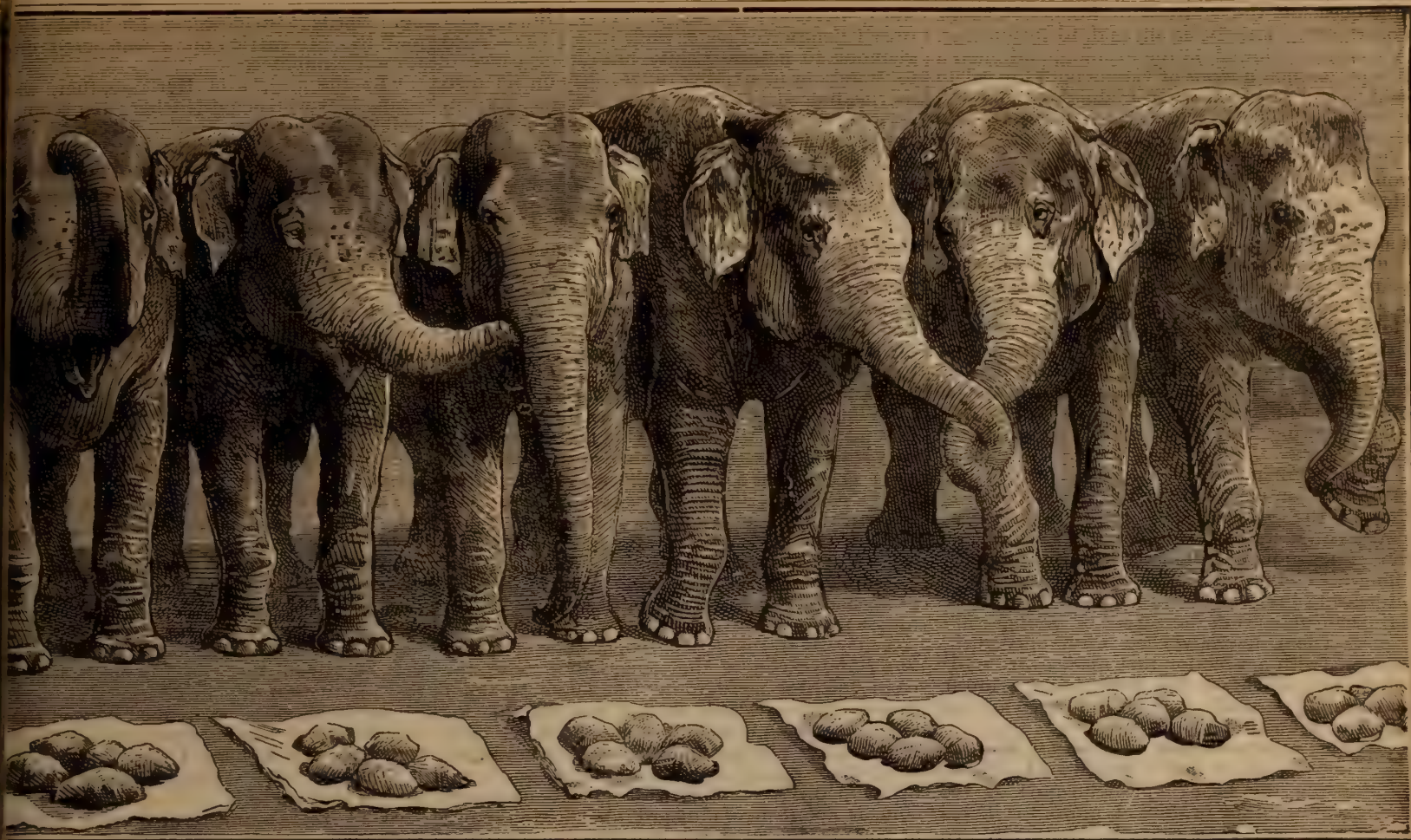
"Scarcely that, deacon. I believe in the city that thinketh no evil and try to practice it, but I am a poor hand at making excuses for evil doers. Still, I think Brother Graham may have some good reason for what he did. I'll speak to him about it and hear his account."

"Better bring it before the church at once," said the deacon. "Nothing like decisive action when there is danger of reproach being brought on the name of the Lord."

But the minister thought not, and the deacon could not carry his point. He went home vexed and disappointed. When the dominie "saw" Brother Graham, probably some excuse would satisfy him, and this opportunity of making an example would be lost. It turned out so. The dominie told deacon Foster on the next Sunday that he had inquired into that matter and found Brother Graham's defence sufficient. The deacon shrugged his shoulders and opined that the Doctor had not been true to his duty as overseer of the Lord's flock.

After this the deacon avoided Brother Graham, and when they did meet, treated him with marked coldness. He expected that he would be asked the reason of the estrangement, but Brother Graham did not ask, having already heard the cause from the pastor.

There came a Sunday, some months afterward, when the deacon being at the evening service as usual, a man stepped lightly down the aisle to his seat, during the singing, he whispered something in his ear. The deacon seized his hat instantly and hurried out. He had not run so fast since his boyhood as he had when once outside the church. He took his way to the hotel, and before he reached it he could see the flames bursting out of the upper windows. People were hard at work carrying out valuables, and the firemen were busy attaching the hose. The deacon did not stay to watch them, but made his way to the stables which were near the burning wing of the building. He found the doors locked as usual, and knew that in the excitement there would be



The Elephants Ready for Breakfast—Waiting the Word of Command. (See page 405.)

prospect of getting the key. But a heavy bar was leaning against the wall and with he belabored the door. It was difficult to get it in, and every moment the fire was getting nearer. He trembled for his horse and son.

"Let me try," said a voice at his elbow. The deacon surrendered the bar and the young arms of Brother Graham plied it with more effort. Old Clay was brought out almost stifled with smoke, but still alive, and was soon between shafts.

"Rather hard work for the Sabbath, Deacon," said Mr. Graham, putting on his coat.

"A work of necessity, sir," said the deacon, mindful of Brother Graham's unforgotten offense, "I am not willing that he should draw an inference from the work of rescuing old Clay in defence of his own conduct. The deacon was not in a hurry; for service was not yet over in the church and he had to wait for his wife. So Mr. Graham leaned against the side of the wagon and talked.

"I attempted a more momentous rescue here nine months ago, deacon," he said. "I spent the morning trying to rescue a man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he was an infidel staying in the hotel, and there was no getting at him any day but Monday. So I spent Sunday morning with him, in argument at first, and in prayer afterward."

"Smoking, too, I think," put in the deacon.

"Yes, I had a cigar with him, he liked it, seemed to think it companionable."

"Be ye not partakers—" began the deacon.

"Oh, I would not mind that, if I could reach him better that way. And God helped me to reach him. I believe he will become a Christian."

"Infidels are not often brought in; they are not worth arguing with," said the deacon. "You obviously wasted your Sunday morning and incurred reproach, too."

"But, deacon, the man will be saved; I am sure he will, and he is your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the deacon. "You think my son will be converted? The Lord be praised! I never hoped for that. And I blamed you about that very Sunday morning, and want-

ed you disciplined for Sabbath breaking! What must you think of me! I, who have made such exertions on Sunday to save my horse and wagon, to blame you when you were trying to save a man and that man my own son! God forgive me, I will never judge any man again."

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser,

(Continued from page 398.)

AN ORPHIC SPELL.

IN the rear car, Heritage set himself again to the study of his story, but it had lost its charm. He was experiencing the common effect which a vexatious personal incident has on the operations of the mind. The personal is so close to us, and when it wields the weapon of chagrin, or regret, or humiliation, it paralyzes the faculties and destroys the interest in the impersonal. Heritage found rising between him and the pages of his book, images of the past, and it was evident that a part of the retrospect at least did not tend to calm his perturbed spirits. He read a few more pages in the book that had stirred him so deeply, and then closed it with an impatient gesture, compelled to admit to himself that it had lost its interest. Yet at intervals a thought contrived to get itself into something like a coherent form.

"Yes," he thought, "the fatal flaw in this admirable story is, that it leaves the religious question, which seems to be its chief *motif*, in a painful state of vagueness. Nothing is settled and no new, or at least no satisfactory, light is thrown on the questions raised. The author, however, gifted otherwise, seems to have no definite faith. She has plenty of hinges 'to hang a doubt on,' but nothing on which to pin a belief. Her book will help to unsettle the faith of its readers in the Gospel.

The train dived into a tunnel at this point interrupting his ruminations.

"A work," he resumed, "that would point out the sure way to mental anchorage, and assurance, might be of incalculable service, if sufficiently well written, and might prove a sort of foil to these productions of a rationalistic drift. I have had a religious experience that would

perhaps qualify me to give some counsel to those whose minds have become disquieted. At all events, I'm resolved to write a story.

Thus his thoughts rambled on, often diverted from the main theme by the changing scenery, the villages and towns through which he was whirled, and especially by the haunting memory of the young lady in the forward coach.

"I wonder whether she will be at the reunion," and he almost started to his feet at the thought. "How embarrassing that would be!"

The sun hung like a crimson glow in the west, just touching the tree-tops of the distant hills, and pausing to say farewell to the quiet landscapes, when the train swept into the town of Constans, where the Mount Morrill University was located. Heritage had been looking out of the window, and his pulses quickened as the stately classic college-buildings greeted his vision. There were the literary halls, where he had so often spoken, the musical conservatory, the gymnasium, and the divinity hall, standing apart from the main structure, all of them embowered picturesquely among the tall trees of the campus; and there, too, was the old dormitory, called "The Dorm," for short, where he had roomed, dug out his Greek and calculus, and played many of his college pranks. What a procession of memories passed before his mind at sight of the familiar grounds!

But he had little time for reminiscence, for the train soon came to a full stop at the station, and he pressed his way out of the coach. No sooner had his foot touched the platform than he found his hand in the warm clasp of his old classmate, Victor Detwold, now Professor of Greek in the university. The usual greetings, congratulations, and inquiries having been exchanged, Detwold hurried his friend to his hotel, saw him comfortably provided for, and then rushed off to attend to his other duties.

It was Monday, and the reunion was to take place on the following day and evening, so that Heritage had time to compose himself, freshen up his memory for his address, and take a stroll over to the college grounds.

It is sufficient to say that the Triennial Reunion of the Literary Athenæum was an enjoy-

able occasion, the address of Robert Heritage contributing largely, as all said, to its success. A banquet followed in the evening, and such a banquet—such a *menu* of viands both for palate and brain! Not till after midnight could the company break up and betake themselves to their lodging, tired and perhaps a little jaded.

"You will stay for Commencement, won't you?" inquired Professor Detwold, as he and Heritage were about to part at the latter's hotel.

"Oh, yes; I intend to stay the week, now that I am here."

"How does the old college impress you after your absence of—let me see—five years?"

"It is glorious, Detwold, glorious!" declared Heritage in his hearty manner. "It is grander than ever. I wish I could stay here always and enjoy the exhilaration of these intellectual tournaments. I love to breathe the atmosphere of college life. But," checking his enthusiasm, "it's growing late, Detwold; I won't detain you."

The Commencement exercises proper took place on Thursday. Early on the morning of that day the town was astir, and by eight o'clock a vast concourse of people were passing into the immense hall of the main college building, filling it to its utmost capacity. All were intent on hearing the graduating addresses, the climatic performances in the career of young collegians. The University Glee Club opened the exercises with a selection that made every heart throb with a delight that was almost painful, and feeling soared away on the wings of the Orphean enchantment.

Heritage secured a seat near one of the side aisles midway of the hall. He amused himself by studying the faces and demeanor of the young aspirants for oratorical glory, for he believed that they gave a clue to character. To one who has had some experience in wrestling with this incorrigible old world there is something pathetic about the gorgeous rhetoric, the sanguine hopes, and Utopian prophecies of college orations on Commencement Day. The young seers seem to behold the world lying plastic before them, ready to be moulded into forms divine by their agile hands, no Canaan from Pisgah's summit appearing more enchanting than the fair earth of their youthful conceptions. Ah! well, what matter? Why crush the opening buds of expectation? *Certes* disenchantment will come soon enough.

While the exercises were going on, Heritage was both amused and annoyed by three bright and clever, but rather over-rollicksome, girls sitting near him, who afforded themselves diversion by passing incisive remarks on the performances. While a young orator, whose elocution ran riot with his thought, was haranguing the inoffensive audience in a deep, leonine voice and in such pompous periods as Demosthenes never dreamed of using, one of the girls pronounced him, "an animated bass horn," while another rather sentimental young man, tall and slender, was likened to "a sighing telegraph pole." There was no reverence in these critics, but Heritage thought as he listened to their comments how much such frank criticism, with its caustic, pungent flavor has had to do with the educational culture of the nation, keeping us from ridiculous display, by a wholesome dread of woman's wit.

Near the close of the proceedings the venerable President announced the name of a young lady as the next speaker. As she came forward, Heritage glanced up, and was at once impressed by her appearance and manner. Here was a girl of a wholly different type from most of her compeers on this mimic stage. How modest and womanly she appeared as the sweet wild-rose hues clung to her cheeks! In a flutter of excitement Heritage picked up his programme, and looking opposite the title of her address, found that her name was Metta Chapman.

She was of precisely the right height for a woman, her admirer thought, being neither too short nor too tall. Her lithe, fawn-like figure, which she held prettily with a slight incline for-

ward, was clad in those soft, neutral tints which reveal delicacy of taste, while they give no false glamour to natural beauty, but rather cause it to stand out in striking relief solely on its own merits. Indeed, as far as Robert Heritage was concerned, no artificial adornments were needed to enhance the loveliness, the charm, of the girl who stood before him. Her eyes, which were large and luminous and of a dark-blue cast, seemed to melt into a smile as she glanced over the audience, and it was that bewitching smile that melted the ice barriers that had for years environed the heart of our talented bachelor. He could not take his eyes from her face, which, he told himself, was a mean between the rotund, doll type and the shrunken, sharply chiseled type. When she uttered her first sentence in her sweet, soft voice, he felt her tones vibrating and tingling through every fibre of his being.

"What an exquisite voice!" he thought. "It reminds one of the old legends about the Lyre of Orpheus. And how simple and chaste her style is! What a contrast between it and the crude pompous diction of some of the other speakers! Obviously she is a girl of fine mould. Not an Undine by any means, and yet how innocent and natural she seems. She appears to be wholly unconscious too, of doing anything remarkable, and that's what lends such a charm to her performance."

Evidently the audience, too, at once detected the genuine ring of the young lady's tones, for from the first word to the last she held them captive by the Orphic spell of her magnificent voice. Nor was her address lacking in strength of thought. She had chosen some quaint musical theme, tracing its power in history, in nature in religion, and ending with an odd maidenly conceit about the "unheard melodies chiming in the meadow mist, the morning dew, the frost on the window pane, and the quaint Pythagorean fancy about the music of the spheres."

Heritage joined heartily in the *eclat* accorded the young lady at the close of her address. "I never felt so stirred in my life," he reflected. Then a new train of thought came: "After all, bachelorism isn't so very attractive. Well what am I mauling about? I thought I was proof against the most insidious wiles of the little god of love; but then I never expected him to transfix me with golden arrows. I must get Detwold to introduce me to that exquisite girl graduate."

While these thoughts were running through his mind, he watched Miss Chapman as she emerged from the ante-room, stepped lightly down the aisle a few paces, and then took a vacant seat by the side of a young man. Heritage saw at once that they were acquaintances. The young fellow congratulated her heartily, looking her affectionately in the eyes, scarcely able, it seemed to Heritage, to resist the impulse to give her a caress.

The couple were sitting only a short distance in front of Heritage, so that he had an opportunity of watching their movements and what he took for their pantomimic love-making. A throb of pain, perhaps of jealousy, went to his heart. It was a self-revelation; he had not for years believed himself capable of such a feeling, having been too busy to think about love. And now was he virtually becoming enamored of this fair college girl, and jealous of the young fellow by her side, who was obviously her lover.

It hurt him to see her lean affectionately over toward her companion. No doubt they were engaged, and perhaps the whole college knew it, but that was no reason why she should flaunt the fact of their intimacy before an audience composed largely of strangers. It hardly accorded with that sweet, winsome modesty she had evinced while on the stage.

"I cannot understand it," he reflected. "Why should she treat her lover so familiarly before everybody?"

During a pause of the speaking, and while an instrumental solo was being rendered, Heritage espied Professor Detwold coming down the aisle toward him. The Professor stopped when he reached Miss Chapman and shook her hand in hearty congratulation, and then moved

on. Heritage made room for him by his side, and the two carried on a whispered colloquy for a few minutes.

"By the way," said Heritage, there was a young lady who acquitted herself exceptionally well."

"Which one?"

"Her name—let me see," pretending to consult the programme; "oh! yes; it was Miss Chapman."

"Oh! Miss Chapman. Yes, she's one of the brightest young ladies that the college has turned out; and just as modest and unassuming as she is gifted."

"She is beautiful, too. The fact is, I'm quite charmed with her. By the way, there she sits; you spoke to her as you came down the aisle. Who is the young man by her side?"

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Detwold, "I believe you're half-jealous, Heritage. Dismiss your fears, old fellow; that's her brother."

"Oh! is it?" and Heritage heaved a sigh of relief.

The tension of his feelings was instantly relaxed. He looked gratefully at Professor Detwold, who felt no little amusement at the anxiety that his friend had shown in regard to the girl's companion, and twitted him about bachelor condition.

"Why, I should have thought you would married long ago, Heritage," he said. "What has happened that you are not? How about that infatuation of your college?"

"Detwold, please spare me," begged Heritage, the vermilion leaping to his face. "Don't mention that; it's an affair I am anxious to forget."

"I beg pardon. I didn't know you felt sensitive on that subject."

"Oh! there's no harm done, I assure you. But to come back to Miss Chapman—will you introduce me after the exercises are over?"

"With pleasure, sir; I shall be happy to help you form her acquaintance—and cultivate it, if you choose. I think she is still heart-whole, and Detwold left his friend, and went to attend to some duty in another part of the hall.

Heritage felt that afternoon for the first time in his life the thrill and pang of real love. Miss Chapman's displays of affection toward her brother after that young man's identity had been discovered, instead of lowering her in our bachelor's eyes, simply heightened the witchery of her charms, revealing a kind and loving nature. He did not put the thought of love from him. There was no reason, so far as he knew, for crushing it, for the girl was beautiful and good. Instead, therefore, of trying to exclude the feeling from his heart as if it were a foe to happiness, he made an attempt to analyze its character. He would not admit that he had fallen in love merely with a pretty face, or with sweet, engaging manners, although he could not ignore the potent influence of these elements. He contended that it was the nobility of mind shining from the girl's features that cast an enchanting spell over him.

Nor did he find reason to change his mind when, after the audience had been dismissed, Professor Detwold, true to his promise, introduced him to Miss Chapman and her brother. A gleam of recognition shot from the girl's eyes as she acknowledged the acquaintance, when she said something delicately complimentary of Heritage's address at the re-union evening before. At this juncture Professor Detwold, who was perhaps somewhat of a diplomat, broke into the conversation.

"Chapman," he said, addressing the young lady's brother, "I want you to help me with some of those pictures on the stage, which need re-arranging. Mr. Heritage can pilot your sister through the crowd."

Robert looked gratefully at the professor, and then with a dash of gallantry, such as he had not displayed since his college days, offered an escort to Miss Chapman, who accepted it with a modest blush. They walked together down the broad stairway, through the long hall, along the walks of the campus, and up the street.

(To be Continued.)

CHINESE SOLDIER'S WORK.

One of the most remarkable triumphs of the Gospel in China originated in a soldier's life. Mr. Law, of the China Inland Mission, who is laboring at Ku Cheng, says: "I must be nearly ten years ago that a native of this place, who was at that time a soldier in Shang Tung Province, met a native preacher with a lot of Bibles or parts of Bibles, and asked what they were, and presented with a new Testament in Chinese. This made a great impression on him and led him to believe. He left the soldier's life and came home here, and preached to his friends. Others believed, until there were nine in number anxious to become Christians. I believe, too, they met together for worship. At last they sent this native to Gan-King, the capital of the province, to ask a foreigner to come down and organize them. Up to this time, with the exception of this one man, I do not know any of them had ever seen a foreigner. He commenced a wonderful work, and in connection with this station there are sixty-nine communicants and ten instructors. They do not all reside in this place, but the work started from this place. An old gentleman, whose home is in Gang-shan, but owns some land here, came down years ago to receive rental, and heard of the doctrine. He is a scholar and a native, and was much opposed to the Gospel. He said that those who were Christians did not till his land. However, the Lord soon turned him into a lamb, and this man is now an earnest Christian and a zealous evangelist. A copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' got into his hands, and he read it out loud, and it was used of God to convince him of sin. He attended the worship, when the others knelt down he was told to kneel down unless he liked, but he would not kneel down, and his voice was soon heard ringing with God."

COALHEAVER'S LAST GLASS.

A BRAVY stalwart man rose at a mission meeting recently in response to an invitation to testify. He said: "Some time ago, while working in the coal pits, I broke my leg. I was taken to the hospital, and being cruelly treated there until I was able to go out on a pair of crutches, I was sent out to the best I could on them. I was going to reform my life, and resolved to turn a new leaf, and never touch another drop of whisky again. I was still weak in my leg, walking about tired me, and the men were heavy, so I took myself into a room just to have one last glass, but I more than one, and stayed there until the bartender got tired of me, as he always was when the money runs out, and turned me out into the street. The policeman came past and took me to the station, where I spent four months' imprisonment. That was my last attempt to reform in my own strength. But how different when I came to know the Lord Jesus, and asked Him to take my wicked heart and give me a new one, and I for heavenly things. He gave me strength to combat all my temptations, and especially to pass the grog shop, which I could do before, and never could have done in my own strength. What Jesus did for me, He will do for all who trust Him."

SEARCH FOR A WANDERER.

An anxious mother a short time ago visited the Rev. J. Roman, an earnest evangelist of Scotland, and besought his help on behalf of her son. She said that there had been a quarrel between the young man and his father, resulting in the former leaving the home and saying he would never return. She knew he had gone to Glasgow and feared he had joined the army, as he had threatened to do. "She wished to know," says the Rev. J. Roman, "If I would not, as a great favor, make enquiries about him. I went to the rendezvous in the Trovigate of Glasgow, and there asked a tall recruiting sergeant for the young man of whom I was in search. He could not say whether he had seen him there, but took me into a room, and showed me the names of all the young men who had enlisted that day. I glanced over the list, but the name I sought was not there. I felt relieved, but the sergeant told me that young men very frequently enlisted under a false name, and advised me to go on the army doctor, at whose office I

should find a description of all the recruits. I went there, but evidently the young man had not been there. There was nothing for it but to return and tell the sorrowing mother that I was unable to find any trace of her boy. I had reached the railway station to take my train, when suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man. Going up to him, I put my hand upon his shoulder and said, 'Come home with me; I have been searching for you.' 'I shall not, sir,' was the firm reply. 'But your father has commissioned me to ask you to return.' He is very troubled, and your mother is unwell with anxiety on your account; do come home.' 'Is that so?' he asked. 'Are you sure my father wishes me to return?' 'Yes, I am sure,' I answered. 'Then I will go with you,' he replied, and we went back together. I have found in my efforts to lead men back to God that the same argument seldom fails. Nothing moves them more surely than the assurance that God desires not the death of a sinner, but rather that he return and live."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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To walk with Jesus! who shall tell the glad-
ness
Of those whose daily life the Master shares?
Who hear His voice, so full of love and pity,
And rest on Him their burdens and their
cares.

And this is mine—the joy of knowing Jesus,
And walking in the sunlight of His smile;
Mine is the peace that floweth like a river,
Deeper and broader growing all the while.

No more a transient guest my Saviour cometh,
To bless me but awhile and then depart;
But with me now He evermore abideth,
And with His own glad presence fills my
heart.

Sometimes, when busy with my daily labor,
Yet thinking of the mighty love He bore,
Some precious promise unto me He giveth,
Of-read, perhaps, but never mine before.

I know not why He gives His choicest blessings
To one so undeserving of His love;
But, since He calls, with willing feet I hasten,
Content and glad to hear Him say, "Well
done."

Content to walk in paths of His own choosing,
Since He will hold my hand along the way;
Content to know that I am journeying home-
ward,
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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1. A Carpenter's Shop in an Old Tree—2. A Nubian Negro—3. The House on the City Wall—4. The House of Ananias where Paul's Sight was Restored.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CLOAKS FOR SIN.

"But now they have no cloak for their sin." John 15:22.
 Sin's Disguises—Necessary to its Success—Its Coverings Various and Changing—I. Official Prestige—A Sacredness in Office—Respect Due to It—Increases Responsibility—An Account to be Rendered—II. Elegance of Manner—Courtesy a Christian Duty—Cannot Atone for Moral Defects—The Test in the Day of Account—III. Profession of Religion—Profession After Conversion Required—Wolves Among Sheep—IV. Outward Morality—Will not Pay Back-Debts—V. Exalted Social Position—Sin in Homes of Splendor—VI. Orthodoxy—A Visit from a Drunkard—The Cleansing Robe that Does Avail—The Mosaic in the Wall.

Sin is always disguised. Decked, and glossed, and perfumed, and masked, it gains admittance in places from which it would otherwise be repelled. As silently as when it glided into Eden and as plausibly as when it talked to Christ at the top of the temple, it now addresses men. Could people look upon sin as it always is—an exhalation from the pit, the putrefaction of infinite capacities, the ghastly, loathsome, God-smitten monster that uprooted Eden and killed Christ, and would push the entire race into darkness and pain—the infernal charm would be broken. Before our first parents transgressed, sin appeared to them the sweetness of fruit and the becoming as gods. To Absalom it was the pleasure of sitting upon a throne. To men now, sin is laughter, and permission to luxurious gratification. Jesus Christ in my text suggests a fact which everybody ought to know, and that is that sin, to hide its deformity and shame, is accustomed to wearing a cloak, and the Saviour also sets forth the truth that God can see straight through all such wrappings and thick-nesses. I want now to speak of several kinds of cloaks with which men expect to cover up their iniquities, for the fashion in regard to these garments is constantly changing, and every day beholds some new style of wearing them, and, if you will tarry a little while, I will show you five or six of

The Patterns of Cloaks.

First, I remark that there are those, who being honored with *official power*, expect to make that a successful cloak for their sin. There is a sacredness in office. God Himself is king, and all who hold authority in the world serve under Him. That community has committed a monstrous wrong which has elevated to this dignity persons unqualified either by their ignorance or their immorality. Nations which elevate to posts of authority those not qualified to fill them will feel the reaction. Solomon expressed this thought when he said: "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning." While positions of trust may be disgraced by the character of those who fill them, I believe God would have us respectful to the offices, though we may have no admiration for their occupants. Yet this dignity, which office confers, can be no apology for transgression. Nebuchadnezzar, and Ahab, and Herod, in the day of judgment, must stand on the level with the herdsmen that kept their flocks, and the fishermen of Galilee. Pope, and king, and

President, and Governor.

must give an account to God, and be judged by the same law as that which judges the beggar and the slave. Sin is all the more obnoxious when it is imperial and lordly. You cannot make pride, or injustice, or cruelty sacred by giving it a throne. Belshazzar's decanters could not keep the mysterious finger from writing on the wall. Ahab's sin literally hurled him from the throne to the dogs. The imperial vestments of wicked Jehoram could not keep Jehu's arrow from striking through his heart. Jezebel's queenly pretension could not save her from being thrown over the wall. No barricade of thrones can arrest God's justice in its unerring march. No splendor, or thickness of official robes can be a sufficient cloak of sin. Henry the Eighth, Louis the Fifteenth, Catharine of Russia, Mary of England—did their crowns save them? No ruler ever sat so high

that the King of kings was not above him. All victors shall bow before Him who on the white horse goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Elegant Manners.

Again: Elegance of manners cannot successfully hide iniquity from the eye of God. That model, gentlemanly apostle, Paul, writes to us: "Be courteous." That man can neither be a respectable worldling nor a consistent Christian who lacks good manners. He is shut out from refined circles, and he certainly ought to be hindered from entering the church. We cannot overlook that in a man which we could hardly excuse in a bear. One of the first effects of the grace of God upon an individual is to make him a gentleman. Gruffness, awkwardness, implacability, clannishness, are fruits of the devil; while gentleness and meekness are fruits of the Spirit. But while these excellences of manner are so important, they cannot hide any deformity of moral character. How often it is that we find attractiveness of person, suavity of manners, gracefulness of conversation, gallantry of behavior thrown like wreaths upon moral death. The flowers that grow upon the scorice of Vesuvius do not make it any less of a volcano. The sepulchres in Christ's time did not exhaust all the whitewash. Some of the biggest scoundrels have been the most fascinating. If there are any depending on outward gracefulness, and attractiveness of demeanor with any hope that because of that God will forgive the sin of their soul, let me assure them that the divine justice cannot be satisfied with smiles and elegant gesticulation. Christ looks deeper than the skin, and such a ragged cloak as the one in which you are trying to cover yourself will be no hiding in the day of His power. God will not in the judgment ask how gracefully you walked, nor how politely you bowed, nor how sweetly you smiled, nor how impressively you gestured. The deeds done in the body will be the test, and not the rules of Lord Chesterfield.

Again: Let me say that the

Mere Profession of Religion

is but a poor wrapping to protect a naked soul. The importance of making a public profession of religion if the heart be renewed cannot be exaggerated. Christ positively, and with the earnestness of the night before his crucifixion, commanded it. But it is the result of Christian character, not the cause of it. Our church certificate is a poor title to heaven. We may have the name and not the reality. There are those who seem to throw themselves back with complacency upon their public confession of Christ although they give no signs of renewal. If Satan can induce a man to build on such a rotten foundation as that, he has accomplished his object. We cannot imagine the abhorrence with which God looks upon such a procedure. What would be the feelings of a shepherd if he saw a wolf in the same fold with his flocks, however quiet he might seem to lie, or a general if among his troops he saw one wearing the appointed uniform who nevertheless really belonged to the opposing host. Thus must the heavenly Shepherd look upon those who, though they are not His sheep, have climbed up some other way and thus must the Lord of hosts look upon those who pretend to be soldiers of the cross while they are His armed enemies. If any of you find yourselves deficient in the great tests of Christian character, do not, I beg of you, look upon your profession of religion as anything consolatory. If you have taken your present position from a view that you have of Christ and your need of Him, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory and clap your hands for gladness, but if you find yourself with nothing but the name of life, while dead in trespasses and sins, arouse before the door is shut. That gilded profession—the world may not be able to see through it, but in the day of divine reckoning it will be found that you have no cloak for your sin.

Furthermore: *Outward morality* will be no covering for the hidden iniquity of the spirit. The Gospel of Christ makes no assault upon

good works. They are as beautiful in God's eye as in ours. Punctuality, truthfulness, almsgiving, affection and many other excellences of life that might be mentioned will always be admired of God and man, but we take the position that good works cannot be the ground of our salvation. What we do right cannot pay for what we do wrong. Admit that you have all those traits of character which give merely worldly

Respectability and Influence.

you must acknowledge that during the course of your life you have done many things you ought not to have done. How are these difficult matters to be settled? Ah, my friends, we must have an atonement. No Christ, no salvation. The great Redeemer comes in and says, "I will pay your indebtedness." So that which was dark enough before, is bright enough now. The stripes that we deserve are fallen upon Christ. On His scourged and bleeding shoulders He carries us up over the mountain of our sins and the hills of our iniquities. Christ's good works accepted are sufficient for us but they who reject them, depending upon their own, must perish. Traits of character that may make us influential on earth will not necessarily open to us the gate of heaven. The plank that will be strong enough for a house floor would not do for a ship's hulk. Mere morality might be enough here but cannot take you through death's storm into heaven's harbor. Christ has announced for all ages, "I am the way, the truth and the life, him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." But pitiable in

The Day of Accounts

will be the condition of that man, though he may have given all his estate to benevolent purposes and passed his life in the visiting of the distressed and done much to excite the admiration of the good and the great, if he have no intimate relation to Jesus Christ. There is a pride and a depravity in his soul that he has never discovered. A brilliant outside will be no apology for a depraved inside. It is no theory of mine but an announcement of God, who cannot lie, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." "Open the door of heaven and look in. Howard is there, but he did not secure his entrance by the dungeons he illumined and the lazzarettos into which he carried the medicines. Paul is there, but he did not earn his way in by the ship-wrecks and imprisonments and scourgings. On a throne overtopping perhaps all others, except Christ's, the old missionary exclaims: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

High Social Position.

Again: Exalted social position will be no cloak for sin. Men look through the wicket door of prisons, and seeing the incarcerated wretches exclaim, "Oh, how much vice there is in the world!" And they pass through the degraded streets of a city, and looking into the doors of hovels and the dens of corruption they call them God-forsaken abodes. But you might walk along the avenues through which the opulent roll in their flourishing pomp and into mansions elegantly adorned, and find that even in the admired walks of life Satan works mischief and death. The first temptation Satan wrought in a garden, and he understands yet most thoroughly how to insinuate himself into any door of ease and splendor. Men frequently judge of sin by the places in which it is committed, but iniquity is to God as loathsome as iniquity in rags and in the Day of Judgment the sins of Madison Avenue and Elm Street will all be driven in on herd. Men cannot escape at last for being respectably sinful. You know Dives was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, but his fine clothes and good dinner did not save him. He might on earth have drunk something as rich as champagne and cognac, but at last he asked for one drop of water. You cannot trade off your attractive abode here for a house of many mansions on high and your elegant shade groves here will not warrant you a seat under the tree of life. When Go

drove Adam and Eve out of Eden, He showed that merely living in a garden of delights and comforts will never save a man or a woman. By giving you so much earthly luxury and refinement, He intimated that He would have you enjoy yourselves, but He would not have you wrap yourself up in them as a cloak to hide your sins. God now walks in your garden as He did in Eden, even in the cool of the day, and He stands by your well as He did by a well in Samaria, and He would make your comfort on earth a type of your rapture in heaven.

Orthodoxy.

Furthermore: Mere soundness of religious belief will not hide our iniquities. There are men whose heads are as sound as Jonathan Edwards or John Wesley, whose hearts are as rotten as Tom Paine's or Charles Guiteau's. It is important that we be theoretical Christians. It is utterly folly in this day, for a man to have no reference for any one form of faith, when it is so easy to become conversant with the faith of the different sects. An intoxicated man staggered into my house one night begging for lodging. He made great pretensions to religion. I asked where he went to church. He said: "No-where; I belong to liberal Christianity." But here are those who never become Christians because their obstinacy prevents them from ever taking a fair view of what religion is. They are like a brute beast in the fact that their greatest strength lies in their horns. They are combative, and all they are ever willing to do for their souls is to enter an ecclesiastical fight. I have met men who would talk all day upon the ninth chapter of Romans, who were thoroughly helpless before the fourteenth chapter of John. But here are those who, having escaped from this condition, are now depending entirely upon their soundness of religious theory. The doctrines of man's depravity and Christ's atonement and God's sovereignty are theoretically received by them. But,

Alas! There They Stop.

is only the shell of Christianity containing no evangelical life. They stand looking over into heaven and admire its beauty and its song, and are so pleased with the looks from the outside that they cannot be induced to enter. They could make a better argument for the truth than a thousand Christians who have in their hearts received it. If syllogisms and dilemmas and sound propositions and logical deductions could save their souls, they would be among the best of Christians. They could correctly define repentance and faith and the Atonement, while they have never felt one sorrow for sin nor exercised a moment's confidence in the great Sacrifice. They are almost immovable in their position. We cannot present anything about the election of Christ that they do not know. The avowed described the fate of such a one in His parable: "And that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes." Theories in religion have a beauty of their own, but if they result in no warmth of Christian life it is the beauty of horned and feldspar. Do not call such coldness and hardness religion. The River of Life never freezes over. Icicles never hang on the eaves of heaven. Soundness of intellectual belief is a beautiful cloak, well woven and well cut, but in the hour when God shall demand our souls it will not of itself avail to hide our iniquities.

The Seamless Robe.

My friends, can it be that I have been unkind, and torn from you some hope upon which you are resting for time and eternity? Verily, I could be unkind if, having taken away your oak, I did not offer you something better. This is a cold world and you want something to wrap around your spirit. Christ offers you a robe today. He wove it Himself and He will now with His own hand prepare it just to fit your soul. The righteousness He offers is like the coat He shed to wear about Judæa, without seam from top to bottom. There is a day of doom. Coward would I be if I did not dare tell you this. There shall be a day of unutterable disappointment

to those who have trusted in their official dignity, in their elegant manners, in their outward morality, in their soundness of intellectual belief. But I see a soul standing before God who once was thoroughly defiled. Yet look at him and you cannot find a single transgression anywhere about him. How is this, you ask. Was he not once a Sabbath breaker, a blasphemer, a robber, a perjurer, a thief, a murderer? Yes, but Christ hath cleansed him. Christ hath lifted him up. Christ hath rent off his rags. Christ hath clothed him in a spotless

Robe of Righteousness.

That is the reason why you cannot perceive his former degradation. This glorious hope in Christ's name is proffered to-day. Wandering and wayward soul, is not this salvation coming for, worth striving for? Do you wonder that so many with bitter weeping have besought it and with a very enthusiasm of sorrow cried for divine compassion? Do you wonder at the earnestness of those who stand in pulpits beseeching men to be reconciled to God? Nay, do you wonder at the importunity of the Holy Ghost who now striveth with thy soul? In many of the palaces of Europe the walls are mosaic. Fragments of shells and glass are arranged by artists and aggregated into a pictorial splendor. What! made out of broken shells and broken glass! Oh, yes; God grant that by the transforming power of His Spirit we may all be made a part of the eternal palaces, our broken and fragmentary natures polished and shaped and lifted up to make a part of the everlasting splendors of the heavenly temple!

For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify Thy grace in me.

THE WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE story of the founding of the mission in Lone Wolf's Camp in the Indian Territory has already been told in these columns. Lone Wolf himself invited the Rev. W. F. Re Qua to establish the mission, and has faithfully carried out his promise to give land for it and give it all the help of his influence. Mr. Re Qua placed it in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster, and they have devoted themselves to the work with true faith and consecration. Our readers will not forget that this is specially their work. They have nobly and generously contributed to keep Mr. and Mrs. Re Qua in the field, and this development of it is one of its most hopeful and substantial features. A correspondent, not connected with the mission, but living near it and having opportunity of seeing the value of its work, has sent us a letter warmly commending it, in the course of which he says:

"I live on the section of land in Greer County, Ind. Ter., that joins on the one on which the above mission is located, and am acquainted with the parties conducting it. In a piece published in your paper of April 9th, you state: 'It is impossible to recommend too strongly the claims of this work on the Christian public.' This I know to be true to the letter. Here is a semi-barbarous nation of people, groping in ignorance and darkness, beseeching help to get light and knowledge. The majority of the nation are anxious to learn the 'white man's road,' and to learn to travel therein.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster have been here about eight months, and have received very little support, but they have faith in its final success. Mrs. Lancaster teaches the children in the school, and the girls learn how to sew and make their own garments. Mr. Lancaster shows the men how to plough and farm; sets their posts, and shows them how to put on the wire to enclose their land.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster have been living in a tent for eight months, and praying and hoping for the means necessary to build them a house. Mr. Lancaster spent what little means he brought with him in erecting a stockade building, twenty feet square; he has the picket in the ground, and is waiting for the means to finish the building, so that he may winter in it

with his little school. It is a pleasant and affecting sight to see him and his wife call together his scholars, and hold family worship. I have been present and have seen men form around them standing, and all look intently on the book while they sing some familiar old song and join in the singing with a zeal and confidence that is truly astonishing. I have heard the same songs in the excitement of protracted meetings, where the Spirit of God seemed to be moving among the people, but they never touched me so sensibly, and with such power before, as they did when I heard them sung by these Indian children. And when they all kneel, and Mr. Lancaster leads them in an earnest, but plain prayer, asking God to open the eyes of those that are under his charge, it seems that we are in the only bright place in this Nation of the Kiowas. Many who enjoy the comforts of a good home, and are surrounded with society and great blessing of Church privileges, and Christian communion with their friends, should feel it a privilege to assist these self-denying missionaries in this noble undertaking.

"Mrs. Lancaster has stayed alone several times, for one and two weeks, with no one with her except one or two squaws, while Mr. Lancaster was absent in some other part of the country on mission business. The self-denial, the genuine piety, the true faith and holy trust in God that inspires them should commend them to the Christian public, and soon command the means to make the mission an eminent success. The Indians are anxious to be taught how to support themselves; quite a number are farming this year, several raised crops last year, and in a few years they will be settled down in small communities, where the school and church will be the centre, and each family be in their own home, instead of wandering over the reservation."

All contributions should be in money, and be directed to W. D. Lancaster, Lone Wolf Mission, Quartz P. O., Greer Co., Ind. Ter.

AN APPEAL IN A HOTEL.

AN interesting conversion, the result of God's blessing on the personal appeal of a fellow guest in a hotel in Detroit, Mich., was described recently by Mr. Robert Tucker. "It was the story of his own conversion. 'Six months ago,' he said, 'I had come to the conclusion that there was no hope for me, that I was designed to live a life of intemperance, and had virtually decided that I would die a drunkard. There was a warm-hearted, Christian travelling-man stopping at the hotel where I was. I had met several men that day, whom I had not seen for years, and we had been drinking together. He was disgusted with me, but decided to stay around and catch me the next morning. He went at me in a Christian spirit, although I thought it rather rough. We were together Sunday, and early Monday morning he came to my room. I was not up and asked him when he knocked on the door, who it was and what he wanted? He said 'I want to see you before I go.' He came in, sat down beside me and said, 'Before I leave to go to Toledo, I want you to promise me you will never drink any more.' I promised him, and he dropped down on his knees and prayed for me. This was Monday morning. That day I met a man on the street who was a drinking man, and we both marched over to the Casino Tabernacle. After the sermon had been preached, they asked those who wanted prayers to come forward. Now, said he, 'Let's go forward.' We went forward and signed the pledge, something I had never done before. Then they asked us to kneel down. I felt I ought to do as they asked, and we knelt down together, and in less than fifteen minutes—I don't think it was more than that—I felt that God had spoken peace to my soul. Such a happy feeling came into my heart, and I felt as I have ever since, that I would never drink any more, and that I had given my heart to God. That was six months ago. Since that time, I have had such a desire in my heart to go for others, that I have devoted my afternoons, that is, about three hours, to going about the worst parts of my city, and it is wonderful how the Lord sends people along."

SCENES IN DAMASCUS.

(See Illustration on first page.)

A Site of Natural Beauty—An Elevated Plain Watered by Famous Rivers—Antiquity of the City—Its Reputed Founder a Grandson of Noah—Vicissitudes of its History—The Recent Massacre of Christians—Dr. Talmage's Visit to Damascus—Bigotry of the People—The Carpenter's Shop in the Tree—The House on the Wall From Which Paul Escaped—The House of Ananias—The Street Called Straight.

ON the first page this week will be found another group of Oriental pictures drawn from photographs in the collection brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage. These four are from Damascus, which is probably the oldest city in the world.

The site of Damascus is the most beautiful in western Asia, if not in the world. It is a triangular plain 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, and about four hundred square miles in area. On the east it is sheltered by a group of conical hills, and from these flow the rivers which are the glory of Damascus. Abana, one of the rivers of which Naaman boasted (II. Kings 5: 12) when he was required by Elisha to bathe in the Jordan, is one of these. It is now called Barada. Rising high up on the western flank or Ante Lebanon it forces its way through the chain, running for some distance among the mountains, till suddenly it bursts through a narrow cleft upon the open country and diffuses fertility far and wide. In the midst of the plain is a vast stretch of deep verdure, walnuts and apricots waving above, corn and grass below; and in the midst of this mass of foliage rises, striking out its white arms of streets hither and thither, and its white minarets above the trees which embosom them, the city of Damascus. On the right, towers the snowy height of Mount Hermon overlooking the whole scene. The river Awaj which flows from Hermon is probably the ancient river Pharpar which Naaman boasted of.

The Antiquity of Damascus

is well established. Josephus says it was founded by Uz the grandson of Shem, the eldest son of Noah. Abraham's steward, Eliezer, who went on that memorable journey to find a wife for Isaac, was a native of Damascus. (Gen. 15: 2.) The Scriptures are silent about the city afterward, until the time of David, when in a war with its king, David captured the city, and put a garrison in it. (I Chron. 18: 5-6.) It afterward appears to have reverted to the ancient dynasty, for in Solomon's reign there was a king of Damascus who was an enemy of Israel. (I Kings 11: 25.) The kingdom of Syria of which Damascus was the capital, is frequently mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, and always in antagonism to the Jews. In the reign of Ahaz, the Syrians became allies of the northern kingdom of Israel, in opposition to the growing power of the Assyrians. They were beaten, and Damascus was taken. Ahaz, by submission to Assyria saved his own kingdom of Judah, but on humiliating terms. The influence of Damascus after this declined, and we find frequent reference in Isaiah, Jeremiah and Amos to its decay. It had a variety of masters during the next few centuries. It belonged in succession to the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans. Under the latter it had a revival of prosperity which was in full tide in New Testament times. It is now, like all that region, under Turkish Government. Rather might it be called misgovernment, and a conspicuous illustration of the fact is furnished by the recent history of this very city. In July, 1860, without the slightest opposition, if not with the connivance of the Turkish Governor, the bigoted Moslem population made a sudden onslaught on the defenceless Christians in the city, burned their houses, and slaughtered six thousand persons.

Dr. Talmage's Visit

to Damascus is thus described by Mr. L. Klopsch, who accompanied him: "Our first impression of the city, was an exceedingly favorable one, and the principal entrance to it is perfectly beautiful. Even in December the

luxuriance of the foliage of the gardens, by which we passed toward the city, defies description, and the deep glades with their pretty houses, the roofs of which are below the level of the well-graded road, which is completely shaded by majestic trees, planted on either side, present a scene that an abler pen than mine might shrink from describing.

"Although the largest of the cities of Turkey in Asia, Damascus is likewise one of the dirtiest and most fanatical; and yet, in spite of its filth, it is very attractive. Its bazaars are wonderful, and contain the most beautiful fabrics in bewildering profusion. But shopping is not enjoyable, as in our American cities. *The ladies of our party were spit upon*, and frequently treated with other expressions of marked contempt, because they appeared unveiled on the streets. Even the Turkish women join the men in these demonstrations, and a visit to any of the shops was sure to draw a curious crowd. Another disagreeable feature of outdoor experience was the number of beggars who try to gain sympathy and alms by exhibiting deformities of all kinds, and specimens of elephantiasis, which causes limbs to swell to almost incredible proportions, and covers them with sickening, festering sores. The men so affected are to be seen at all the street corners.

"No Eastern city can boast of more minarets than Damascus, and five times daily the cry resounds from each, 'God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet,' which constitutes a call to prayer to all faithful Moslems.

"We remained in Damascus three days and then left for Beyrout, where we found many friends, as it is the most Christian city in Asia, with its American college and other institutions. Dr. Talmage preached, and we had a pleasant time in seeing the excellent work being done by our countrymen in the school and among the people."

The Illustrations.

One of the strangest sights in the city to a western traveller is the old hollow tree (depicted in *panel No. 1*), in which a carpenter has established his shop, and which is so large that he finds plenty of room for his work. In Damascus, too, was found the Nubian negro who was willing to be photographed in all the bravery of a new striped robe. He was a fine stalwart specimen of humanity, of remarkable intelligence and a force of character that is expressed in his face. His portrait occupies *panel No. 2*, on the first page. *The house on the wall*, a picture of which is in *panel No. 3*, is the object to which the Christian visitor turns with the greatest interest. The house pointed out as the one from which Paul escaped (Acts. 9: 25, and II. Cor. 2: 3: 33) is one that certainly might have been used for the purpose. Though implicit confidence cannot be placed in the traditions which identify existing buildings with notable events, the character of the house and its situation, tend to substantiate the claim in this case. It must have been from such a house, forming a part of the city wall, that Paul was lowered in a basket, while the soldiers of the governor held the gates of the city, and searched for him within the walls.

The House of Ananias

is no less interesting in its associations. A picture of the edifice which tradition identifies as the one occupied by the disciple who instructed Paul after his miraculous conversion, (Acts 9: 10-16) appears in *panel No. 4*, of the first page illustration. No Christian man can look on that place and imagine the possibility of its having had Ananias for a tenant, and not feel deep emotion. The scene rises before his mind's eye. The humble disciple has heard the summons from God to go to the persecutor Saul, and instruct him in the Christian faith. He can scarcely believe his ears, and as he issues forth from this house his heart must have been full of wonder. None but the Divine voice could have sent Ananias on such a mission. He knew Saul by reputation, knew the purpose that had brought him to Damascus, and to go to him voluntarily must have seemed like courting imprisonment and death. Yet Ananias gave the assurance of

God that Saul is seeking the light, and he goes out joyfully to open his blind eyes and to let the light into his soul. Never from any house on earth did man come forth on a mission so momentous to the World's future as there came forth from that house in Damascus on that day.

The street called "Straight" is also pointed out. It does not appear in recent times to have deserved its name, whatever it may have done in the days when Paul lived in it in the house of Judas: but of late improvements have taken place, obstructions have been removed and now it is as nearly straight as an Oriental street can be made. Three or four spots—one of them a Christian cemetery—are identified with the scene of Paul's conversion, but of those claims there is more reason for doubt. All that we know is that it was somewhere outside the walls of the city, and probably on the Jerusalem road.

CHARLES ABBOT'S INVITATIONS.**A Story of the S. S. Lesson for July 13.**

"I WISH you would authorize me to propose your name for church membership, Charles," said Dr. Carleton, as he strolled homeward one Sunday afternoon after school, with Charles Abbot, one of his teachers.

"I will think of it, Doctor," said the young man. "There are difficulties in the way that I can't explain. I am trying to see my way through them. If I can do so in a few weeks I will ask you to propose me."

"Why not let me do it on Thursday at the church-meeting. I have not a single new member to propose, and I should like to have you. Could you not give me a general idea of your difficulty? Perhaps I could help you."

"I am afraid not, Doctor," said the young man. It involves another person's confidence, and it would be dishonorable even to hint it."

"Well, I won't press it, but I would advise you to read what Christ said about making a profession. It is necessary to acknowledge Him before men."

"Yes, I know. I certainly intend joining the church, but it had better stand over for a while. Better for the church and better for me."

"I cannot understand you, Charles," said Dr. Carleton. If there is any sin in the way, it is better not to join us. But that involves a more momentous question. Sin will keep you out of heaven, and if you are not right with God, it would only make matters worse to take upon you the name of Christ. Get that right first. Remember if you do see your way to confide in me, I shall be glad to help you as far as I can."

"Thank you, Doctor, I know that. If I can I will come to you; but I fear I must fight my battle alone."

The two parted here, and Dr. Carleton went home to pray for his young friend, and Charles Abbot went to his room to think the matter out. He had often tried to do so, but never to a satisfactory conclusion. He was weak morally and he had fallen. The old conflict between the two natures had been going on within him and the higher nature had been defeated. The lower nature had been insubordinate, and in a moment of severe temptation it had shaken of control and run into sin. The next day he had been miserable, but the evil could not be undone. One thing he was determined on; it should never occur again. But it did occur. The lower nature had tasted the sweets of victory and there was no power within him to restrain it now in its exultant state. So the evil went on. He continued teaching in Sunday-school, continued reading his Bible, and praying for strength; but with a renewal of temptation he would fall. He hoped that in some way circumstances would change, so that he might be kept out of temptation, but he had not the moral courage to bring those circumstances about. He would not retire from Christian work, but he would not identify himself more closely with it, lest exposure might come. He believed in the truths of the Christian religion, and lived them in his life, with that one exception. He hoped that exception might be removed, and then his life would square with his conscience.

and then he would come out openly for Christ. This afternoon, again, he came to the same conclusion—he must wait.

"Are your difficulties removed yet, Charles?" Dr. Carleton inquired a year later. "I hope you mean to have a Christian home?" He had during the previous week officiated at the marriage of his young friend, and had a shrewd suspicion that the ceremony put an end to the difficulty about which they had spoken that Sunday afternoon.

"I think I will wait a little longer, doctor," said Abbot. "There are so many things I must see to now. It is a serious thing to be married and I must give all my attention to business for time. We have had some heavy losses and at the same time I thought I would postpone the marriage till we had tided over the crisis, but that might have caused talk, and done mischief financially. As soon as we are out of the wood, and see daylight with meeting our notes, I shall ask you to propose my name to the church."

"Better do it now, Charles. You do not mean to do anything dishonorable."

"Well, if we should have a financial failure will be better for the church not to have it said that one of the partners is a member."

"I don't think so. The church would not suffer. Very upright and honorable men experience business reverses, and recover."

"No, I do not want to bring reproach on the church. Wait awhile, doctor."

Dr. Carleton left the neighborhood soon after his conversation to take charge of a New York church, and had no further opportunities of appealing to his friend. Twenty years passed since the two had met, when one day, Dr. Carleton heard some one call his name on Broadway. He turned and saw a tall, portly gentleman, whom he did not recognize.

"You have forgotten me, doctor," the gentleman said. "I suppose I have changed more than you have. Your hair is white now, but you are the same man you were twenty years ago. Do you not remember Charles Abbot?"

"Why, certainly. My eyes are not so good as they used to be."

"I have come to live in New York," said Abbot. "I hope we shall see you often. We are pretty well fixed now. I went into the oil speculation and have made money. I am out of business now, though I go down to Wall Street rather often, and do a little speculating still. Mr. Abbot and the girls wanted to get into society, or I should have settled down in the old place. Still, now I am here, I like New York. Come and see us," and Abbot handed the doctor his card.

"You know the Abbots, do you not, doctor?" said one of his people to him shortly afterward. "Mr. Abbot said he knew you."

"Yes, Mr. Abbot was connected with my first church. Not a member of it, but a promising young man."

"They are having a disagreeable experience here. They seem to have thought their wealth would admit them into society, and they are finding out their mistake. I was at a reception last night where the whole family were. They had managed to get an invitation somehow, but they will never get another. Their gross vulgarity and purse-pride, especially of the ladies, disgusted every one, and they were miserable, too. They have nothing in common with good society. They did not understand the conversation. They were thoroughly out of their element."

Dr. Carleton made several efforts to meet his old friend, but failed. At last, however, he received an urgent summons from him and went once. He found him seriously ill, with little hope of recovery.

"It is too late now, doctor," he said when the clergyman asked him about his soul. "I might have come to Christ years ago, when you first spoke to me, but not now. I thought of it after I came home from one of your grand New York receptions. The whole thing flashed upon me. I was not of that set, and it was clear to them and ourselves. When I thought about it, I saw

it was the same with me in religion. If I could go to heaven, I should be miserable there. I am of the world, worldly. I gave myself to the world and put off, and put off, until my whole soul was eaten up. I am lost utterly. I wanted to tell you about it; but I am past your help."

Dr. Carleton spoke of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit and assured the despairing man that through that power he could be fitted to enter heaven. But Abbot said, no, it was impossible, and in spite of the clergyman's arguments he persisted. "It is in the nature of things," he said. "I am one of those of whom God has said, 'None of those men who were bidden shall taste of my supper.' I must go to my own place. I refused the invitation too many times, and now it is too late." And he died in that belief.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Belligerent Trout was Disarmed by an Operation recently. A journal devoted to natural history warns keepers of aquariums against introducing California trout among their fishes. It states that the owner of a famous aquarium noticed that his smaller fishes were being hurt. He watched them and found that the injuries were inflicted by a Californian trout which he had placed among them not long before. The fish was of a quarrelsome vicious disposition and bit at its companions at every opportunity. He decided to kill the trout, but was reluctant to do so. He therefore tried to render it harmless. Procuring a pair of pincers he took the trout from the water and extracted its teeth taking care not to injure the fish. It appears that the teeth of trout are not needed for mastication but are used only for seizing and holding its prey. In an aquarium where the fishes do not have to seek their food, the teeth could be dispensed with. The trout was no worse off without them and the other fishes were saved from molestation. The trout appears to be well in health since the operation. Probably it retains its vicious disposition though it is restrained from indulging it. That is all the law can do with vicious men. The divine method is more radical. It changes the disposition. (1 Cor. 6:11.)

The Plea of a Mother Saved a Convict from prison in New York on June 23. Early this month a little boy fell into the East River and would have been drowned if a man had not promptly jumped off the dock and rescued him. The occurrence was reported in the newspapers, with the name and address of the man who rescued him. It happened that the police had been looking for that man for some time, on a charge of burglary, and when they read his address in the newspaper they promptly arrested him. He was tried last week and convicted. Before sentence was passed, the mother of the child he had rescued appealed to the judge for mercy, and said that if the judge would suspend sentence, a friend of hers would give him employment and a chance to reform. The judge was greatly moved. After consideration he said, "I will not send you to prison, as you risked your life, to save another life and so showed there is some good in you. In consideration of this woman's plea I will suspend sentence." The prisoner's crime is not forgiven, and if he misconducts himself he may still have to answer for it, for a good deed cannot atone for an evil one. That fact is not realized by those who hope to get to heaven by their good works. Only through the merits of the Saviour can men be saved, and subsequent holiness of life is required of them. (Ezek. 33:13.)

The Discovery of a Mistake in a Bargain Astonished a litigant in a New York court last week. He made a purchase in May last, from the Dock Department of the city, of certain rights in a bulkhead which was used by oystermen. The purchaser himself was an oysterman, but had quarrelled with the other men engaged in the trade. When the bulkhead was put up for sale they tried to buy it, but he bid against them and bought it at a higher price than they were willing to pay. On taking possession, he turned the lease over to a hardware merchant,

and ordered the oystermen who had floats anchored to the bulkhead to remove them. They might land all the boats they wanted there by paying the legal rate of wharfage, but they must not block the bulkhead. It was his property, and he proposed to do business there himself. In reply, the oystermen informed him that a special Act of the Legislature had set apart the bulkhead for their use, and it could not be withdrawn from them. Then the purchaser appealed to the Dock Department and was told that the oystermen were right. All that he had purchased was the right to collect and retain all rentals which might accrue for its use and occupation. He had made the mistake of supposing that he had purchased the bulkhead and could use it for any purpose he chose. None but oystermen could use it, and if he drove them away, he would have to let the bulkhead stand idle. This was an unpleasant hearing, and he has now appealed to the courts. A similar mistake is often made as to other kinds of property. Men say, "Can I not do what I will with my own?" They forget that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that an account will have to be rendered to Him "who giveth the power to get wealth." (Deut. 8:18.)

A Tattooed Memorial Secured a Man a Funeral and a grave in a cemetery in New York last week. An unknown man dropped dead in Eighth Avenue on June 17. He seemed to have been very poor, for in the pockets of his shabby clothes there was not a cent. His description was published in the newspapers, and among other details, mention was made of a tattoo mark on his right arm. It represents a tomb overhung by the branches of a weeping willow. Below was the inscription, "In memory of my mother." Nothing was known of him; but one thing was clear, he had once had a mother whom he loved. The body was sent to a station-house and the next day would have been buried in Potter's Field at the expense of the city, if a merchant had not interposed. He asked permission to pay the cost of a decent funeral for the man in a cemetery. He did not know him, but he, too, had lost his mother, and the memory of her had been enshrined in his heart for many years. He felt a brotherhood with the man whose love of his dead mother was displayed in the tattoo marks, and desired to do a brother's part by him. If every Christian felt that the love of Christ, common to him with other Christians, constituted a bond of brotherhood, with its claims upon him, how much hardship and pain would be relieved! (Mark 9:41.)

An Objection to Prayer as an Effort to Exercise undue influence was raised some time ago in the courts of Kansas. In the course of the reminiscences of a distinguished member of the bar of that State, he recalled a case in which he had been engaged. After the jury had given in their verdict, it came out that a prayer had been offered in the jury-room. One of the jurors proposed that before the case was discussed, Divine guidance should be sought. His proposal was accepted, and he was deputed to offer the prayer. When the facts became known, the lawyer of the defeated litigant tried to have the verdict set aside, on the ground that the prayer was an irregular and illegal proceeding and was calculated to exert undue influence on the jury. It appeared, however, that the juror had not prayed for the success of either side to the suit, but merely for wisdom and discretion. If the verdict was the result of the prayer being answered, the inference was evidently not creditable to the lawyer and his client. In any case, the juror deserved praise for his faithfulness and courage. If we may judge by the verdicts often given in our courts we should say that it is very seldom that prayer is offered in the jury-room, or if it is, it is not answered. "Evil men understand not judgment: but they that seek the Lord understand all things." (Prov. 28:5.)

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH SEAL.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

The Tribulation Culminating—The Martyrs Waiting Accessions—Universal Worship Demanded for Antichrist—The Penalty of Refusal—The Penalty of Compliance—The Palm Bearing Multitude—Had to Wash Their Robes—Their Victory—The Sealed Voices—The Angel's Oath.

THE opening of the fifth seal (Rev. 6: 9-18), marks a change in the progress of the narrative of future events. Under the previous seals, men have suffered the judgment of God for their worldliness and ambition; under the fifth seal they are persecuted by men for righteousness sake.

When the fifth seal was opened by the Lamb, we do not read that there were any earthquakes or voices calling attention to the act. It was

Opened in Silence

in the presence of the glorious throng in heaven. The Apostle says, "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. 6: 9, 10.) So these saints of God have gone through sore trial and a great fire of persecution. They willingly laid down their lives for the Word of God and for the testimony. They are the great army of martyrs mentioned in the Epistle to the Hebrews, of whom the world was not worthy. (See Heb. 11.)

The Beast or Antichrist, and the False Prophet had then issued their edict to persecute the saints who would not bow down and worship the golden image which had been set up. This time the image is not set up in the plains of Dura, but in the very Temple of God which is in Jerusalem. The edict will go forth as before, commanding all peoples, nations, and languages, to bow down to the image which the great king has set up. All men will be required to bow down, on pain of something more terrible than the burning fiery furnace. On the other hand, another edict will be issued and proclaimed by an angel of God "saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the Beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, he shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God,"

Great patience and endurance will be necessary in order to "endure to the end;" and without doubt this will also be provided by God's grace for His suffering saints. These are

The Days of Trouble

predicted by the Master. A great multitude which no man can number from all parts of the world will be put to death, and they will willingly choose this rather than bear the mark of the Beast or bow down to his image. From this and other tokens we see how universal will be the reign and dominion of this great monarch, Antichrist. All over the world his power will be known and felt. His decrees will be promulgated and enforced by telegraphs and other rapid methods of communication.

The commands which are given will be transmitted and spread abroad to all parts. Any refusal to obey them will be readily reported—and then the edict of punishment! There will be

Martyrs All Over the World:

implying that the Gospel of the Kingdom has been by this time preached for a witness to all nations. Like the two witnesses who were martyred and taken up into heaven, we may suppose that this martyred multitude will be taken up also and clothed in white: they will be associated with the martyrs who are waiting for them.

In the seventh chapter of Revelation we read that "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Such was the declaration of praise and triumph with which the palm-bearing multitude announced their arrival into heaven.

The four Beasts or Living Creatures, and the twenty-four Elders, take no part as yet in this welcome, although they are present. One of the Elders, however, calls the Apostle's attention to the new-comers and says to him, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. 7: 13-15.)

What shall we say of this brilliant and privileged throng, so innumerable and so blessed? They have borne the brunt of cruel battles on earth; and they have stood to their testimony, even unto the death—that Jesus Christ is the true Messiah. Put to death under Antichrist, they have been translated into glory. The white robes they wear imply that they are glorified, like the four-and-twenty Elders and the other martyred saints. They have

Not the Same Degree in Heaven;

for while the Living Creatures are upon and about the throne, and the Elders are sitting around it, they stand before the throne, upon the sea of glass like unto crystal. They come upon the scene also after the others have been there some time with Christ. They have a history and a place peculiarly their own.

They were saved, as we are, by faith in the blood of Jesus; but for the glory they have now attained they had to wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb. To us is given freely the robe of justification, which needs no washing, the "best robe" (see Luke 15: 22). It is a robe which cannot be made better—the same to all eternity. It cannot be washed and made white; for it is white with the righteousness of God.

These saved ones, however, under the Gospel of the Kingdom, have to work and to do for themselves what has been fully and freely done for us. Notwithstanding, they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in the Heavenly Temple. He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them, and manifest His Divine Presence with them. He shall overshadow them with the fulness of His joy; and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." (Rev. 6: 16.) This is as much as to say that they had known hunger and thirst on earth for His sake. They had borne the scorching heat of the sun in the day of their conflict. All that is past now, and duly acknowledged. The Lamb whom they loved recognizes that love and manifests His love toward them. Now, enthroned, He shall feed them with heavenly food, and lead them to living fountains; and God Himself shall manifest His love and compassion for their sufferings, and shall wipe away forever their tears. We see

The Palm-bearing Multitude

once again in a glorious and triumphant vision. "And I saw," says the Apostle, "as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the Beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Here they are singing because God is about to pour out the vials of His wrath upon Antichrist and his followers, who had so cruelly persecuted them.

After the slaughter of the saints in the Great Tribulation, it would appear that the wickedness of men, and especially of the great King of men, was come to the full. God will bear with man no longer. Now it is for Him to rise up and punish the ungodly.

The Awful Vengeance

and tremendous wrath of God which are to be displayed will be ushered in by a remarkable and majestic vision. The Apostle says, "And I saw another Mighty Angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon His head, and His face was as it were the sun, and His feet as pillars of fire."

The Mighty Angel with the rainbow round His head is none other than the Lord Jesus Himself. He is come to bring unrighteousness and wickedness

to a close, and to finish "the mystery of God." He is come "to make an end of sins."

This Angel is represented as standing upon the sea and upon the earth, to imply that His solemn errand is to Gentiles and to Jews. Lifting up His hand to heaven, He swears by the Creator of heaven, and earth, and sea, that time (or delay) should be no longer. That is to say that the patience of God is exhausted, His long forbearance has come to an end; and now must begin His terrible judgments. His enemies are to be disarmed, and the power which had been delegated to them be taken away from them forever. The Apostle was forbidden to reveal or write the words which the seven thunders uttered; nor are we told what is the subject matter of the little book in the Angel's hand.

The precise time at which these judgments are to begin we cannot do more than conjecture. We may suppose that the persecution of the saints in

The Great Tribulation will last Three Years.

This persecution, it will be remembered, is to commence in the middle of the last week of years—that is, three years and a half after Antichrist makes his covenant with many of the Jews. Then will he cause the sacrifice to cease, and the "abomination of desolation" to be set up. Three years from this time will bring us to within half a year from the end. The terrible events which are to happen under the trumpets and vials, need not take six months. It will be a short work of judgment. We are told that "for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." (Matt. 24: 22.)

Most fearful and dreadful days will they be! Earthquakes shall shake the earth, and the heavens shall at one time pour out fire to destroy the earth and the things that are therein, and at another time they will be darkened. Besides this, actual sufferings will be inflicted upon man and beast. These events will be the preparation for the finale, when the seventh angel will sound and the "mystery of God" shall be fulfilled. Then the Lord Himself shall come in Person, together with His saints.

A JOKE ON A PHILANTHROPIST.

AN impressive lesson was unwittingly given to one of our philanthropists recently. It was given in the form of a joke, but it was a lesson which he says he shall never forget. The philanthropist in question is Mr. W. F. M. Round, a man whose efforts on behalf of discharged prisoners have led to the reclamation of hundreds of abandoned criminals. He has pleaded frequently their claims on the sympathy of the followers of Him who was the Friend of publicans and sinners, and he was made feel how much they need that sympathy. He says: I was going up the Hudson with an English friar who is a great wag, and he had even got so far that he could perpetrate and understand an American joke. He was walking up and down the boat and I was reading. I saw him talking with this group and that, and finally, when I had finished my paper, I went to the edge of the boat and saw a group, who were looking out at the scenery. I volunteered to tell them something about the places along the shore, and they jumped away from me and left me standing there alone. Presently I heard some men talking about the tariff and I joined in the conversation, and if every man had been an icicle, he could not have turned a colder shoulder. I walked off to another part of the boat, not understanding it at all. Then came walking up to me an old man with silvery hair and an honest face, and he came up in such a kind fashion and took my hand in his, that I could not refuse him. He said, "My friend, you have had a very hard life, haven't you?" "Well," I said, "I don't know about the average, I think." He looked disappointed and dropped my hand and, presently, he took it again and said, "Now I want to do you good. Tell me when you took your first wrong step." "Well, really, it was so long ago and I have taken so many since, that I don't believe I could tell." He went away and, finally, he came back and brought a little tract, "A word to ex-convicts!" He said, "Read th-

It may do you good." It was one I had written myself. I went across the cabin to ask my friend what was the matter, and I found him doubled up with laughter. He had been going from group to group and pointing me out as one who had been in every prison and jail in New York State. Well, brethren, there was a laugh in it, but God in His wisdom knowing the work He had for me to do, taught me a lesson by it. He permitted me just to taste such a cup of bitterness and loneliness, that I shall never look unto the face of a discharged prisoner, but I shall always remember the coldness with which I was regarded by that group of men."

THE GREAT SUPPER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for July 13; Luke 14: 15-24; Golden Text Luke 14: 15.

He Saviour in the Pharisee's House—His Work There—Christ's Rule of Hospitality—A Pious Remark—Inward Carnality—The Invitation to the Supper—Many Bidden—How it is Given—What it is to Make Excuse—What it Involves—The Excuses Offered—Business—Marriage—The Report of the Servant—A Compelling Power—The Awful Word.

It was a Sabbath day, and Jesus, probably by invitation, entered into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread. There was plenty of work for the Master to do in that Pharisee's house. He had a message for the guests. Human nature, in all its miserable littleness, was manifesting itself in their choosing the chief rooms, each for himself. Every one thus asserting himself as some one who was of importance. There was only One present who had intrinsic dignity enough to refrain from this petty strife; it was Jesus Himself, who received not honor from men (John 5: 41), and as man, by the very fact of this freedom from the same spirit, He had power to point out to them that the path of honor as well as wisdom was to take the lowest place.

No one was forgotten by Jesus. Unoccupied with Himself, He was completely at His Father's disposal. He had a message to His host, an unexpected, unwelcome, but a never-to-be-forgotten message, one which, if Christians lived according to the Bible, would have transformed the customs of society from selfish to unselfish, from human to divine. "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy rich neighbors (poor neighbors may be called); lest they also bid thee in, and a recompense be made thee."

Is it Possible

For eighteen hundred years this has been the written rule of God's kingdom for dinner and supper parties, and that, in face of so clear direction, men who profess and call themselves Christians do not so much as dream of obeying it? Who is there among outward professors who, in sending out invitations, kneels in first to ask God to remind him of any who he is likely to bid him again, so that he may avoid giving them an invitation? Who fears to be lenient again, and that a recompense be made? Is it not the usual plan, even among Christians, to invite those who are likely to return the invitation? Is it not the very few who, as stewards of God, invite only those who are invited for God's sake, and for His works, sake their souls and bodies, or in those of others. How few, when they make a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind! How few see that, in hospitality, as in all else, they are called to be witnesses of God, and to do as He does to us, having no other reason for doing it but because it is like God. As we expect on earth some return for what we give, we are not "children of the resurrection" (Luke 20: 36). They who live in the self-atmosphere of "this present evil age" (Gal. 1: 4, R. V. Marg.), cannot wait for their reward after the resurrection of the just, "Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." (Matt. 6: 16.) They have it now, instead of in the great after. Oh, if men would but understand eternal life, really lived down here, makes

all its calculations for eternity, they could afford to forego present recompense, because God's faithfulness is such a reality to them. To seek anything for ourselves in the present life is beneath the dignity of our vocation; by the blood of Christ we are separated from the life of self. He died for us, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves" (II. Cor. 5: 15), the power which blood-bought souls have over the enemy is that they love not their lives unto the death (Rev. 12: 11), that is, they do not seek what is due to them, what suits them, what honors them, what pleases them, but they live for "Him which died for them."

When "one of them that sat at meat with Him heard these things, he said unto Him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." A

Pious and Appropriate Remark,

but the all-seeing eye of Jesus read the heart of the speaker, tried him in the balances and found him wanting. The parable which follows was addressed to this one individual, as though the Lord would say to him, Wilt thou be there? There are unspiritual people who are in the habit of making just such remarks, with which they seek to cover over the real worldliness and carnality of their hearts. They little know how a spiritual mind detects the unreality at once, and how painful it is to see one who does not know how to put off the shoes from off his feet (Exod. 3: 5), tread thus irreverently on holy ground.

"Then said He unto him, a certain man made a great supper and bade many." Whatever other parables may signify, this one is a clear invitation to come "without money and without price," without condition, and without preparation of any kind, to a welcoming and loving Saviour. Every call of God's Holy Spirit, from our earliest years, every conscious touch of God in our lives before we are converted, is this bidding, this call on the part of God, to sinful, unworthy man, that he should come to Jesus, and be saved. Every one has been thus bidden who is conscious that he is not living as he ought to live, and he cannot rid himself of the responsibility. There is at one time or another a consciousness in the heart of every unsaved sinner that all is not right between him and God, and this is the bidding to the feast, which is really the work of the Holy Ghost, although He does not appear as the Agent. He has come to "reprove the world," the unsaved, "of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16: 3), and who dares to say He does not do His work? But a time comes when the Holy Ghost brings a pressure to bear upon souls; it is, not only come, but, come now; difficulties are met, and the call of God declares, Come, for all things are now ready, God is waiting for you, salvation is waiting your acceptance, eternal life is waiting your willing, free choice. An answer must be given, it is an awfully decisive moment, there can no longer be a hiding away in supposed neutrality, you have gone too far, and God has gone too far, to draw back. Immortal soul, you must come, or you must be responsible throughout an endless eternity for wilfully refusing your own soul's salvation. "And they all with one consent

Began to Make Excuse."

From what would sinners be excused? From reconciliation with God? What then? Do they love their rebellion best, and ask God to His face to excuse them for continuing to rebel? Excused from receiving a free pardon? What is this but to say, "We intend to continue in sin; We love our sins too well to part with them, and we are willing to run the risk of eternal death rather than be forced to part with them by the position of obligation in which a free pardon would place us. But we want to be on good terms with God, we may want His mercy in a dying hour; we would like to be excused! What an outrage against every sense of honor, of uprightness, of gratitude, is this! and yet it is the true position of every soul who consciously and wilfully rejects Jesus.

What were the excuses? Senseless, shallow, groundless, vain. One said, "I have bought a

piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused." The bargain had been made, he had the title deeds of the land, all his survey of it would not secure it more than it was secured already, and this over anxiety for that which was his already, was going to rob him of a friendship which he could ill afford to lose. And you sinner, what are you saying? "I must needs, I must look after my business in these times of competition. I must provide for my family. I must keep up my position. I must look after my health. I must needs do all this. And is there no I must for eternity? Is there no "I must see that my relations are right with God, that I am truly living to His glory, that no sin of the past or present comes between Him and me? Men ignore the claims of their Creator, who formed them for Himself. (Isa. 43: 21.) They forget what the blood of Christ has done for them. Is it thus men requite the love stronger than death, which bore their sins? Is it possible that for a few acres of land, a few oxen, a new house, a newly-married wife, a banker's account, a speculation in the money market,—is it possible that for these things men throw away the offer of companionship with God for ever? For these things, which occupy, wear, fret, worry, but never satisfy; will men reject the dignity of becoming sons of God? For the shallow, fleeting honor of a few fellow worms of earth, will men become degraded for an endless eternity? And men complain that it is hard of God to condemn for ever, those who for a whole lifetime deliberately refuse the offers of God's grace! Do they not judge themselves to be "unworthy of everlasting life (Acts 13: 26), and can God force it upon them? The excuses become

More and More Bold.

The first said, "I must needs go;" the second, "I go;" the third, "I cannot come." Every rejecter of God's grace makes the downward path easier for the rest.

"So that servant came and shewed His Lord these things." Who is that Servant sent of God to bid souls come to Him? Preachers, tracts, circumstances, may be His instruments, but it is ever the same Agent, the Holy Ghost, who brings men in contact with Jesus. He "shows His Lord these things." What is the report He gives of you? Does the Holy Ghost bear witness in heaven that you want to be excused? "The Master of the house was angry." It is no light thing for God to be angry. There comes a time when God treats the rejection of Christ by a sinner as final. The Master said to his servant, "Go out quickly,"—and it was not now to the formerly bidden guests, but "into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind,"—just those whom He calls us to invite to our houses, just those hopeless and lost ones, the drunkard, the outcast, the heathen. And the Holy Ghost is doing this work while I write, and while you read these words. To the hopeless He sends hope; to the broken, those who have learned their nothingness, those who have nothing and are nothing in the world, He sends a compelling message of love, that they shall fill His house. Once the servant returned to say His work was accomplished, all that could be found in the streets were gathered, "and yet there is room." His second mission was to "the highways and hedges," with the addition, "Compel them to come in." God bless every earnest soul to whom He gives by the Holy Ghost this compelling power.

One last awful word God speaks in this parable to the Christ-rejecter. To all who have become acquainted with the Word of God without obeying it, to all who have become members of Christian churches without being really saved, to all who have been content to pray in a way to satisfy their own consciences, without any real contact and communion with God,—to all who have learned the truths of the Gospel without being personally saved by them, God sends this fearful message, "For I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

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In reply to numerous inquiries, we state that no change has been made in our terms to agents. They are allowed, on all ordinary subscriptions, the same commission as in former years.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THE following letter came to me through the United States Mail:

"DEAR SIR: I do not believe much that you preach, but I am certain that you believe it all. To be a Christian I must believe the Bible to be true. I do not believe it. I go to hear you preach because you preach the Bible as I was taught it in my youth by a father who, like yourself, believed what, in the capacity of a preacher, he proclaimed. I have been for thirty-five years anxious to walk in the path my mother is treading, confident in her simple faith. I have lived to see my children's children, and the distance that lies between me and my real estate in the graveyard cannot be very great. At my age it would be worse than folly to argue simply to confound, or dispute merely for the love of wrangling. I feel my breath growing shorter, my steps more tottering, and I am lost in the wilderness."

After stating many difficulties in the 9th chapter of Romans, he says:

"I pray morning, noon, and night, because I am afraid not to pray. What shall I do that I have not done so that I may see clearly?"

(Signed) ONE OF THE CONGREGATION."

This letter excites all my sympathies, for I have been in that quagmire, and I know how deep it is. A man may get into a morbid state of mind and may believe anything or disbelieve anything. A student of Dr. Witherspoon came and said: "I believe everything is imaginary. I myself am only an imaginary being." Dr. Witherspoon said to him: "Go down and hit your head against the college-door, and if you are imaginary and the door is imaginary it won't hurt you." When a car gets off track you may find it next minute upside down or in splinters.

I notice there are no slurs at religion in this letter—the first letter of the kind I ever saw. The first thing a man generally does after turning his back upon Christianity is to spit in the face of Christ by caricaturing religion. But this letter is respectful and reverential.

I congratulate the author of it on the fact that he had a pious parentage. While we want something stronger than our mother's apron-strings to save us, it is a grand thing to have had a good father and mother. A profligate broke forth, weeping, and said: "Oh, that tear of my mother that fell on my hand one night when I lay in the trundle-bed!" A man never gets over having been prayed for. He is apt to come around all right. I congratulate the author of the letter on being the son of a minister. It is a wrongful impression that minister's children are worse than others. Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*,

says that in the biographies of one hundred clergymen he finds they had one hundred and ten sons who were clergymen, and you know that to be a clergyman means at least piously inclined. Religion in the parsonage, where this man was brought up, was a happy religion. Some day all these conversations and prayers and preachings and blessed memories will charge upon his soul and capture it in five minutes for Christ. That old Christian father, gone into glory, will yet greet this unbelieving son.

In this letter you ask me for counsel, and I give it. In one part of your letter you show that your chief study of the Bible has been in the ninth chapter of Romans. My advice is that for six months you stop reading other portions of the Bible and read only the evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. "But is not all Scripture given by inspiration of God, and profitable?" Yes, so are all the medicines in the apothecary-shops good and useful; but they all have different uses, and are to be administered in different circumstances. There are aloes and arsenic and opium and Peruvian bark—all good in their places; but in one condition of the system this medicine may cure you, and in another it will kill you. Now, I say that the ninth chapter of Romans, which is glorious tonic to a strong Christian, is to you, in your present condition, arsenic. And, if you don't stop taking it—at any rate in such large quantities—it will kill you. You have asked me to prescribe; and now in the name of the Great Physician, I ask if you will take the prescription? In your present spiritual invalidism you cannot digest strong meat. You can take nothing but the "sincere milk." How dare you risk yourself now in the ninth chapter of Romans? You go out to contend in that field where strong Christians of forty years' standing have been confounded. In other words, the first time you take a musket in your hand you try a Waterloo. The devil has had his way with you long enough. He has robbed you of the peace of a whole lifetime, and is now trying to strangle your immortality.

You say you have been advised by Christian people to sacrifice on this subject your reasoning faculty. I give you no such wretched counsel. Hold your argumentation in reserve. The infantry march into the fight on the plain. The batteries are on the hill, and will in due time be unlimbered. So go into this discussion with your heart. Hold your logic and argument in reserve for a later period of the conflict. Before you get through your earthly battles you will need not only minie rifles, but columbiads.

Does not this letter tear off all the gloss and fascination of scepticism? There is a time in a young man's life when he thrusts his finger in the armhole of his vest tosses his head and gives a Byronic laugh at Christianity, or asks Tom Paine's questions about the serpent in Eden, or the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ. But it is a good deal easier to get lost in the jungles than to get out of the woods. Scepticism mauls a man to death. It is a Hindoo hook thrust into the flesh to swing its victim in the air. The wretch dying of smallpox, half tended in the hospital, is not so much to be pitied as the man who has caught this vile, polluting, agonising distemper of the soul. Take my right eye, yea, take both eyes, and

leave me in midnight all my earthly days, rather than blast my vision of that Gospel truth which is my comfort for time and my hope for eternity.

Will not parents be comforted in the loss of their little children when they read of those who have grown up to reject Christ notwithstanding early religious training? Better for us to put the forms of our little ones down when the infernal archer cannot strike them. How softly lies the sod on the breast, compared with the pressure of a destroyed spirit. Better have the little hands closed in death around the flowers that a playmate sends in, than to have them open for pulling down the last hope of a ruined world.

A BEE IN THE BONNET.

SOMEONE sent me a newspaper with a list of several ministers who have become insane. The newspaper having a marginal note desiring me to explain. I have no capacity to demonstrate the certain cause of such clerical dementia, but we may imagine several reasons for such disaster. Perhaps they may have lost the balance through a large number of begging letters. They may by every mail have been solicited for money that they did not possess. They may have been violently charged with niggardiness for postponing immediate response. For instance on my table a pile of letters from western Sunday-schools, who want a new library from a young man who needs a new suit of clothes; from a woman in Pennsylvania, who says her husband is unable to support her; from England, Ireland, and Scotland, asking for help in the building of chapels—a heavy rain of applications that is enough to set any man's brain afloat; and I imagine that some of the persons spoken of in that newspaper were mentally swamped in that way. Another possible cause for the seeming epidemic of insanity among the clergy may be the demands of lecturing committees who want you to go and speak on behalf of their church or Young Men's Christian Association, and who persist in having you go after your telling them it is impossible. They break through all your established habits of privacy. They wake you up after you have gone to bed, or stop you in the street with their long yarn of necessities. If that will not make a minister crazy, nothing will. I present another possible cause for the series of intellectual collapses spoken of in the newspaper and aforesaid, in the exorbitant and unreasonable demand for impossible pastoral services. They may have been confused by the attempt to attend three funerals at the same hour, five miles distant from each other. Being able to go to but one of the three, of course the other two families will feel that they have been outrageously neglected. They will write sharp letters, talk profusely throughout the congregation, and possibly, leave the church in a dudgeon. The attempt of a minister to be in three places at once will naturally divide and shatter his intellect. I do not know that the above causes worked in the unfortunate case referred to, but I only assign them as sufficient cause of aberration. I am not surprised, like my correspondent, that there are so many lunatic ministers, but rather amazed that there are so few. It is a matter of congratulation that, under the pressure, there are so many clear-headed clergymen.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The First Estimates of the Populations According to the Census returns have now been made. They are probably not exact, but the opinion that they will undergo is not likely to be any large change in them. It appears that there are now as many millionaire cities as there are in Europe. New York is still first on the list with a population of 1,627,227; Chicago has in the past decade from the fourth to the third place with 1,088,000; and Philadelphia has moved from the second place to the third with 849,499. The largest figure below the million is that of Brooklyn which is 806,583. She was fourth on the list, though since 1880, when she held the third place, she has added 20 to her population. The record for the country, so far as it has been received, is a marvellous, widely distributed growth, surpassed in the history of any nation.

Rejection of the Proposed Free Coinage Silver by the House is, as was expected, defeated. By a vote of 152 to 135 the House decided to non-concur in the Senate's amendments. A sectional line was again clearly marked in the analysis of the vote. Twenty-three Republicans voted for free coinage and twenty-two Democrats against it. The explanation of this split in party lines is found in the geographical situation of the States from which the members come. It is possible that the bill will now be dropped through a failure of the two houses to agree; but if the Conference Committees do succeed in effecting a compromise, it will probably be on the basis of Secretary Windom's plan. In that case the purchase of silver may be increased to four or five millions a month, and certificates issued against it be redeemable in gold. That would be an advantage if the Secretary is at the same time relieved of the obligation now resting upon him to coin two million dollars every month. The increase in the value of silver will also be gratifying to the holders of silver in Congress and the country.

The Distinct Endorsement of Ballot Reform The Republican Convention in Illinois is a striking sign of the times. The convention has strongly recommended the enactment of the Australian system of voting, "with its improvements and safeguards as the experience of other States, where it has been adopted and tested, may suggest." It may be said that the Conventions of other States make a similar avowal, and before a long time has passed, possibly before the next Presidential election, the reform will be in force throughout the country. It should be understood that the worst class of politicians have to lose, and the best class all to gain by the system. It makes intimidation next to impossible and it renders bribery so uncertain that it will fall into disfavor. When the voter has his vote free from the supervision of the agent of the man, who gives the bribe, there is no security but the voter's honor that has voted as he was paid to vote. Bribers understand this, and they will place little reliance on the honor of a man who would sell his vote. Every man anxious for the purity of elections should urge the adoption of the Australian system in his State.

The Herculean Labor of Purifying New York's Municipal government has been undertaken by the meeting of representative citizens at which a committee was appointed to select candidates for the various offices to be filled at the next election. The meeting was held on June 24 at the Windsor Hotel and the call, which was for those who were interested in the reform of the city government, was answered by the attendance of over a hundred and fifty men of a variety of business interests, a variety of social grades, a variety of religious beliefs, and all stripes of politics. The movement is practically the result of the resolutions recently made before the committee of the Legislature, which were most discredited to those who have of late controlled city politics. A resolution of the meeting calls upon all citizens, irrespective of their national poli-

tics, to unite in the discharge of common civic duty, to the end that the fair fame of our city be cleared, its business interests be fostered, and the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our whole people be cherished." The results of this movement will be deeply interesting. A prominent journal identified with the ruling faction sneers at the movement as "a clergymen's campaign" and intimates that the interference of clergymen in politics is not wanted. It is true that it is not wanted by the politicians of New York. But it may be needed badly. At any rate, it has come and as the clergymen are disinterested and their interference is on the side of righteousness and purity it deserves the support of all Christian citizens. That support will be needed; for the whole force of the saloon and disorderly and corrupt elements will be marshalled against it.

The New Constitution of Brazil, Formally Promulgated last week, is based on the model of that of the United States. The President alone is to be responsible to the nation. The Ministers are replaced by Secretaries of State, who are answerable to the President alone. Parliament will consist of a House of Representatives and a Senate. The powers of these two bodies will be of a purely legislative character, and an adverse vote by either chamber will not entail a change of ministry. A new House of Representatives will be elected triennially, and a new Senate every nine years. The President's term of office will be six years. The first Presidential election by Congress is fixed for November.

A Revolution in San Salvador is Reported to have taken place. The President, Gen. Menendez, is dead. It is stated that his death was due to heart disease, and was precipitated by excitement caused by a personal conflict in the Executive mansion, between Gen. Martinez, commander of the government forces in the Capital, and Gen. Marcial, in which the latter was killed. Suspicions are, however, entertained that he was assassinated. He had been President since 1885 when he succeeded President Zaldivar. A provisional government has been formed with Gen. Guirola at its head. There was some fighting after the death of Marcial in which twenty-three persons were killed, but the cable despatches state that order has been restored. The dead President was an ardent advocate of a Central American union, and it is believed that his advocacy of the project, and the fact that he had been nominated for re-election led to the revolution.

The Old Quarrel Between the Czar and the Sultan developed an acute stage last week by the presentation of an ominous note from the Russian to the Turkish government. It suggests the intention of the Czar to actively interfere in the Balkans. The note declines the request of Turkey for a further delay of six months in the payment of the war indemnity due from Turkey, and demands immediate payment. The note declares that in the event of refusal Russia reserves the right of taking all necessary measures to compel payment. The first turn of the screw was given by a demand, ostensibly by Bulgaria but really by Russia, for an extension of the religious liberty of Bulgarians in Turkey and also for a recognition of the Bulgarian government. It is expected that this action will lead to a proclamation of the independence of Bulgaria under a prince who will be agreeable to Russia, with the absorption of Macedonia into Bulgaria.

The English Government has Yielded to the protests of the friends of Temperance, and has withdrawn its proposal to compensate liquor dealers for the extinction of licences. This is a decisive defeat; for the government has a large and compact majority in Parliament. It is due to the strong feeling manifested by the churches and temperance societies throughout the country. The government learned that many of its supporters, on whose subservience it can generally count, were placed in an embarrassing position. They would have to choose between voting against the government or losing their seats at the next election. The government, therefore, realizing that defeat was possi-

ble, and that even if victory were gained it would involve unpleasant consequences in the future, decided to withdraw its measure. Soon after the decision was announced a monster petition was presented from the liquor dealers, asking that the measure be passed.

The Epidemic in Spain Proves to be True Asiatic Cholera. The government commission, appointed to investigate it, can however find no trace of its importation. It appears to have been produced by dormant germs left from a previous visitation. The prevailing heat and humidity are congenial conditions for the development of such germs. This fact should inculcate more than usual care on the part of health inspectors in all ports, as the germs may be unwittingly carried by Spanish ships to other countries. It is gratifying to learn that the strict cordon established around the infected province has thus far prevented the spread of the disease. It is also subsiding in Valencia itself. Since the epidemic appeared, there have been 196 cases and of these no less than 113 proved fatal.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Revision Committee appointed by the Presbyterian General Assembly will hold its first meeting in Pittsburgh in October.

The Rev. John Hall, D. D., is going to Ireland as a delegate to the Jubilee Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, at Belfast, from the General Assembly.

Bishop Potter preached at Pier 6, East River, New York, at the outdoor station of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society, for Seamen on June 19. All about the pier the waters are thronged with canal boats.

Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., of the Second United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, celebrated on June 17 the conclusion of the fiftieth year of his pastorate. The church presented him with a purse of \$5,000.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon has just renounced claim to a fortune which had been left him. The testator had left some needy relatives, so Mr. Spurgeon generously gave up all title to the property, giving trustees power to deal with it for the said relatives.

The delegates of the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society to the approaching Peace Congress, in London, will sail July 3, on the *Normannia*. Among them are Dr. George D. Boardman, of Philadelphia, Dr. T. S. Hamlin, of Washington; Dr. Julius E. Grammer, of Baltimore, and Dr. Philip S. Moxom, of Boston.

Rev. Sam Jones's meetings, at Richmond, Va., were the most important ever held in that city. The *Norfolk Virginian* says that at one meeting in the Tabernacle fully three thousand persons listened to the preacher, and as many came who were unable to get inside the building. The same journal estimates that not less than a thousand persons were converted at the meetings.

Mrs. Re Qua's many friends will rejoice to learn that she has recovered from her recent severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. She took her case to the Lord and experienced speedy healing. A fresh supply of her popular work, "Stones for the Temple," is now on hand and that, with her new work "Ziona," may be had from her at McAlester, Ind. Ter. The proceeds of the sale are devoted to the mission among the Indians.

The distribution of foreign missionaries in the chief missionary fields is reported to be as follows: China has an ordained missionary to each 733,000 of population; Siam, one to each 600,000; Corea, one to each 500,000; India, one to each 350,000; Africa, one to each 300,000; Japan, one to each 215,000; Burmah, one to each 200,000. The record for Africa does not include the Soudan; where it is believed there is not more than one missionary to five million persons.

The recent convention of Christian Endeavor Societies at St. Louis, exceeded anything before recorded, in enthusiasm. Fully eleven thousand were present at the sessions of the last evening of the convention; nearly seven thousand in the Music Hall of the Exposition Building where the convention was held, and four thousand in the five overflow meetings which were held at the same hour in different churches. Texas, Arkansas and several other Southern States were represented for the first time at this convention.

Dr. L. W. Munhall will conduct the Third Annual Interdenominational Conference for Bible study at Ocean Grove, in August. The meetings will continue from August 6 to 10. Among those who have promised to attend and participate are Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis; Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Dr. Nathaniel West, of St. Paul; Dr. Erdman, of Asheville, N.C., and Prof. Moorehead, of Xenia, O. The unanimous testimony of those who attended the former conferences is that they were spiritually and mentally helpful in a high degree. Further particulars may be obtained from Dr. Munhall, Station G, Philadelphia, Pa., or of the Camp Meeting Association.

THE ANTEDILUVIAN WITNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Heb. 11: 7.

Contrasted with Enoch—Enoch a Type of Raptured Saints—Noah a Type of the Two Witnesses—I. Faith His First Principle—Faith the Acorn of the Oak of Holiness—In Ordinary Life—In the Threatening of God—In the Improbable—Through a Long Life—Even to Separation—II. Fear His Moving Force—Not Slavish Fear—Expected the Day of Vengeance—III. Obedience the Fruit—Obeyed Exactly—Carefully—At All Cost—In Spite of Scorn—IV. The Results that Came.

THE apostle could not avoid mentioning Noah; for in him faith shone forth eminently. He has placed him in due order of time after Abel and Enoch; but he had also another reason for the arrangement. These three ancient believers are declared in Holy Writ to have pleased God. Of Abel, it is said that God testified of his gifts. Enoch, before his translation, had this testimony, that he pleased God: and Noah "found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Again, it was meet that Noah should follow close upon Enoch, as one of two who are described as having "walked with God." "Enoch walked with God: and he was not: for God took him:" and we read in the sixth chapter of Genesis, verse eight, that Noah also "walked with God." These two spent their lives in such constant communion with the Most High that they could be fully described as walking with God. Oh, that we may, through almighty grace, be so pleasing unto the Lord that we may abide in fellowship with Him!

In Evil Days.

We may take pleasure in thinking of Noah as a kind of contrast to Enoch. Enoch was taken away from the evil to come: he saw not the flood, nor heard the wailing of those who were swept away by the waterfloods. His was a delightful deliverance from the harvest of wrath which followed the universal godlessness of the race. It was not his to fight the battle of righteousness to the bitter end; but by a secret rapture he avoided death, and escaped those evil days in which his grandson's lot was cast. Noah is the picture of one who is the Lord's witness during evil days, and lives through them faithfully, enduring unto the end. It was his to be delivered from death by death. The ark was, so to speak, a coffin to him: he entered it, and became a dead man to the old world; and within its inclosure he was floated into a new world, to become the founder and father of a new race.

In Enoch we see a type of those of God's people who go home peacefully before the last closing struggle. Ere the first clash of swords at Armageddon, such Enochs will be taken from the evil to come. But in Noah we see those who will engage in the conflict, and bear themselves bravely amid backsliding and apostasy, until they shall see the powers of evil trodden under their feet as straw is trodden for the dunghill. The fire-flood will devour the wicked, and only the righteous shall inherit the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Let these few words stand as the preface to my discourse; and now let us carefully consider Noah's faith, trusting that the Holy Spirit may bless its teaching to our own souls.

I. First, notice that in Noah's case

Faith Was the First Principle.

The text begins, "By faith Noah." We shall have to speak about his fear—being "moved by fear"; we shall also remember his obedience, for he "prepared an ark to the saving of his house." But you must take distinct note that at the back of everything was his faith in God. His faith begat his fear: his faith and his fear produced his obedience. Nothing in Noah is held up before us as an example, but that which grew out of his faith. To begin with, we must look well to our faith. May I pass the question round these galleries, and put it to you also in this vast area? Have you faith? Let each one hear the question in the singular number. "Hast thou faith? Dost thou believe on the

Son of God? Art thou resting in the promise of a faithful God?" If not, thou art nothing as to spiritual things.

Notice, First, that Noah believed in God in his ordinary life. Before the great test came, before he heard the oracle from the secret place, Noah believed in God. We know that he did, for we read that he walked with God, and in his common conduct he is described as being "a just man, and perfect in his generations." It is a great thing to have faith in the presence of a terrible trial; but the first essential is to have faith for ordinary every-day consumption. Hast thou faith in God as to thy daily bread? Hast thou faith as to thy children and thy house? Hast thou faith about thy trade and business? Hast thou faith in the God of Providence?—faith in the God who answers prayers? Is it habitual with thee to roll thy burden upon the Lord? If it be not so with thee, what wilt thou do when the floods break forth? Faith will not come to thee all of a sudden, in the dark night, if thou hast shut it out all the bright days. Faith must be a constant tenant, not an occasional guest. I have heard of Latter-day Saints, and I do not think much of them: I far more admire

Every-Day Saints.

Note, next, that Noah had faith in the warning and threatening of God. If he had not believed the threat, he would not have prepared an ark, and so would not have received the promise. Men do not prepare an ark to escape from a flood unless they believe that there will be a flood. I charge you who profess to be the Lord's not to be unbelieving with regard to the terrible threatenings of God to the ungodly. Believe the threat, even though it should chill your blood; believe, though nature shrinks from the overwhelming doom; for, if you do not believe, the act of disbelieving God about one point will drive you to disbelieve Him upon the other parts of revealed truth, and you will never come to that true, childlike faith which God will accept and honor. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark."

Furthermore: Noah believed what seemed highly improbable, if not absolutely impossible. There was no sea where Noah laid the keel of his ark; I do not even know that there was a river there. He was to prepare a sea-going vessel, and construct it on dry land. How could water be brought there to float it? O mad old man! How canst thou play the fool on so huge a scale as to build a three-decked vessel of vast dimensions where no waters can ever come? Yet he was bidden of the Lord to do it, and he was persuaded that the Lord's command involved no blunder. The floods would fill the valley, rise up the hills, and prevail above the tops of the mountains. He believed all this, although it did seem an unlikely thing. That faith which believes in the probable is

Anybody's Faith:

Even publicans and sinners can so believe. The faith which believes that which is barely possible is in better form; but that faith which cares nothing for probability or possibility, but rests alone in the Word of the Lord, is the faith of God's elect.

At times you and I are assailed as to our faith in the Bible, by people who say, "How do you make that out? It is in the Scriptures, certainly, but how do you reconcile it with science?" Let your reply be—We no longer live in the region of argument as to the Word of the Lord; but we dwell in the realm of faith. We are not squabblers, itching to prove our superiority in reasoning, but we are children of light, worshipping our God by bowing our whole minds to Him. It is our ambition to be great believers, rather than great thinkers; to be child-like in faith, rather than subtle in intellect.

Note well, that Noah believed alone, and preached on though none followed him. There were no other believers, if you except his wife and his sons and daughters. There were eight in all; but I am afraid that some of these rather believed in father Noah than in the living God.

Noah believed through a hundred and twenty solitary years! It was a long martyrdom. Life is quite long enough for the trial of faith. Yonder dear friend has been praying for last six months, and the Lord has not heard him, and he begins to doubt whether the Lord does hear prayer at all. You are not much like Noah. You can hardly believe for one hundred and twenty days. "Alas!" says one, "I have prayed for my husband these twenty years. It is a long time to wait; but what would you do with a hundred added on to it? Years more! Noah's faith more mature, and not more feeble. This grey father of the age went on with preaching, went on with His intercession, without a doubt, waited for God in His own time to justify His servant before the eyes of men." Once more: Noah

Believed Even to Separation

from the whole world. See Noah and his family entering the ark! I do not think I should have selected the ark as a place of residence, my nor would you have chosen to live in a place pitched within and without with pitch, with only one door and one window to it, with a great menagerie of birds, and beasts, and reptiles inside it. Whether that window ran round the top just under the roof, so as to light into the whole structure, I cannot tell. I have no doubt that the jeering world said, Noah, "Well, old man, you have built a prison for yourself, and the sooner you go inside and shut yourself in the better; for we have had enough of your preaching!" When the great man and his family went in, and the Lord shut the door, they were dead to the world. No days professors have not faith enough to do alone. They want two or three doors in the back of the ark, so that they may slip out every now and then, and do a little pleasuring with the world, and then glide back again and look like saints. As to being shut in with God and separated from the world—religious and irreligious—how few will endure it! How little is it heard of that cry—"Come out from among them, and be ye separate!"

II. Secondly, Fear was the moving force. Faith was the living principle, but

Fear Was the Moving Power;

for the text puts it, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear." Faith moulded him, but fear moved him. How was this? "I thought," says one, "that perfect love casteth out fear." Yes, of a certain sort; but there is another which perfect love embraces and nourishes. Noah had no evil fear. He had not a selfish fear: he was not afraid of God as a culprit afraid of a judge, or a convict of the hangman. He knew whom he believed, and was persuaded that He had a favor toward him. Noah had not a careless fear, as some here have. Fear, say, "We never shall be saved, and therefore would be useless to care about it. We may as well gather the rosebuds while we may. There is no heaven for us hereafter, let us make the best of the present." No, Noah was a witness against such sensual carelessness. He so lived, that fear came upon him, and that made him act as God bade him. Beware of unbelief which enables you to trifle; for trifling with eternal things leads to the suicide of the soul.

The Nature of His Fear.

What kind of fear was that of Noah? Noah had a loyal reverence of God. He considered how God could be so long-suffering. When it was revealed to him that God was about to destroy the whole race from off the face of the earth by a flood, he said to himself, "I thought He would." Who among us would be so afraid of God, that the provocations inflicted upon Him by our guilty race? What sin deserves this earth! Oh, the wrath to come! How awful will the judgment be! It has not come yet, it may not come for years; but, when the Lord begins to deal with men in justice, how will that day burn as an oven! "Who may abide the day of His coming?"

Thirdly, Obedience was the gracious fruit. Faith and fear together led Noah to do as God commanded him. When fear is grafted upon faith, it brings forth good fruit, as in this case.

Noah Obeyed the Lord

How often does the Scripture say, "We did Noah"; according to all that God commanded him, so did he! See again and again, Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him. Those who have faith in God will show it by a holy fear, which makes a man zealous to leave nothing undone which is commanded of the Lord, and to add nothing of worship to the perfect law of God. "Whatever he saith unto you, do it;" was the wisdom of the Virgin. Obey the Lord with all your mind and all your heart, in the way of faith, if you would find salvation.

Noah obeyed the Lord very carefully. God said to him, "Make an ark;" and we read in Genesis thereto that he prepared an ark. There was careful preparation, and not hurried, restless activity. He prepared the right materials; he prepared the different parts so as to fit together: he prepared his mind, and then prepared his work. In seeking the Lord, let us cherish our best thoughts. Men are never right by accident, nor obedient to the Lord by chance; preparation of heart is wanted, and this the Lord must give. Alas! I fear some of you will lose eternal life, for you trifle about it.

The Cost.

Noah obeyed at all costs. To build the huge vessel called "the ark" must have cost Noah a great deal of money and labor. He could not get everybody to work at the absurd task of building a vessel on dry land. As they would laugh at his workmen would be sure to demand extra pay. Possibly he had to pay double wages to every wright employed on the ark. The patriarch was content to sink all his wealth in this singular venture. It was a poor speculation—so everybody told him; and yet he was quite willing to put all his eggs into that basket. God had bidden him build, and he would, feeling that the Divine command insured him. Dare we do the same? Noah went on obeying under daily scorn. The men of that generation mocked him. He went on and preached to them; but many would not listen to him, for they thought him mad. Those who did listen to him said to each other, "He is building a vessel upon dry land: is he sane? We are scientific, and therefore we know how absurd his preaching is; for none ever heard of the world being drowned by a flood." They despised his warning "an old wives' fable," and he himself was "an old fossil." Doubtless he was a frequent subject of sarcastic remark. For his scorning of many he went on obeying God: he stuck to the lines on which God had placed him, and he could not be turned to the right hand or to the left.

Results Came.

And now I come to my last point, upon which hear me patiently. Results did not fail to come. One hundred and twenty years preaching and no converts remaining! One hundred and twenty years building a ship, and yet no ark to float it! One hundred and twenty years warning people that God is about to destroy the world, yet no flood! Surely, the good man's life is a failure. No doubt wise folks said of him, "He is a good old man, but he is uncharitable, and he has become an alarmist." Some style him a pessimist, others say, "He is a bigot"; others, again, affect to deplore that the good man has made such a great mistake, and is wasting his influence under a delusion. I hear fine gentlemen saying, "Do not take much notice of that old gentleman. No doubt he is a very good man, but at the same time he is only one, and his views are very peculiar. He has gone on chopping this logic for one hundred and twenty years, and the world is not drowned yet: it is really too ridiculous." Thus would they speak at the preacher of righteousness; but Noah knew what he was at, and was not silenced. All he did was simply to repeat his warning, and go on with his ship-building.

What did come of it? The first result was, he was saved and his house. Oh, that God would give to every preacher of righteousness this full reward—Himself and His house! Even if in your own house you find your worst foes, hold on, and never doubt. Do not come down a step or two as to holiness, nor seek a lower platform upon which to meet more cordially an ungodly world. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and in the power of the ever-blessed gospel. That is the one business of your life; and I believe that if you have faith in the Lord as to your family, your beloved shall be given you.

The next result was, that He condemned the world. Read, "By which He condemned the world." Ha! ha! ha! they said, "we judge the old man to be out of his mind." But he was their judge. The merriest jest that flashed forth at the banquet of wine was pointed with a sarcasm about old Noah and his dry-land ship; but all the while he was solemnly judging and condemning that ribald world. The Lord had made him serenely bear

Witness Against Iniquity;

yes, and even to sit on the throne and condemn the world. When the floods began to rise, and the door was shut, how the sight of the ark condemned them! I can imagine, when the water began to get knee-deep, there would be frightened ones around the ark door; but it could not be opened, since God had shut it. When the ark began to float, some of them fled to the sides of the mountains; and what a condemnation the sight of the floating ark was to them! Noah could not help them then. The day in which they might have entered was gone by.

The last thing Noah earned by his faith was this, he became heir of the righteousness which is by faith; for God said of him, when he bade him come into the ark, "Thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." God declared him righteous; not righteous by his works, although his works, following upon his faith, proved him to be righteous; but righteous by his faith. He believed God, and found grace in the eyes of the Lord. God honored his faith, and he condemned the world. He lived when the rest perished; he was secure in his ark when the myriads were sinking in the deluge: he became "heir of the righteousness which is by faith" when others were condemned. May God make us all so, and unto His name shall be the glory through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

A REVIVAL IN A REFORMATORY.

At the last convention of Christian workers at Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. W. H. Howland described the remarkable origin of a remarkable work, in the Female Reformatory at Toronto. He said: "We had among our prisoners a poor colored woman, and I found out on inquiry that she had been sent in unjustly. She had given hospitality to one of her own color in all kindness, a woman who had committed crime, and the police, in their undistinguishing way, took them both, and both were sent to the Reformatory. That woman, from the time she came in, was a blessing. She got into the hospital, and there she worked with those poor sick souls. She used to come to talk to me and pray, and she said some of the sweetest things in her prayers. They linger in my ears now. One day she came and said, 'Brother, I want to tell you I love your work here. It is a beautiful work and the Lord is blessing it, and is saving these poor women, and it is all good, and I want to tell you something. There is nothing you haven't got in this place that you want.' I said, 'Well, Mother, what is it?' She said, 'I will tell you; it is the Holy Ghost. You want the Holy Ghost right down from heaven.' I said, 'You pray for it.' She said, 'Yes, I am praying.' I had more faith in her prayers than I had in my own.

"They sent me word that week that there were two girls, who had professed conversion, and that others were joining with them and that there was a very extraordinary feeling. I went up Friday, but it was after seven, before I got there, and it was against the rules of the insti-

tution to have visitors later than that time. The door was closed. If you are going to work in an institution, never break a rule. They sent me out word that there were sixteen or seventeen who had joined these girls, and they could not understand it. On Sunday morning, when I got there they said, 'We want you to stay for an after-meeting.' The regular Sunday school closed at 10:30. 'We want you to meet these girls. There are about twenty-two of them.' I said I would be very glad to stay, and went down and pretty nearly all the girls came in to the number of sixty or seventy, and I had nothing to do in that meeting. I want to tell you, a great part of these were old and hardened cases, and they certainly hadn't knowledge of anything. You know how hard it is to get respectable people to pray. They sang and prayed and they worked and exhorted, and it went on for two hours, and there were fifty-six conversions before the meeting was over."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Luther's Friend Restored.*

There is nothing in reason, nothing in common sense, nothing in the word of God to set aside the belief, that now, from time to time, God will in answer to prayer, raise up a man from sickness to perfect health. It is told that when Myconius lay apparently dying, he wrote a letter to his friend Luther, who, after reading the letter, immediately fell on his knees and began to pray: "O Lord, my God! no, thou must not take yet our brother Myconius, to thyself; thy cause will not prosper without him. Amen." And after praying thus he rose up, and wrote to his sick brother, "There is no cause for fear, dear Myconius; the Lord will not let me hear that thou art dead. You shall not and must not die. Amen." These words made a powerful impression on the dying Myconius, and aroused him in such a manner that the ulcer in his lungs discharged itself, and he recovered. "I wrote to you that it would be so," answered Luther to the letter which announced the recovery of his friend.

An Offer of Five Millions.

A friend of mine who at the time could have drawn his cheque for twenty millions of dollars, once offered me five millions of dollars to meet the appeals made upon me for money, if I would give him a guarantee that that, divided up among those whom I knew to be needy, and those who knew me would end all applications. He was a shrewd man; he knew that I knew that if I had all the money in all the banks and vaults in America, it would not achieve that result; that when it came to be known that I had money to distribute, in would set the world howling after me. There must be at least forty millions of people in America who want a little more money for something else. Now in such a case as this each person must regulate his outlay wisely, and never give anything, and never do anything, simply to get rid of the solicitors.

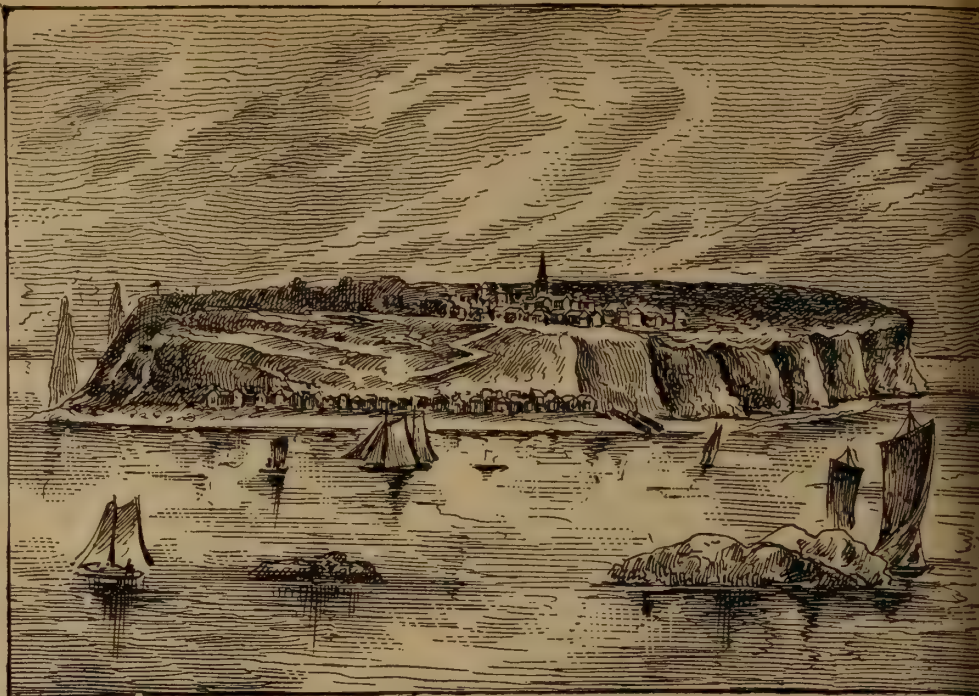
Cruel Debtors.

The crying sin against the rich in every large city is the sin of keeping back the hire which belongs to the laborers; and this is probably committed oftener by Christian women than by Christian men. Among us the sin consists in postponing, as a small matter, a small debt to the poor man: a messenger, a porter, a laundress, or some dependant. Among our ladies, the little bill of the dress-maker or the milliner is little only to the debtor, not to the creditor. The poor working woman has an old mother, or a helpless brother to support. Her rent has to be paid exactly at the hour. No grace of time is granted to her, as it is to a man whose rent is twenty thousand dollars a year. She must pay her rent, or have her baby's cradle or her other little furniture put out on the side-walk.

*From *The Gospel of Common Sense*, by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL. D. This Gospel is based on the epistle of James, and in expounding it and illustrating its teaching with incidents from daily life, Dr. Deems has the advantage of profound scholarship and a wide experience of the defects produced among Christian people by a one-sided view of the religion of Christ. Pp. 322: Price \$1.50; Published by Wilbur B. Ketchum, 13 Cooper Union, New York.



Rev. David Kerr Cross, M. D.



Heligoland Recently Ceded to Germany by England.

On Saturday night she must pay for the meat and the flour that have been bought during the week, or she and her loved ones must fast through Sunday, and fast on until her rich sister, who wears the work produced by weary fingers, and sometimes wet with bitter tears, shall think of her little bill and pay it. Oh, my sisters, this is a crying sin of this day. In this great city in which I am writing, last Sunday, hundreds of ladies swept magnificently into the house of God, and quietly sat in the pews under the preaching, and went out to sumptuous dinners, and rested delicately for their afternoon's siesta on soft couches, while their poor laboring sisters were compelled to stay from church because some little bill was not paid. And that little bill was not paid on Saturday because when the poor work-woman called, the debtor was chatting pleasantly with some flattering friend, and sent word to the poor woman to come again; or had gone riding into the Park, and forgot to leave the amount which she promised should be paid on Saturday. If any Christian man or woman shall read this passage on Sunday when he owes fifty cents, or a dollar, or two, or three, or five dollars, anything under ten dollars, to any man or woman known to be poor, let him close this volume at this page and go out, Sunday as it is, and hunt up his little creditor, and pay that little bill, lest the angel of death come upon him this day, and he go to the judgment-seat with this corroding sin eating in upon his moral nature. Let him make no hypocritical defence that it is Sunday. Sunday? Why better than any prayer that you can offer in the closet, at the family-altar, or in the church, would be this deed of simple justice. Your debt of twenty-five thousand dollars down on the exchange can stand over until to-morrow, but the hire of the laborer which you have kept back *cries*! And the cry hath entered into the ears of the Lord of hosts.

Two Typical Oars.

Two gentlemen were one day crossing a river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose, one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was everything, the other asserting the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. Consent being granted, he said: "I hold in my hands two oars. This, in my right hand, I call 'faith,' the other in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe. I pull the oar of faith, and that alone. See the boat goes round and round and makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with the

same result—no progress. Mark, I pull both together, we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place. So in my humble opinion" he added, "faith without works or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

DAVID KERR CROSS, M. D.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN NYASSALAND.

ONE of the most earnest champions of the victims of the slave stealer is Dr. Cross, whose portrait we give. He has been laboring for five years as a medical missionary at the north of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, and has witnessed some of the worst horrors of the slave raids. He says that when he came out of the market-place of Nanyema, after seeing men and women and children sold there, and after witnessing the cruelties practised in driving them there, by the Arabs, he felt as if he "had been in hell." He saw a woman in her prime sold for an old flint-lock musket. He has gone to Europe to tell his story in the hope of helping Cardinal Lavigerie's Congress to take effective measures for the suppression of the barbarities which are still going on.

Dr. Cross speaks in the highest terms of the capability of the natives for civilization. He says they are kind, fairly honest, brave, and vigorous. They manifest loyalty in a remarkable degree, and their gratitude for any service done them knows no bounds. There is a delicacy too in their conduct which we do not associate with our conception of savages. Dr. Cross mentions as an illustration of this that when his wife died, a company of chiefs came to his hut to sympathize with him. They came in the morning and sat the whole day with him without speaking or moving, and when the sun set, they softly and silently retired in the darkness. The missionary, whose grief was too deep for human comfort, says that this simple mute evidence of kindly sympathy affected him to tears, and won his sincere respect and esteem.

Dr. Cross was enlisted in the army of missionaries by his *Sunday-school teacher*, Dr. Black, of Glasgow. Dr. Cross was a boy in Dr. Black's class when the latter resigned to go to Africa, in the first company of medical missionaries to the Dark Continent. The boy venerated his teacher, and imbibed his spirit. He fitted himself for a college course and chose the department of medicine that he might go out to Dr. Black in Africa. All through his studies he did missionary work in the slums of the city, yet he

graduated with high honors. Before his studies were completed Dr. Black was dead, but this did not deter the young man from following in his steps. He pressed on the more eagerly that he might take up the work of his beloved teacher. He and his young wife and two other missionaries reached the north shore of Lake Nyassa in 1885, and immediately commenced the labors. Dr. Cross is the only survivor of the four. One by one he laid them in graves dug with his own hands in that far-away land.

Dr. Cross has had the satisfaction of acting the part of peacemaker among the people. Doing what promised to be a sanguinary war offered his services in his medical capacity both sides, and was thus enabled to negotiate between them as a disinterested friend who both respected and loved. Before leaving his mission to Europe he completed the translation of the Gospel of Luke into the Nyassa language.

THE ZANZIBAR SLAVE MARKET.

(See Illustration.)

THE importance of Zanzibar as a key to Central Africa was recognized early in the era of exploration. What New York is to the United States, what Liverpool is to great Britain, Zanzibar is to equatorial Africa. In his first expedition Stanley made it the base of operations, and went there again in 1879 to organize his second expedition. It lies on the East coast of Africa about seven degrees south of the equator. It is one of the chief markets, and the seat of the government, are on the island of Zanzibar, but the adjacent country on the mainland is also under the Sultan's dominion, and is also called Zanzibar. It is at this point that the caravans from the interior strike the coast, and from there the explorers Burton, Grant, Stanley, Cameron, and others, hired their carriers, and set out on their expeditions, and to that place they returned, and came once more into communication with civilization. It was Stanley's first business in organizing the Congo Free State to establish a chain of stations extending from Zanzibar to Nyangwe and the lakes. Under the new arrangement with Germany and England, the latter country has acquired the right of "protecting" the Sultan of Zanzibar, which is one of the most valuable concessions granted her by Germany. The history of English rule in India shows how adroit she is in turning the office of protector to her own advantage.

The situation of Zanzibar was not likely to escape the attention of the slave-stealers. Their interest lay in making the road from the villages which they depopulated to the coast as short as



The Zanzibar Slave Market.

le. On the jour-
however short it
e, many of their
is died from
e and exposure
e sun. Zanzi-
as near and it
also convenient.
the dealers
from Europe
had commis-
from the Turks
gyptians to sup-
em with slaves.
e, too, ves-
ight be charter-
carry away the
booty to other
So Zanzibar
became a mart
mmerce in the
traffic. The ef-
of Germany and
nd have largely
essed this trade
nzibar and un-
ne protectorate
ngland we may
e it will not be
ed. The mark-
ill now be bet-
occupied by the
in ivory.

accompanying
erepresents the
market, as travellers saw it some twenty
ago. It is still there, but it no longer pre-
so animated a scene as it was then. It is an
lar unpaved oblong space fifty yards long
hirty wide. On three sides are the palm
ed huts, in which the slaves were herded
ot into condition for the market. On the
side was the irregular stone building,
ich the officials of the market and the
s had their offices. The daily sale took place
en three and five in the afternoon. The
creatures were turned out into the open
and stood or squatted around to be ex-
ed by prospective purchasers. Dealers of
race in Africa and Arabia, with here and
a Turk, would come into the market as
s in civilized lands go into a cattle market,
they examined the human commodity
as little delicacy or consideration, as is
a among us in the purchase of an ox or a
The men were required to run, jump,
lift weights to show their strength and
y, and it was a revolting sight to witness the
eness with which the Arabs examined the
en destined for the harems of Egypt and
a. Happily this inhuman exhibition no
r exists, and the traffic is now carried on,
smuggling, in secret, and in continual fear
covery.

HELIGOLAND.

(See Illustration on page 428.)

cession of Heligoland by England to
any, has caused considerable discussion
th countries. It is something so new in
h policy to surrender one of these little
gholds, which dot the surface of the whole
at, that the British people have taken alarm
t should become a precedent. No nation
rth has acquired possession of so many
ls, and no other nation so appreciates the
of having these stations in all seas, which
as places of storage for ships, and may be
ase of operations in time of war. Islands
always been preferred, when they could be
as being more easily defended by her
Malta, in the Mediterranean, has been
amense service to England in thts way.
the Suez Canal was cut, Gibraltar made the
e sea a closed sea of which she held the
n her guns mounted on impregnable rocks.
the Channel Islands she keeps a watch on
ce. From Cyprus she menaces Turkey,
n operate for her protection against Russia.
Hong Kong she can move against China.
West India Islands and especially Nassau

serve her purpose in this hemisphere, and until
now Heligoland (or the Holy land) was a menace
to Germany.

The island is only forty miles from the mouths
of the Elbe, the Eider and the Weser. It is ex-
tremely small—only one mile long and a third
of a mile wide and two hundred feet high at its
highest point. About five hundred brick and
wood houses, a few hotels and a theatre com-
prise all its real estate, and there is a population
of not more than two thousand, except when
visitors from Hamburg, who go there for sea-
bathing, are there. when it rises to five thou-
sand. It has been in the possession of England
for nearly a century and was acquired from
Denmark. The joy manifested in Germany at
the surrender shows how thoroughly it is ap-
preciated, and there can be little doubt that the
amicable settlement of the rival claims in Africa
was materially assisted thereby.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser,

(Continued from page 414.)

A SPECTRE FROM THE PAST.

It wss so like old times to be walking over
the familiar path, that Heritage could scarcely
realize that so much had intervened since he
belonged to the scene, and that now he was of
it no longer.

"Your college days are almost over, Miss
Chapman," he said, when they had gotten some-
what clear of the crowd.

"Yes; I'm sorry," she replied. "They have
been very plersant, and it is hard to give up the
associations of over four years. Still, I shall be
glad to get home at last, and begin life in real
earnest. College work seems only half play—
except calculus, of course—didn't it seem so to
you?"

"It seems so now, at all events," he returned.
"I look back to my college days with a feeling
of happy regret, and sometimes think it couldn't
have been myself who used to haunt these old
grounds and literary halls, but must have been
some one else. That is, I have almost lost my
identity. Yes, a man's college days are the hap-
piest of his life, the freest from care and re-
sponsibility."

"Still, 'life is real, life is earnest,' as the
poet has it, and we can't expect to glide
along forever on the smooth current,"
she said, gravely, in an intense way that
gave an original flavor to the remark, com-

monplace as it was.
"Oh! you mustn't
think," she went on,
archly, "that I take a
distressingly serious
view of life. I should
never choose care
and toil for their own
sake. I only mean
that where there is
so much real sorrow
and so many calls
for work, it would be
wrong to lead merely
a butterfly existence.
You said something
like that in your
lecture last evening—
only you expressed it
more forcibly.

"I'm glad you have
worthy views of life,"
he said. "Would
it be presuming
too much to inquire
where your home
is? You spoke about
beginning life in earn-
est at your home, if I
mistake not."

"My parents live in
the town of Crawley,"
she answered.

"Why," he exclaim-
ed, in genuine sur-

prise. Crawley is only about fifty miles from
Basserine and on the same line of railroad. I've
been in your town several times."

"Are you the Mr. Heritage who spoke there
on 'Delvers' about two years ago?"

He laughed and admitted that he was.

"I heard of it," she pursued, "through one
of my correspondents, and the name fastened
itself in my mind. It's a little odd, you know."

They walked on in silence a few steps, when
he inquired: "I presume you are going home
as soon as the Commencement exercises are
over?"

"Yes, I expect to go to-morrow. I shall re-
main at home with my parents after that, as
they are feeling a little lonely, both my brother
and myself being gone. He has still another
year at college."

"Perhaps we can go back to our own State
together, as I intend to take the morning train."

"That will be very pleasant," she said, with a
smile, that melting expression which he had
noted before, coming to her lustrous eyes.

Before parting at the house where the young
lady had her room, she invited him to stop on
his way that evening and go with her and her
brother to the concluding exercises at the col-
lege hall. He had just expressed his readiness
to accept the courteous invitation, and was on
the point of lifting his hat to say good-evening,
when, as he turned, his eye fell on the figure of
a tall, dusky-featured young woman, whose
piercing orbs were fastened upon him with a
kind of fascination, while a deathly pallor over-
spread her face. She was only a few paces
away, and as she drew near, Heritage, gave a
start, and a flow of blood rouged his cheeks and
made them burn. He could not help betraying
these signs of embarrassment, which made him
look at that moment more like a culprit than a
man of honorable principles. The girl almost
impaled him with her keen black eyes as she
passed. It was the same girl whose entrance
into the railway coach on the previous Monday
had caused him so much disquiet. When she
had gone by, he tried to recover his mental
poise, but glancing uneasily at Miss Chapman,
he found her looking up into his face with mute
inquiry and surprise, as if she almost expected
an explanation. However, that would have
been out of the question, and so he lifted his
hat, and bade her good-evening.

Thus the acquaintance between Robert Her-
itage and Metta Chapman began—an acquaint-
ance, which, could they have looked into the

horoscope of destiny, they would have seen was foredoomed to be fraught with an anguish as keen as the joy of its genesis, and the time came when both of them questioned whether Professor Detwold had really done them a service in bringing them together. Yet there may be truth in the poet's couplet:

"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss."

That evening he sat by her side in the hall listening to the closing addresses, and exchanging views with her on various themes of interest that he felt might afford a new clue to her character, or discover some avenue to her heart. Their friendship grew in ardor the next day as they journeyed together on the train, and when at last they parted, it seemed to be with mutual regret. Before saying good-by, however, Heritage had obtained an assurance from her that, if he would run down to Crawley occasionally, her parents and herself would be glad to have him call at their home.

When at last, late in the evening, he sat at his writing table in his own study, he felt that he had received a new impetus for his literary work, believing that the great love in his heart would impart fervor, flexibility and power to his pen. No experience of his life ever so enriched him, or set his thoughts to so high a key as his love for this pure and beautiful girl. She was his inspiration, his good angel, and strive as he would, he could not divorce her from the heroine of his story, although he resolutely delineated the character of his invention as a girl with dark-hazel eyes instead of dark-blue, and with black hair instead of auburn.

His self-imposed literary enterprise took so strong a hold upon him that he determined to seek some quiet summer resort, where, with a few books, and no interruptions, he could pursue his work. Before going, he took the train to Crawley, and visited Miss Chapman at her home. It was during this visit that he discovered the real earnestness of the girl's nature. While there was nothing obtrusive or in the least flavoring of cant in her religious life, he found that her whole being was permeated by the spirit of the Gospel, and that she was earnestly and sincerely devoted to the cause of Christ. This discovery filled him with a profound respect for her character. His own religious convictions were intense, and more than once had he succeeded in directing the wanderer into the sure way of truth. It was not, therefore in a perfunctory manner that, as he took her hand to say good-bye, he said: "God bless you, Miss Chapman, and keep you!" He wanted to add, "Until I come back to claim you for my own;" but it would have been premature to broach the subject of love at so early a period of their acquaintance.

He first went to Niagara Falls, standing with clasped hands and bowed head, in Prospect Park, before the awful, solemn cataract, with its agitated rush of waters and the incessant murmur and music of their anguish. Then he hurried to the sequestered resort on the shores of one of our northern lakes, which he had selected as a retreat, "far from the madding crowd," where he might meditate and write.

The forenoon of every day was given up to literary work, while in the afternoon he strolled out along the beach or rocky shore, listening to the sound of the splashing waves, or sat beneath the trees of the little park reading some work on theology, science or fiction, for inspiration. Yet most of the spiritual facts of his story were wrought out of his own experience, which was rich in material, and he only wove it into a fabric of invention for the purpose of reaching the same class of readers who, he feared, had been led astray by the recently published rationalistic or semi-rationalistic works of fiction. He did not veil his purpose—he was too honest for that—nor did he flaunt it, but aimed to tell a story, both for its own sake and for the sake of the truths he believed with all his heart, and therefore desired to teach.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail his literary methods. He wrote with a zest that he

had never known before, and then revised his material with critical and scrupulous care, until, at the end of his summer vacation of three months, the offspring of his brain, a story of twenty chapters, lay before him complete, except that it needed a few finishing touches. Seemingly he had done rapid work, and yet it must be remembered that the story was not a long one, and that he had been able to write day after day without interruption.

September, with its golden haze upon the hills and its tinted forests, had come, finding Heritage again at his school duties in the city of Basserine. During the summer he had not forgotten to plan for the publication of his story in serial form. As soon as he returned to Basserine, he wrote to the editor of a prominent religious and literary weekly journal, of which he had been a careful reader for many years, describing the plan and purpose of the story, and asking for the privilege of sending his manuscript to him for examination. In less than a week an answer came, couched in formal, stereotyped phrases, and stating that the editor was already "overwhelmed with manuscripts, and could not, therefore, "look at" Heritage's "doubtless valuable work."

It was a keen disappointment, but nothing daunted, he wrote to several other journals of the same character, only to receive in due time the same answer of polite declination.

"This is becoming monotonous," he said to himself, a little indignantly, and then controlling himself, he added: "I ought to remember, though, that the road to authorship is a long and rugged one. I won't give up yet."

Finally, when the holidays were passed, an editor replied that he would examine the manuscript, although he could give Mr. Heritage no encouragement, for he had already on hand a large number of stories. In spite of the discouraging tone of the letter, the aspiring author sent his manuscript to New York that day, and then waited anxiously for a reply. The journal to whose editor he had submitted his story, was a paper of high literary quality, and he was most anxious to have it appear in so influential a periodical, as it would then reach a large circle of readers, many of whom were doubtless disturbed by doubts of the Bible as a revelation.

It was while awaiting the editor's decision that he found time to run down to Crawley, where he had visited several times during the autumn and winter. He had almost determined to ask Metta to be his wife on this trip, but still felt the timidity of true love when he sat with her in the cosy parlor that evening. It was a cold, blustering night and the wind, coming in fierce squalls, pounded spitefully against the house. Never had Metta seemed so fascinating as she did that evening. Her beauty and purity made him fearful of rejection—for who was good enough for such a girl?—and a certain memory of the past, in which he was conscious that he had not been wholly without reason for self reproach, made him feel unworthy of her, and held back the declaration that rose to his lips.

Noticing several journals on the centre-table, he scanned them a little eagerly and found to his delight that they were copies of the paper to which he hoped soon to become a contributor.

"I am glad to know that you read this excellent journal," he remarked.

"Yes; we have been taking it for a number of years," she replied. "It is quite a favorite with us."

"Well, there is—" he was just on the point of telling her there was a surprise in store for her, by the publication of his own story in the columns of that journal, when it occurred to him that he had better wait until it appeared, for it would be more truly a surprise.

At his hotel that night—he remained in Crawley until the next day—he upbraided himself for his lack of courage and made a resolve to call on Metta in the morning and learn his fate before returning home. Suspense was consuming him and destroying his power of concentrating his mind on his work. At ten o'clock

the next day he made his way to her home where he found her in tears.

"Why, Miss Chapman! What has gone wrong?" he asked, anxiously, swallowing the lump that rose in his throat.

"One of my dearest friends, a classmate at college, is very sick, and has telegraphed me to come at once," Metta explained, her tears starting anew. "I must go on the first train. Oh if she only lives until I reach her!"

It was a terrible blow to the ardent lover, but suppressing his feeling of disappointment, he helped her to her train, and then taking her hand said, with ill-disguised emotion:

"I regret exceedingly that you are compelled to go. There was something I meant to say to you, but I shall wait until I see you again Good-by."

"Good-by," she whispered, laying her hand in his.

In a few hours Heritage had gone back to Basserine, where another bitter disappointment awaited him. As he stepped across the threshold of his library, his eye fell upon a small express-package that had been left for him during his absence, and when he had cut the string and torn off the outer wrappings, he found to his dismay that the manuscript of his precious story had been returned, without a line or message to explain the reason of its rejection.

Robert Heritage sank into his chair with a groan.

"Yes, it was unkind, it was positively unchristian to treat my work so discourteously," Heritage said aloud in his room, as he sat before his desk, in a rueful state of mind; "it was a mark of contempt not to write one word of explanation, though, of course, I couldn't expect the editor to give detailed criticism."

So violent was the recoil of this rejection of his manuscript upon his literary instincts, that when he took the story up to read it over, he had lost all its fascination; the style was round and angular, the thought vapid, and the conversations decidedly flat. An author's work never seems so absolutely worthless as when it meets with editorial rejection, and so Robert Heritage, in a paroxysm of repugnance, flung his manuscript into his desk, resolved to crush all his aspirations to authorship and devote himself wholly to the work of teaching.

But the literary instinct is not so easily rooted, especially if it has already acquired strength and depth by real, earnest work. Several weeks passed, and the manuscript still neglected and ignored, though not forgotten on the desk, and then there came a revival of literary enthusiasm, the immediate cause of which was the receipt of a sample copy of *Weekly Reflector*, a religious journal of wide fluence and high literary merit. Heritage had often seen it in the public reading-room and the news-stands, and had frequently read leading articles, but for some reason had never given attention to its general contents. Glancing over the columns, he noticed that, besides the so-called "heavier" articles, it published every week several short stories and the installment of a serial. Instantly a thrill passed through him, quickening his pulses and stirring all his literary fervor into a new life.

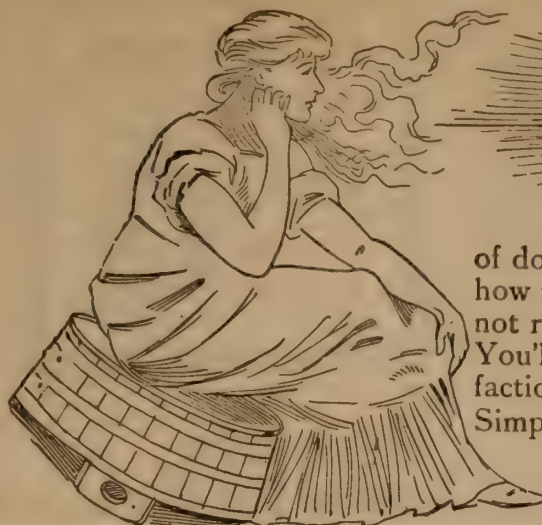
"Perhaps the *Reflector* would publish my story," he said to himself, excitedly. "If I take note, the story is germane to the character and purpose of the paper. Still, the editor has wrapped himself in so impenetrable an incognito, that I doubt whether a letter would ever reach his sanctum. Nevertheless, I shall write to him at once."

While waiting for the editor's reply, he again went over his manuscript, retouching it, rewriting many passages and even whole chapters, and changing the structure itself in many important respects. When he saw how imperfect it was and how many improvements were positively necessary, all his resentment toward the editor who had previously declined it, melted away, and he did not blame that literary censor for his unfavorable verdict.

(To be Continued.)

LOST INDIAN CHILD.

Gospel address by the wife of one of Barton Young's evangelists in Canada. The speaker related the story of a little girl, who had been placed in the mission. The little maiden could come the wandering habits that she had in her blood, and one day she went into the woods alone. As soon as she was missed, the evangelist organized a search for her, taking with him some Indians and then at the mission. The child went along the river-bank for ten or twelve miles, and then turned into the woods, where she found an old deserted tent of her father's. She made a fire of bush-wood, and cooked more bush-wood, upon which she lay down to sleep, not having tasted food for many days. The next day she awoke, in search of her father, but she felt sure could not be very far off. In the evening she wandered and called, the old man many miles away, and having found him, she went to the whole day in search of her father. The girl returned, fortunately, to her place to sleep. That night, she was awakened by the sound of guns; this was the Indians who accompanied my father to attract Jeannie's notice, but he was afterwards the mountains, the sound of guns, and came upon the child from the opposite direction, the one which she was seeking her father. He was, therefore, that he was at hand, and soon found her out, the trustful little girl settled herself again to sleep, and weary travellers came upon the tent and called her; when she was aroused to know who had come, she seemed very pleased, and was averse to food, having passed two days without any—a fair specimen of Indian endurance. So there are those seeking their heavenly Father, disregarding His will wander into the wilderness, in which they could never find Him. Missionaries and Christian workers have no more fitting occupation than to find these lost ones and guiding them to the way of peace.



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—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

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Bought with Thy precious blood;
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,
That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,
My present, future, past;
My joys, my fears, my sorrows,
My first hope and my last.

I give the love, the sweetest
Thy goodness grants to me;
Take it, and make it meet, Lord,
An offering for Thee.

Smile! and the very shadows
In Thy blest light shall shine;
Take Thou my heart, Lord Jesus,
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,
For Thou hast changed its aim;
The world's reproach I fear not,
To share a Saviour's shame;

Outside the camp to suffer,
Within the veil to meet,
And hear Thy softest whisper,
From out the mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom,
Amid Thy jewels worn,
Upon Thy hands deep graven,
By arms of Love upborne;

Rescued from sin's destruction,
Ransomed from death and hell,
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus,
Thou hast done all things well!

Oh, deathless love that bought me!
Oh, price beyond my ken!
Oh, Life that hides my own life,
E'en from my fellow-men!

Now fashion, form, and fill me
With light and love divine;
Thus one with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I am forever Thine!

—Anna Shipton.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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SCARING A DRUNKARD.

At one of Dr. Pentecost's services in Scotland last February, among the testimonies was one describing a conversion which originated in a joke. A man who had received a religious training fell under the power of intoxicating liquor. He became so completely its slave, and was so seldom sober, that even the men who drank with him began to realize that if he did not quit he would soon fill a drunkard's grave. A few of them, in the double hope of having fun and giving the man a wholesome fright, plotted a scare for him. They lived in a mining district, and some of the men were miners. One night they found their man lying dead drunk by the roadside, and lifting him gently, they carried him, not to his home, as they had been in the habit of doing, but to the pit mouth, and fastening him securely in the cradle, they lowered him to the bottom, where they speedily joined him. At the bottom of the coal-pit there was a large fire kept burning to give an impetus to the currents of air, and promote ventilation. Near this fire they laid the intoxicated man, then left him. In a short time the heat began to arouse him, and turning uneasily on his side, he caught sight of the fire, and it had the desired effect. At once he was fully awake, and partially sobered. He sat up, and to his slowly returning senses, the sombre darkness of the pit, and the lurid, leaping flames of the fire, casting strange, fantastic shadows around,

had only one meaning: he was in hell. As this terrible thought took hold of him, one of his companions appeared from a passage, his face blackened, and flourishing a torch. Seeing the victim awake, he gave a wild whoop, and was answered by unearthly yells, and there was a noise of hurried footsteps and the rattling of tools, which the scared man thought were chains. He fell on his knees and begged for mercy, his face a picture of awful terror. The joke had gone far enough, and the jokers thought it wise to stop lest the man be scared to death. They accordingly revealed themselves, and the victim was relieved. But the fright had done its work. As soon as he was drawn up out of the pit, he went straight to the minister of the church which his wife attended, and did not rest until, through faith in Christ, he was no longer in fear of perdition.

A CHINESE SCOFFER CHANGED.

In a letter recently received from Mrs. Simpson, of Ying Toeng, in China, she relates the following incident of the Holy Spirit's power: "My housekeeper's eldest daughter came to spend four days with us not long ago. The first two days, one would have thought she was possessed by an evil spirit. In every possible way she tried to hinder us from having worship. She laughed at her mother and sister for praying, and would not join us in anything. On the third night, however, after her mother and sister were asleep, she took hold of my hand and asked if I would teach her about Jesus. I was afraid she was not in earnest and told her so, but she said she was, and wanted to repent and go to heaven. I explained to her the outlines of the Gospel, and taught her one verse of 'Jesus loves me,' and then engaged in prayer and asked her to repeat the words after me, which she did. She seemed a good deal broken down, and next morning she woke me up early to tell her a line which she had forgotten. She was an earnest and anxious learner, and now is a candidate for baptism."

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890.

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 POWER OF TESTIMONY. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Beatrice, Neb.
 BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER: A Perilous Down a Mountain, etc.

THE FIRST RAPTURE. By George H. Pember, M.A.
 TAKING UP THE CROSS. By Mrs. M. Baxter.
 Driven to Christ—A Demented Husband Restored—A Chinaman's Conscience—A Revival in Persia—Converts Among the Marathi—A Convert's Dilemma, etc.
 LOUISE BLACKIE'S CROSS. A Story of S. S. Text.
 GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: The World's Homage, etc.
 PICTURE OF THE BROTHERS' MEETING HOUSE.

THE TENDER HIGH PRIEST. A New Sermon by Rev. O. H. Spurgeon.
 PORTRAIT OF MISS PHILIPPA G. FAWCETT, the Victor in the Cambridge Examinations.
 A PICTURE OF DR. TALMAGE AND SHEIKH AMONG THE RUINS OF SAMARIA.
 WHY HE WAVERED. A New Serial Story by Rev. Leander S. Keyser. (Continued.)



RECLAMATION OF UNFORTUNATE WOMEN IN NEW YORK—A NIGHT MEETING IN THE MARGARET STRACHAN HOME.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Preached at an open-air service at Beatrice, Neb.

THE POWER OF TESTIMONY.

"We are witnesses." Acts 3: 15.

Scientific Predictions Falsified—The Impossible Achieved—Railroads and Steamboats in Evidence—The Proof of Testimony—Three Propositions—
I. The Religion of Christ Able to Convert a Soul—Witnesses from Heathendom—Reformed Drunkards—II. Able to Comfort—Bereaved Households—Where the World Fails as a Comforter—III. Able to Sustain the Dying—The First Sight of a Funeral—Father's and Mother's Deathbeds—Tranquillity of a Nervous Woman—An Appeal to Experience—Madame Sontag's Magnanimity.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfect of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was

Proved Conclusively

that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness-stand to prove that to be true which the wisecracks of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the sceptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The Weapons of Conflict.

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical. Our weapon in this conflict is *faith*, not logic; *faith*, not metaphysics; *faith*, not profundity; *faith*, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hun-

dred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you *three propositions*, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is

Able to Convert a Soul.

Christ's Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 25,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of believing, rejoicing, consistent Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they

Could Not Overcome Us;

but one day, perhaps it was at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-mountaineers, the last words his dying lips uttered on earth being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years.

What Did That?

Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break

down with emotion by the time they got to second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame:
That I no more revere His name."

Again I remark that "we are witnesses of
The Gospel's Power to Comfort.

Parents are here who are willing to testify to power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son has just graduated from school or college and going into business, and the Lord took him. Your daughter had just graduated from young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What has enabled you to stand all the trials? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave. Come, all ye who have been out to the grave weep there—come, all ye

Comforted Souls,

get up off your knees. Is there no power in the Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses. When a man has trouble the world comes to him and says, 'Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business.' What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned by the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it. They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out on that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into the show window she looked, fascinated, saying, 'Come see the pictures.' Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy way when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I build a Corlear's engine, I can paint a Raphael 'Madonna,' I can play a Beethoven's 'Eroica' Symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, 'Get your mind off this; go out and breathe fresh air; plunge deeper into business?' No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes of the face of the dear one, and say, 'It is all right, she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart.'

In the Final Hour.

Again: I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my

Jewish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the right face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot. In our sermons and in our lay exhortations are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But

I Want You for Witnesses.

I want to know if you have ever seen anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury, and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death-beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you could like to go along with her. How did they feel at that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how and we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep calmly as a child in a cradle."

What Made Her so Composed?

Natural courage? "No," "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we could all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian mother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and

She Triumphed."

Now, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause for trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand to the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and with what you have heard with your own ears, there is power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. There are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power

in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

The New Star.

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

A Prima Donna's Kindness.

When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The World's Homage.*

WHATEVER else many of us believe as to Jesus, the Saviour, all men believe in His thorough humanity. The orthodox world has often failed to make full practical recognition of His humanity, through an exclusive attention to other views of His person and work; and the modern historical spirit has been a benefit to orthodoxy by bringing out His human character and life as a vivid reality. Jesus of Nazareth, the Founder

* From *Jesus of Nazareth*, by Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., LL. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. This excellent little volume contains the three famous lectures which the eminent Southern divine gave on Christ's Personal Character, Ethical Teachings, and Supernatural Works. Pp. 105; Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

of Christianity, stands before us to-day as one of the definite personages of human history. The leading facts of His career, the chief peculiarities of His teaching, the distinctive traits of His character, are now really beyond dispute. And the excellence of His character, its high and peerless excellence, is now recognized not only by Christians of every type, and by many Jews, but by persons holding almost every form of unbelief. Time was, even in the modern centuries, when some men of talents and culture reviled Him as an impostor or fanatic, as did some of the blinded Jews who were His contemporaries. But there is hardly a man in the whole world who would speak thus to-day. Even persons who allow themselves to ridicule the Bible, and the God whom it describes, are unwilling now to speak lightly of Jesus; and if in rare cases a man attempts to hint possible and slight defect, he seems to do so with reluctance, and turns quickly away to join the chorus of eulogy. Robert Browning, in a letter published since his death, cites several utterances of men of genius as to the Christian faith, and among them one from Charles Lamb. "In a gay fancy with some friends, as to how he and they should feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion: 'And if Jesus Christ entered this room?' Lamb changed his manner at once, and stuttered out as his manner was when much moved: 'You see if Shakespeare entered we should all rise; if He appeared we should kneel.'" Such reverence is not a mere result of Christian education, of Christian literature and art and usages; it will be felt by any person of susceptible nature who will thoughtfully read one of the Gospels at a sitting.

Poor but Not an Ascetic.

During His public ministry He had no home, and spent most of His time in travelling, on foot, busy with public and private teaching, and sustained by the hospitality of friends and sometimes of strangers, or by money contributed by generous women for the support of Himself and His followers. Yet observe that He did not do this as meritorious asceticism, but simply from a desire to spend His whole time in doing good, throughout a ministry which He foresaw must be short. Even among ourselves there are men so devoted to science and art, to authorship or teaching or religious ministrations, that they often share the feelings of the great scientific man who said, "I haven't time to make money." His early life was very different from that of the founder of Buddhism, who is represented as the son of a wealthy king, dwelling for years in a home of luxury, and leaving it to become an ascetic. Jesus showed no tinge of asceticism. He wore good clothing, for we read of a tunic woven without seam, which at that day must have been a costly garment. He spent days at a wedding feast, which the Forerunner would probably not have consented to attend. He accepted invitations from the rich, and conformed to social usage by reclining on a couch beside the table in the luxurious Persian fashion; and as He, Himself expressly mentions, ate and drank what others did, though it exposed Him even then to misconception and unkind remark. Jesus touched life at many points, yet it was mainly and essentially the life of the poor. The profound literary and artistic interest now felt in the life of the poor, ought to awaken sympathy with the beginnings of Christianity.

Quietly pursuing the healthy duties of an humble calling, profoundly pondering from boyhood the prophetic writings, Jesus patiently waited till the time came for Him to appear and act. The earliest period at which a man was then supposed to be mature enough for highly responsible functions was something like the age of thirty years. At that age the Saviour came forth without delay, and after a ministry of not more than three or four years He left the earth. He taught and died a young man. To all the other great achievements of young men must be added this incomparable fact, that a young man gave us Christianity.

RESCUE WORK IN NEW YORK.

The Origin of the Margaret Strachan Mission—A Dressmaker's Christlike Labors—Her Difficulties—A Brave Undertaking—Sleeping on Benches—The Blessing on the Effort—Her Sickness and Death—Wealthy Friends to the Rescue—New Developments—A Marriage at the Home—The Response to a Mother's Voice—A Widow's Fall.

NOTHING in Christ's conduct so greatly astonished and shocked professors of religion in His day, as His kindness to women who had lost their virtue. One of them, who saw Him permit a notoriously immoral woman to lavish upon Him tokens of reverent affection, said that He could not be a prophet or He would have known what manner of woman it was who touched Him. It never occurred to these good people that Christ could know the character of the women and yet could welcome them to His mercy. "It is not the will of their Father," He said, "that one of these little ones should perish." The same prejudice against the women exists in our day, but there are some Christians who follow Christ in His compassion for them, and are trying to rescue and reclaim them.

In New York, which has a bad eminence for the large number of vicious women who live in the city, several efforts are being carried on for their rescue. The Florence Mission, the Greene Street Midnight Mission, the Wetmore Home, and others, are now engaged in this discouraging, disappointing arduous, but Christlike labor. One work, of this kind, very beautiful in its origin and very successful in its development is the subject of illustration this week, on the first page, with portraits of the devoted missionary and his wife, who are carrying it on. It is the mission which is appropriately named after its founder: The Margaret Strachan Home.

The Origin of the Mission

was in the effort of a humble Christian lady to reclaim her erring sisters. Margaret Strachan was a dressmaker, who seven years ago was toiling hard to win her own bread in New York. On her way to and from work, she frequently met women whose appearance and manner, told only too plainly how they lived. She did not shrink from them as if in fear that contact would pollute her, as so many do. She spoke to them kindly, and pleaded with them to give up their evil lives and come to Christ. A larger number than might have been expected listened eagerly, admitted that they were miserable, and said they would reform if the way were opened for them. Miss Strachan visited them in their homes spending her evenings, which after a hard day's toil might well have been given to rest, in reading the Bible to them when they were sick, and praying with them. The difficulty in all cases was the same. A woman desiring to reform had nowhere to go, and no one was willing to employ her. It was hopeless trying to reform while they lived among their vicious associates, and the eager, sympathizing Christian woman could not obtain employment for them. She was foiled, but her faith did not fail.

At that time West Twenty-seventh street, between Sixth and Eighth avenues, swarmed with disreputable houses. One of the houses in that street was empty, the tenants having been expelled for the non-payment of rent. The owner was anxious to have tenants of a different class, and Miss Strachan with a wonderful courage hired the house. She moved into it her own little stock of furniture, consisting of an iron bed, four chairs and a table. A kind friend, who knew of her effort, gave her a few wooden benches and these she put on the first floor. She took possession on March 18, 1883, and in this humble way commenced her work with better hope. She had now a roof over her head a home to which she could invite any wanderer who was willing to accept such hospitality as she could offer.

A Strange Scene

it was in that neighborhood. Every night the women who sauntered past the house could hear gospel hymns being sung—hymns that reminded many of them of happy homes and the

days of their youth. There was a welcome for any who chose to enter and spend an hour. A few words of Gospel truth, a reminder in Christ's own words, that whosoever came to Him would not be cast out, and then more singing and a prayer. From the houses around came sounds of uproarious merriment, coarse jests and laughter, but here in the midst of all the vice and degradation was a haven of peace and rest. Many women came and came again. Some were glad to stay. Two benches were brought together and formed a hard couch on which one could sleep for the night. Often one of the women would look so weak and sick that Miss Strachan would give up her own bed and would herself lie on the benches. It was a grand, noble, self-denying work, and God prospered it. In some cases Miss Strachan interceded with parents or husbands, and the wanderer was forgiven and welcomed home; in others, she succeeded in getting employment for them.

For four years she carried on this work, helped by Christian friends who heard of it and who found her the money to pay her rent. There were many times of straitness, but always help came to the believing woman, who trusted in God, and she was enabled to pay her way. Early in 1887, however, she fell sick. Worn out with her labors of love, her exertions in the cause she had espoused, and exposure in inclement weather on her frequent errands of mercy, she sank into an illness, and in August of that year she died. The scene at her funeral was a most affecting one. Tears of real sorrow fell from eyes not often wet. Tributes of grateful love came from many who through this humble woman's efforts had been restored to home and to virtue.

A Permanent Basis

was given to the work after this. The story of what had been accomplished through Miss Strachan's efforts became known, and Christian men and women felt it was a duty to continue the work. Mrs. Eliot F. Shepard, Mrs. F. Bortome, Mrs. C. C. Dodge, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mr. John Rockefeller and others, came to its support. The house in which the work had been carried on was purchased, and the next house also, and both were plainly but neatly furnished; a board of trustees was formed and Mr. Maxwell P. Johnstone and his wife (whose portraits appear on the first page) were placed in charge as missionary and matron of the home. The work which had flagged during Miss Strachan's illness took on new vigor, and has continued to develop and increase in usefulness from that time. A religious service is held every night, after which Mr. Johnstone visits the dives and haunts of vice and invites the women to the Home. There Mrs. Johnstone receives them and talks with them. If they desire to reform, they are welcome to remain. They receive sound religious teaching, for neither the missionary nor his wife has any faith in permanent reformation that is not based on the new birth and faith in Christ. Then if it is possible to restore them to their homes, an effort to do so is made. If they have no homes, they are helped to support themselves by any talent they have. Some, who have had a good education, become music-teachers; others learn dressmaking, and others become domestic servants.

A Marriage

is not altogether an unknown event in the home. Some months ago a farmer in a distant State read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a brief notice of an incident which occurred at the Home, and when he came to the city on business, being deeply interested in the Christlike character of the work, he called there to see it in operation. He stayed to the evening service, and noticed among the inmates of the Home a girl of singularly attractive appearance. He had some conversation with her and found her intelligent and well educated. He inquired about her character, of the missionary and his wife, and heard an excellent account of her, and the story of how she was rescued from her vicious life. He returned home, but the impression she had made upon him remained, and he entered into corre-

spondence with her, and finally proposed marriage and was accepted. He has since written to express his thankfulness that he had thus gained a wife who has proved in every way a helpmeet for him.

A Mother's Voice

produced an affecting scene in the Home not long ago. A lady in Brooklyn having heard of the mission work, went there and begged Mr. Johnstone to seek for her daughter, who had left her home for a life of sin. The missionary sought her but could find no trace of any girl of the name given him. Some weeks later, the anxious mother, unable to bear her sorrow and suspense, went again to the Home to see if any tidings of the lost one had been obtained. She was speaking in an agitated voice to Mr. Johnstone in the hall-way, when there was a response from an upper landing, and a girl came running down stairs crying, "Mamma, Mamma," and was clasped in her mother's arms. The missionary had found her in a dive on the Bowery and not knowing she was the girl he was seeking, as she had changed her name, had brought her to the Home where she had been cared for, until this recognition and forgiveness restored her to her mother.

A Widow's Fall

is another case of peculiarly sad features. She was a foreigner, very beautiful of face and graceful of form, who came to New York with her husband. He fell ill here and died. The widow vainly tried to earn her livelihood by any kind of labor, but she had been brought up as a lady with no acquirements that fitted her for supporting herself. She endured her poverty until almost starved to death, when, being strongly tempted, she fell into sin. After her fall, the downward course was rapid, and she became drunkard. One night she entered the Home half intoxicated, and begged for a night's shelter. It was given, and in the morning she completely broke down under the kind pleading of the missionary and his wife. She remained in the Home and was led to Jesus. She gave the best proof of the reality of her conversion by her efforts to save other girls who came in. She proved very useful in the Home and played the organ at the evening services. She is now the wife of a gentleman in good position and writes that she is thoroughly happy and full of thankfulness to God for His great mercy. She confesses now that on the night when she went to the Home for shelter she had resolved to drown herself if she was not received there.

The records of the Home furnish hundred of cases similar to those cited. Those we have given are but specimens of the kind of work that is being accomplished by the mission. There are now twenty-eight inmates there, which is the average number. As these leave for situations, or to return to their families, their places are quickly filled by others anxious to quit the ways of sin. They frequently come in ragged and sometimes shoeless, needing clothing as a first requisite. This fact affords an opportunity to render assistance to the work at small cost. Any lady having cast-off garments to spare, may show her sympathy with the enterprise by sending them to Mrs. Johnstone, 105 West Twenty-seventh Street, New York, by whom they will be gratefully received.

LOUISE BLACKIE'S CROSS.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 20: "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14: 27.)

In the well-filled library of a country parsonage, Dr. Luke Blackie sat busily writing. The silence had continued for more than an hour when it was broken by a heavy sigh. It did not come from the Doctor, but from the opposite end of the library where his eldest daughter, Louise, a girl some sixteen years old was in a low rocking chair, reading. The clergyman had forgotten that she was in the room until the sigh recalled her presence to his mind. Then he looked up.

"What is the trouble Louise? Your own or borrowed one?"

"Did I disturb you papa? I had become

porbed in my book that I had forgotten where was. Papa, don't you think I might be a missionary? My life seems so empty and so trivial, long to live for some noble purpose. I wish I had lived in the war-times, and have gone to see the soldiers in the hospitals. I seem to be wasting my life."

"You want to be a heroine, Louise? Well I am glad that in this apathetic time there is earnestness somewhere. This seems to be an age of indifference, when people think nothing is worth effort. I have thought sometimes that if a man of trial came there would be but few brave enough to suffer and die for the truth. You think if there were need you dare go into danger for Christ's sake?"

"Oh, yes, Papa; I could die for Him gladly." "I am glad you feel so Louise; He is worthy all love and fidelity. I have often wondered at Peter and the other disciples, who had been with Him, could desert Him in His hour of trial. But we do not know what our strength is until it is tested."

Louise could not help feeling that a delicate proof was conveyed in her father's words, it she said, "I think God would help me."

"Ah! there our strength lies. We may need yet. In the meantime, what do you think is the best preparation?"

"I do not know, unless it is faith and prayer." "Don't you think the performance of present duties might be added? Take your own case. Work in the Sunday-school, visiting the sick poor, helping the struggling, would fit you for a man of trial?"

"Those occupations are so dull and wearisome," said Louise, "I cannot bear those stifling rooms and I do not get on in teaching the Sunday-school."

"Do you expect the cross to be pleasant?" asked her father. "It would not be a cross if it were. Cross-bearing is never described as an agreeable duty. Perhaps your aversion to these duties is an indication that your path lies there. Christ spoke of every man bearing his cross, as there were a special cross for each. I have noticed, too, that the behavior of your brothers often irritates you, and that sometimes you leave duties to your mother that you could perform, and come into the library to read, while she performs them. Oh, I think you have not far to look for your cross. It is ready to your hand and when you have borne that, you will be ready for more conspicuous work. Think it over, Louise," and the good minister left his daughter to her meditations.

A year later, Dr. Blackie calling on a sick member of his congregation, found his daughter in the house. "Miss Blackie has been like an angel in the house," said the suffering woman. "I dare not think of what we should have been without her. She has been here an hour or more every day looking after the house and the children. I should have fretted myself to death before this if it had not been for her." Louise was not present when the woman said this, but as she and her father walked homeward together, Mr. Blackie told her how gratefully the woman had spoken. "Do you find the cross so very heavy, Louise?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Papa; this has been no cross, nor is the Sunday-school work a cross either, now. It is all a pleasure."

"Ah, so says every one who bears the cross. We all find out that Christ spoke truly when He said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.' But you were not eager to take it up."

"No, it seemed very irksome at first."

"I wish every Christian would make the same trial. How much better this world would be! Believers seem to forget that it is a duty—absolutely a condition of discipleship. Yet it is all so plain. Duty and direction are explicitly given to every one. To bear the cross, whatever that cross may be, and to follow Christ. Why if every one who looks to Christ for salvation obeyed, the world would see Christianity in action, and it would be won. Try to be a disciple, Louise. It is the most glorious ideal anyone can have."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Sonorous Sand of Hawaii has been subjected recently to a scientific examination by two savants, one of whom, Dr. H. C. Bolton, has sent the result of the investigation to a scientific journal. This sand dune, which is at Kauai has long been regarded as a natural curiosity. It is popularly known as "barking sand," owing to its giving out a sound resembling the bark of a dog when a mass of it is pushed down the dune or when it is struck by the open hand. Various theories have been suggested as to the cause of it. The one most generally accepted is that it arises from the particles being cellular; but Dr. Bolton believes the true cause to be the presence of minute films of air or gas, deposited on the sand grains during gradual evaporation, after wetting by rain or by the sea. These films, like elastic cushions, separate the grains of sand and are capable of considerable vibration. In proof of his theory Dr. Burton mentions that he found the volume and pitch of the sound to be dependent largely on the purity of the sand and its freedom from dust. A quantity of it was deprived of its sonorous quality when a little earth was mixed with it, and it was found impossible to restore the quality after it had been thus killed. An analogous cause sometimes operates in churches and in individual Christians. The volume and power of their testimony for Christ are largely dependent on their purity, and when earthly principles and aims are mixed with their spiritual aspirations they become mute. (James 1 : 27.)

Two Patients were Rejected by the Physician in charge of the Pasteur Institute in New York last week. One of them was a boy twelve years old, who had been bitten by a dog two weeks before his application was received. The wound had been painful at the time, but was not deemed serious. It had yielded to the usual antiseptic treatment, and had healed over. Ten days afterward, however, the boy grew restless, moody and irritable, and his parents, becoming alarmed, took him to the Pasteur Institute. Dr. Gibier examined him and then sorrowfully told the parents it was too late to apply the treatment. Nothing could save him from death by hydrophobia. The other case was that of a man at Brunswick Me., who was suffering from the bite of a dog. A physician of that town telegraphed that he proposed bringing him to New York to be treated, the townspeople being desirous of defraying the expense. Dr. Gibier telegraphed the physician not to bring the man as in his case also it was too late. It appears that when the poison has had time to take firm hold on the system, even the Pasteur treatment will not avail. Prompt and radical measures are necessary, and they incur a fearful risk who think it is sufficient merely to cauterize the wound itself. It is so with sin. A sinful habit may be abandoned, the drunkard may become an abstainer and the vicious man become virtuous, but no one is safe until his heart has been changed. Outward morality and even church-membership are not sufficient. Every pastor should dread incurring the reproach uttered by the prophet "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying Peace, peace, where there is no peace." (Jer. 8 : 11.)

A Perilous Ride Down a Mountain Side is described in a press despatch from Denver, Colo. It states that an eastern bound train from San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, had climbed the mountain to Tehachapi Pass. At that point there is a sharp descent, the grade at some points being fully two hundred feet to the mile. The engineer, knowing that the brakes were strong enough to check the speed, allowed the train to get headway before applying them. When he did put on the pressure he discovered to his consternation that they were out of order and would not work. The speed of the train increased momentarily. It shot along precipices where there was a sheer decline of thousands of feet on one side and a wall of rock on the other. It rattled over bridges spanning deep gorges, and around sharp curves, Finally

it shot into a portion of the road where there was a level space to the left, while to the right was a descent of 1,200 feet. At this place it jumped the track, fortunately on the left side. Strange to say, although the train must have been running fully seventy-five miles an hour, not one person was killed, though the coaches were badly wrecked. That engineer will in future have less confidence in the brakes. He knows now that not only must they be strong, but must be ready to operate when they are needed. Many a man travelling the downward path has gone to his destruction through a similar misplaced confidence. Confident in his capacity to check himself when he chooses, he has gone on in his sinful career until he became alarmed and tried to stop, only to find his power of self-restraint fail him. Then he discovers the truth of the king's warning, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Prov. 28 : 26.)

Painted Faces, Mechanical Smiles, and Frivolous music led to a suicide in New York on June 30. For some time past, a musician employed in a theatre, devoted to light opera, has been in a melancholy mood. He had lost a daughter whom he loved very dearly, and when he went to his duty at the theatre at night, with his heart full of grief for the dead, the frivolity around him jarred upon his nerves. In the orchestra he was so near to the actresses on the stage that he could see the paint on their faces, and the mechanical and perfunctory character of their smiles. Besides, he was familiar with the works of the great masters of music, and loved to interpret them. To play the light shallow music of comic opera to ignorant audiences seemed a humiliation to him. He grew more gloomy and discontented, and it was only by an effort that he kept his place in the orchestra to the close of a performance. At last he became utterly melancholy, and on June 30, he shot himself. In a note he left behind explaining his motive, he said that it was "worth dying not to see any more painted faces." Doubtless, he was not in a mental condition to fully realize all that dying by his own hand involved, or he would not have said that. Still, the necessity of going to the theatre evidently made life unbearable to him. Men who enjoy going there must find it difficult to understand his aversion. It will not, however, astonish any who are in great sorrow, or any man of a truly spiritual mind. In either case the professional hilarity seems a hollow mockery. (1. Peter 4 : 4.)

A Snake in a Lady's Bonnet Caused Some alarm in a household at Galveston, Tex., recently. A press despatch from that city says that on June 29, a lady was preparing to go to church, when she was heard uttering loud screams. Some members of the family ran to her room and found her fainting on the floor. When she recovered consciousness, she declared that she had been bitten by a snake. She said that she took up her bonnet from the table on which she laid it on returning from morning service, and put it on her head. As she did so, she felt something move in the bonnet, and saw in the mirror, before which she stood, a snake's head protrude, and it struck her before she could fling bonnet and snake away. It was thought at first that the lady must be mistaken, but on search being made, a small puff-adder was found behind the settee on which in her fright she flung her bonnet. Happily the lady's hair saved her from a wound which might have been serious if not fatal. It was a narrow escape and her danger was all the greater, because it was unexpected. In the woods, or in any place, where an encounter with a snake would not have been unusual, she might have been on her guard; but in her own house, and in her bonnet she had no reason to fear the presence of so terrible an enemy. Her danger was similar to the spiritual danger that assails Christians, in their conflict with Satan, who is likened in Scripture to a serpent. The times when he gets an advantage over them are when he assails them unexpectedly and there is Scriptural ground, for believing that his temptations may lurk in elegances of apparel. (1. Timothy 2 : 9, 10.)

THE FIRST RAPTURE.

By George H. Pember, M. A.

A Favored Church—Christ's Second Coming a Source of Comfort—Its Effect in These Days—A Mistaken View—Involving Needless Sorrow—The Apostle's Own Expectation—An Actual Descent—The Dead Raised—The Living Changed—An Eternal Union.

To none of the Churches with which he was connected did Paul communicate so many details of the last things as to that of the Thessalonians. For in one of his Epistles to them we find the most circumstantial prediction of the first ascension of the saints; while in the other there are many particulars respecting the subsequent career of Antichrist.

The Revelation

of that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, had lifted up the Thessalonian Church to enthusiasm. And so, indeed, it has ever affected those whose hearts have been opened for its reception. It was that hope which stimulated the early Church to the extraordinary exertions of the first two and a half centuries: it is that which oftentimes since has supported believers through days of trial; for whenever persecution has arisen on account of the word, the Apocalypse and the prophetic Psalms have almost invariably formed the great stay and comfort of the persecuted. And, at this present time, the same hope is again exercising a powerful influence in arousing the Church to renewed efforts, in separating off a people for the presence of the Lord.

Yet, although the Thessalonians received the spirit-stirring message with joy, even they did not rightly understand it in all its bearings, and the consequence of their imperfect knowledge was seen in certain false and mischievous inferences. Excited by expectation, and assuming that the Lord must come immediately, they could no longer settle down to the ordinary routine of life, and Paul found it necessary to exhort them to be quiet, and do their own business, and labor with their own hands, that their conduct might be seemly to those that were without, and that they might not, by neglecting their duty, be compelled to depend upon the help of others.

And then again, while they had, heard of the coming of the Lord and their gathering together unto Him, they had not yet been instructed in regard to

The First Resurrection.

Consequently, knowing only the final resurrection and last judgment, being well aware that these events would not take place until after the Millennium, and distinguishing clearly between the Millennium and the Eternal State, they naturally concluded that all who had the misfortune to die before the Lord's return would lose the glories of the Kingdom. What wonder, then, that they mourned immoderately when the spirit of a beloved one passed away from their midst; since they thought to see his face no more until after the long lapse of the thousand years; unless, indeed, they too should be called to follow him before the Lord came, and so be themselves deprived of the glory.

To lift this gloom from their eyes, and reveal to them the glad truth, is Paul's object in the latter part of the fourth chapter. "We would not have you ignorant, brethren," he says, "concerning them which have been laid to sleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope."

And then he reveals the wondrous truth, that each of the great events in our Lord's life has its correspondence in the lives of His members; that if, in our measure, we are called to suffer as He did, to be men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, to endure the contradiction of sinners and the hatred of the world, ay, and presently, should He tarry, to gaze for the last time upon the light of the natural sun; we may, nevertheless, look up to the eminence on the other side of the dark valley, where He sits in glory, and know that, by His grace, we too cannot fail to emerge from the night of death into the resurrection morning.

And so Paul proceeds to tell us how this consummation will be brought about: and he does so "by the word of the Lord," that is, by

A Direct Revelation

to himself. The words, "we which are alive," are of great doctrinal importance; for they give clear evidence that Paul contemplated the occurrence of the advent in his own lifetime as a possibility. He was, however, well aware that none might know the day and the hour, and, therefore, expressed no definite expectation. Yet Paul and many others have passed away, and still the Lord tarries. There is, however, no reason to believe that their expectant attitude is in any way changed: the spirits of those who sleep are also waiting for the Lord from the high heavens, and longing for the time when the sons of God shall be manifested and their bodies redeemed.

The words, "the Lord shall descend," utterly preclude the "spiritual" interpretation to which some Christians even now cling. For His spiritual presence is already with us, and so will remain even unto the end. It is, therefore, to His glorified body, which can be only in one place at a time, that allusion is here made. And the descent is

The First Stage

in the fulfilment of the angels' words, that He should so come in like manner as He was seen to go up into heaven. And as He passes through His illimitable realms, upon wings of lightning, followed by His glittering hosts, and causing the countless stars which stud His heavens to pale with His glory, He will utter the word of command, and the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear, for all will not do so, shall live.

Forth from Paradise and the grave they will come, from the poor thief, whose mortal agony was prolonged until Heaven and Hades had thrilled with the mighty words, "It is finished," to the last who shall have been laid to sleep, just as the trump of God is proclaiming the arrival of the King.

And scarcely less wonderful will be

The Change in the Living.

It was a glad sight to see the warm flush returning to the leper's face, and his decayed limbs filling out and brightening into ruddy health. It must have made the hearts of the bystanders rejoice to look on when blind Bartimæus received the reward of his faith, and opened his wondering eyes for the first time on God's fair world and on the tender and loving face of God's own Son. And hard of heart must he have been who could restrain tears of sympathy when he beheld the poor demoniac ceasing from his mad ravings, his wanderings among the tombs, and his cruel self-mutilations, and sitting clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Him who had saved him from his fiendish tormentors. But even these miracles of love will seem as nothing to the deliverances of that glorious night, when the Lord shall call His people, and, in response, the bed-ridden invalid of years, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the consumptive, the fever-stricken, the poor oppressed lunatic or demoniac, the bowed down with age, and pain, and care, and bereavement, and persecution, and hard toil—all shall come forth from the places of durance in which they have been graciously enabled to possess their souls in patience, and shout for joy that the year of the Lord's redeemed has come. And dropping every fetter of mortality, losing every scar and disfigurement as they rise, and joined by the company of those who had slept, they shall ascend in one glorious body to the presence of the King.

Those who shall be summoned to this exultant gathering will find themselves

Suddenly Rapt Away,

doubtless by the forceful power of that Spirit by Whom they were sealed unto the Day of Redemption. Woe, then, to all who shall have grieved the Spirit of God on that unknown and fateful night! The Greek words imply that they who go to meet the Lord in the air will subsequently return to earth with Him, not

without Him. For there shall be no more parting from the beloved Saviour, or from the friends whom He has restored to us. Thenceforth we shall be ever with the Lord: we shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

And with thoughts of this glorious future we are to comfort one another in our bereavements.

A REVIVAL IN PERSIA.

THE missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board in Persia are filled with rejoicing over an extensive work of grace. It seems that the last year was a year of many trials, and that at its close the report showed a net loss instead of gain. The first hopeful sign was the awakening of a band of young men. The Week of Prayer, though observed with special solemnity and interest, was not followed by conversions, and the month of January passed without marked results. But later two young men, who it is said were scarcely able to read, but whose hearts were filled with love to God, went with one of the college teachers to a large village, where the church had been in a languishing condition, and a remarkable quickening was at once witnessed. Other churches soon began to feel the sacred influence, and every week since cheering tidings have come from some church which has received a great blessing. Preachers, native and foreign, have been taxed to the utmost in the holding of extra services. Much persecution has accompanied the work, notably from the Old Church and from the Ritualists. Some persons have been driven from their homes by their enraged relatives. Several remarkable cases of conversion are reported. Those of special note are two physicians, who have hitherto been bitter opposers of evangelical truth. The genuineness of the work has been attested by the liberal contributions of the people. The movement is described as very quiet, the preaching of the most searching and practical kind, relating to sin and repentance and the new birth. A large ingathering into the churches is anticipated, upwards of four hundred persons having publicly expressed their desire to begin a new life.

CONVERTS AMONG THE MARATHI.

THE annual report of the American Board's work among the Marathi of the Bombay presidency of India, chronicles a decided progress both in churches, converts and schools. One of the converts, a man named Narsoba, is in himself a potent influence for good. Its power does not consist so much in his teaching and preaching, though he does both, as in his life. He was a man whose evil deeds had made his name a terror through the district. He is now so changed that none who know him now and knew him a few years ago, can question the power of Christianity. In addressing a number of men in a neighboring village to which he accompanied the missionary, he said: "You know what my former life was, but now Christ has saved me, and given me peace;" and in saying this his voice trembled, and several in the audience were affected to tears, for he had been well-known in that village as a notoriously wicked man. In the early part of the year Narsoba's thatched house caught fire during his absence. He returned, but too late to render any assistance. He was, however, undisturbed in mind, and said cheerfully, "It is no matter; the Lord will give me another;" and sure enough the Lord has given another—not a thatched house, but one much more substantial and not likely to be burnt down. The people of that village and of other villages came to his help in a remarkable way. Of the five families who live near him, four have become Christians through his efforts. The first convert in another village is a relative of his. He had heard the truth thirteen years ago, and since then had occasionally met with Christians, so that his conscience had been awakened all this time. Not long ago, while digging a well, he was suddenly buried by the stones and earth coming down upon him. In this condition his sins all came up before him, and he praying said, "O Lord, if thou wilt

re me now, I will devote my life to thee ;" the Lord heard him. He has kept his promise faithfully.

A CONVERT'S DILEMMA.

A Christian lands it is seldom that the faith of a convert is put to the test which was applied in Christ's time, and which He used to speak of as a proof of fidelity, that of leaving father and mother and friends for His sake.

Mr. Stover, a missionary of the American Board at Bailundu in Central Africa reports a letter to the *Missionary Herald*, an instance of what test being borne by one of his youthful converts. Among the boys who came to the school occasionally was one peculiarly bright, unruly. He was saucy, Mr. Stover says, and difficult to manage. But gradually he seemed to act and some time ago began to take part in the meetings. The Missionary took an opportunity of speaking to him a week before the receipt of his letter and found that the boy wanted to be baptized. "I wish I could give you his name as he told it to me," says Mr. Stover. "I was deeply impressed, by what he said, with the reality of the work of the Spirit, and how often He works when we know nothing of it. During all that period when we should have yielded at the suggestion that Nunda, pert, saucy, self-willed, though bright, had a sober thought, he was really under conviction. His inclination was to cast in his lot here, but his friends opposed, and for a time he reluctantly obeyed; at last he could resist no longer, and in the face of threats and taunts and scoffing he came forward, deliberately severing all earthly relations—all of which we never knew until he wrote me this a week ago. He belongs to a family of good standing, and all of them bitterly oppose Christianity."

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for July 30; Luke 14: 25-33; Golden Text Luke 14: 27.

Selfish Attitude Toward Christ—The Conditions of Discipleship—What a Disciple Is—The Heavenly Citizenship—The Signs of a Disciple—The Filial Duty of the Disciple—No Disrespect of Parents Cultivated—The True Cross-bearing—Its Cost—The Christian's Stupendous Undertaking—The Complete Contrast of Principles—The Conditions of Conquest—Worldly Christians Despised by the Church and the World.

THE parable of The Great Supper proved very active as the Master spoke it, "There went out multitudes with Him." All was to be gained, nothing to be lost by the invited guests, and it is very pleasing to human nature which is to make a good bargain. There are souls which rejoice and luxuriate in the doctrine of free grace of God, and are quite content that Christ should have all the shame if they have the glory; that He should have all the suffering so that they may be saved from eternal death; that He should have all the poverty so that they might have riches through Him. The fellowship with His suffering, and conformity to His death which Paul aspired to, are unknown to these degraded souls, which live unto themselves, even though Christ has died for them, at least they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves." The real glory of the Christian life is unknown to them, their ideas have never risen above their own selfish level.

Jesus turned and said unto them, If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

What Is a Disciple?

Generally an instructed one, or one who follows the witnesses to the instructions he has received from a teacher. It is not in the simple acceptance of the pardon which Jesus purchased with His blood that we become disciples, but in living ourselves be separated unto Him from which is unlike Him. We are redeemed, not by, or chiefly from everlasting death, and from the sin which has deserved it, but also from the very manner of life which we lived before our conversion. Delivered from this pres-

ent evil age. (Gal. 1: 4.) The spirit of "All seek their own," (Phil. 2: 21), redeemed from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers. (1 Pet. 1: 16.) "What will people think of you? You must do as other people do, you must not lower yourself," etc. From all this the precious blood of Christ redeems us to be disciples of Him who lived in the "newness of life" upon this earth, "Redeemed from among men." (Rom. 14: 4.) No longer carnal, and walking as man, (II. Cor. 3: 3), no longer taking part in divisions, strifes, envyings," etc. Discipleship to Jesus lifts us into another atmosphere where "by love" we can "serve one another." (Gal. 5: 13).

But how are we to understand these words? At first sight, it would seem as though the Lord would put a premium upon the want of filial respect and love which is so marked in our day and generation, as though He would teach us to hate instead of honour our nearest and dearest. But, taken in connection with His teaching to the disciples, "He that loveth father or mother

More than Me

is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me," (Matt. 10: 37), we clearly see that the whole meaning lies in this, that all else must take a second place to Jesus; in all things He must "have the pre-eminence." (Col. 1: 18.) When it is a question between our own will and our parents', then comes in the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother." When, however, it is a question between God's will and our parents', when they would call us into distinct opposition to His command, then, cost what it may, God's will must be followed. The opposition of friends, the bitter words, the biting insinuation, which none can make make in the same biting way as those who know us best, and who are aware of our weak points—is one of the hardest trials we have to face in our Christian life.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple." "No cross, no crown," is a proverb which seems to have gone out of date, but it is a true one. We can never bear His cross on which He redeemed us, but we can bear for His sake and the Gospel's the very thing which crosses our will, and galls and humbles us this very hour. The humiliation which comes through the wrong doing of another, and which is imputed to us; the thwarting of our purposes, made in the will of God, by human agency, and yet permitted by Him; the hindrances which seem to stand in the way of our work for Him—the physical drawbacks which try our patience—these are our daily crosses, crosses not to be rejected, but to be borne.

But cross-bearing is not easy; discipleship costs much, and it is well to

Count the Cost

and weigh coolly and calmly the undertaking we have in hand, and then, if we are fully persuaded that it is worth the sacrifice, to let all go, and live for nothing else. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he have laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build and was not able to finish." Here is plain, strong, common-sense. Now to apply it. What is our undertaking? Something far more stupendous than the tower of Babel. Our war against the king that cometh against us is the greatest war that ever has been waged. We undertake, while in a world governed by natural laws, to live a life which is supernatural, and therefore above these laws. The law of self governs all around us. Families, churches, cities, nations, as well as individuals, are governed by the selfish principle. The rich grind down the poor, the talented oppress the less gifted, might is right. Now, as disciples, *i. e.*, followers of Jesus, we have undertaken to steer our little bark in the very face of the popular current, and to act on principles diametrically opposed to the law of self which governs the world. Whereas in the world "all

seek their own," the follower of Jesus learns to look *not* on his own things but on the things of others." (Phil. 2: 4.) The world's strong ones despise and tread down the weak, but in the body of Christ, it is the feeble members who are the most necessary. (I. Cor. 12: 22.) In the world, it is the rich who carry all before them, while the rich follower of Christ shall hardly "enter into the kingdom of heaven."

What are the terms on which a life so unearthly, so truly supernatural, can be lived on earth? They are these, "Whosoever there be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Paul knew this well, and "what things were gain to him those he counted "loss for Christ," honor, prestige, comfort, reputation, parentage, position, were all beneath the feet of a man whose citizenship was in heaven, and his aspirations rose to something vastly different, "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." (Phil. 3: 10), to suffer in all which is a suffering to Christ, to be dead to all to which Christ is dead, and so in the resurrection, to share proportionately with Him. This was the tower Paul was building, and he had counted the cost, and left on record for us all that it was worth the while. Paul was a true disciple, to him to live was Christ, (Phil. 1: 21) he sought nothing for himself, but everything for his Master. To man, his life was inexplicable, he rejoiced in the things which other men shunned, tribulations and sufferings; he gloried in the cross of Christ, which brought upon him the contempt of all men. Nothing which earth could offer proved any attraction to him, and yet, so great was the influence of this man, who had renounced every worldly advantage, who like his Master was despised by the chief priests, and the rulers, and the scribes, that he and his followers turned the world upside down. (Acts 17: 6.)

Self-pity, self-interest, self-consciousness, self-esteem, self-care, and self-culture, are all antagonistic to the spirit of a true disciple.

Self Never Will Bear the Cross.

Self makes its own cross, but will not bear that which the Master gives or permits. Jesus said to His disciples, "If ye continue in My work, then are ye My disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." *i. e.*, free from self to serve God and man. A disciple is at liberty only to serve. The true disciple leaves all that he has that God may possess him and that Christ may live in him.

"Salt is good, but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned?" One is disappointed when one takes up a bunch of violets and finds that the perfume is gone, but Oh, how much more disappointing it is when one finds children of God with none of the savor of Christ about them. Brilliant preachers have sometimes a greater savor of themselves than of Christ, but how often one who has great family trials, one who has been much tried in body, one who has gone through much persecution for Christ's sake, one who has had great reverses of fortune, is found bearing the cross, and like the alabaster box of ointment, when broken, the whole house, the whole neighborhood is filled with the odor of the ointment." (John 12: 3.)

But if the salt have lost his savor, if "his scent is not changed (Jer. 48: 11), wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land nor yet for the dunghill;" you cannot make use of such in the church, you cannot quite number them among the unsaved, "but men cast them out." Savorless Christians, homeless Christians, worldly Christians, selfish Christians, are the contempt of the world, men cast them out. Men of the world want to see the real thing; there is enough of sham in the world, they expect to see in Christians something like Christ, they expect to have living Bibles in the persons of Christ's followers, and they are right; men cast out and refuse to own as Christians, those who shirk the cross.

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WHAT NOT TO READ.

AMID this deluge of books many people are being drowned. They know not which way to turn. Every one you meet has a book to suggest, and the papers have whole columns of literary commendations. The question what to read is much discussed, but not so much the question what not to read. Better stand off from all those books which are made, not because the author had anything to say, but because the publisher and author wanted to make a commercial success. Such books are generally of large type, profuse illustration and showy binding. They must have so many words, so many pages, so many pictures. You are aware from the appearance of the book, that it was merely made to sell. I believe, however, that a book will be of little practical service unless the author was compelled by an inward consciousness of duty to print it. The book into which an honest and earnest author throws his whole soul is the one that will magnetize, lift and vivify you. Avoid that book which has the appearance of literary jobbing. I also advise that you take only small doses of love story. The majority of novels are made to set forth desperate love-scrapes. It is well enough for a man to read sufficient of this literature to keep him from being awkward when he himself becomes a party to some affair of the heart. But much reading of love-stories makes one soft, insipid, absent minded, and useless. The probability is that when you fall in love, you will not fall into it according to the cheap novels. The lady will not burst into tears, nor faint, nor will the old man oppose you, so that you will have to place a long ladder to the third story window at midnight. Excessive reading of love stories will make you a fool before you know it. I further advise you not to read a book merely because some one else likes it. Do not waste your time on Shakespeare, if you have no taste for poetry or the drama, merely because so many like Shakespeare, nor pass a long time with Sir William Hamilton, when metaphysics are repulsive to you, though your literary friends are in raptures with the great headed Scotchman. When you read a book by the page, every few minutes looking ahead to see how many chapters you have to finish before you will be through, you had better stop that book

and take something else. There is no reason in your dousing your plate with vinegar because your friends are especially fond of the sour, or of spreading your bread with honey because your host has a taste for the saccharine. There comes ever and anon a fashion for certain styles of reading. Be not overborne by the pressure. For a while there was prevailing a Tupperian epidemic, and we all went to writing blank verse. Then there came a Carlylean epidemic, and we all wrote turgid, involved, twisted, and break-neck sentences, each noun with as many verbs as Brigham Young had wives, and as little acquainted with them. Then came the Renanish epidemic, and the attempt everywhere was made to mingle romance and religion, with frequent punches at religion, and we prided ourselves on being sceptical.

THE WORLD'S AGUE.

WHAT a rough time this old earth is having! Every few weeks somewhere an earthquake. Geologists tell us our planet has been in convulsions ever and anon since it was born, and it does seem to me as though it had been chills and fever without end—now so cold it chattered with the white teeth of glacier, and now hot until the hemispheres seemed afire. "Firm as the everlasting hills" should be rejected as a figure of speech, for the hills are neither firm nor everlasting. Four or five years ago our climate was all disturbed and frenzied by what were called electric showers in the sun. Every little while a comet shoots through our night with enough force to obliterate us with one sweep of its tail. Caracas down, Lisbon buried, Java cracked open, Charleston terrorized and San Francisco again and again frantic, it is evident that God has no special controversy with any city or any land, for all lands have felt the tread of the earthquake. My impression is that there will be no long-continued cessation of these subterranean attacks, but a greater frequency of them until the planetary demolition. It is a shaky, rheumatic, epileptic old world, and it will die in one of these stupendous fits. It is a poor place to make permanent investment. Some think it will be fixed up for the final residence of the righteous; there is so much ice to be melted, and so much fire to be extinguished, and so many wild winds to be tamed, it is scarcely worth while to reconstruct it. Let us have a brand-new world. God did not make the moon over again after it became an extinct volcano. The telescope tells us it was left in ruins and will probably stay in ruins, and I think this world will yet be a forsaken wreck, to which we will from higher spheres make excursions, as now we go down to the beach at Southampton or Amagansett to see an old hulk that has been rotting there for twenty years. There is caged in the centre of this world an old lion of destruction, and he will not rest quiet much of the time, and he plunges against the bars of the cage. At one time he put one paw against the Western Hemisphere, and that made everything rattle from Florida to New York; and at another time he puts his paw against the Eastern Hemisphere, and France and Italy rock from side to side. No one can chain the raging internal monster or bid him lie down, except the one who made the lions crouch before Daniel in the Babylonish cavern.

The world needs about thirty new volcanoes. Volcanoes are to this world what boils are to diseased human body—the escape of bad humors that must come out, and, though they are hard to bear—both the boils and volcanoes—it is a choice in both cases between eruption and death. Perhaps God will give to the human race a power not yet exercised. By discharge of artillery, it has been found that showers of rain can be brought down, and it almost always rains on the evening of the Fourth of July, after gunpowdery explosions, and always rains on the evening after a battle, so that ingenious men may, after a while, contrive some style of cannonading that will break up the great droughts that afflict the earth. I am not sure that huge-handed machinery will not be invented that shall yet give relief to the world's paroxysm of earthquake, dividing down until the disturbed elements can be set free. A few extemporized outlets would end forever these subterranean turmoils and take this nervous and feverish earth into placidity and health. But before its destruction the world is to be gardenized. The last thunder will not roll over a desert, but over a Los Angeles, a Chatsworth, a paradise regained. We may not be able to manage the inside of this world, but religion will manage the outside. If the lion will lie down in the mountain, the lamb will lie down on the top of it. In Eden Adam had the beasts around him in amity, and the birds taught him to sing and the lambs taught him to play and the fish taught him to swim and the lion a lioness, at peace with all, covered his feet with their tawny mane. So it shall be again. Forces celestial, atmospheric, aquatic, volcanic shall be in complete accord with the redeemed human race and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. So when the earth is finally wrecked it will not be like a ship condemned as unseaworthy and worn out in the timbers, but like some great man-of-war of the deep, with gilded cabin and costly cargo, and with all sails set, crashing against a rock, a great *Ville de Havre* in collision, an *Argo* sinking, a splendid world passing out of sight.

STRUCK ON THE HEAD.

THE coroner's jury have come in. Facts were fought in a grog shop. Michael wants a drink. The bartender refuses to let him have it. Michael wants a drink so much he leaps over the bar to get it. Bartender takes up a bottle, and with it breaks Michael's head. The verdict of the coroner's jury so declares it. But this is no peculiar case. The bottle is breaking more heads to-day than is any weapon. We talk of the hearts but of the heads. Our literary and newspaper men are so pressed of hard work and kept up so late nights, and so exhausted of nervous energy, that many of them are taking artificial stimulants to keep up. They show it in their eyes and cheek, and some of them in the inflammation of the end of their nose. They are gradually going down. Every year they are able to do less and less. After a while they will disappear, and the doctors will apply a handsome sounding Latin term to the style of their decay. But all the world will know that they were killed by the same weapon that slew Michael. Struck across the head with a bottle.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Another Sister was Welcomed to the Family States on July 3, by the President's signature the Idaho bill. It was expected that the bill would have been signed on the Fourth, but the President called the delegate's attention to the fact that a new star could be added to the flag only on July 4, and, therefore, if he signed the bill on that day, Idaho's star would not appear for a year. It was therefore signed on July 3, and all correct flags on Friday bore for the first time forty-three stars. On the last anniversary they bore only thirty-eight, but in the interval, beside Idaho, the symbols of North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington have been added. Wyoming also hoped to have celebrated its admission on Independence Day, but the Senate and the House had disagreed over her land and the difference was not settled in time. Her star will doubtless appear next year, and flag-makers are discussing the best way of arranging the stars to accommodate forty-four on the field. The plan most in favor is to have the highest and lowest line contain eight and the four intermediate lines seven each.

A Momentous Question Awaits Senatorial Action in the Federal Election Bill, which passed the House on July 2d. The Bill practically gives the Federal government the power of conducting the elections for the Presidency and members of Congress, in the various States. There can be no question as to the constitutional power of Congress to make such a provision, but the vigorous protests made against it in the North, as well as in the South, prove that it is an innovation of a serious character. The States, which it is expected that the Federal power will be invoked, feel humiliated at the interference with long-established usage which it threatens. No legislation for many years past has aroused the old sectional animosities. Its operation is not dreaded in the North, but it is recognized there as a step toward centralization and as an invasion of the rights of the States, which may have dangerous results. It is doubtful whether it will have the good effect in the South that is hoped from it. The evils it is deemed to remedy are moral, and moral evils cannot be cured by legislation. It would appear in the attitude taken against the bill that, while it will exasperate the South, it will not remove the difficulties which now keep the color-voters from the polls. They will be protected by the provisions of the bill, if they choose to go there and cast their votes, but no legislation can protect them from the social hostility which they will incur by voting. There is reason to fear that the real evils which the promoters of the bill hope to remove by its operation will be increased thereby, and the position of the colored voter be made more painful than before.

A Small Riot Took Place in New York, on July 3, as the outgrowth of a labor struggle. Several firms in the city have introduced the eating system, which is the curse of the great cities in Europe. The cloak-makers have gone on strike, and if their reports of the wages they have been receiving may be relied on, their demands for more money were not without reason. But the wealthy firms, who employ them, knew that there were other people, who would do the work at the price they were willing to pay, and so there was no need to cut down their profits, or to raise the price of the garments by the few cents each, which would have covered the increase asked for by the operatives. The work was therefore given out to the new hands, whose necessities drove them to help the employer in the struggle with the employees. The strikers became exasperated, when they learned that the work was being done. They demanded that no one would do it at the price offered. Finding that one sweating hole had been established in a tenement house, on Eldridge St., they went to it, and found seven persons at work in a small room. They tore down the materials, and scattered the workers, but had been sent to the police and about twenty of them were arrested. They will be sentenced to various terms of imprisonment

and the strike will collapse. But the misery will continue. The stories of the poverty of the workers are horrible. In one case a family of eight persons, occupied two stifling little rooms and with all working, who were old enough to work, they could not, at the prices paid, do better. During the struggle all the furniture has gone to buy food. Ladies, who are glad when they purchase a cloak at a lower price than they have been used to pay, know now how it is that the price is reduced, and what that cloak cost in human life.

An Appeal to Congress was Made by the President on July 2, on behalf of the closer relations with our southern neighbors. A letter from the Secretary of State, which he enclosed, showed that all our sister republics were doing more than we are, by subsidizing steamship lines and by other means, to maintain commerce which is of more advantage to us than to them. The delegates of the seventeen countries represented in the recent conference were all eager, Mr. Blaine said, to co-operate with the United States in extending present facilities by cable, railroad and steamship, and were prepared to contribute on the basis of population. The President strongly urged on Congress an immediate and favorable consideration of the project, pointing out how enormous would be the benefit it would confer on our own merchants by opening up markets for our products which are now occupied by Europeans. This is a necessary accompaniment to the proposal of reciprocity which, on the suggestion of Mr. Blaine, Senator Hale has appended to the Tariff bill.

The Agreement on the African Question Between England and Germany was signed on July 1. It is a curious fact that protests are being made against it in both countries, and in each the charge is made that its government has been overreached. In England the complaints are chiefly respecting the cession of Heligoland. Lord Salisbury is charged with handing over to Germany a people bitterly opposed to German rule. He contends, however, that their opposition is only to the conscription law of Germany, and in the cession he expressly stipulated that none of the present inhabitants of the island should be subject to conscription. The German opposition to the agreement centres on the clause giving England the protectorate of Zanzibar, which is recognized as the key to Eastern Equatorial Africa. Baron Wissmann, however, consoles the discontented critics by promising that when he assumes the administration of the German possessions he can open other ports with facilities equal to those of Zanzibar.

A Ministerial Crisis in Spain Occurred Last week, but without the disturbances which in past times would have accompanied such an event. Senor Sagasta resigned, and Senor Canovas del Castillo takes his place as premier of the new government. The change is a surprise, as it was expected that Sagasta would have remained in power until after the approaching elections, when the results of the system of universal suffrage, which he has given to Spain would be known. It is not known yet what question caused Sagasta's resignation. He has been the most enlightened statesman Spain has had in modern times. The civil marriage act, and other measures were his work, and he has shown a sagacity and tact in his administration which have gratified the Spanish people, and have saved the country from a renewal of dynastic troubles. The system of government he has gradually introduced, is practically that which exists in England, and by which the cabinet and not the throne is responsible to the country for the national policy. Senor Canovas who has been appointed to succeed him will not, it is thought, pursue a reactionary policy.

The War Cloud in the Balkans Still Disturbs the statesmen of Europe. The Sultan of Turkey finds that if he were disposed to satisfy the claims of Bulgaria he would immediately receive similar claims, from Servia and other provinces which he could not consistently refuse. Nor does it appear that the concessions, if he made them, would relieve him from his embar-

assment. Simultaneously with the demand of Bulgaria, with Russian endorsement, came the demand for the payment of the war indemnity which Russia insists shall be immediate. The two demands coming at the same time are taken as an indication that, in the opinion of Russia the time has arrived to push the Sultan to the wall. The concentration of the Russian army on the Armenian frontier, implies that decisive action is intended, and that it will assume a form which will provoke English hostility. England has assumed the protectorate of the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, and he has therefore a right to call upon her for help in the crisis. That the situation is serious is generally admitted. The Emperor of Germany has attempted to mediate. He has suggested a financial scheme for the discharge of the debt, and proposes to substitute a Swedish prince for Prince Ferdinand, who as ruler of Bulgaria has been offensive to Russia. He has been curtly informed that his proposals are not acceptable to Russia. The situation causes acute anxiety as the outbreak of war might, in the present strained relations of European powers, involve other countries besides those immediately concerned.

BRIEF NOTES.

The collections in London for the Hospitals on Hospital Sunday, amounted to \$135,000.

It is reported that Mrs. John L. Wright, American Presbyterian missionary in Persia, has been murdered by a fanatical native.

Mr. Marmont B. Edson has added \$50,000 to the \$50,000 given by the late Miss Mary A. Edson toward the Missions House of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The marriage of Mr. H. M. Stanley to Miss Dorothy Tennant is to take place in Westminster Abbey on July 12. The Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to attend.

Mr. Porter, superintendent of the census, says that from present indications the total population of the United States will prove to be 64,500,000 as against 50,155,783 ten years ago.

Five Indian Chiefs attended the Sunday School at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on June 29th, and Short Horn, one of them, belonging to the Blackfoot tribe, made an address to the school.

The corner-stone of the Judson Memorial Church at the corner of Washington Square and Thompson St., New York, was laid on June 30. In the cavity of the stone was placed a copy of the Bible, translated by Dr. Adoniram Judson into Burmese.

The Louisiana Legislature on July 1, passed the Lottery bill, which extends the charter on the payment of \$1,250,000 a year. The concession needs to be confirmed by popular vote, so there is still a faint hope of its being beaten.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham has been holding very important Gospel services at Newport, R. I., following up the Convention of the New England Evangelistic Association recently held there. Large congregations gathered to hear the noted evangelist and much good was done. Mr. Needham is to be one of the speakers at the Bible Conference at Niagara.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has purchased for \$75,000 three lots on East Forty-second st., New York, and upon them a building is to be erected, costing \$250,000, at the expense of his mother, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, for mission work conducted by Colonel H. H. Hadley in connection with St. Bartholomew's parish. A chapel, free baths, and other conveniences will be combined in the new building.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn of India, spoke at Mr. Moody's College Conference at Northfield, on July 3. He said that thirty dollars a year would support a mission in India, and he had men trained to take charge of them. Mr. Moody at once said that he would personally give the money for one mission. Other offers were made by representatives of colleges and before the meeting separated \$3,300 had been raised.

The Philadelphia Medical Mission makes an excellent report of its year's work. Its labors are in the slums of the city among the poor, the outcasts and the vicious classes. It holds two Gospel services every week which show an increasing attendance and greater spiritual interest. During the year there have been large accessions to the band of workers, and many persons have been won from sin to the service of Christ.

Rockford Seminary, Ill., celebrated its commencement on June 25. The gratifying announcement was made that the Scientific Fund was completed and that the Alumnae Association had given an additional \$5,000 to the endowment of the Principal's chair. Miss Galatin's services as Principal are now lost to the Institution by her ill-health. Miss Sarah F. Anderson, who succeeds her, has been connected with the Seminary for twenty years, and her appointment has the approval of all its friends.

THE TENDER HIGH PRIEST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"We have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4 15.

The High Priest's Office Continued—A Greater High Priest than Aaron—Tenderness a Distinguishing Trait—I. Has Assumed a very Tender Office—To Reveal God's Will to Men—To Speak to God for Men—To Hear Confession and Judge—To Console the Sorrowful—To Instruct and Reprove—II. Has a Tender Feeling—How Tenderness may be Gained—A Physician's Advice—A Six-Months' Sentence for a Member of Parliament—The Harshness of the Successful Man—III. Had a Tender Training—Tempted to Unbelief and Presumption—IV. A Tender Perfectness.

BELOVED, we have a High Priest. All that Israel had under the law we still retain; only we have the substance, of which they had only the shadow. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle": We have a sacrifice, which, being once offered, forever avails; we have "One greater than the temple," and He is to us the mercy-seat and the High Priest. Take it for granted that all the blessings of the law remain under the gospel.

Observe here that the apostle delights to dwell upon the majesty and glory of our High Priest. What does He say? "Seeing then that we have a *great* High Priest," as if Aaron and all his sons were little personages compared with Him. These men were all faulty; but we have a "great High Priest," who is absolutely perfect. These men did but humbly represent Him, as in a dew-drop the sun may be reflected; but He is the true High Priest between God and man, and so the epithet "*great*" is put before His name as it could not be before any other.

Paul delights to dwell upon these points of glory. But when he has done so, it seems to occur to him that when we consider the greatness of our High Priest some poor trembling sinners may be afraid to draw nigh to Him; and the apostle ever has a longing eye towards drawing souls to Jesus. Therefore, he falls back upon our Lord's tenderness. Great as He is, our High Priest is not one who "cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Let no man be afraid of Him who is the embodiment of gentleness and compassion. Though conscious of your own infirmities, you may feel free to come to Him, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. I want to speak so tenderly that even the despairing may look up, and may feel a drawing towards our beloved Master who is so graciously touched with a feeling of our infirmities.

I. So I am going to begin my sermon by saying of our blessed Lord, He has assumed

A Very Tender Office.

It was intended, first, that by the high priest God should commune with men. That needs a person of great tenderness. A mind that is capable of listening to God, and understanding, in a measure, what He teaches, had need to be very tender, so as to interpret the lofty sense into the lowly language of humanity. If the man is to come from among the infinites down to the ignorance and narrow capacities of mortal men, he had need to be tender as a nurse to her children. What he had grasped from the Lord he must so put that the people could grasp it and act upon it. This is what our Lord has done in the tenderest manner. He reveals the Father. The things of God which He knoweth He makes known unto us by His Holy Spirit, as we are able to bear them. We are to learn of Him.

But a high priest took the other side also; he was to communicate with God from men. Here, also, he needed the tenderest spirit to rule his faculties and to move his affections. He must needs sit down and hear all the trembling petitions of troubled mothers who had come from the utmost end of Israel laden with their domestic burdens; he must listen to all the complaints of the oppressed, the woes of the afflicted, the trials of the poor, the perplexities of the distracted; and then, as a man of God, he was ordained to take all these things in prayer before the Most High, and in fitter language to

present the requests of the broken in heart. What a tender office! How few could carry it out! Is it not gracious on our Lord's part to undertake so tender an office for those who need it so greatly, and have no other way of access to the God of grace?

But if I understand the high priest's office aright, he had many things to do which come under this general description, but which might not suggest themselves, if you did not have the items set before you. The high priest was one who had to deal with sin and judgment for the people. This is a very tender post to occupy. No mere man is fitted to hear, as a rule, the confessions of all sorts of people, and certainly, he should not seek to do so. Yet the man whom God calls to feed His flock is forced, at times, to enter into the soul-conflicts of his fellow-men, and to hear the mournful story of their wanderings; and he needs great tenderness in so doing. We have a High Priest into whose ear we may pour all the confessions of our penitence without fear. Go and do so.

The Consoler.

No doubt the high priest was resorted to, that he might console the sorrowful. It must have been a great relief for those who were of a sorrowful spirit, to go unto the sanctuary of the Lord, and sit at the feet of a man of God, who could remind the stricken one of the promises made to meet such sorrow. Only to tell the story was helpful. Mourners often get more comfort from telling their griefs than they do from the remarks of those to whom they unbosom themselves. Go to Jesus, dear friend, if a sharp grief is now gnawing at your heart. If it be a trouble which you could not tell to your father or your husband, go to Jesus with it. Pour out the wormwood and the gall before Him: He knows their bitterness, and He will surely make them to be swallowed up in victory.

It was the high priest's business to instruct and to reprove the people. To instruct is delightful; but to reprove is difficult. Only a tender spirit can wisely utter rebuke. Israel's high priest needed to be meek as Moses in his rebukes of the erring. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us our faults in tones of love. His rebukes never break the heart. He never upbraids in bitterness, though he does so in faithfulness. Oh, the tenderness of Christ! I feel my subject deeply, but I cannot speak of it as I would.

II. Now, secondly, as our Lord Jesus has a tender office, so, next,

He has a Tender Feeling.

"We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." You are touched, and He is touched, at the same time. A pang shoots through my heart: that pang has been felt by my Lord also. A grief has stirred the waters of my spirit, and the spirit of the great High Priest has moved in harmony therewith. They say, but I know not that it is true, that when the strings of one harp are touched, if there be another harp in the room, it gently responds in unison, though not touched by any hand; assuredly it is so with the believer and his Lord.

The Plea of Infirmity.

Note well that word "infirmities"—"touched with the feeling of our infirmities." If it had only said sorrows, there would have been a sound of the sublime about it; but He stoops to "infirmities." He is not only touched with the feeling of the heroic endurance of the martyrs, but He sympathizes with those of you who are no heroes, but can only plead, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Hold fast this truth, for it may greatly tend to your consolation another day. Jesus is touched, not with a feeling of your strength, but of your infirmity.

How comes this about, brethren? Let us think of it awhile! Our Lord has a tender nature. Some people are not sympathetic, and never will be; their spirit is not generous. We are all made of clay: but some clay is stiffer and more gritty than another; and very hard grit it is in some cases. Some men have no more feeling than granite. They will say about the collection to-day, "I shall not give anything

to the hospitals. Let the people take care of themselves. If they were more thrifty they would have a little laid by for a rainy day, and would not need to have hospitals provided for them." This gentleman can supply wagon-loads of the same sort of hard material. I know you, my friend, I have known you too, a long time. I was going to say, "*I would be happy to attend your funeral*"; but I will not say so, lest it seem that I am hardening myself under your influence; and besides, there are so many of your order, that one more or less is of no great consequence. Our Lord is tender by nature.

Our Lord is not only tender of nature but quick of understanding as to the infirmities of men. Want of sense often prevents men being sensitive and sympathetic. If you have never suffered under disease, you need a little imagination to realize it, so as to be touched with the feeling of it. I noticed a very able address delivered by Mr. Hutchinson before the Lord Mayor last Friday, in which he advises a person who mourns his lack of sympathy to go for a week to his usual city vocation with a black patch over one eye. "If this does not effect the business," he says, "let him choose some leisure day in bright spring, and resolutely for twenty-four hours keep a bandage firmly placed over both eyes. His organization is, I fear, in this direction, well-nigh hopeless, if next morning he does not feel inclined to send a liberal donation to some hospital, that has for its mission the prevention of blindness." I have no doubt that improvable persons might be all the better for some such attempt to gain fellow-feeling. The same doctor thinks that the wearing of a truss or spinal apparatus for one day might be

A Help to Tenderness.

I will not urge these modes of cure; but the principle is good, and it might be tried in other directions. Suppose the squire of the parish who thinks ten or twelve shillings abundant wages for a week, should say to his lady, "We have always said that our agricultural laborer have quite enough to live upon; let us try their fare. We will leave this house for a week and take one of the old cottages in the village; and live all of us, on the wage we pay our men." What a capital school for social economy! How we would some people know the value of our silver currency, and of the copper coinage also! Only we should like members of parliament to have a longer experience than one week, lest it might be a pleasant change from feasting to fasting. Say six months for the honorable member. This might foster sympathy. Our blessed Lord had real experience; and, beside that, the faculty of being able to put Himself into the place of sufferers, and so to be "acquainted with grief." His quick understanding made Him realize, as High Priest, the sorrows of His people.

Blatant Sufferers.

Too many people are so wrapped up in their own grief that they have no room in their soul for sympathy. Do you not know them? The first thing when they rise in the morning, is the story of the night they have passed. Ah, dear, and they have not quite eaten a hearty breakfast, before their usual pain is somewhere or other coming over them. They must have the special care and pity of the whole household. All the day long the one great business is to keep everybody aware of how much the great sufferer is enduring. It is this person's pater noster to monopolize all the sympathy which the market can supply, and then there will be none to spare for the rest of the afflicted. If you are greatly taken up with self, there is not enough of you to run over to anybody else. How different this from our Lord, who never cried, "Have pity on upon Me! Have pity upon Me O my friends!"

Men who are wrapped up in their own glory are not sympathetic. Is it not a fine thing to spend a life in contemplating one's own magnificence? Those who are amazed at their own greatness have no thought to spare for the suffering. "No," says the man, "the masses obey the laws of supply and demand, and it is on as well as they can. Let them do as I have done."

might have been as poor as they are, if I had own as little push and enterprise as they do." The gentleman talks on a great scale, and he has no sympathy for the small woes of common men. His sympathy is wanted at home; and his charity begins there, and is so satisfied with its winning that it never goes any further. Our Lord is at the opposite pole from all this. He never glorified Himself: He "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant"; thus displaying the tenderness of His heart.

II. I must now notice very briefly, in the next place, that our Lord had

A Tender Training.

For what He says of it. "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Blessed, our Lord was tried as we are; that is one meaning of the passage. As to all manner of physical ills, he was subject to them all. Hungry, weary, faint, without a place whereon to lay His head, He was tried in all the points to which temptation exposes its victims. Our Lord has been tempted mentally. "Oh," says one, "I do not think body has been tried as I have been by cruel kindness." Say not so, for Jesus was forsaken of all, and betrayed by the friend in whom he trusted. As to spiritual distress, our Lord has been there also. Where any sinless foot could go, He has gone. The abyss has heard His cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken Me?" Tried in all points from above and from below, from without and from within, our Lord can sympathize with every form of tribulation.

But the text says *tempted*, and and that bears a deeper meaning than "tried." Yet remember in the wilderness He was

Tempted to Unbelief.

The evil one said, "If thou be the Son of God, show thyself here." Most of us know how he can hiss that into our ear. "If thou be the Son of God," said our Lord that "if" fell painfully but harmlessly. Then came the temptation to help Him and anticipate the providence of God by His action: "Command that these stones be bread." We, too, have had this rash act suggested to us. The tempter hath said, "You do get out of your difficulties by doing a magic thing—do it. It is not a very wrong thing; indeed, it is questionable whether it might not be justifiable under the circumstances. In vain will you wait for the Lord; but your own hand and provide for yourself." The way of faith in God is slow, and you are in pressing need." Our Lord came just here. When no bread in the house is made the background of a great temptation, remember that our Lord has undergone the counter-foil of that temptation.

The evil fiend—how often I have wondered at his—dared to say to Christ, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Picture the Lord of angels, with all the royalty of heaven shining on His brow, and the evil fiend daring to say, "Fall down and worship me!" It may be that a like temptation was coming home to you: live for gold, live for fame, live for pleasure; in some form or other, worship the devil and renounce faith in God. "Worship me," says the prince of evil: he leads to the new doctrines, practice the current fashions, leave the word of God for the opinions of the philosophers: in some form the temptation come; but even though the devil could fulfil his promise, and all the world would be ours, we are bound to resist unto death, and we are encouraged to do so by the fact that we are upon the old ground where the Redeemer fought and conquered. He can sympathize with the distress which this temptation brings you; for He has felt the same.

I am happy to come to my last point. Our Lord has

A Tender Perfectness.

Read the verse—"In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," I thought I heard our Lord say, "But that is just the pinch of the matter. He cannot sympathize with me in sin, and that is my great trouble." Brother, do not wish

that your Lord had become a sinner like yourself? Abhor the idea! It would be blasphemy if understood and indulged. You see at once that you cannot wish anything of the kind. But listen to me; do not imagine that if the Lord Jesus had sinned He would have been any more tender toward you; for *sin is always of a hardening nature*. If the Christ of God could have sinned, He would have lost the perfection of His sympathetic nature. It needs perfectness of heart to lay self all aside, and to be touched with a feeling of the infirmities of others.

Hearken again: do you not think that sympathy in sin would be a poisonous sweet? A child, for instance, has done wrong, and he has been wisely chastened by his father; I have known cases in which a foolish mother has sympathized with the child. This may seem affectionate, but it is wickedly

Injurious to the Child.

Such conduct would surely lead the child to love the evil which it is needful he should hate. Have you not felt yourself that, in unbelieving moments, it would have been a great evil for a Christian brother to have petted you in your unbelief; and that it was far better for you to have heard a bracing word of upbraiding? We ought not to wish for sympathy in wrong. We must show sympathy with sinners, but not with their sins.

I have done when I have said this—if our Lord was thus sympathetic, let us be tender to our fellow-men. Let us not restrain our tenderer feelings, but encourage them. Love is the brightest of the graces, and most sweetly adorns the gospel. Love to the sorrowing, the suffering, the needy is a charming flower, which grows in the garden of a renewed heart. Cultivate it! Make your love practical! Will you allow the poor to pine in their narrow rooms! Shall they perish for lack of surgical care and medical help? Do you call yourself followers of the tender Jesus? Do you hope to be saved through His compassion? On this Hospital Sunday I charge rich Christians to delay no longer, but to be touched with the feeling of the sufferings of those who are made of one flesh with them. Let all of us do our best. I will not insult you by pleading with you as though you were unwilling. You are eager to give for His dear sake who sympathizes with you tenderly, and helps you so graciously. Let the collection be made at once.

A DEMENTED HUSBAND RESTORED.

AN interesting case of Divine Healing is reported in Mrs. Baxter's magazine, *Thy Healer*. It is another instance of the parallelism of the spiritual and physical results of faith. The brethren, who believe in healing by faith, have always contended that the same principle on which the Christian commits his soul to Christ should lead him to commit his body to Him, and that Christ is as ready to heal and renew the body of His follower as He was to regenerate his soul. The instance now reported indicates that the parallel goes further, and as Paul said that the unbelieving husband might be sanctified through the wife (1 Cor. 7:14) so in sickness he may be healed through the faith of his wife.

It appears that fourteen years ago, a marriage took place between a worldly young farmer, and a lady of his own class, who was also of a worldly disposition. Adversity came upon them, sickness, loss of crops, and misfortunes of many kinds. Their troubles had opposite effects upon them. They drove the wife to the Saviour and the husband into infidelity. The latter became profligate, dissipated, and immoral. The wife bore with him patiently, and prayed, and worked, to bring him to Christ. Her own life for several years was a life of inconceivable humiliation and suffering. Finally she sank under her trials and was brought almost to death's door. She sought the prayers of God's people and was wonderfully healed. Then her husband grew nervous and exhibited signs of insanity. He was at last confined in the asylum at Hatton, England, which is under the charge

of the most skilful and successful specialist in the country. The wife went frequently to see the demented man, and had an interview, at last, with the doctor, who told her that her husband could never recover. His form of insanity was hopeless. She must make up her mind, that he would be there as long as he lived, and he added that his death would be a matter for congratulation. The afflicted wife was much distressed; but after her return home the thought of her own healing came to her mind, and she resolved to commit her husband's case to the same Hands. She sent to Bethshan, and prayer was made continually for him. In a short time the wife received word that he was much better, and now he is pronounced well and has been released from the asylum. In a letter which he has sent to Bethshan since his recovery he says: "And now, dear sisters, will you praise God for my great deliverance, and ask Him to give me grace to live and act as His last Will and Testament commands. My deliverance has been through God's great mercy in hearing and answering the earnest and believing prayers of faithful and 'nothing doubting' Christians."

A CHINAMAN'S CONSCIENCE.

THE Gospel had not been long preached in Koankhau before several persons professed their faith in Christ. One of these was a young man that kept a *cake shop* in one of the principal streets of the town. He was naturally a thoughtful and earnest man, and the exalted truths of Christianity had a special attraction for him. The question of religion was to him a most serious one, and now that he had obtained what he believed to be the true one, he was prepared to make any sacrifices that might be demanded of him for it. The time very speedily came when it was to be tested. It is the custom in every town to hold public services in *honor of the idols* in it, at particular times of the year. Each district appoints a head man who arranges about the feast, and the theatrical performances, and who also collects from the public the sums in which they have been assessed to defray expenses. This man with a number of his followers, applied to the cake maker for his amount. He told them that he had become a Christian, and could no longer pay as he had been accustomed to do. They said they had no objection to his worshipping any God he pleased, so long as he conformed to existing usages. He was positive in his refusal, and they went away. Next day they returned and proposed a scheme by which he might be relieved, whilst at the same time they would not lose his subscriptions. They suggested that he might increase his rent by the amount due, and then the landlord could settle with them. "They did not wish," they said, "to quarrel with him, because hitherto they had been good neighbors together. He was an honest, industrious man, and they liked him, and were anxious to come to some arrangement that would prevent ill-feeling."

The Chinaman sturdily refused to agree to this plan, as it would not be honest for him to do so, seeing that he would still be paying for the support of an idol that he disbelieved in. They again reasoned with him, and appealed to him to yield, on the ground that his case would afford a precedent for others. The head man said: "Suppose that you are allowed exemption: of course other persons in the whole street may claim the same. And supposing that the whole street should decide to follow your example, then how would the temple service be kept up, and who would pay for the feasts in honor of the idol? The whole thing would collapse." The man replied with a smile that this was what he hoped and longed for. The men were shocked at this temerity in braving the vengeance of the gods. But they did not admire it and they told him finally he must either pay or leave the town. Before long he found that this was not an idle threat. During the next few months, he was so harassed by those in authority, and deserted by his custom-



Miss Fawcett, Chief Graduate of Cambridge University.



The Brethren's Hall, Plymouth England.

ers, that he had to shut up his shop, and remove to Amoy. But he still relies upon God and being assured of his acceptance with Him does not fear what man can do to him."

DRIVEN TO CHRIST.

IN the course of a letter to the *Church*, Rev. W. J. McKee, of Ningpo, China, thus describes the conversion of a man whom he had just admitted to Christian baptism: "The third one received is a man over sixty years of age to whom the Valley of Achor was evidently given for a door of hope. He is a peddler who has for many years sold goods to our girls' boarding-school. First his son, a promising scholar died. Then there was discord in his family. Finding no more pleasure in life, he decided to live religiously and prepare for the future life. Having heard something of the truth from our Christians, he began worshipping the heavenly God at home in his own way. But he did not gain peace, and was not yet satisfied. He asked the matron and cook in the girls' school to tell him more of our way, which they gladly did, and recommended him to go and talk with Pastor Zi. That same day he went to Mr. Zi and said, I wish to prepare for the future life, and will you tell me how? The pastor joyfully told him fully of Him who is the way, the truth and the life. The old man became a regular attendant at our church services, and now leads a consistent Christian life. His face, though showing the traces of trouble and sorrow, indicates the possession of a peace the world cannot give."

MISS PHILIPPA G. FAWCETT.

Winner of the Chief University Honor of the Year.
AN event unprecedented in the annals of the famous University of Cambridge, England, has occurred at the recent examinations. The coveted distinction of standing at the head of the list in the mathematical department has been won by a woman. The faculty of the University do not admit women as students, but some twenty years ago the College of Newnham was established for girls, and the privilege was granted to that college of sending its students to the annual examinations at Cambridge, to undergo the same test as the male students. It is an interesting fact that the movement which led to the

founding of the college, and the gaining of this concession from the University, originated in a meeting in the drawing-room of Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of the *blind statesman*, who was Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

At that time Mr. Fawcett had a little daughter, a year and a half old, named Philippa Garrett Fawcett who, growing up, was sent to Clapham High School, and subsequently having won a scholarship at Newnham College, she went to that institution. She inherited the intellectual gifts of her father, who himself missed being Senior Wrangler at Cambridge only by his nervousness at the examination. No such nervousness affected his daughter when she went through the same ordeal. She wrote her papers coolly, showed no fatigue and kept her self-possession. Much of this was doubtless due to the habits of her college life. She had worked hard, but had not burned the midnight oil. Her books had been rigidly closed at eleven o'clock, and she had taken care to have daily exercise. She was consequently in excellent condition of mind and body when she entered upon the examination, which is a most severe strain to the ablest under-graduates.

When the list of the successful candidates was issued, at the head stood the name of Miss Fawcett with four hundred marks more to her credit than those to the credit of the next name on the list. He, being a man, receives the distinction of being "Senior Wrangler" of the year,—a distinction which under the rules of the University could not be conferred on a woman. The fact, however, that nothing but her sex prevented her occupying the proud position, is well understood by the University and the public. Her competitors and the graduates showed their appreciation of her achievement by cheering her enthusiastically when her name was read out with the words "Above the senior wrangler." The principal of her college gave a banquet in her honor, illuminated the college, lighted a bonfire and had an old-fashioned night of rejoicing.

Miss Fawcett is tall and slender, pale and dark of complexion, and is twenty-two years old. Her success is a genuine surprise. That a woman should win distinction in the classics, or in literature, would not have been astonish-

ing, but that she should gain the chief place in an examination in mathematics is a remarkable triumph. It deserves to be celebrated everywhere as an encouragement to every girl, who is striving to develop the powers which God has given her.

THE BRETHREN'S HALL AT PLYMOUTH

(See Illustration.)

READERS of this journal who belong to the Brethren—or "Plymouth Brethren," as they are called by outsiders, will be glad to have the picture here given of the old Hall in Plymouth, England. It is the Raleigh Street Hall, so closely associated with the origin and development of their society. In this town it was, in 1830, that John Darby gathered the little band around him to break bread, and wait for the promise of the Coming of the Lord, which the Churches had forgotten or ignored. It was but a small company, and their leader was a young man disinherited by his father on account of his faith. But they were strong in their determination to hold by the Bible, to receive no teaching that was not in accordance therewith, and to submit to no spiritual authority but God Himself. Frowning all system, all organization, they met together to study the Word and to pray for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. How the numbers grew and extended over the world is well known. Every Church has been indebted to them for an example of earnest, simple piety and the revival of the belief in Christ's personal coming and personal reign on earth, which the generation has witnessed, is largely due to their faithfulness and earnestness with which the Brethren have placed the doctrine and Scriptural proofs of it before the Christian public.

THE COLONNADE OF SAMARIA.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most suggestive spectacles in the Holy Land, speaking of its past splendor and present desolation, is the heap of ruins which the traveller finds at the foot of the hill of Samaria. The accompanying illustration, is drawn from a photograph taken on the occasion of Talmage's visit to the spot, and represents the distinguished American preacher standing among the ruins in conversation with the sheikh who

accompanied the party. In such a place the Doctor must have found ample material for the lessons which he inculcates continually from his pulpit at home. All around him were the mute evidences of the truth of the Bible, and the proofs of the threatenings of God and the warnings of His prophets are fully executed. Once, ruined columns and the stones at their base had been part of a scene of splendour and magnificence, but it was a scene of corruption and idolatry, and he had said of it: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, I will pour down the stones thereof into the sea, and I will discover the foundations thereof." (Micah 1:6.) That eminence stood proud city of Samaria, the metropolis of the kingdom of Israel, a city identified with Ahab and Elisha. King Jeroboam had purchased the hill from Shemer, its owner, for two talents of silver, (supposed to be worth about \$2,000,) and there he built his

temple, B. C. 925. Ahab enlarged it and beautified it, and with characteristic impiety erected in the magnificent temple to Baal. It must have been a strong city, for it was twice ineffectually besieged (I. Kings 20:1 and II. Kings 6:24.) Subsequently Shalmaneser captured the city after a siege of three years, and with it fell the kingdom of Israel. (II. Kings, 18:9.) Subsequently it fell into the hands of Alexander the Great, then, with all that region, it was held by the conquering Romans.

In New Testament times Herod the Great was king, holding it for Augustus Cæsar. He almost entirely rebuilt the city and beautified the country surrounding the hill on which it stood. He it was who killed John the Baptist. The city they now show the tomb of that martyr, but it is improbable that he was buried there, as is supposed, his execution took place in the Castle of Machærus on the east of the Dead Sea.

The city must have almost equalled Jerusalem in beauty when Herod's work was complete. It was surrounded by a wall, and within it was a palace containing a magnificent temple dedicated to Cæsar. The columns of this temple are still to be found near the summit of the hill. Fifteen of them are now standing. Originally they formed two rows, thirty-two paces apart, while two paces intervened between the columns. The columns measure seven feet in circumference. In the ravine on the north side of the city is still another colonnade in a sequestered spot, completely shut in by the hills. These columns formed a magnificent quadrangle, the purpose of which is not known.

The columns seen in the illustration were part of a colonnade that is believed to have surrounded the hill on which the city was built. They are sixteen feet high and two feet in diameter at the base. The capitals have disappeared but the shafts still retain their polish in many places. Most of them are of limestone but some are of white marble and others of granite. There are eighty-two columns still erect and a larger number are prostrate. Stones from the ancient city have been thrown between them,



Dr. Talmage Among the Ruins of the Colonnade of Samaria.

forming a rough wall. It is a sad and mournful picture of ruined grandeur, and an awful illustration of the doom of cities which despise God and give themselves over to licentiousness and corruption.

Written expressly for *The Christian Herald*.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 430.)

[So many new subscribers have been added to our list since this story was commenced, that it may be useful to give a brief summary of the preceding chapters. It opens with an invitation to Robert Heritage, principal of the high school of Basseterre from Prof. Detwold, of Mount Morrill University, to deliver an address at the Commencement exercises. On his way thither he reads a popular novel dealing with a phase of agnosticism. Believing that the influence of the book will be injurious, he resolves to write a novel which shall present the orthodox view of the question more fairly and attractively. This he does, but on sending it to the editors of several journals, it is declined. Then he describes it to the editor of the *Reflector*, and asks him if he will examine it with a view to publication. On his way to the college exercises he encounters a young lady on the cars, whom he had known previously, and with whom he has painful associations. At the Commencement he is much impressed with the beauty and genius of Miss Metta Chapman, one of the graduates, and makes her acquaintance. While talking with her at her own door, the lady passes, whose appearance on the cars had disturbed him, and Miss Chapman observes that the meeting is embarrassing to him. Subsequently he visits Miss Chapman at her home, and finds her in distress at the sickness of a friend to whom she goes on a visit. From this point the story proceeds.]

THE AUTHOR'S DEBUT.

THE reply of the editor of the *Reflector* to Heritage's offer of his story encouraged the hopes of the aspirant to literary fame. It contained the assurance that it would have editorial examination, which was more than it appeared to have received elsewhere. More than that, the purpose and plan of the work which Heritage had outlined in his letter commended themselves to the editor's taste, and he said that if the story was well told he would publish it.

He cordially approved of Heritage's theory respecting the rationalistic novels which had acquired so large a circulation. He lamented the

pernicious influence they were exerting, and deplored the effects which would be produced on the youthful readers. "They don't argue the question," he said, "they excite the admiration of the reader for some man, represent him as able and learned, and then describe the struggles which he passes through in abandoning his faith. They do not say what were the arguments which led him to take that step. If they did that, it would not be so bad because people could then judge for themselves, but readers are left to infer that the arguments which could convince so able a logician must be unanswerable. I shall be really glad if you have produced an antidote to such unfair treatment."

"It is the most courteous letter I ever received from an editor," said Heritage. "He seems to be an open-minded man. I think the story will have a fair examination, and that is all an unknown author can expect for his work. Perhaps he may reject it, after all. Even if it

shows genius, my inexperience may have spoiled it by some blemishes which are palpable to an editor's eye, though undetected by mine. I suppose it would be too much to expect him to point them out. He must be a busy man, and there is no reason why he should take enough interest in a stranger to spend his time and trouble in helping him. Still it would be kind. I should get more good from his criticism than from the indiscriminate praise of a partial friend. I will send the story to him at once."

Meanwhile a letter from Metta Chapman informed him that her friend was on a fair way of recovery, but would not be well for a month or more, and at her request Metta had decided to remain with her during her period of convalescence. Heritage was sorry. This visit seemed to postpone indefinitely his declaration of love. But he tried to bide his time, and found that the weeks did not drag, so absorbed was he in his school duties, religious activities, and literary work.

It did not take the editor of the *Weekly Reflector* long to read the manuscript of the story and come to a decision on its merits. In two weeks a letter from him came to hand in which he said: "The general structure and literary workmanship of your story please me so much that I shall be glad to publish it, if you will consent to a few changes. In several chapters the tedium should be relieved by introducing some sprightly conversation, not too religious in tone. One scene—that of the hero's meeting with the ruffian—is drawn so realistically that it becomes a little too coarse for our paper, and I think the love scenes might be improved; as you have them they are a little flat (pardon the word), and too arid. If you say so, I will make suggestions on the copy and then send it to you for elaboration. Please telegraph me and work fast, for we want to begin the story."

Heritage was surprised at himself when he read this epistle. The editor had done the very thing Heritage hoped he would do, yet instead of feeling grateful as he expected he would have done, he was feeling deeply wounded. His vanity was hurt. Dr. C—and others had praised his productions, why should this up-

start New Yorker speak of them so slightly—and worse still, with an assumption of patronage that was unpardonable? Still, he wanted his work published. Prudence suggested that he should accept the offer, have the book appear, and then, when his name was talked of in the literary world, he need not submit to such treatment, but could pay back in kind. He therefore swallowed his resentment, and wired his acceptance of the offer, and a few weeks later had the exquisite pleasure of seeing the first instalment in print. *Parted Lives: the Story of a Quest*, was the title, and he felt a glow of honest pride as he read the words underneath, "By Robert Heritage."

His color heightened and his heart quickened its beat a few evenings later when he received a letter from Metta Chapman. She had seen his story—indeed Heritage had taken measures to insure her seeing it, by having the *Reflector* mailed to her from the publishing office. He knew she must have seen it, and this letter would contain her opinion of it, an opinion more important to him than that of any one else in the world. Would she like it and would it speak to her for its author? It did not take him many minutes to find the answer to the former question.

Miss Chapman's letter was all congratulatory. After chiding him playfully for not telling her of his work, and pretending that even now she was not sure that the author of the story was really the Robert Heritage she knew, she spoke of the story. "I am so glad," she wrote, "that this mighty engine of fiction is not to be used by agnostics only. The novels published of late, especially one that one finds in every home, when they deal with religion at all, deal with it from a rationalistic standpoint. Yours, if this is really yours, has a distinctly religious tone. It will be an antidote to the poison of the others and the best kind of antidote. In this case I believe in the Homœopathic principle, 'Like cures like.' I pray most earnestly that it may reach the hands of some whose faith has been unanchored by the reading of those dangerous books and it may be the means of bringing them back to peace. I have great faith in the method, and as to the execution it merits the highest praise. It is clever, its style is graceful, it has power and piquancy. I most sincerely congratulate you, and wish for you all the glory you deserve."

After that, Heritage cared little for the carping censor in the editorial room in New York and sat down immediately to write him a dignified letter cautioning him against making any alterations in the story, and insisting on its being printed exactly as he had written it. If Metta Chapman praised it there could be no question of its excellence. The editor might have more experience, but Metta had intuition which was far better.

Heritage had now little fear of the result of a proposal when an opportunity of making it should come. The girl was so friendly, so frank in her interest in him and so evidently admired his work that he felt sure she would accept him when he could speak to her, and he resolved to take advantage of the first chance for running over to Crawley and putting his fortune to the test. Perhaps if he could have done so at once he would have been successful, but circumstances conspired to prevent his going, and in the meantime an unexpected obstacle was put in his way.

Among the citizens of Crawley there was one who had found the spell of Miss Chapman's attractions as potent as Heritage had found them. Over a doorway in the principal street of the town was a sign bearing the legend; "Bradford S. Corrigan. Art Gallery. With Scenery, and Accessories of the Latest Design." One evening, while the events just described were transpiring, the proprietor of the gallery paced his large, well-appointed rooms in a state of nervous agitation, and it was evident that his mind was not occupied with cabinets, busts, vignettes, or even "instantaneous processes." He was thinking of Metta Chapman! Shortly

after her return from college he had met her, secured an introduction, and since then had called at her home frequently. But he had not been there often before he learned of Robert Heritage's visits, and when, one evening, some one had referred to that young man in Metta's presence, the sharp eyes of the artist detected the change in her color, and a fear of a possible rivalry at once took possession of him.

The photographer had been brought up in a Christian home, but at an early age had chafed against the religious tutelage of his parents, who were, perhaps, a little too Puritanic in their training, and through various influences he had drifted, rather than reasoned himself, into unbelief, though from motives of policy he seldom avowed his real convictions. At first, he merely questioned the inspiration of the Bible, then he began to doubt the existence of God, and then, unable to rest in an attitude of mere negation, he plunged headlong into blank atheism.

Corrigan was one of those men who carry their theories to their logical conclusions in practical life. We often wonder why all atheists do not become utterly corrupt and bestial. It is because they are better than their philosophy; because they cannot crush, by mere speculation, the witness of God within them, and hence their ethical instincts often save them from the morally deflecting influence of their principles. "Tis the divinity that stirs within." With Corrigan, however, it was different. With the advent of doubt of religious truth, he had lost his grip on moral distinctions, and declared, at least to himself, that all our theories of right and wrong were mere figments. Expediency, shrewdness, policy, were his watchwords, and his conduct was governed accordingly. It mattered little what means were employed, so that a desirable end was compassed; and a desirable end usually meant some advantage to himself.

It must not be supposed that he never felt any protests of conscience, for no man can take a header all at once into infamy. But his vicious philosophy proved a narcotic in case of every demur on the part of the moral powers of his nature. He was not gross or vile, simply because he was not tempted to be so, and because he knew a career of sensuality would ruin his prospects in life. He loved to mingle in good society, and so cloaked all his cunning with a mask of outward candor that he passed for an upright young man, a model for imitation.

As he paced his room that evening, he broke out into a soliloquy. "It is not a moral question at all," he reasoned, bringing his hands together in a logical clasp. "It is a question of the 'survival of the fittest.' Everything depends on who is the fittest—or rather the fitter, to be precise—in this case, Heritage or myself. He wants the girl, I suppose, and I know I want her. There is no harm in my trying to win her," he added, inconsistently, unable, after all, to banish ethical considerations, "for I could make her happy, I am sure—and myself still happier."

He stopped and gazed abstractedly at a delicate etching that hung on the wall. By a mental effort, he evolved the following line of reasoning:

"I don't believe Heritage is the man for her. This little discovery I have made reveals his character, showing how fickle and inconstant, if not unprincipled, he is. Ah! how fortunate it was that I went to the Mount Morrill University when I did! I've found you out, Heritage," apostrophized the artist. "False in one case, false in all! Yes, it is wise and right (if right has anything to do with it) to apprise Miss Chapman of her danger. And the sooner I do it the better. I will do it to-night;" and he drew on his overcoat and gloves and sallied forth into the howling March storm, the snow driving spitefully into his thin, pale face.

He was ushered by a servant into the drawing-room of the Chapman house, and when Metta came in, in response to his card she gave him a kind, though not a very cordial, welcome. They sat talking for some time, before he found an opportunity to introduce the errand that had

brought him. A journal lying on the centre table attracted his notice, and picking it up he saw that it was the *Weekly Reflector*. He cared very little for religious literature, but knowing Metta's principles, he pretended to feel an interest in the journal. Suddenly, as he glanced absently over the list of contents, his eye caught the name of Heritage and his face darkened.

"*Parted Lives*," he said, "by Robert Heritage. I wonder who he is. I knew a man by that name once, but it is not likely that he would write a story. Some obscure scribbler I should suspect this man to be."

Metta blushed painfully.

"It is his first literary effort, I believe," she said, stiffly.

"Why, do you know him?"

"I have met him several times."

"I wonder whether he is the Robert Heritage who was once a student at the Mount Morrill University."

"Yes, I believe he is."

"And is he teaching at present in the public schools of Basseterre?"

"Yes."

"Then I do know him, but only slightly."

met him once at the college while on a visit there, and heard a good deal about him. And so he has taken to writing religious stories—Sunday-school literature, I suppose, judging from the initial chapter. Well, well! The unprincipled fellow! You never can trust these men who turn pious. Oh, excuse me," he said deprecatingly, "I am aware that there are many consistent Christians, but I'm sure Heritage is not one of them."

Metta's cheeks flamed, but she was too much disconcerted to stop her interlocutor's story.

"I must tell you about one of his escapades at college. Being a rather brilliant fellow, he won a good many friends among the ladies. There was one girl—a tall, beautiful brunette living about two miles out of town—whose affections he won, formed an engagement with her, promised to marry her as soon as he could provide a home, and then shamefully deserted her a short time before leaving college. I have seen her several times, once after his heartless defection, and I tell you it almost brought tears to my eyes to see the deathlike pallor of her thin face, which had once glowed so with health and beauty. Her heart was broken. Many persons knew about it. It is seldom one meets with more distressing circumstance. And to think that this man, this deceiver, has gone to prating about religion and writing religious books!"

"Do you know what the girl's name was?" asked Metta, in husky tones.

"It was Dolly Pressly; she lived about two miles east of Constans, on the Mavinger Pike. She was a girl of a good deal of talent."

"Have you ever heard what became of her?"

"I think she still lives with her parents. You seem surprised and a little incredulous. Oh, assure you the facts were well-known at Mount Morrill. You would not hear of them perhaps it was not a story for ladies, but you may depend your brother knows of it. Write and ask him if you have any doubt—that is if the story interests you."

Metta was in no mood for more conversation after this. She bade her visitor good-night and sought the retirement of her room. A terrible suspicion had entered her mind:

"That tall, wan girl, who stared at him so on the street at Constans was the girl he deceived and that was the reason he flushed so guiltily."

Metta's eyes were bedewed as her memory furnished the corroboration of Corrigan's story. Still, she did not like the narrator, and after all the story might not be as he had told it. Heritage did not have the manner of a man given to flirting. He seemed too serious and earnest in all he did and said. Why not test the thing a Corrigan had suggested? That night, for she felt the suspense was more than she could bear for a long time, she wrote to her brother and asked him if he knew of the affair, and if he could find out the exact and literal truth.

(To be Continued.)

EPITHEM TURNED TO ACCOUNT.
An evangelist was preaching in the open and a large audience had gathered, and med very much impressed, but just as he was inviting them, with all the earnestness which he was capable, to close with Christ, the young men swaggered up. "They are stylishly dressed," says the preacher, and I suppose would have called themselves gentlemen, but their conduct betokened they had no right to that honorable appellation. They at once began to disturb the meeting, and ridicule me. For some time I bore it quietly, but at last they became so offensive that I asked them to go away. This only caused them to redouble their abuse, and among other things they called me an ass, and the son of an ass. I stopped short in my address, and facing them I said: 'Yes I am like an ass spoken in the Bible. When Jesus wished to enter Jerusalem, and having neither horse nor ass of his own, He told two of His disciples to go to a certain cross-road, where they would find an ass tethered to a pole. That ass was to loosen and bring to Him, and when that ass Jesus rode into Jerusalem. A few years ago I was like that ass tethered to the pole at the cross-road. I was tied to the world. I was the world's and the devil's but Jesus sent a messenger of His who loosed me from the world, and brought me to Him. Since then I have been Christ's ready for whatever He wishes me to do. Now, young gentlemen, will you tell me whose asses are you, Christ's or Satan's?' They did not wait to give me an answer, and quickly left the place. Whose servant are you? You cannot be neutral. If you are not Christ's, then you are the devil's."

RECLAIMED BY KINDNESS.
An instance of what kindness will do to reclaim a man is related by the Rev. Mark H. Pearse. He says he remembers an instance of faithful kindness which had greatly impressed him as a lad. An official of one of the churches had used the Church money for his own purpose, and consequently lost his character, and was expelled from the church. He then, in his despair, plunged into all kinds of excesses. Everyone seemed to regard him as an outcast. While walking with his father down the street one Sunday morning, they met this poor forsaken man. His father immediately crossed the street and held out his hand and said, "How do you do, Mr. So-and-So?" The man could scarcely speak for emotion. His father then said, "It is a pleasant morning," and replied the man, "You don't look so well as formerly," he said, and made some other kind remarks. Immediately the father grasped Mr. Pearse's hand with both hands and said, "God bless you, sir; God bless you." That man went and sought the mercy of God and became a steadfast religious character. Now nothing had been said of his manner of life, nothing of the past or future, nothing about religion. But the father, which has so many tongues, had spoken kindness to him, in his neglected condition, touched his heart. A few years after that, Mr. Pearse was called to visit him on his dying bed, and the man then said, "It touches those kind words on that Sunday morning and that kindly shake of the hands that you gave me, Mr. Pearse."

THE CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM.
In the Fiji Islands," says a returned missionary, "fifty years ago, it was customary to fatten young girls for the cannibal market. Worse than that, on the island of an African king, a river will even be turned from its course, a pit dug in, a score of slave women butchered at its edge and thrown in. Over these a tomb is erected, upon which another score of the wives of the death monarch are piled. Then the earth is shovelled upon the yet living, and the river turned back on its path-way. In India there are twenty millions of widows, half of whom are never been wives, because married in their eight years old or thereabouts, and the husbands have died while both were still children. England abolished the suttee, or burning of widows upon the funeral pile of husbands; but even this has left the miserable women to a cruel fate, for a widow is an object of supremest contempt. Unable to

support herself, forbidden to marry again, reduced to the condition of a beast of burden, she is often driven to suicide as the only escape from unspeakable misery and wretchedness. Among the evils which curse women in India are child marriages, polygamy, an outcast widowhood, the horrible prevalence of licentiousness, the abject slavery of the harem and zenana. Any husband or father would rather his wife or daughter should die than be approached by a male physician, though her sickness would meet with easy recovery under such treatment. Thus horrible is the condition of women apart from Christianity, that surely every Christian city of ten thousand people should send at least one lady missionary, well trained in medicine. Only by Christian women can the women be reached! The agonies of female degradation in India, China, and Japan entail on us a fearful responsibility."

A LIFE AND DEATH GRASP.
Among the reminiscences of Rev. T. Champness is the following account of an accident which nearly terminated his life in his youth. He says: "My first occupation was in a mill in Manchester. A part of my duty was to give out stores. Cakes of tallow were needed for some kind of work, and for the sake of coolness these were kept in a sort of vault. Many a time I had gone down to fetch these tallow cakes; they were kept in an iron box, an old oven, if I remember rightly. There was a jet of gas kept lighted, but I was so familiar with the place, that I did not need to turn it up to the full. Often as I had been down, I had not noticed a sort of trap-door, over which I must have walked. One day a man had need to lift up the trap-door, which covered a well, and had gone away, leaving the door up. I came down, and hurried along, not seeing the opening, and so walked down, and was soon in the water. While struggling, my hand came in contact with an iron pipe, which, I think, once formed part of a pump. How I grasped it! And clinging to it with all my strength, I climbed up until I could see the tiny gas jet, and so knew that I was at the top. I tore my hands, but never let go the friendly pipe, or I should not have lived to tell the tale. I filled my hand with that which became my salvation! And so must all do who would be saved."

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One less at home!

The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed and saved and perfected by grace!
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
One word of farewell spoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul lauded
more—
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would
rise
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes,
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where cramped in earthly
mould
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold,
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pains, its sorrows, and its toils to share,
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear,
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme of thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home!

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee
At home in heaven!

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column.

AN EMPLOYER'S REMORSE.

DURING a recent discussion of the Tem-
perance Question, a gentleman remarked
that he had a right to do as he chose about
signing the pledge. He could drink in
moderation and there was no need for him
to become a total abstainer, and it was not
the concern of any one else whether he was
one or not. Among the company was an
Englishman, who had been a manufacturer
of cutlery in Sheffield. He asked permis-
sion to relate an incident bearing on the
question. He said:

When I was in business I had drays which
went about the town collecting ingots of
steel, to be hammered to the sizes wanted.
On the principal dray there was a man who
professed great devotion to me. He used
to say that if he saw me in danger he would
willingly lay down his own life to secure my
safety. At that time I was a total abstainer,
but had not signed the pledge. This dray-
man was not temperate in his drinking and
often I spoke to him about his failing, but I
felt I could not ask him to take the pledge
when I myself would not take it. I could
only reason with him, though I knew noth-
ing but pledged total abstinence could do
him any good. To ask a man like him to
drink moderately was nonsense. One day

he was coming home with a ton of steel on
his dray. He stopped outside a saloon, into
which he went to have a drink. Coming
out, he seized the reins and told the horse to
go on, then attempted to jump on the side,
as is the usual way with carters; but he was
too drunk to do so, and slipping off the
dray, he fell on the street, and a wheel
passed over his leg. He was taken to the
infirmary, and in a week was in his grave.
He was a victim of drink, and doubly so;
for not only was it the cause of his accident,
but he could have recovered from it if he
had not been a heavy drinker. But his sys-
tem was so saturated with alcohol that in-
flammation ensued, and that killed him.
And all this might have been avoided if only
I had been a pledged abstainer; for if I had
signed and then requested him to do as I
had done, my influence, backed by my ex-
ample, would have caused him to do so. We
who are Christians should see that, neither
passively or actively, by our omission or
commission, we do anything that may cause
our brother to stumble.

A DYING REQUEST.

A TOUCHING story of the power of sym-
pathy is told by an evangelist. A fallen
girl in New York, called Wild Maggie, had
frequently attended the service of the City
Missions, and Mr. M., the superintendent,
had obtained considerable influence over
her, but not sufficient to lead to reforma-
tion. After being missing for some time,
Mr. M. heard that she was in the Bellevue
Hospital, dying of consumption. He visit-
ed her several times, to her great joy. The
last time, a little before her death, both had
conversed as if they should see each other
no more. "Mr. M., I'm dying," said she,
"I shall never see you again. Would you
—be willing—to stoop down—and kiss—my
forehead?" "Most certainly, my child,"
was the reply. And he reverently kissed
the face of the dying child. "Thank God,"
said she, "if men on earth can so forgive,
why should I not trust my Father in heav-
en?" When she died she asked that, in be-
ing prepared for burial, the place where the
parting kiss had been given her should not
be washed, but left untouched. "You
know," said the nurse, "we could not refuse
her, poor thing!"

A MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

In an address at a recent meeting of
Christian workers, the Rev. James Wells
said he felt it his duty to put every one on
his guard against mistaken notions of hospi-
tality. He quoted the following case in
point: "A man of business in our city late-
ly died a dipsomaniac. I knew him well.
A few years before, after a sad break down,
he retired to a quiet corner in the country,
fully resolved to make a fresh start. There,
he met a gentleman, a member of the same
church, who occasionally requested him to
have some wine. At first he refused, but
ultimately, when urged to be sociable, he
succumbed, thinking there could not be
much harm in taking just a little in such
company. That started him again on the
down grade of intemperance, and though he
repeatedly attempted to pull himself up, he
never could do so, and the end was a drunk-
ard's grave. I also knew the man whose
mistaken hospitality in urging his friend to
partake of wine, had torn the crutch of total
abstinence from the poor man who was
striving to hobble from the abyss of drink.
I told him all I knew, and he at once said,
"Had I known these facts I would never
have urged him to drink wine." That gentle-
man is now a total abstainer. How many
in ignorance or thoughtlessness have put a
stumbling-block in their neighbor's way,
and it may be, have caused their brother to
stumble and fall."

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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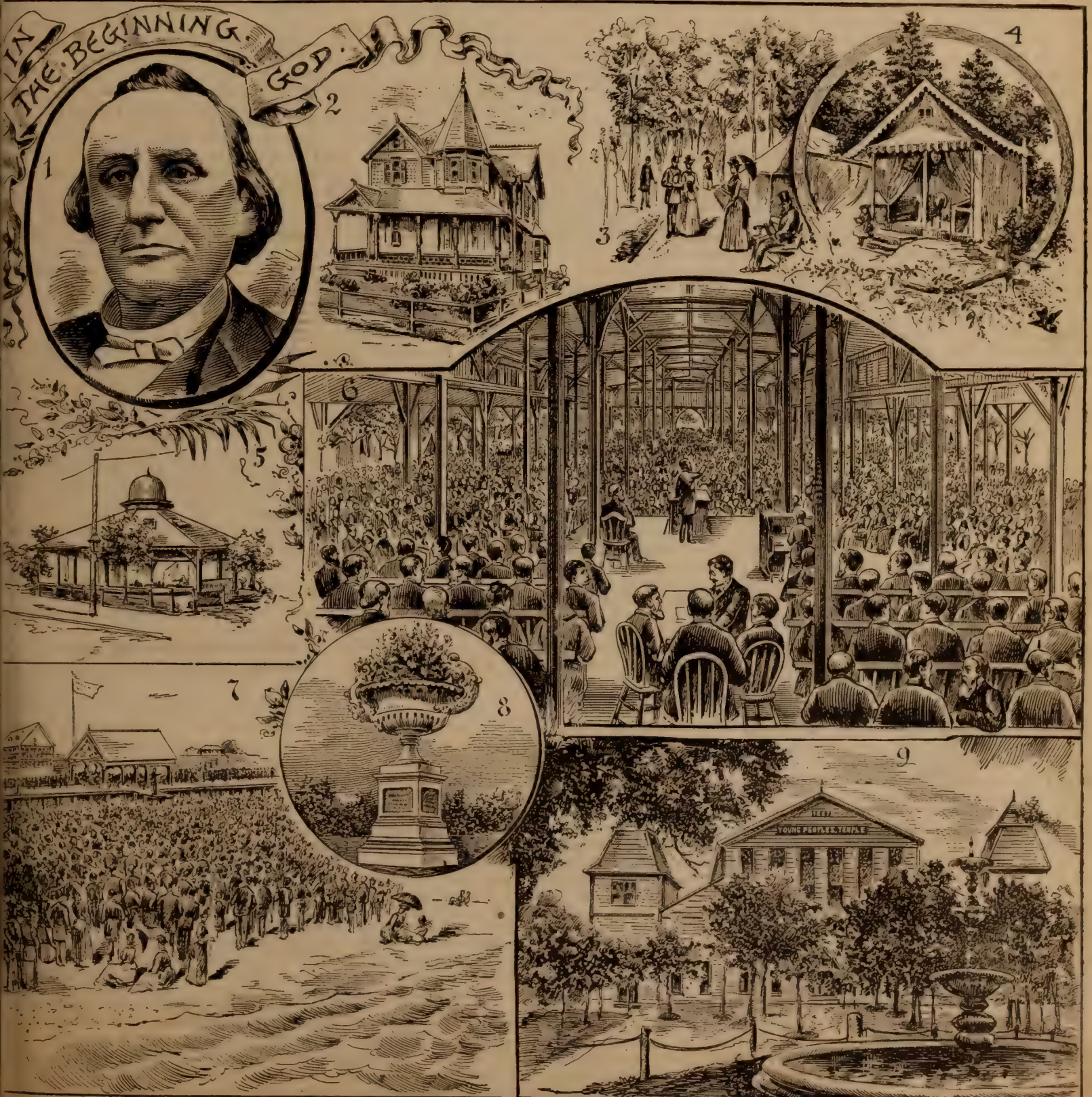
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OUR MEETING IN HEAVEN.

"I shall go to him." II. Sam. 12: 23.

Sickness in the King's Palace—A Question in which Millions are Interested—Recognition in Heaven—A Certainty—The Hypothesis—The Bible Assumes It—The Patriarchs with their People—Christ's Assurance to Martha—The Memory not Obliterated at Death—The World's Expectancy—An Intuition God Implanted—The Recognizable Features of the Soul—A Necessity of Grateful Impulse—A New Jersey Pastor's Labors Acknowledged—Recognitions in Dying Mementos—A Child's Delighted Exclamation—What Heaven is Like—The New Addition to the Home Circle—What Death is with a Believer.

THERE is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on the lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace-stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendor surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. Then in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would

Weld the Broken Links.

In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again, and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number." Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead.

Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill: Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants comfort."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of

Positive Certainty.

People say, "It would be very pleasant if it were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber-knee, transoms, all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world; but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal Word.

Assumed in the Bible.

The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted. What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple

Clusters of Consolation.

James, John, and Peter followed Christ to the mountain. A light falls on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for centuries in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than

they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean in His conversation with Mary and Martha, when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again." The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better than now: "for now," says the apostle, "We see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, *I know it is so.*

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons

Why I Accept This Theory.

In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled, and lost remember will not the enthroned remember? You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed, and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction, it is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortal gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again: I accept this doctrine of future recognition because

The World's Expectancy Affirms It.

In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "We would not part with a great deal to purchase meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often." Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes stabs himself that he may serve his master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said, "Oh glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that I could not long be separated." The Norwegians believe it. The Indians believe it. The Greek lander believes it. The Swiss believes it. The

believes it. Under every sky, by every in every zone, the theory is adopted; and say a principle universally implanted must od-implanted, and hence a right belief. ain: I adopt this theory because there are res of moral temperament and features of soul that will distinguish us forever. How e know each other in this world? Is it ly by the color of the eye, or the length of air, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. y the disposition as well, by

Natural Affinity,

the word in the very best sense and n the bad sense; and if in the dust our should perish and lie there forever, and should be no resurrection, still the soul has h features and the disposition has enough es to make us distinguishable. I can un- and how in sickness a man will become so ous that he will not know his own friends; will we be blasted with such insufferable r, that, standing beside our best friends for ernity, we will never guess who they are? ain: I think that one reason why we ought ept this doctrine is because we never in world have an opportunity to give thanks ose to whom we are spiritually indebted. oy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugur- y a review of life's work. These Christian and women who have been toiling for t, have they seen the full result of their ? Oh, no. In the church at Somerville, Jersey, John Vredenburg preached for a many years. He felt that his ministry was re, and others felt so, although he was a ul minister preaching the Gospel all the He died, and

Died Amid Discouragements,

vent home to God; for no one ever doubt- at John Vredenburg was a good Christian ter. A little while after his death there a great awakening in Somerville, and one th two hundred souls stood up at the tian altar espousing the cause of Christ, g them my own father and mother. And was peculiar in regard to nearly all of two hundred souls was that they dated religious impressions from the ministry in Vredenburg. Will that good Christian before the throne of God never meet those brought to Christ through his instrument-

Oh, of course he will know them. I re- ber one Sabbath afternoon, borne down a sense of my sins and knowing not God, t up Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*. Oh, a dark afternoon it was, and I read the ers, and I read the prayers, and I tried to the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote!

out of fashion now. ere is a mother before the throne of God. say her joy is full. Is it? You say there e no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? on was a wanderer and a vagabond on the when that good mother died. He broke old heart. She died leaving him in the rness of sin. She is before the throne of ow. Years pass and that son repents of imes and gives his heart to God and be- a useful Christian, and dies and enters ates of heaven. You tell me that that er's joy cannot be augmented. Let them ont each other—

The Son and the Mother.

she says to the angels of God, "rejoice ne! The dead is alive again, and the lost nd. Hallelujah! I never expected to see ost one come back."

Bible says nations are to be born in a day. China comes to God will it not know Dr. ? When India comes will it not know Dr. Scudder? When the Indians come to God ey not know David Brainard? e a soul entering heaven at last, with cov- ace at the idea that it has done so little hrist, and feeling borne down with un- iness, and it says to itself, "I have no to be here." A voice from a throne says, you forget that Sunday-school class you d to Christ! I was one of them." And

another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread, and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of the future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said

He Saw and Heard

those who had gone from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents! I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw someone waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me. "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said

He Heard the Angels

of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fire-place, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years, you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he, than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister"? Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek, and the

quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad-track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on: and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory. O heaven! Sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs.

Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh! how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them! How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore

You Will Talk it All Over.

The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. Talking it all over, walking in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be.

In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices. Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

What Death Is.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say "close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Raise him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No" says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ has lifted that soul on a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "THIS OH TRANSPORTED SOUL! THIS IS DEATH!"

OCEAN GROVE:

ITS PRESIDENT, ITS HISTORY AND ITS WORK.

The Object of the Association—Its Origin—The Initial Meeting in a Tent—Criticism of the Project—Its Charter Obtained—Its Success—A First-class Summer Resort—Dr. Stokes and his Labors—The Religious Meetings—Mr. Yatman's Beneficent Work—Other Features—The Prototype.

The phenomenal development of Ocean Grove, and the great religious movement it represents, clearly demonstrate the practicability of successfully establishing, under the blessing of God, for the residents of our populous centres, summer resorts affording them superior advantages in the shape of pure air, beautiful scenery, excellent water, and pastoral quiet—the whole forming the happy combination of Ocean and Grove, as indicated in the title,—with every possible encouragement and opportunity to worship God and serve Him in spirit and in truth, insuring at the same time, absolute immunity from overt desecration of the Lord's day and the terrible evils of the liquor traffic. It proves, too, that the Christian men and women of our day are sufficiently in earnest in their desire for growth in grace, to liberally support an enterprise designed to provide them with the opportunity of spiritual development, simultaneously with physical recuperation. The annual vacation is now recognized as a necessity by the business man, weary with the toils of the year, and by his wife who has borne the monotonous burden of domestic cares. The question was whether the number who would prefer to spend their vacation in an atmosphere of piety, apart from the worldly pleasures and frivolities of the ordinary summer resort, was large enough to support a distinctively religious watering place. The answer furnished by the prosperity of Ocean Grove is as unequivocal as it is gratifying. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in other sections of the country, who have not an opportunity of visiting this now famous place, will be glad to see the pictures of it which appear this week on the first page, and to have a brief account of its history and present development.

The Origin

of the movement, which has now attained its legal majority of twenty-one years, was as unostentatious as the origins of great movements usually are. In 1869, when Ocean Grove differed but little from any other stretch of sea-coast, a lady who was passing her vacation there, suggested to her husband that a religious service should be held in their tent. He acquiesced, and invited a few friends; and the Rev. E. H. Stokes D. D., the Presiding Elder of the District, was asked to deliver an address. It was a solemn service and it had momentous results. Dr. Stokes chose for his text the first words of the Bible, "In the beginning, God." Those words have now become the appropriate motto of the community, suggesting the thought, which is the essence of Ocean Grove life, that God is before all, in supremacy as well as in priority of time. A few months after this service the idea then conceived had taken shape. Thirteen ministers and thirteen laymen obtained a charter from the Legislature of New Jersey, under the title of "The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association," binding themselves in solemn covenant to use the land it acquired, for sacred uses with a single eye to the Divine glory.

When the project became known it was made the subject of ridicule by the secular press, and the churches doubted whether the idea could be successfully realized. Some thought the meetings would be neglected for the bathing and the rambles on the beach. Others thought that it would prove a financial failure. But the promoters had strong faith in God and in the people, and they went on with their work. With remarkable sagacity and keen business foresight they planned the new town and, as the numbers of those who resorted to it have increased year by year, they have adopted the latest improvements to increase their temporal comfort. The management has kept pace with the demand upon its resources and the ideal of its originators has been fully realized.

There is no sign that Ocean Grove has ceased, or even paused, in its development, but it can never be more perfect than it is to-day in its adaptation to the needs of its visitors. It has over twelve hundred buildings, the majority of which have all the appliances of modern civilization. An Artesian water-system with over twelve miles of water-mains assures the resident of pure water in abundance. The streets are lighted by electricity supplied by the most improved plant and thirty miles of wire. Post-office, police, fire-brigade, hotel accommodation and stores, are all in efficient operation. The city man may stay there and gain health without missing any of the facilities to which he has been accustomed. In addition, special care has been taken to preserve the high morality of the resort. There is not a liquor saloon, nor a cigar-store within its boundaries, and there is conspicuous absence of the temptations which have to be shunned elsewhere. The fact that the receipts last year were \$107,000, shows that it has lived and thrived as a moral community.

The Presiding Officer,

Dr. E. H. Stokes, whose portrait, and a picture of his house appear on the first page, deserves much of the credit for this unique success. He has toiled indefatigably in the cause, and has brought to bear upon it remarkable tact and administrative ability. He is a native of Medford, N. J. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, but in early life he united with the Methodist Church. He at first contemplated a commercial career, and the success of his administration of Ocean Grove indicates that had he followed that career he would have been eminently successful. The desire to serve God in the ministry, however, superseded his first intention. He was admitted to the New Jersey Conference in 1844. After serving several important churches, he was made a presiding elder, and in 1868, was elected to the General Conference. In spite of the vast labors entailed by the management of Ocean Grove, of which he is the central figure, he has found time to contribute extensively to current literature, beside doing with remarkable efficiency the duties of the pastoral office. He has been a copious writer of hymns, some six hundred sacred lyrics, many of them favorites with all the churches, being the product of his fertile brain. He has also written a book of travels, entitled, *What I Saw in Europe*, which records his observations on a European tour which he made in 1884. His personality, so full of energy, executive ability, tact, courtesy, and geniality, is an evidence of the providential arrangements which raise up men for special work.

The Religious Services

are, after all, the main feature of Ocean Grove. The managers have taken care that they shall not be subordinated to the secular attractions. Every summer there are three full months of religious meetings. Sunday-school Institutes, Young People's Meetings, Mother's Meetings, Business Men's Meetings, Children's Meetings, Meetings of the King's Daughters, Holiness Meetings, and Temperance Meetings, are some of the departments of special work, beside the regular preaching services and general church assemblies. In addition to these, several agencies hold their anniversaries at Ocean Grove, such as the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, The Women's Foreign Missionary Society, The Band of Deaconesses, and Chautauqua Circles. During last season there were no less than 63 sermons preached and 447 addresses delivered at Ocean Grove, and at the two celebrations of the Lord's Supper there were 3,736 communicants.

The Auditorium,

a picture of which occupies panel No. 6, on the first page, is a large building, covering nearly half an acre of ground and accommodating comfortably seven thousand persons. At nearly every preaching service it is crowded, and a large sounding board over the preacher's head renders it easy for him to make himself heard by the vast congregation. The Choir, generally under the leadership of Professors Sweeney

and Kirkpatrick, occupies the centre of the large edifice. It is carefully selected and contains representatives of several churches.

The Young People's Temple

is another of the famous buildings at Ocean Grove. A picture of it occupies panel No. 1 on the first page. This is one of the new buildings rendered necessary by the success of the meetings conducted by Mr. C. H. Yatman, the famous Newark evangelist. These meetings are the most popular on the grounds, and are held at nine in the morning throughout the three months. Though the building is a large one, it is always crowded, and, in the height of the season, hundreds are unable to gain admission. The beneficial results of these meetings are felt in many a home, and thousands of parents bless God that their sons and daughters have attended them. A kindred work, also much blessed, is the Bible Class Sunday-school conducted by the Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D. D.

Other Prominent Features

of Ocean Grove must be briefly noticed. Panel No. 4 of the first page illustration shows a specimen tent of which there are large numbers on the grounds, some being private property and some rented by the Association to visitors. Panel No. 3 represents one of the pleasant avenues of the ground and is known as Lal Pathway. Panel No. 5 is a picture of the model modern Jerusalem, which every visitor makes a point of visiting. It is a very accurate model constructed with remarkable fidelity. Panel No. 8 is a picture of the Memorial Vase which bears the motto of Ocean Grove, and was set up last year on the site of the tent in which the initial religious service, before mentioned, was held twenty years before. Panel No. 9 is a sketch of one of the celebrated Surf Meetings, for which Ocean Grove is famous. They are held at the most suitable part of the beach where there is room for the largest gathering and are always attended by an enormous number of persons. They consist of responsive reading, songs and addresses, and they have been most signally blessed.

The Biblical prototype of Ocean Grove is the Galilean shore. As multitudes flocked from Decapolis, and Jerusalem, and the parts beyond Jordan, to hear the words of life that fell from the Master's lips, as He walked by the sea, or taught from the boat put out a little way from the land, so multitudes from our populous cities go to this Christian shore to commune with Him in spirit, to hear His word and to gain strength for their souls.

MRS. AMANDA SMITH.

(See Portrait on Page 460.)

THERE are few persons in our churches who have not heard of Amanda Smith. Those who have ever come under her influence, who have listened to her strong, deep, tender words have been so impressed with her vigorous personality that they must speak of her, and so her fame has gone out into all the churches.

Amanda was born at Long Green, Md., 1837. She was a slave, but her father had the opportunity of working for himself, and he eventually purchased his own freedom and that of his family. She found a home with a family of Friends and while there, came under strong conviction of the Holy Spirit. For a time she suffered a severe spiritual struggle, being unable to find light. She tells us that on one occasion she pushed forward with her work, and when it was done, went into a cellar to pray, resolved that she would never come out alive unless she received pardon of her sins. She says that she did die, but from that time has been alive in Christ Jesus. Three years after, she was married to J. H. Smith, of Philadelphia, deacon of the African Methodist Church, and began to take an active part in church work.

Her husband died in 1869, and from that time she has given herself wholly to Christian labor. A year before, she had listened to a sermon by Rev. John S. Inskip, and had accepted the doctrine of present holiness, which he preached. She went to England and labored there successfully for nearly two years as an Evangelist.

an opportunity came for her to go to Indiana, where, finding a warm friend in Dr. M. Thoburn (now Bishop Thoburn), she did an excellent work in Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and other places. She returned to England in June, 1881, but in December, that year, she was enabled to gratify her long cherished desire to labor in Africa. She arrived in Monrovia, Liberia, in January, 1882, and was one of the first to greet Bishop Taylor on his arrival. She accompanied him on several of his journeys and helped him in his arrangements with the chiefs for planting his mission-stations. She welcomed the missionaries and assisted them in beginning their work, and labored with them during the trying times of their early settlement. Even her iron constitution broke down under her self-imposed labors, and she at length compelled to seek rest. She returned to England, where kind and loving friends are nursing her back to health. When fully recovered she hopes to come back to the United States, where she will receive a warm welcome.

THE TREASURE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

(See illustration on page 460.)

An interesting story is connected with the island, a picture of which is here given, and which bears the same name as the larger and more important West Indian Island. About the year 1829, some twenty pirates were wrecked with a cargo of stolen church property on the coast of Peru, said to be worth a million sterling. They buried their treasure, setting up marks by which they might recover it if rescued and to return thither. They were found by Captain Cochrane, who handed them over to the authorities. They were all hanged except one, who was spared on account of his youth. This young man kept the secret of the buried treasure until just before his death at an advanced age, when he divulged it to an old sea-captain, to whom he had sailed for ten years previously. When the British ship *Bramble* sailed from the purpose of witnessing the total eclipse of the sun, she passed Trinidad Island. On board, seeing some tents on the shore, they were erected by shipwrecked pirates, and with some difficulty they made their way through the surf for the purpose of rescue. They then found that the tents belonged to a party of treasure-seekers, who had never possessed of the sea-captain's secret. They easily found the spot where the treasure was said to be buried, but the site had been covered by a huge landslip, and at the time of the *Bramble's* visit they had been hard at work for two months, and had moved some tons of earth and rocks, since then, how the expedition has been dissolved.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Two Girl-Tramps Made an Extraordinary Journey of 1800 miles recently. They are sisters, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who three years ago were two brakemen, and went with them to St. Louis, Mo. In January last, one of the girls was killed on the railroad, and the other deserted his wife. The two women after endeavoring to support themselves, failed to return to their old home. But as they could not pay their fare, and could get no help from their widowed mother, they decided to go to Wilkesbarre, eighteen hundred miles off. Fearing that they might be molested on the road, each of them dressed in a suit of her husband's clothes, smeared her face to look like a female brakeman, and with a total sum of \$2.50 between them, and a little food and drink, started June 13th on their long journey. Their hardships, by the way, were innumerable. From Kansas City to Chicago they lay in a dirty truck among sheep, who robbed them of their food. In Chicago they earned seventy-five cents to buy more food by carrying a load of coal from the sidewalk to a third-story flat. From Chicago to Cincinnati they rode concealed in a water-pipe. There they were arrested and fined a dollar each as suspicious characters. On their way to Pittsburgh they had to share their

food with other tramps, and, what was worse, to accept a share of their tobacco in exchange, and chewing it to avert suspicion of their sex, became sick. When at length they reached their home, their mother did not recognize them, and called a neighbor who put the two dirty tramps out of the house. An old school-mate, who was less timid, was appealed to, and she knew them in spite of their disguise, and gave them a bath and a change of clothes. Then they returned to their mother, and were welcomed with joy and wonder. As they sat in their old home, with their mother and their old friends around them, they said that all the perils and hardships of the journey seemed like a dream, and their happiness had been cheaply purchased. That will be the Christian's feeling when he reaches his Father's house in heaven after his journey through life. The trials he met with in persisting in travelling thither through the temptations of the world will be forgotten in the joy unspeakable of the heavenly mansions. (II. Cor. 4 : 17.)

A Fatal Lapse of Memory Cost Five Lives in Alabama on July 9. The driver and conductor of a south bound passenger train received orders on leaving Birmingham, Ala., to side-track the train at Clear Creek station, to allow a special extra freight train to pass. The train stopped at Clear Creek to take on passengers, but both the engineer and conductor seem to have forgotten the order, and the train proceeded. A mile below, in a deep cut and on a sharp curve, the passenger and extra freight collided. Both trains were running thirty miles an hour, and the crash was a terrible one. There was no time to jump, and both engineers and firemen and a boy, who was riding on the freight engine, were instantly killed. They were caught in the cabs and buried under the wreck. Happily two empty coaches in the fore part of the passenger train sustained the worst of the shock, and the passengers in the rear coaches escaped with a severe shaking. There can be no question of the responsibility for this calamity, as the order was explicit and clearly understood. So it will be in that more terrible disaster that will overtake many Gospel hearers at the last, who though they know the way of salvation, go on in their sinful career in spite of the explicit warnings of God's Word. (Prov. 1 : 30, 31.)

An Eventful Meeting at Midnight on a New York Street was described recently by a citizen who claimed to have personal knowledge of the circumstances. Noticing a gentleman and his wife, who were prominent in a recent social gathering, he called attention to their singularly happy, cheerful demeanor, and said that their first meeting was a romantic and a gloomy one. Some years ago the husband was a handsome, dissipated young man, on the high road to ruin. One night, after a quarrel with his father, he left his home not knowing if he would ever return, and fully resolved never to humble himself by asking forgiveness. He wandered about the city until midnight, when, in going through a street, he saw a girl violently flung out of a house a few yards ahead of him and heard the door shut against her with a bang. She stood for a minute as if bewildered, and then took a straight course for the river. He followed her and caught her just as she was jumping from a pier into the water. He expostulated with her, but she would not listen, and begged him to release her that she might drown herself. She said she had no home, no friends, and no money. He begged her not to do anything so wicked, and promised to find her employment by which she could support herself. The offer tranquillized her, and finally she yielded to his appeal. Realizing that he was powerless without his father's help, he went the next morning to his office and begged pardon and promised amendment. The father gladly consented to give him another trial, but without much hope. To his surprise, however, the son was completely changed, gave up his dissolute habits, and lived a new life. About a year afterward, the girl whom he had saved became his wife, and

never were two persons more devoted to each other. As he had saved her from death so she saved him from ruin. Their story is only another illustration of the potent force love is in human life. It is the essence of the Gospel. Christianity rescues men from sin by telling them that God loves them with an infinite love, and when they begin to love Jesus they hate sin. "What the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh God sending His own Son," has done. (Rom. 8 : 3.)

A New Kind of Palimpsest is Described in a journal devoted to the paper trade. It states that by a certain process an invisible, communication may be made visible and a visible one be made invisible. The journal informs its readers that in using postal cards they may write so that only the initiated can read the message, and write a misleading message which will disappear. The true message, it says, should be written with a gold or a quill pen dipped, not in ink, but in a mixture of one part sulphuric acid and seven parts water. When dry, the card bears no trace of writing, but, as a blank card might excite suspicion, it may be covered with writing in tincture of iodine. When heat is applied to the card, the writing in iodine disappears, and the writing in diluted sulphuric acid becomes legible. There is reason to fear that the same process is going on in the record of some people's lives. In the day when all secrets are revealed and every one appears in the penetrating light of the great white throne, the records of the epitaphs will disappear, and in their place will stand the hidden, true record of the actual life. (Eccles. 12 : 14.)

Contradictory Sermons, of Which the Worse was the more powerful, have been preached by a minister in Florida, according to the *Jacksonville Herald*. It says : "There is a man in Florida that we never pass without a sigh of regret. This man was the finest pulpit orator of the South. His tongue dropped diamonds, and his thoughts were pearls. No congregation ever tired of his eloquence. He held attention breathless, and thousands hung upon his words. If he had followed one good purpose with unflagging zeal through his life : if he had kept his eye single and his heart set in one direction : if to all his radiant gifts had been added stable purpose and sincere consistency, he might have been among the most famous and the most useful men of his time. But he followed all things : he sought to give God and Mammon equal service, and his melancholy shipwreck points the solemn moral of his plan of life. The story of this man is more eloquent of warning than the best sermon that he ever preached." Such men are not peculiar to this generation—the type has always been present in the world, and prophets and apostles have deplored their fall. (Isa. 5 : 11.)

A Warning Against Counterfeit Half-Dollars has been issued. The warning was necessary because the usual tests of coin fail in the case of these counterfeits, as they are of the same size and weight as the genuine coins. Counterfeiting of this sort is exceedingly profitable when done on a large scale, as detection is practically impossible. It is believed that most of the metal used is from remelted trade dollars. By the purchase of these in large quantities the counterfeiters obtain the metal already mixed at just the standard alloy. The market price of one hundred trade dollars, before they were called in, was \$84, and the metal in them is sufficient to make two hundred and seventeen standard half dollars, which gives a profit of \$24.50. The coins pass readily in the course of trade, neither the public nor the merchant detects them, and it is only when they go to the Treasury or the mint, where the genuine coins are made, that they are surely found out. It is so with human imposture. Ministers and churches in the world are apt to think that the man who has picked up the cant phrases of religion and is living a moral life is a genuine Christian, but when he appears before God who alone can give the new birth, the imposture is revealed. (Matt. 7 : 32, 23.)

THE THREE JUDGMENTS.

By Rev. Charles Graham.

I.—The Judgment of Saints—A Judgment of Services—Decides Degree of Reward—The Hay and Stubble Edifices Burned—Takes Place at the Parousia—II.—The Judgment of Living Nations—At the Beginning of the Millennium—Tested by Treatment of Christ's People—III. The Final Judgment of the Dead—At the Close of Millennium—The Record in the Books.

HOLY Scripture foretells three great judgments: a judgment of the saints before Christ takes the kingdom, a judgment of the nations when He has taken the kingdom and sits on the throne of His glory in the beginning of his Millennial reign, then, at the end of the Millennium, there will be the judgment before the Great White Throne.

Of the judgment of the saints Paul speaks in II. Cor. 5:19 "For we must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad." A question naturally arises, how can believers receive for the bad which they have done? Its guilt has all been cancelled here. They cannot, therefore, suffer positive punishment for it in eternity. They shall receive for it a diminution of reward. Their works shall be burned up, but they themselves shall be saved, but so as through fire, like a man escaping from a burning house in which his property is consumed. "Look to yourselves," says John, "that ye lose not the things which ye have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." There is, therefore, a possibility that by unwatchfulness we may lose even the things which we have wrought, and fail to receive a full reward. The judgment of the believer will be a judgment in relation to his service. As to his personal acceptance, there can be no judgment: for "he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." We could not think that the spirits of "the just made perfect" when they receive the resurrection body shall be placed before the Divine tribunal to be tried whether they shall be acquitted or condemned, whether they shall go to heaven or Gehenna.

We have said this judgment will be when the Lord comes. Hence, says the apostle to the Corinthians, "Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who shall both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and shall make manifest the counsels of the hearts. Then shall every man have his praise of God."

Second Judgment.

The second judgment we have foretold in Matt. 25:31, *sg.* Notice, when it takes place the Son of Man has come in His glory. Again, notice, it is the nations which are gathered before Him. There is no account of any resurrection of the dead. The judgment is that of living nations. They are judged for the treatment accorded to the brethren of Christ. Messengers have been sent to them called the "brethren" of the Lord, and they are judged according to their treatment of them, and they go to eternal punishment or eternal life, according to the way in which they have treated them.

When the Gospel was first sent forth it went out from Jerusalem, and when the Lord returns and saves His earthly people, from Jerusalem it shall go forth again. Isaiah tells us, "Out of Zion shall go forth the Law, and the Word of God from Jerusalem." And the effect shall be that they will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." That this is not the judgment of the saints, of which we read in II. Cor. 5, we see from the fact that the judgment of the saints is from the Bema; but this judgment is from the throne.

The Third Judgment.

This judgment we have in Rev. 20:11-15, where we have the resurrection both of the just and the unjust. Between these two resurrections a thousand years intervene. The end of

the thousand years bring the second resurrection and final judgment. John sees a great white throne; great, for it is in harmony with the august occasion; white, for He that sits upon it is about to judge on the principle of inexorable righteousness. He that sits on the throne is the Lord Jesus. "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." When He came to destroy the Antichrist, and to judge and make war, He came on a white horse; now he comes to cast all the wicked, and their wickedness into the lake of fire, and sits on a great white throne.

From before His face the Millennial earth and heaven fled away; for even in the Millennial state there will be imperfection. The Apostle Peter describes this unparalleled scene: the heavens pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein are burned up. But they pass away to give place to a new heaven and a new earth which shall be the everlasting home of righteousness.

The sea, as well as the grave, now gives up the bodies which it retained; and Death and Hades deliver up the spirits; and the dead, small and great, appear before that throne.

The Books.

The books are now opened, and the dead are judged according to what is written in the books. Scripture tells us of two books kept by God, "a book of Remembrance" of which we read in Mal. 3:16, and "the Book of Life." From His book of Remembrance "every work shall be brought into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or bad." In His book of Life the names of all His people are written, all who have received life through His Son.

The Book of Life being present at this judgment, indicates that there will be those present whose names shall be found in it. This seems beyond question when we reflect that all who died in infancy, or looking to the mercy of the Lord, from the first resurrection up to that hour, will be found in a state of salvation.

The dead are judged according to their works. When, therefore, it is stated that all whose names were not found written in the Book of Life were cast into the lake of fire, it is clear that the names of all we have referred to who feared God and wrought righteousness shall be found in it.

The lake of fire is the second death. Into it, with all the wicked, Death and Hades, personified enemies, are cast. This is the fulfilment of the words of the apostle, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And now, when all rule, authority, and power are put down, the mediatorial kingdom is given up to the Father, and then God, that is, Father, Son, and Spirit, are all in all. The God-man Christ Jesus was the Ruler in the Millennial kingdom; in the eternal the Triune God shall be all in all.

A SURLY HOST SAVED.

In the report of the proceedings of the Convention of Christian Workers* is the following incident, which, occurred, at Toronto, and was described at the Convention by Miss McIntyre, the self-sacrificing Christian nurse and mission worker: One night, in the Mission Hall, I heard of a woman who was sick. It was in the house of a drunkard. I went into the drunkard's home, and I need not tell you what it was like. There was the sick woman, the broken window-panes, and the drunken husband. I remained with that woman all that night. The man was very rough and uncivil, and said he did not want any strangers there. In the morning he was sobered up, and he was a little better. By God's blessing, his wife got well. I went to him and said: "Will you come to the Mission Hall?" He said, "No." I said to a young lady, "There is a poor unsaved man there;" and we two girls stayed there, and prayed, and prayed for that man's soul, and God heard us. The man finally came to the hall, and as I went by him one night

I said, "Can you leave the mission-hall to-night without Jesus?" He said, "Why I have accepted Him right here and now. I don't want to about it here. I want to go home and thank and ask my wife's forgiveness." He went home and he lived close to the Lord Jesus Christ. He showed it in every act of his life. He was tall and sick and I went to see him. I do not think I shall ever forget the sight as Mr. O'Brien knelt beside him. I shall never forget his smile as he said, "Nurse, I am glad I did not put you off." I knew what he meant. We sang "Jealous Lover of my soul." It was while he was trying to sing that he went home. I felt that it was worth ten years of such work among the wretched, miserable homes by night and by day to save that one man's soul. I have that man's photograph, and, when I get discouraged I look at that and it helps me.

A NAME FOR A TEXT.

In giving an account of his Medical Mission work in New York recently, Dr. George D. D. McKim related the following touching incident of a despairing man: One day a man came to the dispensary in the First Ward with his arm broken, as he thought. My janitor told him that he had come on the wrong day, and then he came to me and said, "There is a man here who thinks his arm is broken. I told him it was wrong day, but he begged me to ask you to him." I thought that the Master would have sent him away because it was the wrong day, so I said I would see him. I found his arm was not broken, but badly sprained. I attended to his arm and talked to him about his spiritual welfare. I next wrote his name in the book, and, after having written his name (his name was John), I said, "Do you know, John, what I was thinking about, as I wrote that name here?" He said, "No." "I was thinking, perhaps, when your mother gave you that name she hoped you would be like one of those Jews in the Good Book." The man's head fell and tears came to his eyes. The mention of his mother seemed to open up the river, as it were, and bringing up his head a moment after he said, "I know, but she did, but I am not like one of them and never shall be. I know there is no hope for me. Doctor, you have attended to my arm, I wish you would let me go." I said, "Don't just yet. I have done what you wanted to do, and it is hardly fair for you to go now. I cannot tell you what happened in the hour and a half that followed, but he got on his knees and gave his heart to the Saviour, though it was more or less drink in him at the time. Years after I heard of him as a deacon in the Presbyterian Church. He and his wife had drunkards for more than fourteen years. Ministers and missionaries had been to that man's woman, but it was given to us to have the privilege of bringing him and his wife into the kingdom. It is a pleasure to visit their home."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Carlyle's Prayer.*

Not long after the death of his wife, The Carlyle wrote to his friend Erskine of Inverness, as follows: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"—what else can we say? The other night in my sleepless tossings at which were growing more and more miserable those words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if written and shining for me in mild pure splendor on the black bosom of the night there; when I as it were, read the word by word, with a sudden check to my perfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure that was most unexpected. Not haps for thirty or forty years had I ever fully repeated that prayer: nay, I never felt before

* From *The Nature and Method of Revelation*. By George Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University. The shallow scepticism paraded in our day by those who think that their character for mental acumen is raised by their being spoken of as agnostics, meets with a vigorous rebuke in this little volume. Prof. Fisher shows that faith is higher than unbelief, though not contrary to reason. An appendix on the date and authorship of the Gospels adds greatly to the value and usefulness of the book. Pp. 291; Price, \$1.25; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

* Published price \$1, by the Bureau of Supplies, First National Bank, New Haven, Conn.

intensely the voice of man's soul it is,—the most aspiration of all that is high and pious in man nature; right worthy to be recommended with an, 'After this manner pray ye.'" How Carlyle come to see what he had never seen before, and to feel what he had never before? Have the teachers of the church in all these years been so far astray when, following Christ the apostles, they have talked of blindness of mind and of spiritual light?

The Faith of The Prince of Wales.
A number of years ago I read an account of a visit made by the Prince of Wales in company with an eminent man of science to a great iron-works. They stood together by a stream of molten iron flowing slowly out of the smelting furnace. "Do you believe in science?" said his companion to the Prince. "I do," was the reply. Then he thrust your moistened finger into that stream. The Prince at once divided the stream with his finger, and the finger was not harmed. Whether this particular incident occurred or not, the same thing is not infrequently done by workmen in foundries. On the instant of the contact of the hand with the fiery liquid there is what the scientific men call "the spheroidal state." The sudden evaporation is attended with a repulsion that perfectly shields the flesh the moment from contact with the burning substance through which it passes. We may suppose a person to understand the principle of a "spheroidal state," and how it is that the heat, with only the ordinary amount of natural force upon it, can be safely passed through a current. Nevertheless, he might shrink from making the experiment. The sight of the molten liquid might induce a recoil which his knowledge of the principle would not suffice to overcome. Workmen who have seen one of their companions try the experiment again and again, and get back by a certain timidity from following the example. An unwonted energy, an undoubted boldness, are requisite to neutralize the impression made on the mind through the senses, and let reason say what it will.

LOST AND FOUND.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lesson for July 27; Luke 15: 1-10; Golden Text Luke 15: 10.

Complaint of the Pharisees—The Charge of Giving Sinners—The Lost Sheep Sought—In Parables—As Individuals—The Friends of the Shepherd—How God Values Men—The Holiness Preferred—The Humble Man Better than the Righteous—Only the Lost Saved—Dying in Order to Live—The Lost Piece of Silver—Its Importance—Superscription—The Church to Search for the Candle to be Lighted—The Rejoicing in Heaven.

As after Jesus had taught the multitude the conditions of discipleship that the only ones lost were attracted to Him. "He that ears to hear," He said, "let him hear." In the midst of pious Pharisees and learned scribes, and of members of the priesthood or of the tribe of Levi, "There drew near unto Him all publicans and sinners for to hear Him." Pharisees, on the other hand, occupied with constant effort "to establish their own righteousness" (Rom. 10: 3), had no ears for the teaching of Jesus; they were would-be learners, and could not learn. Their object was to praise Jesus, and now they had found a fault of accusation. It was this,

"**This Man Receiveth Sinners,** and eateth with them." Thank God that this accusation found its way into the Word of God as a rebuke of His love to sinners; thank God He "receiveth sinners" still. The Pharisee's doctrine was that we are better than publicans and sinners, better born, better bred, better educated, we are justified by our position to a consideration which our birth and previous life cannot pretend to. These advantages, so generally considered in the world, had not one feather's weight of value with Jesus; "a broken and a contrite heart" (Ps. 51: 17), more than outweighed them. The leaders of the Jews would not brook that Jesus of Nazareth should set aside the "manner of life" which they had "received from their fathers," (1. Pet. 1:

18) and which flattered their pride and responded to the self-esteem which is also born and grows like a rank weed in every human heart. Jesus spake this parable unto them, saying, "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and goeth after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It was mortifying to the Pharisees that those whom they despised should have any value in the eyes of Jesus; the world appreciated them, and gave them their place; why should not this prophet of Nazareth? Jesus saw through the vulgar, senseless assumption of superiority from the accident of birth, position, and riches, and all His teaching and His life went to witness against anything so unjust and untrue. He made superiority to consist, not in what a man had, but in what he was, in meekness, in self-conquest, in appreciation of God. Man's natural heart is so selfish, and so cruel, that he treads down the weak, and suffering, and sinful; "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that

Which Was Lost."

He goes after that which was lost, until He finds it. Jesus "emptied Himself, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." (Phil. 2: 7, 8.) It was thus He went after that which was lost. But He goes after the individual lost ones also. How many a child of Christian parents finds himself thwarted in all his misdoings, stopped here and there, his health broken down, his studies interrupted, his hopes of earthly distinction blighted—why? The good Shepherd is after him, seeking that heart which is set on earth to attract it heavenwards. "And when He hath found it," when at last the one who has cost Him so much sorrow is won, "He calleth together His friends and neighbors, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." Oh, if the Pharisees had had ears to hear and hearts to understand, they would have been abashed that they could not be reckoned among the neighbors and friends of the good Shepherd, for they had no heart for the lost sheep which were being found by Jesus! By and bye they would have to wake up to the terrible consciousness that their own fancied superiority was but a dream. By and bye there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth" when they will see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, and they themselves shut out, while others shall come from the east, and west, and north, and south, before their very eyes, and sit down in the kingdom of God (Luke 13: 28, 29), which in their silly pride they have rejected.

Jesus adds, "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." In heaven the value of the sacrifice of Christ is appreciated, and human merit is but impertinence where all is seen in the light of God. In that unclouded atmosphere, everything is seen in its true light; the lost sinner, who is confounded by the unutterable love of Him who died in his stead, takes a higher rank than the most stainless of moral characters who has not the same appreciation of God.

Have we a heart like our Lord—a heart for the lost? In all the writings of philosophy, in all heathen systems of religion, no place is found for the lost. The idea of man is always to develop and increase his own goodness, and to build up a claim upon God which is founded upon his own intrinsic merit, and the lost are left to perish. But "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners." (1. Tim. 1: 15.) God is creative in all His dealings, He makes all things new. Wherever there is anything of goodness in a man, it must be broken down, for the self which is in it is an element which cannot mingle with the divine. Good self is as contrary to God as bad self. Thus we must know

we are lost in order to be saved; we must die to live, and out of our death and nothingness, God creates a new man, Christ in us. If we have sympathy with our God, we shall hold out hope to the hopeless and rejoice with Him over every sinner that repenteth. One who counts on his own goodness is most unwilling to extend hope to the erring, because, if such can be saved and put on a par with him, his goodness cannot count for anything, to his credit. But those who go down into the slums, and rescue the lost are in sympathy with Jesus. "Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost."

The woman, the Church, is called to leave her own people and her father's house (Ps. 45: 10), that the people and the house, the name and the interests of the Bridegroom may be hers. It is the privilege of the Church to do the works of Christ. He is the Shepherd who seeks His lost sheep, she is the woman who seeks the lost silver. First, she recognizes that the lost coin is of value, it has upon it the image and superscription of the King, it is current coin of the realm, and yet lost, hidden away among the rubbish and the dust. The Church's special care is to look after the backsliders and the cold, useless Christians, and bring them out of their hiding-places into healthy and useful circulation, not to shun, despise, and leave them to themselves. The woman first lights a candle. When the light of the Church is burning low, the true love of the members one to the other waxes cold. It needs new light and new power of the Holy Ghost to recognize what there is of Christ in those who humble us the most, who cause us the most grief. It is those who are spiritual who restore the lost silver "in the spirit of meekness." (Gal. 6: 1.)

But light is not all that the Church of Christ needs. We may be awakened to our duty and calling to seek after the lost and useless Christians which are around us; we may be letting our light shine amongst them, but there needs a clean sweeping away of the rubbish in order to discover them, and to bring them into circulation. It is by the deeper purification of those who most understand God, and by their yielding to the work of the Refiner, that others who are entangled in the world can be reached. There must be the broom, and the diligent sweeping of the whole floor, before the silver is discovered. Nothing awakens a careless, worldly believer like the unfeigned humiliation of one who walks closely with God. He reasons, "If such a man needs to be humbled, how infinitely more do I!" And he begins to look at himself in the light of the Word, and discovers how much of the image and superscription of the King in him has been defaced and marred by self and sin, how little profit he has been to his Lord, and he surrenders himself to be cleansed, renewed and used of God.

"When she hath found it," when the silver is the worth of silver to the church once more, than she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me for I have found the piece which I had lost," and the song begun on earth, is echoed in heaven, "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." It is a wonderful thing that man is permitted fellowship with the joys and sorrows of God and heaven. Just in proportion as our personal interests are transferred to God, He makes over to us a share in His. It was when Abraham was separated from country, kindred, and all else, unto God, that God unfolded to him His designs upon Sodom. It was when Ezekiel, the man who was a sign, had learned, for God's sake, and his country's, even to forbear to weep over his own wife's grave, that God could reveal to him the thoughts of His heart. O, to be thus free from self, to understand and reciprocate the love of our God.

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WEARY BRAIN.

SINCE the days of Hazlitt and Sheridan and John Milton, and the wail of Grub Street, London, literary toil has never been appreciated. Oliver Goldsmith, entertaining his friends, has to sit in the window because there is only one chair. Seviers has to sell his splendid work for one ducat. Defoe, the author of two hundred and eighteen volumes, dies penniless. The learned Johnson had such shabby clothes that he could not dine with gentlemen, so he sat behind a screen and dined, while the gentlemen on the other side the screen were applauding his works. Butler, after throwing the world into fits of laughter with *Hudibras*, died for lack of a crust. So it has always been. Manual toil seems to have a grudge against literary toil, and it practically says: "You come down here and shove a plane and break cobble-stones and pound the shoe-last, and get an honest living like the rest of us, instead of sitting there idly scribbling!" But God knows there is no harder toil on earth than literary toil. It is not a question of hard times; it is characteristic of all times. The world has no appreciation of the immense financial, physical, intellectual exhaustion of literary toil, and so the world begrudges five cents for a newspaper, and says: "Can't you make it four?" and then begrudges four, and says: "Can't you make it three?" and begrudges the three cents for a newspaper, and says: "Can't you make it two?" and grind, and grind, and grind. And in that mill are ground up the bodies and the minds and the souls of men and women. The world dips its chalice into the blood, and says: "Aha! the price of newspapers has gone down." While there are men in the literary profession who have made their fortunes, I tell you, men and women of America, that to the most it is a struggle for bread. Small pay and large abuse are the fate of most literary men.

Great outcry is made against magazines and newspapers, because the literary product is often not of an elevating kind. But why do many of the journals give prominence to murders and scandals and the corruptions of society? Because the public taste demands them. I go into a foreign city, and into a meat-market, and I find that the butchers have hung up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the fresh and the savory meat is carelessly tossed aside. What am I to conclude? I unmistakably conclude that the people of that city love tainted meat. If there is so much iniquitous literature abroad in the shape of book and newspaper, it is because the public taste is so corrupt it demands it. Now, you are an hon-

est citizen, you are a good citizen, you are an intelligent citizen, you are a man of family. A newspaper comes into your house. You open it. There are three columns of splendidly written editorials. Next to it there is a mean, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read the more thoroughly? Here are the splendidly written editorials, evolving some beautiful moral sentiment or some theory of science. You dip into it and say: "That is splendidly written, that is well done, that editorial." Then you turn to the divorce case, and read it all, from the long primer type at the top to the nonpareil at the bottom, and ask your wife if she has read it. It is only a case of demand and supply. Newspaper men are not fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you.

If the Church of God, and if honorable men of the world would decline to read the depraved books and depraved newspapers, they would not be published, for the simple reason that they would not pay, for iniquity gets poorer and poorer, and cannot afford to support literature. It is the honest men, the hard-working men, the pure men of the world, that support the literature. If a convention could be called now, and made up of all the editors and reporters of the United States, and it were plainly put to them, which kind of a paper they should prefer to publish, and which style of news to send forth, I think they would unanimously declare, "we would rather send out elevating literature than bad literature." I say this not in apology for debauched newspapers, but I say it that you may divide the responsibility between those who print and those who read.

VICTORY OVER DISEASE.

WE hail Apostolic and Laquerrier, the French biologists who expect by galvanic currents to kill the germs of disease. We applaud Pasteur's inoculation against hydrophobia and Ferran's scientific attack on cholera. These, with Jenner's vaccination for small-pox, are only segments of the circle which includes recovery from all the diseases the human race is heir to. As Dr. Jenner's experiments were a long line of half successes or entire failures reaching on to complete scientific triumph, so these other attacks on Asiatic cholera and madness will sometimes fail and sometimes advance, until the paroxysms of the one and the ragings of the other shall forever cease. Other maladies will in their turn go under, until medical science will stand victor over all the distempers and plagues and epidemics and physical agonies that have cursed the earth. I am no more confident that Christianity will extirpate the spiritual woes of the world than that medical science under divine direction will abolish the physical woes. Christ suggested this when He cursed the paralysis and blind eyes and catalepsies of those whose sins He pardoned, and the positive promise concerning the millennial gladness is that "the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame leap as a hart and the dumb sing." It is only a question of time, not long to be deferred, I hope and believe, when there will be an atropine for every morphia, a magnesia for every acid, a cinchona for every putrescence, and for every physical ill a chemical reagent.

More interest have I in these medical experiments and discoveries than I have in inven-

ventions, locomotive or bellicose. The warrior who destroys life deserves not so bright a glow as the practitioner or scientist who saves life. The machinist who invents a swift wheel to whirl a passenger to some other place is not of so much use as the doctor who invents a plan by which his patient can stay in this place. Success, therefore, to all the laboratories until the time shall come—and it will come—when men and women will die only of old age. The physical machinery will stop because it is worn out. Slower and slower pulsation, feebler and feebler the respiration until painless demise shall end the earthly career. Croups, and pneumonias, and scarlet fevers, and consumptions, and rheumatism and neuralgias, and congestions, abolished, the disorders that have already succumbed, want no inventions to take us faster than the limited express train. We need no quicker communication of thought than that which is afforded by telegraphy. We want no brighter light than Edison's electric. But we do want an exterminating war upon the diseases which rack our bodies, and bereave our families, and ravage the nations. What a realm opens before the doctors. Who knows but that after all there may be found a universal antidote, and all the world's distresses came from one tree in Paradise, so there may yet be discovered a root, or bark, or fruit, whose essence the world may quaff for the rectification of all disorders.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

STRONG in faith, strong in prayer, let us be strong in works—always abounding in the work of the Lord. God needs workmen, and He pays them well. He pays them promptly. He pays them in this life. He pays them in life to come. If in any one thing more than other the Church is lacking, it is in the systematic training of its members for work. A great majority of us are sleeping-car Christians. When, a short time ago, I went to Pittsburgh, I got on the train at Jersey City, went to my berth and woke up in Pittsburgh. So the vast majority of our members, join the Church, have names enrolled on its records, fold their hands and expect that on the morning of the resurrection they will open their eyes on scenes celestial, there forevermore to dwell. The things from the pulpit on this subject are too definite. Thousands and tens of thousands are awaiting orders and instructions. They are ready for work—willing to work, but need explicit directions. To these let me say, do what is nearest at hand. Do not wait for a golden and glorious opportunity to achieve a great victory, but strive in the doing well, the sight of the Lord, of little, every-day duties to fit yourself for a greater work. Begin at Jerusalem. This is your own home. Countless opportunities will present themselves; you will only pray that the dear Holy Spirit will open your eyes to see them.

Faith is the flower, works the fruit. Without works is dead. Having faith, let us go to God for enlightenment as to the line of duty for which our peculiar talents and gifts are peculiarly fit us. Ascertain what special privileges for the work the Christian enjoys. Opportunities are numerous and diversified. Sunday school work, mission work, sick calls, visiting, work, exhorting, class-leading, giving. God has fitted you for the one or the other, or for several. Oh! that the Church membership may be awakened and rejoice that God has called them to be co-workers with Him in this blessed, this glorious work.

CURRENT EVENTS.

oming Entered the Family of States on day last, when the President signed the admission. She will not have the Senate Representatives in Congress to which entitled until an election is held under new constitution, which will probably be in number. This election will interest the country, and it may be hoped that we have full reports of it. Its interesting feature will be the female suffrage experiment. In doing, women are to be allowed to vote at all. There is much curiosity felt as to the result. If, as is probable, it should prove beneficial, the States may become more willing than now are to accept the assistance of women in deciding how the country shall be governed. Objection generally urged against women is that they do not understand politics. Even if that is true, they can exercise a power by their votes which would benefit the country. Let them apply a test they do not by steadfastly voting against every candidate of immoral character. Male voters are too easily satisfied with a candidate if his political is right, even though his moral character is vile.

Death of General John C. Fremont, which occurred in New York on Sunday last, removes from us one of the historical figures of national life. General Fremont had served to a prominent place in our country's history.

In early life he was an explorer, and it was mainly through his daring and energy that

our frontiers were extended to the Pacific coast. Settlers followed where he had found a path, and where they settled they carried their love and allegiance to the United States Government. Fremont was not only a geographical pioneer, but a political pioneer. It was he who bore the standard of the Republican Party in its first campaign for the Presidency in 1856. It was

who later raised the banner of emancipation by his proclamation in Missouri, though afterward recalled by President Lincoln. He was prominent in the months of the war, but the sturdy independence and strong personality of the man restrained under command, and he asked no permission to retire early in the war. It was only in April of this year that he was restored to his rank in the army, and re-elected. General Fremont was seventy-seven years of age, having been born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813.

her Case of Discipline in the Roman Catholic Church similar to that of Dr. McGlynn is in the light in New York last week. It is the question whether a clergyman can be expelled from his church if his ecclesiastical superiors disapprove of his social or political views. This question is answered in the affirmative by the supreme court of appeal in New York.

It was raised by the suit which was brought in the New York Courts to compel the removal of the remains of Mr. McGuire to the Roman Catholic Cemetery to allow the remains of Mr. McGuire to be buried in the cemetery, in his own lot, which he had purchased and paid for in his lifetime. The trust was used to permit the interment because he died in a meeting of Dr. McGlynn's church. Dr. Burtzell, Rector of the Roman Catholic Church of the Epiphany, who was a party in the case, said that in his opinion the remains were bound to admit the body. This was opposed to that of Archbishop Corrigan. Shortly after the case was decided, the archbishop removed Dr. Burtzell from his position in New York, and appointed him to a position at Rondout. As Dr. Burtzell was attached to his people, and they loved him and him to remain with them, and as there was no complaint against the manner in which

he performed his pastoral duties, Dr. Burtzell appealed to Rome against the archbishop's sentence. The appeal is dismissed, and the archbishop's order sustained. Dr. Burtzell must either submit or share Dr. McGlynn's fate. The significance of the case lies in the fact that Dr. Burtzell was subpoenaed in the McGuire case and was therefore obliged to appear as a witness. He was sworn to tell the truth and being asked for his opinion, gave it. He is being punished for holding an opinion which was in conflict with that of his archbishop. It would appear that, notwithstanding the declaration of the Constitution, a man may be punished in this country for his opinions.

The First Sealing Seizure of the Season was made last week at Oun-Alaska. The *Mattie C. Dyer*, a vessel engaged in catching seals, put into that port in a storm, and was promptly seized by the collector of the port. The seventy skins on board and the arms of the vessel were confiscated. There appears good reason to believe that Mr. Blaine and the British Minister would have arranged the whole of this Behring Sea difficulty before now if they had been unhampered. It is stated on good authority, that the President was influenced by persons employed by the lessees of the American Islands and was induced to interfere with the negotiations, absolutely withdrawing the proposal Mr. Blaine had made for an amicable settlement. This proposal was for the United States to restrain vessels of all nationalities from sealing at improper times. Both England and Russia were disposed to accept this arrangement. Since President Harrison has directed its withdrawal, our Government has sent its cruisers to Behring Sea and England has sent powerful vessels to protect her flag. Mr. Blaine has renewed his negotiations informally with the British Minister, still hoping to avoid unpleasantness.

The Fatal Steamboat Disaster which Occurred at Chicago on July 11th, shows that more restrictions as to the freight of steamers ought to be imposed. The *Tioga*, one of the largest of the lake steamers, valued at \$225,000, was being unloaded, when a terrific explosion occurred. It blew the rear part of the vessel completely out, and she would have sunk if the watertight compartments had not been in working order. Flames immediately burst forth, completely enveloping the steamer. The fire-department found the utmost difficulty in extinguishing them as the smoke was so dense that the firemen could not live below the deck where the fire was. Eventually, however, the fire was got under, and then the painful duty of bringing up the dead was commenced. *Seventeen dead bodies* were found, and two men still alive but seriously injured. Even this list does not cover all the dead, for fourteen more men were known to have been on board, who are now missing. They were probably blown out of the vessel into the water. The explosion came, it appears, from the vapor of kerosene oil, of which there were two hundred barrels on board. As the oil was moved the vapor was liberated, and when the men went into the compartment with lights the vapor exploded and set fire to the ship.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Wedding was Solemnized in Westminster Abbey on Saturday last. The vast assembly of English aristocracy which filled the historic edifice to witness the ceremony testified to the respect felt for the explorer in society. The bride did a very graceful thing on her way to the altar. As she moved up the aisle, she carried a beautiful wreath of white flowers with the letter L in scarlet in the center. She broke the procession and walking to the side of the abbey, laid the wreath on the stone beneath which lie the remains of Livingstone. At the altar, Mr. Stanley, accompanied by Dr. Parke, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Bonny and other comrades of his recent expedition awaited her. He bore traces of his illness, and leaned heavily on his cane. After the ceremony the party went to the home of the bride. The wedding presents there displayed proved again how lively an interest is taken in the newly married couple. The queen's present was, as usual, her

own portrait. The Prince of Wales sent a magnificent inkstand, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, a diamond cross. The strangest present was from Africa, of a tin case containing a bottle of water from the Victoria Nyanza. Many presents came from America and some not intrinsically valuable would be much prized by Stanley on account of old associations dating to the time before he became famous.

The Speculations as to Bismarck's Future action have been numerous in Germany since his retirement, there being a general impression that having been for so many years accustomed to wield a controlling influence over the national policy he would not be content with inaction. A journalist who interviewed him last week tried to get some intimation of his intentions from him. Bismarck said he might possibly write his memoirs, but the archives were now not so easy of access as formerly to him. He declined to enter on the causes of his retirement, beyond saying that it was brought about by a difference of opinion between him and the Kaiser. He said that he was not indisposed to accept the national liberal candidacy if it were offered, but would avoid opposition to the present government, and would prefer accepting a position in the Bundesrath from some other German State than Prussia, in which capacity he could address the Reichstag.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Talmage's personal appeal to the readers of this journal for help in rebuilding the Brooklyn Tabernacle, has received a very gratifying response. To those who have already sent in the names of new subscribers, Dr. Talmage desires to express his most cordial thanks. Others are still to be heard from. It is hoped that everyone will take pleasure in participating in this great work. The publisher reminds all who are intending to send a subscription, that the New Testament, with Dr. Talmage's autograph inscription will be sent for every full-paid new annual subscription, mailed before July 31.

The national debt of Heligoland is \$50. Its annual revenue is \$40,000.

The Baptist meetings will be held at Martha's Vineyard during the second week of August.

The Ocean Grove Sunday-school Assembly is in session this week, and continues till July 22.

Dr. Talmage expects to preach at the Pavilion Assembly, Asbury Park, N. J., on August 10, at 4 o'clock.

Fort Wayne College, Indiana, at its recent commencement, conferred the degree of A. M. on Mr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of this journal.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been conducting revival meetings at Springfield, Ill. Fifteen churches of various denominations united in the services.

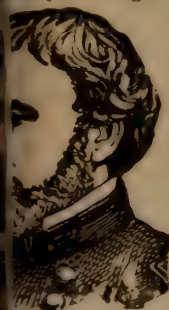
The Russian Government is expelling Jews in large numbers with the result that the Austrian Government has recently had to provide for crowds of absolutely destitute Jews.

A Home for intemperate women has been opened in Brookline, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Charriot, who conducts it, has had much success in the smaller institution she has managed in Worcester St. She began the work by receiving patients in her own house twelve years ago.

Evangelist H. R. Keates has concluded his labors at the Seventeenth St. M. E. Church, New York. The revival has continued for eight weeks, and during that time, 140 persons have made a profession of faith in Christ, and many of them have joined the church on probation. Mr. Keates has proved himself an earnest and consecrated worker and is heartily commended to the churches. Any pastor desiring his services may write to him at this office and the letter will be forwarded to him wherever he may be.

At the celebration of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's fifty-sixth birthday recently at his orphanages, over 12,000 persons came to participate in the rejoicing. The birthday gifts, which Mr. Spurgeon turns into the treasury of the orphanage, amounted this year to \$9,000. There are five hundred orphans now in the institution, ninety-one having been received this year. The number received since the opening in 1867 is 1420. The cost of feeding, clothing and educating them is \$5,000 a month. Charitable people contribute and Mr. Spurgeon pays the balance. There is no debt.

A reader of Mrs. ReQua's volume of beautiful poems, who, in a season of trial and bereavement received comfort from the perusal, has sent to the gifted authoress twenty dollars, with the request that a copy of the book be sent to various hospitals for the benefit of the inmates. This is a Christ-like act showing true Christian sympathy with the afflicted. It is doubly blessed because the proceeds of the sales are applied to the support of Indian orphans and the mission among the Indians. Anyone wishing to follow the excellent example may remit to Mrs. W. F. ReQua, McAlester, Ind. Ter.



J. C. FREMONT.

The matchless declaration of the love of God, the voice of love in the present. The Lord the believer now. Whatever discomfords are in, the Lord loves you. In this hour, perhaps, your heart is failing you with fear. The Lord still says to you, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Everlasting" includes to-day. Things present are preferred as well as things to come. External circumstances do not change the love of God, nor your internal condition do so. The true voice of love in the future. It means,

thee for ever." God has not loved us with which will die out after a certain length of time: His love is like Himself, "from ever to everlasting."

It is a declaration of love secured to us in many ways. Did you observe in the chapter how the Lord secures His love to His people, first, by a covenant; then, this love is secured by relationship. In adoption and regeneration the Lord drew Himself to be thy Father, and actually said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "The son abideth ever," children, than heirs." His love is pledged by redemption. Redemption has sealed the love. That spear which found out sin and set flowing its blood and its water, led all doubts as to the eternal endurance of the Lord's love.

It is a declaration of love divinely confessed. The Lord has not sent this assurance to the prophet, but He has made it Himself—The Lord hath appeared." This declaration of love comes through another tongue or lip; the divine Lover Himself breathes His own word to His chosen: "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

We finish, thirdly, with

The Manifest Evidence.

We loved thee with an everlasting love; and, with loving kindness have I drawn thee. Here are drawings mentioned. Have you felt them? We have not seen God, but we have felt Him drawing us. Oh, how He gave to us when we were children; you remember, when you were boys and when you could not sleep at nights for your drawings towards divine things? Do you remember when you were in the country how you would sit down under a hedge, you scarce knew why, longing for something better than you had as yet reached? Do you remember when the Lord Jesus drew you from the horrible pit, out of the midnight air? Do you remember how He drew you and set your feet upon a rock? He drew you from spiritual death, from the corruption of the dominion of the devil. He drew you to life, love and liberty. He drew you to the cross, to the throne of grace, to the Father of Christ.

Drawings come from God so are they given to God. Blessed is he whose heart is drawn nearer and nearer to the Most High. We struggle back to carnal things; taken up with business, with the family, with a thousand grovelling cares; but when the Spirit draws it is

Upward and Heavenward.

It is us to repentance, and to faith, and to holiness and to continuance in well-doing, that we may now feel divine drawings from Him who is our all in all.

The Lord assures us that these are drawings of loving kindness. However He draws, it is love; and whenever He draws it is in love. That He pulls and snatches in anger, we know that He has always drawn in love. Because the horse is wilful if the driver stern; our waywardness makes us think our Lord austere. The forces of sin put forth to work upon us are gentle, kind and loving. He has drawn me "with loving kindness." I am sure He has dealt with me. Will you think of a case and bless His name? Lord, thou hast drawn me when I did not know it; thou hast drawn me when I thought I was willingly of my own accord. I see it now, and I name for it.

Nothing more. These drawings are to be precious. "With lovingkindness have I drawn thee;" and He means to do the same. If you will look the chapter through, you will see that God promises to keep on drawing. He would not care to preach to you a gospel which has no final perseverance in it. Spirit which can die, is not the eternal life in the Gospel; and heavenly love

which can fail is not the everlasting love of our text. My road to get to heaven lies in this: as far as I have come on the road, the Lord has drawn me, and will draw me the rest of the way.

Such a magnificent text as ours ought to make us consider two things. The first is, Is it so? *Am I drawn?* If God loves you with an everlasting love, He has drawn you by His loving-kindness: is it so or not? Has He drawn you by His Holy Spirit, so that

You Have Followed On?

Are you a believer? Do you carry Christ's cross? You have been drawn to this. Then take home these gracious words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." If you have not been so drawn, do you not wish you were? Oh, it were worth dying a thousand deaths to be a Christian after that fashion of Christianity which is based on everlasting love! O man, if you cannot claim this, at any rate desire it, and go humbly on your knees to Christ Jesus, and look to Him, and live!

But, child of God, if you know these drawings, and if it be true that God loves you with an everlasting love, then *are you resting?* "I have a feeble hope," says one. What! How can you talk so? He who is loved with an everlasting love, and knows it, should swim in an ocean of joy. Not a wave of trouble should disturb the glassy sea of his delight. What is to make a man happy if this will not? Come, come; we must have no more hanging heads. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! If the Lord has loved me with an everlasting love, I will not be cast down, though the earth be removed. His love is better than wealth, better than health (great blessing as that is), better than honor, better than usefulness. Everlasting love, and thou hast it! Man alive, wipe the tears out of thine eyes, and lift up thine head! "Oh, rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;" for if He hath loved thee so, what hast thou to fear? What is to be done but to love Him in return who has loved us so much? One thing I know—

"All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come
To bear me to my King."

A SUNDAY WITH THE MORAVIANS. BY VIATOR.

TIME and place being convenient for the purpose, I avail myself of a kind invitation to spend Sunday, in this early summer-time, with a Moravian family in the settlement of Bethlehem, Pa. Arriving there on Saturday evening, I find a friend awaiting me at the depot, and we make our winding, climbing-way, to his home beneath the shadow of the fine old church, which is the chief structure in the place. He is a scholar and a man of fine taste and a delightful companion. Nothing could be more restful than his home, where his mother, who is the widow of an eminent Moravian clergyman, and his sister await our coming. They are highly educated and musical, queens of hospitality, and charming conversers. I feel sweetly at home, and the rest of the evening passes all too quickly. In my sleeping-room I find every comfort, writing materials, and a well-stocked library.

A lovely morning invites to the spacious piazza and the enjoyment of a view of consummate loveliness. Beyond the gardens and orchards before and on each side stretches the Lehigh Valley, dotted here and there with dwellings and churches. Still beyond rises a range of wood-crowned hills, terraces of houses, and isolated structures mingling their varied forms and colors with the abundant green of the noble trees spared from the woodman's axe.

'Tis a high day in the Christian year of the simple and devout Moravians. Sonorous music from trombones calls me from the breakfast-table, and I see in the turret of the church the musicians, whose melody is at once new, pleasing and profoundly sacred. They begin their performance with the fine, pathetic old psalm tune, frequently sung to the passion hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and known as Rockingham. Two grave old German tunes of perhaps equal merit as musical compo-

sitions, follow. The appetite is thus only whetted for a religious service, which is unique in my experience of family devotions.

A pile of books is produced after the meal and placed on the breakfast-table before the venerable lady who is the head of the establishment. She reads reverently the texts and stanza of a hymn, which is the daily portion in the Moravian text-book, first in English, then in German, then in French. Next she opens a well-preserved volume, the leaves of which are brown with age, and reviews what her husband wrote therein of his doings and his whereabouts on the day, in the years of his pious activities. She was with him on many of these occasions, and her memory supplies what the concise entry fails to state. Friends are affectionately remembered, dead or alive, as their names appear in the birthday books of the several members of the family.

Public service in the church is refined and melodious, the prayers partly liturgical and partly extemporaneous, everything expressive of good taste, and the doctrinal teaching an uncompromising adherence to the standards of orthodoxy. An abler production than the sermon is seldom heard. The occasion being a baccalaureate discourse, intended primarily for the profit of the class of theological students who are about to undertake pastoral duty. I am much impressed with the music. Surely these people begin their heaven below. If any fault can be found with the rendering of the grand old melodies and anthems from the German Fatherland, it is that they are sung a trifle too slowly; but, be it ever remembered to the credit of the Moravians, they don't offend the ear of the judicious with the weak, tinkling melodies which too often usurp the place of noble sacred music in our American churches. There is a master hand presiding at the organ, and his skilled fingers reproduce effectively the immortal harmonies of a world-honored composer as I slowly leave the sacred structure.

My well-informed reader knows already that the Moravians provide special services for various classes of the brethren and sisters. The married men have theirs, and so the married women, the unmarried men and the women who have not yet entered into the connubial relation, the youths, the maidens and the children. To-day the "older girls" have their annual love-feast, to which their relatives and friends are invited. We enter the church as the trombonists blow a solemn welcome. A bishop presides, unrobed, wearing only his customary suit of solemn black. After the introductory stanza of a hymn has been sung by the whole congregation he makes a prayer. While "guests" are singing another stanza to another tune, becaped and aproned sisters march in double files up the aisles of the church, carrying trays which are loaded with cakes, that are similar in appearance to the pretzels of the outside wicked world, but, as the trial proves, infinitely pleasanter to the taste, and which they distribute, beginning with the bishop, then to the "older girls" and their "guests." They are followed by men carrying mugs of hot coffee. These are handed out in like manner. While this has been going on, the "girls," "parents," and "all" have contributed songs, devout and holy psalms to the music. An examination of the folder I find in the pew shows how wisely the words of the service have been chosen, a liturgy in verse, leading the people along in a systematic act of worship. Now comes the turn of the choir, who sing the *Jubilate Deo*, during which the congregation disposes of the refreshments given them. Aptly now comes the turn of the "guests," to praise the Lord. In continuation of the devotions, hymn follows hymn, a German anthem being the only deviation from this programme. Other than this, the whole service is in English, but the music is chiefly German, some of it centuries old, and grave and good to admiration. When the bishop pronounces the benediction all feel that they have been sitting in heavenly places.



Mrs. Amanda Smith. (See page 453.)



The Treasure Island of Trinidad. (See page 453.)

At the evening service one of the bishops of the Church makes an able argument, intended to show that the proper, devout discharge of the plain everyday duties of life is a perpetual act of worship. The rest of the evening is spent in conversation blended with music, instrumental and in song, an honored visitor being the chief Moravian bishop, who is styled "brother" by his entertainers, and whose quiet, unpretending dignity befits his ecclesiastical rank.

A WASTER'S FRIEND.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 27: "Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15: 10.

THERE was no doubt as to the character of Finlay McInnes. That was thoroughly established. An iron-moulder, using the language of the trade, said he was a "waster," meaning that he was spoiled and useless. A Scotchman said he was a "ne'er-do-weel," and a pious deacon spoke of him as a "reprobate." There was no denying that Finlay was a bad character. But there was good in him. Many a deed of kindness, many a friendly sympathizing act showed that. He was like a neglected garden in which beautiful flowers and fruits were overgrown by rank weeds, which choked them, as well as concealed them.

One curious feature about Finlay was that the man seemed to have lost his individuality. He was gregarious, and sociable. At school he was not so much a bad boy as one of the worst class in the school. He had been one of the hands in a mill. He had been one of the soldiers in a regiment, allying himself, naturally with the worst men in it. He had been one of a herd of "drunks" in the police court, and one of the prisoners in State's prison. Political speakers regarded him only as one of the voters, and probably purchasable. Social reformers meant Finlay McInnes and his friends when they declaimed about the "masses." It seemed as if he had not stamina enough to assert himself, but must be merged with many more before he had any weight in society. He was dirty, idle, shiftless, drunken, and seemed to make no effort to be anything better; which meant, as it always does, that he was sinking to something worse. There are many of his type in every community.

One day, McInnes entered a horse-car. He was in the intermediate condition between sobriety and drunkenness, in which he passed most of his time before evening, when he generally took the step lower. There was only one vacant seat, and he dropped heavily into it. The lady next to him drew her skirts away from

his dusty trousers, and the gentleman on the other side shifted his position to leave a few inches between them. McInnes saw it, and smiled grimly. He was used to this avoidance of him by respectable people. But something occurred before he left the car that he was not used to. The car had partly cleared and McInnes had one side almost to himself, when a gentleman entered, whom he did not know. He seated himself close to McInnes, and put out his hand.

"How are you, McInnes? I am glad to see you." McInnes concluded the man must be a politician wanting his vote, but he did not look that kind of man. However, he was always sociable, so he grasped the white hand with a, "Same to you, sir."

"I have a few friends coming to tea with me on Saturday," the stranger went on; "I am a neighbor of yours though you don't know me yet. I would like to have you come, too. We shall have a little music and a little talk and a pleasant evening. What do you say?"

"Where is it?"

"Oh, in the next street to you. I'm the new rector of St. Paul's Church. But this is not to be a sermon. We clergymen are not always preaching, you know. This is to be a night off. You will meet some friends of yours. Several are coming. You can bring your pipe. There'll be smoking."

McInnes looked at the man in amazement, but he was evidently in earnest, so he accepted. The next day was Thursday. McInnes was not sure that he had not dreamed the invitation, but he knew it was fact when one or two of his acquaintances told him they also were invited.

Saturday was always a late night with McInnes. He had his week's wages that night, sometimes minus one or two days, when he was not sober enough to work. His wife, therefore, was surprised to see him come in early and begin industriously to "clean himself." That, too, was new, for he did not make a toilet for the saloon. She was still more surprised when about ten o'clock he came home sober, and announced that he should want her to go to church with him to-morrow. There was a new preacher at St. Paul's, and that was where he was going. She was mystified, but she was glad enough to go, and they went. Her attention was given more to Finlay than to the service, it seemed so strange to have him there. She saw the color come into his face when the clergyman announced that he and a few friends had decided to form a social club and the first meeting to settle the details would be at his house on Saturday night. She asked him about it aft-

er service, and he blushed again and smiled proudly. "Oh, yes, I'm going," he said. "ha! I'm one of the friends," he spoke of. He did not know I was one of the clergyman's friends, eh, Mary? Well, I am; he says McInnes straightened up and dropped in a slouching gait.

"I don't quite understand your plan," McInnes said the next Saturday evening. The clergyman, after outlining his idea of a regular weekly meeting, asked him what he thought of it. "But I agree to do what you want. There was a general laugh at the answer. McInnes was not discomposed. He went on. "You have treated me like a man. I begin to have some heart in me. Whatever you've got in your mind is for my good; I'm sure of that and I'll stick with you, sir."

That seemed to be the general impression of the plan was adopted. They would have let the arrangements to the clergyman, but he would not have that. A regular committee must be formed and the men must manage it themselves. He would be president if they liked, would do and read to them, or talk with them, but they must settle it.

After this the saloon saw McInnes no more. He was a friend of the clergyman, and it was not fitting for a clergyman's friend to be in a saloon. He went to church regularly, and the clergyman called at his home. "I was in the saloon but so much rubbish in a heap," he said one day a year afterward to the clergyman, "I picked me out, and made a man of me. I saved you my life."

"No you owe it to Christ who died for you." "Ah, sir, I should never have known Him had not seen Him in you. No one cared for me till you came."

"You are wrong there Finlay. When you turned from your sins there was joy among the angels of God as there always is, when one sinner repenteth, however little value the world sets on him, or he sets on himself."

THE LATE GEN. CLINTON B. FISK.

ALL over this broad land there are hearts that will grieve over the news that Gen. Fisk is dead. Among all our public men there are few whose departure would be more sorely mourned. As a sturdy American citizen, winning his way out of a boyhood of poverty and ignorance, education and affluence, we were proud of him. As a soldier, he won honor and renown. As a philanthropist, he earned the love and gratitude of a struggling race. As a politician, he had the confidence of an influential party. As a Christian man, believing in the Gospel

ing its principles in his life, the esteem of Christian men of all denominations. In the up of every worthy, citizen there is some point of comradeship, in touch with the life of Gen. Fisk.

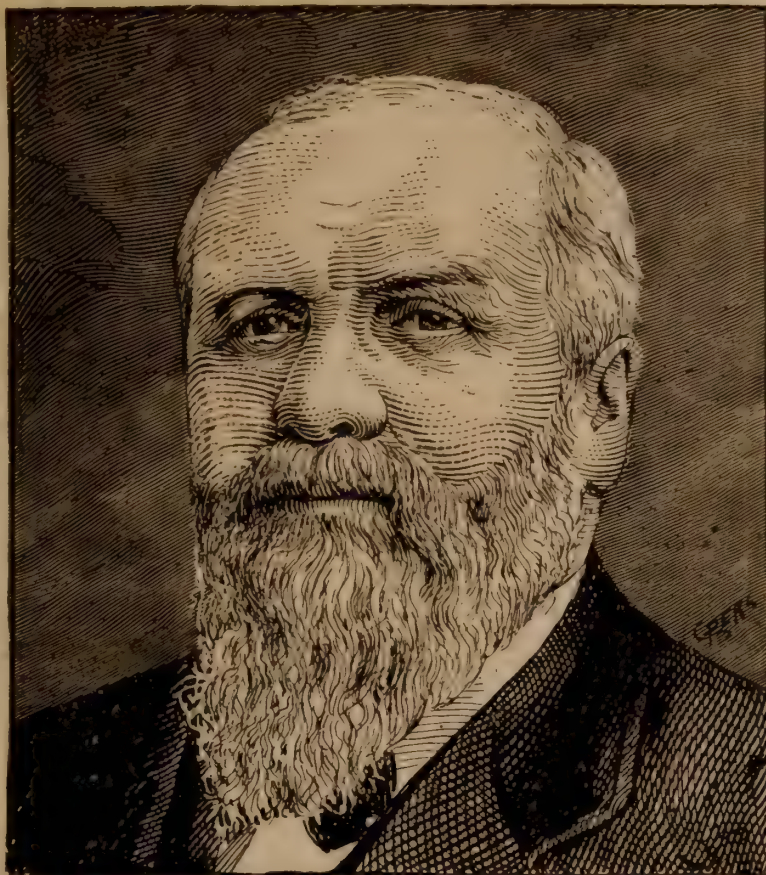
He had been in failing health for months, having never fully recovered from his attack of *la grippe*. His death was unexpected. At the beginning of last week he was as usual, and the physicians made their efforts to relieve him impeded by fatty degeneration of the heart. He had symptoms of typhoid fever, which finally precipitated his end. On Wednesday morning crisis came. It was rheumatism of the heart, the doctors said, and the family was summoned to his bedside. They were only just in time. At 3.30 A. M., on July 9, his busy life closed.

Clinton B. Fisk was born in Livingston County, New York, Dec. 8, 1828, a singular coincidence, repeated afterward when he became a member of the Prohibition party, in a house in which he was born a distillery. He was named after Governor DeWitt Clinton. His father was a blacksmith, and the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, an eminent clergyman, removed to the place soon after his son's birth, and he took the place of his settlement. A few years later he died, leaving a wife and six children in

The boy could get no education after his father was apprenticed to a farmer when he was five years old. But he was eager for learning, and in the long nights of winter, studied by the light of the lamp. He learned to write and cipher, and was anxious to take another step in the learning, he carried his pet coon, which he aimed to do tricks, to a circus, and sold it. He bought a Latin grammar with the money. A copy of Shakespeare also came into his possession about the same time, the price of it being two days work hoeing the corn. By similar means, for money he acquired the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. They were studied as books were sure to be.

In his thirteenth year came an important event in his life. He was sent to school. His father, who was a farmer, was that he should have his employ till he was twenty-one. Fisk had become the wife of a wealthy man who was willing to have his step-son and the farmer good-naturedly released from his apprenticeship. He went to the academy, and he gained more there than at home. He formed the acquaintance of a pretty bright-eyed girl who afterward became his wife. In 1844, his course at the academy being ended, he taught school for a year. A visit to Coldwater, Mich., however, led him to the brother of the girl he loved, and he changed in his occupation. Her father was a lawyer, and he became a lawyer. He was sent to the bright youth, and probably finding what was the attraction that had drawn the visitor there, offered him a partnership in his business. Fisk accepted, and his business talents soon made themselves manifest. The business prospered and young Fisk became practically the head of the firm. He died Feb. 20, 1850.

He was in St. Louis, prospering in business, but he quitted it at the call to arms, and became its colonel, and went to the front. He distinguished himself under General Fremont. He was made Assistant Major-General. He was made Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, and held that position until August, 1866, having it with conspicuous ability, tact, and judgment. It was his experience in



The Late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk.

that office that convinced him that the great need of the colored race was education, and he set himself diligently to the effort of providing the means. Out of his effort grew the Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., named after him, and of which he was president until his death. Gen. Grant appointed him also President of the Indian Commission, and that office too he also retained until the end. Beside these he was a trustee of Dickinson College and of Drew Seminary and of Albion College, Mich.

Early in the Prohibition movement he became an enthusiastic member of the party and worked energetically in its interests. In 1884 he was candidate on that ticket for Governor of New Jersey, and in 1888 he was the unanimous choice of the 1,800 delegates at the Prohibition Convention for the Presidency. In spite of all these public calls on his time and energies, and though he was an active and prosperous business man, Gen. Fisk took a deep interest in religious and philanthropic movements, speaking at public meetings and helping and advising in mission work, and other efforts for the highest welfare of the people. His death leaves a gap in the ranks that it will be hard to fill.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 446.)

OVER THE BRINK.

THE suspense Metta Chapman endured, while she waited for her brother's answer to her letter, tried her severely. She found herself dreading, as much as longing, for its appearance. Her feelings were a revelation to herself. How much firmer a hold than she knew, must Heritage have gained on her affections, when she could be so agitated by the prospect of having to sever her acquaintance with him!

At last the letter came. Metta clutched it eagerly, and carried it off to her own room to read it in solitude. But even there, she was in no hurry to open it. In truth she dreaded to read. She laid it on her table, and sat irresolute. "This is cowardice," she said, suddenly taking it up. "I must know the truth."

It was as Corrigan had said, Mr. Chapman knew of the affair in a general way, but had not troubled himself about its details, or as

to the person to blame, until his sister's letter came. That showed him that there were weighty reasons for his finding out the facts, for Metta had not been able to conceal her interest in the matter. Delos Chapman loved his sister tenderly, and the possibility of her becoming engaged to one unworthy of her, stirred him deeply. He had therefore made inquiries, and had found a young lady among the students who was an intimate friend of Miss Pressley. He broached the subject to her, but she, not knowing how far it was right to disclose the facts her friend had told her, told Mr. Chapman, she would prefer to have him speak to Dolly herself, who would tell him just as much or as little as she chose. He had gone with this lady to see Miss Pressley, and had found her willing to talk of the unhappy affair.

According to Dolly's story, Heritage had sought her out, when she and he were students at the college some four or five years before, had made love to her, won her affections, had become engaged to her, and had a few months afterwards, without any cause that she knew of, broken the engagement and deserted her, leaving her heart-broken. She insisted that she had given him no reason for his conduct, and believed that there was no reason except that he had never been sincere, had only made love to her for his own amusement, and when he became tired of it, had abandoned her. In Dolly's

opinion Heritage was false and fickle, a selfish man, who had no compunction about trifling with a girl's affections.

"You must bear in mind, my dear sister, Delos Chapman wrote," this is an *ex-parte* statement, and there may be some facts, which Miss Pressley did not care to disclose, which may have justified Heritage's conduct. It is not fair to any one to come to a conclusion as to culpability, on the statement of an interested party. But this side of the case is the only one that I can get, here. I have tried to get the other, but Heritage's friends do not appear to know the facts, as he was of a reserved disposition. They do know, however, that there was an engagement, and that it was broken by Heritage. So far, this confirms Miss Pressley's story, but it gives no clue to the reasons he may have had for doing so. We cannot imagine his acting without reasons. He does not appear the kind of man, to act from mere caprice." I have read two chapters of his story, *Parted Lives*, in the *Reflector*, and I am bound to say they impress me favorably as the writing of a sincere, earnest, high principled man.

"For my own part, I do not condemn him, and will not, without hearing his explanation. Miss Pressley, even in our short interview, and with all the sympathy that her evident suffering naturally aroused in me, did not impress me as a very desirable wife for a highly intellectual man. She is well educated, but her mind seemed to me small, and her passions strong and not well regulated. I think it possible that unconsciously she may have colored her story, and perhaps, by long brooding have imagined some of the facts.

"Of course I draw my own inferences from your interest in the matter. If they are correct, you will have the right to demand an explanation from Heritage of this affair, and you ought to do so before entertaining any proposition of his for nearer relations. I shall pray that God will give you wisdom to guide you rightly in this momentous matter."

After reading this sensible letter, Metta sat for an hour in her room staring with dry eyes out of the window, her heart standing still with agony. Could it be that the man whom she had respected so highly, the talented educator, the professed Christian, the author of a religious

story—could it be that he was a heartless trifler, or if not that, a man of fickle affections and a disposition of utter selfishness?

And did she love him? Her cheeks flushed with a deep crimson as the thought came. How could she help it, when she had thought him the soul of honor, and when he had betrayed his own attachment to her in every word and act since their acquaintance began? But now—what should she do? The hours passed, and the darkness of night wrapped the apartment in gloom, and yet the girl sat absorbed in her grief, trying to see her way clear, and praying for strength.

There may be a "philosophy of disenchantment," yet it is difficult to bear the disenchantment philosophically, and this is true, whether it be a human ideal that has been shattered, or a faith once sacredly and lovingly cherished, that has slipped from our grasp, leaving us to drift without anchor or chart upon the sea of uncertainty. There was a slight parallelism between Metta Chapman's disappointment and the discomposure, or rather discontent, of a young man who, one April day, was driving slowly along one of the numerous highways that led like focussing rays, into the city of Basserine.

A casual glance would have revealed that he was tall, though too largely built to be called slender, that his forehead was high and receding, with the hair combed back and twirled a little to the right, and that his features were all strongly defined, rendered more prominent by the fact that his face was cleanly shaven. A little closer inspection would have shown gray eyes, arched over by heavy brows and made keen and piercing by the intensely black iris. An artist would have declared at once that he was not sufficiently compact in his physique for a model, and even a less artistic judgment would have scarcely pronounced him an Apollo; yet there was a certain heartiness, an impulsive generosity in the rapid and slightly awkward swing of his large frame when he walked past you, that made you like him and give him your full confidence. A certain foreign expression in his face made one feel that he might have Scandinavian blood in his veins, but a few words would have quickly proclaimed him a thorough-going young American. "I wish—I wish," he said aloud, and then giving his horse a slight, absent-minded stroke with his carriage whip, he allowed his thoughts to ramble on at their own free will.

"Ah! yes. 'I wish, I wish.' It was the unsatisfied craving of the human heart, which like the grave itself, is always crying for more, for that which it has not or cannot attain. Even those who have drunk the cup of pleasure to satiety, go about with a wearied *blase* air, and cannot stifle the yearning for something that will fill the vacuum of the soul, the very discontent written on their faces being an index of the sense of a gnawing emptiness within.

And what was the one thing lacking in the life of Howard Wescott as he bowed along on that pleasant afternoon of April? He was by nature and training, a young man of deep moral earnestness, every fibre of his being revolting against that which was dishonorable and every force of his soul crying out for the attainment of the *summum bonum* of life. Antecedent to, or perhaps parallel with, this aspiration for moral good, was an intense longing for the truth, for without a knowledge of ultimate truth his logical mind plainly saw that there could be no basis for the ethical. The more hazy our assurance of truth, the more hazy our conceptions of the moral standard. And yet—mournful fact!—while his moral intuitions recoiled from the thought of the obliteration of all ethical relations, his grasp upon any system of truth was very feeble, and he felt himself mentally as well as morally "all at sea."

The causes of this melancholy state of mind may be briefly traced. During the war of secession his father had enlisted with a company of volunteers, and had fought bravely in a number of battles for two years, having gained some promotion; but at last, in one of the

most sanguinary contests of that era of strife, he had fallen on the field, and his body had been brought home for burial in the village grave-yard. Howard was but a lad at the time, but as he stood, with his mother and young sister, looking down upon the pale, motionless features of his father, a feeling of fierce rebellion rushed in his heart and seemed to turn his scalding tears into globules of fire.

Yet time had exerted its wonted power, and the keenness of the grief had worn off by degrees. As he grew into young manhood his mother who had been left with a considerable patrimony, sent him to one of the best colleges of the Middle States, where he had graduated with honor a year before our introduction to him. He finally decided to take up the law as his profession, and was now in the office of his sister's husband, who was an attorney in the city of Basserine. He had already taken one course of lectures at a celebrated law school.

His father had been a devoted Christian, and Howard could still hear, in imagination, his voice lifted in earnest prayer in the village church. After her husband's death, Mrs. Wescott had striven to instil the principles of religion in the minds of her children, and Mary, the boy's sister, had at an early age become a professed Christian. For various reasons, chiefly because he was so occupied with his studies, Howard had adjourned coming to a definite decision on the question of religion, until he went to college. At a time of religious awakening in the college, during his Sophomore year when a number of his classmates were converted, he was powerfully moved, and was almost on the point of yielding.

At this crisis in his spiritual life an untoward event occurred. He was walking slowly up the gravel walk that led from the gymnasium to the dormitory, where he roomed, when he was overtaken by one of his fellow-students, a member of the Senior class. Howard's mind was engrossed with the religious themes that had been pressed upon his attention, and so he said, tentatively:

"McDane, what do you think of the religious awakening we are having?"

"I don't think much of it," responded the other, shrugging his shoulders.

"Why not?" in surprise.

"Because it's mere excitement, nothing but gush and sentiment. It is emotion run wild. Some of the fellows are being so carried away with the spasm of feeling that they have cast reason and good sense to the winds. Even several of the professors are losing their mental equilibrium."

"Why, McDane, what makes you take that view of the case?"

"Well, in the first place, no man with a sound, healthy cranium, can accept the Bible as the Word of God, according to my way of thinking, and I've read it a good deal. Yet these fiery, young quasi-evangelists are reading the Bible every day to their hearers, and are basing the whole revival upon it, confessedly so. Am I not right, Wescott?"

"Certainly."

"In the next place," pursued McDane, disdainfully, "the whole thing is unscientific, and therefore unreasonable. Our processes of thought are far in advance of those old Bible times, and I don't believe in going back over eighteen centuries of progress to find the criteria of truth. I should a great deal rather see a revival of scientific inquiry in the college. Why, just look at it! Since this religious frenzy has taken possession of the institution, the work of our literary societies has been lagging, recitations have been neglected, and the proper work of the college is at a stand-still."

"If the speakers are right, this matter of the soul is of more importance than mere mental education," said Wescott.

"But they are not right," said McDane, earnestly. "They are fanatical. They are superstitious. All these anthropomorphic ideas are ridiculous. Come with me and I will lend you a book that will show you how absurd they are.

It will cure you of any inclination toward emotional insanity.

Howard got the book, and hurrying to room, sat down to peruse it. It was in the evening, and as he feverishly devoured after page, lessons were forgotten, even the evening service at which he had promised to present, was banished from his mind. Morning was approaching before he laid the book aside and flung himself upon his couch for a few hours of sleep.

It was his first introduction to rationalist literature. It put the leaven of doubt into his mind. He would not go near the meetings that, and even dismissed the subject a curtly when several of his friends pressed upon his attention.

"It's no use to talk, fellows," he snapped, "don't believe in those meetings, I don't want to go to them, and I won't."

From that time he drifted by degrees from secret rationalism, then into open unbelief, finally into agnosticism, seeing no ground upon which to take his stand.

A few months before our meeting him he had lost his mother, who had died suddenly of a disease, without the opportunity of saying a word of farewell. It was a severe blow to the young man, who loved her with fond devotion and whose chivalrous attention to her had been a subject of remark in the village where he had been brought up. He seemed to regard upon the death of his mother as a piece of injustice to himself, entirely out of keeping with all our conceptions of a kind, over-ruling providence. What had she done, what had he done, what had anyone done, that such a calamity should befall? As he drove along on that day, musing on these problems, his frame of mind became more and more fierce, so that impulsively gave his horse a sharp stroke, and he regretted the next moment.

The quick leap of the animal caused him to look up, and as he did so, he caught sight of a "traction-engine" steaming along the road toward him. The highway at the meeting skirted the steep, sandy bank of a broad river. A tremor ran through the young man's body, for he knew that his horse was a nervous animal and would not want to pass a steam engine. Yet Howard felt that he could not stop the time to turn about and drive around the other road so far out of his way. He determined to try to pass.

Taking the reins firmly in hand, he took the animal, which was now holding his head high in the air and snorting ominously, by the whip. Several times the horse reared, but was urged on by his driver. He came within a few rods of the engine, and turned out to the right to pass by, driving in a few yards of the river-bank. The engine had stopped his engine to let Howard pass, and accidentally, or thoughtlessly, he touched a lever causing the steam to escape with a loud, hissing noise from one of the valves.

This so frightened Howard's horse that he reared wildly and then wheeled like a top around to the right. Frantic with terror the horse plunged from imaginary into real danger. He had been driven so near the bank that he wheeled about, his fore-feet, instead of resting on the solid ground, crashed down at the brink; the loose earth gave way beneath his weight, and the next instant horse, carriage and driver plunged over, rolling over and over the steep, sandy declivity in a tangled mass to the very edge of the river. The horse stopped fiercely, kicking and plunging, until he freed himself from the harness, and then scampering down by the river.

"I'm afraid the young man's killed," claimed one of the enginemen, running to the wreck below. "Oh, it's terrible! What do we do for him, if it's not too late?"

As the men, stood horror-stricken, on the bank, they saw Howard lying motionless on a broken carriage wheel.

(To be Continued.)

TAIN ENLIGHTENED.
The most effective arguments a use in urging sinners to seek of His readiness to receive them. of God, paradoxical as the ex- seem, that keeps them away. An incident is mentioned in the the late Rev. W. H. Burton, used in pressing the argument He says :
The war between England and English merchant ships used to by a man of war, and the hant ships were taken across a similar fashion. A French ssel had set out from some but she and her convoy had d by a storm, and she could protector. My father was the channel just off Plymouth, with this ship in great distress, mping hard to save the vessel and there was a strong south owing, a fair wind right into The French captain was doing uld—doing his very level best ay from the English coast, be- afraid that he would be taken d that his ship would be sold, ade a prisoner. My father told w his vessel went up alongside ssel, and said to the captain, do you not go into Plymouth? aptain looked as if he thought e making game of him, and they will take my ship, and e my men, and we shall be rs. But the fact was that rich merchant ship had left the he war had ceased, peace had , and there was no strife be- land France. When the good d to the French captain, he joy, and at once he took the and ran into Plymouth where tly safe, and his vessel was nd. That is just a picture of s of people are keeping them- rom rest and keeping them- rom peace! Knowing that heart is at enmity with God i, until they find that He has rough the blood of Christ.”

IN OF INFLUENCE.
ows when he labors for the any one what may be the re- ports. It may reach on from r until it may influence the erations yet unborn. One pen-air service in London, a rakened. “I am a crimson- she said. Conversion fol- len brought with her a young also received the Word and ot long afterwards that young lay on her death-bed, sent to her Christian friends: “I a hair’s breadth.” These the title and theme of a tract in a letter to a shipmaster’s ste. The little message was oly Spirit to convey the sav- of Christ to the shipmaster’s sband, on his return from a nazed at her conversion. At d furiously, because she had vivalist.” By-and-by better iled, and he, too, became an eand a diligent worker. And is sons is preparing for the ministry. So far the young last link added to the chain; ay it ends there?

SLIDER’S RETURN.
e evangelist, who has been in the suburbs of Birming- he following report of an ent: “Last Tuesday night, lose of our meeting, we were party of six persons walking , their seats near the front, o, determined way in which it was seen that they had e for a purpose. Seeing look on the countenance of e, well-built man, and feeling ght going on within, I gave While singing, the man, with down his cheeks, rose, went t form, sobbed and cried for e a few minutes had passed

away, he could sing, ‘My God is reconciled.’ As he stood upon his feet, he asked to be allowed to say a few words; the request being very gladly complied with, he said, amidst tears and sobs, ‘Brothers and sisters, I was once a superintendent of a Sunday-school, the teacher of a large Bible-class. God having blessed me with good talents, I earned plenty of money, became a member of a Methodist society, but I fell through drink. A friend offered me a glass; I at first refused, but he pressed me again and again, only to take one glass. At last I yielded; I could not stop there, but went from the first to the second, and soon be- come addicted to drinking, lost the favor of God, became a backslider from Him I loved, until I became a drunkard. But I could not rest any longer, I was obliged to come to this meeting, and, thank God,’ he shouted, ‘I am again adopted in His fold.’ We all sang together after the testimony of the converted man. These persons walked from their homes, a distance of over two miles, to bring him to Christ.”

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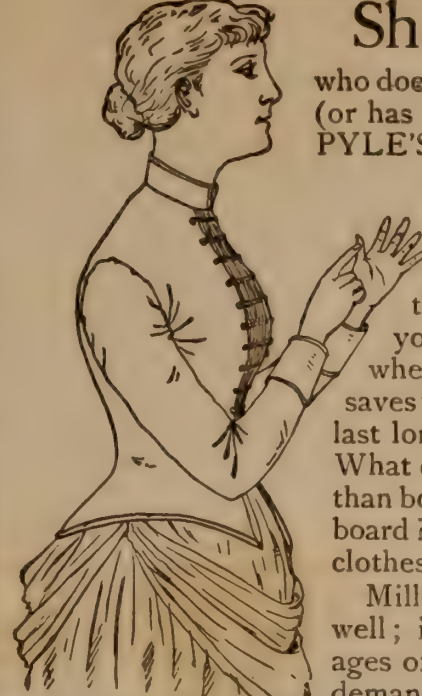
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THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about "the building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won:

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay, and stubble,'" I said;
"It will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees such a building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a blotch she had made it—
The gray mis-matching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down his temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child! she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

And, for the real love that was in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine:
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there, in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

Mrs. Herrick Johnson.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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SWEDISH GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

A VISIT has recently been paid to Sweden by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. He was invited there by a Christian pastor, who said he was sure that if his countrymen knew of the needs of China, as Mr. Taylor alone could present them, they would help him to send more missionaries. Mr. Taylor gladly

complied, and has returned full of joy and thankfulness. The enthusiasm manifested was beyond his most sanguine expectations, and some of the gifts were a remarkable proof of devotion. He says:

"I was speaking at a large meeting, and told the story of a young lady in China who had taken off her jewelry and ornaments and given them to the Lord so be used in His work. At the end of the meeting a lady, dressed in deep mourning, came up to me and thrust into my hand a handsome little watch. It was a fine little thing of artistic workmanship, and I am sure she valued it very much. As she handed it to me she said, 'It is for the Lord Jesus.' I am sure the Lord thought very much of that gift. It is a true gift when we give to the Lord something which we miss ourselves.

"The average meeting was about two thousand, and if sometimes there might not be that number of people in the hall, it was because the hall was not large enough, but large numbers crowded the street. I have seen a row of men standing on a form, and another row on either side between the forms. When the collection was taken at this meeting there was a great trouble, for the people were so closely packed together that they could scarcely get at their pockets, but every one assisted, and hats were improvised into collection plates and passed round. One old sailor had put his few small coins into the hat, then, not content with that, as the hat was going away he plunged his hand into his pocket, and, taking out a large snuff-box, put it, snuff and all, in among the other offerings. When the collection was made up a gentleman bought the snuff-box and its contents for twenty Swedish crowns (about \$6.50). When asked why he offered so much for that comparatively worthless box, the purchaser replied that it was well worth the money as a memorial of what religion could do, for it had been its owner's most treasured possession for many years."

A WORD WITH A MURDERER.

A MAN convicted of murder and lying under sentence of death, fell sick, and was visited by the prison surgeon, who tried to do something for his soul as well as for his body. He also asked pious friends to call upon him. They did so and spoke of the willingness of Christ to receive even the worst who came to Him. Nothing, however, made any impression. He seemed completely hardened. By-and-by a good old man visited the cell, and this is the account the prisoner gave of that visit. "Doctor," he said, "you don't understand how to do good to our souls; you kept saying, 'Repent, repent.' But that dear old man came and sat down beside me, and with an eye full of tenderness said to me, 'John, wasn't it wonderful goodness on the part of the Almighty that He should have loved us so much as to send His only begotten Son into the world to save such sinners as you and I?' Why, doctor, that word 'I' killed me; it killed me dead; I couldn't get over it, that he should put himself on the same level with me, a convicted murderer; I cannot keep it out of my mind." He never could, and it ended in his fleeing to Christ for pardon.

A COMPANION'S TAUNT.

THE UNREASONABLENESS of a drunken associate recently led to a young man's reform, and ultimately to his conversion. The Rev. William Ross states that he knew a youth, who was one of a party of friends who spent their evenings in a convivial manner. They persuaded a keeper of a liquor saloon to set apart, for their special use, a room in his basement, and they went there every night to drink, smoke and sing songs. One of the young men was converted, and the place knew him no more. Another of the party, who was his most intimate friend, separated from him when the change came, and continued his attendance at the club. His mother became ill, and desired him to stay at home with her; but even her pleadings were of no avail, he preferred the noise of the wine cellar to the quiet of his home. One evening his mother became so anxious and disturbed about him, that her daughter, fearing her anxiety might seriously affect

her mind, volunteered to go and bring him home. The mother consented, and soon the girl stood at the door of the liquor saloon in which her brother sat. She sent in her name, and at once he came out. When he was told how anxious his mother was, on his account, he immediately agreed to return home, and going back to his companions, bade them good-night. As he passed out, he heard the remark, "It is a pity so clever a fellow as he should be tied to his sister's apron strings! I suppose he will be getting converted, like his friend?" The words rasped upon his feelings. They implied an unnatural disposition on the part of the speaker. It seemed to the young man that he must be very far sunk not to recognize in the sickness of a mother a call of duty. He wondered if he himself would sink as low as this if he continued to drink and associate with them. He felt it was possible, and he resolved that that should be the last time he would ever enter that place. And he kept his resolution, bringing joy to the hearts of his mother and sister, which joy was redoubled when a short time afterwards he gave his heart to Christ.

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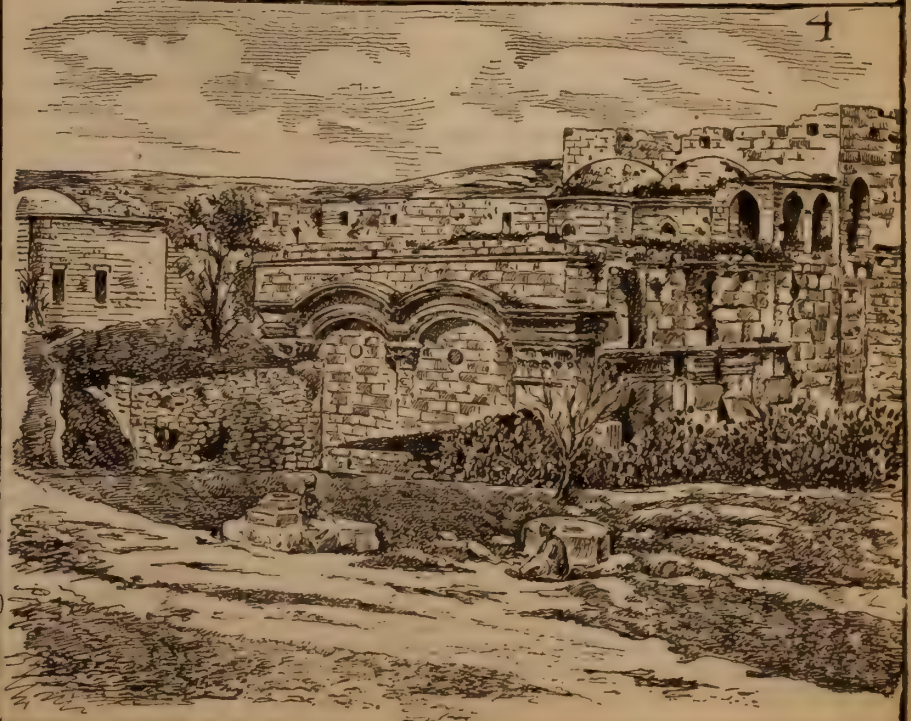
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1. The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem—2. Women in Oriental Costume—3. The Ecce Homo Arch—4. The Walled-up Golden Gate of Jerusalem.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE WIDE-OPEN DOOR.

"And, behold, a door was opened in heaven." Rev. 4: 1.

The Exiled Apostle—Suffering for Faithful Preaching—A Contrast Between Him and Napoleon—A Barren Home—Other Seers Uncomfortably Located—Bunyan's View of the Open Door—Its Suggestions—A Door through which God Looks—Nothing too Humble to Attract His Notice—An Entrance for Prayers—Rhetoric Unnecessary—An Opening for Human Vision—Consolations the Sight Imparts—An Entrance for the Christian—The Door Still Open—An Invitation to Sinners.

JOHN had been the pastor of a church in Ephesus. He had been driven from his position in that city by an indignant populace. The preaching of a pure and earnest gospel had made an excitement dangerous to every form of iniquity. This will often be the result of pointed preaching. Men will flinch under the sword strokes of truth. You ought not to be surprised that the blind man makes an outcry of pain when the surgeon removes the cataract from his eye. It is a good sign when you see men uneasy in the church pew and exhibiting impatience at some plain utterance of truth which smites a pet sin that they are hugging to their hearts. After the patient has been so low that for weeks he said nothing and noticed nothing, it is thought to be a good sign when he begins to be a little cross. And so I notice that spiritual invalids are in a fair way for recovery, when they become somewhat irascible and choleric under the treatment of the truth. But John had so mightily inculcated public iniquity that he had been banished from his church and sent to Patmos, a desolate island, only a mile in breadth, against whose rocky coasts the sea rose and mingled its voice with the prayers and hymnings of

The Heroic Exile.

You cannot but contrast the condition of this banished apostle with that of another famous exile. Look at the apostle on Patmos and the great Frenchman on St. Helena. Both were suffering among desolation and barrenness because of offences committed. Both had passed through lives eventful and thrilling. Both had been honored and despised. Both were imperial natures. Both had been turned off to die. Yet mark the infinite difference: one had fought for the perishable crown of worldly authority, the other for one eternally lustrous. The one had marked his path with the bleached skulls of his followers, the other had introduced peace and good-will among men. The one had lived chiefly for self-aggrandizement and the other for the glory of Christ. The successes of the one were achieved amid the breaking of thousands of hearts and the acute, heaven-rending cry of orphanage and widowhood, while the triumphs of the other made joy in heaven among the angels of God.

The Exile of St. Helena.

The heart of one exile was filled with remorse and despair, while the other was lighted up with thanksgiving and inextinguishable hope. Over St. Helena gathered the blackness of darkness, clouds lighted up by no sunrising, but rent and fringed and heaving with the lightnings of a wrathful God, and the spray flung over the rocks seemed to hiss with the condemnation: "The way of the ungodly shall perish." But over Patmos the heavens were opened, and the stormy sea beneath was forgotten in the roll and gleam of waters from under the throne like crystal, and the barrenness of the ground under the apostle was forgotten as above him he saw the trees of life all bending under the rich glow of heavenly fruitage, while the hoarse blast of contending elements around his suffering body was drowned in the trumpeting of trumpets and the harping of harps, the victorious cry of multitudes like the voice of many waters and the hosanna of hosts in number like the stars.

What a dull spot upon which to stand and have such a glorious vision! Had Patmos been some tropical island, arbored with the luxuriance of perpetual summer and drowsy with breath of cinnamon and cassia, and tessellated with long aisles of geranium and cactus, we

would not have been surprised at the splendor of the vision. But the last place you would go to if you wanted to find beautiful visions would be the island of Patmos. Yet it is around such gloomy spots that God makes the most wonderful revelation. It was looking through the awful shadows of a prison that John Bunyan saw the gate of the celestial city. God there divided the light from the darkness. In that gloomy abode, on scraps of old paper picked up about his room, the great Dream was written. It was while John Calvin was a refugee from bloody persecution and was hid in

A House at Angouleme,

that he conceived the idea of writing his immortal *Institutes*. Jacob had many a time seen the sun breaking through the mists and kindling them into shafts and pillars of fiery splendor that might well have been a ladder for the angels to tread on, but the famous ladder which he saw soared through a gloomy night over the wilderness. The night of trial and desolation is the scene of the grandest heavenly revelations. From the barren, surf-beaten rock of Patmos, John looked up and saw that a door was opened in heaven.

Again: The announcement of such an opened entrance suggests the truth that God is looking down upon the earth and observant of all occurrences. If we would gain a wide prospect, we climb up into a tower or mountain. The higher up we are the broader the landscape we behold. Yet our most comprehensive view is limited to only a few leagues—here a river and there a lake and yonder a mountain peak. But what must be the glory of the earth in the eye of Him who, from the door of heaven, beholds at one glance all mountains and lakes and prairies and oceans, lands bespangled with tropical gorgeousness and arctic regions white with everlasting snows, Lebanon majestic with cedars and American wilds solemn with unbroken forests of pine, African deserts of glistening sand and wildernesses of water unbroken by ship's keel, continents covered with harvests of wheat and rice and maize, the glory of every zone, the whole world of mountains and seas and forests and islands taken in a single

Glance of their Creator.

As we take our stand upon some high point, single objects dwindle into such insignificance that we cease to see them in the minutiae, and we behold only the grand points of the scenery. But not so with God. Although standing far up in the very tower of heaven, nothing by reason of its smallness escapes His vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope, aster and gentian are as plainly seen by Him as the proudest magnolia, and not one vein of color in their leaf deepens or fades without His notice. From this door in heaven God sees all human conduct and the world's moral changes. Not one tear of sorrow falls in hospital or workshop or dungeon but He sees it and in high heaven makes record of its fall. The world's iniquities in all their ghastliness glower under His vision. Wars and tumults and the desolations of famine and earthquake, whirlwind and shipwreck, spread out before Him. If there were no being in all the universe but God, He could be

Happy with Such an Outlook

as from the door of heaven. But there He stands, no more disturbed by the fall of a kingdom than the dropping of a leaf, no more excited by the rising of a throne than the bursting of a bud, the falling of a deluge than the trickling of a raindrop. Earthly royalty clutches nervously its sceptre and waits in suspense the will of inflamed subjects and the crown is tossed from one family to another. But above all earthly vicissitude and the assault of human passions, in unshaken security stands the King of kings, watching all the affairs of His empire from the introduction of an era to the counting of the hairs of your head.

Again: I learn from the fact that a door in heaven is opened, that there is a way of entrance for our prayers and of egress for divine blessings. It does not seem that our weak voice has

strength enough to climb up to God's ear. Shall not our prayer be lost in the clouds? Have words wings? The truth is plain. Heaven's door is wide open to receive every prayer. Must it not be loud? Ought it not to ring up with the strength of stout lungs? Must it not be a loud call, such as drowning men utter or like the shout of some chieftain in the battle? No; a whisper is as good as a shout, and the mere wish of the soul in profound silence is as good as a whisper. It rises just as high and accomplishes just as much.

But ought not prayer to be made up of golden words if it is to enter such

A Splendid Door

and live beside seraphim and archangel? Ought not every phrase be rounded into perfection, ought not the language be musical, and classic, and poetic, and rhetorical? No, the most illiterate outcry, the unjointed petition, the clumsy phrase, the sentence breaking into grammatical blunders, an unworded groan, is just as effectual if it be the utterance of the soul's want. A heart all covered up with garlands of thought would be no attraction to God, but a heart broken and contrite, that is the acceptable sacrifice. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rising up in the mighty harmony of a musical academy may overpower our ear and heart, but it will not reach the ear of God like the broken voiced hymn of some sufferer amid rags and desolation looking up trustfully to a Saviour's compassion, singing amid tears and pangs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I suppose that there was more rhetoric and classic elegance in the prayers of the Pharisees than of the publican, but you know which was successful. You may kneel with complete elegance on some soft cushion at an altar of alabaster, and utter a prayer of Miltonic sublimity but neither your graceful posture nor the roll of your blank verse will attract

Heavenly Attention,

while over some dark cellar in which Christian pauper is prostrate in the straw, angel bend from their thrones and cry one to another "Behold, he prays!" Through this open door of heaven what a long procession of prayers continually passing! What thanksgivings! What confessions! What intercessions! What beseechings! "And behold a door was opened in heaven."

Again: The door of heaven is opened to allow us the opportunity of looking in. Christ when He came from heaven to Bethlehem, left open, and no one since has dared to shut it. Matthew threw it still wider open when he came to write, and Paul pushed the door further back when he spoke of the glory to be revealed, and John in Revelation actually points us to the harp and the waters, and the crowns, and the throne. There are profound mysteries about that blessed place that we cannot solve. But look through this wide open door of heaven and see what you can see. God means us to look and catch up now something of the rapture, and attune our hearts to its worship.

A Sight of Christ.

It is wide open enough to see Christ. Behold Him, the chief among ten thousand, all the bannered pomp of heaven at His feet. With your enkindled faith look up along these ranks of glory. Watch how their palms wave and hear how their voices ring. Floods clapping their hands, streets gleaming with gold, uncounted multitudes ever accumulating in number and ever rising up into gladder hosannas. You cannot stand to look upon that joy for at least one hour, how could you endure to dwell among it forever? You would wish yourself out of it in three days and choose the ear again or any other place where it was not always Sunday.

My hearer in worldly prosperity, affluent, honored, healthy and happy, look in upon the company of the redeemed, and see how the poor soul in heaven is better off than you are, brighter in apparel, richer in estate, higher in power. Hearers, afflicted and tried, look in through the open door that you may see to what gladness

and glory you are coming, to what life, to what riches, to what royalty. Hearers pleased with fascination with this world, gather up your purs for one appreciative look upon riches that never fly away, upon health that never falters, upon sceptres that never break, upon expectations that are never disappointed. Look and see if there are not enough crowns to pay us for all our battles, enough rest to relieve our fatigues, enough living fountains to quench all our thirst, enough glory to dash out forever and ever all earth's sighing and restlessness and darkness. Battles ended, tears wiped away, thorns plucked from the bosoms, stabs healed, the tomb riven—what a scene to look upon!

To Admit the Believer.

Again: The door of heaven stands open for the Christian's final entrance. Death to the righteous is not climbing high walls or fording deep rivers, but it is entering an open door. If you ever visit the old homestead where you were born and while father and mother are yet alive, as you go up the lane in front of the farm-house and you put your hand on the door and lift the latch, do you shudder with fear? No, you are glad to enter. So your last sickness will be only the lane in front of your Father's house from which you hear the voice of singing before you reach the door. And death, that is the lifting of the latch before you enter greetings and embraces of the innumerable family of the righteous. Nay there is no latch, for John says the door is already open. What company of spirits have already entered those portals, bright and shining. Souls released from the earthly prison house, how they shout! As they went through! Spirits that sped up from the flames of martyrdom making heaven richer as they went in, pouring their notes into the celestial harmony.

Still Open.

And that door has not begun to shut. If redeemed by grace, we all shall enter it. This side of it we have wept, but on the other side of it we shall never weep. On this side we may have grown sick with weariness, but on the other side of it we shall be without fatigue. On this side we bleed with the warrior's wounds, on the other side we shall wave the victor's palm. When you think of dying what makes your brow contract, what makes you breathe so deep and sigh? What makes you gloomy in passing a graveyard? Follower of Christ, you have been thinking that death is something terrible, the measuring of lances with a powerful antagonist, the closing in of a conflict which may be your everlasting defeat. You do not want much to think of dying. The step beyond this life seems so mysterious you dread the taking of it. Why, who taught you this lesson of horrors? Heaven's door is wide open, and you step out of your sick room into those portals. Not as long as a minute will elapse between your departure and your arrival there. Not half so long as the twinkling of an eye. Not a millionth part of an instant. There is no tumbling into darkness. There is no plunging down into mysterious depths. The door is open. This instant you are here, the next you are there. When

A Vessel Struck the Rocks

off the French coast, while the crew were upon the beach, a cage of birds in the ship's cabin, awakened, began to sing most sweetly and when the last man left the vessel they were singing yet. Even so in the last hour of our dissolution when driven on the coast of the other world may our disembarkation from this rough, tossing life be amid the eternal singing of a thousand promises of deliverance and victory!

For all repenting and believing souls the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of mercy, the door of comfort, for the poorest as well as the wealthiest, for the outcast as well as for the moralist, for Chinese coolie as well as his emperor, for the Russian boor as well as the Czar, for the Turk as well as the Sultan. Richer than all wealth, more refreshing than all fountains,

deeper than all depths, higher than all heights, and broader than all breadths is the salvation of Jesus Christ which I press upon your consideration. Come all ye travellers of the desert under these palm-trees. Oh, if I could gather before you that tremendous future upon which you are invited to enter—dominions and principalities, day without night, martyrs under the throne and the four and twenty elders falling before it, stretching off in great distances the hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, host beside host, rank beyond rank, in infinite distance, nations of the saved beyond nations of the saved, until angelic visions cease to catch anything more than the faint outline of whole empires yet outstretching beyond the capacity of any vision save the eye of God Almighty. Then, after I had finished the sketch, I would like to ask you if that place is not grand enough, and high enough, and if anything could be added, any purity to the whiteness of the robes, any power to the acclaiming thunders of its worship. And all that may be yours.

THE TROUBLE IN JAPAN.

THE work of the missionaries in Japan, which some months ago was most hopeful, and promised better results than work in any other field, has suddenly become difficult and meets with opposition. A writer in the *Spirit of Missions* gives a clue to the cause of the change. He says that much of the difficulty has arisen from the supercilious behavior of Americans and Europeans in their manner to the Japanese. Their assumption of superiority, and neglect of the courtesies of ordinary life have hurt native pride, and stirred the resentment of the people. The Japanese people are very sensitive, and they have had just cause for indignation and resentment. A minister of the United States to Japan, in a public address just before he left for his post, spoke of the Japanese as "as our little brown friends over the water." The Emperor of Japan and his ministers naturally took umbrage at such words spoken on such an occasion by one who was the accredited representative of his country, and many are the affronts and the aggressions which the sensitive Japanese have had to endure from both the official and unofficial classes of foreigners. The presence of non-missionary foreigners is, after a time not desired in any Asiatic country because of their contemptuous and overbearing conduct toward the natives of the lower class, and the condescending and patronizing air of many of even the better class of foreigners.

This is much to be deplored, and it is not exaggerated. Even in ordinary life at home we see much of it. There is no man in humble life who does not have to submit to this thinly concealed contempt from his superiors in wealth and station. There is more truth than at first sight appears in the Apostle's remark, that the greatest of all gifts is love, that is not puffed up and that thinketh no evil.

AN OPERATION AVERTED.

AN incident of Divine healing, of a well attested character, is reported by Mrs. Montgomery (Carrie Judd) in her *Triumphs of Faith*. It occurred recently in Toronto where a Home in which healing through faith in Christ is taught and practised, has been opened. It is called *Bethany Home*, and Mrs. R. I. Fletcher, who conducts it, tells the story. The following are the facts taken from her narrative:

The first guest in the Home was a dear Scotch girl about twenty, a stranger in a strange land, suffering with ovaritis. After being in the general Hospital for three months, she left rather worse than on entering. She then spent six months in "St. John's Hospital," and while there, at a consultation held by five doctors, it was decided she must choose between a fearful operation, or a life of suffering. She decided for the latter and left the hospital suffering intensely and thoroughly disheartened; her physician remarking to her at that time that she would be back to them in a few weeks, thankful to undergo

it, as she could not long endure the life of suffering that was before her. About a week later the Lord led me to her, and as I told her of the Great Physician who still goes about healing all manner of diseases, and of the wonders God had done for me under similar suffering, the spirit carried the truth home to her heart.

She afterward called at the Home for conversation on the subject and was persuaded to remain with us for at least a week. One week from that day she accepted the Lord as her Healer, and such a transformation as immediately took place in her was indeed marvellous to behold.

The next day she was on foot from early morning until late at night, and when retiring, remarked: "I have hardly had an ache or pain this whole day." Only those who had witnessed her sufferings for a whole year previous, and knew how much she was obliged to lie in bed, could fully realize all that this meant. The day following she left us, perfectly healed by the Lord Himself. Since then she has called to see us fairly radiant—Christ being literally the "health of her countenance." And above all the Master is using her greatly in making her life a blessing to others.

A RESCUED UNFORTUNATE.

THOSE who are sceptical about the success of efforts to reach the girls who are leading immoral lives in our great cities, have no difficulty in finding facts to support their belief, but there are many instances of a different character which prove that the attempt to rescue individual women is worth making, and is often blessed with success. Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, tells the story of one such case in his *Watchword*. It shows how the kindly word of Mrs. McCosh, the wife of the eminent ex-President of Princeton, touched a heart apparently beyond the reach of Christian influence, and led to the salvation of many souls. The story, which is told at length by Dr. Gordon, is briefly as follows:

Margaret was led astray very early: found herself at the age of fifteen betrayed and left; broke out into passion and riot in the open street, and was laid hold of by the police; and thus began a wretched, independent life, though mercifully preserved from falling much farther at the time. Living with a blind fiddler, James McLaughlin, a Roman Catholic, somewhere in Belfast, she was much addicted to drink.

One day a lady called at her door and asked her to attend a meeting. It was Mrs. McCosh, and she spoke so simply and kindly that the rough hard heart was touched, and Margaret promised to come. She returned from the meeting a more miserable woman than she went. She continued thus miserable for five months; and, as she said, thoughts of self-destruction more than once crossed her mind. The sight of three funerals at one time, proceeding along near a place where three roads met, was also the means of deepening her conviction; a voice within kept asking: "If one of these were yours, where would your soul be?"

At length, one day, as she walked around a well-known square in Belfast, revolving such thoughts, and regardless of the presence of passers-by, her soul went up in a cry to God that He would save her! "She would wear sackcloth forever, if only God would save her!" And there, as she walked, the answer came. She passed unconsciously into peace with God, through the shed blood of Jesus Christ. There was then, much to do. One of the first things was that she and James had to be married! He too was brought too Christ, and seemed even more in earnest than his wife. Packing all their earthly goods into a barrel, they crossed by steamer to Glasgow, not knowing anyone there. They took up their abode in the lowest and most vicious quarter of the city, and there, earning their own living, and working for Christ among those who were leading the life they had quitted, many were led to believe by them who had resisted all other efforts. Margaret and her husband died last year rejoicing in faith having given their last years to Christ and His work.

PICTURES FROM JERUSALEM.

ANOTHER group of illustrations, reproduced from the photographs brought by Dr. Talmage from the Holy Land, will be found this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The publisher is glad to learn that these pictures are much appreciated by the readers of this journal, and that preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and Christian workers are helped by them to a clearer understanding of the Bible. The scriptural allusions to Oriental places, manners and customs are often obscure to the Western mind, and in consequence we frequently miss the teaching they are intended to convey. It is worthy of note that the better these allusions are understood, and the more the ancient cities and buildings are examined, and the habits of the people observed, the more beautiful, and full of truth and meaning the Bible becomes. Like God's works in nature, and unlike man's work in art or manufacture, His word bears the most minute study, and gains by increased light being shed upon it. One of the pictures in this number gives an idea of the garb of Oriental women, and the other three are of scenes in the walls of Jerusalem. Looking at them we may in imagination obey the injunction of the poet King: Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."

The Damascus Gate,

which is the subject of the illustration in panel No. 1 is one of the most ancient portions of the wall now standing. It is believed to have formed part of the wall erected by Antipater, the father of the Herod who, in B. C. 43, rebuilt and beautified the city. If that is true, and the best students and archaeologists believe that it is so, this gate existed in the time of Christ, and from its position, would probably be the gate through which He passed bearing His cross on the way to Calvary. The very possibility that it may have been the exit from which he emerged when "He suffered without the gate," calls up in the beholder the most solemn and tender emotions as of a place sanctified by His humiliation, a type of the path the Christian is called to tread as he goes after Him without the camp, bearing His reproach.

The Damascus Gate is one of the four chief gates in the wall which now surrounds Jerusalem, and which probably follows with some variations the ancient wall which Nehemiah repaired under such difficulties as he describes in his fourth chapter. From the remarkable massiveness of its construction, it is believed to antedate the portions of the wall connected with it. In former numbers of this journal, the characteristics of the gates of a city have been pointed out, with the significance of the references to them as places of concourse, of judgment, and of solemn covenant. These characteristics applied to the Damascus Gate, which, as it would be the one used by merchants and traders going to and from Damascus would naturally be of the first importance.

Connected with the Damascus Gate, by a passage, are the vast underground quarries on which, as well as out of which, the city may be said to be built. From them have been hewn, in past ages, the massive limestone blocks which appear in the walls and elsewhere. In these dark chambers one may, with the help of torches, wander for hours, scrambling over mounds of rubbish; now climbing into one chamber, now descending into another, noting the various cuttings, grooves, cleavages, and hammer marks and wondering at the different shapes—bars here, slices there, boulders there, thrown up together in utter confusion. These are no doubt the subterranean retreats referred to by Josephus as occupied by the despairing Jews in the last days of the siege of Jerusalem.

The Golden Gate,

(a picture of which appears in panel No. 4 of the first page illustration) is the most famous of all the gates of Jerusalem, though, being walled up, it is a gate, in the usual sense, no longer. The tradition exists among the Moslems, that if ever

the city is wrested from their hands, it will be by a conqueror who will enter by the Golden Gate, and to prevent such a loss they have securely built up the gate. Another tradition in which they sincerely believe is connected with this gate. From the wall at its side projects the fragment of a beautiful porphyry pillar springing from the side of the massive slab over the gate. On this the Moslems believe that Mohammed will take his stand at the last day to judge the nations who will be assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat beneath the wall.

The gate is a double arch of exquisite workmanship in the eastern wall of the Temple area. There can be no question of its great antiquity, in the mind of any spectator. The surface of the stone is actually crumbling into dust with the passage of the centuries. The blocks beneath it, which at once close the entrance and support the arch, are modern and in sharp contrast to the arch itself. They have been placed there since the Crusades; for at that time the gate was in use once a year. It was opened on Palm Sunday and closed on all the other days of the year. Its opening on that day was to commemorate the one day of triumph in the life of the Saviour when He entered the city for the last time. Tradition has it that it was by the Golden Gate that He came in, riding on the ass, while the people strewed garments and branches of trees in the way, and cried, Hosanna to the Son of David! In this case there is a strong probability in favor of the tradition, as the road from Bethany, where He spent the previous day, would naturally lead Him to the Golden Gate.

What emotions rise in the mind as the devout traveller takes his stand on the gate and thinks of that most memorable scene! All the excitement going on in the city, the people wondering if the Great Teacher would come to the Feast; the fear that He would not come giving place to joy that He was coming; then the news that He was approaching; the rush of the enthusiastic people out to meet Him; those whom He had healed, and those whose friends He had healed on His former visits, telling strangers about Him. The priests and elders and scribes and Pharisees looking on in alarm, fearing that their places and honors would be lost if the popular movement carried the young Nazarene into eminence and power—their jealousy and envious rage drawing them into unwonted association with former opponents by the common danger. Their secret meeting for consultation with the plea that opposition was necessary lest the Romans should deem the movement a seditious rising—were not these people already speaking of Jesus as *the King of the Jews*?—and should scourge the city with fire and sword. Then the course of proceeding arranged and all got in readiness for that last night, when, His friends being scattered, the populace at rest, Jesus was taken, hurriedly tried and condemned in the night, and executed before the news could spread through the city. From the Golden Gate can be seen nearly the whole of that two miles of road from Bethany over which He passed, knowing that he was going to lay down His life that the whole people perish not.

The Ecce Homo Arch,

a picture of which fills panel No. 3, has a mournful interest for the Christian visitor. Tradition says that it was underneath that arch that the Saviour was scourged, and that it was upon it that Jesus was led forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe and exhibited to the crowd of priests and soldiers, Pilate proclaiming Him with the words, "Behold the Man." (John 19: 5.) That the scene of ribald mockery took place on some such prominent position as this there can be no doubt, and the very thought that it may have been here, solemnizes the beholder as he reflects on the humiliation that the Son of God voluntarily endured, that sinners might be saved. The arch springs out from a solidly built tower on the east side of the Government buildings, which form the present fortress and arsenal of the city. It is believed to occupy the site of "the palace," of which Nehemiah speaks. Thence to the Damascus Gate

there runs the road called the *Via Dolorosa*, or, "Way of Sorrow," over which the Lord passed bearing the cross, until Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear it.

The Two Ladies

in Oriental garb, whose pictures fill panel No. 2, also reproduced from photographs, are attired in the present style, and doubtless much as were the women of Bible times. The woman on the left is wearing the garment technically termed the *Mitpachath*, a large, loose, outer garment, which she could draw over her face if men were present, or easily throw off in their absence. This, like the *beged*, was used for a variety of purposes. In the night it served for a bed covering, as is intimated in Deut. 24: 13. Ruth used it to carry corn (Ruth 3: 15), and the Israelitish women carried their dough in it on that hurried journey out of Egypt. It is to this custom that Solomon alludes when he asks if the waters can be bound up in a garment (Prov. 30: 4). The woman on the right wears the *Raal* or special veil, which completely hides the features. To appear publicly without this veil is regarded to this day as a sign of immodesty, and for any person to lift a woman's veil is the grossest insult that can be offered. It is of this that the woman complains (Cant. 5: 7): "The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me." This kind of veil is made of muslin, richly embroidered with colored silks and gold. It is probably the "wimple" mentioned in Isaiah 3: 22, in the list of feminine adornments. The white garment, is the ordinary out-door attire of the poor women. It is made of muslin, and covers all the garments except the veil. The upper classes have a similar garment of black silk for married ladies and white for unmarried.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 3: "Father, I have sinned," etc. Luke 15: 18.

"NOT much work for you, doctor, this voyage," I said to the surgeon of the ship on which I was making a trip to Europe.

"No, we have a pretty clean bill of health; but I have one case down in the steerage."

"What is that?"

"Well, I scarcely know. The symptoms are simple, and the man ought to have recovered, but I fancy there are obstacles which are out of my province. I think a clergyman could do more good than I can, but it is a strange thing: there is not one on board. It is very seldom that we have not one among the passengers."

"Should you mind my seeing him?" I asked.

"I am an amateur clergyman."

"See him by all means," the doctor answered. "I hate to have him die on my hands. He seems to be a good fellow at bottom, but I judge he has led a wild life."

I went down with the doctor at once to the close, foul-smelling hole in which the man lay. He was a fine, handsome man, of about thirty years of age. He had large, dark eyes, which were naturally large and bright, and which, in his emaciated condition, looked unnaturally so. He turned them anxiously on the doctor as we approached, with a look of appeal I shall never forget. After a few inquiries about his condition, the doctor left us together.

"You feel pretty lonely down here, I suppose," I said, by way of opening the conversation. "The doctor told me about you, so I thought I would come down and have a chat."

"That is very kind of you," said the sick man. "I am not strong enough to talk much, but I am glad to have you come. It is hard to die down here with no one to say a word to one."

"Do you think you are going to die?"

"I am afraid so; and yet there has never been a time when I so longed to live. I am going home, sir, and that means more to me just now than it does to many people. But I fear I shall never live to see it."

"Are your friends expecting you?"

"No, they know nothing about me. They do not know if I am alive. It is twelve years since they saw me, or heard from me."

"You must have been quite a boy, then."

"Yes, eighteen. I ran away from home. My father is a clergyman in England, one of the best men that ever lived. He gave me a good education, and was always kind to me, but after my mother died I drifted into bad ways, and I had bad companions. He knew of it and tried to reform me, but I was a bad case. I was in an office in London, and was living a fast life. I insisted on my leaving and coming down in the country to live with him. We had a sad time, for I would not go, and he insisted. Finally I went, but I could not stay. The dullness was insupportable to me. At last I could bear no longer, and one day, when he had a lot of money belonging to the church in his hands, I took it and ran away."

Where did you go?"

"Well, I was afraid to remain in England, because I did not know what my father might do. I was not his money, and he might feel it his duty to have me arrested, if he could find me. I came to America. I thought I should get work to do, but I did not hurry about it as I had plenty of money. It soon went, and in the vilest ways. It was awful! I was down to my last dollar bill before I realized how quick it was gone. I could not get suitable work, so I took what I could get. I have been a hostler, a bartender, anything. Always as soon as I got money I spent it in dissipation, and lost my employment. At last I was laid up in hospital, and made up my mind then to go home if I got well, and so I started, but I suppose I was not strong enough for the voyage."

Do you think your father will forgive you?"

"I don't know. I am going to ask him any day, if I live."

And if you do not live? Do you think God will forgive you?"

"I have thought of that while I have been in here, but I don't suppose He will. I have been a fearful sinner. I deserve the worst. I told him of the invitations God has given to the worst of sinners, and of His infinite love, then having prayed with him, left him for a while. The next day I saw him again, and found him in a much weaker condition. He was glad to see me, and asked me to read a chapter in the Bible. "Read the parable of the Prodigal Son," he said. "That just suits my case." I read it and I saw the tears run down his cheeks.

Do you think," he asked, "that when I told that story, He meant to imply that I had acted so?"

"Certainly, that was His object."

Well He knew."

The doctor came to make his regular visit at that moment, and I left him. When I saw him again, there was a restfulness in his face that was very different from the eager, anxious look I had worn before. "I have been praying," he said. "I have not prayed before, since I was a boy at my mother's knee. I believe God has heard me."

I talked with him, and found that he had gone on, humbly confessing his sins, and had received mercy on the faith of Christ's assurance, and was at peace. He was drowsy after our long talk, so I left him. Later in the day the doctor came into the saloon where I was sitting at dinner, and beckoned to me. "He has died," he said. "He is almost gone." I ran down quickly.

"I am dying," the sick man said, "I should like you to find my father and tell him about me. It will comfort him. Tell him I was coming to him—tell him all."

I took down his father's address, and then ran down to commend his soul to God. As I came down I saw the pale lips moving. Bending over, I caught the whispered prayer. The man grew fainter, and I thought he was gone. The doctor said, "It is all over." But as we were looking down on him the eyes opened, and a strange voice, he said, "Father, I have sinned," and then he was really dead, but there was a light on his face and a smile on his lips as if he had heard the answer, and received his pardon.

I made it my first business on landing, to go to his father's country parsonage, and there I learned that his father had been dead nearly a year. I was not disappointed. He knows now, I thought, all I came to tell him.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A New Device to Detect the Irregularities of employees has recently been patented. It is called the Insumgraph. It consists of a level surface, such as the top of a desk, in which there is a small opening. Beneath the aperture, run by an electric movement, with a clock attachment, is a metal ribbon, with a piece of paper on its upper surface at regular distances. Once an hour the paper is brought below the aperture and remains there for three minutes, and then passes on, and no paper appears there for an hour. It is intended that the clerk or watchman whose duty it is to be in punctual attendance shall write his name on the paper when it is presented at the aperture. When the ribbon is unrolled next day, if one of the slips bears no signature it is at once evident that the employee was absent when that slip was presented. The object of the insumgraph is to defeat the trick of men who, when they wish to absent themselves contrary to orders, hire a substitute to wind the clock which registers their attendance. A boy can do that, but a boy could not write the man's signature on the paper. In future at establishments in which the insumgraph is used, the clerk or watchman who has to do with it, will be detected if he does not do his duty himself. There is reason to fear that if such a record were in use in churches many Christians would stand indicted by it. Only too many who should be at work for Christ in the Sunday-school or elsewhere are apt to leave their duty for others to perform. (1 Cor. 15: 58.)

A Marriage of Two Strangers is Reported from Ottawa, Canada. On July 12th as the train from Owen Sound drew up at the junction, a bright, prettily dressed lady, stepped from the cars, and glanced over the crowd on the platform. In a minute, a gentleman stepped out of the waiting throng and approached her. He asked her a question in an undertone and received an affirmative reply. The two shook hands looking with some scrutiny at each other, as they did so. Then the lady took the gentleman's arm, and they left the depot and went straight to the house of a minister, and were married. Inquiries about the strange proceeding elicited the fact that they had never seen each other before. Some slight business transaction had led to a correspondence. They had exchanged photographs, and eventually, without having seen the lady, the gentleman proposed marriage. The lady had been favorably impressed by his letters, and by the photograph, so she accepted him with the result above stated. They have now to find out whether the congeniality which they inferred from their correspondence, bears the test of close personal relations. They were confident that it would, believing that the letters which had passed, had sufficiently disclosed their respective characters. They showed a faith and confidence that it is difficult to get people to exercise, with infinitely better reason. Though Christ's character, and His unspeakable perfections are so clearly revealed, there are comparatively few who say, "Whom having not seen we love." (1 Peter 1: 8.)

The Bite of a Centipede Caused the Death of a lady in Jersey City, N. J., last week. The lady, who was only twenty years old, was sitting on the stoop of her home with her mother on the evening of July 10. She had been there nearly an hour when she felt an irritation of her cheek. She touched it with her hand, and found there was something on it that felt like a caterpillar. She brushed it off quickly, but as she did so there was a stinging sensation in the flesh. A centipede, or thousand-legged worm, fell dead in her mother's lap. Next morning the cheek itched and, as she scratched it, a tiny pimple with a minute black spot in the centre, appeared. It increased in size, and sharp pains radiated from it. It grew larger and more painful, so

the girl went to a druggist, who told her it was a boil and advised her to poultice it. On July 13, her whole face was swollen and she was suffering agony. Then a physician was called in who pronounced her case one of blood poisoning. He applied the usual remedies, but she grew worse, became delirious, and on Tuesday she died. The doctor said he was called in too late, the poison from the insect's bite had gone all through her system before he saw her. Thus the very insignificance of the creature had been the cause of the girl's death. Had it been the bite of a snake, her parents would have perceived her danger and had medical assistance in time to save her. Many souls have been lost in the same way. A grave sin shocks us at once, and measures are taken to prevent its repetition, but the sins we call little ones are suffered to continue and increase in power until the whole nature is poisoned. (Heb. 3: 13.)

How a Man Unconsciously Delayed his Dinner recently, is told by the *Times* of Louisville, Ky. He returned home at the usual hour and was much annoyed at finding that dinner was not ready. His cook said that she had not received the vegetables, which he had promised to order on his way to business. He started out immediately to scold the grocer for not sending them. The grocer apologized, and promised to send them at once, and in his presence, gave the basket to his colored errand-boy. The man, being aware that the vegetables would have to be cooked before he could have dinner, did not go straight home, but went around to a friend's store for a talk. When he concluded it was about time to go, he rose, and through the window, he saw, to his vexation, the errand-boy sitting on the opposite curbstone, with the market basket beside him. He crossed over, and asked angrily, why he had not taken it to the house as ordered. "Why," stammered the frightened boy, "I didn't know the way, and they told me to follow you, sah, and I followed you." Unhappily, worse consequences often come from a similar cause. Men do not know who may be following them in their daily walk and conversation, and taking example from them. The Christian would often be more careful what he said and did if he realized that some child or servant who did not know the road to God felt safe in following his footsteps. (Phil. 2: 15.)

A Steamship was Sunk by her Own Machinery recently. News reached New York on Thursday last that the steamer *Benguella*, which left the port on June 20, with fifty-six passengers and a cargo of corn, for Lisbon, had been wrecked in mid-ocean. She encountered a storm when three days out, but she weathered it, and it was supposed that the danger was over, though the vessel pitched a good deal. While the passengers were at breakfast they heard a sudden crash, and directly afterward the vessel began to settle at the stern. There was only just time to lower the boats, and get all on board before the vessel sank. The boats were fortunately picked up by a passing steamer and all lives saved. The explanation of the wreck is curious. It appears that the *Benguella* was a small steamer only 235 feet long. There were very high seas on the morning of the wreck, and when the vessel rose on the crest of a great wave, her propeller was out of water and raced at a terrific speed. As she descended the green incline, the screw was again submerged and the sudden resistance strained the shaft mightily. At last it broke under the strain, and before the engine could be stopped, the revolving shaft-head had knocked a big hole in the bottom of the ship. The incident suggests a lesson that may be useful in these days of religious conventions and camp-meetings. The power of religion in the soul is not to be measured by its rate of progress in the camp-meeting, where there is no opposition, but by what it can bear in the world among opposing elements. That is where it is most liable to break down. The same Peter who wanted to live with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration, denied Him soon afterward among His enemies. (Matt. 26: 34, 35.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 3; Luke 15:11-32; Golden Text Luke 15: 18.

A Type of the Race—Claiming Privileges of Sonship—Withholding its Duties—His Demand—The Father's Compliance—The Rapid Dissipation—The Prodigal Neglected of His Friends—Hardship Inducing Humility—His Direct Appeal to His Father—Welcomed Home—The Elder Brother's Discontent.

THE prodigal son is a true type of fallen humanity. Made in the image of God, but that image defaced by sin; made to have dominion over all created things, and especially over his own lusts and passions, and yet degraded to become their slave—such is poor, fallen, lost man. The younger son in our parable used the relationship in which he stood to his father for no other purpose than to make requirements from him. He did not say, "Father, thou hast done much for me, by what service may I testify my gratitude to thee?" It would seem as though no such thought entered his mind. "Father," he said, "give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." He asked it as a right, not as a favor; he claimed that his father should do a father's part; while he was far from doing a son's part. And thus it is with lost man. If everything goes well with him, he looks upon it as only that which he has a right to expect; if anything goes ill with him, he complains that God is not good, that he is being treated hardly, and he does not see the reason why he should suffer more than others, *he* has done no harm; and thus he claims from God, in his ignorance and pride of heart, exemption from evil, and a share of goods for which he has not labored, as that which falleth to him. All the time, however, he ignores that if God is a Father and has a Father's responsibilities, then he himself is a son, and has

A Son's Responsibilities.

If he claims protection and sustenance from God as Father, then God has a right to claim trust, honor, and obedience from him as a son. Either he must relinquish his claim upon God, or he must acknowledge God's claim upon him. But to this claim most men are utterly blind, and act as though God were extremely culpable, and man much to be pitied. God's Word puts all things in their true place: it says of men, "They are without excuse, because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened" (Rom. 1: 20, 21.) Neither were thankful. The younger son said no word of thanks to his father for all his patient love and kindness, for the care he had bestowed upon his nurture and education; in heartless selfishness, he demanded the portion of goods which fell to him, a demand with which the father complied, although it was a loss to himself. The only communication of which we read between the father and the son is unwarrantable demand on the one hand, and ready giving on the other, a fit type of the relation between God and the unthankful, unworthy creature who is called man.

When the son came into the possession of his demanded portion, what did he do with it? Did he seek to increase his father's prosperity, or strengthen his hands in his old age? On the contrary, he gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." Oh, how true a picture is this of the miserable

Selfishness of Unconverted Men,

ready to accept all at the hands of God, only to use His grace and gifts to His dishonor! "Do ye thus requite the Lord, Oh, foolish people and unwise? Is not He thy Father that hath bought thee?" (Deut. 32: 6.) Created to serve a noble purpose, to commune with God, to take part in His interests, to maintain His honor in His creation, man has sunk into a miserable degradation in slavery to sin itself.

It was not long before the unhappy, despicable young man had spent all. Riotous living without any incoming soon made away with his father's gains, "and he began to be in want."

Many a prodigal runs a similar course; looking upon God's undeserved gifts as his right, and squandering them upon self-gratification, every resource soon fails him; money, credit, friends, reputation, all fail, and he begins to be in want. This is man's moment to oppress, and God's moment to hold out mercy." He went and joined himself (or hired himself) to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine, and he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him." Those who had eaten and drunk with him in the days of his riotous living were ashamed to know him now in his degradation, loss and misery; such is the friendship of the world! "The poor is hated even of his own neighbors; but the rich hath many friends." (Prov. 14: 20.)

Alone and Friendless,

the prodigal began to think of his neglected father. He did not seem at first to have been imbued with a sense of his sin against him. It was his misery which spoke when he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" This is the first step. God allows prodigals to eat the fruit of their own way, until they learn to contrast their life with that of those who are in the Father's house. Formerly His service had been distasteful, now they are willing to take the lowest place, if only they may find an entrance there. He said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Now, for the first time he felt his responsibility, and saw himself and his father in a true light. Now he claimed nothing as a right, and although a son, he asked to be make a servant.

"And he arose," it was a purpose acted out, "and came to his father." He did not go round and curry favor with some of the servants and ask them to intercede for him; he did not go first to his elder brother; no, he would have it out with his father himself, and, wretched, miserable, as he was, he made straight for the old home. This is the right way for a sinner; straight to God, no shying, no subterfuge. When a sinner is determined to look his case in the face, and to come face to face with God about it, he is half way saved. Then it is that he discovers the precious truth, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (II. Cor. 5: 19.) Then it is he finds that his whole life has been one heartless sin against love. "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him (for love is very far-sighted), and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." What was this? No word of reproach? No taking advantage of his humiliation to let him know how much sorrow and shame he had brought upon his father? Not one word. And this was the love he had despised and trodden under foot? "The son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Oh, how many would be afraid to receive thus a returning prodigal! They would say, "Let him prove first that he really is penitent, then it will be safe to receive him." But the father saw with a father's eye that the feeble tread was, nevertheless, not a wavering one; his eye of love could read whether there was reality or deceit in the downcast look, he could detect whether there was the ring of truth in that short but full confession, and the father, who had everything to gain or everything to lose, was satisfied, and took the wanderer to his heart. And more—before he had time to entreat his father to put him among the servants, the father said, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." The father did not love the son for what he was, or for what he deserved, but he could see what a broken heart might yet

become, and his son was dearer to him now that he was come back than if he never had gone astray.

God Breaks Hearts by Love,

and not by severity. Nothing makes a sinner so keenly feel his sin as the undeserved, unexpected mercy of God. The elder son, who had had no experience of the bitterness of outward sin, who had never wandered like his brother from the father's house, but had, perhaps, often denounced and condemned him, could not understand his father's joy at his return. What the scoundrel who had wasted his property, dishonored his name, disgraced the family, was he then to be received back with the same joy as if he were a credit to them? The elder brother could not understand it, and would not join in the mirth. He thought his father was both lowering himself, and also slighting him. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." But this is all self. A Christian full of self feels that the sin of a fallen brother reflects on *him*, that he himself is a loser by him, that his own reputation is at stake, and this self-consideration shuts out mercy. Christ teaches us to renounce all self-consideration except to consider ourselves lest we be also tempted. Then we can restore a fallen brother. (Gal. 6: 1.) The father explained to him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine;" as though to add, "In thy joint heirship with me, take in also my joy over the returning prodigal. It was meet that I should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother (as much as my son) was dead and alive again; and was lost and is found."

JOHNSTOWN A YEAR AFTER.

BY VIATOR.

FOR miles before I stepped off at Johnstown station, on the Pennsylvania Railway, reaching it from Altoona, the train passed evidences of the great disaster of the early summer of 1889. Groups of trees lay where the flood had laid them, their withered heads pointing down stream. After more than a year had passed, places the soil showed ridges made by the great waters as they swept along towards the doom town, plain as if of only yesterday's making. On both banks of the ravine through which the train runs, the height gained by the flood in its majestic dominance was indicated by destructive consequences to shrub and tree, leaving places bare which had formerly been beautiful with various vegetation. It was difficult for me to think that so long a time had elapsed since the woeful tale of death and disaster with which the name of Johnstown is identified, had reached me. Nearing the town I saw many frame houses recently completed or in course of erection dotting the way of the flood, as had their predecessors before the calamity took place; and above on the heights stood the surviving buildings, homes from which their appalled occupants had seen ruin rush relentlessly on. A new depot, of course, and everything sprang up about it, save where a structure, sturdier than its neighbors, had withstood the onset of the waters, escaping with more or less damage an angle of brickwork on some of these repetitions that washed away, and some marked leg enough at the height reached by the flood of the fourth story. Fronting the station, at the opposite side of the track, I found a stairway new and unpainted, which invited to an extensive observation of the resurgent and nascent town. Half-way up the steep ascent, while taking breath at a landing, I found a dapper young fellow whose home, he told me, still was and still been on the heights above. In this way he counted for his presence as my informant on the occasion, and as one of the few survivors of old Johnstown who did not mourn bereavement caused by its destruction.

My interview with this interesting young man

was followed by several others with leading merchants of the town, who had begun life fresh. Every one of them had lost friends and relatives in the flood, and all or nearly all their personal property. A man who had recommenced the practice of the barber's art, associated as in olden times, with those of cupping and bleeding, apologized for the homely newness of his place of business—a wooden shed gaily painted. "I had a good brick place and home," said he, "but this place is an improvement on the one I had first after my all had been swept away." A fifteen months' old baby was shown me, a survivor of the flood, but no one knew exactly how its little life had escaped destruction.

"Five thousand of us gone, and the population now, I suppose, as large as it was. You understand that the most of the faces one meets on the street are those of strangers. More people are coming in all the time, we feel like survivors of a past age." So said an old resident, a very intelligent man, who expressed himself as one who had felt after the flood what he believed had been the common experience, that of a stunned, blunted sensibility, succeeding the awful excitement accompanying the calamity. Accommodating themselves to their renewed business life, he and such men as he, are soberly cheerful and confident to admiration. They stand well together, and Johnstown is fairly prosperous.

On one subject its leading citizens are firm and inflexible. Some months ago, the club, the bursting of whose reservoir, which they owned for sport, caused the great flood, talked of repairing their broken property. The men of Johnstown who had lived through the horrors of the time, with the severe and dignified determination to which their misfortunes had given them the right, said "Never." And the attempt to repair the reservoir never has been made, and it never will be made.

AN INDIAN'S THANKS.

It is often said that the Indian shows no gratitude; but a different story is told by Bishop Whipple, who in this, as in all else, is a valiant champion of the red man. He publishes in his *Minnesota Missionary*, an incident in proof. He says: "Some time ago an Indian brought me a lock of hair, saying, 'My Christian wife is dead, could you have it made in a cross? When I look at it I shall think of her and of Jesus who died on the Cross for her.' I sent the poor man the cross, and here is his letter in acknowledgment. sweet, simple, grateful. Truly, all hearts are alike, when touched by the love which comes from the Saviour: 'Dear Bishop: I received that which I asked you to have made for me, the little cross. Indeed, I was pleased when I saw it. As long as I live I will keep it, and I shall try to live as He who saved us by the Cross would wish to have us live. I shall try to live so. In my heart I remember this, saying there, 'I thank you.' That is all I say to you about that. I was sick four weeks: to-day, for the first time, I am well. But to my Saviour I delivered up myself, to do with me as He pleased. Now He destines me to be well, and I thank Him. That is all. I salute you and your wife. I am the one who loves you. MADJIGISHIG.'"

A PRIEST'S DILEMMA.

FOR some time past M. Eugene Reveillaud, one of the most efficient helpers Mr. McAll has had in his mission in France, has been laboring among the Roman Catholic priests, and is much encouraged by finding so many of them willing to listen to his presentation of evangelical truth. He has, however, very few open converts. It is with them as it was with men in Christ's day, a consideration for the feelings and needs of those they love, keeps them from making public profession of their faith. M. Reveillaud quotes a letter which he recently received from one of these priests, to whom he has had to present the alternative, hard to human nature, which the Master laid down, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." (Matt. 10: 37.) The priest writes: "I am a

Protetsant at heart: I have long been so, and shall always remain so. In vain have I tried to shut out the light, and struggle against the grace of God. They have penetrated my heart in spite of myself, and destroyed forever, any attachment I may have had from childhood for the Roman Catholic Church. I remain, alas! in that church, but I entreat you to believe that I am only constrained to do so by circumstances. Had I neither father, mother, brother or sister, or were my relatives wealthy and independent of persecution, I should not hesitate for a moment. I do not dread persecution for myself, but I dread it for my father, weak, and in bondage to the opinion of his village; for my mother, having no really evangelistic pastor at hand, who could give her consolation and exhortation; for my poor invalid sister, who could not exist in the midst of troubled surroundings without greatly increased suffering."

THE INSPIRING EXPECTATION.

By Rev. M. Baldwin, D. D.

The Effect of Waiting for the Lord's Coming—A Means of Growth in Grace—A Source of Comfort—The Crown for Those who Love His Appearing—Gifts of All Kinds—A Closer Union—Increased Activity—Miss Havergal's Experience.

JUST in proportion as we expect our Lord's coming, and look for that coming, do we grow in the divine life. In the third chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, eighteenth verse, the apostle says: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Now I gather that however difficult this passage may be, and however many interpretations may have been given as to its proper meaning, that it simply teaches us that the view of Christ transfigures us. There is elevating power in the study of the coming of the Lord. None of us deny for one moment that people have taken up unscriptural ground on the subject, that people have run into wild excess, and have brought the subject in the eyes of many into discredit, but the truth is here. It is before us, and just as we keep Christ before us and

His Coming Glory

do we ourselves become changed into the likeness of His image, so that if He tarries, and we have fallen asleep, we shall awake satisfied with His likeness. We shall see Him when this corruptible shall have been exchanged for the incorruptible, and this mortal shall be changed into the immortal, and we know not what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

I might speak, too, of the comfort of this doctrine. We are sometimes called to comfort those who mourn, and I think that so often, whilst people comfort the mourner with whatever doctrine they have at their command, they fail to see the mode in which the Apostle Paul would comfort those that weep over the loss of friends. So often people get no further than the language of David when he said the child could not come to him, but he could go to the child. True, but we go to the house of mourning with the apostle and say—at least we try to say—that there is strong consolation that that body which represents the home of a sleeping saint is just laid—perchance for a little while—to rest there, perhaps only a day, a week, a month, a year, and then Christ shall come, and

The Dead in Christ

shall rise first. We point them to the fact that the believer's falling asleep is, as it were, momentary; that that body is precious to God; that it has been redeemed as well as the soul; that the Lord knows its resting-place, and that He shall call it forth again, purified, beautified, and made meet for the eternal home. "Comfort one another with these words." Tell them that the night is far spent and that the day is at hand. In the day of mourning people are told to bear their sorrows, and it is most proper and most true; but there is this further to be said, that while we do bear our sorrow, and whilst

we mourn, it is not as those who have no hope; that we know it is only for a little while. If I am called to go to the bedside, and afterward to follow to the grave one who has sunk without hope, what can I say? I say, I know he shall rise, but I know not when; the Lord knoweth. There is a darkness and a gloom, but that darkness and that gloom do not rest on the believer's hope—it is bright. It is "the Lord shall come again."

In the Second Epistle to Timothy, fourth chapter and eighth verse, we read: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Have you ever thought that that crown is for all who love His appearing? It is for those who are looking for it. The Greek verb signifies the waiting for His coming. That crown is not spoken of as being given to those who have achieved great results, not even to those that even the Church have thought the most worthy, but to those who love His appearing; to those who through good and evil report have waited and answered with the cry: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

In First Corinthians, first chapter and seventh verse, is a remarkable statement. The apostle says that they, the Corinthians, came behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of the "Lord Jesus Christ." In other words, that just as they waited they were endowed with

The Various Gifts

of the Holy Ghost. Now, just as the Gospel of Christ is proclaimed with the Holy Ghost it is with power, and the men who, anterior to Christ's first advent, proclaimed that Christ would come, were men of power. They were the great and mighty of Israel—the men who like Isaiah and Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the minor prophets, lifted up their voices, and said that Messiah cometh. They were men of power having the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Now, then, we come to our day, and I gather that the apostle's teaching is this: that the men who to-day proclaim the second advent shall have the especial *charisma* which belongs to the Church of Christ—that, in other words, the Holy Ghost will endow with special powers those that boldly, fearlessly, and emphatically make known the hope of the Church in the speedy coming of Christ.

Those true servants in Corinth came behind in no gift. I might expatiate on the subject, but I will only say that these gifts of the Holy Ghost were to dwell in the Church, and just as this truth of the Second Advent is brought forward the servant of Christ

May Expect Power.

Let us, therefore, live very near to our Divine Master in abiding, holy, blessed union; for "he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit," Christ in me bringeth forth much fruit, and the whole effect of this blessed doctrine is to bring us into closer personal union with Jesus Christ. It is that we may die and He live. Oh, that we may learn more and more the powers of our daily death and His daily life!

It will lead us to be more earnest in the reclamation of those that have wandered away; it will make us more in earnest in trying to win the lost and erring souls to the Lord Jesus: it will make us preach with more fervor, more earnestness, the Gospel of love to sinners; it will make us feel as Frances Ridley Havergal said she felt, that sainted woman who fell asleep so recently; "I try to see my Lord in every person I meet, and I try to minister to every one, that I may minister in every one to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ."

And, dear fellow Christians let this word dwell richly in you. Let Him be the Alpha and He the Omega. Let him come with many crowns upon His head into your heart, and let Him sit upon the throne, and you lie low at His feet. Let Him speak, and do you obey, and just as you dwell in this attitude you will find His yoke is easy and His burden is light, and you will get faith each day to pray for His blessed coming.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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SALT-WATER TONIC.

I AM glad that the ocean is trying to make amends for the damage it has done all along the centuries. It has become a hydropathic doctor, and is every summer curing the aches and fatigues of those who go to it. Sea-bathing is one of the mightiest of medicaments. Shakespeare has been fiercely mauled by the critics for confusion of metaphor in speaking of taking up "arms against a sea of troubles." The smart fellows say, how could a man take arms "against a sea?" In other words, it is not possible to shoot the Atlantic Ocean. But what Shakespeare suggests, is at this season being done all around the coast from Florida to Newfoundland, especially regiments going out from Cape May, Long Branch, East Hampton, Newport and Nahant; ten thousand bathers, with hands thrown into the air, "taking up arms against the sea." But the old giant has only to roll over once on his bed of seaweed, and all this attacking host are flung prostrate upon the beach.

The sensation of sea-bathing is about the same everywhere. You get into the garments cautiously, then you issue forth ingloriously, your head down in consciousness that you are cutting a sorry figure before the world. Barefoot as a mendicant, your hair dishevelled in the wind, the stripes on your clothes strongly suggestive of Sing Sing, your appearance a caricature of human kind, you wander up and down the beach a creature that the land is evidently trying to shake off and the sea is unwilling to take. But you are consoled by the fact that all the rest are as mean and forlorn looking as yourself; and so you wade in, over foot-top, unto the knee, and waist deep. The water is icy cold, so that your teeth chatter and your frame quakes until you make a bold dive; and in a moment you and the sea are good friends, and you are not certain whether you have surrendered to the ocean or the ocean has surrendered to you.

At this point begin the raptures of bathing. You have left the world on the beach, and are caught up in the arms of experiences that you never feel on land. If you are far enough out, the breaking wave curves over you like a roof inlaid and prismatic, bending down on the other side of you in layers of chalk and drifts of snow, and the lightning flash of the foam ends in the thunder of the falling wave. You fling aside from your arms, as worthless, amethyst and emerald and chrysoprase. Your ears are filled with the halloo of sporting elements, and your eyes with all tints and tinges and double-dyes and liquid emblazonment.

It is astonishing how many sounds mingle in the water; the faint squall of the affrighted

child, the shrill shriek of the lady just introduced to the uproarious hilarities, the carouse of the diver, the snort of the half-strangled, the clear giggle of maidens, the hoarse bellow of swamped obesity, the whine of the convalescent invalid, the yell of unmixed delight, the tehee and squeak of the city exquisite learning how to laugh out loud, the squash of the brine, the cackination of a band of harmless savages, the stun of the surge on your right ear, the hiss of the surf, the saturnalia of the elements; while overpowering all other sounds are the orchestral harmonies of the sea, which roll on through the ages, all shells, all winds, all caverns, all billows heard in "the oratorio of the creation."

Oh, the glee of sea-bathing! It rouses the apathetic. It upsets the supercilious and pragmatical. It is balsamic for mental wounds. It is a tonic for those who need strength, and an anodyne for those who require soothing, and a febrifuge for those who want their blood cooled; a filling up for minds pumped dry, a breviary for the superstitious with endless matins and vespers, and to the Christian an Apocalyptic vision where the morning sun gilds the waters, and there is spread before him "a sea of glass mingled with fire." "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

INTERVAL LAND.

I WAS sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the Church, and it is not the heights of this world, that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God if your soul is "interval land."

CENSORIOUSNESS.

It is impossible to be much with the hypercritical and acerb without ourselves becoming hypercritical and acerb. Avoid those who would rather believe evil of others than good. Keep out of the patch of nettles and walk in the garden of the Lord. Waste no time in hearing the gossip scandalize others. As soon as she unties the strings of her hat and leans back to have a good talk, excuse yourself and get out into the fresh air, and look up at the stars, and thank God. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." In the first year of my ministry I heard that which has impressed me to this day. In Central New York, I heard in a parlor a minister of religion in conversation with another minister, most vividly con-

demn the sins of another minister of the gospel, saying that he, the speaker, could never be tempted to such a crime. It was right he should condemn the sin, but I did not like the self-righteous declaration that he never could have been tempted that way. Before two years had passed, that minister of religion was tried for the same crime and condemned, the jury out only a few moments, so evident was the guilt. The condemned man died of a broken heart, and his body went to Greenwood, and his soul to that God who, I hope, was more merciful to him than he had been to his fallen brother. I pick up my Concordance to find how many times the word "mercy" occurs in the Bible. Guess! Two hundred and eighty-five times it either appears alone or as a part of some other word.

ORDINARY PEOPLE.

THE longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession, but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia, and diphtheria, and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for ten thousand common doctors. The old physician in his gig, rolling up the lane of the farmhouse, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, are looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say: "Thank God, I have mastered the case, he is getting well," excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors, Pancoast or Gross or Joseph C. Hutchinson of the past, or the illustrious living men of the present. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. One Doctor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The Swamp Angel was a big gun that during the war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary calibre and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the Peacemaker, a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off and it explodes and leaves Cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time all up and down our coasts were canons of ordinary bore able to be the defence of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. Every four years, after the politicians who have made all the noise, go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, and the next day the people with the silent ballots settle everything, and generally settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop, making about as much noise as the fall of an apple blossom.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Problem of the Surplus which has Puzzled Congresses appears to have been solved by the present Congress. It is thoroughly done that the deficit is before us. Instead of a hole in the ground. At the session Mr. Windom stated that the revenue was \$385,000,000. Allison informed the Senate on July 14, appropriations already made aggregated \$100,000,000 and that this did not include the expenditure involved under the new Pension Act, which will certainly be \$50,000,000. The expenditure already authorized is in excess of the estimated \$50,000,000 as its promoters think, will be considerable. Mr. Windom, however, issued a statement showing that there will be no inconvenience, as some of the surpluses have already been paid out of the Treasury, and others will not have to be this year. It seems clear, however, that the apprehended some years ago from the imputation of a large surplus no longer whether the people approve the means has taken for averting it will be known when the elections take place.

Death of Eugene Schuyler, United States General at Cairo, Egypt, occurred on Mr. Schuyler was one of the very few diplomats that this country possessed. He was in the service of the Department with brief intervals since 1866. In that year he was Consul at Moscow, subsequently he was Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. In 1876, he was employed to investigate and report on the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria. In 1878 he was Consul at Birmingham, England, and in 1880 Consul-General at Bucharest. Two years later he was made Minister-Resident in Greece, Roumania and Servia. President Harrison, on his accession, nominated him Assistant-Secretary of State, but withdrew the nomination in deference to personal objections on the part of a Senator. He was then nominated Consul at Cairo, and continued in that position until his death.

Mr. Schuyler was fifty years of age. He was the author of several interesting works, the most notable one on American Diplomacy, which has a large circulation.

Effort to Provide Cheaper and Better Telegraph Facilities is being made. On July 1, Senator Sawyer introduced a bill authorizing the Postmaster General to establish a telegraph in every post-office where there is free delivery of letters, and in any other post-office where it is convenient. He is also authorized to contract with the existing telegraph companies for the service, the term of contract to be not more than five years. Rates proposed are as follows:—For the first twenty words or less, counting address and signature, between postal stations in the same State and less than 300 miles apart, fifty cents. Between stations not less than 300 miles apart and not in the same State, twenty cents for the first twenty words or less. For the remainder of the message, the rate shall be greater than fifty cents for the first twenty words. There is no logical reason why the Government should not control telegraphic communications as it does communications by mail. The English Government does so, and provides the people with a better and cheaper service than they had under the old companies. It may be hoped that this bill will be passed.

Day of Horror in Minnesota was Sunday. A tornado swept across the lake region of the State. It gathered in the vicinity of Lake, about eight miles from St. Paul. It gained in force and speed till it culminated on Lake Gervais. Seven persons were killed and about twenty injured on its way, as it uprooted houses and uprooted trees. The

greatest fatality, however, was on Lake Pepin, an arm of the Mississippi, where it overturned the Lake steamer *Sea Wing*. The steamer was crowded with excursionists, and it had a barge in tow, also full of pleasure seekers. When the storm struck the steamer it became unmanageable and the captain ordered it beached. It was too late, as she was broadside to the waves and turned keel upward, emptying the passengers on deck into the lake. A few of the stronger swimmers clambered on the bottom of the boat and held their position until taken off by row-boats after the storm had passed. The barge was cut adrift before the steamer capsized and most of its passengers escaped. The number of dead bodies taken from the cabin of the steamer and found floating on the lake was one hundred and it is believed that others must have been carried away by the river.

The Western Union Building in New York, the greatest telegraph centre in the world, was



partially destroyed by fire on July 18. The accompanying illustration shows how magnificent an edifice it was before the fire broke out. It was a ten story building into which twelve hundred wires went, communicating directly or by connection with every business centre in the world, and from which an average of 112,000 messages a day are sent out. The fire was caused by an electric light wire crossing a telegraph wire and charging it with a current so strong as to destroy its insulation. The burning rubber set fire to other wires, and these to the flooring of the room above, which was on the seventh story, in which there were 1,600 operating instruments. The operators, used the patent fire-extinguishers, and abundance of water, but without avail, and then ran out of the building, and sent out a fire-alarm. Five of them in an inner room were cut off from escape by the stairs, and were rescued by a ladder from an adjacent roof. There were other narrow escapes from the eighth and ninth stories, where there was a restaurant. The height of the building made the firemen's work difficult, as they had to fight the fire from below, but by ten o'clock it was under control. The Western Union lost their instruments, and switch-board, which was the largest in the world. The Associated press had its offices on the eighth floor and it lost its records, which were highly prized and cannot be replaced. There was no insurance, as the building was believed to be fire-proof.

The Cholera is said to be Spreading in Spain. The correspondent of a London journal, who has visited the province of Valencia states that new cases and many deaths are occurring in spite of the vigorous measures taken to suppress the disease. At Castello de Rugat, fifty cases had broken out, of which seventeen proved fatal. Thirty-five cases, and ten deaths were registered in the province of Valencia in one day. The existence of the epidemic is suspected in many towns, but is concealed to prevent their being isolated.

Formal Notification has been Served on the Sultan of Turkey that he must protect the Christians of Armenia from Moslem outrages. The English minister has added to the protest that if they are continued, England will reconsider her promise to protect the Sultan's Asiatic dominions. The Sultan contends that Russian agents have incited the disturbances, to afford their Government a pretext for seizing the province. There is a possibility of this plea being well-founded, as it is known that Russia pursued those tactics in Bulgaria and is still doing

so. No definite action beyond the massing of troops on the Armenian frontier will be taken by Russia until after the Emperor of Germany has paid his visit to the Czar on August 10. As the Emperor is to visit England before going to Russia, there is ground for the expectation that the meeting will not be very cordial. The Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press even goes so far as to state that there is a possibility of the Emperors parting on hostile terms.

The Fall of the Bastille was Commemorated in Paris on July 14. It was the one hundred and first anniversary of the event. The noted fortress and prison a portion of which is shown in the sketch, was attacked and taken by the Parisian people on July 14, 1789. It was dismantled and its wretched inmates released. This was the real beginning of the famous revolution. On Monday last the day was observed as a general holiday, the school children paraded the streets and several patriotic societies joined in a procession. There was also a celebration in New York by French citizens. Deputations waited on the French consul, and patriotic speeches were made. Later in the day a picnic of the French colony went on an excursion, and enjoyed the anniversary in enthusiastic fashion.



THE BASTILLE.

BRIEF NOTES.

The whole number of missionaries employed by the Baptist Home Missionary Society last year was 833.

Rev. Joseph R. Ludgate is holding midsummer revival services with much success at the Oakland St. Methodist Church, Brooklyn.

Bishop Mallalieu gave a memorial address in Boston on July 12th, to commemorate the first Methodist service held in that city a hundred years ago.

The statistical returns of the Society of Friends show that in the past denominational year the increase in membership has been larger than in any recent year.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Honolulu is flourishing. It has contributed \$100 to the salary of the Missionary of the Union this year.

At the last confirmation services at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, seven Chinese and seven Syrians were presented by the rector, the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer.

The National Temperance Convocation at Lake Bluff Ill., July 5-20, was largely attended. Among the speakers were Mary A. Woodbridge, Frances E. Willard, and Mary Allen West.

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized in Wisconsin State's prison. It has nearly a hundred members. There are several societies now in institutions for the deaf and dumb.

During the Summer months many pastors have placed their Sunday evening prayer service in the hands of the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society and often with the best results.

The viceroy of Nankin China has asked the Emperor of China to recognize the service rendered to the poor during the recent famine by Mr. Drummond of Shanghai, by making him a Mandarin.

A Cincinnati paper reports that the resignation of the Rev. E. P. Foster, pastor of Storrs' Congregational Church, has been asked for, on the ground that "the congregation did not want the Gospel applied to social and labor questions." That is not the only church in which the pastor's resignation would be asked for, if he preached all the doctrines Christ taught.

The Christian Endeavor Bible School opened at Chataqua Lake Assembly July 5th., under favorable auspices. A large number of the members of this organization were on the ground. Bishop Vincent proposes to establish a Chautauqua Society of Christian Endeavor under whose auspices conferences and Bible schools shall be held, and lectures given every year, in the interest of Christian training of young people.

The results of Missionary work in the Samoan group of islands in the Pacific, as tabulated by missionary Charles Phillips should be noted, that they may be given to persons who are sceptical as to the value of Foreign Missions. They are in part as follows: "Heathenism utterly abolished; the people gathered within the influence of the Gospel; churches and pastors' houses erected by themselves in nearly every village; a native educated ministry provided and supported by themselves; the Bible and other volumes translated into the native language, and the cost fully paid for; native missionaries sent forth as pioneers to many islands that are now evangelized, and still being sent to New Guinea."

'ALL THE DAY LONG.**A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.**

"Let not thine heart envy sinners; but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long. For surely there is an end; and thine expectation shall not be cut off." Prov. 23:17, 18.

Solomon's Second Wisdom—The Product of Painful Experience—I. The Course Prescribed for the Believer—A Filial Fear—Continuous—Not a Religion of Spasms—Nor Periodical—The Details of the Day—A Good Beginning—God in Business How to Bear Failure or Success—Reasons for Continuous Fear—The Omniscience of God—The Lord May Come at any Hour—Off and On Religion—II. The Probable Interruption—III. The Helpful Consideration—The End of Trial.

HERE we have a command given of the Holy Spirit through the wisest of men; and therefore both on the divine and on the human side it is most weighty. I said that Solomon was the wisest of men, and yet he became, in practice, the most foolish. By his folly he gained a fresh store of experience of the saddest sort, and we trust that he turned to God with a penitent heart, and so became wiser than ever—wiser with a second wisdom which the grace of God had given him, to consecrate his earthly wisdom. He who had been a voluptuous prince became the wise preacher in Israel: let us give our hearts to know the wisdom which he taught. The words of Solomon to his own son are not only wise, but full of tender anxiety; worthy, therefore, to be set in the highest degree as to value, and to be received with heartiness as the language of fatherly affection.

I. Oh, for grace to practice what the Spirit of God says with regard to our first point,

The Prescribed Course

of the believer—"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long!" The fear of the Lord is a brief description for true religion. It is an inward condition, betokening hearty submission to our heavenly Father. It consists very much in the holy reverence of God, and a sacred awe of Him. This is accompanied by a child-like trust in Him, which leads to loving obedience, tender submission, and lowly adoration. It is a filial fear. Not the fear which has torment; but that which gives joy, when we "rejoice with trembling."

We must, first of all, *be* in the fear of God, before we can remain in it "all the day long." This can never be our condition, except as the fruit of the new birth. To be in the fear of the Lord, "ye must be born again." The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him." This holy fear of the living God is the life of God showing itself in the quickened ones. This fear, according to the text, is for all the day, and for every day: the longest day is not to be too long for our reverence, nor for our obedience. If our days are lengthened until the day of life declines into the evening of old age, still are we to be in fear of God; yea, as the day grows longer, our holy fear must be deeper.

A Religion of Show.

This is contrary to the habit of those persons who have a religion of show; they are very fine, very holy, very devout, when anybody looks at them; this is rather the love of human approbation than the fear of the Lord. The Pharisee, with a *halfpenny in one hand and a trumpet in the other*, is a picture of the man who gives an alms only that his praises may be sounded forth. The Pharisee, standing at the corner of the street, saying his prayers, is a picture of the man who never prays in secret, but is very glib in pious assemblies. "Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward." Show religion is a vain show. Do nothing to be seen of men, or you will ripen into a mere hypocrite.

Neither may we regard godliness as something off the common—an extraordinary thing. Have not a religion of spasms. Religion must not be thought of as something apart from daily life; it should be the most vital part of our existence. Our praying should be like our breathing, natural and constant; our communion with God should be like our taking of food, a happy and natural privilege. Brethren, it is a great pity when people draw a hard and fast

line across your life, dividing it into the sacred and the secular. Say not, "This is religion, and the other is business," but sanctify all things.

Ours must never be a religion that is periodic in its flow, like certain intermittent springs, which flow and ebb, and flow only to ebb again. Beware of the spirit which is in a rapture one hour, and in a rage the next. Beware of serving Christ on Sunday, and Mammon on Monday. Beware of the godliness which verifies the calendar. Every Sunday morning some folks take out their godliness and touch it up, while they are turning the brush round their best hat. Many women, after a fashion, put on the fear of God with their new bonnet. When the Sunday is over, and their best things are put away, they have also put away their best thoughts and their best behavior. We must have a seven days religion, or else we have none at all. Periodical godliness is perpetual hypocrisy.

Let us practically note the details which are comprised in the exhortation, "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." The sun is up, and we awake. May we each one feel, "When I awake I am still with thee."

Begin Well.

If I am bound to be in the fear of God all the day long, I am bound to begin well with earnest prayer, and sweet communion heavenward, and so let thy first breathings be prayer. And now we are downstairs, and are off to business, or to labor. As we hurry along the street, think of these words, "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." Leave not thy God at home: thou needest Him most abroad. Endeavor, when thou art plying the trowel, or driving the plane, or guiding the plow, or using the needle or the pen, to keep up constant communication with thy Father and thy Lord. Whether you work long hours or short hours, "Be in the fear of the Lord all the day long." But it is time for meals. Be thou in the fear of the Lord at thy table. The soul may be poisoned while the body is being nourished, if we turn the hour of refreshment into an hour of indulgence. Some have been gluttonous, more have been drunken. Do not think of thy table as though it were a hog's trough, where the animal might gorge to the full; but watch thine appetite, and by thanksgivings make thy table to be the Lord's table.

During the day our business calls us into company. Our associations in labour may not be so choice as we could wish; but he that earns his bread is often thrown where his own will would not lead him. If we were never to deal with ungodly men, it would be necessary for us to go out of the world. He that is in the fear of God all the day long,

Will Watch His Own Spirit,

and language, and actions, that these may be such as becometh the gospel of Christ in whatever society his lot may be cast. Seek not to be a hermit or a monk; but be a man of God among men. When making a bargain, or selling thy goods, be thou in the fear of God.

The evening draws in, the shop is closed, and you have a little time to yourself. Our young people in shops need a rest and a walk. Is this your case? "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." In the evening, as well as in the morning, be true to your Lord. Beware of ill-company in the evening! Take care that you never say, "Surely the darkness shall cover me." "Be thou in the fear of the Lord" when sinners entice thee, and at once refuse any offer which is not pleasing to God.

"Recreation," says one. Yes, recreation. There are many helpful and healthy recreations which can in moderation be used to advantage; but engage in no pastime which would hinder you continuing in the fear of the Lord. In your recreation forget not your higher *re-creation* wherein you were created anew in Christ Jesus. Our chief rest lies in a change of service for our Lord; our fullest pleasure in fellowship with Jesus. Night has fallen around us, and we are home with our families: let us not forget to close the day with family prayer and private prayer, as we opened it. From dawn to midnight be thou in the fear of the Lord.

Let us now remember special occasions. Days are not quite the same. Exceptional days will happen, and these are all included in the day. You sustain, perhaps, one day, a great and unexpectedly find yourself far poorer when you left your bed. "Be thou in the fear of the Lord" when under losses and adversity. Possibly you may have a wonderful day of success; but be not always gaping for it. Yet ship may come home; your windfall may be at your feet. Beyond anything you have expected, a surprising gain may fall into your lap; not unduly excited, but remain in the fear of the Lord. Take heed that thou be not lifted with pride, so as to dote upon thy wealth; then thy God may find it needful to afflict thee out of love for thy soul.

Sudden Assaults.

It may happen, during the day, that you are assailed by an unusual temptation. Christians are well armed against common temptations, but sudden assaults may injure them; therefore, "be in the fear of the Lord all the day long," and then surprises will not overtake you. You shall not be afraid of evil tidings; neither shall you be betrayed by evil suggestions; if you are rooted and grounded in the fear of the Lord.

It may be, that during the day you will have to act in a very difficult business. Common transactions between man and man are easy enough to honest minds; but every now and then a point is raised, a point of conscience, a point not to be decided off-hand: "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." Spread thy case before the Lord. Judge a matter as it will be judged before His bar; and if this be too much for thy judgment, then

Wait Upon God for Light.

But, alas! you are feeling very unwell; the will differ from those of activity. You cannot go to business; you have to keep to your bed; not but "be in the fear of the Lord all the day long." If the day has to last through thy sickness, because sleep forsakes you, be still with thy thoughts soaring toward heaven, your heart quiet in your Father's bosom, and your soul happy in the sympathy of Christ. To have the whole being bathed and baptized in the Holy Ghost is to find health in sickness, and peace in pain.

I have sketched the matter roughly. I now suggest to you excellent reasons for being always in the fear of the Lord. Ought not to be in the fear of the Lord all day long? He sees us all the day long? Walk in the fear of the Lord at all times, because you always long to Christ. The blood-mark is always on you; will you ever belie it? How could you do down your God-given and heaven-born character of a child of God? Nay, rather, for ever to your adoption, and the heritage secures you. Furthermore, remember this:

Your Lord May Come at Any Hour.

Before the word can travel from my lips, your ear Jesus may be here. While you are in business, or on your bed, or in the fire, flaming heavens may proclaim His advent; and therefore, with your loins girt and your robes trimmed, ready to go in to the supper when ever the Bridegroom comes. Or you may be in a moment, suddenly, we may be called to let every action be such that we would not regret to have it quoted as our last action every day be so spent that it might fitly be called close of life on earth. Let our near approach to the end help to keep us "in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

If we keep in that state, observe the results! To abide in the fear of the Lord is to dwell safely. To forsake the Lord is to be to court danger. In the fear of the Lord there is strong confidence, but apart from Him there is no security. How honorable is the state! Men ridicule the religion which is uniform. I heard of a brother who claimed to have long been a teetotaler; but some day when he was asked how long he had been an abstainer, he replied, "Off and on, for very many years." You should have seen the magic

upon all faces. An abstainer off and on! Example did not stand for much. Certain professors are Christians "off and on"; and nobody respects them. Such seed as this will grow; there is no vitality in it. Constancy is proof of sincerity. "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

Now I have rightly taken up the most of time with the principal topic, and we will have a word or two upon the next theme. Let us consider

The Probable Interruption.

It happened to godly men in all ages to see wicked prosper; and they have been staggered by the sight. You see a man who has no conscience, making money in your trade while you make none. Sometimes you think that your conscientiousness hinders you; and *I hope nothing else*. You see another person living and cheating; to him honesty is a policy, and Sabbath labor is no difficulty; the Word of God is nothing to him. You do not do as he does, and therefore you do not get on as he does. Be it so; but let his prosperity grieve you. There is something better to live for than mere money-making.

If your life pleases God, let it please you. Do not even in your wish deprive the ungodly of their transient happiness. Their present prosperity is the only heaven they will ever know. Let them have as much of it as they want. I have heard of a wife who treated her husband and ungodly husband with great gentleness for this very reason. She said, "I have loved for him and entreated him to think of his soul; but at last I have come to fear he will die in his sins, and therefore I have put up my mind that I will make him as happy as I can in this life."

He is the more tried because these men are apt to boast. They crow over the sufferer, saying, "What comes of your religion? You are worse off than I am. See how readily I get on without God!" Care nothing for their boasting; it will end so soon. Their rue walketh through the earth, but it only shows their vanity. It is galling to see the

Enemies of God Triumphant.

For policy for a time beats the plainness of the lover of truth. Their deceit baffles the plain man. The lovers of error outnumber the men of God. Such men tread on the heads and trust-deeds and every other legal objection of honest people. What care they? They despise the old-fashioned folk whom they despise. Remember Haman, in the Book of Esther, and note how glorious he was till he hung up on the gallows.

Dear friends, if you envy the wicked it does you serious harm. Envy helps in nothing but it hinders in many ways. If you envy the wicked you may soon wish to be like them. Do so wish, you are like them now! He would be willing to be wicked in order to prosper, is wicked already. He who says, "I would like to do as they do, that I might grow as they do"; why, he is a man that has his feet, and would sell his soul if he could meet a purchaser. No, not for all the world would we have the lot of unbelievers. We would sit the gate with Mordecai sooner than feast with the king with Haman. God help us, dear friends, that we may not be disturbed by seeing the prosperity of the wicked.

We close with

The Helpful Consideration.

The text says, "For surely there is an end; and the expectation shall not be cut off. First of all, there is an end of this life. These things are not forever; on the contrary, all that we see is dissolving view. Surely, every man walketh in vain show: even as a show it is in vain. Talk of spiritual things as though they were lows; but in very truth these are the only substance. Temporal things are as the mirage of the desert. The things about us are such as dreams are made of; and when we truly see we shall despise their image.

Next, there is an end of the worldling's prosperity. He makes his money; What then? He

makes more. What then? He makes more. What then? He dies; and there is a little notice in the newspaper which says that he died worth so much; which, being interpreted, means that he was taken away from so much which he never possessed, but guarded for his heir. There is an end in death, and after death the judgment; "for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing. What an end will that be! The sinner may live as carelessly as he pleases, but he must answer for it at the judgment-seat of Christ. Loud may be his laughter, sarcastic and bitter may be his criticisms upon religion; but there is an end; and when the death-sweat beads his brow, he will lower his key, and need help from that very gospel which he criticised." "There is an end." Let us not spend our lives for that which hath an end: an immortal soul should seek immortal joys.

Dear friends, to you there is an end in quite another sense. God has

An End in Your Trouble

and exercise. Your difficulties and trials are sent as messengers from God with gracious design. "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long"; for every part of the day hath its tendency to work out your spiritual education, your preparation for the heaven to come. In everything that happens to you your heavenly Father has an end. The arrows of calamity are aimed at your sins. Your bitter cups are meant to purify the inward parts of the soul. Fret not, but trust. There is an old proverb, that you should never let children and fools see half-finished works: even so, the work of God in providence cannot be judged of by such poor children as we are; for we cannot see to the end of the Lord's design. My brethren, when we see the end from the beginning, and behold God's work complete, we shall have a very different view of things from what we have now, while the work is still proceeding.

Lastly, whilst there is an end to the wicked, there will be no failure to your expectation. What are you expecting? That God will keep His promise? And so He will. That God will give you peace in the end? And so He will. That He will raise you from the dead, and set you in heavenly places with Christ? And so He will. And that you shall be forever with the Lord, and He will grant you glory and bliss? And so He will. "Your expectation shall not be cut off." Every Christian is a man of great expectations, and none of them will fail. Let him cultivate his hope, and enlarge its scope! for the hopes which are built on Jesus and His grace will never disappoint us. In our case the birds in the bush are better birds than those in the hand; and they are quite as sure. The promise of God is in itself a possession, and our expectation of it is in itself an enjoyment. By faith grasp the eternal. Treasure the spiritual. Rejoice in God, and "be in the fear of the Lord all the day long." God grant you this in His great grace, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Palestinian Census.*

To Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah, not only Old Testament prediction, but the testimony of Rabbinic teaching, unhesitatingly pointed. Yet nothing could be imagined more directly contrary to Jewish thought—and hence nothing less likely to suggest itself to Jewish invention—than the circumstances which according to the Gospel narrative, brought about the birth of the Messiah in Bethlehem. A counting of the people, or census taken at the bidding of a heathen Emperor, and executed by one so universally hated as Herod, would represent the *ne plus ultra* of all that was most repugnant to Jewish feeling. That the Emperor Augustus

made registers of the Roman Empire, and of subject and tributary states is now generally admitted. This registration for the purpose of future taxation, would also embrace Palestine. Even if no actual order to that effect had been issued during the lifetime of Herod, we can understand that he would deem it most expedient, in view of the probable excitement which a heathen census would cause in Palestine, to take steps for making a registration rather according to the Jewish, than the Roman manner.

According to the Roman law, all country people were to be registered in their own city—meaning thereby the town to which the village or place where they were born, was attached. According to the Jewish mode of registration the people would have been enrolled according to tribes, families, or clans, and the house of their fathers. But as the ten tribes had not returned to Palestine, this could take place to only a very limited extent, while it would be easy for each to be registered in his own city. In the case of Joseph and Mary, whose descent from David was not only known, but where, for the sake of the unborn Messiah, it was natural that, in accordance with Jewish law, they should have gone to Bethlehem. Indeed, so strong was this feeling, that it afterwards required special direction to induce Joseph to relinquish this chosen place of residence, and to return into Galilee. In these circumstances, Mary, now the wife of Joseph, though standing to him only in the actual relationship of betrothed, would, of course, accompany her husband to Bethlehem.

Jesus in the Temple.

We read in the Talmud that the members of the Temple-Sanhedrim, who on ordinary days sat as a court of appeal from the close of the morning, to the time of the evening sacrifice, were wont on Sabbath and feast-days to come out on the terrace of the Temple, and there to teach. In such popular instruction the utmost latitude of questioning would be given. It is in this audience, which sat upon the ground, surrounding and mingling with the Doctors that we must seek the child Jesus. The presence and the questioning of a child of that age did not necessarily imply anything so extraordinary, as to convey the idea of supernaturalness to those Doctors, or others in the audience. Scientific theological learning would not be necessary to take part in such popular discussions. If we may judge from later arrangements, not only in Babylon, but in Palestine, there were two kinds of public lectures and two kinds of students. The first, or more scientific lecture implied considerable preparation on the part of the lecturing Rabbis and at least some Talmudic knowledge on the part of the attendants. On the other hand there were "Students of the Court" who during ordinary lectures sat separated from the regular students by a kind of hedge, outside, as it were, in the court, some of whom seem to have been ignorant even of the Bible. But if there was nothing so unprecedented as to render His presence and questioning marvellous, yet all who heard Him were amazed at His combinatorial insight, and discerning answers. Judging by what we know of such discussions, we infer that His questioning may have been connected with the Paschal solemnities. Or perhaps He would lead up by His questions to their deeper meaning, as it was to be unfolded when Himself was offered up, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Other questions, also, almost force themselves on the mind—most notably this: whether on the occasion of this, His first visit to the Temple, the virgin-mother had told her Son the history of His infancy, and of what had happened when, for the first time He had been brought to the Temple. It would almost seem so if we might judge from the contrast between the virgin-mother's complaint about the search of His father and of her, and of His own emphatic appeal to the business of His Father. The reply of Jesus to their expostulation sets clearly these three things before us: He had been so entirely absorbed by the awakening thought of His being and mission, however kindled, as to be not

* From *Jesus the Messiah*. By Alfred Edersheim. An abridged edition of *The Life and Times of Jesus of Nazareth*. The lamented professor intended to have done this work himself, feeling that the message he had to deliver did not reach, in the larger work, all whose interest he desired to attract to the greatest of all Subjects; but he died before he could carry out his intention, and now the work has been done by others. It was a difficult task, but it has been very ably performed. Pp. 645; Price 9s.; Published by Anson D. F. Randolph, 38 West Twenty-third St., New York.



Dr. Parke, Physician to the Stanley Expedition, Drawing Poison From the Wound of Lieut. Stairs.

neglectful, but forgetful of all around. Secondly, we may venture to say that He now realized that this was emphatically His Father's house. And, thirdly, so far as we can judge, it was then and there that, for the first time, He felt the strong and irresistible impulse—that divine necessity of His being—to be about His Father's business.

DR. PARKE TREATING A WOUND.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the impressive incidents related by Mr. H. M. Stanley in his narrative of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha is depicted in the accompanying illustration. Stanley says that on August 13, 1887, they had a fierce fight with the natives at Avi Sibba, in which Lieut. Stairs was wounded. The expedition had crossed a river, and had camped in a little village when some arrows were shot at them by natives on the opposite bank. The Zanzibaris in Stanley's party replied by firing with their rifles, when Lieut. Stairs, who was second in command, promptly collected a party and took boat to repel the enemy. When about half way across the river a poisoned arrow struck the lieutenant just below the ribs, inflicting a dangerous wound. He broke off the arrow, leaving about an inch of the head in the flesh. On the return of the party, Dr. Parke, the surgeon of the expedition, examined the wound, and extracted the tip of the arrow which still remained in it. Finding that, as usual, the natives had steeped it in poison, he knelt down by the side of the wounded man and, applying his lips to the hole the arrow had made, he sucked the poison from the wound, which would otherwise have proved fatal. This was not the only deed of the kind performed by Dr. Parke. On several occasions he saved the lives of native members of the expedition who had been wounded, in a similar manner.

Dr. Parke acted on his belief that the poison in which the natives had steeped their arrows belonged to that class of poisons which is fatal when brought into contact with the blood, but is not fatal if taken into the stomach. There are many such poisons, and it was natural that the natives in preparing an arrow to do its deadly work, would use a poison of that kind. It was well for Lieut. Stairs, that someone was at hand who knew this fact, and had sufficient faith in his knowledge to venture his life upon it. It was in this case as in religion: mere knowledge, and theoretical faith were not sufficient. Dr. Parke did not shrink from acting on his faith, and thereby proved his sincerity as

well as saved the life of his friend. That kind of faith is rare among Christians. Many who would indignantly deny that they doubt God's promises are afraid to venture their income and their lives upon them.

AMONG THE AFRICAN DWARFS.

(See Illustration.)

RUMORS have been current for several years that there existed in Central Africa a tribe of diminutive savages, near akin to apes in appearance, and little superior to them in intelligence. Not much credence was given to these reports until 1865, when Paul du Chaillu, the intrepid explorer made his second expedition into the interior. He tells us in his interesting work on Equatorial Africa* that he came upon an extraordinary village in the midst of a dense jungle, the inhabitants of which fled at his approach. He examined the village at his leisure and found the huts to be evidently the homes of very small people. They were of low oval shape, the highest part, which was in the centre, being only four feet from the ground. They were made of flexible branches of trees arched over and fixed in the ground at each end, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with leaves.

In the course of his journey, M. du Chaillu had the satisfaction of finding another village of the dwarfs. In this case, as before, there was a general stampede when he was seen, but one old woman, who was too old to run, remained. To her the explorer gave some beads and told her that he should return with more beads the next day, and wanted the other women to be there to receive them. On the following day the village was completely deserted, not even the promise of beads having succeeded in allaying their fears. M. du Chaillu however was determined to see the strange people and remained in a village of the Oshango tribe not far away, and made frequent excursions to the village of the dwarfs.

A Nomadic Race.

From the Oshango people he learned that the dwarfs were called Obongo, and were an isolated people. The Oshangoes disdainfully declared that they were no kin of theirs, and evidently despised them. They tolerated their presence for selfish reasons. The Obongoes were skilled trappers, and were anxious to exchange the animals they caught after satisfying their own appetites, with the Oshangoes for water-jars, cooking utensils, and iron implements, which they could not manufacture for themselves. They

were also expert fishermen. They never stayed long in one place, but when the wild animals and fish became scarce would move to another locality.

M. du Chaillu succeeded in getting sight of some of the men when they came to the village to barter. They were less than four feet high. One who was considered unusually tall was nearly five feet. They would not suffer him to measure them or even to come near them. In color they were much lighter than their neighbors, the Oshango. They were a kind of dirty yellow, and the men had tufts of dark hair growing on their arms, legs and breasts. Their eyes had an untameable wild glare in them. Their foreheads were low and narrow, their legs were short, but their arms were not disproportionately long.

After many failures, M. du Chaillu found several of the women in the village and gave them beads, but failed to win their confidence, or to overcome their dread of him. They were even smaller than the men, and seemed to be utterly destitute of intelligence. In the illustration they are represented devouring non-poisonous snakes, of which they are very fond.

Mr. Stanley and the Dwarfs.

At Ugarrowwa's Station, during his recent expedition, Mr. Stanley encountered the dwarfs for the first time. It is remarkable that these little people were known to the nations of antiquity, but until M. du Chaillu found them it has been considered by modern writers that they were only a fabulous people. Thus an Encyclopædia published as recently as 1862, remarks, "The pygmies were a *fabulous* nation of dwarfs, who were said to live near the sources of the Nile, or according to some, in India. They are mentioned by Homer."

Mr. Stanley thus describes a *female dwarf*, the first specimen of the tribe that he saw: She measured *thirty-three inches in height*, and was a perfectly formed young woman of about seventeen, of a glistening and smooth sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature colored lady, not wanting a certain grace, and her face was very prepossessing. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the color of yellow ivory. Her eyes were magnificent, but absurdly large for such a small creature—almost as large as that of a young gazelle; full, protruding, and extremely lustrous. Absolutely nude, the little demoiselle was quite self-possessed, as though she were accustomed to be admired, and enjoyed observation."

Mr. Stanley made the acquaintance of several

* Published, price \$1.75 by Harper and Brothers, New York.



The Dwarfs of Central Africa Feasting on Snakes.

of the dwarfs during his journey. He "Scattered among the Balesse are the Butti, variously called Batwa, Alka, and Gu. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult male weighs ninety pounds. They are perfect scouts, and contrive by their knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, obtain early intelligence of the coming of others, and to send information to their settlements. They are thus like voluntary pickets, guarding the clearings and settlements. A road from any direction runs through the camps. Their villages command every way. Against any strange natives, disposed to be aggressive, they would combine with their taller neighbors, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pygmies would prevail."

Expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 462.)

LIGHT ON A DARK PROBLEM.

It certainly did look like a fatal disaster, as he fell from the top of the bank. The young man lay so still, and his face was so pallid that he seemed like one dead. The men were horrified as they looked, and with that strange sympathy, that a calamity calls forth even in the most, least sentimental of men, they hurried to the young man's side to see if they could do anything for him. Sympathy should not be rare in such a case, but the common brotherhood of men is so often forgotten that its reaction in emergencies causes surprise. The man who would have cared nothing for him, and well, now hurried to the stranger's side, tensely anxious for his welfare.

"Please do not wrench my arm, men; I'm afraid it is broken."

These were among the first words that Howard Scott spoke to the men who had rushed to his rescue, when he came back to consciousness, and his apprehensions proved correct,

His arm was broken and he was otherwise badly bruised. After extricating him from the debris of the wrecked carriage and broken harness, the men carried him to the top of the bank, and then having procured a wagon, conveyed him to town, to the house of his sister, where he was placed at once under a surgeon's care.

It was a little trying for an active young man like Howard to be confined to the house for several weeks, and he chafed at his detention from work. One day when his invalid's chair was drawn into the room where his sister sat, he said, somewhat petulantly:

"I don't see through this thing, Mary. There were so many things I wanted to do this spring. There's that assignment case that has been put into Will's hands for settlement"—Will was the attorney, Howard's brother-in-law—"I was very anxious to see how he managed it. Besides, I had planned several excursions to the country in April and May; and here I am shut up in the house with a lame arm, while the glorious days are slipping past. It's a little hard to see what good will result from such an accident. Don't you think so, Mary?"

His sister allowed him to finish his complaint without interruption, and then said: "No doubt it is sometimes. But I think I'll have to give you a lesson on the 'moral uses of dark things.'"

"That doesn't go to the root of the matter," interposed Howard. "Why can't we have the moral use *minus* the dark things? That's what I'd like to know."

"Well, you know," laughed his sister, "I haven't been to college as you have, and I am afraid I can't argue the question very skilfully. But I don't see how our moral powers could be developed without trial, without a test, without something that would call the will into exercise. If there were no trials and temptations, we might be very happy, but I don't see how we could be called morally good."

"I declare, Mary, you're becoming a second Aristotle," exclaimed Howard. "I'm surprised at your depth."

"Oh! spare your compliments and let me finish my argument," said the woman, with a

smile. "Taking up the thread of thought where it was dropped, let me ask, for example, how patience, which is one of the most beautiful of the virtues, could be cultivated if there were nothing to test human endurance? We call a man morally strong and grand when he is able to stand firm against temptation, but if there were no temptation there would be no opportunity for developing moral strength; there would be no chance for moral heroism."

"There you go again, my metaphysical sister, like an old Greek sage. Your argument seems plausible, and I feel too weak to make the mental effort to refute it, even if refutation were possible. But I have a question to ask, though I'm half ashamed to put it. Wouldn't it have been just as well to have made man happy and free from cares and trials of all kinds, without so much regard to his moral character?"

The young man's face flushed as he made the inquiry.

"Howard," said his sister, laying her sewing upon her lap and looking at him intently, as if to read his inmost thought, "is that what your opposition to Christianity is doing for you? I never heard you speak so before. You certainly cannot mean that you are beginning to care less for the good than for the pleasurable. That might prove ruinous to your—"

"Oh! Mary, don't lecture me, please," interrupted Howard; "I'm not in a mood for it to-day. I only put the question to bring you out and see how astute you were. I didn't mean to announce it as a principle of my own life. Nothing of the kind. Yes, you are correct; it is better to do right than to be happy, where the two won't go together. I wish I knew, though, what is the moral use of my tumbling over a river-bank and breaking my arm."

"I have no doubt good will come out of it," replied his sister. "'All things work together'—you know the verse."

Howard lay back upon the chair, feeling that his accident might not be so sad a calamity after all, if he could be patient, and soon his regular breathing showed that he had fallen asleep. A few days later while he and Mr. Bollis, his brother-in-law, sat in the room talk-

ing over some legal matters, their conversation was cut short by the entrance of the young man's sister, whose face was radiant with pleasure.

Well, Mary, you must have heard good news," said her husband. "Your face shines like — Venus; I mean the star, not the Greek goddess."

"Yes, I've found something in this paper that pleases me very much," she cried, jubilantly, holding up the journal. "It is the *Weekly Reflector*. It is always good, but it is better than usual now. It contains a serial story by Robert Heritage. You know Heritage, don't you, Will? He's the Principal of the High School here, and a member of our church. Don't you remember seeing him? He teaches the young men's Bible class."

"Perhaps if I went to church and Sunday-school as often as you do, Mary," replied her husband, with a smile, "I should have seen him there. But I do know Heritage. Meet him on the street almost every day, and he's been in my office two or three times. Came in to get light on some legal points, though he didn't say what his object was. Smart fellow. Clever, too, as he can be."

"But what about his literary venture, Mary?" inquired Howard.

"It is a religious story, or rather a theological one —"

"Oh! a Sunday-school tale, is it? Does the good little boy die?" and there was an undertone of sarcasm in Howard's tones.

"It is nothing of the kind," declared Mrs. Bollis. "The story is not of the clumsy, goody-goody sort, I assure you. It is a strong work, and you can see that it is written by a man who thinks and knows how to picture real life, and who doesn't make his characters either preternaturally good or preternaturally bad. The story deals with doubt, with rationalism, Howard."

"Is that so? I'm all attention."

"The author traces the steps by which a young man becomes a doubter through reading rationalistic books, and finally an open unbeliever; describes in a most vivid style his mental perplexities, his struggles, his *ennui*, and his unsatisfied longing for the truth; and, more than all, throws light on many of the questions that disturb the restive, unsettled mind. So much as far as I have gone. It has been running four weeks, but I have been so busy that I did not see it till to-day, and I have read them all now and am longing for more. Howard, I want you to read the story."

"I'm afraid it won't benefit me much," Howard replied, nonchalantly. "Stories are generally written by men and women who are not capable of writing anything solid."

"Take care, Howard," put in the lawyer; "you forget George Eliot's *Romola*. She could write solid books as well as stories."

"And Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Guy Mannering*," added Mrs. Bollis.

"And Victor Hugo and Thackeray," supplements Bollis, with a hearty laugh.

"You don't mean to say that Heritage is to be classed with the masters, do you?" exclaimed Howard. "Is it possible that a genius has fallen from the sky and taken up his abode in Bas-serine? If so, I'm his devotee, for I worship genius."

"Genius or no genius, this is a healthful and instructive story, and I hope you will read it," said Mrs. Bollis, laying the papers on the table and starting from the room.

"May I read it, too?" called the attorney, laughing gayly, as his wife stood in the door.

She came back, and, giving her husband a fond caress, said, in low, earnest tones: "I hope you will, dear. It will help you to think more seriously of spiritual matters. I long so to see you a Christian man, Will."

"Well! Mary has taken quite a serious turn to-day," remarked the lawyer, a little more thoughtfully than usual, after his wife had left the room. "Do you want to read the story now, Howard? I must go to the office for a few hours."

"I believe I will look it over," said the young man, taking the journals from the other's hand.

Left alone, Howard began the perusal of *Parted Lives*. It must be confessed that he took it up with a profound prejudice and no little aversion, first, because the very thought of a religious novel was repugnant to his ideas of literary art, and, second, because he expected it to consist of a series of misrepresentations and caricatures of the characters and lives of unbelievers, such as he had found in several one-sided, apologetic works he had tried to read a few years before. He therefore began to read languidly. But he had not gone far before a sentence arrested his attention, and he soon felt interested. A little farther on, the author's purpose became clear, and the young reader saw that it was not vituperation, not abuse, not even controversy with the opponent of Christianity, that formed the motive of the story, but a sincere desire to picture truthfully the difficulties of the doubter, and then point out the way to assurance and mental quietude. More than all, it was the writer's honest sympathy with the doubter, and his kindly treatment of his perplexities, that won the confidence of the young man, and even touched his feelings. As he read, he saw a picture of his own mental life, and could not help fancying himself the hero of the story.

"The author must have gone through all these spiritual throes himself, or he could never have described them so accurately," was Howard's mental comment. Then he read on through the next chapter, and the tears stole from his eyes and followed one another down his cheeks.

"I declare! I never was so touched in my life," he said, brushing away the tears and looking through their film at the lines before him. "How did the author get hold of my spiritual biography, I wonder? It seems almost like a case of divination, or clairvoyance, or mind-reading."

When he reached the end of the fourth chapter, it was almost with a shock that he ran against the bracketed "To be continued," and became conscious that he could read no more until the next number of the paper came to hand. He sat musing for a long time, gazing abstractedly out at the gathering dusk, and when his sister came in to light the gas, he said, steadying his voice as much as he could:

"Mary, did you say Robert Heritage was the teacher of a Bible-class at your church?"

"Of a young men's Bible-class—yes."

"If I'm well enough next Sunday, may I go with you to the school, and will you introduce me to Heritage and ask him to let me join his class?"

"My dear Howard!" said the good woman, bursting into tears. "I shall be only too glad—" But she could say no more. Hurrying to her room, she fell upon her knees in devout thankfulness. As she had predicted, some good was coming already of Howard's accident.

Howard's resolution was not a mere momentary impulse. The next Sunday morning found him, his arm still in a sling, in the family carriage with his sister and brother-in-law, whom he had persuaded to accompany them to the place of worship. The Sabbath-school was held in the morning before the preaching service.

Perhaps the young doubter was a little disappointed in Robert Heritage when he was introduced to him that morning. He expected to find a man of striking appearance, whose genius shone from his features. Instead, however, of the ideal man of his conceptions, he found him a man of medium height, rather heavily and compactly built, with a round, genial, almost rosy face, which beamed with good-nature and jollity, and which would have been boyish in its expression, had it not been for the dark, heavy moustache, that proclaimed him about thirty.

However, his disappointment was soon changed into admiration, when Heritage came and sat down by his side and gave him a warm welcome to the class, taking his name and address. Then he made several inquiries, not too

tentative, and yet sufficiently pertinent to give him some idea of the young man's attitude toward Christianity. Howard's reserve melted away, and he unbosomed himself more freely than was his wont with strangers, and finally acknowledged that he had been reading Heritage's *Parted Lives*, the perusal of which had brought him to the class.

"I am thankful," said Heritage, modestly and reverently, "that God has given me an opportunity to do good in more ways than one."

Howard was struck by the man's evident sincerity and singleness of aim. While he was indifferent to praise—no man is—he yet more anxious to do good than to win human plaudits. The conversation between the men had taken place before the opening of school, while the hushed hum of conversation was going on in the room. Heritage had gone to speak to some other young men of the class, and Howard sat looking over the throng.

It is seldom that one has a prevision that epoch is about to occur in one's life, for it usually comes in the most unlooked-for fashion. Certain it is that when Howard Wescott went to church that morning, he had no premonition that he should see two individuals whose paths were to be closely interlaced with his in the most intricate and romantic way. It is that the planisphere of our "tangled life" is hidden from our sight.

Suddenly Howard became conscious, by a subtle and mysterious telegraphy, that some one was walking up the aisle on the opposite side of the church. Involuntarily he glanced that direction, his eye falling upon the form of a young lady, who moved up the aisle a half-way to the front and then took her place in a pew with a class of small girls. They clustered about her in an affectionate way, and it plain that she was their teacher and held a warm place in their hearts. To say that the girl made a vivid impression upon Howard would be to put the case mildly. It almost seemed, in the language of romance, that he "met his destiny." He watched her during the routine exercises of the school, when the lesson was begun and she turned her chair around, he had an opportunity of studying her face.

Others may not have thought her beautiful. Even Howard was undecided on that point, her face seemed to put every standard of æsthetic judgment to the blush. For Howard it seemed a charm, a fascination, which he could not account for. The spell lay more in its expression than in any special attractiveness or symmetry of the features. He saw that her eyes were large and of that gray blue cast with hazel near the iris, which is so common everywhere; and yet the slightly languid drooping of the lids seemed unique. By a great effort he withdrew his mind from her and gave attention to Heritage's explanation of the lesson, and was pleased to note the clear, logical character of his comments. There was no attempt to go into subtleties, and yet no dull point was slurred over. Several questions that Howard put were answered with the candor and courtesy.

"You will come regularly, I hope," Heritage said, when the school was dismissed.

Howard readily gave his promise, and having found his friends, went with them to the audience room for the preaching service. While the solemn tones of the organ "voluntary" welcomed the gathering congregation, the young man noticed that the members of the choir were taking their places. A woman presently advanced from the rear of the choir to the chair that had been left vacant for her, and Howard saw, with a thrill of pleasure, that it was the girl who had interested him so in the Sunday-school room. He could not suppress the question that rose to his lips.

"Who is the young lady sitting next to you, the one that I should judge sing next?" he whispered to his sister.

"Her name is Addie More."

(To be Continued.)

WELSHMAN'S TRUST.
 dency to rest hope for salvation
 rms and ceremonies exists in all
 among all people; but it is sur-
 t it should be so in the face of the
 clation of God's word. Men
 told now as much as Nicodemus
 must be born again." An in-
 point is related by Mr. John Pugh
 preacher. He says: "I remem-
 in Wales who lay dying. He
 good living man, and attended
 gularly. As it became evident
 had not long to live in this
 wife sent for his minister, who
 he Sacrament, and after speaking
 iring words left him. After he
 however, the wife began to be
 even though he had partaken
 's Supper there was something
 nd so excited did she become,
 ver the thought, that she sent for
 a very young man then, and
 stomed to these scenes; but I
 as my duty, as a minister of the
 speak the whole truth. Seating
 his bed, I said to him, 'Now you
 very verge of eternity, and are
 ared?' 'Yes,' was the reply,
 erciful, and I rest on his great
 'That is true,' I answered; 'God
 l. More so than either you or I
 ne; but is that sufficient? You
 He requires a complete change
 d He promises to give it to those
 him through Christ. He cannot
 is mercy at the expense of His
 But in His wonderful grace He
 a way whereby He can be both
 nd just. Jesus has taken our sins
 n, and paid the penalty, and now,
 vledging Him as our Substitute,
 ring pardon in His name we can
 The poor dying man saw where
 en wrong, and humbly and ear-
 ight pardon through his Saviour."

STANLEY'S LOST GUN.
 timony of Mr. H. M. Stanley is
 phatically and unequivocally to
 of mission work in Africa. He
 nally witnessed the change, and
 ony is therefore entitled to credit.
 ers, in the course of a recent ad-
 dresd to that testimony, and related
 ing incident which he had heard
 Stanley, and which occurred on
 expedition: Mr. Stanley said: "I
 my soldiers dragging a native
 for being found in possession of
 guns. I examined it, and saw
 was no doubt that it belonged to
 ition. I questioned him but he
 of 'Stanley' and could not an-
 at last he said, 'I am a son of
 uld not steal.' These were the
 s he would say, and he repeated
 nd again. Then it dawned
 hat this must be one of the mis-
 sers, and I resolved to give him
 un and see what he would do
 as soon as he received the gun he
 and when I arrived at the next
 ere was the gun waiting for me.
 and picked it up and not knowing
 t belonged, had, as soon as freed
 en it to the missionary, who had
 that station that I might get it
 Christianity in the African makes
 change in the character. They
 tianity into the every-day duties

INFIDEL WAS CONVINCED.
 t that Christianity has the prom-
 life that now is, as well as of that
 o come was realized lately by a
 was an infidel lecturer, but is
 earnest Christian. He was not
 by argument nor by fear of a
 ishment, but by a conviction that
 dfforded no protection to the mor-
 Christianity, even if it were not
 give that protection. The Rev.
 ls, who was associated with him
 an work, was amazed when he
 he had once been a pronounced
 of the faith he was preaching,
 him if it was true. He replied,
 quite true; but my infidelity was
 on the day when my first boy was
 hen detected myself resolving that
 ot bring him up as an infidel, as I

did not wish him to run any risks to his
 morals. I had myself escaped those im-
 moral snares, but then I had had the ad-
 vantage of a Christian training! With an
 outburst of internal laughter, I then said to
 myself, 'You are a fine fellow; you hold a
 creed you dare not teach your boy. If it
 be not good for the son, how can it be good
 for the father? You who deny God, would
 you like to see the wife whom you love,
 and the children who look up to you as all
 that is good, following in your footsteps?
 Then why pursue that course yourself?
 Your instinct tells you it is wrong for those
 you love; yet, blinded by a false pride, you
 hold to it for yourself.' From this point
 he went on his argument with himself to
 consider that if Christianity was, as he had
 been forced to admit, a good thing for the
 morals of a boy, it must be a good thing in
 itself. A bad thing cannot bring forth good.
 He then reconsidered the whole question
 afresh with a tendency in its favor. When
 he had considered it at first his bias had been
 against it. His earnest seeking led to his
 conversion and he was soon conscious by
 actual proof in his own soul that he was
 changed by supernatural power.

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"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—

Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown
"Let me hide myself in Thee;" [dim,
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, ay, still the words would be
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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A HINDOO HOME MISSIONARY.

At a missionary meeting in London recently, the Rev. J. S. Ellison of Mymensing, India, said that he had left his work in India in charge of a very remarkable man. He first met him on a journey, in the course of which, he called on Mr. Bean, another missionary. Mr. Bean said to him, "Mr. Ellison, there is a young man here from Mymensing who wants to be baptised." "I saw the young man," says Mr. Ellison,

"and found he was very anxious to be baptised as soon as possible, for he feared that his relations would steal him away. I consented to baptise him on the ensuing Sunday. However, on the Sunday his relatives prevented his coming to the mission house, and he could not come on the Sunday to be baptised. I found it out afterwards and visited him. I found that he was in a house full of young men who were students in that college. By request he came down from an upper story and sat on a bench before them all, and I said to him, 'They have prevented you from being baptised, but they cannot prevent you from believing in Christ.' He said, 'No; my faith is firm in Him.' He went to Calcutta. His brother and others did all they could to persuade him to go back into Hinduism, but all in vain. Eventually he was baptised there, and after a few months he went to Seramore College. There he was trained for the native ministry for two years, and then he went to Barrisal, and served our society for two years there. And just a few months before I left India he was transferred to the Mymensing district. He was appointed by the Conference as an assistant missionary. But when I had to leave my work on account of ill-health, the whole burden of the mission was put upon him. Now, here you have an instance of a young man who was converted during my stay there, who passed through his college course, and served an apprenticeship in the ministry, and now he is a home missionary."

A VOLUNTARY SLAVE.

In a church in Algiers a recent visitor noticed a memorial tablet to the Rev. Devereux Spratt, bearing a remarkable inscription. He made inquiries respecting the man, and was referred to Admiral Spratt who belonged to his family. From him he learned a history of self-sacrifice rarely recorded. It appears that Devereux Spratt was on board a ship that was captured by Algerine pirates in the year 1641. The crew and passengers, 120 in number, were carried to Algiers, and sold into slavery. Mr. Spratt's family brought influence to bear on the British Government in his behalf, and eventually the Dey of Algiers was induced to grant his manumission. Mr. Spratt, however, had made use of his opportunity to preach the gospel to his fellow captives. A good work had begun among them and many in their slavery had become free men in Christ. To the Christians there, also, Mr. Spratt's teaching had become very precious supporting them under their trials and hardships. The thought of losing him was very bitter to them though they rejoiced that the good fortune, denied them, had fallen to him. But Mr. Spratt could not bear to leave his fellow captives to whom God had made him useful. He therefore declined the offer of emancipation and voluntarily remained in slavery till the day of his death, that he might continue to minister to the unhappy slaves. His was the spirit of Christ who "took upon Him the form of a servant . . . and became obedient unto death," that he might save His people.

A PILLOW IN A HOSPITAL.

It is remarkable how ignorant and learned, poor and rich, humble and distinguished, alike find in Christ support and comfort in their hours of trial. No better proof could be furnished of the divinity of Christ and the supernatural origin of His teaching. When Benjamin Parsons, the saintly Congregational minister lay dying at the close of a long and useful life, Dr. Paxton Hood went to visit him. He was shown into the room where the veteran preacher lay. After some conversation, Paxton Hood said, "Well, brother, on what are you resting?" "Oh, I am resting easily, on a three-fold pillow." "A three-fold pillow! What is it?" "Infinite love, infinite wisdom, infinite power. All met in my Redeemer." And resting on that pillow the good old saint went home to the Lord whom he had served so long and faithfully. Dr. Hood, the following Sabbath told the story in his Church. Seated in one of the back pews during his address, was a young girl who felt that she must have that same pillow, and by God's grace she was soon the

happy possessor of it. A few days afterward she became unwell, and was removed to the infirmary, where she had to undergo an operation. As she was placed on the operating table, the doctor withdrew, one by one, the pillows on which she lay, until he came to the last one, that which supported her head. Looking up into the doctor's face, she said, "Doctor, must that go also?" "Yes," said the big-hearted doctor, in his kindest voice, as he gazed down at her with tears in his eyes, "it is necessary that you should be flat on the board." "Then take it," was the resigned reply, "but you cannot take Benjamin Parsons' pillow from me." "Benjamin Parsons' pillow! What is that?" "Infinite love, infinite wisdom, infinite power, all met in my Redeemer."

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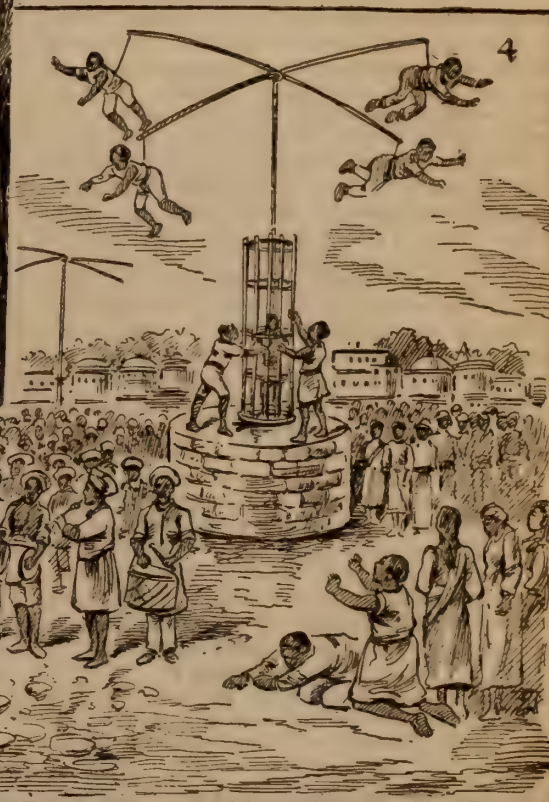
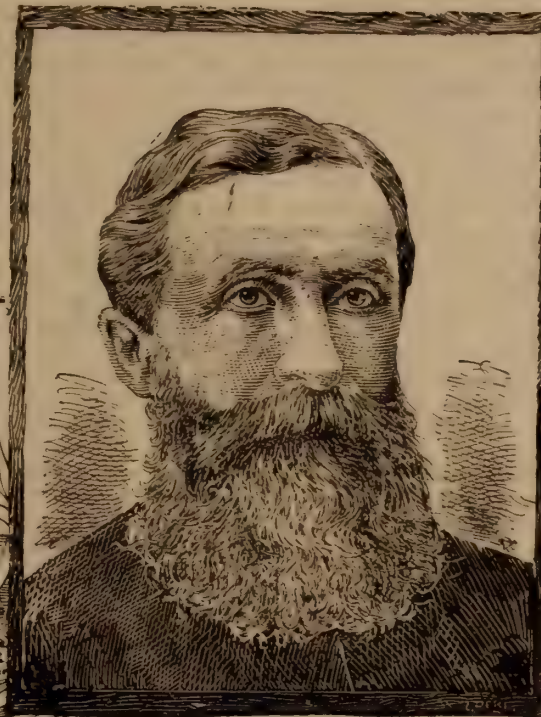
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REV. J. M. THOBURN, D. D., M. E. MISSIONARY BISHOP FOR INDIA.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. A BLOODY MONSTER.

"It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." Gen. 37: 33.

Jacob Deceived—Parents Who May Say it Truthfully—What Drunkenness Does in Society—The Sabbath Sacrificed—The Strain on Righteous Indignation—A House in Two Stages—Two Scenes in a Man's Life—The Prey of the Scythe—Merchants, Physicians and Clergymen Mown Down—How to Fight the Evil—Begin in the Home—Exhibit the Helots—At the Polls—By Organized Societies—By the Pledge—By Asylums—By Example—An Appeal to the Erring—The Doom of the Tempter.

JOSEPH'S brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation to-day. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium-eaters. India, Turkey, and China have groaned with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betelnut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil, and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa; the Mexicans, the agave; the people at Guarapo, an intoxicating quality taken from sugar-cane; while a great multitude, that no man can number, are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and they could come up from the dead, what eye could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction? What heart could endure

The Groan of Agony?

Drunkenness: Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room; and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a vaster pyramid.

Who will gird himself for the journey, and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead—going up miles high on human carcasses to find still other peaks far above, mountain above mountain white with the bleached bones of drunkards?

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people, the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe-store is closed: severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window-shutters of the grog-shops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum-traffickers. All other trades

must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing, and hosiery, and hardware, and lumber, and coal, take off their hats to the rum-seller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed

License for Sunday Work.

But swing out your signs, and open your doors, O ye traffickers in the peace of families, and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly, and the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half-consumed throat of the inebriate. God does not see! Does He? Judgment will never come! Will it?

I do not know but that God is determined to let drunkenness triumph, and the husbands and sons of thousands of our best families be destroyed by this vice, in order that our people, amazed and indignant, may rise up and demand the extermination of this municipal crime. There is a way of driving down the hoops of a barrel so tight that they break. We have, in this country, at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whiskey. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the small-pox by taxation. The men who distil liquors are, for the most part, unscrupulous, and the higher the tax, the more inducement to illicit distillation.

Oh! the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariff! If every gallon of whiskey made—if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian Church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed for ever.

Two Homes.

I sketch two houses in one street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that

Paradise Into a Hell!

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him, and cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Man the second: Lies in the station-house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and carried in drunk, and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip,

Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum accursed RUM!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their store are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the Gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night? Wednesday night? Tuesday night? Monday night? Nay, have not some of you

In Your Own Bodies

felt the power of this habit? You think that you could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. Think, if some of you should try to break away, you would find a chain on the right wrist, and one on the left; one on the right foot, and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten, and strangle, and crush, until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries, "O God! O God! help! help!" But it is too late; and not even the fires of woe can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, First, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Warn them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen in a ditch, take them right up

Where They Can See

his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say, "Look, my son. Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street, brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, delirious, shouting, reeling, raving, and foaming maniac, say to your son, "Look; that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog-shop, let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsel lest in after-days they break your heart at a curse your gray hairs. A man laughed at his father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: "I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards, and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

Again: We will battle this evil by voting of for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship, and demand that our officials shall be sober men?

I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; and that, however eminent a man's services may be if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Spend a few days at Harrisburg, or Albany, or Washington, and you will find out upon these subjects, it is impossible to get rigorous enactments.

Again: We will war upon this evil by organized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have banded together; annually issue their circulars; raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests; and by grips, pass-words, signs, and stratagems, set at defiance public morals. Let us confront them with organ-

ns just as secret, and, if need be, with grips, pass-words, and signs, maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of lawful strategy in the carrying on of this conflict. I wish to God we could lay under the one-casks a train which, once ignited, would make the earth with the explosion of this monstrous iniquity!

Again: We will try

The Power of the Pledge,

ere are thousands of men who have been seduced by putting their names to such a document. I know it is laughed at; but there are some men who, having once promised a thing, stick to it. "Some have broken the pledge." Yes; they were liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such a signature; but I do say that it would be the salvation of many of you. The glorious work of Theobald Mathew can never be estimated. At his hand four millions of people took the pledge, and multitudes in Ireland, England, Scotland, and America, have kept it till this day. The pledge signed to thousands has been the proclamation of emancipation.

Again: We expect great things from inebriate deliriums. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons won't cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate it; religious tracts will not remove it; the Gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and, if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade

Through the Fires of Hell

get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of blood in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his hand into the bowl, and then drank the contents.

Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children; he would tread their heads out. Away with the wife; he would dash her to death. Away with the cross; he would trample it down. Away with the Bible; he would burn it up for the winds. Away with heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though the sands of blood pass up the bowl, and the soul tumbles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float on the foam—give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe, to my children's rags; to my eternal banishment from earth, and hope, and heaven! Give it to me! Give me the drink!"

Again: We will contend against these evils by trying to persuade

The Respectable Classes

society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance, look each other in the face on this subject. You have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine-closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your aid, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. That, and I will promise three things: First, that you will find unspeakable happiness in doing your duty. Secondly, you will probably save somebody—perhaps your own child. Thirdly, you will not, in your last hour, have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the plow of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will be turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

Oh! how this rum fiend would like to go and

hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that, when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table you would see it hanging from the wall; and, when you opened your bedroom, you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart.

Illustrious Victims.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan, the English orator, and shattered the golden sceptre with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul sprite turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American Senate with his eloquence, and after a while carried him home dead drunk? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer, and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excellent a life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. Oh! what a change it would make in your home. Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home-lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from your anxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It may not call back unkind words uttered, or rough deeds done; for perhaps in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself, and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast-going life.

But perhaps you have

Not Utterly Gone Astray.

I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot downright, and say to your companions and friends, "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life; nor will I countenance the habit in others"? Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake, get out of that business! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day!

Do not think that because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. I am surprised to hear you men say that they respect the "original package" decision, by which the Supreme Court of the United States allows rum to be taken into States like Kansas, which have decided against the sale of intoxicants. I have no respect for a wrong decision. I care not who makes it. The three judges of the Supreme Court who gave minority report against that decision were right, and the Chief Justice was wrong. The right of a State to defend itself against the rum traffic will yet be demonstrated, the Supreme Court notwithstanding. Higher than the Judicial Bench at Washington is the Throne of the

Lord God Almighty. No enactment national, State, or municipal can give you the right to carry on a business whose effect is destruction.

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list; but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Cognac, Heidsieck, Sour mash or beer. God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in low oyster-cellar or behind the polished counter of a first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you, and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds, and say, "You made them"; and point to their unquenchable thirst, and say, "You kindled it"; and rattle their chain, and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ear; and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices; while rolling up from beneath, and breaking among the crags of death, will thunder, "*Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!*"

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Baptism of Jesus.*

THINK of the majesty of this John [the Baptist]. Remember how he bore himself in the presence of the Pharisees and Sadducees; and how he faced Herod, telling him plainly, at the risk of his life, as it afterward proved, "It is not lawful for thee to wed thy brother's wife." Remember that all Judæa and Jerusalem and Galilee had been bowing down in his presence; and now, when an obscure, nameless one of Nazareth comes to him, only as yet distinguished from others by the holiness of His life and the purity of His soul, John would not have Him bow in his presence, but would himself bend before Him. "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" Oh, for more of that grand combination of lofty courage and lowly reverence! Verily, "among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

The Sacred College.

It would appear from the second and third gospels that, immediately before the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount, the twelve were chosen from the whole number of the disciples to be constantly with Jesus as witnesses of His works and learners of His doctrine. By this time they had been so far instructed and trained by their companionship with Him that they could be safely intrusted with a mission by themselves; accordingly, He for the first time gives them power to do deeds of mercy of the same sort as those which He himself had been doing, as signs of the kingdom of heaven. The number twelve was, no doubt, significant, as suggestive of the twelve tribes of Israel; but there was plainly no attempt to have the tribes represented separately. It would seem as if all were Galileans except one, and that one was Judas Iscariot (that is, the man of Kerioth, supposed to be a town of Judæa). The reason of this almost exclusive choice of Galileans is in all probability to be found in the fact that there were none other available. There had been those in the course of His Judæan ministry, who had, after a fashion, believed on him; but there was not one of them whom He could trust with such work as this (John 2: 23-25). Not only was the Apostolate Galilean—it was plebeian, and that without a single exception. It seems to include not a single person of recognized rank or position. Again we believe this is to be accounted for by the simple fact that there were none of these available.

*From the *Expositor's Bible: The Gospel of Matthew*. By John Monro Gibson, M.A., D.D. This well-known author has brought to bear on the first gospel his profound learning, and in a spirit of reverence has opened up its rich treasures and shed light on its references as well as its teachings. Pp. 450. Price, \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

A Vast Population Still in Heathen Darkness—Idol Worship—Over 300,000,000 Gods—A Babel of Beliefs—Sacrifices to Juggernaut—Torture by the Swing—American Missionary Work—Bishop Thoburn's Effort to Establish a Vigorous Press—The Bethany Farm.

IN the whole world, there is no field that affords a wider scope for missionary enterprise than India. With its population of very nearly 300,000,000 souls, there are still less than 2,000,000 Christians, the vast bulk of the people being Hindus, Mussulmans, Buddhists and aborigines. The last, while they are idol-worshippers, do not belong to any of the classifications named. It would almost seem as though India had been set apart by God in His wisdom to be wrested from darkness by His chosen servants, as a special heritage of the present generation; for although Christianity has long been known there, it is only within the last half century that any organized and systematic effort has been made to bring the benighted millions into the light of the Gospel.

If you can imagine a country about one-third the size yet with nearly four times the population of our own land, and in which one person in every two hundred is a Christian, the others being worshippers of idols of wood and stone—hideous things set up in groves and amid the ruins of heathen temples; subject to the most slavish superstitions and ruled by priests whose whole duty is to keep them steadfast in their ignorant devotion to their heathen gods; where frightful sacrifices of human life are still made in some remote parts to appease these gods, and where the most abject poverty is the universal lot of the common people, you may form some idea of the condition of India to-day. It is true that, in some parts where mission work has been perseveringly followed up, these conditions have been somewhat improved; but, throughout a large part of the Empire, idol-worship, heathen rites, and the most revolting practices, upheld by the native priests, still prevail.

No other nation in the world shows such a confusing variety in its religious beliefs as India. The so-called sacred books of the priests, the *Upanishads*, are a system of

Mysteries and Mythologies,

blending many sublime truths with a mass of idolatrous absurdities and fables. There are hundreds of thousands of these priests in India, and for generations, they have drawn the people on with even greater zest in their idolatry, as the advance guards of the army of Christianity appeared on their shores. It is estimated that they have set up in all not less than 330,000,000 inferior gods for the Hindus to worship, besides the array of more important deities, like *Vishnu*, *Siva* and *Brahma*, the last the greatest of all to the benighted Indian mind. There is a god of the sky; one of the fire, *Agni*; *Yama* is the god of hell; *Soma* of the moon; *Purana* of the wind; *Surya* of the sun; *Varuna* of the water; *Kuvera* of riches; *Kamas* of love; and there are eight *Lokapalas*, or, "guardians of the world," besides. In all, if we take the estimated population into our reckoning, there is just about one God for every human being living in India at this moment.

In this vast pantheon are many deities intended, as most heathen gods are, to terrorize and affright the simple-minded natives. The *Rashas* are the spirit enemies of mankind; the *Daiyas* are the demons of destruction and *Kali* is the goddess of evil and the female partner of *Siva* one of the principal gods. The city of Calcutta, now a centre of Christian endeavor and the focus of evangelism in India, was originally named after this mythical deity and was the seat of a great priesthood. Besides, not satisfied with the worship of imaginary beings under the name of gods, the priests have set up as objects of religious adoration, snakes, bulls, birds, and even trees. The clay image of the cobra, a poisonous serpent, is in almost every temple. It is not surprising that, misled as

they have been for centuries, the poor Hindus should be glad to exchange such a babel of beliefs for the simple faith as it is found in Jesus.

Our illustrations to-day show some interesting facts in connection with

Heathen Practices

as they now exist in the "Land of the Sun," as India is called by travellers, and furnish some faint idea of the darkness of that vast Empire, even at the present day. The idol seen in the picture, is one common to many localities in India. Like the "gree-gree," or family deity of the savage African, it is a rudely hewn block of wood, sometimes stone, made still more hideous by being painted and daubed, with great beads for eyes, and a general aspect that would inspire anything but respect in the heart of any save the most ignorant and superstitious. Yet this deformed and senseless thing is held in the highest veneration in thousands of Indian homes to-day. Its counterpart is to be found in the numerous temples there, set up by the fanatical priests, while the multitudes grovel at its feet of wood or clay. Verily:

"The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

It is this form of idol that is set on the pinnacle of the car of Juggernaut, whose annual procession, drawn by elephants and pulled by ropes in the hands of long lines of devotees, is marked by the blood of innocent victims, who esteem themselves blessed if they perish beneath the car of the idol. The priests, too, applaud such sacrifices. Christian missionaries have done much to put an end to these horrors; but so vast is the country and so small the band of God's faithful workers by comparison, that the slaughter still goes on in remote parts where idol-worship has its strongholds.

The "swing," which is also shown in our illustrations is another form of

Religious Fanaticism;

a mode of self-torture, inflicted by devotees at the instigation of the native priests. The victim permits himself to be suspended by a hook passed through the muscles of his back, and he is then drawn up at the end of a rope fastened to a pole, which moves on a pivot, the impulse being given by the crowds of natives who are always eager to witness such spectacles. Sometimes as many as four devotees may be seen swinging at once. The pain is excruciating, and not until they are unconscious from weakness and loss of blood, is the motion relaxed and the unfortunate released. Sometimes he pays the penalty of his devotion with his life. There are many other forms of self-torture inculcated by the heathen religions of India, such as laceration with knives, maintaining a fixed attitude for days at a time; putting out the eyes, and even maiming the limbs. Until a very recent period, it was a common custom among Indian mothers of the poorer class to sacrifice their female children to *Ganga*, the goddess of the river Ganges, and thousands of little ones perished annually from this cause. This revolting cruelty, however, the missionaries succeeded in abating, and now it is practised secretly, if at all. But the

Dark and Terrible Places

of the Indian Empire are gradually being illuminated by the sunshine of God's own Gospel, and the name of Christ is being spread from the Ganges to the straits of the South. Under God's blessing America has done much toward redeeming India from its idols. Our Societies have established many churches and missions, instructed a large number of native missionaries and teachers, and spread the glad tidings of salvation from the Himalayas to the sea. Schools have been opened and the very heart of the Empire has been reached with the message of God's love. It is a land in which Americans have a special interest, and none more than American Sunday-school children; for it is among the young people of India that the great work of Christianization must make the best progress. All the Christian nations have done noble work there during the last half

century, but none more energetically or successfully than the American missionaries, many of whom have laid down their lives in the cause, falling on the field of duty under the deadly ailments that afflict the white race in that far-off country. But this does not deter other brave spirits from dedicating their lives to mission work in the same field.

One of the noble hearts whose splendid work has added lustre to the cause of Christianity there, under God's blessing, is the Rev. James M. Thoburn, Missionary Bishop for India, who is now on a visit to this country after thirty years' labor in the vineyard of Hindostan. Born at St. Clairsville, O., in 1836, he began missionary work at 23 years of age and has passed through many wonderful experiences; yet he has never lost the first inspiration of God's call to that special field of duty, and the results have been such as to increase year by year, his faith and hope in the ultimate reclamation of that land from darkness to Christianity. He has at different times labored in the mountains among the wandering tribes, in the plains among the Tarroos, at town and village fairs, and even at the very doors of the heathen temples, and in sight of their priests, has he boldly delivered

The Message of Salvation

to interested hearers. The story of his experience would fill a volume; but it is more or less the experience of every true worker who takes up the burden of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. It is a story of self-sacrifice, of absolute devotion; of poverty and privation, and many times of dire peril; but never of despair. God's good providence seems to have a special eye over His sons and daughters who carry His standard into the fastnesses of idolatry and sin.

The object of Bishop Thoburn's present visit is to interest Americans in the extension of facilities for the mission press in India, which will involve an expenditure of about \$15,000. He believes, speaking from almost a lifetime of experience, that Christian literature is destined in the future to be the greatest aid to the mission work there, and hence his efforts for the establishment of a vigorous missionary press. To the CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Bishop a few days ago made a very interesting statement.

"For more than twenty years," he said, "I have taken a deep interest in missionary printing. I called attention in various journals to the fact that the great missionary societies are using the press less and less, and indeed seem disposed to give it up.

"I am now trying to establish a vigorous missionary press. The Bengali is spoken by 40,000,000 people, the Hindustani by nearly 100,000,000. We are now publishing in both languages. The year before I left India, I issued a weekly sermonette, in three languages: Hindi, Bengali and English, with a weekly circulation of about 50,000. The same is now being printed in two languages in Western India as well. This only shows what could be done if we had capital. There are 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 people there who can read and the demand for Christian literature is boundless. In no other way can the Gospel be given to these people for centuries to come. If we had the means, we could easily print and distribute half a million messages of truth in all parts of the Indian Empire every week. The London and other Tract Societies have kindly promised to help us. I may add that the press at Lucknow is self supporting."

The Bethany Farm

which is shown in the illustration, is one of the many institutions established under the fostering care of Bishop Thoburn, and is connected with the Mahratta mission. It is an orphanage where children are cared for at a cost to the mission of \$2 per month. This includes food, clothing and schooling. The sexes are kept distinct. The food is rice and cakes made from millet, and the little wards receive two meals a day. The food is that which they will in all probability be accustomed to in after life. They eat meat once a year. When the children grow

o, they are settled upon a separate tract of land, and some who have been several years at a mission farm, and who have now left, are quite prosperous and married. The method of settling them is to place all on a farm which is sold in common, each having his or her own house, however, and all assisting in improving and cultivating the land. Bethany Farm is near Solar.

The group of native preachers shows some highly intelligent faces. Still another picture that of the Rev. A. W. Prautch, a German, and the most successful distributor of Gospel literature in India. The Scripture and tracts are sold at a nominal price, the smaller tracts and leaflets being distributed free. With his two wagons and eight assistants, he regularly distributes of 1500 tracts weekly and sometimes any more. Mr. Prautch was converted under the ministrations of Mr. Moody in Chicago several years ago, and has been in India since 1884.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 10: "How Hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." Mark 10: 24.

THERE was a hush among the workmen at the great machine shops of a wellknown firm of manufacturers. It was easily seen that something unusual had happened.

"Maitland is dead!" whispered one grizzled Miller to another. "Poor fellow: His luck didn't last long."

"No; better for him if he had remained one of us. It all comes of making a god of money."

"We are simply stewards," remarked old Tom Perry, the foreman. "The weight of sudden wealth is one that very few men can bear, no matter whether they are educated or just ordinary folks like ourselves. But I saw the change coming over poor Dick Maitland these many years." As it was the dinner hour, the men grouped around the old foreman, listening.

"Yes," said he; "I remember the day Dick Maitland came into the shops. A mere bit of a boy he was then—something like fourteen; but he was sharp and ambitious. He made himself more valuable every year, and soon there wasn't a corner in the big factory he didn't know better than I did. He grew to be familiar with every detail of the business, and was promoted to a position of trust and responsibility before he was twenty-six.

"None of us was surprised to be told, when old Mr. Johnson died, that Dick was to be taken into the firm as junior partner. He had been the head of a department for several years at that time, and his judgment was worth a great deal to the firm. We all thought he had deserved the promotion. Mr. Buckland, the principal, thought the world of him; but he discovered that some of Dick's friends had known long before: that he was in a terrible hurry to be rich. Now, don't misunderstand me. Dick was a good and honest a man, as men go, as ever I stepped; but money was his god. He worshipped it and dreamed of it; not for the sake of hoarding it, but for the influence and position it would bring him. He used to tell me, over and over again in the old days, that he would only be satisfied with a million."

"He got it, didn't he?" asked one of the men. "Ay, poor lad. He did. He had a hand in setting up the new patents we lately put in the other shop, and which such a lot of money was made on. He would sit and pore over sketches and plans by the hour, studying up how to make money out of his schemes; for it wasn't a question with him whether a thing was useful, but whether it would pay. I could see, too, that he was seldom at church, and when he did come, he sat like a man preoccupied, thinking, doubtless, of his contracts and his profits. If thoughts of God or Christ or salvation entered his head, he used to put them off with the reflection: 'I'll be rich enough by-and-by, and then I'll do much for the church.' I know this, for I taxed him with his declining interest once and that was his answer.

"Well, his dream became a reality. He had

his idol. I once read a story about a king of some Eastern country who wished that whatever he touched might turn to gold. His desire was granted, and he was immediately miserable. His food, his clothing, the water he tried to drink, the chair he sat in, and even his daughter, when he kissed her, changed to dead, yellow, shining metal, as useless as that brass over there would be under like circumstances. Like the king's riches, Maitland's wealth became, not a blessing, but a curse to him. In the wild intoxication of possession everything else was forgotten, and finally the brain and nerves that had been strained and racked to secure it gave way. He never was a drinking man, mind you. We all know that he was a hard worker. Now, to my way of thinking, there's just as much dissipation in the wild hunt for wealth as there is in anything else in this world, almost. Industry and integrity will always bring their share of success in business, but a man's on the wrong track when he allows money to shut out his view of Christ, the Church and humanity. He may die worth a million; but he'll be poorer than the poorest mechanic in this shop, who has a small wage, an abiding trust in God and a happy home."

"That's so," murmured the men, in assent.

"But don't let us be hard on his memory now he's gone, poor chap," added the foreman as the men started up at the sound of the bell. "We're none of us too good. Most men find riches a big load to carry, whether it's in buildings or bonds or hard cash in the bank; and to use it rightly and for the glory of Him who says, 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine,' requires God's grace as well as business ability such as few possess. So you see, men, the worker isn't always the worst off after all. If he has less to handle, he has less to account for, and there is smaller chance of his becoming an unfaithful steward and piling up the money-bags as stumbling-blocks between himself and heaven. And now let's get back to work again."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Suggestion to Sea Captains is made in a scientific journal. It states that a captain who is apprehensive of the approach of an iceberg may have actual proof by the use of a siren apparatus for projecting sound. Experiments were made at sea recently with a musket, to which an ordinary speaking trumpet was attached. A blank cartridge was fired in the direction of vessels at a distance and a distinct echo was produced. In some cases the vessel was a mile away, but the trumpet made the echo plainly heard. A steam whistle, it argues, would be still more effective. The numerous collisions this season of vessels with icebergs, and the many narrow escapes there have been, render the suggestion timely. The danger is so appalling, and in the darkness or fog the captain is so helpless, that any means of getting warning, even though it be only from an echo, will be valuable. Unhappily in cases of danger of spiritual shipwreck it takes a great deal more than an echo to turn the sinner away from destruction. The warnings of God's Word, the faithful preaching of the Gospel, and the loving appeals of friends, all combined, often fail to save one who is under the dominion of sin (Prov. 1: 25-29.)

A Host's Disappointment had an Amusing explanation as related by himself. A gentleman from Buffalo, N. Y., came to New York on business. He was well received by a large circle of acquaintances, and enjoyed their hospitality. He was in the city for some time, and desired to reciprocate the attentions which he had received, before he returned home. He arranged with the keeper of the hotel where he was staying, to give an elaborate dinner on the eve of his departure. On the evening of the day appointed, he made an elaborate toilet and awaited his guests, but none came. He waited half an hour, an hour, two hours, and not one put in an appearance. He was rather a choleric man, and this failure of his guests irritated him. He de-

clared that they had made a plot to insult him, and he would never speak to one of them again. He was too much exasperated to partake of the dinner himself, but went in dudgeon to his bedroom to pack up, so as to depart that night. In collecting his belongings from the drawers, he found, to his amazement and chagrin, the whole bundle of letters of invitation which he had written, but had forgotten to mail. Deeply mortified as he was, he felt relieved to know that his friends had not conspired to insult him. It was the belief that they had done so, which had wounded him most keenly. That feeling all can understand, but comparatively few realize it when the invitation which God sends to them in His Word and by His servants reaches them and they "make light of it and go their way." (Matt. 22: 5.)

A Millionaire's Widow is Being Supported by a colored woman formerly in her service. Two weeks ago a colored woman of thrifty habits, and earning a good income in Norwalk, Conn., received a letter from her former mistress, who is living in a village on Long Island. The letter stated that the writer had sunk into abject poverty, and was then in urgent need of food and clothing. Thirty years ago her husband was reputed to be worth five million dollars. He was President of a bank, and lived in magnificent style. After the war, he came to New York and became a member of the Stock Exchange. He was very confident of his abilities and was somewhat reckless in his speculations. One loss followed another until his large fortune was completely gone. He sank into melancholy and died, leaving his wife destitute. Friends deserted her, her relatives were dead, and she was without a home. For many years she had heard at intervals from her colored servant, whom, as a girl, she had befriended and helped. In her old age and poverty she appealed to her for assistance. It was at once cheerfully rendered and the old lady has been assured that as long as she lives she will be provided for. The colored woman displays only what we call common gratitude, though it is not so common as we suppose. If Christians were as ready to recognize their obligations to Christ there would be less suffering in the world than there is. They cannot give directly to Him, but they could help the poor whom He appointed as His representatives. (Matt. 25: 40.)

A Terse and Candid Characterization of Two litigants was given by a judge in a Chicago Court in the course of a trial for fraudulent misrepresentation. The defendant was a man of genial manners, and most persuasive eloquence. He had induced a gentleman to advance to him a large sum of money on the security of some documents, purporting to be deeds of ownership of a mine in Nevada. Becoming suspicious after he had advanced the money, he resolved to go to Nevada, and examine the mines for himself. When he arrived there he found that the mine, which had been represented as worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was practically worthless. He telegraphed to his lawyer the laconic message, "He is a fraud," and instructed him to commence suit for the recovery of the money advanced. The judge after hearing the case, endorsed the plaintiff's opinion of the defendant. He added, however, after hearing the plaintiff admit how easily he had been led to advance the money on the defendant's representation, and how he went out to investigate after advancing it, instead of before doing so, that the plaintiff might have properly extended his telegram by adding to the words, "He is a fraud" "I am a fool." There cannot be much doubt that the judge was right as to both litigants, but the folly was not confined to the plaintiff. Clever swindlers are never regarded as fools, especially when they are successful; but we have divine authority for believing that even successful sin is folly (Jer. 17: 11.)

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office: price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE IDENTITY OF ANTICHRIST.

By James Smith.*

The Beast Ruling Alone—Cannot Be the Romish Church—Arises Out of the Sea—His Power Based on Universal Suffrage—Is Personal—His Mark—His Persecution—A Clear Line of Demarkation—Not All Believers Destroyed—His Destruction.

HERE, in Revelation 13, we meet the blasphemous beast, arising up out of the sea in full development. In body, leads, and horns he is perfectly complete. He also appears here as free and independent of every foreign control. Moreover, in this picture he appears to be absolute—the lord of all. While the beast rules, he rules alone; all other rule must then give way. It might be well that every ruling power on earth should observe this. (See Rev. 13: 7.) This state of things cannot have belonged to the past. The beast never yet has received his ten horns wherewith to exterminate the woman, nor, as the beast with the seven heads, ten horns, and seven crowns, of verse first, has he ever received the universal

Dominion Promised to Him

in verse 7. The arising of the beast up out of the sea, his ascension out of the bottomless pit (11: 7), his re-appearance from his "was and is not" state (17: 8, 11), and the Satanic incarnation of the beast—as the great red dragon, etc. (12: 3), may perhaps be very closely allied to each other, if they be not one and the same dark event still looming in the future; at least all of them have their forty-two months—three and a half years, and these all dated from the very same point of time. (See 11: 2; 12: 14; 13: 5.) At his arising up out of the sea—his "was and is not" state—the beast would seem to have already got possession of his ten horns, the power of ten kings, to arise and destroy the Papacy. He has all his ten horns here when he arises. Although the dragon—Satan—gives the beast his power, seat, and great authority, still he seems to obtain his universal Roman

Dominion by Suffrage

of the people—"The waters which thou sawest are peoples," etc. (17: 15.) "I saw a beast rise up out of the sea." (13: 1.) It is as arising up out of the sea—by the suffrages of the people, then, that he resumes his power; and it would appear that he must have his horns before he so arises. The beast, we understand, is personal, a man, a king—the last, the greatest, and the worst of all the kings of Rome, or of all the world.

Verse 11 brings up the second beast out of the earth. Like his master, we remember, that he too is personal, a man, a monarch dethroned he may be, yet having blood royal in his veins; but with all this he is as villainous and deceitful as is his master. We also remember that he is the second beast—second in order as well as in position; that in his appearance he succeeds his master, as his master the first beast, succeeds the woman, (the papacy;) and that, therefore, the second beast, could neither represent Turkey, Mohammed, the Greek or the Romish Church, or anything else in the past. He has still to come. The Second beast is called "The false prophet" (19: 20); but this by no means requires that he be a Jew. Balaam was a prophet but he was not a Jew. The false prophet wrought miracles before the first beast, and deceived them that had the mark of the beast, and worshipped his image. From Matt. 24: 24; 1 Thess. 2: 9, 11; Rev. 13: 13-15; 19: 20, it would appear as if the three and a half years' universal rule of the beast are to be surcharged with a deluge of delusion, the most bewildering, deceitful, and ruinous that ever has been practiced upon our simple humanity at any former period.

The Mark of the Beast.

Concerning the mark, the number, and name of the beast—666—(Rev. 13: 18), the names *Latinois* and *Romith* have been supposed to be those meant. *Apostates* also with others have

*From his article in the July number of the *Prophetic News*. Edited by Rev. M. Baxter. Price, 6 cents. Annual subscription, 70 cents. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York. Beside the article here quoted, this number contains articles on "The Great Pyramid," "The Delay in the Wars Predicted for 1890-92," "A Catechism on the Second Advent," "The Revealed Future of the Church and the World," "Prophetic Dates Ending in 1901," etc., etc.

been added, and all have been applied to the Church of Rome. But, even if *Romith* should mean "The Roman;" *Latinois* the Latin, or The Latin man; and "*Apostate*," *The Apostate*;" and if all the three did contain the number 666, is this enough to prove that they all belong to the Papacy?—that all of them inevitably apply to her? Is it not quite possible that they might apply equally well if not better to some other person? Might not Antichrist the Man of Sin. Rome's last, greatest, most wicked, most worthless, and apostate king prefer as good, if not better claims to the 666 than the Papacy can possibly do? We think he might. But more. The mark assuredly is his. It is called "the mark of the beast." (19, 20, &c.) The mark, therefore, is not of the Papacy—the woman at all; it is the mark of the beast.

As the heads and horns all belong to the beast, so the mark inalienably is his also. We might as well pluck the heads and horns from off the beast and plant them upon the woman, as transfer the mark from him to her. It is the mark of the beast. The woman—the Papacy—therefore, has got nothing whatever to do with it. Whatever the names *Romith*, *Latinois*, or *Apostates*, may signify, then, they apply to the beast but not to the woman; the number 666 belongs legitimately to him and to him alone.

The Persecution.

"And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, and in their foreheads." (V. 16.) At that time, then, there obviously will be a clear unmistakable distinction between those who serve the beast and those who serve him not. The line of demarkation will be so deep, broad, and visible that all at once will know to whom all else belong. All then will either have the mark of the beast or the seal of the living God. Hypocrites then will no longer seek a place within the Church of Christ. Times will then have become too hot for them. It had never entered into their calculations to suffer either loss, pain or shame for the name of Christ; and to secure their own comfort they will at once declare themselves for the other side. And for the Church's sake the sooner the better. It will then be seen who are on the Lord's side and who are not.

But shall all who bear the name of Jesus really be cut off during the rule of the beast? No! some remain alive, and are

Translated When the Lord Comes.

Like Ahab and Jezebel, the aim of the beast will be to cut off all who will not bow down to this Baal; but some good Obadiah in his day may manage to hide their hundreds by fifty in a cave, and so a goodly number may be preserved, as Israel will be in "The rock." "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." (Isa. 26: 20.)

As regards the rebuilding of Babylon, it is the power of the four monarchies alone, that the four metals of the image were given to represent. Short of rule, universal dominion, the capitals of all these monarchies, if rebuilt, even now could not meet this case. (Dan. 11.) All their splendor and beauty could be no more than the gaudy corpses of their former selves—the life, the spirit, the soul of the symbol—the power, would be wanting! so that here again we fail to find an eastern origin for the personal Antichrist.

As it was the sixth head of the beast—the "one is" the Empire of Rome that ruled in John's day; as that head, with all the other six were Roman; and as the ten horns and the beast himself, the eighth must have been Roman also; so, above all question, Rome is the city of the beast—the Antichrist. His origin, therefore, must be in the mystical Babylon—Rome.

In the final overthrow of the beast, in the breaking up of the great man-image of mere man-rule on earth, to make way for the universal Millennial rule of Christ, when He shall take to Him his power and shall reign, then all the

four metals of the great image will be broken to pieces together, and be carried away as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 10; Luke 16: 19-31; Golden Text Mark 10: 24.

The Parable Addressed to the Pharisees—The Characteristics of the Two Men—The Rich Man Probably a Professor—Had Traits of Kindness—Concern for his Kindred—What his Sin Was—Absorbed in Temporal Affairs—The Beggar Heir of Heaven—The Conditions Reversed at the Grave—What Soul-Suicide Is—The Plea Rejected.

THE Master presents to us here two men—the one lost, the other saved. No recognized outward sin is recorded of the lost man, and no righteous action of the saved man. The Pharisees, who were covetous, had heard the Lord's teaching concerning the unjust steward and then of the utter impossibility of serving two masters, God and Mammon, and

"They Derided Him."

To them it was that He addressed this parable. "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." The Lord does not condemn either his food or his clothing; most rich men have better coats than poor men, and better food upon their tables. It was not this that his sin consisted; he paid for what he had, and would say that he encouraged trade and it was better than hoarding his money. He seemed to have been kind to the poor; for the beggar who lay at his gate (not outside his gate, but in the lower part of the house;) was so well known there that the very dogs had become familiar with him, and instead of driving him away, as dogs usually do beggars, they "licked his sores." He was outwardly a religious man, for Abraham called him "Son," and he called Abraham "Father." He was more than usually kind-hearted, for even in hell where his own case was hopeless, he wanted to warn his brethren from following him. Men, while suffering pain, have no thought for any but themselves; but this man, amidst the agonizing torment which drove him to beseech heaven for one drop of water, could think of the lost state of his brethren.

What then was His Sin?

That of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands in our land; perhaps *your* sin, dear reader; he lived for time, when God had created him for eternity. Sumptuous fare and clothing, ease and comfort, success in business, good name among men, these were the things he lived for. He had never let the light of eternity dawn upon his soul; perhaps for a thought he gave to God, he would give a hundred to his business or his pleasure, to the fashion of his clothing, to the material or color; for all such things were an object to him. If the tailor called when family prayer was going on, the interruption was rather a relief than otherwise, and he would give the tailor's business precedence, instead of inviting the man to join in prayer for the sake of his soul. The invitations which he made to sumptuous feasts were given to the great and noble: the world was in his heart, and in these things his calculations were for time, and not for eternity;

For Himself and Not for God.

As a man of business, his every transaction was definite in the extreme—clear and unchangeable; but in his devotions, public or private, there was nothing of the kind. He was regular at the synagogue, of course: it was "the thing;" he was not a heathen; but in the secret of his soul there was no intercourse with God. A few hurried prayers might appease his conscience, but the ominous silence between him and his Creator had never been broken. It was the death sleep of a soul "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2: 1.) And this was a man living under the avowed obligation to love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might. (Deut. 6: 5.)

The beggar who lay at his gate had but one

ly desire: it was "to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table;" and not so much as ask for the broken bread meat, but only for that which fell among the dogs as the dog's portion. His calculations were small indeed, because he was living for eternity.

The Heir of Heaven

I afford to take his place among the dogs of earth, he knew that it was not forever; for he would "enter in through the gates of the city" "without" which "are dogs." (22: 14, 15.) "And it came to pass that the beggar died:" perhaps the dogs missed him more than did anyone on earth; but he was unknown in heaven, for he "was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom;" he had no minister to him on earth, but they who minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation (Heb. 1: 14), were waiting for him.

The rich man also died, and was buried. And there was a magnificent funeral to celebrate the entry of the ruined soul into its eternal misery and desolation. And God lifts the curtain and shows us the great hereafter. See the rich man in hell, not because he was rich, for Abraham, Joseph, and many of the children have been rich, who nevertheless, were fully served God. Why then do you find a man who was no murderer, no thief, no swearer, as far as we know? He is guilty of the loss of his own soul; and so you, my reader, if your soul is not saved, you are one must be guilty of it, and the lies between you and God; either He is willing to save you, or you are unwilling to be saved, for the Bible is witness that "Christ came into the world to save sinners," (1: 14), and that "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." (1 John 2: 2.) You, do you, judge it possible that He should make a perfect provision for your salvation, and be unwilling to save you? Why, then, are you not saved? Where can the fault lie but in your own guilty indifference to the claims upon you of that God, who formed you for Himself? The rich man when in hell "lifts up his voice, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me." One of his formal prayers to God could he now; everything appeared in its true light; all was fearfully, unchangeably real. He did not know God, but Abraham, who had once been on earth, seemed more approachable, and he appealed to him. "Send Lazarus," he cried, "that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in flame. Poor unhappy soul!" he has made his choice for Mammon, and he must abide by it. Awfully true it is that "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6: 7, 8.) The rich man had chosen to be of the flesh and there could be no other result than that which he so bitterly reaped.

Remember, remember that thou in thy life time redest thy good things." This is all the action which Abraham laid to his charge. He wholly, deliberately, and with perfect freedom of will, chosen to live for time, and the consequences were irreversible. "And like unto Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." Lazarus was saved because he was a poor man, but because he honored God and his own soul. If it is a glorious thing when a rich man despises his mortality by living only for time, how much more glorious is a poor man who, having so little to earth, throws away also his chance of heaven! A man who believes that he is in the possession of an immortal soul, and who, by his free will, for most unworthy considerations, sees, with his eyes open, that salvation which God so much, proves himself to be

The Suicide of His own Soul.

"unworthy of everlasting life." (Acts. 13: 46) "And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from

thence." All hope was cut off from this poor mistaken man, but it is a touching proof of his kindheartedness that just at this juncture he thought of his brethren and implored that if Lazarus could not come to him, he might at least be sent to warn them. But although on earth God's people can and should make themselves servants unto all men, (1 Cor. 9: 19), yet those who are in heaven are no longer at the disposal of their former superiors in earthly position. God's views of the relative positions of man to man do not follow in the lines of pedigree or caste. The most penniless or illiterate of earth, if they have graduated in God's school, and learned of Christ to be meek and lowly of heart, will take precedence of earth's aristocracy.

His Plea Denied.

The rich man's calculations were at fault even in hell. The beggar whom he had fed with his dogs was now a recognized protege of God! Abraham answered, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." The rich man now knew his own heart, and how little he himself had heeded Moses and the prophets; "Nay, Father Abraham," he said, "but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." And the answer, how solemn it is! "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." The Holy Ghost says, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven." (Heb. 12: 25.)

A BAKER'S GIFT.

In a home for children at Epsom, England there are seventy inmates, who have hitherto been supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Miss Mittendorff who conducts it, follows the method so long pursued by George Muller in his orphanages, in all emergencies. She makes no appeal to the public for funds, but a prayer meeting is held and the case is laid before God, in faith. No crisis has occurred yet in which He has failed to remove the difficulty. A Christian tourist, who visited the home on July 2, was interested in hearing of these straits, and the deliverances that were always expected, and always came. Talking with the children, he learned that so late as June 22, there was no available bread in the home. An exploration of the larder, however, resulted in the discovery of a quantity of arrowroot which had been overlooked, and with this substitute the large family did very well. The most remarkable incident, however, occurred a few days before. On that day there was no money nor bread in the house, and prayer was offered as usual. Then an event unprecedented in the history of the Home occurred. The baker who usually supplied the institution with bread, knowing nothing of the crisis, sent around to say that his men had made some mistake in making more bread than he could sell, and he would like to make the Home a present of forty or fifty quarters. They thanked God and took courage.

A CHILD'S BEQUEST.

How the fund for the erection of a church that eventually cost fifty-five thousand dollars was commenced, was recently told by the pastor, Rev. Russell H. Conwell. It shows how large an enterprise may grow from an insignificant beginning if the Holy Spirit is in the work. Mr. Conwell said: "We had a little girl in our Sunday-school, in the infant department, and one Sunday I met her crying, and I said, 'What is the matter, May?' She said, 'I cannot get in.' I said, 'Never mind, you must come a little earlier and you can get in next Sunday.' She said, 'I want to go in now.' I said, 'I will carry you.' So I took her up and carried her into the church and put her down in the infant department, where she had to stand in the corner. I said, 'Lord, why can't we get room enough for the children who wish to come? Why should these things be?' I felt it deeply and asked the Lord why it was. I thought, 'It is very strange how

the Lord manages things.' But I saw, a little later, why it was. Three weeks later that little girl died. When the funeral service was over they laid the little pocket-book that she had used in my hands, and the mother said, 'May has been collecting these pennies that we might hire a larger room for the infant class.' I took those fifty-seven pennies and told the story to the church. 'These are the pennies that May has collected for a larger room for the infant class. Let us build a larger church.' We have had no gifts of thousands of dollars; nothing of the kind. The fifty-five thousand dollars that we received afterward were not the gifts of wealthy people, but the gifts of those who have followed that gift of the fifty-seven cents. Few rich people pay any attention to us. I know why that little girl cried in the streets that day because she could not get in. I know now, but I could not see then.

A MYSTERIOUS PRESENT.

In relating, recently, his experience of the goodness of God in time of trial Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the eminent servant of Christ who is training medical missionaries in New York for service in heathen lands, told the following interesting story: "When I went to New York City in March of 1881 I had never been there before, and I only knew one man there. Just the two of us went in to commence this work. Having five children and my wife to support, it was quite a problem to get along. This little incident happened at Christmas of 1882. Christmas came that year on Monday. All through the previous week, when I went home from New York to Brooklyn (money was very low in those days), the children would say, 'Papa, are you going to take us out to see the stores?' I would say that perhaps to-morrow night I would go. So it went on, and when I got home Saturday night, the children were all ready. 'Now take us to see the stores. This is the last opportunity.' The children wanted to see the things, but I did not want to take them because I had nothing to buy anything with. So I said, 'No.'

"I did the best I could, and we gathered together and sung and the time went along. Sunday night came and the children went to bed with visions of Santa Claus, but it seemed to us that there was not going to be any Santa Claus the next morning. My first student, Dr. Summers, who went to Africa in 1884 and died there after four years' successful labor, was then with me, and after the children went to bed, we were sitting together and talking until it got to be nearly quarter of twelve, when a sharp ring of the bell made us start. I went to the door and looked out, but could see nobody. I looked around, but there was nothing to be seen or heard. I was standing there and wondering what it could mean, when my wife and Dr. Summers came to the door. The children had been awakened by the bell and came running down stairs and we all met at the door. My wife said, 'What is it?' I said, 'I don't know, the bell ringing like this and nobody outside.' I went out and looked around, but nobody was there. My wife said, 'What is this?' And looking down at my feet, I saw something lying there bright and shining. I looked a little closer and there were ten silver dollars arranged in the form of the letter D. That happened seven years ago, and I have no knowledge as to who put them there, but I have a knowledge of who sent them. We picked them up and looked at them and found that they were all good. We went in and had a praise meeting, and my wife said, 'George, I think we had better keep one of these dollars.' I could tell you of a score of such deliverances as this which we have had."

"The Christian Herald" Binder. — Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

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OLD AND NEW AGNOSTICS.

THE Athenian who erected an altar to the "Unknown God," symbolized one of the deepest cravings of the heart. He was an Agnostic, because the revelation of the gospel of the grace of God had not fallen on his ear. Canopied by a cloudless sky, fanned by the soft breezes of perennial spring, loving philosophy and art and cradled in luxury, he seemed to possess all that heart could wish. All sufficed not to still the irrepressible yearning of his immortal nature. He stretched forth his hands beyond these things, beyond the religious traditions of his race to "the Unknown God." He had risen higher than the modern Agnostic, who turns scornfully from a revelation which has moulded the world's thought and influences the Agnostic's life in spite of himself. This reverent act of the ancient Agnostic touches our deepest sympathies.

But the modern Agnostic starts with the assertion that God is unknowable and glories in the thought that he is emancipated from the bondage of an antiquated superstition. To be consistent with himself he then denies the spirituality of his nature and origin; and claims to be a material entity, an accident of an evolution infinitely more inconceivable than the existence of God. He exalts intellect as the sole arbiter of truth and closes the portal by which spiritual light and light-giving influences might enter. He declares his intention of admitting nothing that cannot be intellectually defined or rendered palpable to the senses. He gropes for his own origin in fossiliferous strata, and listens devoutly to the testimony of bones and flints in ancient caves. No theory founded on these is too wild for his adoption. With the microscope, the surgeon's knife, the scales and tests of the chemist he seeks for spirit, and as by these he cannot render it palpable to sense, he claims that its existence is at least problematical, if not disproved.

We ask him then to solve a simpler problem. Will he point out the hiding place of life in a plant, separate it from the substance, and render it palpable to the senses? If he cannot do this, will he deny the existence of vegetable life? We know this kind of life by results, which are to us conclusive evidences. What miracles it performs! It draws strange sustenance from the light of heaven, incorporates not only ten-

uous gases, but mineral salts and other inorganic matter, converting the whole into organic, we know not how. It builds delicate and intricate organizations, differing according to the nature of the seed. One moment we gaze on a wealth of beauty, the next our senses are ravished by the richest fragrance. Here the farmer gathers in abundant harvests of grain and luscious fruits. There the physician seeks the active essence by which he combats disease. We look on the transformation scenes which the seasons are ever presenting, and say: "Here is life!" Is not the evidence conclusive?

In like manner we observe the evidences of the existence of law, design, unresting energy. If there be law there must be a law-giver. Where there are order and intense activity of life, there must be an intelligent Agent. A mighty will, a living energy must have given atoms their first impulse, and must have continued to sustain and direct that activity, control the order and maintain the law. A moment's cessation of that energy and the universe must have fallen into confusion. Are these inferences unwarranted, or unphilosophical?

THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

WHAT the soul believes is a matter of great moment, and it is no small matter how a man believes. The heartiness and energy of the faith exercised are all important. "I believe God," said the Apostle Paul, when he and all about him were threatened with destruction. The apostle's faith was so strong and real, that it gave him peace amid the greatest perils, and enabled him to cheer his fellow-passengers. Indeed, it gave him command of the vessel. Thus, by faith, the prisoner became the commander. It is the men of strong and thorough convictions who become the world's rulers and the world's deliverers.

So much has the thoroughness of a man's faith to do with the outcome of it, that even faith in that which is false will often work wonders. Napoleon believed in himself, and in what he called manifest destiny, and his strong faith put almost all Europe at his feet. The conviction which sent Columbus over the ocean to seek another world was a very thorough one, or he would never have passed the Straits of Gibraltar. The martyrs who died scorning the terrors of flood, or fire, or wild beasts, had convictions that permeated every fibre of their being. Their faith was fire-proof, water-proof, death-proof. Although our faith may not be put to such tests to-day, nor the metal of our convictions be tested in the furnace seven times heated as in days gone by, we do well to cherish a robust and earnest faith even now.

In spiritual matters such a faith is absolutely essential if spiritual security is to be insured, or spiritual usefulness attained. Doubts and difficulties without number will creep in if the heart is not toned up with a firm, unwavering faith. When these enemies come, there follows the shattering of the foundations of the soul's peace and utter inability to be the bearer of spiritual good to others. To none so much as to the preacher of the Gospel is a thorough-going faith essential. Half-a-heart cannot preach Christ with saving results. He who has not a full and rounded faith in Christ, will not preach a whole Christ, and none but a whole Christ can save the world. Unitarianism will

never redeem the world, because it lacks faith in Christ on His divine side. The world must have a divine Redeemer, or be utterly lost. A man who preaches a system of doctrine which has not his heartiest consent, is sowing seed that will have little or no vitality in it. The harvest of good will be scarce. Arrows that are to reach the bull's-eye of the target must be shot from bows that are taut. An earnest faith, an honest conviction, must be back of the utterances that are to reach human hearts.

In these days, when many are talking lightly of creeds as human manufactures and human deductions or productions, and are arguing that as such they are perfectly legitimate subjects for criticism and change, it is well to remember that our creeds have come up out of great tribulation, and that therefore have they made men who hold them so sturdy and so strong. The suggestion that they should be laid on the shelf as so much antiquated armor, and that less formidable beliefs should be substituted should not be too hastily adopted. The argument that we must whittle down our creeds until all denominations of Christians can unite in one expression of their faith, may be dear to the over-zealous unionist, but caution is needed here. We do not broaden a platform by dropping its planks one by one.

INFLUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

ALL the conditions of life in this country have changed greatly in the last thirty years. They have only intensified the necessity of certain influences in the work of the minister, order that it should be effective. These influences are as simple as they are powerful. They are connected with the fulfillment of certain obvious duties. Let all our clergymen, in the country as well as in the town, fully realize that faithful, regular, unwearied, intelligent devotion to their house-to-house work will make a personal relation that not only adds force to the word of preaching, but also gives them the foundation on which they build well for this life and eternity.

The experience of generations, and of hundreds of leaders in the work of saving souls, teaches us beyond question, that for the most part of those called to be ministers of the gospel there is no other way of being spiritually useful. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest," said the Master.

Not mere sermon-makers, essay-writers, untrained gentlemen, but actual laborers, ten times more effective because they are acquainted with the learning of the schools, and know the thoughts of the wise of all ages. But above all else, let them be laborers, and God will bless their labor in making this land radiant with prosperous, powerful churches, as the night sky is glorious with countless stars.

WE would be more lenient with disagreeable people if we knew how much they have suffered. The thunder of trouble has soured the most human kindness.

No amount of praise for the dead can make up for lack of kindness to the living. It only gives the old folks less tombstone and more blankets.

CURRENT EVENTS.

War has Broken Out Between San Salvador and Guatemala. The new government of San Salvador has signalized its advent to power by declaring war on its formidable neighbor and invading its territory. It appears to have counted on the assistance of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. "Those powers must help us," said a prominent general of the San Salvador army, "because if we fail, Guatemala will absorb us and then will be so powerful that they will be in danger." Reports from the Isthmus indicate, however, that the present both Powers have held aloof from active participation in the conflict though they are friendly to San Salvador. Conflicting statements have been received of the results of the battles. From Guatemala advices have been received that Gen. Ezeta, the brother of the President of San Salvador, has been driven out of Guatemala with heavy loss of men and arms. On the contrary, from San Salvador we hear that the battles have been fought, in all of which Gen. Ezeta was victorious. The conflict in this case is a disappointing sequel to the recent Pan-American Conference.

The Correspondence Between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine, on the Behring Sea question, which was published last week, attracted unusual attention. Mr. Blaine's share of it has merited the praise even of his antagonists, so useful are his arguments and so clearly and forcibly does he express himself. Having a weak case he conducts it so ably that the English minister finds it difficult to meet it, though he is far a stronger one. It is to be noted that Mr. Blaine never explicitly claims for the United States exclusive jurisdiction over the Sea, though the President's proclamation is illogical if we have no jurisdiction over it. He contends that Canadian sealing at certain periods is against the interests of the civilized world and should be stopped. That fact, he holds, justifies us in exercising police power over the sea in the public interest. It is clear that Mr. Blaine realizes that the position he formerly held, that we had acquired the jurisdiction over the sea, which Russia claimed and we resisted, is untenable: he therefore chooses ground on which there is hope for argument. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, contends that the sealing should be controlled by international treaty and not by national legislation. He insists that there is no precedent, and no justification in international law, for a government attempting to regulate whaling or sealing in an open sea. It is very quieting to find that there has been no agreement arrived at, as there is a possibility of some treaty seizure involving a rupture with England.

Lord Salisbury, who conducts the correspondence on the English side, and whose portrait is here given, is a statesman of brilliant abilities and long experience. He assisted Earl Beaconsfield to negotiate the treaty of Berlin in 1878.

The Decision on the Original Package Question, which the House arrived at on July 22, is more comprehensive than the measure passed by the Senate, for which it is a substitute. It will cover oleomargarine and other articles, as well as liquor. It provides that "whenever any article of commerce is imported into any State from any other State, Territory or foreign nation, and there held or offered for sale, the same shall then be subject to the laws of such State, provided that no discrimination shall be made by any State in favor of its citizens against those of other States or Territories in respect to the sale of any article of commerce, or in favor of its own products against those of like character produced in other States or Territories. Nor shall the transportation of commerce through any State be obstructed except in the necessary enforcement of the health laws of such State." This is sufficient for all practical purposes, and may be hoped that the Senate will accept it, agree to a compromise in conference of sim-

ilar tenor, before Congress adjourns. Our legislators owe it to the country as a duty that they rectify their blundering legislation with the least delay possible. It is not probable that Congress intended to pass a law under which liquor could be taken into Prohibition States; and there is no doubt that the Supreme Court came to its decision as to the effect of the law with extreme reluctance.

One of the Recent Tragedies of the Sea Was the burning of the National Line steamer *Egypt*, on the 17th inst., while the vessel was eleven hundred miles from land. The *Egypt* sailed from New York on the 10th of July, having on board 98 men, including the crew and a number of cattlemen; 640 head of cattle, besides a cargo of cotton and corn. Smoke was discovered issuing from the cotton on the evening of the 17th, and the steam pumps were immediately



put to work. In six hours the fire had gained great headway and the engine-room was knee-deep with water, the pumps dry and the space between decks so hot that all hands were driven to the open air. The deck, too, became unbearable. Seeing no hope of combating the flames successfully, Captain Sumner ordered the boats lowered. By this time the steamer was a mass of flames, tall columns of fire shooting up high in air. The boats leaked badly and had it not been for the timely arrival on the scene of the German ship, *Gustav Oscar*, which took all hands on board, a frightful ocean tragedy would have resulted. In the midst of the tumult on the *Egypt*, the cattle broke loose from their tethers, and maddened by the heat, leaped into the sea or fell into the flaming hold with almost human cries of terror. Long after the boats had left the ship's side, the moaning of the poor creatures could be heard growing gradually fainter, as they succumbed to the fire. Later on the same day, the shipwrecked crew were transferred to the steamer *Manhattan* bound from New York to Hull, and were finally landed safe in England having lost everything, but profoundly thankful to Divine Providence for having escaped with their lives.

After a Strike Lasting Fully Two Months, and involving nearly 3,000 operatives, the cloak-makers of New York have returned to work. For weeks past their condition has been verging on actual starvation. Still, although they could at any time have returned to work at their old wages, by the advice of Joseph Barondesse, their leader, they held out until the manufacturers recognized the newly organized union, the refusal to do which was the chief cause of the strike. Barondesse, who seems to have gained complete ascendancy over these poor, ignorant Polish, Russian and Austrian workmen, is a mere youth, less than a year in this country. Slender, fair-haired, almost beardless, and in no sense an orator, he has controlled their meetings and played the role of dictator at the councils of the manufacturers. A majority of the men are socialists, though not of the demonstrative order, and very few are citizens. Until a few days ago, Barondesse was determined to continue the strike, but the terrible destitution of the men and their families, and the concessions of the manufacturers, who were moved largely by sympathy, brought him to terms. Altogether the strike possessed unique features rarely seen in labor movements in this country, and showed how the influence of a strong-



minded man might be exerted for good or evil among the unskilled classes of immigrants. Most of these workmen have learned their trade in this country. The strike has already cost them nearly \$200,000 in wages lost, while the loss sustained by the manufacturers through diminished trade and the boycott is probably fully as great.

Prince George, the Second Son of the Prince of Wales, is not being cordially welcomed in Newfoundland. He is cruising on the British ship *Thrush*. As it was expected that he would visit St. John's, a reception committee was formed to give him a welcome suitable to his exalted station. But just now Newfoundland is not enthusiastically loyal. The people think that the British Government has neglected their interests in permitting the French to close their fishery and lobster canning establishments. The reception committee found little support, and eventually proposed to substitute for the reception to Prince George, a ball to the admiral and officers of the fleet. This proposal proved more unpopular than the other, and has been abandoned. It is now announced that Prince George will not visit St. John's. This is unfortunate, as the prince is said to be a very genial and estimable young man. The position of the Newfoundland people is, however, quite logical. There is nothing in the young prince himself, that his coming should cause particular ecstasy. It is in his character as a representative of royalty that he is of importance, and it is precisely this representative feature that is just now offensive to the people. The prince, whose portrait is here given, is in his twenty-sixth year, having been born in June, 1865. He entered the navy in 1877, when he was twelve years old, and since that year has passed most of his time at sea.



BRIEF NOTES.

Sing Sing Camp-meeting will be held August 5-15. It will be under the charge of Rev. Thomas Harrison.

The New Year Book of the Congregationalists shows a gain during the past year of 120 churches and 16,377 members.

Dr. Peters, the German explorer, who has so many times been reported dead, reached Zanzibar from the interior of Africa, on the fifteenth inst. He is well.

The report at the Sunday-school convention at Pittsburgh stated that in the United States there are 105,894 Protestant Sunday-schools, 1,120,433 teachers, and 8,598,851 scholars.

Chu Jor and Chu Sing two Christian Chinamen who are regular Christian workers among their countrymen conducted services in St Paul's Church, Ocean Grove on July 20. After the address which Chu Jor delivered in excellent English, he and Chu Sing sang the hymn "Christ our King," in Chinese.

At the Anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London, a special telegram was received calling for instant reinforcements for Africa, and four volunteers who responded were dispatched from the meeting itself. An Anonymous gift of \$25,000 was received "as a substitute for service," and a number of smaller gifts with a like purpose.

Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D. D., the well-known Congregational minister, who is now residing on the Pacific coast, referring to Christian work among Chinamen in the United States, says: "There is one Congregational church in San Francisco that has on its roll one hundred Chinese members, who give every evidence of true conversion, and there are churches of other denominations who have consistent Chinese members."

Rev. C. H. Yatman's services at Ocean Grove, this season, are more numerously attended than ever. Over a thousand young people are at the meetings every day. Scarcely a meeting takes place without some conversions occurring. At one of the meetings recently more than twenty gave themselves to Christ. Mr. Yatman believes that during July and August he has now the privilege of speaking to fully 50,000 different persons.

The eighth General Conference for Bible Study and Equipment for Service will be held at Northfield, Mass., from July 31 to August 10, and among the speakers will be: the Rev. A. J. Gordon and the Rev. Mr. Gumbart, of Boston; Professor Moorhead; Major D. W. Whittle; Dr. Marcus Rainsford, of London; John G. Wooley; Geo. D. Mackay, of New York; Bishop Thoburn, of India, and the Rev. F. E. Marsh, of England. The leaders of song will be Messrs. Sankey and Stebbins.

DAVID'S LONGING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I opened my mouth and panted; for I longed for thy commandments. Look thou upon me and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name," etc. Psalm 119: 131-133.

The Believer's Grammar School—The College of Holiness—I. Longing for Holiness—Sin Hated Worse than Hell is Feared—The Man Out of Breath With Striving—Fresh Strength to Renew the Battle—The Dissatisfied Man—Hopeful of Better Things—II. Earnest Pleading for Holiness—Appeals to Mercy—Pleads Use and Wont—Accepts the Prescribed Method—III. Enlarging on the Favor Sought—The Word the Umpire—The Details of Life Regulated—Changing Idols—How to Get Holiness.

WHEN we have light enough to see what holiness is, and how desirable it is, then we should hunger and thirst after it. To be holy is to go to the University; to have a desire for it is to go to a preparatory school for children, and to labor and agonize for it is to go to the grammar school. I want to teach the young children, and get them ready for that grammar school, that their course may be clear for the university of actual holiness of life. I shall not take you to the grammar school of strong desire with the view of your stopping there, but that I may coach you up, by God's good Spirit, for the university of attainment, where you will be "in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

Here we have David desiring, praying, pleading, and setting forth very clearly what he pants after. May you and I have the same burning desires: may we pant; may we thirst; and at the same time may we clearly know what we are panting for, so that we may the more intelligently pursue it, and thus go the nearer way to obtain it! May the Holy Spirit, the Author of holiness, help us in our meditations upon these three verses!

I. First, then, we will think of

Longing After Holiness:

"I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments," Observe carefully that the man of God longed for the Lord's commandments. This cannot mean anything else than that he longed to know them, longed to keep them, longed to teach them, longed to bring all around him into obedience to them. Many religious people long after the promise, and they do well; but they must not forget to have an equal longing for the commandments. It is a sad sign when a man cannot bear to hear of the precepts, but must always have the preacher touching the string of privileges. I do not think I should have made Solomon's choice of "wisdom," unless it included wisdom of moral and spiritual character, and that is holiness. I said to a young girl the other day, "Are you perfect?" She answered that it was her greatest desire to be so, though she had not yet attained it. Just so; and that hallowed desire shows which way the heart is going. No unrenewed heart ever sighed and cried after holiness.

A mere passing wish is of but little worth. I am speaking of the intense and continued desire of the heart. We must strive after holiness with an agony of desire. Oh, to be rid of every sin! What is that but heaven? Oh, to clean escape from every tendency to it, and from every trace of it!

This Would be Bliss.

What more could we desire than to fulfil that word of our Lord—"Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect?" Oh, that we could be like Him who said, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me!" How wonderful! "Nothing in me!" Alas! the evil prince finds very much of his own in most of us. One of the best men I ever knew said, at eighty years of age, "I find the old man is not dead yet." Our old man is crucified, but he is long a-dying. He is not dead when we think he is.

Now, observe that the Psalmist, having told us what he longed for, shows the strength of those desires; for he had been so eager in his pursuit of holiness that he had lost his breath. He could not find among men a good figure to describe himself, and so he looked among animals, and he selected the panting stag as his

crest. The hart has been hunted over hill and dale; the dogs have long been close behind it; it has fled, as with the wings of a swift eagle, from their murderous teeth. For a moment it has eluded them. It pauses; it longs to bathe itself in the water-brook. It is hot, and weary, and thirsty, and therefore opens wide its mouth. See how it pants! Mark how its breast heaves and its whole body palpitates while it tries to regain its breath! The poor hunted thing is exhausted with its desperate efforts. Have not we also at times felt spent in the struggle against sin? We have not resisted unto blood: but we have said to ourselves, "What more can we do? This fierce temptation returns: we may yet be overthrown by it. Oh, that we could take to ourselves wings and fly away! Woe is unto us, for we have no strength." Are you ready to faint this morning? Underneath are the everlasting arms. He that faints in such a pursuit as this, shall swoon away upon the bosom of his Lord. Be of good comfort.

Extermination Ordered.

See, next, how resolved he was. He says, "I opened my mouth, and panted." He is eager to go onward. Worn out by previous effort, he does not lie down to die, but is determined to be still on the move. Give up the struggle? Never! Woe unto him who says of holiness, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." We must never degrade ourselves by saying, "This form of sin cannot be conquered, for it is constitutional: as it was bred in my bone it must be allowed to come out in my flesh." Brethren, we allow no excuse for ourselves. We will not plead for the life of a single sin. A hot temper may be natural, but it must be conquered. A niggardly spirit may be inborn, but it must be cast out. A proud mind may be a family heritage but it must be laid low. Certain weeds may be indigenous to the soil of your nature, and therefore it may be doubly difficult to extirpate them; but the work must be done. Keep the hoe going; never cease from the determination to uproot the last of them.

Note that the follower after holiness seeks renewed strength. Why does he open his mouth and pant? Is it not to get more air, to fill his lungs again, to cool his blood and to be ready to renew his running? When you have an hour's retirement from the battle against sin, spend it in furbishing your shield, and sharpening your sword; for another assault will soon be upon you. We can become strong again. "He giveth more grace." We are never, for a moment, to suppose that we have exhausted the strength of God when we have exhausted our own.

The Psalmist was dissatisfied with his attainments. Brethren, may we

Never be Content

with ourselves. We are satisfied with the Word of God; we are satisfied with the gospel of God; we are satisfied with the favor of God; we are satisfied with the Christ of God; but we shall never be satisfied with our own personal condition till we wake up in the likeness of the First-born Son. Satisfaction with self is the death of progress. He that is not content with his place in the race will push forward; but he that is proud of his position in the running will soon flag and fall behind. Like the man on the bicycle, we must keep going: to stop is to drop. On! On! On! You are only safe as the wheel spins round, and you throw the miles behind you. My text is not the utterance of one who is sitting in his arm-chair, with the motto on the wall behind him, "Rest and be thankful." As for the man who feels as the Psalmist did, his mind is far away, in the land beyond him. His opened mouth and panting heart betoken desires which are not as yet fulfilled.

Yet, let no tinge of discouragement mingle with your dissatisfaction: this man is hopeful of better things. Few of us have an adequate idea of what we may become even here by divine grace. The possibilities of sanctification are seldom explored; but the mass of professors are content with small things in this direc-

tion. When a man asks me, "Can I be perfect?" and looks as if he would lead me into a debate upon the subject, I try to find out what manne of man he is before I answer him. If he is worldly, given to appetite, an angry man, a hater, a proud man, or a lover of his own supremacy, I smile at the question as coming from him. I picture to myself a man who slept under a hedge last night, whose pockets are full of emptiness, whose clothes would disgrace a rag-bag, out at elbows, and beggarly; and this gentleman wishes to discuss with me the question—Is great wealth attainable by an ordinary workingman? I cannot see what

The Question

has to do with him. "He of the rag-bag says, 'You know, sir, we cannot all acquire ten thousand a year.' "No, my dear fellow, it would seem that we cannot all save ten pence, much less ten thousand a year. Had you not better get a pair of shoes for your feet before you talk about thousands? These are great words from a very little man." When you are not doing what you might do, why speculate about what is possible or impossible? When a man has not enough grace to make change for a sixpence, he may waive all question about the millions of spiritual perfection.

Do you cry, "Can I be perfect?" I answer leave that question until you are much further on the way to it than you are now. Do not be distressed by the fear that you may by accident become better than you should be. *I will insure against that calamity at a very low rate.* Have faith in God, and say, in His name, "If perfect holiness be possible, I will have it: if it can be reached on earth, I will reach it." All that the Spirit of God can make out of such a poor sinner as I am it is my desire that He should make. I gladly submit myself, and all that I have, to His gracious operation. Brethren, do you not say the same?

II. Desire, where it is real, will soon embody itself in prayer. Hence we find the Psalmist

Pleading Fervently.

for the holiness he desired. Here are his breathings: "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name." You see, dear friends, he believes in God's power to bless him, and here he turns to Him, and cries, "Look thou upon me." Is that all? Is a look sufficient? Hark to me, and I will show you that there is much in a look. Is it not written, "Look unto me, a be ye saved?"—that is our look to God. If we are looking to God saves us, what will not God looking at us do? If there is so much power received by the eye of faith, how much will be given by the glance of love from God? This is not little of a look from God. A look—only a look! Ay, but it is from HIM. Remember when a look from Christ did for Peter. He did not look on him, and swearing Peter turned to weeping Peter in a moment. Great sinners may be grateful for a look, for it is more than they deserve. Great saints may rejoice in a look; it means much when the eye which looks is the eye of Omnipotent Love.

Observe that the pleader appeals to mercy. Let me draw your attention to the text, "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me." We be delivered from the power of sin is the greatest of mercies.

Sin is a Misery

from which we can only be saved by mercy. We have no claim at all upon the Lord by way of merit; our appeal is to His sovereign grace. We have no rights—these we forfeited by our treason against our King. We plead, as the courts say, *in forma pauperis*, or as the poor man seeks help from pity. Our appeal is *ad misericordiam*—to mercy and compassion. When we come before God in prayer, seeking sanctification, base your request upon His mercy—"Look thou hast done much for me; do still more, and make me holy."

The Psalmist employs the grand plea of use and wont; for, says he, "As thou usest to do unto those that love thy name." Use and wont generally have great weight in a court of law.

and said to me, "How will such a suit go? Case has never been before a court until . . . I answered, "Are you sure that what one is according to universal and long-continued custom? for, if so, though there be . . . the custom of the trade will stand." Custom among men reaching far back holds good; how much shall the custom of the unchanging God decide His future? The Psalmist pleads the Lord's own custom and this is a grand plea with Him, because unchanging.

The Cost.

It involves another fact: he joyfully accepts the method. When you cry to God to help your overcoming of sin, you must count that He shall do it in His own way. Now, His will that sanctification should involve payment, are you willing to take it? "Oh," say you, "Lord, do unto me as thou usest unto those that love thy name; and if it is written, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten,' Lord, rebuke and chasten me, so long as I do not but love me." We kiss the rod, and the Father who uses it deigns to kiss us. We assent to the processes of grace that they enjoy the results of grace. It may so be that if God sanctifies you, He may have made you very small: cheerfully yield yourself to the mill. If this is the way in which He deals with those that love His name, do not deny different treatment. As the result, you become a butt for the ridicule of ungodly men; but of this do not complain; for this has often happened unto those that love His name.

I thank you for your deep attention: It is greatly helpful to me in my feeble state. You bear with me while I conduct you to the Lord's head, which is this: we see the Psalmist arguing intelligently upon

The Favor He Seeks.

Let us see how the Psalmist puts it. His prayer for holiness, and he describes it as being by the word of God. "Order my steps in Thy Word." The different sects have different views of holiness, but the reality of holiness is one. It is this—"Order my steps in Thy Word." If we believe God's Word we are orthodox; if we practice it we are holy. This Book is a great umpire as to conduct, and not the mere moral sentiment of passing generations.

Pray God to order your life according to His Word. To this Word we must be conformed. This is our copy to write by: this is the pattern to which we must be modelled.

Remember that he would have every step of God: he would have each one ordered by the Lord. He would receive his strength, his motives, his guiding influences direct from the Lord: "Order my steps in Thy word." Lord, I put my foot down there, may it be at Thy order; and when I move it to another place, may it still be at Thy command. Whether I am there, may I only step where Thou dost intend. Let me go nowhere apart from Thy guidance and command. "Well," cries the Lord, "this is difficult." But, my brother, although obedience may not be easy it is free from the far greater difficulties which accompany self-will. A child who will do nothing but what his father commands does not find his life difficult; the difficulty comes in when he attempts to follow his own will, and to have his own way. You cannot serve God and self: if you try it, the mixture is nauseous and injurious. Remember that the last part of the verses is the true way of describing holiness: "Let not iniquity have dominion over me." He would be wholly delivered from

The Tyranny of Sin.

Men are violent against one sin; but the saint abhors all sin. You are a teetotaler; very glad to hear it: you will not allow the influence of drunkenness to have dominion over you. Are you selfish and ungenerous? Have you the bad habits of strict economy in regard to your donations, so that you always give a penny where you ought to give a pound? What have you done? You have only changed your

idols. You have dethroned one usurper to set up another. If you were once profane, and are now hypocritical, you have only changed iniquities. It is a very curious thing how one sin feeds on another: the death of profligacy may be the resurrection of greed; the flight of pride may be the advent of shameless folly. The man who was lewd, riotous, brawling, and irreligious has killed those sins, and on their graves he has sown a handful of a poisonous weed called pride, and it flourishes amazingly. It may be London pride, country pride, or English pride, or American pride; but it is rare stuff to grow, and to grow over the rotting carcasses of other sins. The right prayer is, "Let not any iniquity have dominion over me." Some sins are of respectable repute, and other sins are disreputable among men; but to a child of God every sin is loathsome.

"Let not any iniquity have dominion over me," is a prayer against the reign of sin. Sin will attack us, but sin shall not subdue us; for it is written, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." You may put up

"Trespassers Beware!"

But the trespassers will come, do what you may; still, they shall not be allowed to acquire the right of way through our nature. If a bird flies over our head, we cannot help it; but we will not let it make its nest in our hair. So a temptation may pass by us, an evil imagination may flit over the mind; but we will not invite evil, nor patiently endure it, nor allow it to lodge in our souls.

I have done when I say just this. I have been describing these longings, but thus I have only been taking you to that preparatory school, of which I spoke at the commencement. Already some of you are saying, "I do not think I shall make a rapid scholar even at this preparatory school." The first thing you have to do is to see that you have these longings strong within you. If you have them, thank God for them. To pant and pine after holiness is infinitely better than to be self-righteous. Cultivate these desires and cravings.

But never rest content with mere longings. He that really longs is not content to long: He desires to have his desire fulfilled. The only way to be holy—you that have not begun—is to go to a holy God through the holy Mediator. Trust in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, and so be reconciled to God by Him who alone can put away sin. Then go again to Jesus, and ask Him to renew you in the spirit of your mind, and wash you with water from the power of sin, as He has washed you with blood from the guilt of it. When you are washed, take care that you keep your garments unspotted from the world. When you have once known the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, do not return again to folly. Follow on watchfully and resolutely. Seek the daily renewing of the Holy Spirit, and so shall you go from strength to strength till you shall be like your Lord, and shall see Him as He is. May God bless my feeble words, and put power into them for your eternal good, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

MR. STANLEY'S VISIT TO MR. MACKAY.

The brave missionary whose portrait appeared in this journal on April 23—Mr. Alexander Mackay—and who has since gone to his reward, received a visit from Mr. H. M. Stanley during his recent expedition. The explorer, in his new book, *In Darkest Africa*, (published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) gives his impressions of this wonderful man. Our readers, who have from time to time been kept acquainted with Mr. Mackay's work, his peril and his triumphs will be glad to read what Mr. Stanley has to say about him. Mr. Stanley writes;

"When we were about half a mile off, a gentleman of small stature, with a rich brown beard and brown hair, dressed in white linen and a grey Tyrolean hat, advanced to meet us. 'And so you are Mr. Mackay? Mwanga did not get you, then, this time? What experiences you must have had with that man! But you look so well one would say you had been to England.'

"'Oh no, this is my twelfth year. Mwanga permitted me to leave, and the Rev. Cyril Gordon took my place, but not for long.' . . .

"There were signs of labor, and constant unwearying patience sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed . . . Out of the European quarter there trooped a number of little boys and big boys looking uncommonly sleek and happy, and quiet laborers came up to bid us, with hats off, 'Good morning.' . . . I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice useful books. 'Allah Akhbar,' replied Hassan, his Zanzibar headman, to me; 'books! Mackay has thousands of books in the dining-room, bedroom, the church—everywhere books. Ay, loads upon loads of them!' And while I was sipping real coffee and eating home-made bread and butter for the first time for thirty months. I thoroughly sympathized with Mackay's love for books. But it becomes quite clear why, among so many books, and children and outdoor work, Mackay cannot find leisure to brood and become morbid, and think of dreariness, wilderness,

Despair and Loneliness.

"A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep, and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful, lonely, and sad, Mackay had when, after murdering his Bishop and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned his eye of Death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind working day after day for twelve years bravely and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the 'wilderness,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth doing a long journey for the courage and contentment that one derives from it."

Mr. Stanley has something more to say about the missionaries of Uganda which the friends of missions will be glad to see, and which confirms the account published in this journal two years ago, when the secular press was harshly criticizing the conduct of the missionaries. Mr. Stanley says: "I feared when I first heard of the expulsion of the missionaries from Uganda that they had been inconsiderate and impulsive, and acted regardless of consequences; that though their conduct was strictly upright, and according to their code, their narrowness and want of sympathy had caused them to commit errors of judgment; but the Christian converts gave them an excellent character, and repeated much of the good advice Mr. Mackay had bestowed on them, which were

Undoubted Proofs

that though the yoke of Mwanga was exceedingly heavy to them, the missionaries had in this abstained from meddling in the politics of the country. Something like \$250,000 must have been expended on this mission since it was established. Were the story of it truthfully written, it would contain in itself all that is needed to guide those interested in it. The tragic deaths of Smith, O'Neil, Penrose, and Bishop Hannington; the mortal diseases which cut off Dr. Smith, and as Zachariah tells me, two more, one of whom [Parker] is called bishop; the almost fruitless residence in Uganda of Messrs. Wilson, Pearson, and Felkin; the splendid successes of Mackay; and the industry and devotion of Ashe and Gordon."

Mr. Stanley considers the success of the Mission amply proved: "by the sacrifices of the converts, by their determined resistance to the tyrant, by their successful deposition of him. . . . The missionaries were compelled to bore deep



The Traditional House of Dives, (from a Photograph Brought from Jerusalem by Dr. Talmage).

down, and after that the element sprang up spontaneously. After years of baffling and unpromising work, the converts flocked spontaneously to the new Church of Equatorial Africa. Princes and peasants, chiefs and warriors, came forward to be instructed in the Christian religion, to be taught the arts of reading and writing, and to be the proud possessors of printed books in their own language treating of Jesus and His sufferings in behalf of humanity."

Mr. Stanley seems to have imbibed some of the spirit by which missionaries are animated. In summing up his work, he said: "Money, time, years, strength, health, life, have been freely devoted by us to this work—without even giving one thought to a reward which, whatever its character might be, would be utterly inadequate as compensation. To one like me, what are *banquets*? A crust of bread, a chop, and a cup of tea, is a feast to one who, for the best part of twenty-three years, has not had the satisfaction of eating a shilling's worth of food a day. *Receptions*! They are the very honors I would wish to fly from, as I profess myself slow of speech, and Nature has not fitted me with a disposition to enjoy them. *Medals*! I cannot wear them; the pleasure of looking at them is even denied me by my continual absence. What then? Nothing. No honor or reward, however great, can be equal to that subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say, 'See, now, the task I promised you to perform with all loyalty and honesty, to the utmost of my ability, is to-day finished.'"

Mr. Stanley does not forget to acknowledge the great Giver and Preserver of Life, for again and again he acknowledges with sincere piety, that he and his little band owed their deliverance from imminent death by starvation, or from extermination at the hands of the savages to the merciful dispensation of Providence.

HELIGOLAND AND PROPHECY.

WHILE statesmen are discussing the effects of the transfer of Heligoland from England to Germany, the student of prophecy may take note of its significance in relation to God's Word. The trend of events is in one direction, and this small transfer follows on the same line. Before the close of this dispensation we expect to see

Cæsar's Roman Empire reconstituted by the federation of all its parts. By that time the Empire will be composed of ten kingdoms answering to the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image. They will probably be Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Balkan States. Heligoland was outside the Empire, and therefore in the revived Empire belongs to the other camp. England, which is part of the Empire, has surrendered it to Germany, which is not a part of the Empire, and the island has gone where it belonged. Like the transfer of Hanover to Germany, the change is one indicated by prophecy. We may expect to see other changes on the map of Europe on the same lines before the ten kingdoms indicated again compose the Roman earth and already, as in the present troubles in Bulgaria, the premonitory signs of the new combination are being witnessed. God moves slowly as we reckon time, but in the end it will be seen, that though "there are many devices in a man's heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." (Prov. 19: 21.)

A GIFT THAT COST.

THE resolve which David expressed when Araunah offered to give him the wherewithal for a sacrifice (1 Kings' 24: 24.): "I will not offer burnt-offering to the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing," is not always practiced by those who give to the Lord's work. Yet our Lord's commendation of the widow who gave her two mites, indicates that it is not the amount given, so much as the self-denial involved, that gauges the worth of the gift in the sight of God. An incident related by Miss de Broen, of the Paris Mission, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on June 18, refers to a gift of the right kind from three children.

It appears that they had set their minds on having a parrot that could talk. For some months their parents refused to buy one, but eventually they promised that if the children could find a parrot that did not scream or swear, they would consider it. After a long search, the children found a bird that had neither of the bad habits. But the price asked for it was twenty dollars. That was a great

deal of money to give for a parrot, but by much coaxing, the father agreed to pay it. The subject was dismissed and the father begged to tell his wife of a meeting he had attended that day. It was one of Miss de Broen's meetings, and he described pathetically the condition of the poor neglected children in Belleville on whom Miss de Broen works. He told much she was doing to help them to earn a livelihood and to teach them in the evening to read and write, and tell them about the Saviour. He said she could do much more if she had more money and it grieved her that she could not take more children to care for when there were so many needing her care. The children listened to the story and after they had recounted it together. The next day they told their father that they had decided to relinquish their present of the parrot if the money would cost were given to Miss de Broen for the extension of her work. Miss de Broen says she never had a gift that she valued so much.

THE HOUSE OF DIVES.

(See Illustration.)

READERS of this journal who are Sunday school teachers may find the picture on this page of interest to their classes. It is the reproduction of a photograph brought by Dr. Talmage from Jerusalem. The house it represents is one that the guides show as the house of a rich man who dressed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, while Lazarus sat at his gate. The guides like to interest parties they conduct around, and are eager to perpetuate traditions of this kind. Many of them have no foundation in fact, and the number of the house. Our Saviour's parables are obviously told to convey truth in striking and concrete being always more impressive than the abstract, and while true to nature and to life, men were not necessarily actual facts. Doubtless many such cases as this of Dives and Lazarus had occurred, but it is unlikely that any particular case. If, therefore, the man was merely a type, we need not look for his house.

The interest of the picture consists in the fact that this is an ancient house, such as rich men live in, in the Holy Land, and as the copy

changed but little, was probably
ind of house wealthy families
ied in Christ's time. It would
quently be the house He would
in His mind when He related
rable. As a rule the ostentation
proprietor was not shown in
terior. The walls were plain,
there was any ornamentaion any-
it would be a little at the gate.
oor opened from the street into a
as seen in the illustration. Many
se courts were not roofed at all,
awning was drawn across to
et them from the sun. It was
bly in a court of this kind that
was teaching when the man who
ick of the palsy was brought to
Mark 2:4). It was a simple thing
w aside this awning and lower
d with the man on it. Teach-
ave sometimes found a diffi-
n explaining the breaking up of
as the children naturally have
ea of a roof like ours in their
Where the courts were roofed
usually a flat roof of mud laid
ghs or rafters. Strangers might,
ften did, enter these courts,
is probable that when the Lord
of Lazarus sitting at the gate of
He referred to this custom and
ace of Lazarus may have been
court. It would have been quite
racter with that age of formal-
hen the Pharisees prayed in the
s and a trumpet gave notice that
were giving alms, for a wealthy
desiring a reputation for piety
nt beggars into his court-yard.

From the court, doorways gave access to the
s rooms on the ground floor, and stair-
ed to the galleries on a level with the up-
pers. When a visitor came, he was ush-
nto rooms more magnificent and luxuri-
an anyone would have supposed could be
behind such a mean exterior. He was
ained at tables on which the costly plate
delicate viands were in harmony. After the
the harp, the timbrel, and other instru-
of music sounded in the court, and there
ancing in which he might join, or which
ght see from the gallery. The material
enerally of dried brick, for the poorer
s, and stone or marble for the wealthy;
timber was not abundant and therefore
the best houses had the most wood in
onstruction. There were no glass win-
A lattice that could be opened or closed
sure did duty for a window.

EX-SENATOR PALMER.

DENT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION.
choice of ex-Senator Palmer for the head
stupendous undertaking on which Chi-
as entered, is much more than a compli-
It is an evidence of the high esteem in
he is held for sagacity, and organizing
ministrative ability. Under the bill pass-
Congress, the Governors of the States
ominated two Commissioners, and Presi-
arrison nominated eight more, who were
Commissioners-at-large. At a meeting
Commissioners in Chicago, the perman-
icers of the Fair were chosen, and when
me of ex-Senator Palmer was mentioned,
s elected President by acclamation.
omas Wetherell Palmer is sixty years of
aving been born in Detroit, Mich., in 1830.
quired his preparatory education at St.
College, and thence went to the University
higan. He was unable to complete his
e there, by an affection of the eyes, which
ided him from close application to study.
ent for an extended tour in Europe for the
ery of his health, and subsequently spent
time in Central and South America. On
turn to his native land he commenced
ess in Wisconsin, but after a short time
id in Detroit, where he engaged in real es-



Ex-Senator Palmer, President of the World's Fair Commission.

tate transactions on a large scale. Ultimately
he embarked in the lumber trade, which soon
grew to such proportions as to occupy all his
attention, and from which he realized a colossal
fortune.

Mr. Palmer's first appearance in politics was
in 1878 when he was elected to the State Senate.
Two years later he was a candidate for the
Governorship on the Republican ticket, and in
1883 was elected United States Senator. At the
conclusion of his term in 1888, he determined
to retire from political life, but President Har-
rison nominated him as Minister to Spain. This
would have been a congenial position, as in his
early days he had spent much of his time, while
in Europe, in that country and in the Spanish-
speaking countries on this side. He resigned,
however, at the solicitation of the Chicago peo-
ple, who wanted him for the Presidency of the
Fair Commission.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 478.)

A NEW INFLUENCE.

THE curiosity Howard Wescott felt about the
occupant of the seat in the choir did not escape
his sister's observation, but Mrs. Bollis was too
earnest and sincere in her Sabbath observances
to hold a conversation in church, so she imparted
the information asked for, hoping that How-
ard would soon have in the sermon, something
to occupy his attention, to the exclusion of young
ladies or anything else.

Howard made mental note of the lady's name
and then turned his attention to the worship.
His sensations were a curious mixture as he sat
in the pew, and followed the various parts of
the service. There was at bottom the old dis-
position to treat the Bible, and the whole basis
of Christianity as an antiquated legend that
had served its purpose, and was giving way to
the higher culture and knowledge of the nine-
teenth century. Then there was the new com-
mon sense view of Christianity that Heritage had
presented, and with that, the higher level of
Christian thought and experience from which
Dr. Hamlyn discoursed. And, running, like a
silver thread through the warp, and weft of

his meditations was the presence
of that girl in the choir, who seemed
to be exercising a subtle magnetic
influence on him. Perhaps he would
not have felt the last so much had the
religious element not been so long a
stranger to his soul. It was but newly
awakened, and he was finding, as all
do who persistently close their minds
against religious truth for a time,
that the unfamiliar guest, when it is
invited, has to contend for the posses-
sion of the attention with rivals who
are more at home.

Time and again, as Dr. Hamlyn's ser-
mon thrilled him, his eye would stray
to the face among the choir, as if
seeking a community of enjoyment of
the eloquent and scholarly, and at times
impassioned arguments. It was not
always that he found what he sought.
Intelligence he always detected, but
Miss More did not seem to be borne
away, and enthused, as he expected
she would have been, by certain pas-
sages. Her air was rather cold and
critical, as if she were weighing the
preacher's arguments, and separating
his purely logical deductions from the
soaring flights of oratory, in which
they were set forth. To Howard's
eye Miss More had the appearance, not
so much of a believer, or an unbe-
liever, as of one holding her judg-
ment in suspense.

"Is Miss More a member of the
church, Mary?" he asked on the way
homeward after service.

"No, I am sorry to say she is not,"
said his sister. "I do not know why she is not.
It has often puzzled me?"

"Is she engaged, Mary?" asked her husband.
"I fancy Howard wants to ask that question
more than the other, but he is too bashful."

"No, I think not," was the reply. "I feel sure
she is not engaged to any one here, at any rate,
or I should have seen them together. Miss More
has always interested me exceedingly, and I
have been surprised that young men have not
been attracted by her."

"So you see Howard, you have a fair field, as
far as appearances go. Now my boy my direct
question has set your mind at rest, and saved
you all the trouble of beating about the bush.
You are in my debt, but as you did not retain
me to represent you I make no charge. Leave
it to your honor."

The talk drifted to a discussion of Robert
Heritage's teaching and Dr. Hamlyn's sermon,
both of them having made a deep impression
on the young man's mind, so that he felt more
favorably disposed toward Christianity than he
had for many years. "Surely," he mused, after
reaching his room, "those two men are not un-
lettered and narrow, as I have always thought
Christians were, especially those of the ortho-
dox type, who believe in the plenary inspiration
of the Bible. I have contended for several
years that when a man becomes enlightened he
gives up the old-fashioned way of accepting the
Scriptures, and turns agnostic, or at least ration-
alist. But I see I have drawn my conclusions
too hastily. There may be more intelligence
among orthodox Christians than I thought.
How I should like to talk these matters over
with Heritage!" And he told himself that he
would seek an interview with the Bible class
teacher at the earliest opportunity.

He found little difficulty in bringing about the
wished-for interview, for a few days later he
met Heritage on the street, when the latter re-
cognized him and stopped to take his hand,
making pleasant inquiries about himself and his
legal studies. Before parting Howard said:

"Mr. Heritage, will you be at leisure on Sat-
urday afternoon?"

"I have always plenty of work on hand, but
there's nothing I would not be glad to lay aside
if I can be of service to you."

"If you can spare the time I should be pleased

to have you drive with me into the country. Say about two o'clock. I will drive around to your room for you."

"Very well. I shall go with pleasure. Good-day."

Saturday afternoon was bright and clear, and as the young men drove along the "river road," as it was called, they found nothing to mar their enjoyment of nature and each other's society. The wash of the loitering stream, along whose banks the road pursued its flexuous course, formed a soft accompaniment to the gay minstrelsy of the orioles and scarlet tanagers; while here and there on the lowlands a cluster of wild-rose bushes were in full bloom, and water-lilies spangled the bosom of the broad, tranquil stream. As they bowled slowly around an arc of the river, their ears were greeted by a perfect *pot-pourri* of bird-song, and Howard said, with a tentative purpose:

"If nature were always in so gentle a mood, it would be much easier to believe in God than it is. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps for some minds it would," Heritage replied, "that is, for those who associate only a sort of sensuous pleasure with the thought of God, as if He should have expended his efforts for no other purpose than to make His creatures happy, without reference to their moral character. After a good deal of thought on the subject, I have come to this conclusion: Nature in her tender, joyous moods should stir in us feelings of thankfulness, compassion, love, and so on, while her moods of apparent antagonism and cruelty are intended to call forth the moral qualities of patience, endurance, courage and determination. If nature always soothed us as she does this afternoon, there would be little opportunity for developing our stronger traits of mind and heart. For instance, it requires no effort of the will to glide along this pleasant road to-day, listening to the wash of the river and the songs of the birds;" and the speaker illustrated his assertion by settling back in the carriage, the very picture of comfortable ease-taking.

Howard laughed. "You are certainly a moralist and a philosopher, too," he said. "You Christian thinkers seem to find the solution of every difficulty in the ethical. My sister was lecturing me the other day in pretty much the same strain. Why is it that you lay so much stress on moral considerations?"

"Mr. Wescott, I'm glad you have asked that question," Heritage rejoined, earnestly. "It shows a good deal of penetration on your part. The answer is this: Nothing so arouses and quickens the moral instincts of the soul as the new birth by the Spirit of God, if the work has been thorough. The truly regenerated man lays the main stress on the attainment of the good, and not so much on mere enjoyment, and in that way finds the solution of nearly all the difficulties."

"It may be so in some instances, perhaps in the majority; but—excuse me for saying so, Mr. Heritage—I have known a number of so-called Christians, who seemed to have very feeble moral instincts, if one may judge from their lives."

"Oh, yes," said Heritage, with a smile. "There are pretenders in religion just as there are pettifoggers and shysters in the legal profession."

It was said so good-naturedly, that Howard could not take offence, but broke out into a merry laugh that echoed in the woods beyond the river.

"You are an expert fencer," he said. "But we don't expect quite so much from lawyers as from professors of religion—I mean so high a moral character."

"So much the worse for lawyers, and so much the better for Christianity," replied the other, a smile playing over his mobile features. "A religion that has so high a moral standard, that holds every man to so strict a moral account, carries upon its face the insignia of truth. Wescott, I have been trying to analyze your mental traits, and I feel certain that the high

moral cravings of your nature will never be satisfied until God satisfies them, until you accept the Gospel of Christ." Then, feeling that it might be premature to press the subject farther upon the young doubter's attention, he changed the drift of conversation by adding: "But these are rather obtruse themes for a May-day outing. We are in danger of forgetting nature. What a brilliant cluster of wild roses! Will you stop the carriage a moment until I gather a few? How sweetly they blush!" he added, plucking one and pressing it to his lips.

It may seem irrelevant to the theme under consideration, but at sight of the delicately tinted petals, Heritage recalled the wild-rose tint that so frequently clung to the cheeks of Metta Chapman, and a feeling of inexpressible tenderness took possession of his heart. He would see her soon, he reflected. For the present he must give himself up to the entertainment of his friend, for whom he already felt a profound solicitude.

During the drive they discussed many themes of mutual interest, Heritage throwing light on a number of problems that had for years been puzzling his companion; but only one fragment of the conversation need be given. They were approaching the suburbs of the city in the gloaming, when Howard said:

"Everything in nature seems to be controlled by law. You must be aware that many of our most gifted investigators in the physical sciences have been overwhelmed with the evidences of that fact, and have rejected the idea of a supernatural Ruler, who interferes in the least with the natural course of things; hence the theory of evolution. And yet the Bible is full of the supernatural! How do you explain it?"

"Well, by a careful study of sacred history you will find that God seems to have followed this plan, the reasonableness of which will appear presently, I think. Whenever anything new was to be inaugurated, miracles were performed; that is, new forces were introduced, to meet the requirements of God's projects and lift man's thought to the higher purpose, and these were allowed to work His will in harmony with the laws inherent in them, until the time was ripe for another epoch in man's spiritual development. Isn't it true that inspired history—I mean, of course, Biblical history—is divided into various cycles, and at the advent of each there were special revelations of divine power?"

"Well—yes—come to think of it, you are right."

"When Christ came," pursued Heritage, "the so-called Christian era was introduced, and there was a special display of superhuman agencies, both good and evil. They were necessary to attest Christ's power and Messiahship. But He always warned his followers not to rest in these outward demonstrations, but to lay hold on the spiritual truths of which they were the symbols. Do you see how philosophical it all is, Wescott? The advent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost ushered in the spiritual dispensation, in which we are now living. Men have been lifted to a higher spiritual plane by the Gospel, and having received spiritual witness through the new birth of their acceptance with God, and of His power and love, they do not need miracles in the natural world to bolster their faith."

"Wouldn't a prodigy now and then advance the cause of religion?" asked Howard, with a smile.

"If miracles were performed at everybody's desire or caprice, they would soon lose their value, and I think God has wisely withheld them," rejoined Heritage.

A brief silence ensued, during which the young doubter's thoughts were in a tumult. "Mr. Heritage, how is one to get that 'spiritual witness' which you spoke of a moment ago?" he questioned at length, in subdued tones.

"My dear Wescott, only in one way—by going to the One who is mighty to save, as the gospel directs. I thank you for this drive. Good

night;" and taking the young man by the hand in a warm, brotherly clasp, he stepped from the carriage and walked away in the gathering darkness.

It was a dexterous parting shot, and Howard drove home in a more humble and tractable frame than he had been since the day on which his college would-be mentor, had put the leaf of doubt into his heart. Happily nothing occurred to ruffle his feelings, so that he went to church the next morning in a very receptive state, and obtained much help from the service. Before the Sunday-school closed a proposition was made to have a meeting of the principal singers in the afternoon for rehearsing some music that had just been purchased. When opportunity was given for all who favored the plan to raise their hands, Howard stealthily glanced across the room toward Miss More, noticed that her hand had gone up. That gloved hand! Would he ever dare to clasp and tell its dear owner of the emotions had kindled within him.

"Wescott," whispered Heritage, who sat the young man's side, "I have observed that you have a bass voice of excellent *timbre*. Will you come to the rehearsal? I shall be there myself."

"Then I shall come," responded Howard, thought of meeting Addie More tossing his heart in a wild storm of emotion. The rehearsal of the afternoon was about half over when a brief intermission was granted by the precentor for rest, and a little consultation of several points of the music. Howard and Heritage sat side by side, conversing in tones, though the former was somewhat preoccupied. Addie More was standing alone for a moment in the opposite aisle. An uncontrollable desire seized Howard. Now was his opportunity. At all hazards he must carry out his chief purpose that had brought him there.

"Heritage," he whispered, huskily, his trembling, "will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Please introduce me to—Miss More."

The author hesitated a moment, flushed slightly, and then said: "All right, Wescott. Come along."

In a minute the formula of presentation was over, and Howard stood holding that gloved hand in his and looking down into the hazel-tinted blue eyes of Addie More. It was a thrilling moment, a crisis in his life, and his heart pounded like a piston in his bosom. It was "the joy of meeting not unmixed with pain." However, as he sat by her side during the rehearsal, a thought troubled him:

"Why did Heritage hesitate when I asked him to introduce me to Miss More?"

* * *

"Nothing could have made me feel more easy for Howard," said Mrs. Bollis to her band on their way home from the evening vice.

"Why, what do you know about the girl?" "Nothing; and that's precisely the trouble. I have never met her except at church. I know nothing about the family or her life, though I've often intended to call. I only know that she lives somewhere on the North Side."

"Oh, fie! Bother a woman's foolishness and apprehensions," said the lawyer, good-naturedly. "Howard's able to take care of himself. Trust a young fellow with such a legal mind as he's got, for that. Besides, who cares whether the girl's rich or poor? One can see, with magnifying glass, that she's been well brought up, and that's the main thing."

"But she's no member of the church, is she?"

"Neither is your unworthy husband," laughed Mrs. Bollis, a genial smile playing over her ruddy face. "Is that a fatal objection?"

"Well, it's your one fault," said the lawyer tenderly. "I believe you are honorable in your dealings with your fellow-men, and I believe you are kind and good to me; but why should you treat your Maker worse than you do me?"

(To be Continued.)

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Instances are given in the Bible using His creatures of the lower His messengers, as when the ass Balaam, and the ravens fed Elihe fish brought the tribute money, which aroused Peter's memory. A instance is on record and its narra- been attended by a curious coin- A German pastor says: "One during the Bible class, which I al- d to enliven by the introduction of anecdotes, I related from Schul- and New, the story of a man crossing a field one evening, on o commit a sin in a neighboring eard in the field the regularly-re- y of a quail, which seemed to say, art thou going? Where art thou This so struck him, that he aced his sin, honestly repented, and is sinful ways. I related the story mory, and concluded my class at hour. I had scarcely reached my en I heard someone following me with quick and heavy steps. There lock at the door of my room, and could say 'Come in' a man of the ho had always been an inveterate d's word, entered. With angry nce he came up and asked, 'Who that story about me, Mr. Parson? ow.' I inquired in surprise, 'What mean, my good man?' 'Why, you ll enough. You related to-night a whole congregation what occur- a few days ago about the quail.' good man, did that happen? Do t that anyone told me about you?' eed. Don't keep it back. I will o told you.' I stood amazed and d. Without saying another word I fetched Schubert's work, op- e page and gave it to the man to t first he did not know what to e the book—he was boiling over e. He could scarcely hold the d told me, in a voice choked with t the very same thing had happen- when, with like intent, he was the field in the evening, and had quail's cry. He who aroused through the crowing of a cock, o cases had used as His instrument a quail. This led to the man's n."

MARKABLE PRESENTIMENT.

Recent Gospel address, Captain Daw- tioned the following incident of a otion to his mother: "A few years e was a terrible accident in the ne of those tall factory chimneys n. Before it fell, there had been in the works about the danger of e was a little lad who lived with er—a widow—and supported her ork in this factory. He woke up ing and said he could not work 'for,' he added, 'I am sure that is coming down.' It was one of ange instances of 'coming events eir shadows before.' I read this ly papers, and it was stated that at et when the mother told the story, e not a dry eye in the room. She with the lad and said, 'You must l he replied, 'I don't want to.' At said, 'You must go, my boy, the e.' Without another word, con- oy a loving mother's heart, the lad d went out in the darkness of the saying, 'Mother, I will go for he never saw him again until he ed home dead on a stretcher. Who those who call themselves by the Christ will rise up and say, 'Lord will go for Thee.'"

A POINTED REBUKE.

PROFESSOR in a college was noted is fellow-teachers for his habit of ig privately the young men in his n the subject of their personal re- o Christ. "Do they not resent eals as an impertinence?" asked is fellow-professors. "No," was e. "Nothing is of such interest to as his own soul and its condition. never resent words of warning or if they are prompted by genuine

feeling. When I was a young man," he added, "I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a young fellow not yet of age, lived in our house for six months. My dread of med- dling was such that I never asked him to be present at family worship, or spoke to him on the subject of religion. He fell into the company of a wild set, and was rapidly go- ing to the bad. When I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ. 'Do you call yourself a Christian?' he asked, assuming an aston- ished look. 'I hope so,' I replied. 'But you are not. If you were, He must be your best friend. Yet I have lived in your house for six months and you have never once named His name to me. No, He is nothing to you.' I never have forgotten the rebuke."

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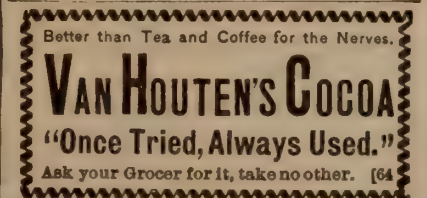
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UNDER ORDERS.

We know not what is expedient,
But we may know what is right,
And we need never grope in darkness,
If we look to Heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way it should go;
He minds his simple duty,
And keeps the fires a-glow.

He knows not whether the billows,
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the pilot at the helm.

And so, in the wearisome journey
Over life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going,
But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks and the quicksands,
For my sight is dull and dim,
But I know that Christ is my captain,
And I take my orders from Him.

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth,
Speak peace to my anxious soul,
And help me to feel that all my ways
Are under Thy wise control:

That He who cares for the lily,
And heeds the sparrow's fall,
Shall tenderly lead His loving child;
For He made and loveth all.

And so, when weary and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

THE supreme love to Christ, greater than that for parents and friends, which He requires of His followers, is not tested in these days in Christian lands; but even now there are countries in which that test is applied. One such case is described by the Rev. Robert Hunter, formerly a missionary in India. He says: "A youth called Ruthnum wished to be received into the Mission House, with the view of receiving baptism. As he was not more than fourteen, it was felt that he could not be permitted to remain, in consequence of a law forbidding missionaries to receive any one under that age against the wishes of their parents, so he had to return to his relations. They, speedily perceiving his leanings towards Christianity, had him removed from Madras and sent to a place some hundred miles off, in the South of India. Not long afterwards, he reappeared at the Mission House, quite drenched with sea water, and again begged to be taken in. On being asked how he had traveled, and why he was so wet, he told a thoroughly romantic

and quite trustworthy story. He had escaped from the village and managed to elude those who started in pursuit of him, on one occasion successfully concealing himself in one side of a town while they were in the other. On reaching Pondicherry, he had pledged his gold earrings, and with the money thus obtained, hired a catamaran, and boldly launching on the ocean, sailed 100 miles to Madras, being for the fifty hours of his adventurous voyage without sleep and without fresh water. But what was to be done with Ruthnum now that he had come? It would have been very hard to send him away again. It was, therefore, resolved at all hazards to grant his request. No legal proceedings followed, and he was baptized."

WASHED FROM THE ROCK.

A SAD fatality which occurred in Scotland, was described by Mr. D. McLauchlan, who used it as an illustration to point his appeal to his hearers to make sure that they were united to Christ by a living faith, and were being kept by Him. He said: "Two years ago two men, a wealthy man and his cashier, were bathing in the River Forth. They stood upon a rock, and on every side of them was deep water, but they felt quite safe; their feet were planted on a rock. A steamboat came out from Leith, and proceeded down the river with a party of ladies and gentlemen, whom this person had invited to meet him at his country-house. As the steamer passed the rock where the two men stood, she caused the water to sweep over it, and in its impetuosity it carried the men with it. Neither could swim, and both sank. The guests were seated round the table, and only awaited the arrival of their host to commence the feast, but he came not. At length anxiety was aroused, and a search made, when they traced him to where he had sunk, and soon his lifeless body and that of his companion were washed ashore. These men perished because they were not fixed firmly on the rock."

A CHILD VICTIM.

AN incident reported by Missionary R. Darby, who is laboring on the Congo, shows how inhuman heathenism is, and how remorseless are its cruelties. He says: "A man died near the station where I work. The people, as usual, concluded that some witch had caused his death by her spell, so they gathered together to try to find the witch. They came to the conclusion that the wife of the deceased was the guilty woman. They took her, cut her head off, threw her body into the river, buried the head in the ground until the flesh decayed, and stuck the skull on the roof of the house. Fathers, listen! mothers, listen! and then think of the darkness of Africa. That man and woman had a little baby that could scarcely walk. There was not a man or woman in all these towns that would give the child a bit of bread or a drink of water; not a soul would allow it to come into their house. They left the poor little thing outside, and I saw it wasting away. I said to one of my boys, 'Whose child is that?' 'It is the child of a witch,' he said. I came home. I thought to myself, 'Well, I have been a good many different things in work, and I think I will just turn nurse now.' I thought I could not see that child starved to death. I went off into the town to buy it. They told me they had taken the poor little innocent baby and flung it into the river to the crocodiles!"

THE FALL OF TWO BROTHERS.

A sad story is related by Mr. Hamilton, the Scottish evangelist of two brothers whom he knew. It teaches an impressive lesson on the fearful power of the appetite for intoxicating liquor even over those who have thought that they were emancipated from its degrading bonds. He says:

"I knew two young men in Glasgow, the sons of a wealthy citizen, who were much given to over-indulgence in strong drink. I was by their father's side when he died, and at his request promised to do all I could for his sons. To each of them he left an income of \$2500 a year, besides his business, which he left to them jointly. By a mighty effort one of them drew himself free

from the drink, and became a total abstainer, and for a short time nothing could have surpassed his home in joy and comfort, but he took ill, not seriously, but with some slight disorder of the throat. The doctor thought the best thing for him was to gargle his throat with claret. The patient did not like the idea but consulted his friends, who strongly recommended him to follow the doctor's advice, and at last he was persuaded to do so. He bought a bottle of claret, and was about to measure out the required quantity, but the terrible craving, that had been so long dormant, awoke, and instead of pouring part of its contents into the glass, he raised the bottle to his lips, where it remained until it was emptied. It seemed as if the enemy only needed this to make it irresistible, and was the stronger for his prolonged abstinence. It goaded the man to excess. He drank incessantly, and in a few days died of delirium tremens. The other brother was never able even to stop drinking for a time; from his father's death his course was steadily downward. He drank his income, he drank his capital, he drank his business. He drank until not a penny was left, then he drank with any person whom he could persuade to treat him. I have taken him from the cheap lodging-house, and put him in a respectable lodging that he might have another chance; but drink had its fell talons upon him and tore him down. Drink he could not do without; and for drink he sold his soul and his body, dying, like his brother, a drunkard's death, and going to a drunkard's eternity. Oh, drink, thou most efficient and destructive weapon of the evil one, if we could but wrest thee from the hands of the enemy of man, half his power would be destroyed.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE WATERING-PLACES.

"Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest awhile." Mark 6: 31.

The Necessity of Rest—The Crowded Summer Resorts—The Temptations they Offer—To Leave Piety Behind—To Suspend Sabbath Observance—The Tainted Atmosphere—The Racing Mania—The Horse in the Bible—Invariable Moral Deterioration of Frequenters of Races—Temptations to Unhealthy Habits—To Hasty Marriages—To the Perusal of Pernicious Literature—To Drink Intoxicating Beverages—The Unfailing Watering Place—The Fountains of Living Waters.

HERE Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that they get out into the country. I am glad that for longer or shorter time, multitudes of our people will have summer vacation. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the sea-shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence.

The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Win-nipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snaps at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game-basket. Already the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race-courses, attest that the season for the great American watering-places is fairly inaugurated. Music—flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echoes of the mountains.

Glad I am that fagged-out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda.

I Believe in Watering-Places.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the Church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a note of warning—plain, earnest, and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes

when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a *crack sermon*—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended.

A Tainted Atmosphere.

The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they denounce you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from these institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of olden-time Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs can not do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation around nearly all our watering-places is

The Horse-Racing Business.

We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job, with mightier pencil, does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were very fond of the horse. He came into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war; a black horse—that meant famine; a pale horse—that meant death; a white horse—that meant victory.

The Universal Favorite.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet and the evangelist and the apostle, stroking his sleek hide, and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his *Georgics* almost seems to plagiarize from the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse, Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo; and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick

he writes home: "Has my old chaise-horse become sick or spoiled?"

But we do not think that the speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse-races, in olden times, were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names, and it is called a "Summer Meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "Agricultural Fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting, the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abominations that were to be found under the old

Horse-Racing System.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time, and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team, and put on their sporting-cap, and light their cigar, and take the reins, and dash down the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga, and Long Branch, and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering-places, is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, nearly every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys, and gamblers, and libertines, and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy-smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around long before arranged who shall beat.

The Moral Stakes.

Leaning from the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and portemonnaies. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom.

Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations this summer. Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and light-cavalry horse. They found the turf depreciates the stock, and it is yet worse for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of Parliament and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter, in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in

Unblushing Meanness,

in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" The Duke of Hamilton, through his horse-racing proclivities, in three years got through his entire fortune of \$350,000, and I will say that some of you are being undermined by it. With the bull-fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse-racing of England and America.

I go further, and speak of another temptator that hovers over the watering-places; and this is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was meant to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed! New York and Brooklyn idiots boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of

Congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bed at ten o'clock at night tossing until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams, and lemons, and lobster-salads, and cocoa-nuts, until the astric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men chaszeing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the

Foundations Laid for Ailments

that will last them all their life long. You now as well as I do that this is the truth. In the summer you say to your good health: Good-bye, I am going to have a good time for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or shop, or counting-room, Good Health will come and say: "Good-bye, I am going." You say: "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation!" It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and our good health will leave you choleric and plenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer-time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer could be an appropriate inscription for the hotel-register in every watering-place: "Do thyself no harm."

Flirtation.

Another temptation hovering around the watering-place is to the formation of hasty and fee-long alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all the other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. Those who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long trail can make up for strong common sense. You may as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find as many vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet! The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it, you want a team stronger than he made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly.

If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that excites the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-headed, soft-headed fop, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in killing attitudes, and waving sentimental lies, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and adding his heaven in the set of

A Lavender Kid-Glove,

as tight as an Inquisition, two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a cravat, his conversation made up of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "He-hee's." It would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calves-foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place, her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has on her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead: and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the River of Life for all eternity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartless influences of our modern-watering places, beware how you make life-long covenants!

Another temptation that will hover over the watering-place is that of baneful literature. Al-

most every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the book stand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel-piazas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was.

"Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some thunderous discourse on the eternal decrees. There are many

Easy Books that are Good.

You might as well say: "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs; and, instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will for a little while take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise.

Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper-covered romances—the hero a Parisian *roue*, the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of \$100 a line! Throw out that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry ringing with merry canto, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be a hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering-places is

The Intoxicating Beverage.

I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put glassiness on her eyes, she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a \$2500 carriage, and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffanys—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of a great institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tittle. At the close of the tenpin or billiard-game they tittle. At the close of the cotillon they tittle. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tittle. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tittle. First they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars per bottle, and whisky at five cents a glass.

Satanic Paths.

Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that.

When a man goes down to destruction Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile

it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says, "Oh, let me get off!" "No," says the conductor, "this is an express train, and it does not stop until it gets to the Grand Central Depot of Smashupton." Ah, "look not thou upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The Safe Shelter.

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering-place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness; wells of salvation; streams from Lebanon; a flood struck out of the rock by Moses; fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar; water to drink and water to bathe in; the river of God, which is full of water; water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; wells of water in the Valley of Baca; living fountains of water; a pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God.

These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dirty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California in five minutes, I walked around and saw

Ten Fountains,

all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes I can go through this Bible *parterre* and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life.

A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place!

Crowd around this Bethesda to-day! Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it! Oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate-complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

AN UNPOPULAR OFFICER.

A CRUSADE against green apples has been commenced in Jersey City, N. J. The Health Inspector at the beginning of the season officially declared that green apples are a detriment to the public health and a menace to the growing republic. Moreover, he said they must go. He started out from his office on July 16, looking for the forbidden fruit with all the ardor of a small boy. He sent his sanitary policemen out too. By noon they had visited twenty fruit stands and had captured nearly as many bushels of green apples. He took this trouble in the interest of the small boy, but his effort is not appreciated. Probably there is not a boy in the city who approves of the Inspector's proceeding. Men often feel that way about things that God does not let them have, when they pray for them. The time will come for every man when he will realize that it was well that God did not grant all he desired. (II. Cor. 12 : 8, 9.)

THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

A Call to Duty That Came Unexpectedly—At Work in the Parisian Faubourgs—The Little Room in the Rue Julien Lacroix and What it Led to—A Mustard Seed that Grew Into a Tree Whose Branches Reach Out Over the Nations—600 Workers and 1,250,000 Hearers—Thousands of Converts—The Mission Boat on the Seine.

FROM missionary work in India and Africa to the same class of Christian labor, although under altogether different conditions and, moreover, in the most brilliant of modern capitals—"Paris the Magnificent"—is a transition to which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are invited to-day. There is no more difficult problem in the whole range of Christian effort than the evangelization of great cities. Hedged about at every step by obstacles peculiar to large communities, the city missionary finds the work that lies nearest to his hand by no means the easiest. And when the earnest labor of half a lifetime, under God's blessing, results in a rich harvest of souls, such work is indeed deserving of the heartiest sympathy and support from Christians everywhere.

In 1871, Paris had just begun to recover from the madness of the Commune. Vandalism had run riot everywhere, religion had been trampled into the dust, and people had almost forgotten God. Now that the fever of lawlessness had died out, Paris settled down to a dangerous condition of spiritual indifference, the people rejecting the authority of their priests as readily as they cast off the yoke of the Empire. The Commune not only demolished the last semblance of imperial rule: it swept away religion also, and left a city, if not

A Nation of Free-Thinkers.

Visitors came from far and near to view the desolated city. One day in August, 1871, there came to Paris, a mild-looking, middle-aged man, accompanied by his wife, a gentle, sweet-faced Englishwoman. The newcomer was the Rev. Robert Whittaker McAll, who, after a pastorate lasting a quarter of a century in England, had come to France on a short vacation. It was his intention to spend a few weeks in the city and then to return to his labors in England, but as the result showed, God ordered otherwise, and the trip designed for recreation was to be the most eventful and important in his life.

Before he had been in the city three days, he began to visit Belleville and the faubourgs. The condition of the working people was obvious; they were like sheep without a shepherd. Communists for the most part, criminals many of them, they clearly belonged to the class whose

Immorality and Infidelity

sprang from spiritual neglect, rather than from inherent viciousness. They had nothing in common with the gay crowds on the boulevards, who, now that the war was over, began again to show themselves as of yore. It was among these *ouvriers* (working-men) of Belleville, that Mr. McAll first attempted to scatter the Gospel seed that has since borne fruit mightily. Standing on the street corners, in front of the wine-shops, or wherever a knot of blouses were gathered, he and his good wife handed them tracts in their own language on simple Gospel themes. By and by they began to be known, and the *ouvriers* would respectfully salute the mild-featured man and his companion.

One day, when least expected, came

The Message from Heaven.

As suddenly as the divine effulgence prostrated Saul of Tarsus, did it pierce the heart of the preacher, with full conviction as to its meaning. He tells the story best in his own words to a friend, many years later:

"I had been handing tracts to several people at Belleville, near a cafe, when a man stepped out from the throng, and addressing me in English, said: 'You are a clergyman, sir? If you come to teach us truths, we shall welcome you gladly. We are ready to hear a gospel of liberty and charity; but we are quite done with the priests.' He spoke further; but what he had already said was enough to show me clearly what the Lord had given me to do."

Until that instant, it did not occur to Mr. McAll that he had work to do in Paris. What he had done had been merely by the way, during the intervals of recreation. But the call sounded in his ears with the force of an angel's trumpet. The appeal was unmistakable; the hand of God was in this thing. Here was a large community—the population of the north-eastern part of the city was fully 100,000—living in squalor, filth and crime; godless, yet hungering for true religion and waiting to welcome the Gospel. His mind was made up. Unhesitatingly he accepted the responsibility. Knowing nothing of the language and very little of the people, with a splendid faith he took all the risk and trusted in God for the outcome. He returned at once to England and severed his connections there, appearing in the Rue de Belleville as God's specially chosen messenger in November 1871. There are few who may be able to appreciate just what such a step involved. It meant the surrender of income, home and friends; the certainty of poverty and privation, for a time at least; the taking up of a daily burden far more irksome and laborious than he had ever borne, and the facing of crowds of scoffers and infidels.

In the Slums of Paris,

instead of the mild aspect of a Christian congregation at home. It meant the loss of almost everything the world approves and cares for.

On the 17th of January, 1872, in a little hall at No. 18 Rue de Julien Lacroix, where he had gathered forty-five workmen, the first meeting was held. A number of chairs, a pine table, a cheap organ and a Bible, constituted the entire outfit. The service was as simple as the place itself. Cordial, homelike, welcoming, the preacher's words, although he was yet unfamiliar with their language gave the listening *ouvriers* to understand that here was a religion for the common people, a Saviour for all. The walls were hung with Bible-texts; hymn-books in French were distributed and the people were invited to sing; a reading, then a short Gospel talk aimed straight at the hearts of the hearers; more music, and after the closing, a hearty handshake, and an invitation to come to the next reunion.

This was the mustard-seed from which has sprung a tree whose branches now extend over all France. The little *salle* (hall) at the rue Julien Lacroix soon became too small, and a large ball-room in the rue de Belleville was secured, where Mothers' Meetings, Sunday-school, Bible Classes and other features were added. Other stations quickly followed, and the good work sped apace. Then, after Paris had a dozen or more stations in full and successful operation, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes and other cities were invaded in turn by the McAll Mission army. And so it spread and branched out till to-day, the humble work begun eighteen years ago, includes one hundred and thirty stations in France, and it has even spread to Algiers, Tunis and Corsica. Last year 19,000 services were conducted by 600 workers, of whom 60 are specially trained by Dr. McAll and his accomplished wife for this peculiar field. Nearly \$100,000 were expended last year by the Board of Directors of these Missions. Forty of the stations are supported by American contributors. The aggregate yearly attendance is nearly

A Million and a Quarter Souls!

Was there ever a more glorious or abundant harvest?

Of Mr. McAll it may well be said that "the common people heard him gladly," for the multitudes whom his mission work reaches during the year belong distinctly to the class whose souls would be lost to Christ were it not for some such special instrumentality as God has raised in their behalf. The work of eighteen years, while it has whitened the hair and aged the steps of the good missionary and his faithful wife, has peopled *salle* after *salle* with bands of anxious inquirers, redeemed thousands upon thousands of fathers and mothers from intemperance, and awakened a pure and permanent religious enthusiasm, unknown before, in the city of sin, superstition and priestcraft. Every

salle is a centre of evangelical activity, around which busy Christian workers revolve, spreading all the benign influences of the Gospel, and bringing in the adults and the little ones to hear the loving message. For this great work God has wonderfully provided fitting help. Many French, American and English pastors, have gone voluntarily to the assistance of Mr. McAll and his army of workers at different times; but the field is so vast that more workers are needed. The American McAll Association has its headquarters at 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, where all contributions and communications should be addressed to the President, Mrs. Marine J. Chase. Stations of the mission are supported by generous contributions from Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Brooklyn, New York, Cincinnati, Newark, Portland, and many other American cities, well known charitable ladies in each taking charge of the gathering and forwarding of the offerings.

American clergymen, hundreds of whom have visited the Mission, unite in declaring that nothing could be more cheering than the scenes at the stations at Menilmontant, near Pere la Chaise cemetery, at Belleville, la Villette, Grenelle, la Chapelle and the large *Salle Evangelique*. The mission has

Purified the Faubourgs

almost beyond belief; the songs of salvation have taken the place of the ribald strains of drunkenness formerly heard on Sundays, and even of the warlike Marseillaise. The schools are very largely attended, and the sights to be witnessed in these old wine-shops, cleaned up, decorated with texts and filled with ardent worshippers in place of drunkards, is one to touch the heart of a sceptic. Paris at first affected to look down upon the Mission; it was too simple and unaffected; its religion was too easy; but Paris has come to recognize that it has been a good thing for Belleville and for the entire city. These crowded Gospel gatherings mean less work for the police and better citizens.

The large Evangelical Hall (*la Salle Evangelique*) was opened by Mr. McAll in 1878, during the Exposition. Besides the usual exercises, there were distributions of the Bible and Gospels in twenty-two languages, the books being sold or given away. Thus the divine message was placed in the hands of thousands of Germans, Russians, Jews, Austrians, Spaniards, Japanese, Hollanders, Italians, and Bohemians, besides Frenchmen. The Bible Kiosk was a notable feature of the Exposition.

"To look at and talk with the Rev. Mr. McAll," said the Rev. J. S. Stone, of New York city, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few days ago, "one would hardly suspect he was a man to carry so heavy a burden of responsibility. He is of the type of John rather than of Peter kind, mild, loving, gentle; the messenger whom you would unconsciously choose to convey pleasant tidings, but not denunciation. His style of oratory is simple and unpretentious; indeed he can hardly be called an orator. It is, however, when he is praying that the peculiar strength of the man is revealed. He speaks to God not as from a distance, but as though he

Were Very Near to Him,

and sure of being heard and answered. He has unbounded confidence in his appeal to the Throne. His whole soul melts and is poured out when he prays, and his hearer is at once in sympathy with him. His nature is essentially spiritual."

A novelty in evangelistic work which Mr. McAll has introduced is

A Mission Boat,

A picture of which appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day. During the summer months afternoon services are held on board, in the spacious cabin which is capable of accommodating nearly two hundred persons. The pier is generally crowded long before the hour for the meeting. The boat is anchored in the river Seine, and has done service in the cause of Christ at many French seaports. It never fails to attract large and attentive audiences. Another picture of interest on the same

The Understatement of Populations Which is causing much dissatisfaction in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other cities is doubtless due to several causes; but an official mentions one in particular that he believes was very potent. He says that in many cities the enumerators found people who were at a great deal of trouble to dodge the enumeration. They had the idea that if they were enrolled as residents of the city, it would invalidate their claim to the land they have secured under the homestead law. They live on their land long enough to establish legal residence, but they spend the bulk of their time in the city, are engaged in business there, belong to churches, own their city houses, and are citizens to all intents and purposes. They were afraid that if the enumerator reported them as living in the city, the Government might deprive them of the land in the country, and so they evaded his visit when they could. There is reason to fear that many people are acting in the same way about their spiritual concerns. They are anxious to make the best of both worlds, so they live and act as worldlings, and try to compromise with God for their heavenly mansion by spending part of the Sunday in church and paying subscriptions to religious work. The practise is not new. The prophet complained of such people in his day: "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but will not do them." (Ezek. 33 : 31.)

THE TEN LEPERS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 17; Luke 17: 11-19; Golden Text, Luke 17: 17.

The Leper's Wretched Lot—A Type of the Sinner's Condition—The Law for the Prevention of Contagion—How Sin Spreads—Why the Lepers were Sent to the Priest—The Ceremonial Cleansing—The Complicated Ritual Symbolical—Had no Meaning for the Leper—Types of Cleansing in the New Dispensation—The One Grateful Sufferer—The Nine Missing in Church Work.

IT was one of the proofs of His Messiahship which Jesus gave to John's disciples, that "The lepers are cleansed." (Matt. 11: 5.) It was not only in exceptional cases that Jesus cleansed the lepers. He was on His way to Jerusalem, and passing through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, there met Him, just as He entered a certain village, "ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off." Companions in misery, companions in loneliness, these poor, pitiable creatures, herded together. The law had done nothing for them but to declare them unclean, and to exclude them from houses, home, and from the congregation of the Lord. They had been, one by one, brought to the priest and examined, the fatal disease had been discovered by its too certain symptoms, and the priest had pronounced them "utterly unclean." There was no healing power in the law. "The leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, unclean, unclean. All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean; he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be." (Lev. 13: 45, 46.)

According to the law, the only word by which these unhappy men might greet a stranger was that which told the fearful tale of their suffering and shame,

"Unclean! Unclean!"

What a type of sinners as God sees them! He says of the sin of His people Israel, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." (Isa. 1: 5, 6.) But Oh, if every sinner could see himself as God sees him, and if his only communion with other men was a warning against being contaminated by him, men would flee from moral lepers as from the plague.

Fancy the effect it would have if every drunkard carried upon his forehead a new order of phylactery, not inclosed in a little case as the Jews wore them, but an open, easily-read inscription, "unclean, unclean." If every impure, fallen man, warned men and women away from him by the one cry, "unclean, unclean," and his poor sisters in sin did the same, the horrible vices which are ruining our generation would necessarily die out. If every gambler warned men of his proximity, and all these moral lepers were bound to put a covering upon their upper lip, to keep in the tainted breath, and to proclaim them the dangerous creatures which they are, then men would fear both sin and sinners, and avoid them. But, in our days, sin is gilded, patronized in high quarters, justified, and so the leprosy spreads.

These ten lepers broke the law; they were in the atmosphere of grace. At last they had met with a Man whose first thought was not to avoid them, and to shield Himself from contamination by them. His thought was first for them: His face expressed it, His reputation bore witness to it. Lepers, who were unwelcome anywhere else, found a welcome from Him, and instead of the sad cry, "unclean, unclean," they cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us." They urged no plea, and gave no reason. He was

The Lepers' Friend,

this was enough. But they trusted Him fully, and when His only answer was to send them back to the priests who had done nothing for them but to confirm their doom, they did not object or argue. They had no hope from self,

no hope in any other, and, unlikely to help them as such direction seemed, they obeyed, "and it came to pass, that, as they went, they were healed." In obeying we are blest, in obeying we are guided, in obeying we are strengthened. "If ye know these things, happy are ye *if ye do them*." (John 13: 17.) "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." (1. John 2: 17.) God gives the Holy Spirit to the obedient. (John 14: 15-17.) Unquestioning obedience, as soon as we are quite sure of God's will from His word, brings endless peace and liberty of soul. It is no matter to us whether the command of God commends itself to our reason. Our views of things are very limited, we only see our own will.

Jesus had another purpose to serve in sending the lepers to the priests than simply their healing; it was "for a testimony unto them" (Luke 5: 12); a testimony that one who could heal the leprosy—and not, as they only could, denounce the sufferer—was in their very midst. But there was another purpose in this journey. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth," (Rom. 10: 4.) The lepers were to go back to the law with the light of Christ, and understand the law through Him, and Him through the law. "This shall be

The Law of the Leper

In the day of his cleansing—He shall be brought unto the priest and the priest shall go forth out of the camp," (Lev. 14: 2: 3), to bring the leper in. Christ was to do this when He "suffered without the gate," (Heb. 13: 12) in no other way could he bring his unclean and leprous brethren within. "And the priest shall look, and behold, if the plague of leprosy be healed in the leper (and no other eye but Christ's can judge of this), then the priest shall command to take for him that is to be cleansed two birds alive and clean," type of a living Christ; there can be no real cleansing of which a living Christ is not the guarantee. One of the birds must "be killed in an earthen vessel over running (or living) water." Jesus was slain, yet He lives; there must be death and life to represent Him. Sin has no more dominion over us than death has over Christ while we trust in and obey Him.

But he that is to be cleansed has work to do. All that comes of the flesh must be put away.

Self Must Have no Quarter.

His clothes, which covered the flesh, and which have been defiled by the leprosy, must be washed. His hair, which grew out of the impure, leprous flesh must be shaved. All which is of himself must be put away. And after that, he may come into the camp, communion is restored. But he may not enter into his own tent until he has shaved himself a second time at the end of seven days. He is no less in danger of contaminating the congregation than his own family. This is a type of how completely self has to be denied and the flesh put away for the cleansing of the soul and body.

And now there is resurrection. The eighth day three lambs must be slain; one for a sin offering to signify Jesus dying for the sins of the world; one for a burnt offering, to represent how completely those who are saved by Christ are through Him and like Him, living sacrifices, wholly laid upon the altar; and one for a trespass offering, to signify Christ's atonement for special sins. O, how all this shows us the hatefulness of sin in the sight of God, and how sickness coming into the world as the result of sin needs the cleansing blood, needs Christ! Did the lepers understand all that was to be seen in these types and shadows? Probably not—they had not the Holy Ghost dwelling within to guide them into all truth as we have if we yield our selves to His direction.

But although their healing was effected at the same time and in the same manner, there was a great difference in these men. "One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks." They could have gone but a few paces, when the blessed consciousness of healing broke upon them. Nine were in a hurry to get back to

their friends and to enter into ordinary life again, but the one would have justified Paul's appeal when he said, I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service, (Rom. 12: 1); he felt he owed his life to Him who had saved it, and that common justice demanded the acknowledgment of the fact. The man was a despised Samaritan, but his sense of honor was keener than that of all the nine Israelitish lepers which had been cleansed. They were cleansed as well as he, but they were not found at the Master's side. When they went to the priests, probably they would bear only so much testimony for Jesus as suited their purpose. And in a tone of sadness and of wounded love, the Master asks: "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger."

"Where Are the Nine?"

Out of every ten who know what it is to be born again, and to obtain the pardon of their sins, how many are there whose lives are a glory to the God who created and redeemed them? Go to the members of our churches who are supposed to be converted people. Of how many could it be said, "He lives only for the glory of God; God shines through all his business transactions; God's presence is always felt where he is; his house is hallowed by the breath of God; his words are full of grace; his spirit is gentle and like the Lord's?" Is it not so, that in every church the sad question of the Master has to be asked, "Were there not ten converted, but where are the nine?" In the prayer-meeting, "Where are the nine?" In the open air services, "Where are the nine?" By the side of the sick and dying, "Where are the nine?" In the raising of the fallen, "Where are the nine?" In the mission to the heathen, "Where are the nine?" In representing Christ in the shop and in the family, "Where are the nine?" In the forgiving of injuries, "Where are the nine?" In the restoring of the brother who is overtaken by a fault "in the spirit of meekness" (Gal. 6: 1), "Where are the nine?" When the Master comes to reckon with His servants who have traded with or neglected His talents, where will be the nine? When the bride of Christ hath made herself ready, and the virgins have trimmed their lamps, where will be the nine? Reader are you of the nine?

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.**The Shadow of the Guillotine.***

THE Queen had a vague instinct of the misfortunes that were threatening her; but she was disturbed and confident in turn, yielding at times to the illusions which the blindest optimism of the epoch evoked in every heart. There was expected some sort of gentle and amusing revolution, a political entertainment perfected by the philosophy and urbanity of the eighteenth century. It was thought that the Assemblies would be like the meetings of the Academy. . . . All were fired by ambition. "Every man who could read, we are told by the Count of Vaublanc, "became a profound politician." From the greatest nobleman down to the idler in the cafes every one imagined himself the possessor of an excellent receipt for making good the deficit and saving the country. As M. Auberton has said "By all, even by the court party, the Revolution was invoked out of wrath with conflicting ambitions, as well as resentment against the King and his ministers, and the desire of revenge for some vexation and disappointment. The inevitable catastrophe became the last resource, even for those on whom it was to fall like a punishment, and in this absurd infatuation of official selfishness, even the courtiers

* From *Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Regime* by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry, a sketch not only of the life of the unhappy Queen, but of the court and society of France just as the storm broke which was to overthrow all that France had held in reverence for centuries. Pp. 30 price \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

expected from the States-General the destruction of the central power and the restoration of the feudal system.

The Weak King.

It is the fashion nowadays to represent accomplished facts as the consequence of an inevitable fatality, which prudence, wisdom and genius would have been powerless to resist. To us nothing seems more opposed, not merely to the freedom of the will and to human dignity, but also to the philosophy and majesty of history, than this Mohammedan fatalism which deprives the affairs of this world of their interest and moral value. . . . Between the king and his council, there was an alternation of mistakes about everything which might be regarded as a prudent or a vigorous measure. Thus the king, who had a passive courage, felt a certain shame about leaving Versailles; he was perfectly conscious of the danger, but he hoped to avoid it by a display of strength. When it was necessary to use it, he could not decide to draw his sword on his subjects. I linger with regret on this unhappy monarch's faults; for with his kind heart he deserved a different fate. As for Marie Antoinette, who was justly alarmed by her husband's indecision, her position was most painful. It was not easy for her to urge vigorous measures, and an appeal to force when her husband was all weakness. As a worthy daughter of Maria Theresa, she naturally inclined to energetic decisions. She would have liked to ride before the troops; but this was impossible when Louis XVI. opposed every demonstration of force, and was absolutely unwilling to abandon the paternal attitude which suited the wishes of his heart and his instinctive tendencies. Meanwhile, the peril was increasing from day to day.

The Marquis Lafayette.

Great was the surprise in Paris and Versailles when it was learned that Lafayette, the nineteen-year-old sage, who seemed so cold and indifferent, had, against the King's orders, chartered a ship at his own expense, and crossed the ocean to fight for American liberty. Without a regret he left the delights of court life, his magnificent home, the meeting-place of elegance and intelligence, to plunge into the wildest adventures. His wife, who was devoted to him, showed Christian stoicism, and did not try to detain him. Although he had committed an act of disobedience in going to fight under the American flag, Marie Antoinette never forbore to treat him with great kindness. She often received him when he returned to France in 1779 and with her own hand copied the lines of a tragedy in which his friends thought they saw a resemblance to him. When he returned to America, for the second time, the government could not praise him too much or find benefits enough wherewith to reward the young champion of the new republic. On January 21, 1782, a great festival was taking place at the Hotel de Ville in Paris in honor of the birth of the Dauphin, when suddenly word came that Lafayette had just reached the capital. Madame de Lafayette, who was at the Hotel de Ville, then received an unusual mark of the Queen's favor; for Marie Antoinette herself carried her in the royal carriage to the Hotel de Versailles, that she might as soon as possible welcome her husband. Every one became enthusiastic over the conqueror of Cornwallis; the infatuation was universal. At his suggestion the Queen had her full length portrait painted, and sent it to Washington. The King promoted him, over all his fellow-officers, to raise him to the rank he had held in America.

The Marquis, who on his return to his native land, could show the scars of the wounds he had received in fighting for freedom, a republican to whom the United States had given the rights of citizenship, and George Washington had treated like a son, came back more American than French, full of zeal for an exotic liberty which, when transplanted to France, was to bear fruits very unlike those he expected. Although Louis and Marie Antoinette had shown

him much kindness and his birth should have attached him to the monarchy, he who in less troubled times would have been one of the noblest and most faithful of the King's servants, was about to be led by a fatal chain of events to weaken the throne which it was his first duty to defend. The spirit of opposition was most prominent in this great democratic nobleman, a revolutionist and a conservative by turns, who one day fomented a riot, and the next suppressed it: who seemed to Louis and the Queen now like an enemy, and in a moment like a friend.

THE DAY OF RAPTURE.

By P. W. E.

Who is the Bride of the Lamb—The Church Revealed After the Ascension—The Pentecostal Gifts—The Promise at the Sepulchre—The Lord to Come as He Went—The First Resurrection—The Change in the Living Saints—The Second Advent Reiteration in the New Testament—The Church's Attitude—A Threefold Admonition.

THE Scriptures teach us that there is an earthly as well as a heavenly bride. The difference, however, is most marked. Jeremiah writes, "Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, Thus saith Jehovah; I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals" (Jer. 2: 2.) This espoused wife proved herself unfaithful. Christ came to her according to promise, but she received Him not. She took counsel how she might put Him to death. But God declares that after many days of visitation He "will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her . . . and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth" (Hosea 2: 14, 15). That is, in due time *she shall be restored and made glorious in the earth.*

On account of her unfaithfulness she was cut off, or set aside. *Who then is*

The Wife of the Lamb

spoken of in Revelation? We find no reference in the Old Testament to the Church of Christ, this heavenly bride. This was "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints" (Col. 1: 26). No intimation was ever made respecting the Church of God, until after the Jews took counsel how they might destroy Jesus. They being set aside, Christ said to Peter, "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16: 18). Up to that time there was no Church of God. From the day of Pentecost the Church has been and is being gathered "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." The Holy Ghost is the gathering power; and Christ is the centre of gathering. Those who belong to the Church of Christ have been born of God; set apart according to the gracious will or purpose of the Father, sanctified by the blood of Jesus; and chosen "to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth."

When our Lord was on the earth He gathered about Him a few disciples, who on the day of Pentecost were baptized into one body, called the Church. The night on which the Lord was betrayed He said to them: "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14: 2, 3). Up to that time there was no place prepared for those who would constitute this heavenly bride. Here He not only assumes that He will prepare a place for them, but that He will also come again and receive them to Himself. On the day of our Lord's ascension, while the disciples were looking steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, "behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts. 1: 10, 11).

No language can be more clear or explicit than this.

Our Lord is to Come Again,

In the same manner that He went on high, He

is the Head of the Church—thus the Church must be raised and associated with its Head in everything: in suffering, in life, in judgment, in dominion, and in glory. "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken their (your) mortal bodies" (Rom. 8: 11). And they being thus associated with Him, He makes them sharers of all He is and has.

We are assured that "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (1. Thess. 4: 16, 17.) And again, "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." (1. Cor. 15: 51, 52.) These passages show that

The First Resurrection

takes place when the Lord comes for His saints; and that His coming is the present hope of the Church. Hence our Lord says, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately." (Luke 12: 35, 36.) And Paul commends the Thessalonian saints because they had "turned to God from idols, to serve the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

Jesus, the Head, is in heaven; the body, the Church, is here. By the Holy Ghost, constant communication is maintained between the Head and its members. By the same Spirit are ever flowing from the glorified Lord, life, joy, peace, and every other spiritual blessing. And when God's time has fully come, that same Spirit by whom our dead spirits have been quickened will also quicken our mortal bodies, and lift us one and all up to meet the Lord in the air. Here is our hope.

Many passages of Scripture can be quoted from the New Testament referring to the coming of the Lord, either for or with His saints. On an average, one verse out of every twenty-five refers to Christ's coming. Some of them are very significant indeed. In the last four addresses to the seven churches in Revelation, chapters 2 and 3, the Lord's coming holds a prominent place, either in the shape of encouragement or of warning. Till the rapture

The Church Should be Watching

and waiting, looking and longing for the Bridegroom to come. It is well to notice, in the last chapter of Revelation, "I come quickly" is said three times, and is designed for our consideration; first, to see well to our walk; secondly, to see to our work; and thirdly, for our hearts to watch for Him. The first time, seventh verse, he adds, "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of this book." Then the practical application is given in the twelfth verse. "My reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." But in the twentieth verse, the third time the words are uttered, there is nothing said about our walk or our work. Here He assumes that He Himself is to us "the chiefest among ten thousand" and the One "altogether lovely." So this cry is for our hearts, yes, for our all; as He has loved us, has died for us, has sanctified us, has cleansed us, has nourished us, has cherished us, and soon He is to present us to Himself as His bride.

What an exalted, what a blissful destiny awaits the children of God! Oh, that our hearts were more moved by this fact now! Are we looking for the coming of the Bridegroom? Do we long to be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump? May our hearts be established in His love, and we be encouraged and cheered with the prospect of His coming and of our change, that we may forever be with the Lord! "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." (Heb. 10: 37.)

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MIRACLES BEYOND DISPUTE.

THE miracle of transformation wrought in individual hearts and lives make faith in the Scripture records of miracles easy. The call that raises from the death of sin into a life of holiness exceeds in its marvellous result the call that brought Lazarus from his tomb. Beholding the former it is not difficult to give credence to the latter. We need more miracles of grace rather than so much logical defence of the physical miracles of by-gone days. When Pentecostal power descended on the disciples, souls were led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Spirit, whose descent was accompanied by this mighty display of power, was the source of that power. The Spirit of God brooded over chaotic nature, and life and light and order were the results. But Pentecost was a greater marvel than the world's creation, for the spiritual is ever superior to the natural. The Pentecostal power is still with us. The Spirit of God abides in the Church. But as Christ could not do many of his mighty works in some of the places into which his love led him, because straitened by the unbelief of the people, so the Spirit of God is often hindered by the lack of faith of the professing people of God. We are not straitened in God the Spirit, but in ourselves, if straitened at all.

It was of the Spirit that Christ spake when He said on the great day of the feast: "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." This endowment is not one of mere personal blessing. He who so receives the Spirit will be the channel of blessing to others. Through his ministrations hearts about him are to be watered, and this living water means more than ever water meant even in the thirstiest of Oriental lands. Who shall say what is the limit of personal usefulness in any disciple of Christ? The feeblest among us dare not say that he may not be made mighty through the Spirit. The world's redemption waits the Church's consecration. Were the millions of Christians in our land centres of the Spirit's vitalizing energy, in the measure that the words of Christ suggest as possible, this land would be veritably Christianized and the ultimate subjugation of the world itself to the Son of God would be early accomplished.

Infidelity and scepticism, and all the varying shades of unbelief, would flee away before the

dawn of such a day, the day in which all the people of God put on their kingly apparel and live the royal life they claim to possess. Not less than twenty per cent of our population is enrolled on our lists of church membership. There are twelve million names upon those lists. Yet is sin riotous and rampant, and hydra-headed iniquity defies the law and destroys and devours as though no army of the living God numbered its millions. Surely, the Church militant is weak where it might be and ought to be strong. It may be urged that denominational divisions weaken our forces, but a greater evil exists in the worldliness and selfishness prevailing in the Church. We cannot serve God and mammon. Self-sacrifice must take the place of self-aggrandizement and love of souls drive out love of the world if mankind is to be lifted toward God by our influence.

There are hundreds of thousands of Christians who never open their lips and never lift a finger in any effort to save the lost. No living water reaches the thirsty hearts of men through them. They are content with a personal hope in Christ and having, as they think, settled that, the world's need does not move them. In a sense this is the greatest marvel of all. A redeemed and regenerated heart knows no impulses of gratitude leading it in the train of a Redeemer's path of service and sacrifice! Nine of the lepers cleansed return not to give praise to God. They utter no voice of testimony to the power of grace to save! In many instances they who profess the heavenly birth forsake not old sins. It is a case of an old establishment with a new name. There is little proof of a new nature. Christianity is judged by such professors. By its fruits as seen, or rather as not seen, in their lives, the tree is judged and pronounced a delusion. So the gospel seems a meaningless fable and the Bible is belittled. It was well enough that the Christian dispensation should be ushered in by a display of miraculous power. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from among the dead, is proof positive of the righteousness of his claims. The world must see that resurrection taking place again and again in the lives of Christian men and women, if it is to be impressed and convicted unto salvation. Only the resurrection life of the Christian can fully and forcibly preach the resurrection of his Lord.

THE DUTY OF LABOR.

PRIDE and avarice are the motive springs of many a man's devotion to his daily business avocation. While there is a dollar to be made he would like to make it. If there is work to be done, no one, in his estimation, can do it quite so well as he. Again, each man wants to keep himself abreast of others in his social circle. So he keeps himself still in the harness that others would gladly wear, and the causes he might help remain unaided, so far as he is concerned.

After all "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world" and pass into eternity with a record that can be written down in no other earthly characters than those which represent dollars and cents? Such a record being interpreted in the light of eternity will read, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." It behooves every one of us to take time to be healthy, time to be godly, time to do good,

Our men of means should be found actively engaged in the furtherance of plans for the world's betterment.

Leisure legitimately secured and properly spent is by no means laziness. The man of leisure need not be a lazy man. Our Creator would have us work and enjoy the fruits of our labor. If from any cause beyond our control we cannot work we need not starve. No one among us is called upon to do that. Of all the millions who dwell in the land it is not the will of our Father in heaven that any should perish. There is bread enough and to spare, for old and young, for strong and infirm. The Gospel has provided for the supply of all human need by bidding those who possess share with those who lack. At the same time lest lack be the outcome of laziness, it is ordered that if a man work not, he is not to eat. Labor of some kind as far as native faculties and added advantage permit, is meant for us all, save the sick and the helpless. He who can work and does not work ought to be made to work. He who shirks his share of the common toil and yet reaps the benefits of the toil of others, the same is a thief and a robber. He may not dress in Rob Hood's garb, and he may not lay himself open to the charge of larceny, but the fruits he enjoys are not the fruits of righteousness.

MAN'S DESTINY AND THE BIBLE.

THE destinies of humanity are bound up with the Bible. Rising with the dawn of the race, it reaches its meridian splendor over the heights of Bethlehem, whence it has thrown its healing beams over the wide earth and made in it a spiritual system, in which every one who enters it finds the supply for all his needs, light for his pathway, weapons for his warfare, implements for his work, peace for his conscience, solace for his sorrow, a resting rock for his faith, and the clear prospect of eternal joy.

For centuries the Bible has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, letters and law, they have marked the progress of mankind, ways supporting them and chiefly leading them on their way. Every nation which has received it has become a chosen nation; emancipated from kinship and priest-craft, becoming the guide of other nations to freedom. It has not only survived unimpaired, the changes of time and the hatred of enemies, but it has wrought itself into the fibre of the most powerful nations, and into their languages and literatures. If every copy of the Bible were destroyed to-day, it could be reproduced from countless sources tomorrow. The American Bible Society alone has issued over fifty million copies in eighty odd different languages and dialects, many of which were devised for the express purpose of its publication. This is the only book for which languages are invented, that it may be read where written words were previously unknown.

The Bible has abundantly displayed its divine power under the most adverse conditions of the world and Church, to satisfy us that it is the "power of God unto salvation." It will save the world, or else the world will not be saved. The Church must hold it in its integrity, and not suffer its teachers to mar or cloud its sacred pages. It is her chief weapon in the warfare with the hosts of sin. It is the sword of the Spirit because it is the Word of God.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Event of Interest, Although Possibly of little significance politically, was the marriage at Ischl on July 31, of the Arch-Duke Franz Salvator of Tuscany, to Arch-Duchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The nuptials were very brilliant,



and all the branches of the House of Hapsburg, the ruling House of Austria, were represented. The bridegroom is a tall, soldierly man of 24, and the bride is two years younger, very graceful, though not beautiful, sweet-tempered and amiable, and a "Lady Bountiful" among the poor of any neighborhood

where she happens to dwell. She inherits her mother's love of outdoor sports and exercise, and thinks nothing of long solitary walks over the Obersterreich Mountains. Lately she has been

more or less a recluse owing to the declining health of the Empress and like a dutiful daughter, has prepared the latter's care to her own comfort and pleasure. One of the prettiest features of the recent wedding was the presence in the church of many married couples of the town of Ischl, dressed in national costumes, and two rows of children

scattered flowers in the path of the bride. Marie Valerie's gratitude seems as great as her popularity, for, after the ceremony, at her request, her father the Emperor distributed beautiful gifts and marks of distinction among all who had rendered service to her in her girlhood. The House of Hapsburg has been strangely unfortunate, and its history is full of dark tragedy.

Marie Valerie seems to embody many of the best characteristics of its most famous members and to these she adds a beautiful nature and a simple good-heartedness that promise well for her future happiness.

Michigan Claims the Distinction of Giving birth to a new national party, as yet unnamed. It has sprung from the coalition of the Patrons of Industry, the Union Labor-Party and the Prohibitionists; its platform is progressive, and its actual voting strength at present is estimated at less than 90,000. This, while too small to elect anybody, may prove in a close State just what is needed to hold the balance of power. Should the fusion last, it is believed that the new movement may extend its lines to the adjoining States and may possibly upset all the calculations of the politicians.

The Geographical World is Looking Forward with considerable interest to the account of his African explorations shortly to be issued by Captain Casati, the distinguished Italian explorer.

It is understood that he will deal with the subject in a perfectly neutral way, ignoring all his personal explorations and confining himself to the personal experiences and impressions of the Casati expedition. Casati is a soldier, somewhat past his prime; but he is also a student and thinker. For twenty-five years he has interested himself actively in Africa, his first commission there having been received from the African Society of Milan, when he was directed to join Romolo Gessi, the famous Italian pioneer explorer and opponent of slavery. Casati's life has been full of hair-breadth escapes and marvellous interpositions of Providence in his behalf. All his effort has been directed toward the suppression of the slave traffic. He has at different times been a favorite of the native kings of the interior and, again, their prisoner, condemned to death. On one occasion he was bound to a tree twenty-four hours awaiting execution, and was rescued by some of Emin Pasha's guards. Although Casati's story will be supplementary in many respects to that of Stanley, neither the latter nor Emin Pasha will figure



very largely in the narrative. Casati was so unfortunate as to suffer the destruction of his manuscripts by natives, compelling much of the work to be done over again. He will renew his travels in the Dark Continent this year.

Postmaster General Wanamaker Has done wisely in putting the stamp of his official condemnation on a recently published book by a famous Russian author, antagonistic to religion, and social morality, and thus preventing its transmission through the mails, except under seal. The book, as all civilized peoples are now agreed, is one that deserves everywhere to meet with the swiftest discouragement. The officers of the Society for the Enforcement of the Criminal Law announce their intention to stop its sale if possible. There may be some question as to the legality of Mr. Wanamaker's course in this matter—and this point will doubtless be raised by interested parties—but it is enough to explain that he is fortified by the opinion of the Attorney General, who rules that the government has a perfect right to declare the book unmailable except at letter rates. Technically, this excludes it from the mails altogether, although the Department has no power to open on suspicion a package mailed at letter rates.

Our White Squadron, Consisting of the Warships Chicago, Atlanta and Boston, returned last week from its long cruise in the Mediterranean and in South American waters. Admiral Walker, the commander of the squadron, says that the effect of the cruise has been to inspire the nations of Europe with a respect for our status as a naval power. At the same time, he admits the vast superiority of the great navies of Europe, with their powerful, steel-clad leviathans and trained forces that are kept constantly at drill. The Italians, particularly, seem to have indulged in heavy battle-ships. One lesson of the cruise was, that the nations of Europe are putting forth all their energies in preparation for future war. All other interests seem to be regarded as secondary to this single idea of arming by sea and land. With neighbors armed to the teeth and scowling at neighbor, there is none too much happiness in the European family, and Uncle Sam's sons and daughters cannot be too thankful that a similar state of affairs does not and cannot exist in our own land, notwithstanding the utterances of some alarmists who hear in every whisper a note of war, and see in every summer cloud a hand of warning against an enemy.

Eighty-two Human Lives and Five Million Dollars represent the total expenditure of blood and treasure by Belgium, thus far, in the conquest of the Congo. King Leopold has been carrying forward his enterprise since 1879, and the largest force he has had at work at any time was last year, when the white men employed by the Congo State numbered 227. The average death rate is very nearly ten per cent., not a very alluring prospect to Europeans. Still, little Belgium has made great headway in the "Dark Continent," and has contributed some of the brightest and most enterprising spirits to exploration and Christianization that the century has produced. Indeed, had it not been for the fostering care of Belgium and the generous philanthropy of Leopold, very little of real value would even yet have been known about the vast Congo region, which is now the centre of attraction for the European powers, and which promises to be by far the finest part of Africa for commercial as well as missionary enterprise.

A Million Jews are Practically Banished by the recent edict of the Czar of Russia. It is now believed by prominent Hebrews in New York that the bulk of this million of expatriated Hebrews will inevitably find its way to the United States as soon as possible. Thousands of them will doubtless arrive without means, and in this event the law for the exclusion of such immigrants will no doubt be strictly enforced. But a very large proportion of the Hebrews who come from Russia bring with them not only strong and willing bodies, but full purses as well, together with good business

training. Many of them are skilled tradesmen. Should the Czar's ukase take effect in earnest, this country, far from suffering by the flood of new arrivals, is rather likely to be benefited. An appeal is to be made to Secretary Blaine, asking him to intercede with the Russian Government against the threatened expatriation; but it is hardly likely that any serious interference would be tolerated in the matter. As a rule, the Hebrews who do come here, no matter how unfortunate, are never a charge upon the public. Pauperism is a reproach that does not lie at the door of the Jew. There is no race in the world that takes the same care of its poorer members, and in this respect the Jews may be said to be a shining example to many Christian communities.

NEWS SUMMARY.

July 28: Steamer Virginia Strikes Excursion Steamer Louise in Chesapeake Bay; Nine Lives Lost—Father Laurentz, Spurious Priest, Victimizes Catholic Clergy in St. Louis and Chicago—Guatemala Again Defeated by Salvador.

July 29: Peace Restored at Buenos Ayres After 1,000 Lives Sacrificed—Six Persons Poisoned by Green Tea, Elizabeth, N. J.—Directors World's Fair Decide to have Agricultural Exhibits at Jackson Park, Chicago.

July 30: Business Part of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Burned; Loss \$700,000—Discussion on Tariff Bill Deferred in Senate—88 Dead Miners Taken Out of Exploded Mine at St. Etienne, France.

July 31: Eighteen Deaths from Sunstroke in New York City—Tornado in New Hampshire—Blaine Visits Harrison at Cape May—Eighty Deaths Daily from Cholera at Mecca.

August 1: Great Famine in Soudan; 100 Deaths Daily—Salvadorian Rebel General Rivas Defeated and Slain—Illinois Legislature Passed World's Fair Bill.

August 2: Intense Drought Ruining Western Wheat Crops—Steamer Sunshine, 150 Passengers, Struck Rock off Orient Point, Long Island Sound; All Saved in Boats—Nihilist Plot Discovered, St. Petersburg; Several Arrests.

August 3: Great Damage by Hailstorms Northwest—Morales Bermudez Chosen President in Peru—Family of Ten Prostrated by Rat Poison, Atlanta, Ga.; Three Dead—Civil War Threatened in Samoa.

BRIEF NOTES.

Every reader of this journal should read carefully the second page of the cover this week. It would be a pleasure to send to every one of our friends one of these beautiful silver souvenirs of the great work in which we are engaged.

The first Russian "Temperance Society" has just opened headquarters at St. Petersburg.

The Bible school at Chautauqua has over one thousand members. Twenty-five universities and colleges are represented among the members.

The fund for the purchase of the "missionary wagon" for Erzroom, Turkey, for which the Young People's Missionary Society of the Lincoln Park Church, Chicago, has been working, is nearly completed. The wagon will cost \$350.

We remind our readers that the annual meeting for Bible study, conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall, commences to-day at Ocean Grove, N. J., and continues until August 10. In former years a great blessing has attended these meetings.

A bed has been endowed in the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Florence Nightingale Society of the Hanson Place M. E. Church, at a cost of \$5,000. This is an evidence of the growing tendency to practically obey the Lord's injunctions as to the care of the bodies as well as the souls of the poor.

At the Church of the Strangers on July 27 Dr. Deems' place in the pulpit was filled by Tsche She Dge, a converted Chinaman, who has been doing missionary work in his native land. He said that the day is not far distant when all China will be Christianized.

A Prophetic Conference of Baptist ministers will be held in November next, commencing on the 19th in Brooklyn, N. Y. The conference will meet in Dr. McBride's church. Rev. George C. Needham has consented to take charge of the preliminary arrangements.

The Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild, New York, is running its summer trips again. On one of its excursions last week 1,455 sick mothers and children were on board, and 66 of them were admitted to the seaside home. Subscriptions to aid this most Christ-like work may be sent to the treasurer, 21 University Place.

As some misapprehension exists in regard to the governing power of the Christian Endeavor Society and the authority which it exerts, it is proper to say that there is no central board of authority or control. The United Society of Christian Endeavor simply serves as a bureau of information. It exercises no authority, demands no allegiance, levies no taxes and does not even record the names of societies unless they wish to be recorded.

THREE IMPORTANT PRECEPTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Hear thou my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way." Prov. 23 : 19.

Solomon's Exhortation Baptized—I. The Injunction to Hear—How to Test a Sermon—Hear to Obtain Faith—Not for Other People—How Expectant Legatees Listen to the Reading of a Will II. Be Wise—Try to Understand the Gospel—To Yield to It—Hearing Followed by Action—III. The Guidance of the Heart—Only One Way—Often Described in Scripture—An Old Way—Narrow—Its Joys for those who Enter—An Orchard Hedged with Sour Apples.

SOLOMON, in this verse, gives three precepts. I am not very careful as to what limited meaning he personally attached to his words. I am going to baptize his precepts into the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall put into them a fullness of gospel meaning, and I shall press them home upon the heart, praying the Holy Spirit to lead every unconverted person to whom these words shall come, to obey these three precepts at once. My voice is to each one. I have a message from God for thee, and for thee. Be not disobedient to the heavenly summons. The first precept in my text is "Hear;" and the second is, "Be wise;" and the third is "Guide thine heart in the way."

I. We will begin with the first precept, which is contained in the word

"Hear."

The exhortation to hear is a very important one. As I understand it and use it at this time it means, hear the Gospel. "Take heed what ye hear." There is only one way of salvation. Mind that you hear the one and only Gospel. Be very careful of your Sundays: you will not have many of them. Do not go on the Sabbath to hear whatever comes in your way, or you may hear to your ruin. Go to hear *the Gospel*. "How shall I know where the Gospel is preached?" Well, you will not have to inquire long: you may readily judge for yourself. Unless the name of Jesus is sounded often, depend upon it you are in the wrong place. It will not take you long to find out whether the man preaches of works or grace, ceremonies or faith, man or Christ. You can soon discover the gospel sermon or the moral essay, for the very temperature of them differs. Mere morality teaches men to dance, but it does not discern the fact that they have lost their legs. The gospel gives the lame man his feet, and then shows him how to use them. You need a Saviour: you do not want to be deluded with some theory of saving yourself. Go where you hear about the Lord Jesus and His redeeming blood.

To Get Faith.

When you have found out the gospel-house take care that you hear with the view of obtaining faith in the Lord Jesus. Aim at that blessed thing. "Faith cometh by hearing." It will be idle for you to stop at home, and say, "I will try to believe." This is unreasonable, and not according to the laws of mind. It is folly to attempt to try to believe; there is a far better way. Go and hear what it is which you are to believe, and, as you hear it, if it be faithfully told out, and if the preacher is, in his own person, a witness to the truth, you will be greatly helped in the matter of believing. Faith comes of knowledge and evidence, and hearing brings you these.

Next, I would say, hear for yourself. The great object of a hearer should be to hear what God speaks to him. I am glad that God should speak to my neighbor; but my neighbor must listen for himself, and not for me. The Roman orator began—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." He needs much the loan; for people usually lend their ears to one another, and not to the speaker. They will sit and wonder what Mrs. So-and-so thinks of the sermon; it is so pat for her. Leave her alone, friend! Think about what is pat for yourself. Do you not know that in every sermon there is something for yourself, and your first duty is to give heed to that which is for you? Come with me to a house. A will is to be read. A dozen people have come

home from the funeral, and they are going to hear the will read. Perhaps they cried a good deal at the funeral; but they will not cry now, if the person they have buried has left a decent sum among them. They are all ear for what the lawyer has to read. Will you be wise enough to hear a sermon in that fashion?

And then, dear friends, hear

When the Sermon is Done.

"How can I hear when it is all done?" This is a very important point. I went to see a poor woman in the hospital one day, and she said to me, speaking of the sermons she had heard, "Sir, You seem to talk to me all day and all night while am lying here." I said, "Well, I hope I do not keep you awake." "No," she said, "but as I am awake I hear you talking to me through everything I see. You have used so many things as illustrations, that everywhere I have you in my memory." I was pleased, and inwardly wished that I could always preach in the way she described; and I should do so if I always had hearers such as that sick woman had evidently been. Ah, dear friends! the way to hear a sermon is to hear it afterward.

Above all, hear the gospel as the voice of God. When a man hears the preacher, not as a man speaking on his own account, but as God's servant; and when the truth spoken is not measured by its oratory, nor weighed by its logic, but is judged of by the Bible, as to whether it is the very truth of God or not; then it is that men hear to profit. Those who compare sermons with Scripture are noble, like the Bereans of old. If you can say, "I hear the word, not as the word of man, but as the word of God," it will have its effect upon your heart.

II. The next precept is

"Be Wise."

What does that mean in this connection? It means, first, try to understand what you hear. Get to the bottom of it. Look it up; look it down; look it through. Look over it, but do not overlook it. When you have heard the words of the Gospel, say to yourself, "I would know what this Gospel is. With the ins and outs of it I am going to make myself acquainted, if the Lord will teach me. I will know what I must do to be saved, and why I must do it, and how it will save me." God give you thus to be wise, by getting an understanding of the Gospel!

Next, "Be wise:" that is, believe the Gospel as it comes from God. You will not be wise to doubt it; but you will be wise to believe it, for it is true, and sure. This is an age of doubt; it is in the air. No man is, nowadays, thought to have any sense if he does not doubt even the best established truths: and yet I do not think that it takes any great quantity of brain to be a doubter. With a very strong effort, I might manage to doubt—to doubt my father's word (I have never done it, mark you!): to doubt my brother's faithfulness; to doubt my wife's love to me. By such efforts I should doubt myself into an abyss of misery, and should become a glorious fool. To turn the power of doubting upon spiritual realities would be even more fatal; for that would take away my hope beyond the grave, and plunge me in despair. Doubt is sterile; it produces nothing; it destroys, but it cannot create.

Next, "be wise:" that is, be affected by what you have heard. Yield your heart up to the Word of God. Some people are

Hard to Move;

they are more like stone than flesh. There are congregations where you may preach your own heart out, but you cannot get at their hearts. You might as well preach to the statues in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey as preach to them; they are impenetrable and immovable. He that is wise permits the truth to come into full contact with him. Be wise, my hearer! Yield yourself up to the truth; for it will do you good, and no harm. Do not resist it; do not evade it. Let the heavenly wind blow on you; for it brings healing. If it bids you hate sin, hate sin. If it bids you repent, repent. If it entreats you to believe, believe. Be what the Gospel is meant to make you.

Once more, "Be wise;" that is, take care do what you hear. Have you never seen people crowding into a place of worship? Do they in this place often press upon one another to hear the word? Yes, yes; and when they come, and they have heard it, what have they done with it? The great mass of them have done nothing with it. Did you ever go to a physician? Did you ever wait in the room of a great man? Did he hand you a prescription? Tell me, did you leave it on the table? Did you fold it up carefully, and put it into your pocket? Did you keep it there? Did you not take the medicine made up? Did you not take it? "No," you say, "I was satisfied with seeing the doctor." Dear friends, you smile at this description of folly; for it is such gross wisdom. Be wise, then; do not hear the Gospel in vain by neglecting its commands. If you know how to be saved, obey the command; do not be lost in darkness with light shining under your eyeballs. Do not go to hell with the words of heaven standing open before you. I say, you hear and *be wise*. Turn what you hear to speedy practice. God help you to do so for His mercy's sake!

III. Now comes the last of the precepts

"Guide Thine Heart

in the way." There is but one way. "I say," mark: that is to say, in the way of dominion; and this is one, and one only. Some people get comparing the different ways of salvation. This is frivolous and foolish; for he preaches any other than the one gospel is cursed. Suppose a man wants to go to York, and he says, "Well, I want to go to York; the road to London is a better road, and a shorter road." What matters the character of the road if it does not lead where you want to go? Say you want to go to York; then what road will you take? You do with any road but that which leads to York? There are many ways; but what will you do with any but the way everlasting? There is one royal road which leads to God, to eternal life, and, heaven. Never mind what other ways are or are not; go you the right way. Take the hilly road of Self-denial. Climb heaven on your hands and knees, if it must be; but make up your mind that you are going there by God's way.

That way is often described in the Scriptures. Shall I tell you what the Bible says about the way? Well, it calls it the way of the Lord. You are not in the right way unless you are with God day by day. A religion that has no God in it is irreligion. Atheism cannot lead you to heaven, nor can any form of deism, though it be baptized into the name of Christianity. If God be not Chief, Head, King, Lord, Sovereign, you are not in

The Right Road.

It is Christ's way, too; for He says, "I am the way." You are not on the right way unless Christ is first and last with you. His precious blood to put away your sin, His glorious resurrection to be your justification, His ascension to heaven to take possession of a place for His second coming to receive you to Himself—all these are the way. Christ is all in all to man who is on the right road. Note this!

Sometimes it is called the way of faith. It is the only way to heaven. Do what we will, we cannot mend the life which we have made; the flaws and fractures will appear. Justice demands punishment for past transgression. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." We are saved by grace through faith, as it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt be saved." The way of faith is the way to glory.

It is also called the way of holiness. My hearer, are you in that way? This is the high way, and it leads to the city of the living King. Do you hate sin? Do you follow righteousness? Would you scorn a lie? Do you keep your word even when it is to your personal loss? Do you endeavor to act fairly to your workmen, kindly to your servants, fully to your masters, uprightly to all? Yes.

el that you have erred, are you humbled
ieved? Do you endeavor for the future
and the point in which experience has
l you to be weak? Do you watch against
ation, and daily cry to God for strength
come it? Depend upon it, he that would
happy hereafter must be holy now.

road to glory is also called the "way of
" We must seek after peace of conscience,
with God, peace with our fellowmen. If
is to be peace, our way must be peace;
contented mind is a thing to cultivate.
n this way!

ne tell you two or three more things which
le says about this way. It is

The Old Way.

ids us ask for the old paths. True re-
is no new thing. Your mother was saved;
uld not doubt it. Be saved in the way
led your mother safely. If there might
ew way. I would not try it: one cannot af-
do play experiments with the only soul he
That which has saved those who have
efore is quite good enough for me. I love
nk of friends in glory: their footprints
me. The moderns have struck out a new
together; their road is both new and broad.

Were the saints of former ages all mis-
The martyrs—did they die for a false-
and shed their blood for doctrines which
m explodes? The men of whom the
was not worthy, were they all the dupes
ories which time has disproved? Were
l-fashioned believers all wrong? No, my
en, they were not wrong; their lives and
leaths prove that they were right. We
e wrong if we leave the old and tried paths
ese new cuts which lead into fathomless
f unbelief.

in, we are told in the Bible that it is

A "Narrow Way."

re expressly admonished that "Wide
gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth
truction, and many there be which go in
t: because strait is the gate, and nar-
the way, which leadeth unto life." "Oh,"
one, "I like a man who is broad in his
' Do you? Possibly you are in the broad
ourself; and if so, "a fellow-feeling makes
adrous kind." How can you, in the teeth
y Scripture, admire the broad way? for it
leads to destruction. "I cannot endure
y views," cries one. Cannot you? Then
are you going to do? Do you refuse to
the narrow way? Yet that way leads to
nd though "few there be that find it," I
have thought it well worth your while to
of the few.

I will not keep you much longer. I am
eaking upon this third precept: you are
your heart into your religion. In no busi-
an a man prosper if he is half-hearted.
on without heart is a wretched affair.
nan who professes to fear the Lord, and
ly puts half his heart into his godliness,
ake a great failure of it. He is a poor,
able creature who has enough religion to
at his enjoying sin, and not enough to
him enjoy holiness. He that goes right
ie heart of godliness will be made happy
but no one else.

A Story of Sour Apples.

How how the joy of religion is proportion-
the degree of it, I sometimes tell a story.
parable most instructive, and fully to the
and therefore I cannot help repeating it.
story of a man in America who was fond
owing the choicest apples. He asked a
oor to come up to his orchard and taste
ples, which he greatly praised as the best
world. He asked him again and again,
ill the friend did not come. He therefore
that there must be a reason for his re-
"Well," said the other, "the truth is, that
ay, as I was driving by your orchard, I
an apple or two that had dropped into the
and I picked up one and tasted it, and it
at of sight the sourest thing in all creation.
very much obliged to you, but I have had
h for one lifetime."

"Oh," said the owner, "do you know I went
forty miles to buy those sour apples, and I
planted them all along the hedge; for I thought
they would be good for the boys, and keep them
from picking and stealing. They are a fine sort
for that particular purpose. But if you will come
and see me, I will lead you inside the orchard,
and you will find a sweetness and a flavor which
will fill your mouth with delight." "I see," said
the other, "I see." Do you also see my drift?
All around the outside of religion there are sour
fruits of prohibitions, rebukes, repentances, and
self-denials, to keep the hypocrites out. Have
you never seen how long they pull their faces,
as if their religion did not agree with them?
and that is because they have eaten the sour
apples on the outskirts. But, oh! if you would
come near to the faith and joy which are in
Christ Jesus, if you would give all your heart to
heavenly pursuits, you would find it quite an-
other thing. Then would your heart "rejoice
with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The last word I have to say is, oh, that every-
one here present who is not saved, would attend
to these three precepts *now!*

Hear Now!

Make up your mind that if salvation is to be
had, you will have it. Be wise at once, lest you
be wise too late. Say, "It would be folly to de-
lay; for I may soon be dead and buried. I will
have Christ to-day, my mother's Christ, my
father's God." Be wise, and cry to God to help
you; cry for the Holy Spirit to enable you to lay
hold on eternal life, and believe in the Lord
Jesus Christ for immediate salvation. Trust
him. Remember what I told you of Luther the
other night, when he said, "I shall not save my-
self. Christ is a Saviour; it is His business to
save." Put your soul into your Redeemer's
hand. He is a Saviour, and He will save all who
trust Him. I would do anything to draw you to
the Lord Jesus, who is the way of life. We shall
soon stand at God's great judgment seat, and I
shall have to answer for my preaching. There-
fore I entreat you to be wise. Why should I
give in my account with grief? "Seek ye the
Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him
while He is near." May the Lord lead you to do
so, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

ONLY ONE REMEMBERED.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 17:
"Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the
nine?" Luke 17: 17.

IT was a wild night on the Atlantic coast.
The storm swept in great gusts around Mon-
tauk Point, carrying in its shrieking arms
blinding masses of foam, caught from the white-
capped waves far east of where they enter Long
Island Sound.

"It's the foulest night we've hed in a dozen
year," said old Matt Titus, captain of the life-
saving crew at the extreme eastern headland of
the island. "I thought as how I heerd a gun,
sometime ago, Ben," he added, turning to a stout,
bearded man, who stood beside him peering
through the darkness.

"There! That was a gun, sure 'nuff, Cap,"
exclaimed the younger man, as the sullen boom
of a small piece of ordnance came across the
waves from a northerly direction.

Ben Wilson was patrol that night, or rather
one of the two patrolmen on duty at the little
station; for in thick weather the outlook for
vessels is doubled. His keen ear again caught
the sound of the gun.

"She's comin' right on, Cap, and she'll be
driven on the shallows in an hour."

Off he dashed to the station which stood a
couple of hundred yards back from the surf,
the old captain following. The men were al-
ready up; they had been awakened by the vio-
lence of the gale, and were now in readiness for
the captain's call.

"Out with the cart!" he cried, and six brawny
fellows sped to the shafts of the machine that
stood ready for instant service. "Jump her!
Jump her!" called out Ben, lustily. And the
cart fairly flew over the heavy sand, impelled
by the arms of the life-savers.

Boom! boom! went the gun. The flash could
now be plainly seen illuminating for a moment
the outline of a bark-rigged vessel that was
dashing madly toward the shallows, where so
many noble ships had found their graves. A
moment more and there was a cry from her
crew that could be distinctly heard on shore,
even above the roar of the tempest. It was a
bitter cry for help. Yet she could not be more
than five hundred yards off. It was only a ques-
tion of a very short time when that terrible
pounding would break her in pieces. No ship,
however staunch, could stand it an hour.

"Bear away, men! Out with the number sev-
en line!" called Captain Titus, hoarsely, the
flocks of foam dripping from his bushy gray
beard.

The little brass gun belonging to the station
was quickly placed in position, loaded, the shot-
line attached, and as Ben, the mate, fired it, the
swish of the metal could be heard as it hurtled
through the air in a line for the distressed bark.
Just before firing, a rocket had been sent up to
signal the bark's crew that help was at hand and
to look out for the line.

"Will they catch it, captain, do you think?"
asked Ben, anxiously.

"God grant they may," said old Matt fervent-
ly. "It's a black night and they haven't many
chances for their lives."

A shout told them that their prayer had been
answered. The crew of the bark had caught the
thin line and made it fast. And now the sta-
tion men attached the "guide line," and the men
on the doomed vessel, responding to another
signal, began to haul in. It seemed an age be-
fore it was adjusted and then the slowest work
of all—the paying out of the big hawser—began.
Captain Matt had decided promptly to use the
"breeches buoy" to take the wrecked crew
ashore. No boat, he well knew, could live a
moment in such a surf.

Slowly and perilously the transfer from the
bark to the shore was accomplished. First
came the mate in the buoy, to test it and en-
courage the terror-stricken crew. Then, one by
one, came the seamen. They had faced the gale
for many hours and now that relief was at hand,
they were like madmen in their desire to get
ashore, and fought with each other, while the
great rollers broke over the decks of the bark.
The captain, unable to control them, stood by
his vessel till the last. Then he remembered,
Joe, the cabin-boy, and looked about to find him.
The lad had been hurt by a sea that had almost
swept him overboard and he lay, more dead than
alive, and forgotten by all save his commander.
Joe was tucked safely in the buoy and was soon
hidden by the blinding surf. On reaching shore,
he was unconscious. Following him came the
captain, who, as he stood safely on the beach
and looked in the direction of his stranded and
sinking vessel, seemed the picture of despair.

The sailors were kindly cared for by the hos-
pitable station-men. Poor Joe, however, still
lay unconscious, and was rubbed and pounded
in the hope of bringing back the life that the
cruel waves seemed to have washed out of his
young body. As the long night drew to a close,
the labors of the life-savers were rewarded, and
the cabin-boy once more breathed naturally and
then fell into a deep sleep from which he awoke
strong and refreshed.

It was the morning of the holy Sabbath. The
sea, calmed down after the gale, rode in gentle
billows, and the skies were blue and peaceful.
The bark had utterly disappeared and hardly a
trace of the frightful storm of the night remain-
ed. It was a mile to the nearest village and old
Matt, with several of his men, was already pre-
paring to go to service at the little white church
when Joe peeped out of the window of the snug
dormitory at the station. The color had come
back to his face and as he looked around, he
saw Ben standing beside him.

"Well, my lad;" said the hardy life-saver,
"You're all right, are you not?"

"Yes," replied the cabin boy. "I feel just a
bit shaky, but I'm able to get up. Are those the
church bells we hear?"



The Cathedral of Buenos Ayres. The Scene of the Battle of July 27th.

"Yes, some of our men are going to the village. Are you strong enough to come?"

"Oh, I should so like to go!" replied Joe. "I want to thank God for bringing us all out of that awful gale."

Just then Captain Titus entered. When he heard what the lad had said, he smiled.

"My boy," he began, taking the brown hand in his own knotty fist, "That's right. Never forget what you owe to the good God who is always watching for his children on the sea as well as on the land. Your mates have gone;—never mind," he added as the cabin-boy expressed surprise. "They left this morning in a hurry. I tried to get them to stay with us over to-day, and come to the little chapel where we worship, but they reckoned not. The captain said he had to look after the ship's insurance; I think it would pay to look after the men's souls as well. Now, if you're ready, we'll go. I have a little trap here and we'll drive over, for you're not strong enough yet to walk."

The wreck and the rescue had been the morning talk of the village and the church was crowded. In his sermon, the preacher feelingly alluded to the peril of the previous night and to the duty of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for his care of those who go down to the sea in ships. And all eyes were turned on the pale cabin-boy who sat in Captain Matt's pew, and whose young, sweet voice joined in the simple hymn of praise. But the nine who had been saved with him were far away from the scene of thanksgiving.

"Now, my lad," said Ben the mate, as they drove back to the station, "never forget that you owe God a life, and that wherever you may go, you must always do something for him. It may only be to throw rope, or lend a hand, or pull an oar, but be sure you do it, my boy, no matter whether you get thanks from the world for it or not. Let those be ungrateful who will, but don't you ever forget Him, and depend on't, He won't forget you in your hour of danger when the storm is blackest and the gale is singing a requiem in the ship's shrouds."

"I never will," said the cabin boy solemnly,

As he spoke he looked seaward, and the light of the sun, reflected on the bosom of the Atlantic illumined his face with a glory that seemed like that of the angels,

THE ARGENTINE REVOLUTION.

THE news received last week that a revolution had occurred in the Argentine Republic did not take the public altogether by surprise. Signs of popular discontent have been manifest for a year, and on July 26, cul-

minated in open revolt. The troops in the garrison of Buenos Ayres refused to obey orders, and marched on the government building (a picture of which appeared in this journal on February 19.) The city police and a handful of soldiers who remained loyal to the government, defended the building with extraordinary valor. Fighting continued all day Sunday, and the advantage was with the insurgents. The president withdrew from the capital until reinforcements could be brought up from the

provinces. But disaffection had spread. One battalion summoned to repress the rebellion went over to the insurgents with arms and baggage. "On Monday the Navy also joined in the revolt, and trained its guns on the government building. Some of them being fired struck the Cathedral on the other plaza and did considerable damage.

As matters were growing serious and

an armistice was arranged with the insurgents, and the cessation of hostilities the representation of the United States and other countries attempted to mediate. Wednesday a telegram received stating that order had been restored. The President had returned, and the government was exercising its functions as usual.

The revolt has been well described in the *hot journal*. "The government and people have been moving too rapidly. They have been in too great haste to develop the resources of the country. The building of docks, the construction of long lines of railroads, and other costly enterprises have been taken on borrowed capital. The country is too thinly settled and the commerce is too immature to render them immediately profitable. Ultimately they will unquestionably yield large profits. In the meantime, however, the capitalists who lent the money wanted interest and dividends. They had stipulated for payment in gold and of this commodity the government had scant supply. The total cost of the government and the railroads is said to be over a thousand millions of dollars. The interest on a large part of this had to be raised by taxation. The burden has been equally distributed, would have been heavy, but it was rendered more intolerable by the peculiar situation. There are a large number of newly settled immigrants in the Argentine Republic and these were attracted there by several inducements, one of which was that for ten years they should be exempt from taxation. The sum required from the individuals was therefore disproportionate to their means.

It is never difficult to stir up disaffection against a government when the tax-collector makes frequent and large demands. Near revolutions in history have originated from financial problems. The working men



minated in open revolt. The troops in the garrison of Buenos Ayres refused to obey orders, and marched on the government building (a picture of which appeared in this journal on February 19.) The city police and a handful of soldiers who remained loyal to the government, defended the building with extraordinary valor. Fighting continued all day Sunday, and the advantage was with the insurgents. The president withdrew from the capital until reinforcements could be brought up from the

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te subject for
nd in the scene of Joseph embracing
ren. (Genesis 45:15).

Celmann, whose portrait is here given,
h President of the Argentine Republic.
ected in August, 1886, and inaugurated
tober following. He succeeded Presi-
a, who was his brother-in-law. Roca
dier who fought his way to the Presi-
nair, but Celmann was a civilian, a phys-
rofession, and a man of considerable
and culture. The Presidential term is
The area of the country over which
covers 1,204,486 square miles (about
the size of the United States) and has
ion of nearly four millions.

BUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE.

(See Illustration.)

romised last week, the readers of THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD now have on this
age a picture showing the stage on
to completion, that the new Brooklyn
le had reached on the first of this
If they will compare it with the picture
splendid structure which appeared in
nal on May 14th, they will see that it is
e way to realization. The progress is
than appears at first sight, because the
the foundations below the level of
nd has been done, and that, as every-
ws, is a very tedious, as it is a very im-
part of the building.
cture, which has been sketched on the
by our own artist, must be eminently
g to our readers, because it is largely
eir efforts that the edifice is in the ad-
state there indicated. They have availed
es of the opportunity placed in their
y the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HER-
d have supplied the treasurer of the
cle with the funds necessary to prose-
work. They have also the gratification
ng increased Dr. Talmage's opportuni-
fulness by multiplying the number
ers of the journal he edits, and by giv-
er circulation to the soul-stirring ser-
e delivers.
y be hoped that this practical proof of
ver of individual effort will encourage



Present Stage of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Building.

every reader to persevere. There should be no relaxation of effort until the topstone is put in its place on the summit of the edifice, and every dollar of the cost is paid. That so much has been done already, inspires us with confidence that complete success will be achieved. It can be done if every individual reader will do his utmost. It will be a noble achievement to accomplish, noble in itself and noble as a tribute to the great preacher. In future years, when the tale is told of the pastor mourning over the ruins of his burned church, and it is related how the people who appreciated his genius, his labors, and his devotion, came to his rescue and rebuilt his Tabernacle, the words which the prophet used in a greater sense will seem not inappropriate: "They gave him beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 494.)

SUSPENSE.

ON the same evening that the lawyer and his wife discussed the possibility of Howard Wescott becoming engaged to Miss Addie More, and what effect such an engagement would have on the young man, the couple in question were walking through the city suburbs by moonlight. Wescott had joined Miss More after the service, and was escorting her to her home. They seemed to be enjoying the walk, and as if they were willing to prolong it, for they took the long way by the river, and stopped frequently to watch the play of the moonbeams on the water.

It is no doubt true that men and women seldom, if ever, realize their ideals of marital felicity, not because they are positively unhappy, or acknowledge even to themselves that they have been disappointed in their choice of a partner, but because all of us are weak and human, and cannot attain that perfection with which the romantic fancies of youthful love clothe us. Married life usually becomes prosaic enough, the struggle for bread often tak-

ing the place of love's fond dream, and all too soon both husband and wife find that the other is intensely human. Shall we, therefore, decry all romance, and tell two young lovers standing on the river-bank in the city of Basserrine, on that Sunday night, that all their sweet hopes are mere chimeras, appearing so beautiful only because "distance lends enchantment to the view?" We would not be so cruel as to disenchant them. Let them indulge their young dreams. The waking will not hurt them, if they have the true metal in them. In the future, whether it brings joy or sorrow, they will often look back to this moonlight scene, when they lived in

"The twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance."

and they will be the better for the retrospect.

Howard left Miss More at the gate of her own residence on Elm Avenue, after making an appointment for a lecture, and then hurried home. A glance at the house in which she lived with

her parents, a sister and two brothers, showed the young man that she was not wealthy, though in comfortable circumstances, and would, therefore, have to be loved for her own sake, if at all, for no dowry, of any extent, could be expected with her. He was rather glad it was so. No glitter of gold would tarnish his motives, he thought, conscious of the mixed character of his metaphor. "What's gold compared to a girl worth gold?" he mused, on the way home.

The next Friday evening he had occasion to go to the railway station on some business for his brother-in-law, when he met Robert Heritage with his "grip" in his hand, ready to take the train, which would be due in a few minutes.

"Ah! You are off for a trip, are you?"

Heritage's face flushed a little as he replied: "I'm going to run over to Crawley. Will be back to-morrow in the afternoon."

"Well, I'm glad you don't intend to stay over Sunday, for I should scarcely care to go to the Bible-class if you were not there."

"Look out for your motives, Wescott," laughed Heritage, "and be careful you don't think more of the teacher than of the teaching. 'It's not an unworthy mortal,' he continued, seriously, "who can save you; nothing but the truth can do that, the truth as it is in Christ."

"But it makes a good deal of difference through what kind of a channel the truth comes to one," maintained Howard. "You remember the colored preacher's remark in giving out before the collection, the hymn 'Salvation's free,' 'that is quite true, brethren, but much depends on the conduit. You have to pay for that according to its worth and power.'"

Heritage smiled and nodded his head, but he said: "Oh! pure water is just as good whether you drink it out of a gourd or a silver goblet, isn't it?"

"Perhaps; but I should prefer them clean and sweet, or I shouldn't care to drink out of either of them."

"Ha! ha!" broke merrily from Heritage's lips. "I fancy you would use a filter in any case. Well, good-bye. Don't fail to come to the class on Sunday;" and he swung himself aboard the train, which was just beginning its gliding movement from the station.

On the train Heritage's thought ran: "Wescott is a noble young fellow. It is a pity that such talent, such sincerity, such large-heartedness have not been devoted to the service of Christ. How useful he might be! And then a man's responsibility is commensurate with the talents God has entrusted him with, and his punishment must be correspondingly severe, if he misuse them. I must do what I can to win the gifted fellow. By the way "he continued," I saw him with Miss More at the service last Sunday evening. If I mistake not, that is the beginning of an intimacy that may end in a genuine love-affair. What a splendid match it would be, if they were both Christians! But as it is—well—I feel disturbed for Wescott; in fact, I'm not quite easy in my mind about either of them, for knowing what I do know about Miss Addie More's attitude toward Christianity, I fear a little for their influence on each other. Well, I cannot interfere without appearing officious, and must let matters take their own course."

Heritage's thoughts then drifted to his own affairs, which at that time were of an engrossing character. It had been almost two months since his last visit to Crawley. First, he had been compelled to go East to settle up some matters relative to the old family estate, and then, after his return, Metta had informed him that she was going away on a month's visit. But she had now returned, and it was with contending emotions of fear and hope that he was on his way to keep an appointment with her at her home. He felt that he had some cause for apprehension. During the past two months, her letters had come fitfully, and were, moreover, couched in formal and even frigid phrases, lacking that *naïve* outspoken quality that had characterized her communications before his last visit, and that had often set his pulses throbbing wildly. He could not think what had occurred. However, he would soon know. He was fully resolved to make his declaration on this visit.

Her greeting that evening when he called was courteous, but scarcely cordial, as he noted with a pang. Her manner was more or less constrained, though she tried to throw off the bonds that seemed to hold her natural vivacity in check. Heritage was puzzled, and although his confession of love rose to his lips more than once, he restrained himself, feeling that the time was not opportune. They tried to discuss a number of themes of mutual interest, but the conversation often became strained, because the subjects were foreign to their thoughts. She played several selections from Bachman, though not with her wonted lightness of touch. At last, having proposed a drive into the country on the morrow—an offer she accepted with a slight flush of embarrassment—he took his leave.

At nine o'clock the next morning his carriage stood at the curb before her door. As he helped her into the seat, he noticed how unnaturally pale her face was, the wild rose hue having vanished from her cheeks. Still the dark blue disk of her eyes shone, and she was more lovely than ever, clad in a costume of some mezzo-tinted stuff, with no ornament save a white rosebud on her bosom.

They had soon left the town behind them, and were slowly climbing a hill, up whose long slope the yellow road wound in graceful loops and curves, and then descended on the other side to a wide valley with a flexuous creek and vari-colored meadows and upland fields. From the hill-top it was a magnificent stretch of scenery, holding the spectators spell-bound. The air was redolent with the odor of clover-blossoms, wild flowers bedizened the fields, the meadow-larks were giving their flute concerts, while in the woodland beyond a hollow the brown-thrush carolled gaily. It was a day for love and romance. Metta's feeling of constraint soon wore off under the combined wizardry of the bright sunshine and green landscapes, and she held her own in the conversation with more freedom than on the previous evening,

while her cheeks began to glow like damask roses.

"This scene reminds me of the one we admired so much on our way home from the Commencement almost a year ago," remarked Heritage. "Do you remember?"

Did she not remember? Was not every incident of those epochal days when she first met the man by her side, stamped indelibly on her memory? And yet what sorrow, what misgiving they had brought her! She was glad, however, that he had referred to the college Commencement, for she had determined on the use of a little *finesse*, if opportunity afforded. She felt justified in resorting to these tactics, for her woman's intuition told her that he was bent on bringing matters to a crisis during that drive. Step by step she adroitly led the conversation up to the time when they stood together on the street of Constans after they had been introduced by Professor Detwold.

"Isn't it strange how trifles will impress themselves on one's mind?" she said; and looking at him furtively, she added: "For instance, as we were separating that evening, I remember a tall brunette who passed by and looked at you as if she meant to transfix you with her black eyes. Her presence seemed to disturb you a little, I remember."

Again a vivid flush shot over Heritage's visage. Metta noticed it, and a pang flew to her heart. "I'm afraid he is guilty," was her mental comment. Then she added aloud: "I have often wondered if you knew her."

"Yes—I knew her during my college days," he admitted, with apparent reluctance.

"Ah! that is the reason you were so disconcerted by her sudden appearance, was it?" said Metta, as if she meant to banter him. "Perhaps your relations with her were—" She hesitated.

"My relations with her were not wholly pleasant, I acknowledge. I'm afraid both of us were foolish, and—and— But I don't care to discuss the affair. It—it stirs unhappy memories. Just now, Miss Chapman, my thoughts are engrossed with the present."

Had he been aware of the construction she would put upon his faltering, half-incoherent sentences and embarrassed manner, he would have spoken more frankly and explained the unhappy episode of his college life fully; but the twinges of conscience that that event had caused him for so many years made him loath to dwell upon it. Metta's face grew pale. He could not explain; he had been false to Dolly Pressley, and had broken her heart; and now he was not even honorable enough to acknowledge his fickleness and deception. So her thoughts ran. And yet when she looked up into his face, she could scarcely believe that a man who seemed so frank and honorable, could be guilty of an act of duplicity; he did not look like a heartless man, an unprincipled flirt, such as her suspicions had painted him.

But when an hour later, as they were driving in the cool shade of some over-arching trees, around the spur of a hill, he tried to take her hand, she withdrew it kindly but firmly. In his consternation he broke out into an avowal of love, making such a confession of his heart's yearning for her as only an honorable man can make to the woman of his choice. She listened in mute distress, her heart prompting her to accept his proffer of love, but her reason at war with her heart's decision. No; she could not accept him now; and her courage failed when she thought of asking him about his relations with Dolly Pressley.

"You must wait a week or two for my answer," she said. "I must consult my parents first, and besides—but I will write you my decision as soon as possible."

He drove back to town in a tumult of agony. He could not but admit that Miss Chapman was justified in taking time to consider a question of such momentous importance. It was right, too, that she should consult her parents as she had said; but he felt that if there had been no barrier, she would have given him some ground for hope. As it was, all he could do was to

wait patiently for her reply. A woman would have had more tact, and would have perceived where the difficulty lay; but our sex is generally blind in such matters.

The next day he returned to Bassett. It was hard to bear the suspense, especially when he remembered the mysterious constraint that had been so palpable in Miss Chapman's manner; but with his characteristic decision and unselfishness he put aside his own trouble and soon became absorbed in the preparation of his Bible lesson for the next day, for it was one of peculiar interest. Perhaps he may say a word that would drive the arrow of conviction through the armor of his sceptical pose, whose spiritual welfare he had so much heart.

His joy can be better imagined than described when young Wescott said to him the next morning, as they walked together along the street after the service:

"Heritage, the lesson to-day has made a deep impression on my mind. I can't describe the feelings that stirred me while you were speaking. You explained the proper use of our talents; that they have been entrusted to us by God for His service and that we are culpable guilty of the sin of misappropriation, as you call it, if we employ them merely for ourselves. Now, I want you to understand how an honest doubter puts the case to his own mind. Well, I am not wholly convinced that your premises are true, for I am still in doubt as to the inspiration of the Bible and—if you can believe in even of the existence of God; yet if your premises are true—and they may be, for all I know—I am guilty of a great wrong. I am robbing God and am more culpable than the man of the parable who buried his talents, for I have been appropriating mine to my own selfish purposes. Now, the first question to be decided is this: Are your premises correct? Is there a God? Has He these claims upon us?"

"You are very logical. I assure you that this is a way—"

"I know what you would recommend," intimated Howard. "Yesterday I read the last installment of your story as far as it has been published. It describes the 'conversion' you call it, of a doubter, and is positively thrilling. The scene haunts me. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it. Before my father I could see the poor man, in his lonely retreat on the mountain side, wrestling with doubt, confessing his sin, crying to God for help, and finally struggling through the awful mental darkness into the wonderful light. Why, sir, I almost followed him into that radiance, and then the darkness settled about me again, only it seemed more like the palpable gloom of Erebus than ever before. Heritage, I want you to tell me whether that scene was a real occurrence or pure invention." Howard's lips quivered as he put the interrogatory.

"It was real, Wescott; it was my own experience."

"What!"

"In that scene I have merely described the mental throes through which I myself have passed."

Howard grasped his companion's arm and pressed it hard against his side with a love and longing that could not be told, while the former gathered over his eyes and choked his words.

"I felt that there must be a good deal of autobiography in that story, or you never could have written as you did. That is the secret of its power over me. Of course, it has not wholly convinced me; the unbelief is still in my heart, rendering me as those old demoniacs of New Testament times were rent; but I long for assurance you seem to feel, and that the sceptical character of the story gained. Do you think that experience is for every one—for me?"

"Whosoever will," quoted Heritage, solemnly. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out!"

"Ah, I see! No proviso is made except that we come," murmured Howard.

(To be Continued.)

ONAL WITCH CONVERTED
 A literary illustration of the power in the conversion of a witch is furnished by Rev. O. saw the woman in 1885, a witch recent visit, and was amazed which had occurred. He ne of the services we held in en I was there in 1885, a witch present. She sat on the floor or, so that she could go away at. During the service some er, and at once she ran away. el and I went to visit a heathen o miles distant. There was a d crowds of people had come e coming of age of the chief's his female witch doctor had or to perform some certain o make the girl lucky, and to m her all evil spirits. These e performed before our arrival. there the great heathen dance gun. The women and girls eir heathen finery, and each ai and dancing shield. The e was decorated beyond all the e jumped, and leaped, and e changed the chant and step e seemed like one possessed I gazed upon her I wondered e to save a woman like her. t up to God that His Divine aw even her to Christ. Last n the people came to salute urn to the country, I noticed as very much affected when I and then Daniel told me this doctor, now sitting at the feet hed, and in her right mind. spirit had come upon her, and eep away from the services."

THE PEACEMAKER.

in Exeter Hall, London, was ed recently in the sequel to a fight was stopped. An el-an, who related the story, said: as a little girl was going to y two boys fighting. Instead e street and getting out of the e boldly up to them, and put n each asked them to be oys were very much taken d before they knew exactly e doing they shook hands, themselves friends again. But t done with them, she asked ould go with her to the Sun- The boys had enough of the e adolescence in them to be grati- itation of that kind from a ll dressed girl, and they ac- r. The lads stuck to the school e learned to love Christ. They ed and received into the ntually both gave themselves work, and when one of them or the Foreign Mission field, ed himself too and they went After many years work they to their native land again. e to see the two boys who ends that Sunday by the little gentleman asked in conclus- yes," from all parts of the is one," said the speaker, nd on the white head of a d on the platform near him, ouching his own breast, "is nd the little girl? Well she is nder in the gallery. About go she became my wife."

PRISONED PRISONER.

not God pardon the sinner nts?" is a question often ask- ists who insist on the necessi- he atoning blood of Christ. k the question forget that jus- that sin must be punished. e the fact in human govern- not see its necessity in the nment of the world. The fol- nt was recently used by Mr. cessful Scottish evangelist, to eiple on which the atonement said: "A provost in Lanark- boy had a special friend from scarcely ever separate. When ol they were both apprenticed

to the business of weaving, which was then the staple industry of the ward in which he lived. One of them signed the temperance pledge, but the other refused to do so. When their native town was created a burgh, the former was elected a councillor, then a baillie, and ultimately a provost.

One day a prisoner was brought before him, whom he at once recognized as his old friend. At the same time the prisoner recognized the provost, and at once came to the conclusion that his punishment would not be severe. The prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty," saying he was drunk at the time and remembered nothing about the misdeed with which he was charged. It was however, clearly proved, and the provost, rising in his place, said he had no other alternative but to inflict the extreme penalty of the law, sixty days' imprisonment or \$25 fine. The prisoner was wonder-struck at the severity of the sentence, but before he had recovered from the shock he received another, by the provost taking the money from his pocket-book, saying, as he handed it to the fiscal, 'The law is honored by the payment of this money.' Then turning to the prisoner, he invited him to come to his house after the adjournment of the court. There he reasoned with him and prayed with him, and induced him to sign the pledge. As it was in the provost's power to discharge the prisoner, for old companionship's sake, many persons would think that in imposing the fine and paying it himself he wasted his money. But the provost had respect to the majesty of the law, which he felt it to be his duty to vindicate. That is the lesson we learn from the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God that "He might be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." (Rom. 3: 26.)

A LOST ESTATE.

AN eminent preacher gives the following account of a domestic crisis which had a happy issue. He says: "I was once residing with some wealthy people who owned two estates in the district. One day I saw a carriage, drawn by two gray horses, drive up to the door, and two strange gentlemen came out, and after their departure I noticed that my entertainers, seemed very much troubled. Some of them retired upstairs, and when they came back it was evident from their appearance that they had been weeping. Then they told the whole matter. The gentlemen whom I had seen were lawyers sent by their aunt. Many years before, their father was seriously ill, and not expected to recover. His sister had come and nursed him most tenderly, and so touched the patient with her kindness that he said she should have one of his estates, by will if he died, and by gift if he recovered. He did recover, through her gentle nursing. She left his house, and soon afterwards left the country for foreign travel from which she had just returned and now she sent her lawyers to take possession of the promised estate. Her brother, now an old man, considered it his duty to act up to his promise, and the estate was to be given up to his sister, and this was the cause of the grief among his daughters. When I had heard their story I said, 'I have an estate, far larger than the one which your aunt claims, and my Elder Brother is taking care of it for me. It is of that estate that I am going to speak in the church to-morrow. Will you come and hear about it?' Next day six of them came, though the snow was falling heavily. At that service every one of the six gave their hearts to Jesus. When last I wrote to one of them I asked, 'What of the lost estate?' 'It matters little about it now,' was the reply. 'It is in the family still, and we are thinking far more of our heavenly one than of it; and had it not been for the loss of it we might never have gained our heavenly possessions.'"

A CONVERTS LOAN.

"BUSINESS is business and religion is religion; I keep them distinct," is an expression very commonly used; but some of God's children have found that there is neither need nor advantage in keeping the two apart. There are thousands who have proved in their own business experience that God keeps His promise. "In all thy

ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths. (Prov. 3: 6.) An instance in point is furnished by a Christian pastor in Austria who says: "Last spring a farmer was introduced to us through one of our regular attendants. He listened very attentively to our Bible readings. Soon after he lost almost all his little fortune by the dishonesty of a lawyer. He came to me and with tears told me his great trouble. His house and land were to be sold, and in a short time he, with his wife and six or seven children, would be homeless. I read to him the promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for them by My Father who is in heaven.' Then we knelt down together and prayed. On his way home he called upon an acquaintance, a man who formerly led a most dissolute life, but who for many months has been a regular attendant at our meetings. This man was led by the Lord to offer to lend the needed sum of money to the poor peasant, and thus our prayers were answered. The man's thankfulness was great. He has often said it was most remarkable that the Lord so overruled all, that he became acquainted with His Word before his misfortunes came. In his dark state he would probably have drowned himself, as, alas! so many here do. He has been the means also of enlightening his wife and family and some of his neighbors."

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THE CHRISTIAN FERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CORN IN PLACE OF MANNA.

"And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land." Joshua 5: 12.

The Celestial Commissariat—The Two Batches of Bread Kneaded by Angelic Fingers—Its Cessation Its Place Supplied from the Deserted Barns—
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II. Gospel Corn for Ordinary Circumstances—A Dietary Experience in Paris—The Only Food for a Hungry Soul—The Infidel's Diet—How the Gospel Corn was Prepared—Its Characteristics—A Ship Aground on Long Island Coast.

ONLY those who have had something to do with the commissariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail-trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they all perish? No. The Lord comes from heaven to the rescue, and He touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become storm-proof and time-proof, so that, after forty years of wearing, the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that, every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour and soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial fingers have mixed it, and rolled it into balls, light, flaky, and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King, and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose,

The Best Food Ever Provided.

I know that the ravens brought food to Elijah; but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God-provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken their last bit of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out, and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest-fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fled, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts the Israelites took possession of every thing. Well, the threshing-floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn-out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt, and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and recently planted, they have produced the same kind of corn, with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same is the meaning.

Relief in Emergency.

The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary circumstances.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries, there would, first, have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand; then, there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals; then, there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. It would have been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people started out from Egypt for Canaan,

and were never heard of, as thoroughly lost in the wilderness of sand as the *City of Boston* and the *President* were lost in the wilderness of waters. What use was it to them that there was plenty of corn in Canaan, or plenty of corn in Egypt?

What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass-blade. In other words, an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort, the ordinary direction, the ordinary counsel, do not seem to meet your case. There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it.

Pain and Sorrow.

Is it pain and physical distress through which you must go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Did He not suffer it in the most sensitive part of head and hand and foot? He has a mixture of comfort, one drop of which shall cure the worst paroxysm. It is the same grace that soothed Robert Hall when, after writhing on the carpet in physical tortures, he cried out, "Oh! I suffered terribly, but I didn't cry out while I was suffering, did I? Did I cry out?" There is no such nurse as Jesus—His hand the gentlest, his foot the lightest, His arm the strongest. For especial pang especial help.

Is it approaching sorrow? Is it long, shadowing bereavement that you know is coming, because the breath is short, and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Have you been calculating your capacity or incapacity to endure widowhood or childlessness or a disbanded home, and cried, "I can not endure it?" Oh, worried soul, you will wake up amidst all your troubles, and find around about you the sweet consolation of the Gospel as thickly strewn as was the manna around about the Israelitish encampment! Especial solace for especial distress.

Or is it a trouble past, yet present? A silent nursery? A vacant chair opposite you at the table? A musing upon a broken family circle never again to be reunited? A choking sense of loneliness? A blot of grief so large that it extinguishes the light of sun, and puts out bloom of flower, and makes you reckless as to whether you live or die? Especial comfort for that especial trial. Your appetite has failed for everything else. Oh, try a little of this wilderness manna: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Or is it the grief of

A Dissipated Companion?

There are those here who have it, so I am not speaking in the abstract, but to the point. You have not whispered it, perhaps, to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change soon it will be entirely destroyed. Your grief was well depicted by a woman, presiding at a woman's meeting in Ohio, when her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform, to her overwhelming mortification and the disturbance of the audience, and she pulled a protruding bottle from her husband's pocket, and held it up before the audience, and cried out, "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life-blood of a drunkard's wife!" And then, looking up to heaven, she said, "How long, O Lord! how long?" and then, looking down to the audience, cried, "Do you wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And hundreds of voices responded, "Yes, yes, we will help you."

You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy today. You can not even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any relief in such a case? Not such as is found in the rigmarole of comfort ordinarily given in such cases. But there is a relief that drops in manna from the throne of God. Oh, lift up your lacerated soul in prayer, and you will get omnipotent comfort! I do not know in what words the

soothing influence may come, but I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. I give you two or three passages; try them on; take that which best fits your soul: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I know there are those who, when they try to comfort people, always bring the same stale sentiment about the usefulness of trial. Instead of bringing up a new plaster for a new wound, and fresh manna for fresh hunger, they rummage their haversack to find some crumb of old consolation, when from horizon to horizon the ground is white with the new-fallen manna of God's help not five minutes old!

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of falling manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained to their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onions. Now

The Fare is Changed.

Those people in that wandering army under forty years of age had never seen a corn-field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving and the billows of green flowing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host, as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry victors; and bread was prepared, and many things that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-day, the luxuriant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the odors of the ripe old corn of the Gospel Canaan. "Oh!" you say, "the fare is too plain." Then I remember you will soon get tired of a fanciful diet. While I was in Paris, I liked for a while the rare and exquisite cookery; but I soon wished I was home again, and had the plain fare of my native land. So it is a fact that we soon weary of the sirups and the custards and the whipped foam of fanciful religionists, and we cry, "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can quell the soul's hunger.

There are men here who hardly know what is the matter with them. They have tried to get together a fortune and larger account at the bank, and to get investments yielding larger percentages. They are trying to satisfy their soul with

A Diet of Mortgages and Stocks.

There are others here who try to get famous, and have succeeded to a greater or less extent; and they have been trying to satisfy their soul with the chopped feed of magazines and newspapers. All these men are no more happy now than before they made the first thousand dollars; no more happy now than when for the first time they saw their names favorably mentioned. They cannot analyze or define their feelings; but I will tell them what is the matter—they are hungry for the old corn of the Gospel. That you must have, or be pinched, and wan, and wasted, and hollow-eyed, and shriveled up with an eternity of famine.

The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food; but they are, of all men, the most miserable. I have known many of them; but I never knew one of them who came within a thousand miles of being happy. The great John Stuart Mill provided for himself a new kind of porridge; but yet, when he comes to die, he acknowledges that his philosophy never gave him any comfort in days of bereavement, and in a roundabout way he ad-

that his life was a failure. So it is with all el scientists. They are trying to live on scopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and charge us with cant, not realizing that there is such intolerable cant in all the world as perpetual talk we are hearing about "positivism," and "the absolute," and "the eternal," and "the everlasting no," and "the unity," and "the latent potentialities," and "the cathedral of the immensities." I have been translating what these men have been saying, and I have been translating what they have been doing, and I will tell you what it all means—that it means that

They Want to Kill God!

My only wonder is that God has not killed me. I have, in other days, tasted of their actions, and I come back and tell you today that there is no nutriment or life or health in anything but the bread made out of the old of the Gospel. What do I mean by that? I mean that Christ is the bread of life, and taking Him, you live and live forever.

But, you say, corn is of but little practical use as it is threshed and ground and baked. I say, this Gospel corn has gone through that process. When on Calvary all the hoofs of hell and scorn came down on the heart of Christ, and all the flails of Satanic fury beat him long and fast, was not the corn threshed? When the mills of God's indignation against sin caught it between the upper and nether rollers, was not the corn ground? When Jesus descended into hell, and the flames of the lost wrapped Him all about, was not the corn roasted? Oh, yes! Christ is ready. His pardon is ready; His peace all ready; everything ready for you. Are you ready for Him?

Simplicity Itself.

I say, "That is such a simple Gospel!" I say it is. You say you thought religion was a strange mixture of elaborate compounds. It is so plain that any abecedarian may understand it. In its simplicity is its power. If you could, this morning, realize that Christ died for you from sin and death and hell, not only to minister to your neighbor and your father, but your child, but *you*, it would make this like the judgment-day for agitations, and, no longer able to keep your seat, you would leap up crying, "For me! FOR ME!" God grant you, my brother, may see this Gospel with open eyes, and hear it with your own ears, and feel with your own heart that you are a lost soul, but that Christ comes for your extrication. Do you not take that truth and digest it, and make it a part of your immortal life? It is only

that you have noticed that invalids cannot take kinds of food. The food that will do for one will do for another. There are kinds of food which will produce, in cases of invalidism, a speedy death. But you have noticed that persons, however weak they may be, can take bread. Oh, soul sick with sin, invalid in your transgressions, I think this Gospel will do for you! I think if you cannot take anything else, you can take this. Lost—found! Condemned—pardoned! Cast out—invited in! That is

The Old Corn of the Gospel.

You have often seen a wheel with spokes of different colors, and when the wheel was rapidly turned all the colors blended into a rainbow of exquisite beauty. I wish I could, to-day, take peace and the life and the joy and glory of the Gospel, and turn them before your soul with the speed and such strength that you would be charmed with the revolving splendors of a rainbow which is above every name—the name of God—once with tears of exile and in blood of redemption, but written now in burnished crown of life, sceptre and transangelic throne.

There is another characteristic about bread, that is, you never get tired of it. There are here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did in boyhood, their mother cut a slice of it around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread, and that is a characteristic of the Gos-

pel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take His name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion-table where we celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to Him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say, "Go away, Jesus; I want another companion, another friend, than thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say, "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus? The Burgundy rose you pluck from the garden is not so fresh and fair and beautiful. Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning, and the voices of the mountain rannel, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your own children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that is never obliterated.

The Indispensable.

I notice, in regard to this article of food, you take it three times a day. It is on your table morning, noon and night; and if it is forgotten, you say, "Where is the bread?" Just so certainly you need Jesus three times a day. Oh, do not start out without Him; do not dare to go out of the front door; do not dare to go off the front steps, without having first communed with Him! Before noon there may be perils that will destroy body, mind and soul forever. You can not afford to do without Him. You will, during the day, be amidst sharp hoofs and swift wheels and dangerous scaffoldings threatening the body, and traps for the soul that have taken some who are more wily than you. When they launch a ship they break against the side of it a bottle of wine. That is a sort of superstition among sailors. But oh, on the launching of every day, that we might strike against it at least one earnest prayer for divine protection! That would not be superstition; that would be Christian.

Then at the apex of the day, at the tiptop of the hours, equidistant from morning and night, look three ways. Look backward to the forenoon; look ahead to the afternoon; look up to that Saviour who presides over all. You want bread at noon. You may find no place in which to kneel amidst the cotton bales and the tierces of rice; but if Jonah could find room to pray in the whale's belly, most certainly you will never be in such a crowded place that you cannot pray. Bread at noon! When the evening hour comes, and your head is buzzing with the day's engagements, and

Your Whole Nature is Sore

from the abrasion of rough life, and you see a great many duties you have neglected, then commune with Christ, asking His pardon, thanking Him for His love. That would be a queer evening repast at which there was no bread.

This is the nutriment and life of the plain Gospel that I recommend you. I do not know how some of our ministers make it so intricate and elaborate and mystifying a thing. It seems as if they had a sort of mongrelism, in religion—part humanitarianism, part spiritualism, part nothingarianism; and sometimes you think they are building their temple out of the "Rock of Ages," but you find there is no rock in it at all. It is stucco. The Gospel is plain. It is bread. There are no fogs hovering over this river of life. All the fogs hover over the marsh of human speculation. If you can not tell, when you hear a man preach, whether or not he believes in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man preach, you can not tell whether or not he believes that sin is inborn, it is because he does not think it is congenital. If, when you hear a man talk in pul-

pit or prayer-meeting, you can not make up your mind whether or not he believes in regeneration, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man speak on religious themes, you can not make up your mind whether or not he thinks the righteous and the wicked will come out at the same place, then it is because he really believes their destinies are conterminous.

Do not talk to me about a man

Being Doubtful

about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread, and I know it the moment I see it. I had a corn-field which I cultured with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer, "Is this corn?" I did not hunt up *The Agriculturist* to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a corn-field, and I know all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaan and looked off upon the fields, the cry was "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted of this heavenly bread, he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the Gospel Canaan from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this Gospel corn. It is the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. I set the gladness of your soul to the tunes of "Ariel" and "Antioch." I ring the wedding-bells, for Christ and your soul are married, and there is no power on earth or in hell to get out letters of divorcement.

But alas for the famine-struck! Enough corn, yet it seems you have no sickle to cut it, no mill to grind it, no fire to bake it, no appetite to eat it. Starving to death, when the plain is golden with a magnificent harvest!

The Beached Ship

I rode some thirteen miles to see the *Alexander*, a large steamship that was beached near Southampton, Long Island. It was a splendid vessel. As I walked up and down the decks and in the cabins, I said, "What a pity that this vessel should go to pieces, or be lying here idle!" The coast-wreckers had spent thirty thousand dollars trying to get her off, and they succeeded once; but she came back again to the old place. While I was walking on deck, every part of the vessel trembled with the beating of the surf on one side. Since then I heard that that vessel, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars was sold for three thousand five hundred, and knocked to pieces. They had given up the idea of getting her to sail again. How suggestive all that is to me! There are those here who are aground in religious things. Once you started for heaven, but you are now aground. Several times it was thought you had started again heavenward, but you soon got back to the old place, and there is not much prospect you will ever reach the harbors of the blessed. God's wreckers, I fear, will pronounce you a hopeless case. *Beached for eternity!* And then it will be written in heaven concerning some one that he was invited to be saved, but refused the offer, and starved to death within sight of the fields and granaries full of the Old Corn of Canaan.

AMERICA HELPING EUROPE.

THOUGH our traditions and the principles of our system of government keep the United States clear of complication in European politics, it appears that we are not debarred from useful work on the other side the Atlantic. A grateful recognition of American influence was made on July 21 by the Premier of Bulgaria, M. Stambouloff. In the course of an interview with a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he said: "In the regeneration of Bulgaria, one of the most potent factors for good with us has been the American Roberts College, kept going by the Presbyterian Church in Constantinople. The professors were our friends and counsellors twenty-five years ago, when Bulgaria was never heard of outside of Turkey. For a quarter of a century forty or fifty young Bulgarians were graduated from this model institution, fighting ever unselfishly on the side of their country. The alumni of this American college may well claim a proud place in our future Walhalla."

MODERN DAMASCUS.

(See Illustration on first page.)

Points of Interest for Travellers—A Reminder of the Great Massacre of 1860—Abd-el-Kader's Heroism—Beautiful Interiors—The Leper's Hospital on the Site of Naaman's House—A Family Garden Party.

THE intelligence brought by the cable a few days ago, that Turkey was distributing arms among the Kurds, clearly pointing to the instigation of new outrages on the Christian population of the Mohammedan Empire, will vividly recall to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the terrible atrocities that followed a similar policy by the Porte in Armenia and Roumelia twenty years ago. All Christendom was horrified, thirty years ago, by the news that six thousand Christians in Damascus and the surrounding towns and villages of Syria had been butchered by the fanatical Kurds, Arabs and Druses, who form the bulk of the Mohammedan population of that portion of the Turkish dominions.

To-day THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives on the first page a number of illustrations of Damascus, reproduced from pictures secured during the recent trip of Dr. Talmage to the Holy Land especially for this journal. Of all the cities mentioned in Scripture there is none more beautifully situated or with a darker history than the capital of ancient Syria. Successively held by Babylonians, Persians, Egyptians, Jews and Mohammedans, every change has witnessed the destruction of many of its fine buildings, noble sculptures and magnificent monuments. The Romans restored much of its grandeur. Its last and worst transition was when it came

Under the Sway of Islam

and became the centre of a vast Mohammedan empire. During this period it was the scene of many bloody encounters in which the great crusaders, Baldwin and Conrad, met and fought with Saladin and Nureddin, and the Cross and the Crescent struggled for the mastery beneath its walls; yet since it first passed under the power of Mohammedanism, the flag of the Prophet has never ceased to wave over its towers and citadels.

The Turkish populace of Damascus and the surrounding villages are intensely fanatic, and the wealth and influence of the Christians have at different times aroused their cupidity and excited their worst passions. In 1860 serious trouble arose between the Maronites and Druses, two Syrian tribes near Damascus. For many months the Arabs in Damascus had been persecuting the Christians and Jews who occupied the older section of the city. Finding they could do this without remonstrance, the fanatics summoned the neighboring tribes, and on the afternoon of July 9, 1860, began an attack upon the Christian quarter in force. Soon the dwellings of the Christians were in flames, and the inmates, fleeing from fire, found themselves opposed by hordes of men armed with scimiters and muskets, who shot them down ruthlessly in cold blood. Bands of Arabs, Druses and Kurds kept up the work of slaughter from sunset till dawn on the following day, when they were relieved by others who continued the butchery, until the streets of Damascus were

Running with Christian Blood.

The terrified survivors, appalled at the turn of affairs, appealed to the British Consul, Mr. Brant, but he was powerless. Before sunset of the second day the Christian quarter was in ashes; the men dead or dying; the women and children scattered throughout the Mohammedan provinces, and either sold into slavery or distributed among the harems of their Moslem persecutors. During the massacre, hundreds apostatized under the threat of instant death; but their act was futile, for after they had sworn on the sacred books of the Koran and been circumcised, they, too, were cruelly slaughtered. It is estimated that six thousand fell beneath the sword of the fanatics during these two bloody days in old Damascus.

Amid all the riot and carnage there was one bright spot—one haven of safety, to which the

doomed Christians turned in their despair. Abd-el-kader, with his troop of Algerines, afforded a refuge to hundreds of the fugitives. As fast as his soldiers brought them in, he hid them from the mob in his own house, the churches and the public buildings, placing a guard at each to prevent invasion. In these sanctuaries, the refugees could hear on the streets without,

The Cries of Their Fellows

and the shrieks of terror that came from the women, after their defenders had been cut down and overpowered. The Mohammedans knew the old soldier and veteran of many battles as a man not to be trifled with; that his Algerines would stand by him against ten times their number. Still, as they crowded around and hemmed in Abd-el-kader on all sides, it seemed as though he must give way and surrender the refugees.

"Wretches!" he cried, "Is this how you honor the prophet? Shame upon you! You will yet live to repent. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back, or I will give my men the order to fire!"

Before the guns of his Algerines the mobs moved back. But though the slaughter was stayed in Damascus, it still raged in the mountains and villages of Syria. In the town of Zaleh, whose population was almost wholly Christian, the butchery was frightful, scarcely a man being left alive. The population had armed themselves, but upon being guaranteed protection by the Turkish authorities, they surrendered their weapons and were almost immediately slain.

Since that time

Better Days Have Dawned

for the Christian in Damascus. He lives no longer in terror of assassination; he does business unmolested, and is permitted to exercise his religion unhindered by the Moslem. The ancient city has become one of the central points of interest for travellers, and those who visit the Holy Land and pass through Syria, find there much to attract and instruct. The "Street called Straight," mentioned in Acts, intersects the city from east to west, and is divided into three avenues by Corinthian colonnades. At each end is a triple Roman gateway. Near the Christian and Jewish quarters, which have been rebuilt, are many of the principal buildings and bazars. Still, most of the houses are in a state of decay. The private houses are wretched-looking affairs as to exterior, but the interiors of many present fine specimens of artistic decoration. Their mud walls and mean doors hide beautifully tessellated pavements, cool courts, where marble fountains send sprays of water among evergreen foliage of orange, lemon and citron trees, and make it a delightful retreat during the heat of the day. As shown in the picture of a Jewish mansion, on the first page, the carving and fretwork are in the rich, arabesque style prevalent in the Orient, and are examples of the most delicate workmanship. The building in question, is probably the house of some wealthy Hebrew merchant and is a fair example of the ornamentation common among the better class of dwellings in the East.

Another familiar and picturesque scene is the group of Arab women and children dining *à fresco* in the garden of the home. The women, with faces carefully concealed by the yashmak or veil, sit around the little table and feed the children, while the Nubian servant sits by, ready to assist. The table on which the viands are served is a marvel of dainty carving, fit to adorn the collection of a connoisseur.

The picture that possesses the strongest interest for the traveller and Bible student is that of

The Lepers' Hospital,

a bleak-looking and crumbling edifice, which is said to stand upon the site of the house of Naaman the Syrian, whose seven times repeated bath in the sacred Jordan cured him of his leprosy and his unbelief. The hospital stands in a secluded part of the city, but within the walls, as in many Eastern cities, including Jerusalem and Shechem, lepers are permitted to dwell

within the gates. Their asylum at Damascus as unattractive as can well be imagined. At gates can be seen little groups of lepers, their distorted bodies, mutilated hands, and vacuolated expressionless faces, making them objects of general pity and aversion.

There are many other points of interest in this ancient city, some of which were illustrated in a recent article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some of the attractions claimed are of doubtful authenticity, such as that in a Mohammedan mosque, where the

Head of John the Baptist

is said to be contained in a little chapel, while his body lies elsewhere. Others, however, are to be well authenticated, as in the case of the scene of Paul's conversion, which is still pointed out on the highway between Banias and Damascus, a short distance from the city; the hole in the wall from which the apostle escaped being lowered in a basket, while the soldier searched for him, and the house of Ananias, of which have been already referred to in columns of THE HERALD in connection with the recent visit of Dr. Talmage to Holy Land. Paul introduced Christianity into Damascus; firmly planted a colony of the early apostolic Church there, which flourished through many generations.

Under Moslem rule, Damascus has become a city of beautiful ruins, mosques and beggars, where the appeal to Allah mingles with the solicitation for alms on every street corner, in spite of all the changes it has undergone, its interest for the Christian remains undiminished.

OF WHITE AND GOLD.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 13: "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14: 14.

FAR away in one corner of the land was an institute called the School of the Ministers. With its massive walls of stone, its small and deep-sunken windows, it had the appearance of some old monastic building centuries ago. Within its seclusion one hundred orphan boys were trained and sent forth to the world to minister to the needs of the higher natures of their fellow men.

One of these pupils was a sunny-faced boy with large dark eyes and dark curling hair.

Apollo, pulling up with the rays of living, not more beautiful than you Nello. The warmth of the sun's gleam from the depths of his glorious eyes and darkened the tints in his cheeks and lips.

To him the place was dear and cheerful. On pleasant

days he would run off, and throwing himself on the grass, would lie in the warm sunlight. Some voice from the school would call him within. He wearied of the dull routine, longed to go out into the world, so full of the song of birds, so bright with the flight of butterflies. He would not sing in the chapel, the walls were too narrow, he said. Once out into the sunlight he would rival the happy birds.

Not far from the school was a city, called the Beautiful City of Scarlet and Gold, a gay, laughing, thoughtless, wicked city, full of life and song, of pleasure, and of sin. Gayly caparisoned horses, decked with ribbons, drew happy people through the beautiful streets. Pleasure boats drifted idly down the tide of its river. Flowers bloomed only to grace the bright room, or to shine in the hair of light-hearted women.

In the midst of the Beautiful City of Scarlet



Gold rose a cathedral, like a gigantic water-rising from the filth and mire of the lake. The now-white spire, pointing ever to the stars, was a constant rebuke to the people of the city. They always seemed in a hurry to pass it, and few of them ever entered it.

As yet there was no choir there, for the elders had decided never to pay a worldling for singing their sacred music within those walls, so far they had found no Christian with a voice that would do justice to the place.

One day the Beautiful City of Scarlet and Gold added a young musician to its attractions. The dark-haired, dark-eyed youth who sang and played so sweetly was none other than the friend Nello who had escaped by night from the school.

He was soon sought out, and was invited and accepted. After a few months, a thunder-bursting summer sky, a plague fell on the Beautiful City of Scarlet and Gold, and its inhabitants fled in terror to the mountains. Nello was one of the first to be taken down, and soon found that he had no friends. After lying by the roadside for days, he thought of the cool and quiet of the hospital at the school, and decided to return there. "I shall go back there," he said to himself, "if I live I shall do my duty,—humbly, at the end."

His tired limbs slowly dragged him back, where he was kindly received by the good nurses. Good nursing and good food slowly brought him back to health and strength.

A pale-faced little fellow, he crept out once more into the warm life-giving sunshine, to see his face in the waving grasses and watch the happy insect world. Here he always found inspirations, and to-day, with the songs of the birds in his ears, his own heart burst unto song, and a delicate thrill of melody surprised the who heard it.

He soon made the chapel walls ring with his music. When the plague had run its course, the people had left their mountain homes, they missed the beautiful little singer, and when they found that he was singing in the chapel of the school of the ministering came there to listen to him. Thus the brothers had access to the hearts of many whom before they could never reach.

After a while they opened the choir door of the lily-white cathedral, and invited Nello to be the leading singer, because he had worked so faithfully in the little chapel where his marvellous voice had been the means of doing so much good. Those who had listened to him there, crowded the cathedral, and thus a little while was sown which in time ripened into a great harvest.

A few years later the city was re-named the Beautiful City of White and Gold.

A BOY'S GRATITUDE.

A little athlete who has become a Christian worker in the London slums, was paying some visits in the squalid district near the bank of the Thames when he heard the cry, "Help! boy on board." He rushed to the barge from whence the cry proceeded. It was down Bank-side, on the Surrey side of the river. He saw bubbles rising to the surface, telling the spot where the lad had gone down, and without hesitation he sprang in and dived to the bottom, put his arm round the boy and brought him to the surface. He took him to a drug store where, after some efforts, animation returned, and the boy was restored to his mother. Some days after

this, the rescuer was out on the river in the boat he kept to help him in his work, and he pulled up to a wharf and stepped off. In a moment a street-boy was at his side as usual with the request, "Shall I hold her head, sir?" Giving the boy the line he walked away. Presently he returned and took the line from the hand of the boy, at the same time offering him a penny, which, however, the lad made no attempt to take. Looking at the boy in some surprise, he perceived a big tear in his eyes, while the boy said, "You took me out of the water last week, sir, and saved my life. I can't take your money." When Christians are asked for contributions to the Lord's work, they too often forget what they owe Him. (Philemon 19.)

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Misplaced Confidence in the Docility of a horse caused the loss of a life some time ago. A harness maker of Paterson, N. J., says that a gentleman drove into that town and called at his place for a new bridle that had been ordered a few days previously. The bridle was ready and the gentleman thought he would like to have it put on at once. Before complying, the harness-maker asked him to alight. The gentleman said, no, it was unnecessary; the horse was perfectly quiet, and would not be a minute without a bridle. The moment the horse felt himself free, and before the new bridle could be put in place, he dashed madly down the street, the buggy swaying to and fro behind him. Before he could be stopped he rushed across a sidewalk, smashing the buggy against a lamp-post. The driver was hurled to the ground, and the horse falling near him, kicked him on the head, crushing in his skull with his iron-shod hoofs. A similar mistake is sometimes made still nearer home. Men who have been accustomed to keep their love of intoxicating liquor and other evil passions under restraint, fancy that they are completely subdued and that no harm will come if the restraint is relaxed on some special occasion. The confidence is generally misplaced, as the victim learns by bitter experience. Even Paul had to keep his body in subjection. (1. Cor. 9: 27.)

A Boy's Jump Nearly Cost Him His Life in New York last week. Among the patients received in the accident ward of the Manhattan Hospital was a lad seventeen years old, who was a plumber's assistant. He had been working with his employer in a row of many-storied flat houses in Harlem. He had been fascinated by the square air-shafts which run between the houses from basement to roof. He was warned to keep away from them, as they are sixty-five



feet deep, but he was peering over and looking down whenever he had opportunity. Being sent one day from one house to another, he resolved to jump across the shaft. There was no need to do so, as it was easier to walk round, but he wanted to jump. He took the trouble to climb to a sill four feet from the floor, and, standing there, tried to jump into an opening on the other side, only three feet away. It was not much of a leap for an active boy, but he miscalculated; his forehead struck the lintel of the opposite opening and he fell down the shaft. Providentially, a small joist projecting from the side, about two feet from the bottom, broke his fall. He was considerably hurt, but after a day or two in hospital he was well enough to leave. Every one who remembers his own boyish experience, or has had much to do with boys, can understand why that lad preferred that leap to the easier way of going from house to house. Old-

er people have more sense, but, unhappily, they frequently do not exercise it in spiritual matters. When they become anxious about their salvation they ask what they shall do to be saved, expecting to earn salvation by a long and laborious process of self-reformation, or by penances, or large gifts, instead of taking the simple way of trusting in Christ. (Rom. 4: 5.)

A Novel Claim for a Pension has been Submitted by a farmer to a western lawyer for presentation to the Government commissioner. His story is, that one night during the war, he learned privately that he had been drafted. He could not afford to hire a substitute, so he knew he would have to go. He wished he had taken the offer of a man in an adjacent town who was seeking a substitute, and offering a thousand dollars for one.

Then it occurred to him that he had not been formally notified of his having been drafted. As he would now have to go to the war anyway, he might as well go as that man's substitute and get the thousand dollars. So he started out the same night to find the man. He was so much afraid that some one would get ahead of him that he quickened his pace into a run, and ran so fast and so far that he had to rest. He sat on a stone by the wayside, and, the night being frosty, he caught cold and has had dyspepsia ever since. He thought he was entitled to a pension, and was much astonished when the lawyer declined to push his claim. It is much to be feared that in the conflict between the Church and the world, there are some who have enlisted under the banner of the cross with similar mercenary motives. When religion is popular, men who have no union with Christ in spirit or principle, enroll themselves in our churches for what they can get. They often gain the worldly advantage they seek, but not for them are the rewards which Christ gives to those who leave all to follow Him. (Mark 8: 34-36.)

The Reports of the First Execution by Electricity which were published by the daily press last week, have horrified all who have read them. The execution took place in the State prison at Auburn, N. Y., on August 6. The victim was a man named William Kemmler, who was about thirty years of age. The crime for which he suffered was the exceptionally brutal murder of a woman who had special and peculiar claims on his kindness and consideration. Society would have had no feeling for him but that of contempt had not his been the first case in which the new law was to be applied, which substituted the electric current for the rope, as an agent of death. There had been a great deal of discussion about this law, because, while its advocates had claimed that it was a more merciful form of death than hanging, its opponents had contended that it would be more painful. Careful preparations were made for the execution. The man was strapped in a chair, and the current applied to his head and the base of his spine. After seventeen seconds the doctors pronounced him dead and the current was shut off. Then respiration recommenced, the man's limbs were frightfully contorted and he foamed at the mouth. The current was resumed after a painful delay, and this time so powerfully and so long that his hair and flesh were burned. That the man must have suffered awful torture, if he retained consciousness, there can be no doubt. The very effort to give him a swift, and painless death seems to have intensified his agony. His case furnishes an awful illustration of the warning. "The way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. 13: 15.)



THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

By P. W. E.

Daniel's Seventieth Week—Intervenes Between the Rapture and the Judgment—God in His Old Testament Attitude—The Opening of the Seals—A Significant Pause—The Sounding of the Trumpets—A Time of Many Woes—The Development of the Prince—Flight from Jerusalem—The Close of the Seven Years.

THE Church is now waiting for three stupendous events. The first of these, the coming of Christ for His waiting saints, was described in these pages last week. The second is the Great Tribulation. This hour of temptation is the time intervening between the coming of the Lord for His saints and His coming with them. It is also known as the seventieth week in Daniel's prophecy (Dan. 9: 24); therefore a cycle of seven years, commencing after the Church had been caught up into heaven. The Scriptures referring to this period occupy portions of the Psalms, Prophets, and the New Testament, especially the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and the most of Revelation.

During these seven years, God, by means of very severe judgments, prepares the way for Christ's earthly kingdom. He subdues His enemies and purifies His people. With the end of the third chapter of Revelation the Church disappears from the earth. "The things which are" pass away and "the things which shall be after these" are presented to our view. After this, God is not seen in the character He has ever manifested toward the Church, but in that in which He reveals Himself in the Old Testament Scriptures. The Church has been caught up to meet Christ in the air and the dead saints have been raised, and are glorified in the presence of God; the work of judgment is about to begin, and the "lightnings and thunderings and voices" issuing from the throne, announce that God is seated on a throne of righteousness, and not, as now, on a throne of grace through righteousness. A sealed book is in His hand, the seals of which are opened by the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, who alone is found worthy to open them. Christ first appears as the slain Lamb, and as such He opens

The Seals of the Book

which he has received from God. See Rev., chaps. 6-8. The first four of the seals usher in judgments of conquest, bloody wars, famine, and wide-spread devastation and disease. The fifth seal shows persecution to be raging; and a prayer for judgment rises from the souls of the martyred saints, which announces that the day of grace is over and the day of retribution has begun.

On the opening of the sixth seal, there is a general shaking of the powers of the earth, and universal consternation prevails. There is no repentance, no cry for mercy, merely a terror of vengeance, and a frantic desire to escape, as is shown by their hiding "in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains," and saying "to the mountains and rocks, fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." This horror is premature, as the judgments of the great day of wrath have but begun.

"The Beginning of Sorrows."

Then a pause of great significance occurs. The judgments that follow are of a more terrible character, and a special election of God is signified, marking those who shall pass through them without suffering death. Twelve thousand are sealed in the forehead from each of the twelve tribes of Israel; and a countless multitude of Gentiles, though not thus sealed, are shown as passing through "The great tribulation," and obtaining the victory, having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The line between Israel and the Gentiles appears again, which during the Church period was obliterated.

After this respite, the seventh seal is opened—(Rev. 8.) Then another and more dreadful series of judgments falls upon the world. These are introduced by seven trumpets sounded by seven angels, and during the time

of these judgments, Christ is no longer seen as the Lamb slain, but in angelic character as "the Messenger of the Covenant." As such He offers up the prayers of the saints; and the answer is the fire of God's consuming judgment cast on the earth, which also shows that the day of Christ's patience is over, and the day of vengeance has begun. The trumpets follow in rapid and dreadful succession. The first four announce wars, tumults, delusions, and anarchy, spread over a third part of the world, referring most likely to the Roman Empire, which has been revived.

Before the peal of the last trumpet, we see Jerusalem once more inhabited by Jews, with the temple rebuilt and the temple-worship re-established. For particulars on this point, let us turn to Daniel chap. 9. At the beginning of that week or cycle of seven years, there is to be a person who "shall confirm a covenant" with many for one week. This covenant is to be made with the majority of the Jewish people. The person is

"The Prince That Shall Come"

mentioned in the previous verse. That prince is the prince of the people that destroyed Jerusalem. The Romans destroyed the city; thus the prince must be the head of the Roman Empire, who is to appear upon the scene in these closing days of the times of the Gentiles. A covenant is concluded between him and many of the Jews, who will then have returned to Jerusalem and revived their old sacrifices. There is a remnant, however, the elect Jews, who refuse to join this treaty, and on account thereof are subjected to cruel persecution. In the midst of the week the prince stops the sacrifices and changes times and laws. This last half week, when wickedness and misery culminate, is three and a half years, or "a time, times and half a time," or "forty and two months," or "one thousand two hundred and three score days," expressions which frequently occur in the description of those fearful events, preceding the restoration of Israel and the establishment of the reign of the Lord on the earth.

The Crowning Act

of the prince's wickedness is the setting up of some abomination, or idol, which brings down desolating judgment. Then the elect remnant flee, without a moment's delay, from the city, as told by the Lord in His discourse. This remnant, under the symbol of a woman, flees "into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and threescore days."

Satan and his human tool become the objects of religious worship. "And they worship the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worship the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and those that dwell in heaven. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them; and power was given him over all kindred and tongues and nations; and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." We here see civil government is received directly from the dragon, and allegiance and worship rendered to him and his instruments.

Thus at the close of the week of tribulation we have all the Satanic powers of earth combined against the Lord and His Anointed. "The heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." All nations will gather against Jerusalem to battle, "and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished."

"Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."

All these events are included in the hour of temptation. Satan works, through his agent "with all power and signs, and lying wonder and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness. Such, then, is "the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world." The climax will be, when the Son of Man comes in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory, and all His saints with him.

FIDELITY OF AFRICAN CONVERTS.

THE troubles in Africa, owing to the scramble in which the European powers are engaged for control, has seriously affected missionary operations and has caused the missionaries some anxiety as to their safety. A letter from Mr. Sanders, who is laboring in Bihe, which is published in the *Missionary Herald*, vividly describes one of these times of apprehension. She says

"One morning Miss Bell was in school with some little children from the village, whom she is trying to gather in, when some one came and called them out, and they all started on their way for the village. We were very suspicious as she came right over to tell us. She had hardly arrived when the boys came in from work. They said they were urged on all sides to leave as the chief was coming that afternoon to plunder us. Finally their relatives had ordered them to carry all their belongings to the village. They replied, 'We will take our things to the village, but we will go where the whites go.' Cinyuna, the oldest, steadiest boy in the place, said the chief was surely coming. There were men, from all the villages within six or eight miles, skulking around in the woods to rush and have a share in the spoils. We put up what clothes we thought would be most serviceable, put some pins, needles, thread, comb, brushes, in our pockets, ate our dinner and awaited. Mr. Sanders had the cattle driven and shut up, for we have quite a herd now. You may imagine we could not settle down any regular work. About three o'clock the herd-boy came back (he lives about two miles away) and said the old man of their village said he was a fool to run away from his work. 'The chief was Sandele's (Mr. Sanders's) friend etc. Then we breathed more freely. About fifteen minutes later a messenger came from one of the headmen of the country about five miles away, who has always been friendly to saying that, though he had heard we were to be plundered, 'We should lay our hearts to rest, as the chief had distinctly said, "Sandele was not to be touched." Then we unloaded our pockets, took off some extra clothes, and were more comfortable."

Since then, the chief has personally given his assurance to the missionary that no harm shall come to him or to the mission.

THREE INDIAN TYPES.

THE results of the Indian's association with the white man were vividly sketched in a recent speech by Bishop Whipple, whose portrait a life appeared in this journal on Dec. 15, 1889. He said: "Some years ago Bishop Charles Hervey went with me to the Indian country. We had delightful services. After the communion, we were sitting on the green sward near a house. The head chief said, 'Your friend came across the water; does he know the Indian's history?' I said, 'No.' He said: 'I will tell him. Before the white man came the forests and prairies were full of game, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, the wild rice was Manitou's gift to the red man. Would you like to see one of the Indians?' There stepped out on the porch an Indian man and woman dressed in furs, ornamented with porcupine quills. 'There,' said the chief, 'my people were like those before the white man came.'

"'Shall I tell you what the white man did to us? He came and told us we had no fire holes, no fire canoes. He said that if we would let him our land he would make us like white men.'

"all I tell you what he did? No, you had better see it." The door opened, and out stepped a poor, degraded-looking Indian, his face bearded with mud, his blanket in rags, no leggings, and by his side a poor, wretched-looking man in a calico dress. The chief raised his head and said, "Manido, Manido, is this an In-ian?" The man bowed his head. "How camest thou?" The Indian held up a black bottle and said, "This is the white man's gift." Some of us bowed our heads in shame.

"Said the chief, 'If this were all, I would never have told you. Long years ago a pale-faced man came to our country. He spoke kindly, and seemed to want to help us, but our hearts were hard. We hated the white man and would not listen. Every summer, when the snow was high, he came. We always looked to see his tall form coming through the forest. One year I said to my fellows: "What does this man come for? He does not trade with us; he never asks anything of us. Perhaps the Great Spirit sent him." We stopped to listen. "Shall I tell you what it has done for us?" The door opened, and out stepped a young man—a clergyman—in black frock-coat, and by his side a man neatly dressed in black alpaca dress. Said the chief, "There is only one religion in this world which can lift a man out of the mire and tell him to call God Father, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ."

PREVAILING PRAYER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

3. Lesson for August 24; Luke 18: 1-14; Golden Text, Luke 18: 14.

Christ's Injunction to Pray Always—The Duty of a Prayer Life—A Wise Child's Attitude—The First Petitions of the Lord's Prayer—Speedy Answers Promised—May Seem Tardy to the Petitioner—Publicans More Uncommon than Pharisees Still—The Pharisee's a Godless Prayer—The Publican Man Conscious of Helplessness—Had the Contrite Heart which God Loves—The Man Justified.

THE great Teacher had been speaking of His coming again, and especially in relation to His selection which should be then made of those who are ready to meet Him. (Matt. 24: 40-44.) He had reminded His disciples again of a former teaching, that "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." And, in this connection, "He spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not faint." "Watch ye therefore and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and stand before the Son of Man." (Luke 21: 36.) Not only in relation to His coming, but also a habit of life under all circumstances, we are taught to pray always and for all things. "In everything be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your heart and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4: 6, 7 R. V.) And again, "Pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." (1 Thes. 5: 17, 18.) And yet how few lead

A Real Prayer Life

How much more common it is for even Christians to give a short time to a kind of general prayer once or twice a day, and then, in exceptional circumstances, to refer matters to God when everything else fails! If we pray always, we do nothing all day long, or any day, apart from God, and this is one of the secrets of successful, or prevailing, prayer. It is a pettish child who seeks to overcome a father by tormenting him into satisfying his whims. It is a wise son who studies his father's mind, and, to, after due consideration, proposes to him nothing which he knows will be as great a trial to his father to give as to him to receive. Prayer is not meant to spoil God's children by ordering them a means to get their way and will; it is a channel by which we may discover His will, and then claim the will of God on the highest grounds. This is why the first petitions in our Lord's model prayer are, "Hallowed

be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done." The Master said, "There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, nor regarded man; and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him saying, 'Avenge me of mine adversary.'" The widow was making no unjust or extravagant claims. The judge was bound by the responsibility of his office to enter into the cause of the oppressed, and the law of God ordained, "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child." (Ex. 22: 22.) But this unprincipled judge would not for awhile." He sinned against his vocation as judge; but afterward he said within himself: "Though I fear not God nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Ungoverned by any principle or any sense of what was due to the poor widow or consistent with the duties of his office, he let himself be driven into helping her from purely

Selfish and Unworthy Motives.

Not so our God. He may keep His children waiting for *their* sakes, in order to put their faith and patience to the test, but He is ever consistent with Himself. "Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God (the just judge) avenge His own elect which cry day and night unto Him?" When they depend upon Him for all things and at all times, shall He leave their cause unheard, or abandon them in the time of trouble? "He is long-suffering over them" (R. V.), when He keeps them waiting, not captious in Himself. "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find the faith (i. e., of His coming) on the earth?" "I tell you that He will avenge them speedily," not tardily, like the unjust judge. "Speedily?" you say, "why there is a prayer of mine which has been unanswered these twenty years!" And yet, when you look back from the other world, and see all the time and all the long way of wandering that it took before God could so bring you into His line of things as to make it safe to answer that prayer, you will say in the light of eternity, "He did it speedily."

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11: 24.) Some lay hold of this promise and think they have only to get up a feeling of certainty in their hearts, which a will set on anything very easily affords them, and that then God is bound to come into their will, and hear their prayers. And oh, how many disappointments there have been on this line! Let us understand that God is never our servant. He who "doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth" (Dan. 4: 35), cannot lend Himself to satisfy the whims and fancies of an unsundered will. Faith is not a feeling of certainty that a thing is going to be.

Faith is Union with God,

with His thoughts, His plans, His ways. The widow could not count upon the unjust judge; faith *does* count upon God, but with a holy reverence which wants nothing but that which He wills, and asks nothing for itself. The object of prayer is, not to bring God down to our little minds, but to raise us up to union with His mind. Every day we see more how utterly dependent we are upon Him, and true prayer looks away from, and beyond, second causes in all things, and recognizes and appeals to the hand of an Almighty God.

In the audience which at this time heard the words of Jesus, were Pharisees as well as disciples; and now He turns from His little flock, and speaks a parable to "certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." So long as it is possible for us to despise any other, however low, however fallen, it is evident that some sense of importance and superiority still remains within us, and none of this can accord with Him who "emptied Himself," or "made Himself of no reputation." (Phil. 2: 7.) "Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, the other a publican." Their followers are everywhere; there are few congregations in any sect or in any

country, where we do not find the Pharisee, and, although the publican is a much rarer specimen of humanity, he also appears everywhere from time to time. "The Pharisee stood," his very attitude was one of assurance and self-satisfaction, he was pleased with himself, and this was to him an equivalent to, or a substitute for, God being pleased with him. In fact, he had never made acquaintance with God, and therefore he could not, in reality, seek to please Him. His religion was all a part of his self-importance, and went to minister to the self-gratification which was the ruling motive of his life. "He prayed with himself," he knew no other God, was conscious of no other presence.

His prayer ran thus, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican; I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." And when the prayer was finished, he felt bigger than ever in his own eyes. And yet nothing had been done. If anyone had asked him, "How is it that you have not become an extortioner, unjust, etc.?" He would have said, "I never was a man of that kind; I never followed a bad example; I have always kept myself from low society; I am superior to all that kind of thing." And the very saying so would prove who was the god he prayed to in his heart. He really believed he had himself to thank for all his boasted goodness. Oh, how little he knew that before God he was a fool, that in heaven he was classed with the wicked who "through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts." (Ps. 10: 4.) But let not those of us who are saved think that therefore we have altogether parted company with the Pharisee. All self-satisfaction, all self-applause, all love for the glory of men, savor of the Pharisee. All we do for the eye of man, is of the Pharisee; every self-dependence, all counting upon ourselves which makes us independent of God. We must die to all which is of the Pharisee, that Christ alone may be exalted in our hearts and lives. "And the publican

Standing Afar Off,

out of sight of man, but well seen of God, "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven but smote upon his breast," as though to say, "It is all wrong here, I have no one to blame but myself. It was a broken-hearted" and "a contrite spirit." The broken-hearted publican despised only one man, it was himself; he was the sinner. Ashamed to look up, he could find in himself no warrant to draw near to God. While the Pharisee could compare himself to his own advantage with the publican, the poor publican, losing sight of man, compared himself with the law of a holy God, and was utterly undone. And such a spirit God loves, "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." (Ps. 147: 3.) He dwells "in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." (Isa. 57: 15.) God was afar off from the Pharisee who took up so much place in his own prayers that there was no room left for God.

But the publican, who stood afar off, found that God was at home with the broken heart, and asked it for His dwelling place. The penitent man was unconscious of any other presence in the temple but that of God, but most surely he and God were meeting. The broken, conquered publican "went down to his house" another man, "justified," saved, happy. He had met with God. And now if anybody had asked him, "Did you meet with God?" He would have had a tale to tell, his full heart would have burst out. "Yes, 'bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." He came to God in God's own way, and his prayer prevailed. But the Pharisee went away empty. "For every one that exalted himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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MEETINGS MID-WEEK.

A FEW words about the uses of a week-night service. Many Christians do not appreciate it; indeed, it is a great waste of time, unless there be some positive advantage gained. The French nation at one time tried having a Sabbath only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sabbath every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week-day in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sabbath to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sabbath, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and so runs up a pier midway to help sustain the pressure. There are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a week, and but two hours of public religious service on Sabbath. What chance have two hours in a battle with one hundred and sixty-eight? A week-night meeting, allows church membership utterance. A minister cannot know how to preach unless in a conference meeting he finds the religious state of the people. He must feel the pulse before giving the medicine, otherwise he will not know whether it ought to be an anodyne or a stimulant.

If you were ever in the army you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past carrying a despatch. You wondered as he went what the news was. Was the army to advance, or was the enemy coming? So every Christian carries a despatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfill your mission. You may have had a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in one of your pockets; you forgot to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning or invitation to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it!

A week-night meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it. Such service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week-nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he go to the praying-circle he must give up these things.

The man who goes to the weekly service regularly through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle-deep, will in the book of judgment find it set down to his credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good and the weather comfortable, and the services attractive, and his health perfect. That service which costs nothing God accounts as nothing. A week-night service thrusts religion in the secularities of the week. It is as much as to say, "This is God's Wednesday, or God's Thursday, or God's Friday, or God's week." You would not give much for a property the possession of which you could have only one-seventh of the time, and God does not want that man whose services He can have only on Sabbath. If you paid full wages to a man and found out that six-sevenths of the time he was serving a rival house, you would be indignant; and the man who takes God's goodness and gives six-sevenths of his time to the world, the flesh and the devil, is an abomination to the Lord. The whole week ought to be a temple of seven rooms dedicated to God. You may, if you will, make one room the Holy of Holies, but let all the temple be consecrate. The week-night service gives additional opportunity of religious culture, and we find it so difficult to do right and be right, that we cannot afford to miss any opportunity. Such a service is a lunch between the Sabbath meals, and if we do not take it we get weak and faint. A truth coming to us then ought to be especially effective. If you are on a railroad train and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent or it would not be brought there. Now, if while we are rushing on in the whirl of every-day excitement, a message of God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF CHRIST.

AS a representative of evangelical Christianity, we say that, while we firmly believe in the divinity of Christ, while we fall at his feet exclaiming, "My Lord and my God!" we believe as heartily in His human side. He was the Son of Mary as well as the Son of God. He touched humanity at all its points except sin. From the cradle to the cross He carried our nature, was tempted in all points like as we are, sounded the depths of human woe, human weakness and human want. By His twofold nature He becomes the "Daysman" for whom Job longed. Being both God and man, He can be a mediator between God and men. We believe, too, that Christ dwells in the heart of His believing people through His Holy Spirit, and that our bodies become the temples of the Holy Ghost. Thus they who were the heirs of shame have become the heirs of glory; the children of wrath have become the children of God. So much of the race as believes in Jesus is thus developed and redeemed. But in order that this development and redemption may begin, and the perfect work be finally wrought, we must be born again. Christ was first conceived of the Holy Ghost, or He could not have been

born of the Virgin Mary. Conceived of the Holy Ghost in our hearts He is born there, and we rejoice in the presence of Christ the Hope of Glory in us.

Evangelical Christians believe that Christ as man obeyed the law in behalf of his people, and that the righteousness thus wrought out by Him is imputed to His people by faith. This could not be if Christ had not become very man.

CHRIST IN THE COUNTRY.

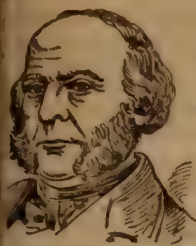
WE never find Christ at a country-seat, save in the eighteenth chapter of John.

The Saviour was not apt to be acquainted with people who owned country-seats. The merchants of Jerusalem had suburban residences. Christ had somehow become acquainted with one of these men, and been invited by him to come out to the country home. There were gardens surrounding the house. After the heat and excitement of the day in the city, it was pleasant to go out and sit and walk under the trees and among the flowers. Jesus is in the garden one night, and sees the gleam of torches and lanterns. Judas and an armed band are coming to take Him captive. In this rough way was ended the season of reflection and recreation. You find here, as elsewhere, that Jesus loved the country. We find Him among the mountains and sitting by the sea. He pressed a lily in His sermon. He caught a bird for a text. He walked in the garden the night of His capture. So it is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small door-yard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and of faith and heaven, when there are camellias on the pulpit.

It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden. No doubt Christ selected the garden of this country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling Christian. A man has sorrows, temptations, sins and deliverance that are no one else's business. He is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room, warm, light, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for Him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find. Jesus resorted to a garden. Notice also that was while in this beautiful suburb of the city sitting in the summer night, among the trees that He was captured of His enemies. We are never more subject to attack from our spiritual enemies than when in the garden of ease. There is less danger for us when out in the conflict of life than when we sit down to rest. It is while unarmed and in quiet that pride breaks in, and indolence and worldliness "with lanterns and torches." We need ever to be on our guard. "Watch therefore, and what I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch!" We cannot have so high a hedge about our garden that Judas cannot break through.

CURRENT EVENTS.

When the Remains of John Ericsson, the great engineer, inventor and naval constructor, are removed from their temporary resting-place in the Marble Cemetery, on Second Street, New York, to his native Sweden, extraordinary honors will be paid to his memory. A fleet of war-vessels will salute the dead hero, and an official escort will accompany the steamer that conveys to Swedish soil the ashes of the man whose name will long be remembered as the in-



tor of the iron-clad *Monitor*, the destroyer of the *Merrimac*. But neither will Ericsson's scientific triumphs on the side of peace be soon forgotten; for to him the industrial world owes the improved calorific engine, the hydrostatic pump, pyrometer and many other useful appliances. Ericsson, who died last year, in this country, was born in Sweden in 1803, and came to the United States in 1839. All his life was devoted to improvements in steam-machinery, and his workshop on Beach Street, New York, was well-known to the best engineers of America and Europe. He was, moreover, a man of admirable Christian character, and greatly beloved. The Swedish societies of New York and other cities will unite in a great demonstration in his honor when the transfer of the remains takes place, and it is understood that the Swedish Government will rear a monument to his memory in a prominent public place in the city of Stockholm.

The Past Week has Been a Somewhat Eventful one in foreign lands. After vainly endeavoring to temporize with the indignant people of the Argentine Republic, President Celman resigned his office and the government was entrusted to the hands of Vice-President Pellegrini. There was a suspicion that the resignation of Celman might be a trick, and the Senate, at first refused to accept it; but that body ultimately concluded to bow to public opinion. With this change public confidence seems to have revived and the more serious troubles, which brought about the recent revolution, are held for the present at least. Peace has also been restored between Salvador and Guatemala, though affairs are still complicated there. Costa Rica has been recognized as Provisional President of Salvador. In Europe, the general outlook has assumed a pacific character. Lord Salisbury the British premier, at a banquet in London, said the Powers had never been more peacefully disposed towards each other than now.

The Federal Election Bill, Since Passing Under the revision of the Senate, has been so greatly changed and modified that very few of the original features that raised such a storm of discussion when the measure was first introduced by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in the House remain. The Senate has, among other changes, omitted that referring to the presence of troops at the polls; the provision for a household canvass has also been stricken out; the drawing of jurors by Commissioners has been omitted and the penal offences have been added down to simple misdemeanors, instead of felonies as in the original. The Judge of the Circuit Court is authorized to appoint supervisors of election; ballots wrongly cast are not counted, unless the tally sheet shows that the number of votes does not equal the names on the poll lists, and in such cases enough votes shall be added to the tally sheet to equalize it with the poll lists. Where the election officers refuse to administer the oath to voters, the supervisor can administer it; but the refused vote cannot be cast, and all the supervisors can do is keep a record of the application. In every case the registration, the election, and the certification are left in the hands of the local authorities, except when inspectors are provided

for a whole Congressional District. The latter are to be appointed by the Court, and they are empowered to issue certificates of election, which certificates shall be used by the House of Representatives. These are the main changes. President Harrison is said to highly favor the bill in its amended form, and an effort will probably be made to pass it during the present session, although its success is doubtful, owing to the strong opposition, even among Republicans to any Federal interference whatever with the rights of the States to govern their own affairs.

One of the Most Thrilling Experiences Ever recorded in the history of ocean vessels was that which befel the steamer *Portia*, while on her way from Pilley's Island, St. Johns, to Halifax, last week. On July 30th, when near Fogo Head, the lookout descried a huge iceberg right in



the steamer's path. The *Portia* sailed alongside, when suddenly the berg broke in three pieces with a deafening report. All three went under the water, and one of the detached masses, reappeared under the very bows

of the *Portia*, which slid on the smooth surface of the berg and rose clear from the sea. The steamer swayed and tipped over, threatening to pitch from the icy mass into the sea. Fortunately the agitation of the ocean by the breaking of the bergs produced a series of waves that swept the steamer clear of the ice, and the danger was over almost as quickly as discovered. During the time the vessel was on the berg, she was clear even to the keel. Although there was a partial panic among the passengers, it was shortlived, and the coolness of the captain and chief officers was admirable. The bow of the *Portia* was slightly damaged and her cabins flooded, but she showed no other marks of her strange encounter.

The Tenth International Medical Congress, now in session at Berlin, has this year an American representation of 623 members, including many of the most distinguished physicians



in the Union. The veteran Professor Virchow, who is almost as great a parliamentarian as he is a scientist, presides at the sessions of the Congress. A multitude of papers will be read to the delegates, including many by such notabilities as Professors Pasteur, Gibier, Koch, Sola Mendes, Mackenzie, and others whose names are known throughout the scientific world. Thus far the most interesting has been a paper by Professor Koch, the great investigator, whose portrait is given in this column, and whose discovery of the *bacillus tuberculosis*, or consumption germ, several years ago, excited a sensation in the profession. Although his theories have been repeatedly attacked, he has been successful in commanding for them the highest support. He now announces what will be good news to hundreds of thousands of sufferers, that he has discovered a substitute germ which is capable of killing the *bacillus* and curing the disease.

The Greatest Labor Strike in Ten Years was begun in New York on Friday, August 8, when, in obedience to orders from the Knights of Labor, the switchmen, engineers and yardmen of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad left their posts without warning and almost brought the traffic of the Vanderbilt system of lines to a standstill. Besides the Central, the New York and Harlem and the New York, New Haven and Hartford were also

crippled. The agreed-on signal for the strike was the words: "Webster's Dictionary," which was telegraphed to the different local leaders of the Knights by the General Executive Committee, and promptly obeyed. Thousands of passengers at New York were kept in town, and complaint of the action of the Knights was loud and general. The latter declare they are fighting in self-defence, and will stay out until the Central recognizes their organization and agrees to make promotions on the basis of long service, as the men demand. The strike threatens to extend to every road running out of New York city. Thus far no violence is reported, except at East Syracuse, where militia dislodged strikers who took possession of the freight yards.

NEWS SUMMARY.

August 4: Emperor William Visits Queen Victoria—Medical Congress Opens at Berlin—Elections Held in Alabama and Kentucky; Democrats Victorious.
August 5: Greek Patriarch, Constantinople, Resigned—Governor Fifer, Illinois, Signed the World's Fair Bill—Italian Riot, Brooklyn, and Anarchist Riot, Elizabeth; policemen injured; several arrests.
August 6: Fatal Railway Accident, Bohemia—British Fleet left Newport—William Kemmler Executed by Electricity, Auburn Prison, N. Y.—Iowa Democrats Nominate State Ticket; Leading Address Speaks of Cleveland and Gov. Boies as Democratic Presidential Ticket, 1892.
August 7: Gen. Miranda Defeated in Salvador by Gen. Ezeta—Cholera Reaches Madrid—Queensland Cabinet Resigned—Attempted Riot Among Convicts, Charlestown Prison, Mass., Soon Quelled.
August 8: Great Strike of Switchmen and Freight-handlers, N. Y. Central, Harlem and New Haven and Hartford Railroads—Britain Formally Surrenders Heligoland to Germany—Czar Suspends Anti-Jewish Edict of Banishment.
August 9: R. R. Strike Spreading; Freight Perishing in Yards; Police Reserves Called out at Different Cities—President Harrison goes to Boston to Attend G. A. R. Encampment.
August 10: Militia Disperses Rioting Railroad Strikers at East Syracuse—K. of L. Threatens to Make Strike General—John Boyle O'Reilly, Famous Irish Poet, Dead—Rain, Hail and Lightning Storm Unroofs Churches, Damages Crops, New York.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Samuel Sheffield Snow, the Second Adventist preacher, is dead. He was pastor of Zion Church, New York. A society of young Mormon women has been organized in Salt Lake City each member of which has given a pledge not to marry a polygamist.

Major George A. Hilton is holding services in Sullivan County, N. Y. this week. He is about to set out on a Western tour, in the course of which he has promised to conduct evangelistic meetings in Nevada, Washington and California. Many prayers are being offered by his friends in Washington, D. C., and elsewhere, for God's blessing on these meetings.

Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the indefatigable friend of deaf mutes, asks that on August 24, when the Gospel for the day in Protestant Episcopal churches is Christ's miracle of the healing of the deaf and dumb man, the collections be devoted to aiding Gospel work among deaf mutes. He says that there are forty thousand of them in this country and that ten ministers, four of whom are deaf and dumb, are laboring among them.

Rev. D. M. Heydrick has had the pleasure during the intense heat of the past few weeks, of conveying to the beach large numbers of invalids, sick children and overwrought mothers for a day's enjoyment of cool, life-reviving breezes. The railroad companies have assisted, by placing a large car capable of holding over a hundred persons at his disposal at reduced rates, and a restaurant-keeper by the sea provides meals at cost. Mr. J. H. Ryder, a philanthropic citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., has supplied the funds. In this way many lives have been saved and many ailing persons restored to health. We mention this Christ-like work in the hope that other wealthy men will follow Mr. Ryder's example and help some hard working friend of the poor, like Mr. Heydrick, to thus benefit the poor of our large cities.

An appeal to the Protestant Churches of all lands has been issued by the American Council of the China Inland Mission in response to the General Missionary Conference recently held at Shanghai, China. That Conference urgently asks for men and women to travel through China distributing books, preaching to the masses, aiding Christian education, and exhibiting the benevolent side of Christianity in healing the sick. The Council hopes that one thousand such workers, evangelists, teachers and physicians, will be obtained within five years of this time. The Council's headquarters are at 30 Shuter Street, Toronto.

A JOYFUL PASTOR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you," etc. Philippians 1: 3-7.

The Best of the Apostolic Churches—I. Paul's Memory of it All Happy—And Tender—Offered Joyful Prayers for Them—They were in Fellowship with Him—Members who Bury Themselves—II. Paul's Confidence—In the Work being Divine—A Growing Work—Is to be Perfected—Not Till the Lord Comes—Confidence Confirmed by the Life—III. Paul Ascribes the Glory to God—His Faith in a Great Principle.

THE statement Paul makes about the Philippian church shows to what a high estate a church can come. Beloved, we of the Tabernacle never wish to be like the church in Galatia, which was bewitched by false teachers, who led away the people from the vital doctrine of justification by faith. Paul had to be very sharp with them, and to lay down the grand fundamentals of free grace, so as to bring them back to the one sure rock on which they ought to have been builded. Into that condition, by the grace of God, we have never fallen. At the same time, I am afraid we have never reached as far as the Philippians went; and this morning it is my intense desire that, while I show you what they attained, every member of this church may resolve, in the Holy Ghost, that he will labor to bring us to that happy condition.

His Church.

I. First, in the church at Philippi we see a people whom the apostle remembered with joy. This is seen in his declaration that all his memory of them was happy: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you." Taking the long run of his acquaintance with them, remembering them, from the time when he preached by the river-side, and Lydia was converted, even until the moment of his writing to them as a prisoner in Rome, he knew nothing of them but that which gave him joy. He bethought him how they had of their own free will ministered again and again to his necessities, when no other church was mindful of him. He says, "Now ye Philippians know also, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed for Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only." Their grateful benevolence caused him to thank God. He had no dash of bitter in the cup of his happy memory of them. All along, as he remembered their prayers, their courage, their faith, their labor, their unity, their constancy, their zeal, their thoughtfulness, and their liberality, he felt unmingled gratitude to the Author of all these excellent things. I trust there are many ministers who, with perhaps some slight reserve, can say of their people, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

Tender Associations.

Again, all the apostle's remembrance of them was tender. They had been most kind to him personally, and most hearty in their co-operation with him in his labor of love, so that when he was thanking his own God for his choicest mercies, his mind brought before him these dear people. Brethren, in the relation of pastor and people I notice in many places an absence of anything like tender affection; and when that is gone the very joy of the gospel is gone from the preacher, and to a very large extent from the people. They invite him to take office, they pay him a wage more or less scanty, and then they send him about his business because they are tired of him. Can they expect a blessing upon such a hireling ministry, from which holy relationship is absent?

Again, all Paul's memory of Philippi excited gratitude in his mind. All good people are not equally good. There are some in the world whom we hope to meet in heaven, with whom fellowship is difficult. If they were on the other side of the Atlantic we might love them better than when we see much of them. It was not so with the Philippians—Paul thought of them with devout gratitude to his God that there were such people, and that he had come into personal contact with them. He knew the ins and outs of them, and yet he could thank his

God whenever he thought of them. Dear friends, may it be so with us, that men of God may thank God for the existence and the work of of this church!

Again, all his prayers for them were joyful. He says, "Always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy." For some we have had to pray with tears and sighs, and for others with trembling; but the Lord so heard Paul in the past with regard to these Philippians, that every time he began to pray

He Felt Liberty

in prayer, a joy in bearing their names before the Lord, and a sweet assurance that he was not praying in vain. His was not the cry of anguish, but the request of delight. When we pray for those who are our joy, and for that which will be their joy, we may well mingle joy with earnestness.

Now, why was all this joy in the apostle's mind with regard to the saints in Philippi? This is the point I desire to press upon you. Paul rejoiced because all along they had been in hearty fellowship with him in the best things. Observe: "For your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now." There are churches wherein the minister is nominally the leading officer; but he cannot lead, for the church does not follow. Paul seemed to stand alone when he was with the Galatians; but the Philippians were at his side and all around him, bearing him on from victory to victory by their unanimous fellowship. For this he thanks God; and well he might.

They were in fellowship with him concerning his one sole object—"For your fellowship in the Gospel." If you look at the Revised Version it is "for your fellowship in furtherance of the Gospel." The apostle

Longed to Spread the Gospel;

so did they. He was earnest to carry it to the regions beyond; so were they. If he preached, they would be there to encourage him. If he held special meetings, they were ready to help. If money was required, every man was ready according to his means, without pressing. Each one felt as earnest about the work as did his minister. They were enthusiastic for the furtherance of the Gospel: they were heartily with him where he most valued their sympathy.

This fellowship began early: "from the first day" of their conversion. I think we could prophesy what converts will be from what they are at first. Some begin warmly, and gradually cool down; but we seldom know them to develop much heat of zeal if they begin in lukewarmness. When we join a church, it is well that from the first day we inquire of the Lord, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" The kind of recruits which we desire in Christ's army are those who are in fellowship with us for the furtherance of the Gospel from the very first. I like to see the convert at the prayer-meeting, the cottage-meeting, or the Bible-class, or the Ragged-school, or the Sunday-school, or the Tract Society, doing what he can to help others.

Self-Buried Christians.

He that begins early begins hopefully. Concerning some older Christians, we could not speak of their fellowship in the Gospel from the first day, for they were slow in coming forward; but I hope they will do all the more now, to make up for it. I have heard of an advertisement of a burial club which began thus, "*Seeing that many persons find it extremely difficult to bury themselves*"—That is not my experience; for I should have to say, "Seeing that many church-members find it exceedingly easy to bury themselves." We receive them into our number with pleasure, but we hear no more of them. We have the distinguished privilege of enrolling their names in our book, and that is all. We give them our right hand of fellowship, but they do not give us their right hand of labor. Where are they? Where? Echo answers, *Where?* The Philippians had fellowship in the Gospel from the first day.

Then mark, that they were men of good wind, who could keep up the running; they were as patient and persevering as they were zealous at

the first. "From the first day until now." *Until now.* Some run well for a time, but that time is short. Oh, for the men who will live as long as they live; and not die while they are alive! How many who should have been our helpers are lost to us! They have grown indifferent, or they have become advanced in years, and fancy that they can now do nothing because they cannot do all they once did. We can always do something for Jesus if we are willing. There is as truly a service in the church for the most venerable as for the most active. Let no man cut himself off from the privilege of serving the Lord Jesus "from the first day until now."

His Confidence.

II. Paul saw in the Philippians a people whom he regarded with the utmost confidence: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." What was Paul's confidence, then?

His confidence was that the work in their hearts was a divine work. The Lord Himself had begun a good work in them. This is a vital matter. Everything turns upon the question, "Is this conversion a divine work or not?" The man is altered for the better; the woman is certainly improved; a work has been done; but is it God's work? or is it the work of the flesh? Ah, dear friends! a moral change may sometimes look so much like a spiritual change, that onlookers cannot detect the difference. The child of nature, finely dressed, is not the living child of divine grace; and how are we to tell the one from the other? "By their fruits ye shall know them." The apostle had found the Philippians true in their partnership in the Lord's work. They suffered for their Lord patiently, they defended the faith bravely, they spread it zealously, and their lives confirmed it; and so Paul said to himself, "This is the finger of God; the Lord Himself has begun this work. How happy we are when we can have this confidence of every member of the church."

Paul could see, in the next place, that it was a growing work, for the Lord was still performing it. The work of God is

Always a Growing Work.

If things do not grow they lack one of the chief marks of life. You put into the ground something which looks like a living plant, and after it has been there six months you find just the same, without a single bud or shoot. What do you say of it? Why, you conclude that it is an artificial production, devoid of life. We do not grow better, surely it is because we have no goodness wrought in us. If we do not grow in grace it must be because we have no grace. Paul saw God carrying on the work in the heart of the Philippians, so that they were from strength to strength; and about this I was confident.

He was also confident that God would perfect it. He says, "He will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Shall we be absolutely perfect until then? I think not. Perfection in the scriptural use of it is not at all what those men of it who boast of perfection in the flesh. O says, "We shall be perfect at death, shall we not?" It is not so written here; but, "He will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." We may be perfect in death, doubtless, as to the moral and spiritual nature; but a man has body as well as a soul, and it needs both parts to make the perfect man. He will be perfect to his whole manhood.

When The Lord Shall Come,

and the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. Paul desires lights to make the Christian leap over that lit rivulet called death, and swallow up the thought of dissolution in the far grander fact of the coming of the Lord. The second advent ought to be more on our minds than the hour of our death.

You have no idea of what a perfect man would be like. "Thou seest not that body that shall be like." God will give us such a body as it pleaseth Him, and to each one a body of his own. If you have never seen wheat growing, you would never

Imagine that the shrivelled grain of corn would reduce the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. Take an example still more striking; many very tiny seeds produce flowers which excel in beauty of form and color; could you have ever guessed that the insignificant seeds could have come to this? Even so, the body is sown in weakness, but it is raised in power. It is sown in corruption; raised in incorruption. The star of to-day will be the sun of to-morrow.

Furthermore, their long-continued character confirmed the apostle in his confidence; for he said, "Inasmuch as both in my bonds, and in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, ye are partakers of my grace." When he was bound, they were

Not Ashamed of His Chain.

When he was in prison the jailer washed his robes, and refreshed him at his table; and this proved an omen of loving liberality throughout life. When Paul was taken away to Rome, the Philippians took care that he should not be left helpless, but they sent out of their poverty to his assistance. He felt confidence in a people who could do this. Shame turns many of the weaker sort aside; but the faithful despise it. Besides, they were partners with Paul in the defence of the Gospel. If any Galatian teachers came their way, they gave them the cold shoulder; for they would not give up the grand old Gospel to please the wise men of the period. In this way, my brethren, have you also stood by your own minister in those protests against error which have cost him so dear. Your faithfulness gives me great confidence concerning you. The people who can bear the attacks made upon you, and the baits held out to you, can be relied upon under God. You are not ashamed of my bonds, for you are with me in the defence of the Gospel in this day of falsehood.

The Divine Worker.

III. My third point is this, that although Paul speaks concerning the excellence of the Philippians, he views them as a people for whom he gave all glory to the grace of God. He did not raise them, but the Lord who had saved them. Observe how he began, "I thank my God." In that was done he sees reason for gratitude to God. Brethren, if we win a single soul, let us humbly thank God for it. If, after years of labor, any one of you should bring but two or three children to Jesus, you will have reason to thank God to all eternity.

But Paul also, after he had thanked God, kept praying for what was still needed. "Always every prayer of mine for you all making request." See, dear brethren: at Philippi he has not only begun with God, but he goes on with God. He has much more to do, but he does not tempt to do it without his Lord. Oh, that all workers were of this mind! We deal with God a little. A person exclaimed, "Let us get up revival." The revivals which men can get up had better be left alone: we need to get revivals down. If we get a revival up, it must come from beneath; but if we get a revival down, it comes from above. Lord, revive us: we pray for it, and when it comes we will praise thee for it.

As to his confidence about the future of his converts, it was all in God. It was not confidence in them apart from the work of God in them. He says, God began it, and

God Will Carry it On.

It does not depend at all on the strength of their principles, nor the force of their resolutions, nor the excellence of their habits; but it relies upon God, who will perform what He has begun. Did not Paul begin it? No, no; or if he had begun it he would have to carry it on; and that could not be. Did not they begin themselves? Certainly not. It is with the manner as with the Romish Saint Denis. You have heard the old fable, that when he had his head cut off he picked it up and walked a thousand miles with it in his hand. A scoffer said that the thousand miles' walk was not at all remarkable; it was only the first step that had any difficulty in it. Just so; when a soul goes to heaven, if it takes the first step in its own strength, it can walk all the way; and then it

will have all the glory. God commences the good work, however faint and feeble the beginning may appear.

Beloved friends, I close when I say the apostle derives his confidence from a great principle. The great principle is, that what God begins He will perfect. For if He did not do so, where was the wisdom of beginning? Some men are always great at beginnings; but they have no stay in them: they change their minds. Does the Eternal God suffer change? Is it not said that He is "without variableness or shadow of turning"? Granted an immutable God, and we may be sure that grace will complete what grace begins. Nor can God forsake the work of His own hands from want of long-suffering. A man might begin to bless another, and that other might be so ungrateful that the benefactor grew impatient, and gave him up. Will God fail in grace? Assuredly not. "His mercy endureth for ever."

But, beloved, albeit that where God has begun a good work He will carry it on, this does not put prayer aside; for Paul prays for these very people. Neither does this lessen the necessity of a holy life; for Paul is only confident about saints who were hearty "in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel," and partakers of divine grace. He felt confident of the

Ultimate Perfection

of those converts only who had a divine work within them, and proved it by their fellowship in the furtherance of the Gospel. How can we profess that grace is in our hearts by divine implanting if we live in secret sin? How can we hope to persevere if we have not begun? If we do not join in the prayers and efforts of the church of God, how can we hope to partake in the reward at the coming of the Lord? The question as to whether God has begun saving work in us must be answered by our faith and our life; and if it be satisfactorily proved that He has begun it, we can depend upon Him to finish it. If, on the contrary, we have reason to fear that He has not begun it at all, we should not deceive ourselves, but take up our true position. We may still cry to Him as sinners, and look to Jesus as the Author of faith. This will be wise, and this will be successful; for Jesus says He will cast out none that come to Him. "This man receiveth sinners." I hope every unconverted person here this morning, who sees that salvation is God's work, will say to himself, "I will even look out of myself to Him who is able to begin the work in me. If He begins, carried on, and completes salvation, then my want of strength need not make me despair, for He is able, though I am not. He will work all my works in me, and I shall praise His name."

A BLIND CONVERT.

In last week's issue of this journal was a facsimile of the Lord's Prayer in the language of Laos, a district of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, containing over a million inhabitants, nearly all of whom are worshippers of Buddha. Mrs. Hugh Taylor, who, with her husband, is laboring among these benighted people, sends the following account of the solitary Christian in one large city: "Dr. McGilvray and his daughter were about to visit the Provinces of Praa and Nan, where missionary labor has not yet commenced, and my husband and I accompanied them as far as Nan. The morning of the fourth day we entered a dense jungle, where a native said: 'Why, yes, tigers are many through here.' In some places, vegetation was such a tangled mass that we could see it and nothing more except the elephant in front and the one behind and the sky above, while oftentimes even the sky was hidden. In the evening we emerged into the rice-fields, and at sunset pitched our tents just outside one of the gates of the city of Praa,—an old city with its high brick walls partly fallen and almost covered with vines and mosses. The next morning at services, a large audience was present, and for a heathen assembly, unusually quiet and attentive. In the evening, Noi Wonng was baptized. He is a young man whose home is in Praa, but who had been

under the treatment of Dr. Peoples for sore eyes. He did not come for treatment in time, so that the doctor could do nothing for him, and now he is totally blind. But while here, failing to receive physical healing, he learned of the true and only God, learned that he was a sinner, and Jesus came to save. How our hearts go out to that one in his blindness and loneliness; *the only Christian among thousands* who prostrate themselves before every image of Buddha. But we trust that he may be able to show many that his Saviour is their Saviour too, and ere long he will not be the only one in that large city to worship the living God."

A DYING CHIEF'S SONG.

AN exceedingly beautiful incident is related by a recently returned missionary from New Zealand. He says that an aged chief of that country lay dying. His friends were gathered about his bed. He had been converted in middle life, and had been remarkable for his earnest and consistent life. Suddenly, as he lay there, his friends watching him, he began to sing. But it was not a hymn such as they would have expected him to sing, if, in such a crisis, he sang at all. It was one of the songs he used to sing in his old days of heathenism. It told of a maiden who had a lover—a faithful lover. She had not seen him for years; he had gone off into the distant seas, and now she was determined to seek him and join him. He sang of her voyage, in words well-known to those who stood around him, but with a meaning far deeper than they had ever put on the words, for they saw that under the figure of the forlorn maiden, he meant his own soul going forth on its last, long voyage, and under the figure of the lover, he meant that blessed Saviour whom he hoped now to join in that unknown sea. He sang how the maiden in her frail canoe went down the dark river; how she dashed down the foaming rapids; how the steep rocks closed in on either side; how through the black pass the river opened into the wide sea; still she was not afraid, for she looked forward all the more to being with him whom she loved forever. So singing, and so transfiguring the old Pagan song with the light of the Gospel, the Christian chieftain passed away.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Parable of the Acorn.*

It is a bright warm day; over the intense blue of the summer sky lazy clouds are floating; the drowsy hum of insects and the occasional twitter of a bird are all that seems to break the stillness. In the quiet of the woods, with its cool refreshing shade, stands an oak tree, its lofty branches stretching heavenward. It is indeed worthy of the name "royal" bringing with it a sense of strength and inspiration. On one of its wind-swayed boughs a small silver acorn rests in its wood-brown cup. As the wind playfully lifts the parent stem and tosses it back and forth, the little acorn drops to the soft ground beneath. "Oh what shall I do?" it whispers to the great tree above. "I wanted to be of use in the world and when I was on your beautiful branch I was an ornament if nothing else; but here, pressed down to the earth, what can I do for the great God who made me?"

"Hush! Hush!" whispered the oak; "wait and see what the Lord can do for you. It may be long until a way of usefulness opens; but be patient, for nothing that He has made on the beautiful green earth, or in the tossing seas beyond, is useless in His sight."

The little acorn sighed, but lay patiently the summer through, just waiting for the longed-for day of usefulness to open. The snows of winter covered it with their soft mantle, and the sweet breath of spring, with its resurrection powers, swept over the place where it lay and gradually, like the touch of a hand upon it, the new life came, and the tiny acorn began to see why it had been taken from its native branch.

*From *Seed Thoughts* by Annie Darling, a dainty little volume for King's Daughters, full of encouragement, stimulating thoughts and practical suggestions for the formation of tens. Pp. 77; Price 25 cents. Published by D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Protestant Episcopal Missionaries in Brazil.

Years passed, and beside the parent oak stood a strong young tree. "Did I not tell you to be patient and wait, and the Lord would give you a work for Him and a place in His beautiful world?" the old oak asked. "Ah, yes, I see how much I can do for Him in these quiet woods, for under my branches will run the highway to the great city, and along it will come many a weary one, and many a sin-laden heart, and while they rest in my cool shade, I shall be honored by the King in being permitted to whisper a message for Him. Thank God for the tiny acorn; I did not know that the oak would follow."

It is in this very way that the Order of the King's daughters has grown since its early years. The life-giving power of prayer, like the soft breath of spring, has surrounded the tender plant and made it strong in faith, and thus the young oak has sprung up; the acorn is fulfilling its God-given mission, and is growing and expanding under the evident sanction and blessing of God, unto the great tree that shall cast forth its roots as Lebanon, and they that dwell under its shadow shall return.

A COMMAND OBEYED.

How few Christians have the courage to obey literally the Master's commands! One of the most difficult, and one that in the circumstances it was most exceptionally trying to obey, was actually put in practice with excellent results recently by a missionary on the Congo. Mr. Henry Richards, whom Mr. Stanley mentions in his new book, says that he was expounding the Gospel of Luke to the natives of Banza Nanteka and the language of the country being new to him, he gave some time to the preparation of each lesson. When he came to the passage, "Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again," (Luke 6:30), his conscience smote him. He had not himself acted on that command, and how could he teach it to the people? The natives were incorrigible thieves, and he thought if he read this to them, and obeyed it himself, he would have nothing left. He waited and prayed for guidance. He was convinced the Lord meant just what He said. At length he gave the words to the people, and told them not many Christians obeyed them, and he had not obeyed them himself, but he intended to do so for the future. Very soon a man came forward, and said: "I want that;" and another, and another, till he had given some of his most valuable possessions away. He began to think he would lose all, when the tide turned. One of

the natives who had looked on quietly, without taking part in the wholesale depredation, spoke out. It was time to stop, he said, the man must be protected. He spoke to one and another of his influential fellow-countrymen and then informed Mr. Richards that in future he would have no more applications. Any man who wanted something from him would pay for it. The assurance was realized. Mr. Richards still held himself ready to obey the command, but, as his friend had told him, no one came to beg or to steal. The incident powerfully helped his work among the people.

A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

THE deliverance through faith and prayer of a sufferer of many years, was described by Mrs. Willis, the thankful subject of the cure, at a recent meeting at Bethshan, as reported by Mrs. M. Baxter, in her magazine, *Thy Healer*. She said: "I was converted to God in 1876, at Ramsey. I was then suffering from spinal disease. I went to different hospitals; the last I went to was at Southampton. I was there some time and was then discharged as incurable. I went under several examinations and the doctors all pronounced me incurable. I knew the Lord had pardoned all my sins; I never lost the witness of that. There was not so much teaching then as there is now about trusting Christ for our bodies as we do for the salvation of our souls, so I concluded I should be a sufferer all my life. When the doctors said they could do no more, I went home and was much worse. My husband had to carry me up and down stairs. On one Sunday, I had a dear brother who was a local preacher with the Wesleys to tea with us, and then he and my husband went to chapel together. After they had gone, as I was sitting by the table, I drew the Bible near me and opened it at Luke 13, and read down the chapter until I came to these words: 'And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?' The Spirit of God applied those words to my heart, and showed me that I was a daughter of Abraham by faith in Jesus Christ. I knew that my sins were forgiven me, and that I was justified from all transgression, and lived in my first love. Then I said to myself: 'Don't you think the Lord Jesus is able to do now the same as in the days of His flesh?' I answered, 'Yes; I do believe.' And then: 'Do you believe the Lord Jesus is able to make your back straight?' I said, 'I do believe He is able;' and with that came the power, and the feeling that He had done it, and I said, 'Lord, I believe

thou hast done it,' and I got up and walked, and from that day to this I have never suffered from that disease—never.

When my husband came home from the chapel, he found me walking about the room, and, praise Him, up to this moment I have walked in that way, and the Lord has in many ways made me a blessing to others."

BRAZIL AND THE GOSPEL.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

OUR illustration presents two American Missionaries, a native Catechist and his family. In September last, Rev. J. W. Morris and Rev. L. L. Kinsolving, presbyters of the Protestant Episcopal Church, started to found missions of that Church in Brazil. The American Church Missionary Society, in sending them, decided that they should labor where no other Protestant missions had been placed.

Their reception by the Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries was most cordial, welcoming them to an immense field but sparsely occupied. They went at once to a mountain town, and lived among the people, studying their language and habits. In the short space of nine months they were able to preach in Portuguese; and selecting a Christian young man as their catechist, they sailed from Rio, eight days down the coast, to Rio Grande do Sul, the most southern State of Brazil. In the town of Porto Alegre they opened a chapel, in their own hired house as in Apostolic days. At once it was crowded. They say, "The best of all was the way these people listened to the strange story of the Royal Wedding Feast, and listened, most of them with tears in their eyes. It must have been the power of the Spirit in answer to our earnest prayers."

After the second service, which was crowded like the other, a gentleman offered his house, a mile distant, for services, and Boaventura, the catechist, accompanied them. He had a New Testament with him, and they say, "The people came up to examine it. They had never seen one; priced it, looked into it, read some of it, and were, withal, as curious about it as the Lhattan Indians once were over the compass of Captain John Smith."

They have found an earnest young man, Vicente Brande, who is trying to establish a school, and to preach the Gospel, on his own responsibility, without aid from any Christian. He is anxious to be guided by them, and to assist in their work.

The second illustration shows a street in Porto Alegre. It is a beautiful city of some 50,000 inhabitants, and is situated upon a magnificent bay, opening from the Atlantic, and a



A Street in Porto Alegre, Brazil.

ording room for extensive commerce. Its public buildings are very fine, and its people are refined and intelligent. They have great veneration for everything from our country.

Our missionaries say, A good, honest school is the great need here. Thousands of people dislike the Jesuit schools, and are anxious for an Evangelical school. An American school, by American teachers, would literally shake the town. By this time next year, send us at two earnest-hearted Christian women, who love children, love to teach, and above all, love the souls of men for Christ's sake—we could, through them, do a work in this growing town that would tell on the future of the whole new state and lay deep the foundations of a true church here."

Who will go as a clergyman or as a teacher?

The American Church Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bible House, New York, to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted for these pictures, has now two missionaries and two catechists in Porto Alegre and the surrounding country. When will the Church of Christ extend her hand to those who are seeking to grope their way out of darkness to the full light of the Gospel?

SLAVE GIRLS IN THE SOUDAN.

(See Illustration.)

THE accompanying picture is reproduced from a photograph which was taken at Cairo. It represents a group of slave girls whom the Arabs had bought or stolen in the Soudan and were carrying away to the markets, when the British forces in Egypt interfered and induced the Khedive to liberate. Whatever may be said of the motives which have led England to occupy Egypt and extend the sphere of her influence; whether or no the presence of British forces in Egypt can be justified, there can be no question as to the beneficent results that are flowing from the occupation. A determined stand is being made against the slave trade, and the Khedive is too sensible of the advantages he gains from the help of the British not to yield to the pressure they bring upon him to suppress the inhuman traffic.

It was the notorious Zebehr Pasha who brought the iniquitous business of slave-stealing and slave-selling in the Soudan to a perfect state of organization. The first heard of this inhuman brute was from the explorer Schweinfurth, who, in 1864, found him far up the Nile, living in a regal state. He was surrounded by a regular court, and had a small, well-disciplined army. Strongly fortified posts were garrisoned by his troops, forming a chain of forts across the Soudan. He had grown enormously rich by his traffic in slaves. His troops would raid a village, burn and pillage, kill all who resisted, manacle all who submitted, men, women and children, and drive them across the desert to be sold as slaves. Ismail had made him a pasha as a reward for distinguished service. This service consisted in Zebehr, who had a quarrel with the Sultan of Darfur, attacking that potentate, killing him, and adding his dominions to his territory of Egypt. His ambition was to be made the Governor of the Soudan, and it was his ambition that resulted in his downfall.

Zebehr went to Cairo to press his claims, taking with him a fund worth half a million dollars



A Group of Liberated Slaves in the Soudan.

to spend in bribes. English influence was against him and especially the influence of Gordon, who eventually was made Governor of the Soudan. Zebehr was detained in Cairo, and Gordon went down to fight the slave-dealers. He intercepted several caravans. In nine months he rescued over two thousand slaves from the clutches of Zebehr's people, some of them being children not more than three years old. Meanwhile, Zebehr, in Cairo, was intriguing against Gordon and the English, and supplying the Mahdi with information which he used to only too terrible a purpose. The slave raids still went on, and to this day they have not been suppressed, though much curtailed.

How appalling are the horrors of these slave raids in the villages and how terrible are the cruelties practiced upon the victims has been graphically shown by the exhibition of a series of sketches of slave life recently made in the Soudan. One of these represents a one-armed man. Mr. Johnson says that when the man was captured a shackle was put on his wrist and tightly welded there. The operation caused the iron to eat into the flesh and caused gangrene, and when he was liberated his arm had to be cut off to save his life. In Gen. Gordon's story of his life in the Soudan there are still more horrible stories of cruelty narrated. Many of the poor victims were medically treated by his orders and some lives were saved, but in a large number of cases the patients sank under the barbarities they had suffered in the long march from their native villages to the markets. A terrible famine is now prevailing in the Soudan, due, it is believed, to the attacks of the slave stealers, who, in their raids, burn the crops and villages. The natives knowing their liability to these raids have been discouraged from sowing and planting.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 510.)

THE Sunday described in the last chapter, was a momentous one in Howard Wescott's spiritual history. He stood face to face with Heritage in the street of Basserrine, with a strange, new feeling in his heart. "Ah!" he repeated, "that is the stipulation. We must come. Well, I suppose it is fair. I do not see why I should take any attitude but that of an humble learner. I have no particular mental gifts to be proud of, and, Her-

itage, I do want to learn."

"God will not withhold His Spirit from one who comes in that way," said Heritage. "Come into my library a little while, Wescott, and let us have a word of prayer together."

A half hour later, Howard walked from that room with a face that glowed. Not that he was a changed man, but that the way to the truth had been plainly opened, and he had resolved to pursue it. Some bitter trials still awaited him before the night of doubt would be fully dispelled, and they came from an unexpected source. However, before they are described, another incident must be inserted in its chronological order, as a prelude to the events that follow.

Before parting with him that day, Heritage had proposed that they go together to a four

o'clock service in the afternoon, at a certain church whose pastor had gained some local celebrity as a rationalist, one who apotheosized his own powers of reason, and had more confidence in his own inspiration than in that of the Biblical writers; and yet he scarcely had the moral courage to make a public avowal of his heterodox notions. He probably shrank from infidelity, while he could not suppress his doubts, and therefore attempted a theological compromise between unbelief and orthodoxy.

At the appointed hour the young men entered the church, and found a meagre congregation of ultra-fashionable people, some of whom paid little heed to the preacher's essay. A feeling of aversion took possession of Howard's mind as he listened, and it must have left its impress on his face, for on their way from the church, Heritage said:

"What did you think of the sermon, Wescott? You didn't look very pleased."

"Do you call that a sermon?" said Howard.

"Only with a grain of salt, and a good-sized one at that," laughed the other.

"Well, I should call it nothing but chatter," averred Howard, impatiently. "I dislike dogmatism as much as any one, but to hint at this, and make a thrust at that, and say nothing after all, is positively exasperating. That man doesn't himself know what he believes, or if he does, he hasn't the courage to declare it. I couldn't help the feeling that he is really an infidel at heart, but doesn't like to say so."

"You think he has adopted a kind of hybrid theology, do you?"

"I doubt whether he has adopted any theology at all. His idea of preaching consists in giving a little thrust at orthodoxy and then taking it back; and then giving a little thrust at infidelity and taking that back. I don't wonder he has small congregations; most people want something more positive, more masculine, more bracing than he gives them."

"But you know there are several such preachers in the country who attract large crowds," argued Heritage.

"But they have genius, and people regard them as curiosities, or admire them for their brilliant talents," contended the young thinker. "This man has no genius; he is an ordinary mortal who affects astuteness and eccentricity, and in that way spoils everything. His production was very different from Dr. Hamlyn's sermon this morning. The Doctor left no one in doubt as to his position, and I couldn't help

feeling thrilled by his earnestness, even if I didn't believe all he said."

"Yes, the Doctor is a grand man. I wanted to say several days ago, that I should like to have you go to him for advice. He can help you, I know. If I should be called out of town within the next few weeks—a dear friend of mine in the East is seriously ill—I hope you will remember that Dr. Hamlyn will be your friend, if you seek counsel of him."

Was there something prophetic in Heritage's words?

Afterward it seemed as if the provision for a possible separation had been prompted by a presentiment; but they parted easily and pleasantly as usual, and Wescott hurried to his home to take a hasty meal before going to hear Dr. Hamlyn's evening discourse.

"No man cometh to the Father but by Me," was the text that Dr. Hamlyn announced. The main thought of his sermon was, that the only way to know God with a positive assurance was to accept Christ, who came to reveal the Father to the world. Every man who truly accepts Christ knows, not only that God exists, but also that He is the Father of His people; in short, the God whose attributes are pictured in the Bible. The argument was enforced by apt illustrations drawn from history and experience.

"That was a wonderful, a powerful sermon," Howard said to Miss More, whom he joined at the church door and accompanied on her way home. "I never heard a sermon before that impressed me so deeply."

"Dr. Hamlyn always preaches well," was her rejoinder.

"I once thought," Howard went on, "that men who believed the Bible—I mean in the orthodox way—were narrow, unlearned, bigoted, and that a little more enlightenment would soon force them to revise their theology. But I declare, since I have made the acquaintance of Robert Heritage and Dr. Hamlyn, I've about come to the conclusion that I must have reckoned without my host. Both of them are cultured men, and not a bit narrow-sphered."

"I have often wondered how they can be so positive," said Miss More, in a voice that quavered a little.

Howard looked at her in surprise. "Do you mean," he said, "that you have doubts?"

"That is a home question, Mr. Wescott," she replied, with some hesitation. "Perhaps I ought not to answer. But I will be frank. I am constitutionally prone to scepticism. Doubt has been present in my mind ever since I can remember. Often while Dr. Hamlyn is preaching, I find myself trying to meet his arguments with counter-arguments of my own. I can't help it. I seldom speak of my doubts, for I do not love them, and would gladly exchange them for certainty, such as the minister spoke of to-night, if I could obtain it. My father was sceptical for many years. Doubt of revelation seems to be a part of my nature."

"Have you ever read anti-Christian literature?"

"Never!" she replied. "I have read the Bible a good deal, and have looked around me at the world with all its woe and anguish, and these doubts come without my bidding. I confess they make me unhappy. Mr. Wescott, I would give anything to be able to believe in the Bible as a revelation from God," and the tears gleamed in her eyes.

"How can you teach in the Sunday-school and sing in the choir under the circumstances?" It was a cruel question, and he could have bit his tongue the moment it was out.

The girl winced. "Do you think I am doing wrong?" she asked, presently.

"Forgive me the heartless question," he said, apologetically. "It was brutal to ask it."

"No; it was perfectly natural for you to think of it. My conscience has troubled me often on that point. I have frequently resolved to resign my position; but one thing has kept me from doing so. What would become of me if I did not come under Christian influences? if I could no longer sing those grand sacred

melodies? I believe I should rush headlong into infidelity, and I shrink from that, for I don't see how it would solve any of my difficulties."

"Besides, your womanly instincts revolt against becoming an avowed unbeliever," said Howard. "It seems natural to expect to find religion in a woman. My brother-in-law isn't much of a churchman, and sometimes laughs at religious professors; but I believe he is actually proud of the fact that my sister is a sincere Christian."

As he spoke a deep crimson suffused her cheeks, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Then he told her of his own doubts, explaining that he had at one time been outspoken in his unbelief, but that all his objections had simply rebounded against himself, without accomplishing any good for others. He also spoke of Heritage's influence upon him, and asked her to read his *Parted Lives*, which she promised to do. From his heart he pitied her, and could almost have wept when he thought of the doubts that lurked in her mind against her will. Surely, he thought, as he pursued his homeward walk, there ought to be some power able to exorcise those doubts. Then he wondered whether Heritage had not that day pointed out the shining way to relief. The thought brought his friendly mentor to his mind, and with it came the reflection that perhaps Heritage had hesitated to introduce him to Addie More, because he knew something of her unsettled state of mind. Or might he have had another reason? No; Howard would not harbor the thought of a possible rivalry with his friend, who had given no sign of an attachment to Addie More. Still the thought troubled him, fight it as he would, and so, on the following Friday, he paid Heritage a visit at his room.

"I have been talking with Miss More," he said, "You remember you were kind enough to introduce me to her."

"Yes," said Heritage, "I have wondered since whether I was doing either of you a service. There is a little more congeniality between you than may be good for either. Excuse my taking the tone of a mentor, but you have seemed inclined to place me in that position, and one naturally takes advantage of it."

"I wish you to do so, if you will, Heritage," Wescott answered. "I need counsel and I believe you are precisely the kind of man who is able to advise me wisely."

"Thank you for the compliment, Wescott, I do not know whether you are right, but as you give me the opportunity I shall use it to the best of my ability and all my efforts will be to lead you to Him, who if any man lack wisdom will give it to him liberally and upbraid not. But about Miss More: My idea of a beneficial acquaintance with a lady is that the lady shall not be exactly of the same cast of mind as the man. She should be able to lead him in some measure. If she travels mentally in the same direction she increases the momentum which is not always well for him. I would rearrange many associations if I had the power. I have my ideal of a perfect unit composed of the male and female elements. Two unworldly romantic natures coming together lack the practical and do not make a good working unit in this practical world. On the other hand two commonplace practical natures coming together are apt to make life sordid, low and unbeautiful. I would have the feminine capable of supplying the elements the masculine lacks, whatever they may be. So both are benefitted by the association and each gets from the other new light on every subject and so both get an all-round nature. Now to come from the abstract to the concrete. Miss More has doubts of her own and if you introduce her to your doubts and she you to her's, you will between you pile up a considerable mountain which neither of you may be able to scale. Now if you or she were strong in the faith I think you might help each other. Of course I am speaking now of the mental constitution in a transition state. I would never recommend an avowed Christian becoming familiar with an avowed infidel. The

thing would be horrible and would involve endless disputings, but in your state I think the acquaintance of a real earnest Christian girl would be more salutary than one with Miss More. I should not have introduced you had I not foreseen that you would have obtained an introduction easily from some one else if I had declined."

"Oh, do not worry about your share of the responsibility," said Wescott, "I do not think that Miss More will add to my doubts. She suffers too much with them herself to wish to impart them to anyone else. She would gladly have them removed. Still, I understand your principle, and there seems wisdom in it. I suppose, however, that it is congeniality that attracts every man to a woman."

"Well, I have delivered my soul," said Heritage, with a sigh. "Having put you on your guard, I am free to say that I have a high esteem for Miss More, and wish most heartily that we may yet have you both with us on the right side in this conflict between Christianity and unbelief."

Wescott replied: "I say amen to that most earnestly." He rose to say good-by to his kindly mentor as he spoke. As they stood with clasped hands Heritage said:

"I am going over to Moxon to-morrow, to attend the Teachers' Institute. I shall not see you for a few days. I have spoken of you to Dr. Hamlyn, and you will have a warm welcome from him should you like to consult him while I am away. He may help you better than I. I would advise you to see him."

Heritage stood at his door watching the handsome young fellow as he strode away, and offered a silent prayer that he might be led to lay all his doubts at the feet of Christ. Then he turned into his room to complete his preparations for his journey.

The next morning as he was on his way to take the train, the letter-carrier put an envelope into his hands, the address on which was in Metta Chapman's handwriting. He could not read it then, but seated in the carriage he opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Heritage: I have allowed so many days to pass before keeping my promise to write you, because I have been troubled about a matter which necessarily affects my decision. It is a delicate matter, and to ask you about it seems like inquisitiveness; yet it is better to seem inquisitive though I am not that, than to leave in doubt a matter which must weigh with me in deciding my answer. You remember that in our last interview I referred to that meeting between yourself, and a lady when we first became acquainted. I did so with a purpose, hoping you would explain it. The fact is that an account of your relations with that lady reached my ears reflecting seriously upon you. I could not believe that account, but I do not know how much truth there may be in it. I think I am justified in asking for an explanation from you. I must leave it for you to decide whether you will give it; but I cannot give you the answer you wish until the unpleasant impression the incident made on my mind is removed. I am sure whether you approve my request or not, you will admit that it is best to be frank in so serious a matter. Your friend METTA CHAPMAN."

Perhaps Heritage did not acquit himself so well as usual in his address at the Institute that day. His hearers said that he seemed distraught, and as if some trouble preyed on his mind. His thoughts seemed mixed and even his grammar was a little hazy. He was not doing himself justice, and like a wise man he shortened his address and sat down with a sigh of relief.

(To be Continued.)

"The Christian Herald" Binder. — Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

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leads.
their rebellion oft provokes the Lord
ite.
records the faith of one well pleasing in
ight.
Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read.
In First and Second Kings revolted
his seed.
and Second Chronicles see Judah cap-
ade,
ads a remnant back by princely Cyrus'
ills of Zion Nehemiah builds again.
er saves her people from plot of wicked
read how faith will live beneath afflic-
rod,
s Psalms are precious songs to every
of God.
bs like a goodly string of choicest
appear.
teaches man how vain all things are
Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's
t, the Saviour and the King, the rapt
shows.
Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns;
Lamentations then their awful down-
turns.
In wondrous words of dazzling mys-
and empires yet to come Daniel in
and of mercy Hosea love to tell;
as the blessed days when God with
all dwell.
s herdsman Amos received his call;
sh prophecies of Edom's final fall.
nes a wondrous type of Christ, our
ord.
ances Judah lost—lost, but again re-
res on Nineveh just judgment shall
ped.
of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's
give:
phiah warns the Jews to turn, repent
to those who saw the Temple built
a prophesied of Christ's triumphant
he last who touched the high pro-
dord;
sublimely show the coming of the
Mark, and Luke and John the Holy
wrote.
up, the Saviour died—His life, and
He ught.
ow God the Apostles owned with
very place.
mans teaches us how man is saved
n Corinthians, instructs, exhorts,
rs that faith in Christ alone the
lives.
Philippians tell what Christians
live to God and for eternity.
ns we are taught the Lord will
in heaven.
Titus a bishop's rule is given.
as a Christian's love, which only
know.
is the gospel prefigured by the law.
without holiness faith is but vain
da.
is the narrow way in which the
led.
epistles on love delights to dwell.
wful warning of judgment, wrath
he
prophecies of that tremendous day
ad Christ alone—shall be the trem-
it's stay.

PRAYER IN A CRISIS.

THE man of strong faith finds the promise fulfilled continually: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." An instance of this fact is quoted by Dr. R. T. Pearson, formerly of Philadelphia, from the history of mission work in Turkey. He says: "In Turkey, in 1839, the Sultan Mahmoud said, 'There shall not remain in the empire a representative of the Christian religion.' Dr. Hamlin came into the house to Dr. Goodall, and said, 'Doctor, it is all over with us—we have to leave; the American Consul and the British Ambassador both say that it is no use to meet with anta- gonism this violent and vindictive mon- arch.' Dr. Goodall, sitting in his chair, moved to and fro with undisturbed serenity. Dr. Hamlin said, 'Well, you do not seem to give yourself much anxiety.' That de- vout and godly man looked up to heaven and said, 'Dr. Hamlin, One higher than the Sultan, in answer to prayer, can change that decree.' And they gave themselves to prayer, and the next day the Sultan Mah- moud died, and the decree has never since been mentioned, and is only a matter of history. There the ruler conspired against the King of Zion to defeat the plan of evangelising His empire and to expel His missionaries; and the King Eternal stretch- ed forth His rod of iron and instantly 'dashed him in pieces like a potter's vessel.' "In Siam, in 1851, there was a still more striking illustration of the fact that God in- terposes for His servants, in answer to be- lieving prayer. The king would not even allow the missionaries to get premises in which to live, or ground upon which to build, and would scarcely suffer them to obtain a lodging. They began to despair and were only waiting for a vessel to bear them away from the harbor of Bangkok, be- lieving that their work was all in vain; but meanwhile they called upon Almighty God to interpose, and again the King of Zion stretched forth His rod and smote that mon- arch, and broke him in pieces, 'like a potter's vessel.' And when his corpse was borne to burial, the question came up, 'Who is to be his successor?' and again they besought God to interpose. The king that was selected was the only man in the empire that had ever been trained by a Christian missionary. He was not himself a Christian, but in studying language and philosophy and history and political econ- omy with the missionaries, he had imbibed tolerant and catholic impulses, and he in- augurated in the Empire of Siam the most progressive and the most liberal policy in all Asia, and his successor, Chulalongkorn, is to-day the most enlightened sovereign on that continent. He and his wife are nursing father and nursing mother of Christian mis- sions. Only two years ago they made munificent presents to our American mis- sionaries to enlarge the borders of their hospital and dispensary work."

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Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick head-ache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depres- sion, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dys- pepsia. Read the following:

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Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you. "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your gro- cer sends you something in place of Pearlline, do the honest thing—send it back.

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THE PURE IN HEART.

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Matt. 5: 8.

Oh precious words! Oh promise sweet!
Oh standard lifted high,
For souls who fain would follow Christ,
To perfect purity.

They shall see God! Yea, day by day,
He walks in converse sweet
With such as these, and thus they grow
In His dear love complete.

They shall see God! O Holy One,
I rest in Thee secure,
For all my heart to Thee is given,
And Thou canst keep it pure.

Come Thou, and dwell Thy very self,
Within my inmost heart;
For pure life's streams shall flow, if pure
The fount from which they start.

Make heart and life one spotless page,
O'er which Thine hand may move,
And write in lines indelible,
Thy purity and love.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York,
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A MISSIONARY IN A BLIZZARD.

DURING a journey two years ago in the neighborhood of Lake Winnipeg the famous Canadian missionary, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, was caught in a blizzard. He says that he had with him only an Indian lad fifteen years old. They had two teams of dogs and but little food. For a while they battled on, hoping to make the shore, but ere long they were compelled to stop and confess themselves beaten. The blinding storm prevented them from seeing but a few feet ahead, and they feared lest they had wandered far out into the lake. A consultation was held, and a meal, the best that could be got, was made from frozen pemmican. A dog called Jack came close to his master's side, and shared his master's food. Soon a plan presented itself to Mr. Young: putting his arm around Jack's neck, he spoke to the intelligent creature—"Jack, my noble dog, do you know if it is very doubtful if we shall ever see the red light from the windows of our home again—doubtful if you will ever be on the grey wolf-skin before the study fire, while the youngsters roll over you in sport? I fear the snow will be our winding-sheet. I am going to trust myself to you, Jack; do the best you can for me." He then wrapped up Alec, the Indian boy, and lashed him securely to his sled, bidding him keep awake or he would be frozen to death. Arranging the dog train of his sled in order, he fastened its leader by a rope to the rear of his own, and, wrapping himself as best he could, shouted to the dogs, "Marche." The leader of the train was a magnificent white dog. He turned his head waiting for the word, "right" or "left." But Jack was tugging at his collar as if impatient to be off, so crying, "Go on, Jack, whichever way you like, I know nothing about it," off they started. It was then midday. On they went for hours. Ever and again Mr. Young would cry to Alec, "Don't go to sleep, or you will never wake till the judgment day," and Alec would answer back. The cold was intense. Still on, till night fell. Still forward, hour after hour, until three hours after dark the dogs broke into a gallop. Suddenly there was a shock. They had reached a great bank of ice and snow, made by the natives as they cut the ice to get water for their village. Soon the glad sounds were heard of the barking

of Esquimaux dogs, and the dull red light from the wigwams told they had reached an Indian village. Out poured the men, wondering who could have arrived in such a storm. With care they lifted the helpless travellers off the sleds, carried them to the fire in the wigwam, and rejoiced with them at their wonderful escape. For seven and a half hours the faithful dogs had drawn them, a distance of over sixty miles.

A DESERTER'S EXCUSE.

ONE of the officers in high command in the British navy, who is an earnest Christian, relates the following incident which occurred recently: "A boy employed in one of my best ships ran away. We were rather surprised, as he had been a general favorite with all on board, and the captain was very fond of him. I resolved to endeavor to get him back, so sent for him. When he stood in my office before me, naming him I said, 'Whatever is the matter? Why did you run away from your ship?' But he kept an obstinate silence. 'Answer me, boy, what was wrong that you ran away?' Still no reply. 'Was not your food good?' 'Yes.' 'Were you too hard wrought?' 'Oh, no, sir.' 'Did you like your captain?' 'Yes.' 'Do you like the sea?' 'Yes, very much.' And it was not until after a great deal of pressing and many blushes that he at length told me that during a great storm which they had lately encountered, the captain had lost his temper, and sworn at the men, fearfully, and he could not bear to stay in a ship with a swearing captain. After dismissing the boy I sent for the captain, and asked, 'What kind of boy was that who ran away lately?' 'He was a first-rate boy, I am sorry I have lost him.' 'Well, do you know why he ran away?' 'No, I do not. I should like to get him back.' 'I had him up here,' I said, 'and after a great deal of pressing he told me that whenever a storm or any other emergency arose you were in the habit of swearing and taking the name of the Lord in vain, and he could not stand it.' 'Just like him,' murmured the captain, much moved by what I had told him. 'Noble boy! God helping me, I will never again swear or take that Holy Name in vain,' and as he said these words he brushed a tear from his eyes. He is now following humbly in the footsteps of his Lord."

A REVIVAL IN INDIA.

A LADY missionary at Balasore, Orissa, India, writing under date of June last, says: "We are having some old-fashioned Methodist meetings, singing, praying, confessing sins. We have two native brethren here conducting the services, and they are holding meetings all day, and nearly all night. These men are getting worn out. Even boys belonging to the orphanage, ask for the prayers of the congregation, hardly any of them have dry eyes, they cry and cry again, their feelings are so strong; I one youth had to leave the chapel to give vent to his sobs outside. These dear boys form themselves into a body and go singing along the road, not content with this, they go to the houses to fetch the people to the services. Whilst we were at dinner these lads came and begged permission for all our servants to accompany them to the chapel; this we gladly acceded to, for their benefit. All our servants are Christians. Of course, just now, there is a great deal of emotion, but it is certain great good has been done."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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FARMING A GOSPEL TYPE.

Reminiscences of Farm Life.—Farmers Needing Sympathy not Flattery.—Scriptural Allusions to Farming.—Ancient Farming.—Analogy of Husbandry with Religion.—The Soul Needs the Plough.—A Farmer's Incentive to his Son.—Deep Plowing Necessary.—Crooked Furrows.—The Time for Sowing.—Right Seed Essential.—Men Who Sow Nettles.—The Work of the Harrow.—The Time of Reaping.—How Souls are Threshed.—The Hard Pull at the Last.

"Elisha the son of Shaphat who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." 1. Kings 19: 19.



FARMERS of America! Accept my salutation. Our text puts us down into the plough's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm, and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me. One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvestfield exhausted, the perspiration

streaming from his forehead and chin, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household, he said, "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired, and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat!" The fact is, that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the grave-yard back of Somerville, to take the last sleep.

Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? of the Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army-worm? of the potato-bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot-rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy-farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get

Their Living Out of the Soil,

and who that way have to clothe and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' Encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculturists. Yes, we were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount, you see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the Husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing

about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten-acre lot, for in my text you find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few, that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession.

Ancient Farming.

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plough turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says; "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of



ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord; "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the winepress, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine-vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

The Sinews of the Nation.

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plough. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields there must be a plough. That which theo-

logians call conviction is only the ploughshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of a loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, the man will never yield harvest of usefulness.



When I was a boy plowed a field with a team of spirited horses, plowed it very quick.

Once in a while I passed over some of the soil without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plough with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; it isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep. And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop

Enough to Kill the Soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it that David the jailer and the publican and Paul made so much ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The ploughshare struck the Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the arm of a monster long ago buried, so ploughshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megaterium.

But what means all this crooked plow these crooked furrows, the repentance amounts to nothing, the repentance ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but are not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a flag at the other end of the field. We kept eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece

cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of the heart of the Son of God who bore your and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give nance." Oh, plow up to the cross! I remark, in grace as in the field there be a sowing. In the autumnal weather find the farmer going across the field at a of about twenty-three inches, and at every e he puts his hand into the sack of grain he sprinkles the seed-corn over the field. It is silly to a man who does not know what he ing. He is doing a very important work. scattering the winter grain, and though now may come, the next year there will be at crop. Now, that is what we are doing

we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the richness of preaching, it is the winter grain; though the snow of illness may come upon it, it will yield a while glorious rest. Let us be we sow the right kind of seed. Sow on stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Canada thistles and Canada thistles will up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. distinguish between truth and error. Let now the difference between wheat and helleboats and henbane.

The largest denomination is this country is denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the verance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." Their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe nothing and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad

The Right Kind of Seed.
A minister in New York preached a sermon intended to set the denominations of Christian preaching. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental organized forces to untranscendental and organized forces. What was he sowing? Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago sowed the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang from one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after awhile. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sabbath school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. It comes up with compound interest—you sow one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand a hundred thousand, the ten thousand a hundred thousand—on, on forever.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare ground for the seed, but a harrow which comes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seeds, sinking it down into the soil so that it can take root. There are new harrows of harrow, but the harrow as I remember made of bars of wood nailed across each other and the underside of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were harnessed to it, it went tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth and sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement and persecution are

The Lord's Harrows
The Gospel truth into your heart. There are truths that you heard thirty years ago, that were not affected by you until recently. Some trouble came over you, and the truth was revealed in, and it has come up. What did



God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall Street and up Wall Street, down Third Street and up Third Street, down State Street and up State Street until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no!

Now is the Time to Reap.
Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is

A Stroke of the Flail,
and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail-trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for

The Victory.
the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy; the son of one of my elders, "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry

W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last words were beautifully poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away."

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack, which surmounted the wagon, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the



horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their back, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn, it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a

great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load: then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. O my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

A BUSINESS MAN'S OPINION.

IN the common room of a hotel in Sydney, Australia, two merchants were talking recently. They were well-known Jews of large wealth and business experience. Near them sat a Christian traveller writing. Fragments of the conversation of the others reached his ears, as they were speaking distinctly and the room was quiet. He says that they were discussing business opportunities and the most promising foreign spheres to open up. One of them, who was German by birth, urged Madagascar, saying that he had once lived there and knew the island well. He spoke in glowing terms of the advancing civilization of the people and the condition they were attaining. Their probity, their intelligence and enterprise, were all the subjects of encomium. The other merchant asked him how he accounted for the remarkable change in the people. "I attribute it," he said, "to the missionaries. Wherever the missionaries go they always have the sense to give the people the Bible; the Madagascar people have had it long, and you may depend upon it that, whatever you or I may choose to think about the Bible, there is no book in the world like it for lifting up a nation. I have seen it myself in that island, and seen it for myself elsewhere."

SOUL-WINNING BY THE SEA.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

Rev. C. H. Yatman and the Evangelistic Movement at Ocean Grove—A Life Devoted to Christ—His Great Work in Spreading the Gospel by Novel Methods—The "Soul-Winners' League on Wheels"—Rearing a Temple to Truth on the Site of Ingersoll's Old Home—Personal Workers.

PUSH, piety, and power, are the three marked characteristics of the Rev. C. H. Yatman, the evangelist, whose portrait appears in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, and whose wonderful work in disseminating the Gospel of Grace has made him widely known among evangelists throughout the Christian world. This summer, as in former years, he has been an indefatigable worker at Ocean Grove, where his eloquence, and his absolute dependence on the presence and power of the Holy Spirit are attracting large and earnest audiences.

Charles Henry Yatman was born in the little hamlet of Fredon, N. J., in 1853. His parents, full of piety, and strict members of the Presbyterian Church, brought him up in their own faith. He inherits largely the characteristics of his mother, who was the daughter of Judge Hunt, a man of culture as well as physical strength. In his early days, he paid his own school bills by making the fires in the school house during the winter season, and laid by hard work the foundation for that rugged physical health which he now enjoys. In 1865 his family moved to Newark, N. J., where he was sent to school. In due time he entered the High School, but soon left this for a clerkship in a stationery and printing establishment. He went in here for \$3.00 per week, and in nine years rose to be the head clerk. During his connection with this house, in 1875, through the influence of Mr. Plum, young Yatman became a Christian. It was during a very busy day in the office when his employer asked him the mighty question,

Will You be a Christian?

"I will." Thus was converted this prodigal boy, for whom a mother had long prayed. Immediately he did what he believed to be a necessary part of the important step he had taken,—to publicly confess Christ. He says "it was months after this when the light broke in." Without doubt this experience has helped him to understand what in later years he so successfully explains for the comfort of others,—the difference between conversion and assurance. He united with the Central Methodist Church at Newark, N. J., and immediately went to work. Soon after this his business relations changed, and he was called to the ministry. He sorely felt his want of fitness for the great work. This call to preach came when he was twenty-seven years of age, married, with three children, with only a common school education heavily in debt, and no wealthy friends to assist. How could he ever reach the place where a clergyman was expected to stand? It was just here that he adopted what he happily calls the "win or die" principle. He tells his own story about securing an education: "Many a day I rose at three or four o'clock in the morning and walked five or ten miles, studying as I went, for my habits of life precluded work as a student. Many a slip I made in talking, but I kept on; many a blunder I made in doing personal work, but I gave not up; many a clean, flat failure I made in preaching, but, I longed for another opportunity, and if it did not come, I made one. Time and time again have I been so vexed at my own efforts that

"I Cried for Shame."

but I would not let this hinder me. I cared not then—do not care now. I desire but one thing in this world, to know how to win men to the Lord Jesus. I am going to keep at it until I know how it is done or die in the learning." These same disadvantages proved in later years, to be advantages, under the guiding grace of God. The element of character to which is due all culture that is worth the getting, comes better out of hardship than ease. Mr Yatman's acquaintance with men, his adaptability to their

needs, his knowledge of their difficulties, his directness of method, his self-command and power to govern others, his large sympathy with them are born of his work.

He was admitted to the Newark conference in 1881, and stationed in the Houston Street Mission, Newark, N. J., which subsequently under his care, became the Dashiell Memorial Church. From here he was urged to the wider work of the secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. There could hardly have been a more discouraging task, for he had to build upon the ruins of a work where strong men had failed; but it was the place for which God had raised him up. His success was phenomenal. In less than six years, he secured over \$100,000 for that work, and left them with two well equipped buildings and a small endowment.

From this field Mr. Yatman entered the yet wider one of the evangelist where his work has four sides clearly marked—Soul-Winning Work; Summer Work at Ocean Grove; Money Raising Work and Literary Work. To this ought to be added another—his Missionary enterprises. His great ambition, which swallows up every other thought and purpose, is soul-winning. His success has been remarkable in cities like Wilkes-barre, Pa.; Youngstown and Lima, O.; Charleston and Atlanta in the south, and scores of others, where under God's blessing

Multitudes Have Been Shaken

and thousands brought to Christ. Among these converts, now hard at work for the cause of the Gospel, are lawyers, doctors, merchants, professors, noted infidels and pugilists. In his meetings at Peoria, Ill., among the converts were represented nine different nationalities.

It was in this town, by the by, where Mr. Yatman's meetings had such great power that at the closing service held in the Opera House over \$20,000 was raised for the Young Men's Christian Association. With this fund they are now erecting a \$125,000 building for the young men in that city on the very lot where the noted infidel, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, used to live, and where it is said he wrote some of his lectures.

It is a beautiful structure, 72 x 171 feet, and five stories high, besides a high basement. It contains more than one hundred rooms. One corner of the building has a tower which rises about forty feet higher than the main building, and affords a splendid view of the city of Peoria. The front of the building is of red sandstone and pressed brick; the basement is devoted to bath-rooms, swimming pool, etc., and the rear half of the first and second stories is used for a gymnasium. Above these rooms, occupying the third and fourth stories, is the auditorium with a seating capacity of about seven hundred. The building when finished next winter, will be one of the greatest boons Peoria has ever known, and will stand a temple to the Truth above

The Ruins of Infidelity.

The officers are: O. J. Bailey, President; C. A. Jamison, Vice-President; C. W. Johnson, Recording Secretary; F. E. Avery, Treasurer.

For eight years Mr. Yatman has been conducting summer meetings at Ocean Grove. A history of this wonderful Gospel resort, its leading evangelists, its phenomenal development, and the great religious movement it represents, was recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Four times the building in which Mr. Yatman held his services has had to be enlarged, and the present one, though holding two thousand people, is entirely too small for the crowds. He not only conducts the Young People's meeting daily, but on Sunday a business men's meeting, and twilight services in August, and for the past three years has had a training class for workers which numbered 1,500. Here he meets yearly over 50,000 people. Incidental to this work has been the securing of money for various benevolent enterprises and Christian work. He can count up about half a million dollars raised during his career. His plans for work of this nature cannot be imitated. They are

never of a questionable character and seem to delight the giver even more than the getter.

Mr. Yatman's style of oratory is entreatingly familiar, and affectionate; he

Captures the Hearts of the Young People and succeeds in winning their confidence and love. At his meetings cards are passed around containing pledges to abstain from questionable habits and amusements; to turn from sin to God, trust Jesus and confess Him before men, and to devote twenty-five minutes daily to meditation and prayer. These are signed by hundreds. At the great meeting in progress at Ocean Grove, when the picture on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was photographed specially for this issue, there were twenty-eight souls, who under the eloquent pleadings of Mr. Yatman were drawn to the foot of the Cross, and found peace in conversion before the service closed. This is a familiar experience.

He is fond of illustrating his discourses with frequent anecdotes, and never tires of discussing missionary work for which he has the strongest predilection. By dint of hard work he has been the means of equipping twenty-five evangelists in Japan, China and India. Henry Nehne, a native white missionary on the southwestern coast of Africa, is his special protégé. But all this does not satisfy the tireless and energetic evangelist who believes that he is bound personally to enter the mission field. His unique scheme for spreading the Gospel is devised by Mr. Yatman, which he calls, Training College for

Soul-Winners on Wheels."

It is nothing more nor less than a train Pullman cars which will serve as college hall, library and dining-room. Each section contains its men, and to the fifty selected students whom he proposes to take with him in his evangelistic tour he will teach the English Bible in the morning, and in the afternoon how to practically conduct meetings and win souls for Christ.

The League of Personal Workers pledge soul-winning has a membership that girds the globe, and has already been instrumental in the Divine blessing in receiving pledges from over 260,000 souls who have come in to work for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

OCEAN GROVE BIBLE CONFERENCE.

THE fourth annual Bible conference under the leadership of Dr. L. W. Munhall has just closed its sessions. The audiences were as large as on previous occasions, while a greater variety of teachers and preachers shared in the exercises.

Several of the widely known Bible Expositors who have been identified with the original institution of this kind, now known as the Niagara Bible Conference, were present at Ocean Grove. These were Drs. Brookes of St. Louis and of St. Paul, Revs. W. J. Erdman of Ashland and Geo. C. Needham of Manchester, Mass. Ocean Grove was also honored by the presence of Gordon and Brodbeck, of Boston, and E. Thoburn, of India. The subjects presented in special relation to the Person and Ministry of the Spirit, the Priesthood and Kingship of Christ, the verbal inspiration and infallibility of Scriptures, besides the presentation of Evangelistic and Missionary work. Rev. Geo. C. Needham gave three special expository lectures on the Jewish Tabernacle, which he illustrated with a new and beautiful model. These lectures were calculated to do vast good in showing the harmony of teaching between the Old and New Testament Scriptures.

The ability with which all the expositions and addresses were given by the various speakers surprised the vast congregations who have accustomed to eloquent sermons, rather than to Biblical teaching. It was also a very interesting fact to the visiting teachers that the presentation of our Lord's second personal coming, as imminent, was received so enthusiastically and joyfully. But it is ever so, when Blessed Hope is clearly and lovingly presented. The saints everywhere love to hear of the Lord's future glory, and lovingly pray, "Thy will be done, Lord Jesus."

Munhall may indeed be congratulated. He has been directed to inaugurate this important conference, and also that he has been to bring it to such successful issue.

THE UTAH M. E. UNIVERSITY.

(See Illustration.)

establishment of a Methodist University

very heart of the Mormon influence and population an event that calls for more than passing attention among Christian workers. In the present month, the corner stone of the first University in Ogden was laid with appropriate ceremonies, Bishop John Hoyt of the M. E. Church presiding, the principal address being made by

Among the well-known speakers present and taking an active part in the dedication of this great work were President Samuel J. May, the noted evangelist, and to be the principal of the University, Governor James B. Hays and a number of prominent clergymen. The large money endowment of the University are large and will be quite sufficient to cover the cost of construction, which will be about half a million dollars. It is proposed to push forward the work of building as rapidly as possible. The architect's plans include provision for a main hall, men's studies' hall, library, laboratory, gymnasium, observatory and residences of faculty. The location selected is one of the finest in

Utah and contrasts favorably with that of the University of California, which, although a splendid building with a large and expensive corps of professors, is managed in a lukewarm manner and has prevented it from becoming, as its founders had hoped, a great influence for the propagation of Mormon principles. In able hands under God's blessing, the new University will prove a boon not only to the younger generation of Mormons, but to the entire country by bringing Christianity into a region where it has been largely obscured by fanaticism.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A lady has been Killed by a Spider at Danbury, Conn. One day during July, last, the wife of a wealthy citizen living in the suburbs of that town was in her flower-garden when she took great pride. She stooped to weed from the root of a handsome dahlia, when a large spider dropped upon her bare shoulder. She brushed it off roughly with a shuddering gasp as she did so she experienced a stinging sensation in the flesh where the spider had bitten. The pain soon passed, and she thought little of it at the time. A day or two later, however, the arm began to swell and throb and poultices were applied but they did not relieve the pain. Then the family physician was called in, and he at once pronounced it a case of blood poisoning. He tried all the remedies known to medical science but without success. The pain increased as the poisoned blood circulated through the body, and on Aug. 5th she died in an excruciating agony. It was an insignificant cause for so terrible a result; but in the physical and spiritual world there are cases of more disastrous results coming from apparently slight causes. One prolific source of mischief is, by a curious coincidence, connected with the spider, which belongs to the genus that naturalists call *Arachnis*. The Greeks called the enchantresses who lured men to their destruction *Arachnides*, and their descendants are in all our cities. The wise king urged men

to beware of them for, "she hath cast down many wounded: yea many strong men have been slain by her." (Prov. 7: 26.)

A Wedding Ring With a History was Used at a marriage in Boston, Mass., on August 14. The bridegroom was a Southerner who had served with distinction in the Confederate army in the

as they tell him of another family record—that of God's children in the Book of Life, and how he may have his name among them. (Rev. 21: 27.)

A Shrewd Attempt to Evade the Law is Being made by a citizen of New Jersey. He owns a two story wooden shanty, in Jersey City, and he wants to erect a four story frame house in its

place. But an ordinance has been enacted, prohibiting the erection of any more frame houses in that part of the city. Owners are, however, allowed to repair existing structures, providing no work is done above the roof. The owner of this shanty has availed himself of this clause in the ordinance. He has raised the wretched structure by jackscrews, thirty feet above the street, and is building the new house underneath it. The owner contends that as he has not builded above the roof, he has not broken the law. There are many men, who are trying an analogous expedient as to their character. They are retaining as much of their old nature and way of life as will keep them right with the world, while adding to it as much of the Christian profession as will give them a standing in the church. The composite structure lacks homogeneity, but it often stands the tests of this world. In the next world, however, it must fail; for "except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." (John 3: 3.)



Ogden M. E. University, Utah.

war. Afterwards he turned his attention to mining, working chiefly in the Black Hills. He did not go to a jeweller's and buy the wedding ring in the conventional way, but took some of the gold, which he had himself mined in the quartz, and panned with his own hands and which had been smelted under his own eyes, and he had it made into the heavy gold band which on Thursday he placed on his bride's finger. There was a dash of romance in this arrangement which the bride is the right kind of lady to appreciate. The symbol will, as she looks at it, remind her, not only of her union with her husband, but of his exertions, which rendered the union possible. It is so with the Church, the bride of Christ. The emblems used in the ceremony in which she celebrates her union with Him are those that remind her of the cost at which that union was purchased. (Luke 22: 19.)

A Long Search for a Treasured Bible has been prosecuted by a gentleman named Lucas, of Society Hill, S. C. During the war he fell into the hands of the Northern Army, and lost all his personal property. Among his treasures was a pocket Bible which he carried around with him. It had a silver clasp, on which his name was engraved, and the inscription, "Given him by James Ray, 1815." It had therefore been in his possession fifty years when he lost it. He has searched at Washington among the relics of the war, and has made inquiries after the book in other places, but has failed to find it. He is now eighty-six years old, and is still searching for it, hoping that he may recover it before he dies. On the fly-leaf between the Old and New Testaments is written the family record of births, marriages and deaths, and it is on that account chiefly, that he values the book. Though that leaf is to Major Lucas the most important of all the leaves in the book, to the present possessor it has no value because he has no personal or family interest in the record. But it may be hoped that, whoever he may be, he has read the other pages, on which there is matter of most momentous concern to him

Whittier's Latest Poem.*

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true, and wise, and brave as they.
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here,
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and Cavalier.

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands unstained in peace maintained,
The swordless Commonwealth of Penn.

And time shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watchfires from thine own uplift.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So owns our loyal dream of Thee;
God of our fathers, make it true.

Oh, Land of Lands, to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

* Read before a notable gathering at Hawthorne's old home at Concord, Mass., Aug. 13.

ENTERING THE KINGDOM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 31; Luke 18: 15-30; Golden Text, Luke 18: 17.

Jesus Royal in Birth and Death—His Territory—His Dominion Over the Soul—Infants the Type of His Subjects—In Obedience and Simplicity—Entrance by Sacrifice—The Ruler's Question—The Thing He Lacked—The Mystery of the Kingdom—Death and Resurrection.

WHOSOEVER shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no case enter therein." The thought of the Kingdom pervaded all the teaching of Jesus; He was "born King of the Jews." He died with the accusation written over Him, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." But few knew or understood that His kingdom was "not of this world" (John 18: 36), or perceived how completely "the Gospel of the Kingdom" (Matt. 4: 23), and the laws of His kingdom were calculated to "break in pieces and consume" (Dan. 2: 44), those of other kingdoms. The kingdoms of this world are set up by the strength and wisdom of man, while in the kingdom of God it is found that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men," (1. Cor. 1: 25.) "The kingdom of God is

Within You."

(Luke 17: 21.) God loves to reign over heart and will, conscience and affection. The territory which He covets is "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible." (1. Pet. 3: 4.) Thus it comes to pass that while "that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16: 15), it is equally true that that which is little esteemed among men has honor in the sight of God. "They brought unto Him infants that He should touch them." (R. V.) What had infants to do with the kingdom He was come to establish? Everything. The child spirit was an essential; the child weakness, which cannot act for itself, the child ignorance, the child trustfulness, were all a preparation, and a necessary one, for the kingdom of God in the heart. The disciples were not imbued with the spirit of their Lord, and "they rebuked" those who brought the children, and the spirit which prompted them was not the child spirit. How often have disciples discouraged those who would come to Jesus? They interpose their own ideas and views of things between Jesus and those who would fain come to him. Oh, how it behooves those of us who are disciples to have first from Jesus authority for what we do and say to others, lest we should hinder instead of help them! Happily, Jesus interfered, "He called them unto Him and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and added, "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God

As a Little Child,

shall in no wise enter therein." God's word is full of paradoxes. The entrance to the kingdom of heaven demands not only the childlike spirit, but also righteousness exceeding that of the most apparently righteous of the day. Jesus said: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 5: 20.) To some it must seem a contradiction that the little child should enter in, and yet that a righteousness exceeding that of the scribes and Pharisees was an essential to enter in; but the very reality of the child was a witness against the hypocrisy and outwardness of the Pharisee's life. He did all his works "to be seen of men;" his very prayers were for the ears of men; his very attitude, his very garments were bordered for the eyes of men, to make an impression on them while there was nothing in all his religion to appeal to the heart of a heavenly Father in whom he trusted, or a heavenly King whose laws he obeyed. The outward righteousness of the Pharisees was exactitude itself; but the heart was wanting. In a little child there is very

frequently great want of exactitude, but his heart looks out of his eyes to his father in love, and obedience, and fear.

The obedience as well as the simplicity of the child is a necessity for the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. 5: 19.) But here again the obedience must be heart-deep, for Jesus says: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." (Matt. 7: 21.) It is

Worth Sacrifice

To enter into the kingdom of God. If thy hand offend thee, cut it off, it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands, to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" (Matt. 9: 43, 44)—better to lose a foot, an eye, or an ear, or any other member, than to fail of that entering into life, or entering into the kingdom which God holds out before us. None really enter into the kingdom except at a cost. In the solemn light of eternity, in the wondrous light of an indwelling God, it is for us to weigh how much of earthly advantage stands in our way. If the reign of God in our hearts, or in our family, or in our little world—whatsoever that may be—is hindered by anything that is an advantage to us, let that thing be cut off.

After Jesus had given His welcome to the little children, "a certain ruler asked Him, saying: 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'" Jesus referred him to the commandments of the second table, and the ruler thought within himself, "If this is all, I have nothing to fear. All these," he said, "Have I kept from my youth up." But how startled he must have been when Jesus declared:

"Yet Lackest Thou One Thing."

There are hundreds of people who live up to the light of their own conscience; they are satisfied with themselves; they know they have a good name amongst other men; they try themselves in their own balances and find no lack; but the first real dealing of the Spirit of God brings them down from their pedestal, and they discover "Yet lackest thou one thing," and that may be the "one thing needful."

But what was this "one thing," which was the real impediment to entering into the kingdom of heaven? Jesus says: "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." What! Must he deprive himself of the possibility of doing good as far as he understood it? Should he put it out of his power to be God's benefactor, or man's? should he instead of being a generous giver with the reputation which belonged to it, become a beggar, a man of no account whatever, and a follower of this poor carpenter of Nazareth? His pride could not brook this; he turned away, the tears in his eyes and a load upon his heart. He would, perhaps, have given thousands, but he could not give himself. Money, houses, lands, he would part with; but his all? No; it was too much.

"And when Jesus saw that he was very sorrowful, He said, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." We must be poor, we must be childlike, we must be obedient to enter into the kingdom of God. We must be nothing, to enter the kingdom of God.

The question was raised among the disciples: "Who then can be saved?" and Jesus reminded them that that which was impossible with man was possible with God. That which was not indigenous in the soil of human nature could, nevertheless, be created by the master-hand of God. But Peter remarked; "Lord, we have left all and followed Thee," and he added (Matt 19: 27,) "what shall we have therefore?"

and Jesus declared: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." But that "manifold more" is the "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," which Paul understands as "the kingdom of God." (Rom. 14: 17.) "The mystery of the kingdom of God" is always, in one form or other, death and resurrection; it is dying, in order to live—"If we died with Him, we shall also live with Him" (1. Tim. 2: 11.)

Suffering in Order to Glory

(Rom. 8: 17), leaving all in order to gain all. And in this, the Master Himself led the way. "He took unto Him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished. For He shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on, and they shall scourge Him, and put Him to death, and the third day He shall rise again." Jesus Himself lost all and left all to gain all. But the disciples "understood none of these things: and this saying" told them for the fourth time—"was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken." Man loves to carry all before him, and, no doubt, this was the idea of the disciples, and they could not accept that of which they as yet had no experience—that the conquests of Christ's kingdom come about by submission, and by yielding, not by opposition and fighting; the kingdom not of this world was still unentered, the way of the cross still unknown.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Paul's Native City.*

With its long-lying snows, Mount Taurus stands, a hoary sentinel, above a city once renowned and prosperous—Taurus of Cilicia. Surrounded by the fertile plains of Eastern Cilicia, and with the clear, cold, navigable Cydnus coursing rapidly through it as if eager to lose itself in the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, this city, now so unheeded in the western march of empire, was, two thousand years ago, influential far and wide, and a centre of life and traffic. The herds that dotted the slopes of Taurus yielded hair in abundance for its famous tent-weavers; the forest around it echoed the laugh of the woodman or the ring of his axe, and the Cydnus was choked with the vast quantities of timber floating down to the Great Sea. In Tarsus the tired camels knelt to be relieved of their loads heavy with the riches of the East, and from Tarsus they retraced their steps, bearing into the interior the treasures of Europe, unladen from the ships of the West.

Cilicia, of which Tarsus was no mean city, was divided into two nearly equal districts known as "rough" and "flat" Cilicia. The western, or rough portion, where the branches of Taurus came tumbling in massy bulks to the coast, was alike the dread of the traveller by sea and land. From its cliff-hidden inlets pirates, in defiant swarms darted out upon the wary merchantman: and ill fared it with the belated wayfarer who fell into the hands of the fierce bandits that in the north found mountain fastnesses without number. Flat Cilicia Pompey made a province. It was a great loamy plain whose surpassing richness repaid the slight toil of the husbandman a hundredfold. Near the western boundary of this prolific plain divided by a stream two hundred feet wide whose waters brought a busy traffic to its door and noted for its many schools of philosophy stood Tarsus, in its zeal for learning the successful rival of Athens and Alexandria.

The Apostle's Father.

It is approaching the twelfth hour. In the rear of his shipping-house, a successful trader in tent-cloths is washing his hands. It is

* From *Leah of Jerusalem: A story of the time of Paul*, by Edward Payson Berry, an interesting narrative in the style which the author of *Ben Hur* has made so popular. Pp. 388; Price, \$1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

cleansing which will be more thoroughly done to when the merchant reaches his Oh, no. He is a Pharisee. On his way dwelling, it is his purpose to pray, and to with unclean hands would be to commit sin. Though an inhabitant of a heathen his man is not of it. Behind the smooth-tongued, trade-winning merchant is hidden the man who scorns his customer as a Gentile and a Pharisee, and the proud disdainful spirit of one who belongs to that great and closely united Phariseehood, which in affairs political as well as religious, is the ruling power in the only Kingdom of God. Having made an end of his religious washing, the merchant issues forth into the street. Yes, surely, is he a Pharisee. A face which seems two faces, those eyes turned upward upon the ground, that self-centred pride; the phylacteries containing the four commandments from the law, bound, one about the head, and the black leather straps of the phylactery, seven times about the arm and seven times about the hand—these distinguished features of dress and manner can belong to no other than a Pharisee. Soon he pauses on a street corner. He raises his hand toward heaven, says a prayer, and passes on. Not long after he again halts, finishes his petitions, and continues his walk. As he hears his home, a Pharisee, who is not a member of a synagogue, an unclean Am-ha-aretz, brushes past him for alms. "Thou unclean thing! how wilt thou defile me?" he cries, and, turning up his robes, moves haughtily away.

A PRAYER OVERHEARD.

An incident illustrating the keeping power of prayer, related by a commercial traveller in Dr. H. W. H. magazine, *Times of Refreshing*. He says when he was twenty years of age, and earning his living as a clerk in a store, he stayed during a vacation, at a certain hotel. As he awoke in the morning he heard through a partition separating his room from the next, the voice of a man singing. It was a tune which carried the young man's thoughts back to his boyhood's days, before he had passed into spiritual indifference. Soon the song ceased, and the same voice was engaged in earnest prayer, and the young man began to think of his own condition. A strong desire to pray filled his mind, but it was so long since he had prayed that he could not pray. After a few moments he determined to ask his neighbor to pray for him. He rose, dressed rapidly, and knocked at the door of the adjoining room, and was asked, "What do you want?" asked the occupant, a man with white hair. "I sleep in the next room," the young man replied, "and heard you praying. I wish you would pray for me." "Come in," was the quick response; and, opening the door, he said, "Let us kneel down." Then offered earnest prayer for him. "Many incidents of this interview have passed my remembrance," says the narrator, "but as the turning point of my life. God gave me the help then given me to the salvation of my soul. I presently a fear as to the future troubled me. I said, 'I don't know that it is much to do this, as I do not know anyone in my way; and if I begin, I shall not stand.' 'Oh, you think you will not stand,' was the answer. 'Yes,' I said. 'Then,' he rejoined, 'let us kneel down.' I knelt down again, and my friend prayed the same terms: 'O Lord, this young man says he will not stand; neither will he, Lord, unless thou make him stand. Thou rememberest when, seventeen years ago, I knelt down and gave myself to thee, and thou has kept me the same for this young man, and more for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'" Two did not meet again for some years. In the meantime the young man had prospered

financially, and had maintained his Christian profession. One day an acquaintance mentioned to him an aged commercial traveller who was in need of help, and he went to see him, and to his delight, found it was his old friend who had prayed for him in the hotel. Remembering how much he had been indebted to that interview, he insisted on providing the old man with a sufficient sum regularly to support him as long as he lived. Tears ran down his aged cheeks as he said: "Let us kneel together and praise God." On rising from their knees he said: "I am reminded to-day of our Lord's words: 'The same measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again';—for, when I was a young man like yourself, I allowed an aged Christian exactly the amount you are allowing me."

THE ADVENT OF THE SON OF MAN.

By P. W. E.

The Third Great Event of the Series—The Effect of the Vials and Trumpets—Resistance of the Impenitent Culminating—Open Revolt and Attack on Jerusalem—The Sudden Appearance of the Lord—The Mountain Closen—The Great Catastrophe—The Reign of Peace.

OF the three great events for which the people of God are now waiting, the first two, which are the coming of the Lord for His waiting people, and the great tribulation, have been described in previous articles in these pages. The third, which we have now to deal with, is the coming of the Lord with His saints in judgment.

This is known as the Second Coming or Advent of the Lord; for when He comes for His saints, He does not come on the earth, but meets them in the air (1 Thess. 4: 17). The return of the Lord, with His saints is more frequently spoken of as the "appearing," the "revelation," the "manifestation," or "coming of the Son of Man." This coming is not like that for His saints, the teaching of which is confined specially to the New Testament. On the contrary this theme occupies a most prominent place in the Old Testament teachings; and the New Testament only makes this addition, that when He thus returns He will be accompanied by those who have previously been caught up to meet Him in the air.

In a previous article we found in Rev. 4 and 5 that the Church and all the saints had been caught up into heaven, and were in the presence of God, while the judgments were being poured out upon the earth. The last important act was the overthrow of Babylon, and the gathering of the nations about Jerusalem. Terrible as the successive waves of judgments have been, they have led to no repentance. Man, as the billows have broken over him, has only hardened himself in iniquity, and blasphemed the God from whom these warnings came.

"As in the Days of Noah,"

so now, men eat and drink, marry and give in marriage, buy and sell, plant and build, till the very day that the Son of Man appears in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God." Jerusalem is trodden down by the Gentiles; the houses are rifled and the women are ravished.

"An angel . . . cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, 'Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great.'" "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven"—He was taken up to heaven in a cloud and returns in like manner—"with power and great glory."

"Behold He Cometh"

with clouds and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen." "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before

Jerusalem on the east; and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south."

The Son of man now comes as the Stone which Daniel saw in vision, cut out without hands, and falls upon the image, which represents civil governments, and breaks it to pieces, so that it becomes like the chaff of the summer threshing floor; and the stone that smites the image becomes a great mountain and fills the whole earth." This is the end of all that which is called civil government on the earth, governments which so many Christians are trying to build up and make better—the Lord utterly destroys them. "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one." This is

The Great Catastrophe,

the end of man's daring machinations when he madly raises his puny hand against God. "And I saw the beast and the kings of the earth, and their armies gathered together to make war against Him that sat on the horse and against His army." Man dares to defy God now; but how fearful the arrogance to which his pride will reach, when he goes forth to make war against Him that sitteth on the horse! Yet "these are the true sayings of God." This is what men surely will do. But how speedy and terrible will be the end! The armies of the beast are slain and given to the fowls of heaven. The slaughter is to be so great that it will take seven months to bury the dead and cleanse the land.

"And this shall be the plague wherewith the Lord will smite all the people that have fought against Jerusalem; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouth. And it shall come to pass in that day that a great tumult from the Lord shall be among them; and they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbor, and his hand shall rise up against the hand of his neighbor." "The great winepress of the wrath of God was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress."

The Beast and the Prophet.

But a more awful fate awaits the beast and the false prophet. "And the beast was taken and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before Him: with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." Enoch and Elijah were taken to heaven alive; and these two men will be "cast alive in a lake of fire, burning with brimstone." A thousand years are to pass before the wicked dead are to be judged, and a thousand years before Satan is finally punished; thus the leaders of man's guilt and blasphemy are to be cast alive into the lake of fire. "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years shall be fulfilled; and after that he must be loosed a little season."

Satan is "the-god of this world;" "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." He has infused his poisonous corruptions into Christianity, and will at last bring in that iniquity and blasphemy which occasion so dreadful a doom on the beast, false prophet, and all who love not the Lord Jesus Christ. At the establishment of Christ's reign on the earth he is bound and allowed to deceive the nations no more during the thousand years. The enemies of God being all overcome, Christ will establish His kingdom, and He, with His saints, will reign over the earth.

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TEPID CHRISTIANS.

THERE is a verse in Revelation that presents a nauseated Christ: "Because thou art luke-warm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." After we have been taking a long walk on a summer day, or been on a hunting chase, a draught of cold water exhilarates. On the other hand, after standing or walking in the cold air and being chilled, hot water, mingled with some beverage, brings life and comfort to the whole body; but tepid water, neither hot nor cold, is nauseating. Now, Christ says that a Church of that temperature acts on him as an emetic: "I will spew thee out of my mouth." The church that is red with religious emotion, praying, singing, working, Christ having taken full possession of the membership, must be to God satisfactory. On the other hand, a frozen church may have its uses. The minister reads elegant essays, and improves the session or the vestry in rhetorical composition. The music is artistic and improves the ear of the people, so that they can better appreciate the concert hall. The position of such a church is profitable to the book-binder who furnishes the covers to the liturgy, and the dry-goods merchants who supply the silks, and the clothiers who furnish the broad-cloth. Such a church is good for the business world, makes trade lively and increases the demand for fineries of all sorts, for a luxurious religion demands furs and coats, and gaiters to match. Christ says he gets along with a church, cold or hot. But an unmitigated nuisance to God and man is a half-and-half church, with piety tepid. The pulpit in such a church makes more of orthodoxy than it does of Christ. It is immense on definitions. It treats of justification and sanctification as though they were two corpses to be dissected. Its sermons all have a black morocco cover, which some affectionate sister gave the pastor before he was married, to wrap his discourse in, lest it get mussed in the dust of the pulpit. Its gestures are methodical, as though the man were ever conscious that they had been decreed from all eternity, and he were afraid of interfering with the decree by his own free agency.

Such a pulpit never startles the people with the horrors of an undone eternity. No strong meat but only pap, flour and water, mostly water. The church prayer-meeting is attended

only by a few gray-heads, who have been in the habit of going there for twenty years, not because they expect any arousing time or rapturous experiences, but because they feel only a few will be there, and they ought to go. The minister is sound. The membership sound. The music sound. If, standing in a city of a hundred thousand people, there are five or ten conversions in a year, everything is thought to be "encouraging." But Christ says that such a church is an emetic. "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." You had better warm up or freeze over. Better set the kettle outside in the atmosphere at zero, or put it on the altar of God, and stir up the coals into a blaze. If we do not, God will remove us.

Christian men are not always taken to heaven as a reward, but sometimes to get them out of the way on earth. They go to join the tenth-rate saints in glory; for if such persons think they will stand with Paul, and Harlan Page, and Charlotte Elizabeth, they are much mistaken. When God takes them up, the church here is better off. We mourn slightly to have them go, because we have got used to having them around, and at the funeral the minister says all the good things about the man that can well be thought of, because we want to make the funeral as respectable as possible. I never feel so much tempted to lie (although I resist the temptation), as when an inconsistent and useless Christian has died, and I want in my final remarks to make a good case out for the poor fellow. Still, it is an advantage to have such a man get out of the way. He is opposed to all new enterprises. He puts back everything he tries to help. His digestion of religious things is impaired, and his circulation is so poor that no amount of friction can arouse him. Now it is dangerous for any of you to stay in that condition. If you cannot be moved, God will kill you, and he will put in your place those who will do the work you are neglecting.

Let us all arouse! The nearness of our last account, the greatness of the work to be done, and the calls of God's word and providence, ought to stir our souls. After having been in the harvest field so long, it would be a shame in the nightfall of death to go home empty-handed. Gather up a few gleanings from the field, and beat them out, that it may be found that Ruth had at least "one ephah of barley."

LAYMEN TO THE FRONT.

I HAVE a sly suspicion that the layman who has for seven years given the most of his time to the study of the truth, is better prepared to preach the Gospel than a man who has given that length of time in theological seminaries to the study of what other people say about the Bible. In other words, we like water just dipped from the spring, though handed in a gourd, rather than water that has been standing a week in a silver pitcher. After Calvin has twisted us one way, and Arminius has twisted us another, and we get our head full of the old Andover and New Haven theological fights, and the difference between Ante-Nicene Trinitarianism and Post-Nicene Trinitarianism, it is a luxury to meet some evangelist who can tell us in our common mother-tongue of Him who came to seek and to save that which was

lost. I say let our learned institutions push theological education to its highest excellence, preparing men for spheres which none but the cultured and scholarly are fit for, but somehow let us beat the drum and gather a battalion of lay-workers. We have enough wise men to tell us about fishes, about birds, about rocks, about stars—enough Leyden jars, enough telescopes, enough electric batteries; but we have not more than one man where we ought to have a hundred to tell the story of Christ and the soul. Some cry out, "It is dangerous to have laymen take such prominent positions in the Church." Dangerous to what? Our dignity, our prerogatives, our clerical rights? It is the same old story. If we have a mill on the stream, we do not want some one else to build a mill on the same stream. It will take the water off our wheel. But, blessed be God! the river of salvation is deep and strong enough to grind corn for all nations. If a pulpit is so weak that the wave of religious zeal on the part of the laity submerges it, then let it go under. We cannot expect all other shipping to forsake the sea lest they run down our craft. We want more watchmen on the wall, more sentinels at the gate, more recruits for the field. Forward the whole Christian laity! Throw up no barriers to their advancement. Do not hang the Church until dead by the neck with "red tape."

THERE is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dream smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth-corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will ever day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it lasts the better.

WHEN the Sabbath goes down, the Republic goes down. Men who are not willing to obey God's law in regard to Sabbath observances are not fit to govern themselves. Sabbath breaking means dissoluteness, and dissoluteness is incompatible with self-government. What is the matter with Republicanism in Italy and in Spain? No Sabbath. For ages they wanted a Republic in France; after awhile they got a Republic but one day, Napoleon III. with his cavalry rode through the streets and down went the Republic under the clattering hoofs. France will never have a permanent Republic until she quits her roystering Sabbaths, and devotes one day in every week to the recognition of God and sacred institutions. Abolish the Sabbath and you abolish your religious privileges. Let the work go on, and you have the "Commune," and you have the "revolution," and you have the sun of national prosperity going down in darkness and blood. From that reign of terror the God of Lexington and Bunker Hill delivers

CURRENT EVENTS.

Not only in the World of Art and Letters, but to Christians everywhere, the news of John Ruskin's approaching death will come with a deep feeling of sadness. In his beautiful settled home at Coniston, among the woods and



lakes of Cumberland, the man, who since Carlyle, has been the foremost literary figure of the age in England, lies helpless, his mind a wreck, and his life ebbing away. That life throughout has been one of singular purity and uprightness; bold, honest

and fearless in its championship of truth and virtue. Born in London in 1819, he took the highest University honors at Oxford, and in 1833 began his career as an author. His first notable work was "Modern Painters," (1843), a book that instantly attracted the widest attention in the critical world, since by essaying to prove the infinite superiority of modern over ancient methods in landscape painting, it virtually laid the foundation for a new school of criticism. This was followed by "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," (1849), "The Stones of Venice," (1851-53), and a number of others, that served to emphasize the new art departure, and to confirm the impression of Ruskin's brilliant and original genius. But it was a genius with many varieties. Among other notable works on art, geology, and natural science in its relations to philosophy and morals, he wrote "The Ethics of the Dust," "Theesame and Lies," (1865), and probably half a dozen devoted to the discussion of art alone. He is the apostle of the beautiful, the good, the true, the art as well as in morals, and he detested nothing more than

deceits and pharisaism, lies and hypocrisies. The best revelation of Ruskin's nature is perhaps furnished in his series of letters to workmen entitled "Fors Clavigera," (Strength the Summer-bearer.) These are helpful to readers, not only extolling the dignity of labor, but placing the sturdy honesty of the worker in its true relation to the human virtues, and above all breathing in every line the strong Christian spirit of the author.

The Splendid Benefaction of John D. Rockefeller, who has just given several million dollars for the purpose of founding a National University, shows that our millionaires are not forgetful of the educational progress of the age and the growing need of more institutions of learning which will be something more than academies. It is understood that the proposed institution will start with an endowment of not less than \$20,000,000. A prime mover in the matter has been Rev Dr McArthur pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of New York City, who has long cherished a dream of a great Baptist University in the metropolis. It is not unlikely that Professor Harper of Yale, may be offered the Presidency, and that its Faculty will

be composed, in every department, of the ablest professors that can be secured in this country and Europe.

As was Foreshadowed Last Week, the Federal Election Bill, even in its amended form, does not seem to make material headway, and the probabilities of its passage are exceedingly remote. The Republican Senatorial Caucus, on Aug. 14, went on record against a motion by Senator Hoar to take up the election Bill as a measure to be passed before adjournment. Senators Quay and Cameron both were strongly opposed to the motion, while Aldrich, Plumb and Teller favored it. This action probably relegates the whole subject to the next session in both Houses.

The News That Rev. Charles L. Brace is Dead will cause sorrow in many a home in this and other countries. It came to his daughter on Wednesday in a briefable despatch from Switzerland, where Mr. Brace was travelling for the benefit of his health. He was sixty-four years



of age and thirty-eight of those years he had given to disinterested Christ-like and successful labor in the cause of humanity. After studying at Yale and the Union Theological Seminary, and being ordained, he went to Europe in 1850 for an extended tour. He returned with a holy purpose filling his heart, having consecrated his life to the service of the poor and outcast. For about a year he labored among the criminal classes, but at the end of that time he abandoned that field for a more urgent and hopeful one. He tried to rescue their children. With his own money and the gifts of sympathizing friends he took children off the streets and educated and clothed them and started them in life. The work grew so rapidly and the opportunities multiplied so extensively that he organized the Children's Aid Society to meet the call. Through this society, of which he was Secretary from its foundation to his death, the Home for Newsboys was established in New York, and large numbers of homeless boys were taken from the city streets and sent to farmers in the West, by whom they were brought up in decent Christian homes and trained to habits of virtue and industry. Many a man who is to-day a respectable, prosperous farmer would have graduated from the city slums to the penitentiary but for the blessing of God on Mr. Brace's efforts on his behalf.

The Week Saw the Sudden Collapse of the great strike begun by the Knights of Labor against the New York Central, and other railroads, a result which it is believed will go far toward extinguishing what remains of the influence of Master Workman Powderly's once powerful organization among the working classes. Several branches of the organization have disbanded; the strikers have asked to be reinstated and freight and passenger traffic is again in operation over a large part of the roads. All efforts to induce the Brotherhood of Engineers and Firemen to join the strike failed. Meanwhile the Executive Board of the Knights disclaims the responsibility of the strike and is about to investigate.

In the Old World, the Week has been Full of interest. Emperor William started for Russia on the 15th with a hunting chariot as a present for the Czar; ex-President Grevy of France is seriously ill; Chauncey Depew has been visiting Oberammergau; the great Welsh railroad strike has been settled by arbitration; the Ganges is flooded, and many lives have been lost along its banks; the cholera seems to be declining at Mecca and Jeddah, but it has appeared at the Black Sea ports. Rebel Arabs have defeated the army of the Sultan of Morocco, and massacred many prisoners, torturing two sons of the governor of a province to death among others. The natives of Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, belonging to Spain, have revolted and killed 27

soldiers of the Spanish garrison. One of the political signs of the times is the petition of 30 members of the Queensland Parliament to the English Crown for separation from the Home government.

The most Distinguished Arrival on These shores, during the week, was the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., of England, who comes with his young American wife, formerly Miss Endicott, for a brief respite from parliamentary duties at home. Regarding the Behring Sea Fisheries dispute Mr.



Chamberlain expresses himself freely, holding that it cannot be claimed as a "closed sea" under any construction; that England and America have identical interests in preserving the seal fisheries from destruction, and that Canada, in her fisheries question, did not presume to demand as a right, but

asked as a favor, the courtesy that was conceded to her. He also added that it was regrettable that while every Englishman feels a kind of family pride in the strength of America, American diplomacy should still be affected with a dislike of England.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, B. A., son of Dr. Talmage, expects shortly to become a student of Union Theological Seminary to prepare for the ministry.

The official board of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Pittsfield, Mass., has notified a newspaper proprietor that he must either cease to publish his newspaper on Sunday or withdraw from the church.

Rev. A. B. Simpson pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle New York has received a legacy of \$2,500 for use in Foreign Mission work, under the will of the late Rev. Thomas A. Austin of Chapeau, Canada.

A Sunday-school day has been set apart at the camp meetings at Pine Grove, and Willimantic, Conn. The former is for August 25th, and the latter for August 27th. The Connecticut Sunday-school Association has charge of the meetings.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for July were \$57,174, against \$55,875 for the same month last year. The receipts for eleven months amount to \$547,801 against \$442,382 for the same period last year—showing a gain of \$105,419.

Rev. N. B. Randall, LL.B., of Long Island City, N. Y., requests us to state that he is about to resign his pastorate to enter the field as an evangelist. He is strongly recommended to pastors and churches by Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Rev. H. G. DeWitt, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. J. L. Litch, of Norristown, Pa., and others.

A cordial reception was tendered on July 31 to Rev. Jas. Little by the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., whose call to the pastorate he has recently accepted. The organization of this church is the result of the labors of Rev. R. P. Kerr, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church, whose efforts in the west end of the city have borne fruit so abundant that it has become necessary to call a pastor to take charge of it.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, the indefatigable pastor of the Hebrew Christian Church, New York, has had a narrow escape from death in a railroad accident. He was on his way to fill a lecture engagement near Wesley Park when the mail train by which he travelled ran into a milk train ahead. Mr. Freshman was thrown violently to the floor of the car and received two severe cuts on his forehead from the iron support of one of the seats. He lay unconscious for some time, but providentially a physician who was on board stopped the bleeding and bound up the long deep gashes. Mr. Freshman is now again at work in his mission, though he feels somewhat weak from shock and loss of blood.

An excellent work is being done in New Orleans by the Union Gospel Mission in Keller's Row, Felicity Road. Its work is first of all evangelistic, and meetings are held twice a week during the winter and in the open air during the summer. They are crowded nightly with people who cannot be induced to attend the churches, many of whom have been brought to the Saviour through the instrumentality of the mission. It has also a philanthropic side, for many come who have need of food and clothing, and these are supplied through the benevolence of friends of the Mission. The opportunities for work of this kind are greater than the capacity of the funds. Friends in the North who know something of the need of New Orleans for work of this character will do well to assist in supporting the Union Gospel Mission. Contributions of money or clothing will be thankfully received by the Superintendent, Mr. E. A. Vail, 163 Camp Street, New Orleans, La.

THE BEGINNING OF THE MIRACLES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Why Jesus Would have Approved of Total Abstinence—How the Evangelist Knew of the Miracle—

I. The Significance of the Miracle—A Sign of Christ's Self-Denial—Of His Beneficence—Compassion—Condescension—Munificence—A Miracle Prophetic of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—II. A Special Manifestation—Free From Display—An Unbiased Testimony—III. How the Miracle Confirmed Faith—Showed His Power to Meet Unexpected Difficulties.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on Him." John 2 : 11.

AT this time I shall not consider the relation of this miracle to total abstinence.

The wine which Jesus made was good wine, and it was made of water: we are not likely to meet with anything of the kind in this country, where the wine is seldom made from the pure juice of the grape, and where it is not known who made it, or of what it is made. What is now called wine is a very different liquid from that which our Lord divinely produced. We use our Christian liberty to abstain from wine, and we judge that our Saviour would approve of our avoiding that which, in these days, makes our brother offend. We who quit the intoxicating cup of to-day have our ways of viewing our Master's action in this instance, and we do not find it difficult to see wisdom and holiness in it; but even if we could not so interpret what He did we should not dare to question Him. Where others cavil, we adore. Even this is more than I meant to have said; for my object this morning is far removed from this controversy. I pursue a spiritual theme, and pray for help from on high to treat it aright.

We find this miracle only in John: neither Matthew nor Mark, nor Luke, has a word of it. How did John come to know of it? In part it was because of his being present; but the preface in reference to

The Mother of Jesus

came in another way, we think. Remember our Lord's words to John from the cross, and how it is written, "From that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." I believe that no one heard the word of Jesus to His mother but Mary herself. It was after the manner of His delicacy to utter a reproof to her alone. But when John and the honored mother conversed together, she, in all probability, told him of her mistake.

Let it never be forgotten that "the mother of Jesus" had a very firm and practical faith in her Son, concerning whom angels and prophets had borne witness to her. May we, like Mary, sing, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." and may Jesus be to us, as He was to her—a trusted and beloved one upon whom our soul has learned to wait with confidence. With that end in view I have taken this subject for discourse. Oh, that his disciples may trust Him more and more! John said, in another place, concerning the doings of our Lord, "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." Truly I can say, this sermon is preached that my beloved hearers may believe on the Lord Jesus, and be saved.

I. To begin with, let us think upon the significance of this beginning of signs. The first sign-wonder that Christ wrought was the turning of water into wine at the wedding at Cana of Galilee; and as we may often judge of a man's course by its beginning and the beginning is often the key of all that follows, so we may learn the whole tenor of our Lord's miracles from this one. Note, first, that this miracle displayed

His Self denial.

Our Lord had been a few days before in the wilderness, and after forty days' fasting He was an hungered. It was in His power to have commanded the stones to become bread; and had He done so the beginning of signs would have been a miracle wrought for His own

necessities. But such a beginning would not have been like His life-course, and especially would it have been wide apart from the conclusion of His life when it was said of Him, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." He would not make bread for Himself but He will make wine for others; and the fact that it was wine, and not bread, that He made, makes the miracle all the more remarkable. He did not merely make bread for men, which is a necessity; but He even went further, and made wine for them, which is a luxury, though He would not even make bread for Himself. No selfish aim ever tinctured that consecrated life of His. For Himself He reserved no measure or degree of power: for others He used that power without stint. This beginning of miracles is a display of unselfish working.

An Instance of Beneficence.

Next, observe that this miracle was marked with beneficence. The mission of Jesus is a happy one, and so it opens at a marriage feast: it is intended to bring joy and gladness to heavy hearts, and so it begins with a deed of royal bounty. At the coronation of kings the conduit in Cheapside has run with wine, and here the waterpots are filled with it to the brim. The after-miracles were all beneficent. True, He withered a fruitless fig-tree, but it was a beneficent act to wither a tree which drew men out of their way by false promises of fruit, and so caused bitter pangs of disappointment to hungry and fainting wayfarers. All our Lord's actions towards men are full of royal benevolence and grace. There will be a day when the Lamb will be angry, and, as a Judge, He will condemn the ungodly; but while this dispensation lasts, He is to us all mercy, love, kindness, and bounty. If you, my hearer, will come to Him, you will find that His heart will go out to you; and He will freely bless you, with life, and rest, and peace, and joy. The Lord will bless you, and remove the curse far from you.

But, next, it was a miracle most compassionate. Our Lord's miracles were wrought in each case to meet a need. The wine had failed at the wedding-feast, and our Lord had come in at the time of the pinch, when the bridegroom was fearful of being made ashamed. That need was a great blessing. If there had been sufficient wine for the feast, Jesus had not wrought this miracle, and they had never tasted this purest and best of wine. It is a blessed need which makes room for Jesus to come in with miracles of love. It is good to run short, that we may be driven to the Lord by our necessity, for He will more than supply it. My dear hearer, if you have no need, Christ will not come to you; but if you are in dire necessity, His hand shall be stretched out to you.

The Scene of the Miracle.

Further, I cannot help noticing how condescending was this miracle! He wrought the sign, not on a spiritual and sacred occasion, nor before ecclesiastics and scientists. Some seem to fancy that all our Lord does must be done in churches or cathedrals. No, no; this miracle was in a private house, and that not at a prayer-meeting, or a Bible-reading, but at the marriage of a couple of poor peasants, names unknown. See how Jesus condescends to the commonplaces of life, and sheds a blessing upon the secular side of our existence!

Those who gave that feast were people of slender means. The wine would not have been so soon exhausted if they had been rich. They were by no means an aristocratic party, or a set of Israel's notables. Why did not our Lord begin His miracles before the king, or the governor, or at least in the presence of the high priest, and the scribes and doctors of the law? Our Lord chose not to make His first appeal to the great and dignified. I feel much comfort in this fact: that He comes to commonplace individuals is bliss to me. You and I may, in station and in wealth, be low down in the scale; but Jesus stoops to men of mean estate. To common spots like this Newington, on the south side of the Thames, the Lord has come to visit His people; here, also, has He wrought

His transformation, and many a watery life has been made rich and full through His grace. My dear hearer, Jesus can come to you, though you are only a laborer, or a servant, or a poor tradesman, or the wife of an artisan. Our Lord loves the poor. He is a great frequenter of cottages. He stops not for grand occasions; but He makes His abode with the lowly. He is full of condescension.

This first of miracles was most munificent. He did not at the wedding multiply the bread, but He dealt with a luxury, and rejoiced the hearts with that which was as the pure blood of the grape. When our Lord fed the multitudes in the wilderness, He might have given them each a bit of bread to keep them from famishing; but He never does things in a beggarly, workhouse style, and therefore He added fish, to be a relish with their bread. Our Lord not only gives existence, but happy existence, which is truly life. He does not give to men just enough for their necessity, but He gives up to the higher degree which we call enjoyment. Jesus does not measure out grace by the drop, as chemists do their medicines; but He gives liberally, His vessels are filled to the brim. And the quality is as notable as the quantity; He gives the best of the best—joys, raptures, and ecstasies. O my soul, at what a royal table dost thou sit! He daily loadeth thee with benefits.

The Easy Conditions.

To obtain the supply of wine, it is noteworthy that nothing was required from men but what was very simple and easy. Hasten, ye obedient servants, to fetch water; just draw it from the well; pour it into those large waterpots; that is all you have to do! The Lord Jesus does not come to us with hard conditions and exacting terms. Dream not that, to be saved, you have to do or feel some great thing. As you are you may believe in Jesus to eternal life. Have faith enough to draw out at the Lord's bidding, and to your own amazement, there will be wine where aforetime there was only water. The Lord, by His Spirit, can come and change your heart, and renew your spirit, so that where only a little natural thought has been, there will be spiritual life and feeling. He will do this without pressing and persuading. Grace is free. Jesus has a tender heart toward needy sinners; the spear has laid it open, a prayer will touch it.

The first miracle was prophetic. At a wedding our Lord begins His signs; to a marriage-feast He invites us now; at a glorious marriage-supper all will end. The story of our Bible ends like all well-told tales, with—they were married, and lived happy ever afterwards; for proof read the Book of the Revelation. Our Lord will come to celebrate a wedding between Himself and His church, and all the wine they will drink at that high festival will be of His own providing, and all the joy and bliss will be of His own giving. Jesus has come to unsuath the planet of her mists, and to array it in garments of glory and beauty. Soon shall we see new heavens and a new earth. The new Jerusalem will come down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Jesus has come to elevate, and to fulfil; and He gives the token of this in this beginning of signs.

II. I want you to notice this miracle

As a Manifestation.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory." believe that there is a very clear connection between the first chapter of this Gospel and the passage before us. John in the first chapter said, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." Here you have an unvailing of that grace and glory.

And He operated so easily and so majestically, that He therein reminds us of the method and way of the great God. He simply says, "Fill the water-pots," and the servants do His bidding with enthusiasm, for He is Master of all minds. "Draw out now," He says, and in the process of bearing it to the ruler of the feast the water is turned into wine. Here is no effort

breathing as of one gathering up his strength to perform a feat. The earth revolves, but the wheel of nature never grinds upon its axle. God acts by His laws in a perfectly natural and unconstrained manner. Creation and providence abide in that majestic silence which speaks of omnipotence. All goes easily where He will. With His own will He can do all things for us, and in a moment turn the waters of our life into joy.

Unostentatious.

Our Lord manifested His glory by operating naturally and without display. I really believe that if you could have worked this wonder, you could have said to the ruler of the feast, "Call on all the guests to remark that the wine has ended, and I am about to create a new supply. This huge waterpot. Mark how I have it filled with water, that you may know there is no wine left. Observe me while I work the transformation." Then you would have spoken aloud, or you would have gone through a series of performances. Jesus did nothing of the kind. He was unostentatious. He will not have His kingdom come with observation. He shuns pomp, noise, and ceremony; but acts like a God whose wonders are too many to be made matters of note to Himself. It was Godlike on our Lord's part to perform so great a work without appearing to be doing anything uncommon.

That He did literally perform the miracle, was testified by impartial witnesses. The servants all bring in the wine, and say nothing at all about whence it came; and the chief witness that what they bring is really wine, and wine of the best quality, shall be the master of the ceremonies—a gentleman not at all spiritually-minded, but one who has been at many such feasts, who knows the custom of them, and has a probability ready to set it forth. He was evidently a man who was a judge of the quality of wine, and who may safely accept his verdict—"Thou hast not the best wine until now." The less spirit—the man in this case, the better.

The Witness.

the reality of the miracle. If he had been a follower of Jesus he might have been suspected of being in the swim with Him and His disciples; but you can see that he is a man of another mold altogether. There was a special reason for this. Oh, my beloved hearers, if you come to Christ He will not deceive you; His teachings are not dreams. If you will come and listen in Jesus, the work He will do for you will be as real as what He did at Cana. Even the godly shall be obliged to see that God has made a change in you. When they see your new life, they will say, "Here is something, like of which we never saw in him before."

say again, the speciality of this manifestation lies in this, that it revealed the Lord Jesus by His own almighty power uplifting everything He touched, transforming men, and things, and facts into nobler ones than they were before, or could ever have become. This is the speciality of the manifestation of Christ: He saith, "Behold I make all things new." He brings forth the best last. He raises the poor man hunger to feasting. He uplifts fallen humanity into something so glorious that it stands, His person, near to the throne of God. In this Christ is revealed, and His name is glorified.

II. And now, lastly, I think we have here a deficiency for the confirming of faith. It is this, "And

His Disciples Believed on Him."

Note, that the guests at that feast all partook of the wine, but the disciples at that feast had something far better; they had an increase of faith. An increase of faith is better far than the dainties of a feast. Others ate and drank; but these men saw God in Christ Jesus manifesting His glory. Our inquiry is, What is there in this miracle which would tend to confirm their faith? Notice that I say to confirm their faith. It did not originate their faith, it established it. Their faith had been originated by the word of the Lord, preached by John the Baptist: they had believed in Jesus as

the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Secondly, they had enjoyed personal intercourse with Jesus, by going to Him, and dwelling with Him. This had strengthened their faith greatly. And now they begin to taste of the benefit of being associated with Jesus, and to see for themselves what Jesus was able to do. Thus their faith grew. His disciples believed on Him already, but this miracle confirmed their confidence.

But, next, it showed their Master's readiness to meet unexpected difficulties. Nobody had foreseen that the wine would fail. Jesus had not gone to the marriage prepared and primed, as we say among men. The demand came all of a sudden, and the supply came too: the wine ran out, and He was ready for the difficulty. Does not this confirm your faith? Christ is always ready for every emergency. Something may happen to-morrow that you have not thought of; Christ will be

Ready for the Unexpected.

Between here and heaven you will probably meet with a great many unlikely events; but they will not be surprises to Him. He has foresight: when the trial comes He will provide: "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

Again, their faith was confirmed because He had showed that He would allow nothing to fail with which he was connected. I like to feel sure that Jesus is with me in any business, for then I know that the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in His hand. True, it was not the wedding of one of His relatives or disciples, but still it was a marriage at which He was a guest; and He would not suffer it to be said that they ran short of provisions when He was there. His connection with the feast may seem to have been remote, but it was a connection; and slight connections are observed by our Lord Jesus. O my soul, if I can but touch the hem of His garment, virtue will come from Him to me. I think this must have encouraged the disciples much when, in after days, they began to preach; their confidence would be that Jesus was with them and they must prevail. They were poor, unlearned men, and all the scholarship of the age was arrayed against them; but they said to themselves, "We fear not, for Jesus is in this controversy, and He will see it through."

I have done when I have said to any here who are undecided—see, my dear hearer, Jesus Christ will come and visit such as you are. He is willing to go to plain men's houses, even when they have a feast going on. Ask Him to come to you just as you are. Jesus is able to raise you, beloved friend, from what you now are into something better, fuller, grander, nobler, holier, and more God-like. May He do it now! Believe in Him, believe Him, believe on Him, and it shall be done. Amen.

IN THE CHINK OF THE DOOR.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 31: "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in nowise enter therein." Luke 18: 17.

"NOT another week! You've had quite enough time already, and I tell you now, Mrs. Gray, that unless the money is paid by noon on Monday next, out you pack, bag and baggage."

Old John Markham was the richest man in Rubyville. Widow Gray owed him a quarter's rent for the little white cottage she occupied. He had no prompter tenant until this year; but sickness and misfortune had pressed heavily on the widow's home, and her payments had fallen behind. Now that her health was restored, she felt confident in her ability to weather the financial storm; but her stern old landlord would not hear of further waiting.

It was a busy week for Mrs. Gray. She bustled about and succeeded after a day or two in raising fully one-half the amount needed and, moreover, she had the promise of the balance early the following week. So when the widow and her little son Willard went to the church at the foot of the hill, so cool and inviting among its shady elms, her heart and voice were lifted up with a

feeling of pure thankfulness to Him who had come to her assistance in her hour of trouble.

But on Monday, when the friend who had promised to help her failed to do so, she was again plunged in grief, yet not despairing. The day was stormy and the rain beat heavily against the walls of the little white cottage. The clock ticked the hours away until it was nearly noon—the time fixed by John Markham for his visit. Would he come?

"Willard," she said, placing her arm about her son, "mamma needs your prayers and her own too, my boy. Ask Our Father to help us"—and the tears coursed down her face till she could say no more.

Ten-year old Willard knelt down by his mother's chair, and clasping his hands between hers, sent up his childish petition—the prayer of perfect truth and confidence. Their voices mingled together in supplication to the throne. They did not hear a step on the porch, or the bustle of an oil-skin overcoat as old John Markham shook out the raindrops and fumbled in the pocket for the dispossession warrant he had brought with him. He never believed in paying a deputy for doing what he could do himself.

Lifting the latch he looked in, half expecting to find the room empty and the household gone. He had had such experiences before. As he looked, he saw the lad's face upturned and heard the petition to the throne. He was drawing back impatiently when the sound of his own name, spoken by the childish lips, arrested his steps.

"Prayin' for me, eh?" he ejaculated. "Well, that's something, anyhow. Never thought there was anybody in Rubyville who cared enough for old Markham."

Tears stood in his eyes; his feet were chained to the door-step; move he could not, while those prattling lips continued to supplicate the Father to "help mamma, and oh, please God, bless Mr. Ma'kham and make him love Jesus."

Love Jesus! Never, since he was a child, could the old man remember that anyone had ever offered up a prayer in his behalf. All the memories of boyhood, and of a mother's earnest face rushed back upon him. As he listened, his heart softened, and he gently withdrew; but so nervous were his fingers that the latch rattled when he tried to close the door.

In a moment, Widow Gray stood before him. "Oh, Mr. Markham, come in," she said, cordially. "I have succeeded in getting more than half the rent. Here it is. I fully expected to have the other half to-day, but I've been disappointed."

"Um—it makes no difference, marm," said the old landlord, who stood awkwardly fumbling his hat while his face was half averted. "I came over to say you can pay me when you're ready. No hurry, pay it all together, you know. That's a fine boy o' yours, Mrs. Gray—a fine little lad, that—what's his name?"

"Willard," replied the widow.

"Well, Willard," said the old man, pleasantly, though his voice still trembled a little, "D'ye like nice, big, sweet pound apples, eh? Got a-plenty up in the orchard there, just a few rods away, and not a one to eat 'em. Won't ye come up to-morrow when it clears and get some?"

The boy was radiant with delight at the invitation. Turning to his mother, he said:

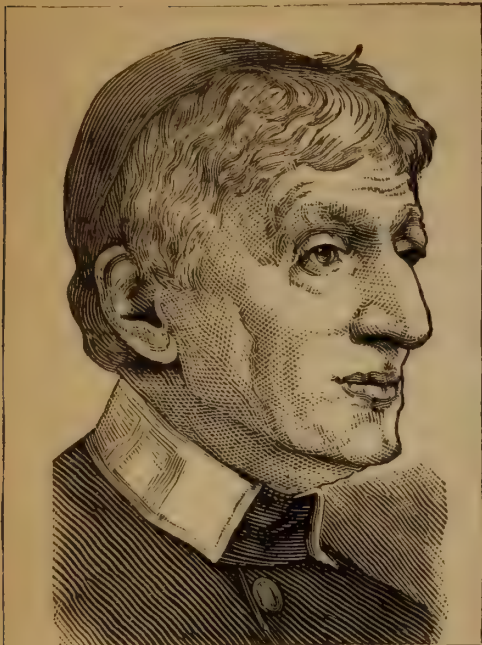
"Mamma, God heard, didn't He?"

* * * * *

Next afternoon, when Job, the old gardener and man-of-all-work, returned from the Markham orchard with Willard, he brought with him to Widow Gray, not only a big basket of pound apples, but a lot of other good things as well. It was all a mystery to Job, who had been in the Markham service a dozen years.

"The old master has taken a wonderful shine to that little chap o' yours," he explained to the widow. "He was under the apple trees with him the hull forenoon."

The glimpse of pure, childish faith in God, which he had seen at the little, white cottage, was the turning-point in John Markham's life. In his youth he had been led to despise religion,



The Late Cardinal Newman.

and his maturer thoughts had turned in the tortuous channel of scepticism. As age drew on, his heart had hardened and he became distrustful of all men and forgetful even of his Maker. With him it had always been a puzzle how people "got religion," and he had held many a bitter controversy with the village parson on the subject. He doubted everything that he could not understand, and weighed the finite knowledge of man against God's infinite wisdom. Now that his heart had been touched at last by the simple faith of the child, all the barriers were broken down, and he became like the youngest disciple at the Master's feet.

There was no more respected and beloved name in Rubyville than old John Markham's, when, years later, he passed to his reward. The change of heart had gone on unceasingly ever since that memorable stormy day when little Willard's lips had shown the man of the world the folly of his own wisdom and the goodness of a Saviour, who declared that the perfect, unquestioning faith of a child was the purest type of the confidence of Christian life.

THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN the death of Cardinal Newman, who passed away on Monday, August 11, at Birmingham, England, and whose portrait is here given, the world has lost a man of commanding intellect, profound scholarship, and a singularly lovable nature. As a boy, he astonished his teachers by his brilliant abilities; as a student, he inspired the brightest hopes of his future; as a preacher in the Church of England, he was without an equal in power and eloquence; as a tutor in Oxford University, he won the reverence and love of all who came in contact with him; and when he quitted his high place and relinquished all his emoluments to enter the Church of Rome, he was welcomed as the greatest of all the converts, and was ultimately raised to the highest rank, after the papal chair itself. No man in this century has exercised so potent a personal influence over the minds of young men, and none has caused so fierce a struggle in numbers of hearts, in which love for the man, and reverence for him as a teacher, had to contend with reason and religious principle.

John Henry Newman was born on February, 21, 1801; he was therefore in his ninetieth year, when he died. He was the son of a London banker, who sent him for his preparatory studies to the famous school at Ealing, under the charge of Dr. Nicholas. From his early years, he was a hard student, and when he was only sixteen years old, he was able to enter the University of Oxford. He graduated in 1822, and was ordained two years later. University honors were showered on the brilliant young man. He



A Buddhist Temple in Mysore, India.

was made Vice-President of St. Alban's Hall, a tutor of Oriel College, and one of the select preachers to the University. In 1828, he became also, Vicar of St. Mary's, the church at Oxford most frequented by the undergraduates, and famous for its long list of great preachers. The sermons he preached in that classic edifice will never be forgotten. A tone of deep spirituality pervaded them; they were full of noble thoughts expressed in beautiful, graceful language, and they told of the intense longing of the preacher after perfect holiness, inspiring the same aspiration in his hearers. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Froude, and many of the men who were to become famous in politics and in literature, were glad to count themselves among his disciples and they acknowledge, their obligations to him.

Newman's personal influence grew. The young men who listened to him in St. Mary's were cordially received when they went to him for spiritual help and advice. They looked to him for guidance, and no man seemed better fitted, by nature and by training, for a spiritual mentor. At that time he was strongly opposed to Romanism, and even refused to vote for Sir Robert Peel as a member of Parliament for the University, on the sole ground that he was in favor of admitting Roman Catholics to Parliament. Nevertheless, his sermons, read now in the light of subsequent events, show that at that time, unknown to his hearers and to himself, he was adopting principles which must logically lead him into the Church of Rome. The drift covered fifteen years of his life. His teachings and practices developed, more and more, a tendency to interpret the thirty-nine articles of the Protestant Episcopal Church and to conduct the services, in the spirit of the Church of Rome. A note of alarm was raised not only in the university, but in the country by men of standing whose sons at Oxford were losing their hold on Protestantism.

The crisis came in 1841 when Newman published a tract which was number ninety in a series called *Tracts for the Times*. In this tract he defined his theological position; and his critics pronounced it rank Romanism. His colleagues in the University were slow to move against a man so generally revered and beloved and whose purity of life and high Christian character were as evident as his marvellous learning and talents. At length, however, he was condemned and required to withdraw his tract. He declined, and resigned his pastorate of St. Mary's. Such a scene of manly emotion has rarely been witnessed as that in the congregation which listened to his last sermon in that venerable edifice. "Should you know any one," said the preacher, "whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to

help you; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants and feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it." With these touching words Newman quitted forever the scene of his triumphs and shortly afterward, in 1843, applied for admission to the Church of Rome.

It was his intention to become a lay member of the church and to work in some educational capacity, but the heads of the church knew too well the value of his pulpit powers to permit that. He studied for a short time in Rome and then returned to England to establish an oratory at Birmingham. There he spent the remainder of his life with a brief interval during which at the Pope's request he acted as rector of a Roman Catholic University in Dublin. There he preached and wrote some of his famous works. One of the most recent was "an apology for his life" in which he defended himself against some harsh criticisms and showed how his convictions had led him irresistibly into the Romish Church. His work was widely read, as were his other works that were written both before and after his quitting the Protestant Church, and his famous hymn, "*Lead Kindly Light*," is still sung in churches of every communion. One of the present pope's earliest acts after ascending the papal chair was to make the kind, gentle, retiring old man a cardinal and even his opponents rejoiced that his many excellences were thus honored.

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN INDIA.

(See Illustration.)

MANY magnificent structures still remain in India to attest the former predominance of Buddhism in that land. One of the most imposing of them is the temple at Sravana Belgula, a village in the Hasan district of Mysore, thirty-five miles northwest of Seringapatam, India, picture of which is here given. Like the other Buddhist temples, it is built on the top of a hill which was levelled so as to form a plateau facing the east. It is about one hundred and fifty yards in length and one hundred in width, is surrounded by a terrace reached by a double flight of steps from the south. Its walls consist of a colonnade of tall pillars beautifully carved

Near the hill on which the temple stands is another hill, a vast tor of syenite over four hundred feet high, called Indra-giri. On its summit is the tallest stone statue in the world, a colossal figure of Guatama Buddha, seventy feet three inches in height, cut out of the solid rock. This is the tallest of the three great images of Buddha in India. All three are the work of the Jainas, one of the sects or off-shoots of Buddhism. The sculptor of the image on the Indra-giri, according to an inscription on its base, was Chavunda Raya, who, the Jainas say, lived fifty years before Christ. The statue, like the generality of the statues of Buddha, represents him seated, with his legs crossed in an attitude of contemplation, as contemplative thought is one of the highest duties of the Buddhist system.

Buddha himself is believed to have lived about 543 years before Christ, though the Japanese Buddhists fix the date of his birth 1027 B. C., and the Tibetans and Chinese in 2214 B. C. He is regarded in China, Thibet, Burmah, and Japan as the supreme ruler of the world in this dispensation, and as such receives divine homage. The essence of the system of religion which he taught, in opposition to the Brahmins, is the complete suppression of the passions as the one aim of life, and by love and meekness to win others to the same state of self-deliverance. The number of Buddhists is variously estimated, but there is little doubt that not less than three hundred million persons profess themselves as followers of Buddha.

AN ARAB SHEIK AT PRAYER.

(See Illustration.)

THE accompanying picture, which is reproduced from a photograph obtained by Dr. Talmage during his tour in the Holy Land, represents an Arab sheik engaged in prayer. The designation of sheik has now come to be applied to any kind of leader, social, political, or religious. Dr. Thompson in his travels found a sheik who was the leader of a religious reform in Mohammedanism, who sent out apostles, and whose followers were said to number twenty thousand. He spent some hours in trying to convert Dr. Thompson to his views. Another man, who was also called a sheik, was chief of a band of robbers and did not make any secret of his occupation.

Before the muezzin announces the hour of prayer from the minaret of the mosque, which he does five times a day, the devout sheik goes through a thorough ablution, thoroughly cleansing his hands, and feet, and head, and gargling his throat. Then he spreads his carpet. He raises his open hands till the thumbs touch the ears, exclaiming *Allah hu Akbar*—"God is great." The next attitude is upon his knees, where with open hands, and thumbs extended to his ears, he offers praise to "God most great." He then prostrates himself, his nose and forehead touching the earth between his out-spread hands. The devout Muslimman will go through this performance wherever he may be, and though it may attract around him crowds of scoffers.

Unhappily these public devotions are not always an indication of practical piety, for, like the Pharisees who loved to pray standing at the corners of the streets that they might be seen



An Arab Sheik at Prayer.

(From a Photograph Secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

of men, and then devoured widows' houses, these men will go from their devotions to rob and murder without compunction.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 526.)

PLANS THAT WENT ASTRAY.

NO truer sentiment was ever written than that of Robert Burns when he penned the lines:

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

And such proved to be the experience of several characters that have been figuring in this narrative.

When Metta Chapman wrote to Robert Heritage, she felt somewhat confident that he would be able to explain satisfactorily his treatment of Dolly Pressley, for she suspected that his part in the unhappy affair had been exaggerated by scandal-loving tongues. She therefore awaited his reply with some little impatience. If he could dispel the cloud of suspicion that hung over him, she saw no reason for rejecting his offer of marriage. When she looked into her own heart, there was no doubt about her love.

Sunday came and passed. She had written on Friday. On Monday she expected a reply, but, strange to say, none came. "He has been busy, perhaps, and wants to take time to explain in full," she said to herself. But when Tuesday passed and no letter arrived, her heart began to sink. "Can it be that he is guilty, after

all?" she murmured. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday dragged themselves wearily by, bringing no reply to her missive, and at last she had no shred of hope to cling to.

"He can't explain, he can't explain," she repeated to herself, bitterly. "If he could, he would write. If he loved me, he would not let a day pass without trying to exonerate himself. He has been trifling with me as he did with Dolly Pressley."

And she fell on her knees with a heart-broken sob, and tried to pray, but her heart was like lead and the heavens were brass.

Two weeks, passed during which she was so distraught with her grief and humiliation that she had scarcely looked at a book or paper. One evening she picked up a batch of dailies from the library-table and carried them to her own room, intending to look them over. As she glanced listlessly through the columns, reading only the head-lines of most of the articles, for she cared little for the diurnal budget of gossip, social events, crimes and casualties, suddenly her eye fell upon an announcement that made her heart stand still. Here was the explanation of Heritage's mysterious silence. On examining the date of the paper, she found that it went back two weeks, less one day. Metta's face was as white as the walls of her room when she had read through the half-column, devoted to the recital of a sad event, which must now be described.

As has been seen, Robert Heritage performed his duties at the Teachers' Institute in a rather perfunctory way, the reason for which was that his mind was preoccupied with Metta's letter. He felt a little hurt at the mistrust it evinced, and yet when he put himself in Metta's place and looked at the matter from her point of view, he was not disposed to blame her. As he was whirling home on the train, he drew her letter again from his pocket and re-read it. He resolved to answer it that evening, whatever other work had to be laid aside, and explain fully the episode of his college life, that seemed ever and anon to be haunting him like a Nemesis. Then his mind went back over the whole affair in detail, every incident falling into its proper order, just as he intended to describe it to his correspondent.

He recalled his first meeting with Dolly Pressley. It was during the spring session of his Junior year at college. She had just entered the Freshman class, and gave promise of unusual brilliancy, so that her *debut* created quite a sensation among the students, both male and female, many of the young men vying with one another in their chivalrous attentions to her. There was, indeed, a subtle fascination about her black eyes, and tall, willowy form.

One day, Heritage was rummaging through one of the college libraries, as he often did, when he heard a woman's frightened scream, and running to the door, he saw a carriage horse rearing and plunging wildly, trying to get away from his driver, who, Heritage saw, was a young lady. The animal had evidently gotten frightened at a newspaper that came rolling along the drive before the wind. It took but a moment for the young athlete to rush down the steps and seize the animal by the bridle. Having succeeded in controlling the beast, he found

that the driver was the winsome girl who had recently created so great a sensation in the college, Dolly Pressley. He saw, at a glance that she was completely overcome by fright, and would not be able to drive home alone, and so he swung himself into the carriage by her side, took the lines from her trembling hands, and offered to accompany her.

That was the beginning of his acquaintance with the dark-eyed beauty. That he was somewhat impressed by her quaint, whimsical ways, goes without saying; he may have even been in a manner infatuated; but he had never been willing to admit even to himself that he was in love. He was young and thoughtless, and found her company very agreeable, for it could not be denied that she was a vivacious conversationalist; and so he became her "cavalier" to lectures, entertainments, and social gatherings. He meant no harm, he scarcely thought of her heart being won, or of her taking his attentions seriously, but rather looked upon their friendship as a "Platonic affair."

With Dolly, however, it was different. At their first meeting the arrows of Eros, whose missiles, it is said, could pierce the fish at the bottom of the sea, penetrated her heart, and it was evident to others, if not to Heritage himself, that she was violently hopelessly in love with him. That she was fitful in her moods and passionate he soon discovered, but such freaks of human nature in a beautiful woman before marriage (it is different afterward!) often render her a very sorceress in the masculine eye; and so it was for a while in this instance.

The intimacy continued between the young couple after Heritage had entered upon his Senior year. One evening, in October, he conducted her home from a musicale at the college. She had her rooms, when she did not go back to her own home in the country, in a private house which stood quite isolate on the outskirts of the town. It had been a brilliant entertainment, and the young people's hearts were in precisely the right mood for sentiment. He acknowledged afterward that he was somewhat under the spell of her beauty that evening, and so, with the harmony of Rubenstein's oratorio still ringing in his ears, he unguardedly expressed his admiration of the girl in language that was more ardent and direct than he had meant it to be. He felt at the time that he was going too far, but the torrent of sentiment hurried him on.

The love-lorn, impulsive girl took his words literally. In a paroxysm of feeling, which she seemed unable to control, she flung her arms about his neck, and pressing her lips against his, broke out passionately:

"Robert, can it be true, oh! can it be true that you love me? I can scarcely believe that you mean it. My heart has been yours from the first day I met you."

What could he say? The girl's heart would be broken, if he attempted to deceive her. His courage failed him, and instead of manfully telling her the truth, he weakly gave her a caress, called her an endearing name, and then walked away beneath the elms that skirted the street. He was ill at ease, and sat in his room for hours mentally debating what course he should next pursue. Perhaps he could love the girl. She was beautiful and talented, and doubtless would make him a good wife, though he had some misgiving in regard to her freakish, unregulated passions. But he was too young to enter into an engagement, he reasoned. He would not be ready to marry for a number of years, at least not until he had taken a special course of professional training, and he could not help feeling that a betrothal at present would be premature, and might become an encumbrance to him. Then he reasoned that Dolly was young and foolish, and might some time rue her choice. Here, however, as he afterward found, he was mistaken in his estimate of her character.

He was now in a sad predicament. Dolly would regard herself as his *fiancée*, and would expect him thereafter to pay his court to her.

What might have been the sequel had Dolly herself been more guarded and self-restrained, who can tell?

A month had passed—a month of intense mental anguish for Robert—when one evening, Dolly complained of some slight of which she thought him guilty; her eyes flashed like glowing embers, and she spoke in hot, passionate tones, that stirred Robert's blood.

"Dolly, you are too exacting—more so than you have a right to be," he said, in a constrained voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" she blazed. "When a man is engaged to a girl, hasn't she a right to demand respectful treatment from him? It is shameful for you to neglect me and slight me openly. I won't stand it!"

He was stung into a sharp retort.

"Engaged!" he exclaimed. "Dolly, who said we were engaged?"

"What!" she cried, standing before him, her face distorted with anger, and the muscles of her throat twitching painfully. "Do you mean to say we are not? Didn't you tell me you loved me? And didn't you kiss me and call me an endearing name? If that doesn't mean a betrothal, then I don't know—" But she was too excited to finish.

"I am sorry to say it, Dolly, but you misconstrued my words that evening; and I was too weak to correct your mistake at the time. Forgive me, Dolly. I didn't mean to—"

"Robert Heritage, you are a —"

"Don't say it, Dolly."

"You may go! Never speak to me again!" And she swept haughtily from the room.

However, with a girl of Dolly Pressley's temperament, a tempest of passion soon spends itself and is usually followed by a violent reaction. In a paroxysm of grief and weakness she wrote him a pitiful letter a few days later, saying that she was heart-broken, that she could not live without him, and imploring him to come to her home without fail on an evening she named. He went, for in the kindness of his heart he could not refuse her request. It was a trying ordeal. The poor girl sobbed as if her heart were broken, and seemed to have lost all sense of maidenly pride in the awful tide of anguish that swept her being; but Heritage was firm, telling her as gently as he could that a betrothal at this time was out of the question; it would not be possible in his circumstances and as it would involve a long engagement it would be detrimental to her.

"You don't love me," she interrupted; "You are afraid you can't be true to me through all the years of waiting. You have led me on to love you, and now you play false and break my heart."

"You wrong me, Dolly. I had no thought of leading you to love me."

"But you *did* speak those words that evening—those words that bewitched my heart," she broke out. "Oh! I can never forgive you. You have humiliated me until I have lost all self-respect. Robert, I love you and I hate you. I shall have revenge some day, sometime. You will suffer yet for your heartlessness."

He was too kind to tell her that one reason for his present course was that he could never marry a girl of so fierce and uncontrollable a temper, and so he left her sobbing upon her chair, and never entered that door again. After this distressing interview he occasionally met her, for she remained in college until the end of her sophomore year, and it made his heart bleed and gave him many a qualm of conscience when he saw how pale and wan her cheeks had become. Once or twice he surprised her looking wistfully at him, while several times her eyes seemed to gleam with a fierce, vindictive lustre.

This was the true story of his dealings with Dolly Pressley. He went over all the incidents in detail as he held Metta's letter in his hand on the home-bound train, telling himself that, as soon as he got home, he would write out the story in full for Metta's enlightenment. At that moment his ruminations were rudely interrupt-

ed by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, followed by a violent jerking motion of the train, as if the brakes had been suddenly put on. There were loud cries from a forward car and Heritage sprang up and ran to the door to see what had happened. There he met a woman who had run out of the car ahead to the rear platform shrieking wildly, "My child! my child!" She was too much agitated to explain what had happened, but another woman told him that the child had been leaning from an open window and had overbalanced. Before the train had quite come to a standstill, Heritage jumped from the platform and ran back. It was about half a mile to the place where the child had fallen; but he was soon there with others at his heels. The little one was not dead. Its cries proved that. It had fallen among some bushes on swampy land and was covered with mud, but seemed to have plenty of life left in it. He snatched the little thing up in his arms and as he did so he noticed that one arm hung limp, and he feared it must be broken. He hurried back to relieve the mother's anxiety and placed the child tenderly in her arms. There was a surgeon on the train who was already with the mother. He confirmed Heritage's suspicion about the broken limb, but he at once proceeded to set it with such appliances as could be gathered about the train.

As soon as he had seen that all was done that was possible, Heritage returned to his seat. Where was Metta's letter? He had it in his hand when he started up. He searched his pockets thinking that he might have put it in one of them involuntarily. But it was not there. He must have dropped it when he ran back for the child, or when he stooped to pick up the little one. Only one thing was clear; it was lost. Heritage was vexed, but he knew every word of it, so it was not a serious loss, and of all Metta's letters that was the one he valued least.

It was destined to be a fateful day. Having gotten off the train at Basserine, he was absent-mindedly stepping into the electric street-car, thinking of the letter he intended to write, when the car started unexpectedly, causing him to lose his balance and he plunged headlong into a heap of sharply hewn stones on the street, where, to the dismay of the bystanders, he lay unconscious, with scarcely the tremor of a muscle. He was quickly carried to a doctor's office, where, after an examination, the physician said to the men who had gathered around:

"There is a slight fracture of the skull. An indentation of the cranial bone presses down upon the cerebrum. He must have struck the sharp corner of a stone when he fell."

Heritage lay in the surgeon's office for an hour, when Dr. Hamlyn happened to pass, and requested that he be taken to his own home where he received nursing of the most tender and affectionate kind. The physician at once telegraphed to Heritage's brother, who lived in an Eastern State and who by travelling day and night, reached Basserine by the following Monday evening. He found Robert somewhat better, but his memory was a blank and reason had lost her sway, so that he did not even recognize his brother or the other friends who stood by his bedside. It was pitiful to see the vacant stare of those once clear and intelligent eyes.

As the days passed he recovered bodily strength, but in spite of the most skilful surgical operation and attendance it was found impossible to restore the normal functions of his brain, which, it seemed, had sustained a serious lesion. His brother finally secured the consent of the physician to take Robert to the old home in the East, and in two weeks from the date of the accident they arrived at their destination. But, alas! Robert only stared vacuously at the familiar scenes of his early years without a single sign of recognition. His parents were heart-broken, but could do nothing to re-unite the broken thread of recollection or to rouse him from his mental apathy.

(To be continued.)

AN AGENT'S ORDEAL.

evangelist in Nottingham, England, but among the people who came to meetings at the start was one man who as he explained, "to help along." He sang very heartily and sometimes teared to engage in prayer. The evangelist had a suspicion from the manner of the man that all was not right between him and his soul. He inquired about him, and learned that he was a church-member and advertising agent by occupation. At the close of the first week's meetings a sermon was preached of a very searching character. It was an appeal to Christians to give up their profession in their business. The agent was present; but he did not come to the next service nor to any of the services the next week. The evangelist met him in the street one morning and asked him to his absence. "I do not care to be," he said, "I do not like to be preached at, as you preached at me last night." "Why," said the evangelist, "I was not preaching at you. I was talking to inconsistent Christians. You do not belong to that class, do you?" "No," said the agent, "but you spoke of whom swindlers and frauds use for purposes. Every one there would say you meant me." "Do swindlers and frauds use you?" "Well, not that I know of, but some people have complained they have taken advertisements that did not turn out all right. But I can't be expected to look into every man's business, now." "Well, ask God about it," said the evangelist, "and ask Him to show you your duty." That night the agent was at the meeting, but he was not singing. At the close of the meeting he went forward and asked for prayers. The man was in great distress. He said he had prayed and read the Bible and in his reading he found the passage, "Be not partakers of men's sins; keep yourself pure," (1 Peter 2:22). That passage converted him. He had been negligent, and when offered him a good price for an advertisement he took it, and if he had reason to think it was fraudulent he did not make it. He said he should find his suspicions confirmed. He had blinded his eyes through love of money and he was afraid God would punish him away. The evangelist says he knew a man whom it was so difficult to get into the light. His despair was terrible to witness. He had been trying to get God and mammon and thought he was accomplishing that feat. But now his eyes were opened. He declared himself a sinner because he had been a singing Christian while serving Satan. In a severe struggle, the Holy Spirit brought peace to his soul and he went out of that meeting a new man, resolved in his strength henceforth to serve God and not at any cost.

SNAKE CHARMER'S MISTAKE.

A noted circus man was giving an exhibition of his power over snakes. His action which always thrilled the audience was with an enormous boa-constrictor, which he had possessed since it was only four days old. For twenty-five years he handled it daily, so that it was completely harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his pocket, into a fearful monster. On the night as usual, the monster was brought to the end of the performance. The man rose upon an Indian woodland. The weird strains of an oriental melody stole through the trees. A rustling was heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. Its head is erect. Its bright eyes gleam. Its whole body seems animated. It emerges from the heavy foliage. Its eyes meet. The serpent quails before man—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his glance and direction it performs a series of wonderful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its body folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent are blended into one. Its hideous head is raised aloft above the mass. The man

gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream turns into a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him. Many a man has lost his soul in the same way. He has indulged in evil habits until insidiously they have gained power, and when he would have thrown them off he has found himself helpless.

TAMING A SHREW.

AN aged Christian miner gives a vivid account of the trials he endured at the hands of his wife immediately after his conversion, before it pleased God to change her heart, too. It would appear that by acting on Christ's rule of non-resistance he was the means of bringing her to the Saviour. His experience may be useful to other husbands for miners are not the only men who have "trying" wives. The old man says:

"After my conversion I strove to put love into my every look and action toward my wife. When I came down in the morning, there was the fire out. Time back there would have been a row and I am sorry to say I had beaten her for a slighter offence; but now I said, 'Lord, show her what thy grace can do,' and I would kindle the fire. Then I heard her chamber door open, and I slipped out, not to make her feel uncomfortable like.

This went on for six months, when one day I went up to the chapel and stayed to speak to some people about their souls, and when I got home I found my door locked against me, and my wife gone to bed. My first impulse was to kick that door in, but I looked up into the heavens and thought, 'He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall he lift up his voice in the streets!'

I walked over to the churchyard near my house, and there the dear Lord was present to my soul, like a mother comforting her child. At half-past two something white appeared. When it got nearer, I saw it was my wife. She threw herself down at my feet, and said, 'Anthony, can you forgive me?' 'I have nothing to forgive,' I said, lifting her up. 'Oh, kick me, hit me, but do not speak like that.' 'There is nothing but love towards you in my heart. You know I used to have a bad temper, but the Lord Jesus has changed all that.' Then she said, 'Anthony, will you come over to the kitchen and ask the dear Lord to put His grace in my heart?' We went, and there she surrendered her heart to God, and we have been very comfortable ever since."

A LITTLE WIFE'S HEROISM.

"AMONG the children that came to the mission school," says Miss Leitch, in her description of the work in a village in India, was Dasammah, a girl twelve years of age, already married but permitted by her husband to come to school." Miss Leitch says that she was exceedingly quiet and retiring. But she paid close attention to the teaching and seemed deeply interested.

It appears that one day talking with her husband, she told him that their idols were no true Gods and begged him to go to the mission and hear about Jesus. He was very much troubled at this. He did not contemplate this result when he gave his consent to Dasammah going to the mission school. "I must take you away," he said. "You shall live with my mother for a time. Be ready to start in an hour."

She was the only Christian in the village where her mother-in-law lived. There was no missionary or teacher, but day by day she studied her Bible. A short time afterward, news came that her husband had died suddenly and then according to the custom in India the family treated her harshly. They even accused her of causing his death, by deserting their gods. They said: "Now you shall worship our gods and promise

not to become a Christian." "I cannot," said the girl simply, "I am a Christian."

Her brothers-in-law were told and they became exasperated. They threatened her, but she remained firm. Then they sent the women into their own apartments and taking the child-widow into the garden, they fastened her hands and feet to four stakes driven into the ground. They gave her one more chance. They said: "Now we will bring fire and burn your feet, unless you promise that you'll not become a Christian." And the girl answered, "I do believe in Christ. I am a Christian." They put the fire to her feet and, said to her, "Now will you promise. The girl answered, 'Oh, I cannot promise, I am, I am a Christian.'"

After a time, she fainted away. They untied her hands and feet, and carried her into a dark room, and left her there. In the middle of the night consciousness returned, and she got up and went to the missionary's house. It took her that night, the next day and all the next night to make the journey. At night she travelled on her knees.

On her arrival she was completely exhausted, but after her feet had been dressed she revived. She is now engaged as a Bible woman in the village and is happy and successful in her work.

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It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

TELL me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Traveling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you,
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour,
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible,—
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With His people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

—Selected.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

A gentleman, travelling in the east of England, called at the house of a friend, where he met a young minister, just going to preach at a church in the neighborhood. The lady of the house offered him a glass of spirits before setting out, which offer he readily accepted. Upon seeing this, an old man present said, "My young friend, let me offer you a word of advice respecting the use of liquors. There was a time when I was as acceptable a preacher as you now can be, but by too frequently accepting of the well-intended favors of my friends, I contracted the habit of drinking, so that now I never go to bed sober if I can possibly obtain liquor. I am, in truth, just as miserable as a creature can be on this side of hell." Two years after this, the traveler just mentioned had occasion to call again at the same house, and made inquiry about the elderly man who, by his own confession, had fallen a victim to strong drink. He was told that he had died some time ago, killed by strong drink. This sad incident serves to show the fell power possessed by the drink fiend. With his mighty talons he pulls down the minister from his pulpit, the merchant from affluence, the statesman from power, and many from virtue. Who in his own strength can withstand him if once they tamper with him?

A PURCHASED LIFE.

DURING the Reign of Terror in France (between June, 1793, and June, 1794), a young man, of the name of Loizerolles, was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His father, a venerable, white-haired old man, would not allow himself to be separated from his son, but accompanied him to prison. On the day appointed for his execution, the young man, exhausted by the strain upon his nerves, fell asleep in his dungeon, and

the father kept watch beside him. Shortly afterwards the jailer, in company with some soldiers, presented himself at the door, holding in his hand a paper containing a list of the unhappy persons who were that day to suffer death. Coming up to the unfortunate condemned ones, he called out the names from his list, ticking them off with a pencil as they answered. But when he came to the name "Loizerolles" no one rose to reply to it. A sudden thought took possession of the breast of the aged father, and he replied to the call when it was made the second time. He joined the ranks of the condemned, who were setting out on the sad journey to the scaffold. He did not dare to embrace his son, for fear of awakening him, and arousing the suspicions of the guards; but in a low voice, addressing his companions in captivity, who were looking at him with tearful eyes, he said, "When he awakes, I conjure you to calm him, and prevent any imprudent despair on his part from rendering my sacrifice useless. I have the right to be obeyed. Tell him that I forbid him to endanger the life which I have a second time given him." He then went out with the crowd of doomed men, and laying his head upon the scaffold, murmured these last words, "Lord, watch over and protect my son." Had he not a claim that the son whose life he had purchased by the sacrifice of his own should make good use of it? That is Christ's claim on every Christian. It is "the reasonable service" incumbent on Him.

A CHINAMAN'S PRODIGAL SON.

A SHOCKING story of an unnatural crime in China is related by Rev. T. R. Stevenson of Shanghai. He says that a wealthy merchant in Canton, had two sons, the elder of whom was a dissipated youth, who consorted with thieves and gamblers, and was driven away from home after wasting his share of the patrimony. He was reduced to beggary, and was in the habit of soliciting alms from his father's servants at the back door of his residence. At last, with a band of companions, he broke into his father's house and stole the money chest. A few weeks later, the son's participation in the robbery having been discovered by the father, the latter sent a trusty servant to him to say that if he would promise to lead a better life he would be forgiven, and might return home. The servant saw the young man, who was again reduced to penury after spending his share of the robbery, and advised him that now or never was the time to reform and better himself. The son agreed to the terms, and accompanied the servant home, where he was received with every appearance of joy and a banquet was prepared to celebrate the reconciliation. But the dish set before him was poisoned with arsenic, and during the night he died in great agony. Nothing has been, or will be, done to call the father guilty of the crime to account, as in Chinese law the son is regarded as the property of the father, and the latter can do as he likes with his sons. It is to such men that the handful of Christian missionaries are trying to teach the more excellent way. (Luke 15: 11, 32.)

SAVED BY A HYMN.

A YOUNG woman, under deep anxiety of mind, had been visiting Dr. Spencer, the author of 'A Pastor's Sketches.' One evening he announced the hymn, without at all thinking of the application it might have to her case. The next day she called upon him. "Sir," said she, "I have made a new discovery." "Well, and what is it that you have discovered?" "Why, sir," said she, "the way of salvation; it all seems to me now perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I now see what I never saw before." "Do you see that you have given up sin, and the world, and given your whole heart to Christ?" "I do not know I am a Christian," she replied; "but I have never been so happy before. All is light to me now. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was." "And how is this? What has brought you to this state of mind? I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it; but when you were reading that hymn last

night, I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never known it before. I saw that all I had to do was to trust Christ.

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.'

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn: and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so full of light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir," said she, in her simplicity never dreaming that she was saying what had been told her a thousand times, "don't you think that the reason we do not get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

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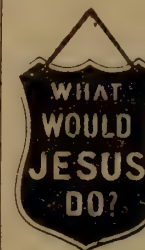
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"THE POWER OF KINDNESS."

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"A soft tongue breaketh the bone." Prov. 25 : 15.



WHEN Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant,

its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot, and I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defence; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals; and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defence. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But

The Better Spirit

in the man's soul says: "You ought to reconsider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's fault, and, lo! the great Church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You

say to him "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says to you: "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages; and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part.



"GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbour, and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great handshaking, and be good friends." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honour of your Lord who died for His armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you, and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had

Captured the Swarm

of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults, of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all, they conquered themselves. "O," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the singing tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord, by His spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of

usefulness. In all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who come sceptical in religious things. How do you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single convert from scepticism to the Christian religion. Wonderful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted. I have noticed that when sceptical people brought into the kingdom of Christ, through the charm of some genial soul, not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart.

A Storm Comes

out of its hiding place. It says: "Now we just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes great bluster; but it does not succeed. Half of the sea is roused up, — perhaps half of it, or one-fourth of it. After while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to subside. It comes up to high-water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal creature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the death spirit to happiness and to God. I have no faith in the prayer of a child five years in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

You cannot overcome men with religious argument.



"HE CAPTURED THE SWARM."

If you come to a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of Christian religion, you put the matter on his mettle. He says: "I see you have a card. I'll use my card. I'll answer his argument with argument." But you come to a man, persuade him that you share his happiness on earth, and his welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer. What I have said, is just as true in reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through a caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry, the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccup, only worse madden his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination, clutched in their soul as firmly as in his, have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man reached himself up from his debauch, and begged to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney

eneral of the United States; but, higher than I, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about robbery, about suicide. Go to at business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were a tight business pass, and

The Lord Delivered You.

Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace. That man dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go tomorrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been ramped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a light against the sky. O, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as wool. That man is dying for ever for the lack of one kind word.

An Old Song.

There used to be sung at a great many of the banquets all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start again in our social circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

"Kind words never die, never die;
Cherished and blessed."

O, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women, or children into the kingdom of God. A March north-easter will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we

miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming before men and thundering the law unless you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before the story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens' pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent from the Cross," as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is

An Overmastering Picture

One that staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon, a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get Him down."

O, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the ones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which

has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that He will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that He may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and, through the grace



"WATCHING FOR A SAIL."

of Christ, of seeing them prepared for the world to come. Above all, I look for the mercy of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. O, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His Grace which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

HOME AT THE END.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for September 7, 1890. "For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 10.

THERE was to be a wedding in the humble home of the McDermott's at Springdale. Pretty Lillie, the widow's fair-haired, sunny-faced daughter, had made Ned Homans happy by her whispered "Yes," and everything was to be arranged for the coming event which would take place in a week. Ned had furnished a cottage not far away from the McDermott home, and the young couple would begin house-keeping at once.

"It will be so nice," said Lillie, "to be near mother. Poor mother. She will be all alone in the world, now that I'm going. Ah, if only Jess had been with us!"

"If only!" How many sad "if only's" there are in the world, to weigh down people's hearts!

Years ago there was no happier man in Springdale than Tom McDermott. He was a good, kind husband, rather easy in his ways, but well-disposed. Jess, the elder girl, was dark and proud-spirited, the prettiest in all the village, but the most wilful. Smart at everything she undertook, she contrived to acquire many of those little accomplishments that some men, who do not look beneath the surface for character, admire more than anything else in a young woman. She sang nicely and was fond of gay company and a "good time;" yet she held aloof from the village girls. Though her pride offended the neighbors, she was universally liked for her pretty face, and her father, though he often thought of it, made no effort to check her vanity.

Great was the surprise in Springdale when, after an unusually gay summer, during which she had pained her parents repeatedly by her frivolities, Jess mysteriously disappeared. Wise neighbors wagged their heads and declared that they knew no good could come out of "such goings."

The mother was distracted. Poor Phil McDermott, realizing too late, the fatal mistake he had made in his child's training, searched far

and near for a clue to the missing Jess. Once only he found a trace of the wanderer, when he learned that, deserted by the smooth spoken villain who had lured her to ruin, she had gone to the big city to live. There the police told him they might possibly find her, but they gave him little hope.

"The cities are full of just such unfortunates," said the sympathising sergeant at headquarters. "They assume other names and hide themselves and their shame in places where it is exceedingly difficult to find them."

A lost child! Living but lost! No deeper, keener sorrow enters a father's heart than when he discovers that his erring yet loved one is lost to him, perhaps forever. Death with innocence is a thousand times preferable to life with shame and guilt.

Two years had passed since this sad event brought gloom to the household. The village had already begun to forget Jess, but all through the years the parent-love had been strong and hopeful. Then Phil McDermott died—his last breath a prayer for his wayward child; and the widow and Lillie fought the battle of life alone. But Mrs. McDermott and her daughter had learned to lay their burdens at the foot of the Cross.

It was a month after the wedding. The widow was very lonely, but patient in her solitary home. Lillie and Ned had fairly settled down in their snug little cottage nest, and they now varied the pleasures of housekeeping by an occasional visit to the old home.

One day, to their surprise, they found Mrs. McDermott packing up as if for a journey. She was bound for the city and she left hurriedly, with hardly a word of explanation, greatly to Lillie's astonishment. And, indeed, the widow could hardly have told any one why she went. Lately her anxiety over the long-missing daughter had unaccountably increased. Never had she omitted her in her prayers; and morning and evening Jess had been in her thoughts.

"Oh, if I could only hear one word from her, to know that it was well with her soul, I could be happy!" she sighed.

Something told her she would hear about Jess in the city. On arriving there, she at once sought out a good clergyman, whom she and her husband had known in other years, and asked his advice.

"Something tells me that Jess needs me," was all she had to say, when he inquired why she had come.

The Rev. Mr. Wendall knew that the workings of God in the human heart are beyond finding out, and he resolved to help Mrs. McDermott. Together they visited several of the institutions where the wandering and homeless find refuge and at last, in an hospital, they learned from one of the officials that a girl, who answered the mother's description of her missing daughter, had been admitted weak and seemingly dying. The widow's heart gave a great leap, when she heard this. She felt that God had brought her there.

A moment later, they were ushered into one of the wards, in which lay a thin and wasted form upon a cot. A nurse stood near, and as the mother approached, the form on the cot turned a wan face toward her. Mrs. McDermott sprang forward, and strained the sick woman to her breast, for she had recognized her long-lost child.

"Jess! My Jess!" she murmured.

The girl's tears fell fast, as her head weakly rested upon that bosom where, when a child, it had often lain. It was a touching scene.

Jess had a sad story to tell, when the first transport of meeting was over. Her cup had been full of bitterness, and she had fallen so low that even friends she had made when she first came to the city, had refused to associate with her. She had hardened her heart against God, and sunk to the lowest depth of depravity, when a hand was stretched out to save her. Walking along the street one day with some boon companions, who with loud talk mingled with oaths, were creating a noisy scene, some

one—a stranger—approached, and laid his hand upon the girl's arm. She wheeled about and faced the gentleman, who said:

"My daughter; have you forgotten that you are in the presence of God?"

Long after he had gone, the words rang in her ears and repeated themselves in her heart. "In the presence of God!" And such a life as she had been leading! How would she answer for those misspent days and nights, for the vices she had practised and encouraged, and for the others she had taught to walk in the way that leadeth to destruction?

After that, she went out with her evil companions no more, but rather shunned them. She was under powerful conviction of sin, but her view of the future was hopeless. She was lost, irredeemably lost; her life wasted, her opportunities squandered, and her soul mortgaged to perdition. Surely there was no salvation for so fallen a creature as she.

Finally she became very ill. Long privation and exposure, the result of her irregular life, had done their work and the once blooming girl was marked for a consumptive's fate. Growing weaker and weaker, she became unable to obtain even shelter and food, and was sent by some friends to the hospital. They were probably glad to be rid of her. And now she lay dying, and presently would fill a pauper's coffin.

The arrival of Mrs. McDermott brought a gleam of sunshine into the waning life. It brought more, for the godly widow strove with the now penitent child, and brought her to the Saviour's feet. With the kindness that only a mother knows, she prayed with her and for her, until the peace of pardon and acceptance filled her heart and shone in her eyes. The vital powers were too much exhausted, however, and with the coming of the snow, Jess McDermott left the world of sin for a brighter sphere.

It is summer again, and little ones are playing around the widow McDermott's cottage at Springdale, and calling her "grandma." They are Lillie's children, and as the old woman looks at them lovingly, her eyes fill with tears and her heart wanders off to a nook in the village churchyard where, on a white slab of marble is the simple inscription: "The Son of Man came into the World to seek and to save that which was lost."

TWO GREAT MISSION FIELDS.

Notes of Gospel Progress in East Africa and Madagascar.

How the European Agreement may Affect Future Mission Operations—Mrs. Shaw's Sewing-Class at Rabai—Too Many Pupils All at Once—The French Protectorate of Madagascar and the Missions—Malagasy Martyrs—Blood-thirsty Queen Ranavalona and Her Humane Successors.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

THE friends of mission work in this country and Christians all over the world, are watching with deep and prayerful interest the progress of events in East Africa and Madagascar. These two great mission fields are specially affected by the recent agreement entered into by England, Germany, and France, under which the first-named power is confirmed in the Protectorate of Zanzibar, and the last in the Protectorate of Madagascar. The new apportionment, as far as East Africa is concerned, is regarded as a hopeful omen by the missionary societies particularly in this country and England, as it will probably be the means of opening up new and still vaster fields of Gospel labor in the immediate future.

For years past, a centre of missionary activity has been the Galla Country, in Eastern Africa. This is on the borders of Masailand, a country inhabited by the cruelest and craftiest of all the African tribes, and whose warriors have killed many a Christian, and entrapped and speared the whites at every opportunity. It was from Frere Town, on the East Coast, that the eminent pioneer, Bishop Hannington, set out through the savage northern country on his last earthly journey, four years ago. His object was the opening up of Masailand to Gos-

pel influences, and when he left the village of Rabai, fifteen miles distant, on July 23d, 1886 with two hundred porters and several white companions, the entire party were filled with the highest hopes. With what splendid Christian fortitude they met their fate as martyrs, at Mwanga's hands has already been told in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

One of the pictures on the first page of this issue presents an interesting scene of Christianized native life at Rabai, where a colony for freed slaves has been established by the Church Missionary Society. In the colony there are now over eight hundred men, women and children being cared for and instructed by the agents of the Society. The nearest town is Mombasa, on an island of the same name. It has a population of about 25,000 and was at one time under Portuguese control, but the only evidence of this fact is the ruin of an old fort, built during the period of Portuguese dominion, when slave-dealing was at its height, for this whole region was one greatly favored by the man-stealers. The native name of Rabai is Kisulutini, a day's march off is an old Mosai battle-field, strewn with skulls. There is a Protestant Episcopal Mission station at the village.

In our picture are seen Mrs. A. Downes Shaw and a portion of her

Sewing Class at Work.

The girls are the children of Frere Town villagers. It was formerly the custom at Rabai for the women to do all the hard work, while the men "tended house" or did pretty much as they pleased. The only exceptions to this inactivity were when the men of Rabai went on a marauding expedition or sallied out to fight their neighbors. Mrs. Shaw, after being a short time in Rabai, set about to remedy this state of affairs. She announced in the village that she would teach the women and girls how to sew. They had already begun to love the gentle missionary and her husband, the Rev. A. D. Shaw, who had brought them to a knowledge of the Gospel; and when told that the lady was to show them the use of the needle, they were wild with unfeigned excitement. They fairly ran over each other in their haste to be present in time on the appointed day when the class was to begin. It seemed to Mrs. Shaw that the whole settlement must have accepted her invitation. At all events they came in such force as to be unmanageable, and she was compelled to send many home and organize small classes, giving two afternoons a week to the bigger girls and women, and taking the juveniles at other times. In this way she taught all how to employ their time skillfully, and the result was a diffusion of patchwork quilts, sewed bags, coats for husbands and brothers, and various other garments and articles never before known or heard of in that part of benighted Africa. Thus

The Needle Became Potent

as a civilizer, a brightener of homes, and a means of gaining for the women the respect of those who till then had driven them around as so many beasts of burden.

Mrs. Shaw, who was a niece of the late Frances Ridley Havergal, died last April at Mauritius, an island that lies to the east of Madagascar. She used to tell some interesting anecdotes of her early experiences at Rabai. At first the big girls would romp into the sewing class in such number as to cause confusion. On several occasions two hundred of them came at once. Then, when she kindly hinted that they were too numerous, their savage idea of courtesy was offended and they stayed away altogether. The work of organization occupied months, but her efforts were repaid with tenfold interest when she found her classes quiet and orderly, busily plying their needles, while some one read from the Scriptures the story of Jesus' love.

The Gospel in Madagascar.

The news that "The Great African Island," as some tribes call Madagascar, will shortly be placed under a French Protectorate, is ominously regarded by all who have the welfare of

Christian Missions at heart. Madagascar is yet only partially civilized, and there is a great field for missionary work still open there. The gold discoveries have helped to increase the white population, but the Hovas, a light complexioned, very intelligent race, who control four-fifths of the island, and are yet far short of being even moderately civilized, in spite of mingling with white people, bitterly resent foreign influence. The Hova customs are a mixture of ancient barbarism, and ideas borrowed from the whites.

It is fully three-quarters of a century since the Gospel was carried to Madagascar by the missionaries of the London Society. They found in King Radama, a monarch who would willingly aid them in return for the advantages he shrewdly foresaw. Good progress was made until the death of Radama in 1828, when Ranavalona, one of his twelve wives, grasped the crown, and began a persecution of the Christian population.

From 1835 to 1845 was a period of severe trial for the Christians of Madagascar. The wicked Queen, after many professions of friendship, adopted bigoted measures to suppress the new religion. She confiscated all books, especially the Scriptures, and the result was that the Malagasy converts were compelled to hide their Bibles and read them secretly. Missionaries were prevented from preaching and many left the field. Finally, in 1836, all Christian worship was prohibited. Then the converts, who included many persons of high rank, were driven to hide in caves and mountains, where they were hunted out and cruelly slain by the soldiers of the heathen Queen.

Hundreds were Massacred,

among the martyrs being young native Christian women who submitted to death with the greatest fortitude. Some were speared; others were thrown from high precipices to be dashed to death upon jagged rocks below; still others were beheaded, while many were stoned to death. There were pits filled with victims who were killed by pouring scalding water upon them. Many were hacked to pieces, and a number were poisoned. It was a fight to utterly exterminate Christianity on the island, and neither young or old was spared. Hunted down and killed like wolves in their hiding-places in the forests, the mountains, the jungle, and the drybeds of rivers, the converts still clung bravely to their faith despite the bitter persecution. Their meeting-places were on the almost inaccessible peaks of lonely mountains, or in sentinel-guarded caves.

At last, to the great surprise of the Queen her only son Rakatond, became Christian, and declared openly for the cause of the Galilean. Maternal love overcame bigotry, and the Queen's bloody hand was stayed. In 1851, there was a great rejoicing in Madagascar, when from caves and rocks, mountains and glens came forth 5000 native Christians back to their homes and children. The missionaries, too, returned and since that happy year, (1851,) Christianity has steadily progressed among the Malagasy. Truly the "blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church." The

Wicked Queen Ranavalona

died in 1860, and with the ascension of her Christian son to the throne, as Radama II complete religious liberty was proclaimed, many barbarous rites and customs were abolished and the Christians were restored to power and favor.

The heathen priesthood made a final effort to regain their lost supremacy two years later. They formed a conspiracy, Radama II. was strangled, and Queen Rasoherina became the reigning monarch. She proved a disappointment to the priests, however, for still greater toleration was extended to the Christians. Queen Ranavalona II., the sister and successor of Rasoherina, openly proclaimed the government of Madagascar to be Christian; destroyed the national idols and with her Premier, Rainilaiarivony, was baptised in public.

The present Queen Ranavalona III., whose

portrait is given on the first page, was crowned in 1883, and is a niece of the preceding sovereign. She is a woman of most pleasing manners, and very dignified, a true Christian, and the warm friend and patron of the missionaries. She is married to Andrianaly, a young Malagasy nobleman, who was educated in Great Britain. It is understood that the Queen is opposed to French influence on the island and that the Hovas are in full sympathy with her. The late war between the French and the Hovas showed the latter to be a brave and spirited people, capable of maintaining their independence, and it is just within the range of possibilities that the French protectorate now proposed may be the cause of further serious trouble in the near future. The picture of a Malagasy warrior on the first page, furnishes an idea of the appearance of a Hova soldier equipped for fight.

Much of the good work done in Madagascar under missionary influences may be sacrificed, should a French protectorate attempt to enforce Catholicism upon the Hovas, who love their missionaries and their Malagasy Bible, and are ready if need be

To Die for Their Faith

as did their fathers before them. The Hovas never considered themselves bound by the French treaty with the Sakalavas, an inferior tribe, and during the war of 1883, which sprang out of the unjustifiable attempt of the French to secure control on the island, and during which Mr. Shaw, one of the English missionaries was seized and imprisoned for exercising "undue political influence" on the Queen, Christian work in Madagascar was brought to a standstill. Should another period of trial be in store for the Malagasy Christians, God's grace will undoubtedly strengthen them to bear it, and He will bring them out of all their troubles triumphantly as He has done in the past.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Congregation was Unavoidably Detained in a church in Iowa, after the conclusion of a service, on a recent Sunday. A press dispatch from Fort Dodge, Ia., describing the opening services of a new Congregational Church in that vicinity, states that, at the conclusion of a lengthy discourse, the preacher dismissed the congregation, but a large number of the men remained in their seats, while the rising of the ladies was attended by a sound of rending and tearing of garments, and the utterance of exclamations unseemly in a place of worship. The cause was soon discovered. The day was exceptionally hot, and the painters, who had been employed in finishing the church, had used a varnish which had not had time to properly dry. It was a peculiarly adhesive kind of varnish, which held like glue. The dispatch states that those persons who were reckless of their garments got away promptly, leaving portions of them adhering to the seats, but it took more than half an hour to liberate those who wanted to keep their clothes intact. This was a very unusual, if not an unprecedented, reason for people remaining in church, when the time came for them to go home. Instances, however, have often occurred of professing Christians being held in church by their own inertia or constitutional laziness, enjoying the services, and getting good to their own souls, when they ought to have been at work for Christ in the world, imparting good to others. (Heb. 5:12).

A Birthmark Promises to Substantiate a birthright and insure a fortune to a woman in Pennsylvania. On August 5th an aged lady died at Sharpsburg, Pa., leaving a fortune of over \$50,000 inherited from her deceased husband. It appears that in their younger days a daughter had been born to them, but, as they were poor, they had sent her out West to some friends there and had somehow lost sight of her. When they became prosperous, inquiries were set on foot for the missing daughter, but she could not be found. They heard that she was dead, but neither father nor mother would credit the report. They advertised for her, and at different

times no less than four women answered, claiming to be their long sought child. The mother after an interview with them, promptly rejected each one, but she did not disclose her secret test by which she was convinced that they were impostors. A few years ago the father died, leaving his property to his widow, and after her to their child, who, he believed, would eventually appear. The widow continued the search and at length a woman came who was examined as the former claimants had been, and this time the mother pronounced her her daughter. She had found a birthmark on her person by which she knew her. That was the evidence she had vainly sought on the others. They had furnished other proofs of their identity, but they were only such as a clever impostor might manufacture, but as they had not the birthmark they were rejected. We are told that some will, at the last day, similarly claim to be God's children on the ground of a former knowledge of Christ (Luke 13:26), but they will be dismissed with the words, "I never knew you." None will be received but they who have the sign of God, "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." (Rev. 2:17).

An Autograph that Proved Permanent was found at Middletown, N. Y., on August 20. It appears that a farmer decided to remove an old beech tree which grew on his farm. The wood-cutter noticed on the bark of the tree some curious marks looking like the letters J. L., roughly cut, and below them some ornamental design. After the tree had been cut down and was being separated into lengths he was startled to find on the hard dry wood at the core of the tree, directly opposite the place on the bark where he had noticed the marks, the clearly cut letters J. L., on a dark background, and below them an anchor. On inquiries being made, it was found that the letters were the initials of a sailor named John Leland, who, in an idle hour had cut them on the beech tree when it was young. There were thirty-seven rings between the letters and the bark of the tree, and the woodsman said that each ring represented one year's growth of the tree. He inferred that the letters must have been cut in the year 1853 and his belief was confirmed when he learned that it was in that year that the sailor had spent some time in that neighborhood. Thus the inscription had not only remained in the place where it was cut at the first, but as each year added to the growth of the tree, the letters still appeared on the surface, scarcely legible there, it is true, but perfectly clear at the core. It is so with human character. Many an old man, in spite of the rough usage of the world and the scars of time and trouble, bears upon his walk and conversation the marks of the handwriting which in his youth God put in his heart. (Heb. 10:16.)

Three Houses Given Away by their Owner, are the subject of litigation in a New York Court. A Harlem police justice was requested last week, by a lady, to protect her personal property, pending a suit about some real estate. She said that three years ago she was very sick, and believed she was going to die. She owned the house in which she lived and two others. Her brother was very anxious to have possession of the three houses before she died, and urged her to give them to him. Feeling convinced that she could not recover, she yielded. A lawyer was summoned, who drew up a deed of gift, which she signed. But she did not die. In fact, from that time she recovered, and gradually regained her health. She asked her brother then to restore the houses, and, if not to cancel the deed of gift, to let it be in abeyance during her life. She thought he would have consented if he had been left to himself, but his wife was opposed to it and, under her influence, he insisted on his rights of ownership. Her position is now still worse, for her brother died recently, leaving the property to his wife, who not only took possession of the two houses but asserted her claim on the other, by a notice to quit on her sister-in-law, the original owner. That lady resisted and has

appealed to the courts to have the deed of gift set aside, and to protect her personal property from seizure for rent. She now bitterly regrets, and with good reason, being so precipitate as to give away under fear of death the property she needs for her support. She is not the only person who has found it inconvenient on recovering from sickness, to keep the promises made when death seemed to be at hand. Unhappily the promises most frequently made on a bed of sickness, and those which ought to be kept, are those which are most frequently broken—the vows of repentance and consecration. (Ps. 66:13, 15.)

An Elephant at Large in the Streets of Pittsburg, Pa., caused some alarm on August 20th. A resident of that city hearing a noise in his garden that night, went out to ascertain the cause, and was appalled by seeing a huge elephant there from a circus exhibition in the neighborhood. The elephant charged at the man as soon as it saw him, and he escaped only by a prompt leap over the fence. He ran to the police station, and two policemen returned with him to drive the elephant out of the garden. The big creature was gone when they arrived, but it had strolled through the streets toward the centre of the town, the people fleeing before it in terror. The policemen followed, and tried to drive it back toward the circus by throwing cobble-stones at it. This only enraged the beast, and it turned furiously on its assailants who ran to the nearest houses to escape. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the circus for the elephant's keeper but he was absent. Several men came from the circus to endeavor to capture the creature, but they were as powerless as the policemen. Finally the elephant went of its own accord into an empty stable, and the door was shut upon it. After waiting about an hour, during which it had broken everything within reach, and had begun trumpeting loudly, the keeper was found and came upon the scene. He spoke kindly to the elephant, and had no difficulty in leading it docilely back to the circus tent. The policemen's mistake is one that is often made by people who are brought in contact with great sinners. Throwing stones aggravates the evil, and leads to more mischief. Words of kindness are the weapons that most frequently subdue the sinner, and lead him to Christ. (Prov. 25:11.)

The Story of a Wronged Woman's Devotion to the man who had injured her is related by the New York Herald. It states that a man was recently arrested at Middletown, for bigamy. The first wife proved his marriage to her, and it was only necessary for the second wife to prove her marriage to insure his conviction. She loved him so well, however, that to screen him, she sacrificed her reputation by pretending that she had lived with him without marriage. Her motive, however, was apparent, and the man was convicted. She was still bent on saving him, and while he was in prison she visited him. On one of her visits she wore a thick veil over her face, and a large loose gossamer waterproof over her dress. Three friends accompanied her, and after staying with the prisoner as long as the rules allowed, the party of four left the jail. When, however, the warden went to the prisoner's cell, he found the woman there; the prisoner had gone out dressed in his wife's gossamer and bonnet, and her thick veil drawn over his face. Search was made for the escaped prisoner and he was captured and brought back, and the woman has also been held on the charge of aiding a prisoner to escape. She must have been aware that the success of her plot would involve suffering to herself; but her love was of that rare kind that forgets self in devotion to another, even though that other is unworthy of it. It is strange that while men are moved to admiration by the act of such a woman, they listen unmoved to the story of infinitely more wonderful love which impelled Christ to take the place of sinful humanity, and lay down His life to save a lost world. (Rom. 5:7, 8.)

JESUS AND ZACCHEUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 7; Luke 19: 1-10; Golden Text, Luke 19: 10.

Jesus the Light of the World—Bartimeus a Type of the Spiritually Blind—Seizing his Opportunity of Christ's Presence—The Lord's Gracious Answer—Another Seeker—The Wealth of Zaccheus an Indication of Character—Christ's Call to Him—What Entertaining Jesus Involves—Salvation Come to the House.

JESUS and His followers were "come nigh unto Jericho." There sat by the wayside a certain blind man begging. St. Mark tells us it was Bartimeus, the son of Timeus. (Mark 10: 46.) He was a well-known character; no one ever dreamt of reproaching him for begging—he could do nothing else. Institutions for the blind are of recent date—there were none in the time of our Lord—and thus the blind, if they happened to be poor, must beg their bread or die. But Jesus the Saviour is God's institution for the blind, both in body and in soul; He is the "Light of the world" for the physically and the spiritually blind.

It is more than probable that Bartimeus had heard of Jesus. Some blind man whose eyes had been opened by Jesus may have told him the good news that a prophet had arisen who could and did give sight and hearing, health and cure, for he himself had been healed. Many a long day did the blind man long for the coming of such an one, and probably a crowd never approached him that some glimmer of hope did not arise within his heart that perhaps Jesus was among them. He heard the multitudes pass by. He knew the sound of the people on market-day; he knew the marriage processions; the tramp of the military and other sounds were familiar to him; but this crowd was unlike them. What was it? He asked the question and the long-desired answer was given, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Without losing a moment, he cried out, not knowing to which part of the crowd to direct his voice, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" It was his first, it might be

His Only Chance.

Is there a sinner reading these words who knows that all is not well with his soul, one who has always prayed to God at a distance, and with uncertainty in his prayers? Why not now pray to a Jesus who is passing by, who is within call, the very object of whose intercession in heaven now, as well as that of His life and death on earth, is to seek and to save that which is lost! Bartimeus wanted sight above all other things, and he put all his intense desire and his newly awakened hope into his cry, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The multitude were indignant. Why should this useless, blind beggar disturb everybody? Such impertinence was not to be tolerated, and they rebuked him, perhaps in no gentle terms, bidding him hold his peace. Not he; too much was hanging on the issue. He had no sight to guide him. He did not know if he was heard. With renewed energy and desperate earnestness he cried yet more, "Thou Son of David have mercy on me." And Jesus stood, and "commanded him to be brought." "And when he was come near, He asked him, what wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?"

Bartimeus replied without a moment's hesitation, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And as immediately, Jesus said unto him, "Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee." And immediately he received his sight, and followed Him, glorifying God, and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God. How many there are to whom Jesus says, "Receive," who, instead of taking at His hand the gifts He gives, go on pleading, urging, beseeching. Receive the pardon of thy sins, Jesus has purchased it. Receive the Holy Ghost, Jesus has bestowed Him. Receive the healing of thy body, Jesus has taken thine infirmities, and borne thy sicknesses. Not while he was pleading, but at the moment he received, were the blind man's eyes opened, and he made use of them to follow Jesus.

As the crowd passed through Jericho, a man very unlike Bartimeus—a man who had done much more in sharp dealing than in begging—conceived a great desire to see Jesus. His name was

Zaccheus.

He was chief among the publicans, and rich. This was no great credit to him. The business in which he was engaged afforded him a comfortable competency, but to get *rich* on the commission obtained upon the taxes, he must have carried on his calling in a somewhat questionable way. It was a calling loathed and despised by the Jews in general, who ranked publicans with sinners.

Zaccheus had heard of Jesus—probably the blind man who had just been healed was giving his testimony to the wondrous power of the great Healer, and the multitudes who hung upon His words showed what power there was in His preaching: Zaccheus wanted to see this Man. Being very short of stature, he could not accomplish his purpose by joining in the crowd. So, running on before, he climbed a sycamore tree, thinking to look down from his perch, and get a good view of Jesus from between the foliage. He thought to see Jesus, but perhaps it never struck him that Jesus might want to have something to do with *him*! O that every one would think, "What does God want of me? What is He willing to do for me? What is He able to do for me just now?"

To his great surprise, Jesus looked up, and called him by name. A seeking Saviour cannot be indifferent to the whereabouts of the sheep He seeks. He may have thought he was hidden, but Jesus saw him; he may have thought himself unknown, but Jesus knew him. "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." This was bringing things to an unexpected crisis. To have Jesus in his house was equivalent to losing caste among some of his rich friends; to have Jesus in his house meant a thorough reformation. "Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. 21: 5.) He must make his choice, make it publicly, and make it at once. He must begin by humbling himself. It might expose him to no small share of ridicule to have to come down out of the tree, and when it was known that he had done it in order to entertain the despised Jesus, he would have to take his stand altogether on the side of the Nazarene!

But he Did it.

He "came down, and received Him joyfully." The decision once made, his heart was glad. Reader, would you like to have Jesus abide at your house? If He comes, there will be the most thorough house-cleaning you ever witnessed. Where He abides, there laziness and selfishness, worldliness and lightness must go out. The unkind word, the angry look, the giddy conversation, all which is not true and transparent, all which is "of the earth earthy," must go out if Jesus comes in.

Then again, doubts and despondency, anxiety and care flee before His presence. He must have the house for *His* house, we are but stewards and housekeepers; every room must be His, kept for Him, used for Him, furnished to meet His tastes. But, once the decision made, our hearts are full of joy. Zaccheus "received Him joyfully." Nothing makes a house so sunny as to have the Sun within, the very Sun of righteousness. It is the want of Jesus which makes sadness and gloom.

But while there is joy within, there may be plenty of persecution without. "When they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." O thank God, "this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." (Luke 15: 2;) thank God, He is "a Friend of publicans and sinners." (Matt. 11: 19.)

Zaccheus knew that a mighty change had taken place within him, and he was not afraid to own it before them all. "Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I

restore him fourfold." What is this? The man who, up to this time, had lived to accumulate money, now giving the half of that property he doted on to the poor! that man who had probably been "willingly ignorant" of the holy integrity of the law of God now voluntarily submitting to it, even to the restoring fourfold anything which he had unjustly taken. (Ex. 22: 1.) How came this about? "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new; and all things are of God." (11. Cor. 5: 17, 18.) He was renewed in the spirit of his mind, he was "born again" of the Spirit of God. What once absorbed him—the love of riches and earthly honor—was now nothing to him, and he loved now the will of God at whatever cost to himself. He was a new man, "created in Christ Jesus unto good works" which God had before prepared that he "should walk in them." (Eph. 2: 10.) "And Jesus said unto him

This Day

is salvation come to this house, inasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." *This day!* Yes, it was that day when the change took place. Zaccheus up to that day was a sinner, "dead in trespasses and sins," but that day he "passed from death unto life."

Some men read as though it were a fable that prophecy of the resurrection when Christ shall come for His own people who are ready for Him, "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." (1. Cor. 15: 51, 52.) But this very thing is prefigured every time a soul is converted. Jesus added, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

A WHOLE VILLAGE CONVERTED.

ONE of the most remarkable wholesale conversions recently recorded is mentioned by Miss Jane Core, of No. 48 York Street, Portman Square, London, in a recent article describing an episcopy at Monk Orfano a village on one of the hills overlooking the lovely Lake Maggiore, Italy. She writes:

For the last twenty years the villagers have had no priest, and for eight years the priest of a neighboring village who was appointed to say mass there every Sunday has neglected them. Feeling that they could not live without religion they began to make inquiries, and read the Bibles which they had bought some years before from a zealous colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who has since been called to his rest.

These mountaineers are a sturdy race of quarrymen and stone cutters, who, having made their determination, are resolved to carry out what they consider to be right. Some of them have been in Swiss Protestant cantons and a few have Bibles. The village mayor and the proprietor of the quarry have from time to time had conversations with the Rev. Alberigo Bossi, pastor at Intra and Pallanza; and the schoolmistress, having attended the night-school at Intra, advised these men to come to Signor Bossi. In consequence of this, an unexpected députation called upon him, asking him to become their pastor, and to take the service at Monte Orfano as frequently as he could.

Accordingly on Sunday, July 13th, after the services and Sunday-school at Intra, Signor Bossi, with family and friends, drove to the foot of Monte Orfano, where they were met by five of the principal men of the place, with the son of the owner of the quarry. They led us up the steep mountain path, and, when nearing the village, guns were fired off to hail our approach. Then the Mayor met us with the village band and conducted us with all due formality to the room where they have been accustomed to receive the priest. Here they offered us refreshment, and then conducted us to the church where the installation took place. A lecture with a Bible upon it was placed within the "altar rails," and the pastor read and preached.

om it. The Mayor was in a place of honor a tie behind the Pastor; and the choir, led by e Pastor's energetic wife, was composed of embers of the congregation at Intra, and the lagers from Quarna, who have suffered much rsecution for Christ's sake; they had walked r seven hours over the mountains in order to ow their sympathy. The old church was owded, and many stood outside, hundreds iving come from neighboring villages to hear e Evangelical service.

Signor Bossi gave an earnest sermon, taking r his text John 9:27, "Will ye also be His sciples?" He told his hearers what disciples Christ should be; and, without entering into ntroversy, explained the Evangelical belief, id closed the services with heartfelt prayer at God would bless and guide these moun- ineers in this decisive step. He asked the ads of families to unite and amongst them ect a Church council.

It is interesting that the church should thus urn to its original use, as it was built for the rly Christians, who fled for refuge to Monte rano in the time of the persecutions of Dio- ctian in the fourth century.

It was touching to hear the fathers say, "We ould not bear to see our little ones growing up ithout religion."

THE GOSPEL IN SIBERIAN PRISONS.

DR. BAEDÉCKER, who is now making an ex- nded tour of the Siberian penal colonies, rites from Krasnojarsk, concerning the on- tion of the great prisons at Tomsk and Tobolsk, id adds: "I am allowed great liberty in speak- g to the prisoners, both in their wards and in e open air, and I find amongst them many ger listeners, and not a few whose expressed sire is to turn to the Lord with all their arts. The New Testaments I gave them are eatly prized, and some men who had received e Book last year showed it to me again with y and gratitude. One man at Tomsk had re- ived last year the four Gospels, he begged ow to have it exchanged for a whole New estament. He had learnt to read more per- ctly since last year, when he could only spell ew words.

"One meets with with many sad and heart- eaking cases of sin and sorrow. The suffer- gs of women and children following their isbands into exile are beyond description.

"My route lines from Krasnojarsk via Kansk id Nijney Tdinsk to Irkutsk and thence to urchney Udinsk, Chita, Nertschinsk, Kara, &c. od willing, as far as Saghalien. 'Hitherto the ord has helped us.' Praise Him! There are en doors in Siberia for speaking the glorious ospel. Pray for us, and pray the Lord of the rvest that He may send labourers into this rvest field. The hour-glass of my time is nning out, and younger men should press rward into the work, while the days are go- g by."

A BUDDHIST GRANDMOTHER.

In a letter to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, iss Ella McGuire, who is laboring in Japan, escribes the conversion of an aged woman hose very precautions to prevent the spread Christianity resulted, by the blessing of God, her being herself brought to Jesus. It ap- ears that she was anxious to have her little and-daughter taught in the American school id probably thought that she was too young imbibe religious teaching with the secular owledge which she wanted her to obtain. It as necessary, however, that some adult should ccompany the child. A servant was sent at rst, but the old lady, who was a bigoted Bud- hist, seemed to have become fearful that the rvant might receive religious teaching while aiting for the child. So the servant was kept t home and the old lady herself accompanied er grandchild. Miss McGuire says: "The randmother lost no opportunity of showing er hatred for Christianity. She would not peak to the teachers when she came, but went raight to the nurses' room, which opens out

from the kindergarten department. After a time it was observed that she sat nearer the door and listened to the Bible as it was taught in the next room. Then, occasionally, she would speak to a teacher as she came in the morning. One Saturday she brought the little girl and came to call. In course of time she brought the child to Sabbath-school, and finally she her- self went into a class for women. She is an in- telligent old lady, and is now one of the happi- est Christians I have ever seen."

THE MILLENNIUM AND AFTER.

By P. W. E.

A Reign of Righteousness Inaugurated—All Men to have Knowledge of the Lord—The Wild Beasts Subdued—Life Lengthened—The Keeping of the Feast—The Thousand Years of Peace—The Short Time of Deception Afterward—The Second Resurrection—The Last Judgment.

AFTER the coming of the Son of Man, and the pouring out of the vials as described in these columns last week, all those prom- ises recorded in Isaiah and elsewhere will be fulfilled. It is to be a reign of righteousness. Peace on earth will be again established. "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." Believers are said to be "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

When Christ Reigns,

therefore, He will not be alone, but in company with His fellow-heirs. This is the feature of the reign brought before us: "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years."

The ferocity of the wild beasts will be rest- rained and man's supremacy established. Hence "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den."

A Time of Fertility.

The sterility of the soil shall be removed. "In- stead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myr- tle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." So too, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," "Then shall the earth yield her in- crease, and God, even our own God, shall bless us." "This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden." And Amos speaks of the days when "the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

Again, longevity will be restored; and death, save as the punishment of sin, seems to be abolished, and the age of man prolonged to the full period of Christ's reign. "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old."

And the Lord Jesus Christ "shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dis-

persed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." "And they shall bring all your brethren—the Jews—for an offering unto the Lord out of all nations upon horses, and in chariots and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to Jerusalem, saith the Lord."

"And it shall come to pass, that every one that is left of all the nations which come against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year to worship the Lord of hosts, and to keep

The Feast of Tabernacles.

And it shall be, that whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain. And if the family of Egypt go not up, and come not, that have no rain; there shall be the plague, wherewith the Lord will smite the heathen that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. This shall be the punishment of Egypt, and the punishment of all nations that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses 'Holiness unto the Lord.' (Zechariah 14:20.)

The reign of righteousness is

To Last One Thousand Years;

and still there will be much feigned obedience. "When the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle; the number of whom is as the sands of the sea. And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." So many being deceived by Satan shows that unless a man is born of God he is not safe.

After this a great white throne appears (Rev. 20:11), and the second resurrection, that of the wicked, takes place, and they stand before God to be judged. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. Following this, there are to be "a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." "We, ac- cording to His promise, look for new heavens, and earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The Impending Events.

Such, as in the previous three articles, we have traced out in the Word of the living God, are the prospects and events of the world. All these changes and dreadful judgments are be- fore the world. Amid all the talk of modern progress and civilization, all the straining after improvements and education, all the efforts to christianize the world, all the boast of a bright future in store for the nations of the earth, have unbelievers grasped the truth that God's judgments are even now hovering over the whole scene? Are they conscious that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking ven- geance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?" In the intoxication of this world's banquet do they discern the fingers of the hand tracing on the wall the fateful words, "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh"?

Soon, we know not how soon, the trumpet will sound, the shout will be heard by all true believers, and they shall be caught up together in the air and be "forever with the Lord." The world, bereft of believers, will be nothing save a mere profession, given up to "strong de- lusion, that they should believe a lie;" and to be destroyed "with the brightness of His com- ing." The coming of Christ to the child of God is his present hope. He longs to go and to be with Him who loves him and died for him and has washed him in His own blood. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." And the Lord says, "Surely, I come quicky." Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DE WITT TALMAGE, Editor.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CONSOLATORY.

MANY of the families of the earth sit at this time in dumb amazement at the afflictive providences of God. Why is the husband taken in mid-life before the children are educated and reared? Why does the mother go away into eternity at the time she is most needed here? Why must the young man die at the close of a collegiate course that was intended to fit him for great usefulness? Why not let us all die of old age after our work is fully done and life has no more attractions? A few years ago there were united in the bonds of marriage two of my friends. Amid a great throng of congratulating people they started life. A bright home was set up. God was in the dwelling. Business prospects opened. Friends without number gathered around him in the world and in the church. But on the way home from the store his foot slips, and without consciousness enough to grasp in farewell the hand that he had on the 20th of June taken in pledge, he goes away from the earth for ever. Men of the world, explain that by human philosophy, solve this riddle; analyse, dissect, philosophize, a thousand years, and you cannot by any human device open one shutter. But in the Gospel the sun rises. Light gradually breaks in as the morning looks through the cracks of the door and the lattice—not full days, but a promise of high noon.

Heaven must be populated. There is not so much room on the Western prairies and tablelands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vested, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illumined, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece. Now, how shall God fill up His house except by subtracting from this world? The

continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands.

Why in almost all cases is it the loveliest one of the family that is transported! Heaven wants the best. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything? The half-and-half Christians will get into glory, but they need be kept here a good while yet for polishing. Those who are ready God takes. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression upon its future character, and so heaven ought to have the best first. Beside that, if there were a shipwreck, and you went out with a life-boat, and you find some of your friends clinging to the hulk, you would be apt to take them ashore first. God seems to set His especial love on some; and when He finds them shivering amid this world's temptations and sorrows, He first lifts them out of the breakers. Oh, weep not for the Christian dead! If they go through long sickness, in which there is opportunity for parting admonition, thank God for that. But if by sudden transition, and they have not a moment of consciousness, thank God that they escape the exhaustion of sickness, and that from the health of earth they stepped into the health of heaven. Long not for the last words that were not spoken. If the life has been right, the death cannot be wrong. If the banquet has been rich, it matters not how the lights are turned out at the close. So many of our friends have gone over the stream, we shall all want to go there too. Heaven is getting to be to some of us a very matter-of-fact heaven. Our friends going in forget to shut the door after them. From the cold snow-bank of the grave, I pluck this crocus: "Those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

THINGS THAT STING.

THE Christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. I have a book that in ten pages tries to show what Paul's thorn was not, and in another ten pages tries to show what it was. Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. I suppose that the reason he did not tell us what it was may have been because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was, there would have been a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say that it was diseased eyes, some that it was a humped back. It may have been the neuralgia; perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and a spare diet throw doubt on the supposition. Suffice it to say, it was a thorn—that is it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account in the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand or foot and no one know it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking in him. The house-keeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath-school teacher finds it in

inattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loud and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatoid joint which, when the wind is northeast, lifts the storm signal. Another a business partner who takes full half the profits, but does not he earn them. These trials are all the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that may have been broken off the fingers. Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing it is another. If the stove does not smoke the boiler must leak. If the pen is good the ink must be poor. If the editorial column be able, there must be a typographic blunder. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make our robe of Christian character without pin and needles. We want what Paul got—grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious and irascible. We get in the habit of sticking our thorns in other people's fingers. But God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things that work together for good." We see how much shorter these thorns are than the spikes that stuck through the palms of Christ's hands; and remembering that He had on his head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth we shall be glorified with Him in heaven. But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? I answer that the school of Christ has three classes of scholars. In the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience. In the second class we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous. In the third class of this school we learn how even to rejoice in being pierced and wounded; but this is the senior class; and when we get to that, we are near graduation into glory.

THE only limitation to the work of the Bible in the inadequate faith and work of the Church and its disciples. It is itself "quick and powerful," and if every Christian was filled with the zeal, constrained by the love, and fortified by the faith of its first missionaries, the world would soon be filled with its life. The cloud of sin would be smitten by the sunlight of truth, and the golden day would break.

LET it be understood once for all that the Protestant pulpit has not any revelation made to the Protestant pew. Ministers of religion have no right to lord it over God's heritage. When we preach we do not utter edicts, but only offer opinions. In this day, when the Bible is in almost every house and in almost every land, let every man understand that he has an equal right with others to interpret the Word of God, asking only divine illumination. As you sometimes gather the family in the evening stand to hear some interesting book, so a congregation is merely a great Christian family gathering around some text, and the light of the same lamp falls upon all faces.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Wilkesbarre was Visited in the Afternoon of the 19th, by a tornado more violent than any that has occurred since the famous Louisville storm, several months ago. There had been rain during the early afternoon and some wind, which ceased about 10 o'clock. Then, with a rush and a roar, the tornado descended and swept through the town, lifting a swath a quarter of a mile wide and fully three miles long, and taking in its track the finest business part of Wilkesbarre. Great warehouses, frame and brick buildings and tall chimneys were levelled with the ground; trees were snapped like pipe-stems and clouds of dust, rising timbers and masonry darkened the air. Men and women were dashed around like raws in the blast. Railroad and telegraph offices were demolished, churches unroofed and in some cases the organs laid bare, walls and windows being torn asunder. Heavy machinery and boilers destroyed and pulleys and shafts were found where they had been blown by the tremendous force of the gale into fields far by. Over 300 buildings were wrecked, twenty persons were killed outright and over a hundred injured, many of them mortally it is feared. It is estimated that the damage will not be less than a million dollars.

The Great Strike which began on the New York Central Railroad twelve days ago, and was believed to have been practically settled, assumed a new and threatening phase during the week. Grand Master Powderly, of the Knights

Labor, with a Committee, waited upon the railroad officials, and requested that the strike be submitted to arbitration, which was refused. The Knights then set about securing the cooperation of the affiliated organizations, including the Firemen's Brotherhood, and the United Orders

Railway Employees, with the view of inaugurating a general strike that would involve from half to three-fourths of a million operatives, (not including the engineers) and a major-

ity of the railroads in the north and east. In view of this possibility, the N. Y. Central R. R. and its allies have prepared themselves for what may prove to be the biggest labor struggle in twenty years. On August 21, the Knights issued an address to the people of the United States, setting forth their grievances at length, declaring the pending struggle to be more momentous than the War of the Revolution, and asking the cooperation of all classes of workers in the strike. This was followed by a reminder from the railroad company, again declining to submit to arbitration its right to deal with employees. Everything now points to general strike, which must seriously interfere with transportation in all directions.

The Danger of Sudden Death was never more forcibly illustrated than in the terrible accident at the Old Colony Railroad which took place on the 19th inst, by the derailing of an express train at Quincy, not far from the scene of the great Wood's Hole disaster in 1878. A jack, left on the track by a careless workman, who was hurriedly crossing just at the very moment the train was approaching, threw the engine off the track, and it rushed up an embankment while the smoking, the baggage and drawing-room cars dumped over the ties, and fell on their sides. Clouds of scalding steam instantly began to pour over the wrecked cars, and the twenty-five or more imprisoned human beings were slowly roasted. In one car eleven died from suffocation, while forty were taken from the debris, more or less injured. In another car five died from the same cause.

James Ryan, the fireman fell beneath his engine and was crushed out of human semblance. Many of the victims were blistered and blackened beyond recognition. There were 400 people on the train, and many had narrow escapes. Among the passengers were an excursion party of 100, belonging to New York, Ohio, and Kentucky, several of whom were among the killed and injured.

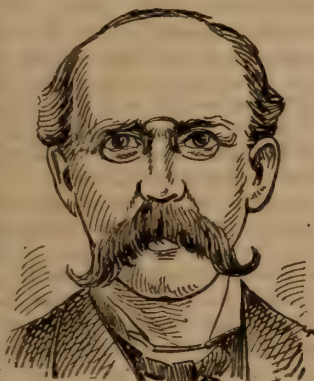
The United States will Arbitrate Between Salvador and Guatemala, the good offices of our government having been accepted by both the belligerent Republics. The basis of peace was submitted on the 20th inst, and it is now believed that the treaty will be effected within the next thirty days. Under the new regime in-

augurated by the presidency of Dr. Carlos Pelligrini, affairs in the Argentine Republic are gradually settling down, and business confidence is returning. Dr. Pelligrini, the successor of Celman, is making a strong effort to check the reckless methods that characterized the former administration, and has surrounded himself with a conservative cabinet which has the support of the people. His administration grows in public favor steadily. Pelligrini is a nephew of the late John Bright, the English statesman, and the son of an Italian father by an English mother.

A Very Significant Sign of the Times is Reported from Mississippi. The Constitutional Convention has been in session at Jackson, during the week. When the contests for seats came up, one of the contestants was a full-blooded negro, named Montgomery, formally a slave of Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederacy. Although the Committee reported in favor of his opponent, there was a minority report in his favor, and it was so ably presented, and so convincingly did the negro advocate his own claim that the convention found itself compelled to decide in his favor. He took his seat, the only colored member of the convention. Montgomery is a strong advocate of the Australian ballot system. Ten years ago, his election under similar circumstances would have been impossible.

One of the Most Romantic Figures in Indian history is Dhuleep Singh, the Maharajah of Lahore and the former possessor of the famous Kohinoor diamond, who has just accepted a pardon at the hands of England, after a long lifetime of implacable enmity. When Dhuleep was a boy, and the last monarch of the great Sikh dynasty, his throne was captured by the British, his capital sacked and the Rajah taken a captive. He was educated in England and on reaching manhood, one day desired to see the great

jewel, called by Orientals "The Mountain of Light," that had been taken from him as a child. It was placed in his hands and he generously handed it to Queen Victoria with the air of a monarch conferring a gift. Afterwards he quarrelled with England and placed himself under the protection of Russia. He is getting old now and evidently prefers peace and a liberal allowance to prolonged enmity. He has a son in the British army, with a command now



stationed in Canada, but it is not probable that he will ever be prominent in Indian affairs.

Three more American Missionaries have fallen martyrs to the deadly African fever, which has slain more of God's workers than the spears and arrows of the savages. News comes from Sierra Leone, through the Bishop of the diocese, who is now in Switzerland, concerning the fate of the Rev. F. M. Gates and Rev. W. J. Harris and Mrs. Kingman, who, nine months ago, sailed from this country full of enthusiasm to preach in the Soudan. All three died at Sierra Leone of the fever. Mr. Kingman was also reported very sick. Messrs. Gates and Harris were at one time engaged in the service of the Young Men's Christian Association of Topeka, Kansas. The former was a son of Rev. C. H. Gates, of West Newfield, Me., and the latter of Gen. B. F. Harris, of Augusta, Me. They went out to Africa as volunteer missionaries last spring, from Maine, having, together with other members of the Kingman party, been attracted to the Soudan as a field of Christian activity through the eloquent addresses of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness. They undertook the work unaided by any societies, and their death removes from the ranks three workers of great zeal and promise.

Emperor William's Visit to the Czar, the London Cholera scare and the funeral of Cardinal Newman at Rednall, Worcestershire, were among the notable Old World events of the week. The London scare proved unfounded, although in Southern Europe, the cholera is making headway. The town of Arges in Spain, has been depopulated by the plague, the citizens fleeing in alarm and leaving the sick to perish. Even the Mayor of Arges was compelled to turn grave-digger, and bury his son.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Arthur T. Pearson has consented to undertake a brief tour among the churches in behalf of the work of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

The late Miss Dunn, who went out as a missionary in connection with the China Inland Mission last year, was the daughter of Mr. J. T. Dunn, one of the elders of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Church.

The following statistics of the "Christian" Church have been furnished by J. J. Summerbell to the census office: Ordained ministers, 1,417; number of churches, 1,831; church members, 129,353.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, whose death at the age of 101 years, occurred recently in Baltimore, Md., was a nurse in the war of 1812, an honorary member of the Old Defenders' Association, and survived all those veterans. She was a member of the First Baptist Church.

Dr. Moulton, who has been elected President of the English Wesleyan Conference, is a distinguished scholar. At Dr. Ellicott's invitation, he contributed to his great work the article on the Epistle to the Hebrews. He was a member of the Committee on the Revision of the New Testament.

The Deaconess' Home and Training School of the Methodist Episcopal Church has made its first annual report. It proves the value and wisdom of the movement. Seventeen of these ladies are engaged in the work, and their usefulness is abundantly proved. The income for the year was \$4,576.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding services at Block Island, R. I. During his recent meetings at Lockport, several men and women gave testimony that they were converted during Mr. Hammond's services there, when they were children, many years ago, and that since that time they had been working for Christ.

Rev. John Hanaloo, a Hawaiian Protestant minister, went to the leper settlement at Molekai twelve years ago. His wife was stricken with leprosy and he accompanied her to the island. He is just dead after ministering to the lepers in spiritual and temporal matters for twelve years without contracting the disease.

Arrangements are being made for a National Missionary Conference to be held early in September at Indianapolis, Ind. Bishop William Taylor, Dr. A. T. Pierson and other missionaries and friends of missions are expected to meet deputations from all the States. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. George S. Fisher, Y. M. C. A., Topeka, Kan.

A missionary, Mr. Appenzeller, writing to the *Independent*, tells that when mission work began in Korea, the missionaries presented a Bible to the King. The prime minister took the Bible to the palace, showed it to the King, and then, with the King's approval, tore it to pieces. Years afterwards, an American citizen in Washington, presented the Korean Minister with a bottle of Bourbon whisky for the King. This was accepted.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Desirable Converts—Jacob's Explanation of Joseph's Fruitfulness—I. Joseph's Character—His Fellowship with God—Had Gracious Principles—Showed his Character Throughout his Life—Was Independent of External—Was Careless of Personal Interest—Conscious of Dependence on God—II. The Blessing of the Character—The Root and Essence of Religion—The Well Inexhaustible—Its Supplies Pure—III. The Blessings it Brings—Fruitfulness—Unselfishness—Enrichment.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall." Gen. 49: 22.

"And of Joseph he said, blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath." Deut. 33: 13.

DEAR friends, we long to have many converts; we count that church happy to which God adds daily of such as are being saved. But we are very much concerned about the quality of our converts. We do not wish to make up a church with a number of shallow professors, whose religion lies upon the surface, and is of a doubtful character. We are very anxious that we should have those in our fellowship who are thoroughly converted, richly experienced, and fully instructed in the deep things of God. We would have as our associates people who are established by principle rather than moved by passion. We would earnestly pray to have a company of believers added to the church who shall be like Joseph in character—fruitful trees growing by the well, whose branches run over the wall.

Jacob describes Joseph as

A Fruitful Offshoot,

and he explains his fruitfulness by his position: he is fruitful "by a well." When a vine grows near a well which is always full, and when it is able to send its roots down to drink of the unfailing spring, it may very well be fruitful, and send forth many branches. The point is, to get by the well; or, to use our second text, to tap "the deep that coucheth beneath." If we can reach the secret fountains, and say to God, with the Psalmist, "All my fresh springs are in thee," then shall we find nourishment for our branches, and our fruit and leaf will never fail. "Dwell deep" is a prophetic word of much value to Christians. To live upon land-drainage and casual rains may suffice for ordinary plants; but the trees of the Lord which bring forth much fruit need to penetrate below the topsoil and reach the secret fountains of grace. Upon that subject I am going to talk this morning.

I. First, this describes**Joseph's Character.**

He flourished near to God. He was an offshoot of the old tree, and he was rooted deep by a well which always watered him. From his childhood until he died, the main point in Joseph's character was that he was in clear and constant fellowship with God, and therefore God blessed him greatly. He lived to God, and was God's servant; he lived with God, and was God's child. He looked up to heaven for daily teaching and comfort; and God was with him so as not only to bless him, but to bless others for his sake; as, for instance, the house of Potiphar first, and afterwards Pharaoh and all the land of Egypt, and all the famishing nations. In this respect his branches ran over the wall in scattering blessings far and wide, and all this was the result of living in intercourse with God.

Because Joseph lived near to God he received and retained gracious principles. There is a great difference between religious principle and religious passion. Many persons are religious by starts and fits—according to their company, their feelings, or their whims. According to the influences under which they come, certain people become good, bad, or indifferent. But when a man lives in the presence of the Lord, he has fixed principles, which rule his heart, and guide his life.

Joseph showed his character throughout the whole of his life. As a youth he dwelt very near to God, and hence he was forced to enter his protest against the evil conduct of his

brothers. "Joseph brought unto his father their evil report." Soon he became a marked young man; his brothers felt he was not one of themselves, and they hated him, called him a dreamer, and took the first occasion to get rid of him. Jacob's household was in a very sad condition—even the grossest vice was found among his sons—and young Joseph was a speckled bird among them. By their malice he was sold for a slave into Egypt; but no sooner is he there, than we read, "And the Lord was with Joseph." Potiphar bought him, but the Lord made all that he did to prosper. It is difficult for a slave to become the steward of a great man; but Joseph did so, and his master took no account of anything, but left it all absolutely in Joseph's hands, and God blessed the house for Joseph's sake. And then there came in his way that great temptation; and you remember his gracious answer, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" God was evidently with him, keeping him in the way of innocence: he could not grieve his God, for his God was his delight.

In Adversity.

By false accusation he was cast into prison; but we read that "the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison." Soon he became the under-jailer, and was helpful to the prisoners. His branches were always running over the wall in the form of usefulness to others. The prison was brightened by his presence; and as soon as he was prepared for the position, a straight path was opened for him from the prison to the court of Pharaoh. In the hour of his elevation he did not forget God. When about to interpret the royal dreams, he said, "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." He is a young man greatly gifted, and he may miss preferment if he mentions his religion; but this does not daunt him; again and again he says, "God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do."

On the throne his God is still with him, and guides him in all things, and he exclaims, "God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction." When he sees his aged father, their talk is concerning the Lord God. When he comes to die, he says to his brethren, "I die, but God will be with you." He gave commandment concerning his bones, that he should not be buried in Egypt, for he was no Egyptian, though he had been lord of the land, but he would be carried away to the land of promise in the day when Israel should quit the stranger's land. Always the Lord his God is the star of Joseph. This is his character; he is in the fear of God all the day long. He was a fruitful bough by a well.

That Well was His God.

This abiding near to God made Joseph independent of externals. His resources were within, and therefore he was not to be injured by things without. His springs were deep, and therefore not affected by circumstances. He was not dependent upon family surroundings. At home, the society of his father would nourish his early piety, but he was just as gracious in the house of Potiphar. The degrading idolatries of Egypt did not make him unfaithful to the unseen God. Some of you young people not only owe your religious impressions to your parents; but I fear that if you were removed from them you would have no religion of your own. Are my fears correct? It is an anxious time when a lad leaves his home to be apprenticed, or to take his first place. If he has nothing but borrowed religion, he will soon yield to ill company; but if he lives in God for himself, he will stand.

Many professing Christians are, I fear, very much dependent upon revival excitement, and the currents of godly society, which are often sufficiently strong to bear with them those who have no living principle. If religion seems to prosper, if many press into the congregation, if large numbers throng the inquiry room, these people are very happy, and very earnest. But after the summer-tide is over, where are they?

This is the great burden which every earnest evangelist has to bear: so many seem born of God in the heat of a revival who, nevertheless, die away when the warmth of zeal is gone. O that you, my brethren, may be planted by well, so that you may

Never be Dried Up

by drought! Bless God for revivals, and never speak against them; but do not live upon them, nor cause your spiritual health to depend upon them. Those who grow upon hotbeds will not be far from dung. There are evil tendencies connected with fanaticism which are to be dreaded. Get down to the well, and let your roots drink up the fresh nourishment, which is essential to the sap of your life, and to the fruit of your usefulness.

Above all, it is a great blessing to be so rooted and watered that you can live graciously and uprightly, despite personal interest. There was a time when it seemed the loss of everything for Joseph to keep close to God. A young man can get on well with elder brothers if he will please them by dropping into their habits, but if he opposes them, he will have a sorry time of it. If you would be happy at home, you must remember the old proverb, that when you are at Rome you must do as Rome does. This is the wisdom of this world; but Joseph scorned it. No, he cannot help it; he

Must Abide with God

and with holiness. What is the result? The Ishmaelites carry him away for a slave. Potiphar encourages him for holy youth! In the house of Potiphar, compliance with his mistress seemed an easy way to honor and pleasure. But he could not yield to her base suggestion; he had rather bear the consequences of her harshly than she falsely charge him; he comes under the master's anger, loses his place and is put in prison; but he cannot help it, he must obey God. Are you of this true kind? Oh, for the godliness which will strengthen you to quit your situation, to lose your wealth, to sacrifice your credit, and to part with your friends soon than grieve your Lord!

I cannot close this first head without saying—while Joseph thus was placed in a position of very high independence of all outward things, he was very conscious of his entire dependence upon God. Take the well away, and where was the fruitful bough? Remove "the deep that lieth under," and then the resources even of a great character as that of the prime-minister of Egypt would have been dried up. Dear young friends, while I would exhort you to think of yourselves, and judge for yourselves, and strive for yourselves with a holy independence of others; yet never forget where your strength lieth, and never rely upon yourselves.

II. This brings me now to notice, under my second head, that this is of itself a great blessing. Moses, in my second text, mentions

"The Deep that Coucheth

beneath," as having its own form of blessing. This was for Joseph's race a blessing. It is a blessing to know the deep things of God, and to enjoy the far-down securities, enjoyments, and privileges of the children of heaven. In deep union to God are to be found the very truth and life of godliness. As for outward religion, what is it? You may practise all the ordinances without fault, and yet you will be godless unless your spirit has had converse with the Lord. A godly man is in Scripture said to be a godly man. He is a man of God—God's man: he lives for God, he lives with God, he lives on God. If you do not believe in God, love God, glorify God, or all the outward forms on the earth, nor can that God has given, can make up a religion for you that is worth a single penny. A knowledge of the technicalities of theology is of small use unless you enjoy the truths to which they refer. Do not say, "I have joined the church, sir, and attend the prayer-meetings, and take my share among the workers." Yes, I know; but religion is more than this. It is repentance towards God. It is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The man who dwells near to God has supplies which can never be cut off. We have heard of

which have been surrounded by armies, were never captured by assault but compelled to surrender because the waters cut off the water-courses, broke down the aqueducts; and so subdued them by thirst. Jerusalem was never thus captured, for there are deep wells within the city itself which ceased to flow. Ah, my brethren! he that has a well of living water within him is beyond the enemy's power. We can go to God when we are not allowed to go to the service. The priest took away the boy's Bible. "Yes," said the boy, "but you cannot take away those twelve verses of John which I have learnt." The power of man may deny us a place of worship, but cannot prevent our worshipping the Lord, wherever we may be. Every means of grace may be denied the believer, but the grace of the Lord will still come to him.

The Water Pure.

The supplies of the believer who dwells deep and pure as well as full. Grace through the Lord is apt to be diluted; but when we receive from God alone it is grace indeed. The best pipes are apt to make the water taste. All non-watercourses mix earth with the water; the deep that lieth under is out of reach of defilement. If you can draw from the pure of gospel undefiled, you will do well. In the Alps how often have I wished to see the guide and the guide has forbidden me, and me to wait a little; and then we have come to a leaping fount, most cool and delicious; better than the streams which, as they ran, had gathered earth, and decay, and evil. Draw your supplies at first hand. Do as the sick man who had been made ill with impure milk: kept a cow of his own. Instead of exposing to read the Bible for yourself. In Bible light the Bible is best seen.

Lastly I would remind you that this goes with it other blessings. If you are by the well, sending your roots into its waters,

You will Obtain Fruitfulness.

A fruitful tree is one which is well sustained at the root. Dear friends, it is by no means wise to cry, "I will work hard, and try to bear fruit." Fruit is not produced by work. No vine can produce grapes. It buds, and blossoms, and bears fruit in the order of its nature. We have a great deal of fruitless working now. Religion is pumped up. Devotion is too mechanical; godliness is supplanted by special excitement; and love to God by personal fussiness. Zeal for God is counted by "much ado about nothing." If the secret life is in good order, precious fruit is brought forth by sun and moon. May the Lord make us bring forth holiness through the force of the new nature! May He put into us immortal principles, and may He sustain us by His own personal power! and then, gladly and joyfully, in its season, we shall bring forth fruit to His praise and glory.

The next blessing that came with this was selfishness. Joseph was a bough whose branches ran over the wall. He extended his influence beyond his own family. We shall have but little fruit if our branches are kept in the narrow space of self and relatives. Private godliness for the sole sake of yourself and you will never be very godly; but send it in for God's sake, and for love of the one whom Jesus has redeemed, and you will be godly indeed.

Live to Love,

to love is to live when it is of God. You go over the walls to your ungodly neighbor, the Christless infidel, to the heathen and the away. You will extend your usefulness where none expected it to grow; you will be a blessing to many who were far off from you and your God.

I heard of one whose last petition was, that God would bury his influence with him. An unusual prayer! It was so far good that it evidenced a recognition of his life's mistake, and some sort of repentance for it. But he was asking that which could not be granted; for not even God Himself ever kills a man's influence.

The world's poet truly says, "The evil that men do lives after them." Most surely the evil lives, even if the good expires. Yet, when we are dead and buried, if we have lived unto God, and lived upon God, our branches will run over the wall of the cemetery, and our voices will be heard from amid the silence of the sepulchre. Is it not written, "He being dead yet speaketh"?

Another privilege comes of personal nearness to God; such men enjoy safety. Hear how Jacob puts it: "The archers have sorely grieved Him, and shot at Him, and hated Him." If you live near to God you will be the target of the ungodly, and the hatred of the world will cause you grief of heart. It cannot be avoided, for the seed of the serpent will nibble at the heel of the seed of the woman. Even to this day is Joseph sold into Egypt, and separated from his brethren. But this shall not harm you; for it is added, "His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob," receiving his strength from God, Joseph lived above the rage of men.

Besides that, Joseph received enrichment. Many of you religious people know nothing about precious things. Many professors live on the mere skins and husks of divine truth; they have never tasted the sweet kernels yet. A little religion is a mournful thing: they that drink deep get

Down to the Sweetness.

Many have religion enough to make them wretched; if they had seven times as much, they would be joyful. *The best wines in God's house are in the cellar.* Those who never go downstairs have no idea of the secret sweetness. A deep experience is a precious experience. The Lord fills certain of his people with pain and grief, that they may know His choicer consolations. We are too apt to let our roots run along just under the surface, and so we get no firm rootage; but trouble comes, and then we grow downward, rooted in humility; then we pierce the treasures of darkness, and know the deep things of God.

Dear friends, I might add a thousand things, but I will not. I will only say this—do, I pray you dive into the depths. You that are beginning with holy things, begin deep, and take sure root. See how soon buildings fall if they have insufficient foundations! Find your foundation in the rock. You that have long known the Lord, endeavour to know more and more of him. Send out more roots into yet deeper and richer ground. God grant us to get closer to Him than ever, and to keep there; and grant us to use all our opportunities for usefulness.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Parable of the Caterpillar.*

"LET me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a butterfly to a quiet caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf in her odd lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the butterfly, "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat. They cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for of course one cannot expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best I hope. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food—" And with these words the butterfly dropped her wings and died; and the green caterpillar who had not had the opportunity of saying yes or no to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the butterfly's eggs.

* From *Parables from Nature* by Margaret Gatty. A series of exquisite gems drawing parallels between the wonders of Nature and the problems of the spiritual world. Pp. 106: Price, 40c. For sale by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House New York.

The green caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back ache walking all night around her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning she said to herself: "Two heads are better than one; I will consult some wise animal upon the matter and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?" Now in the neighboring cornfield there lived a lark, and the caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her, and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself. "Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the caterpillar timidly.

The lark said, perhaps he should; but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green caterpillar could not hear a sound. So she resumed her walk around the butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along. At last the lark's voice began to be heard again. The caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage-bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend caterpillar!" sang the lark; "but the worst of it is you won't believe me."

"I believe everything I am told," observed the caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat. What do you think it is to be?"

"Dew and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the caterpillar.

"No such thing. Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the caterpillar in distress.

"Excellent! my good friend," cried the lark. "You have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" said the caterpillar, "it was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the lark; "but why do you ask me and then disbelieve what I say?"

"I believe everything I am told," said the caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the lark; "you won't believe me even about the food and yet that is only the beginning of what I have to tell you. What do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the caterpillar.

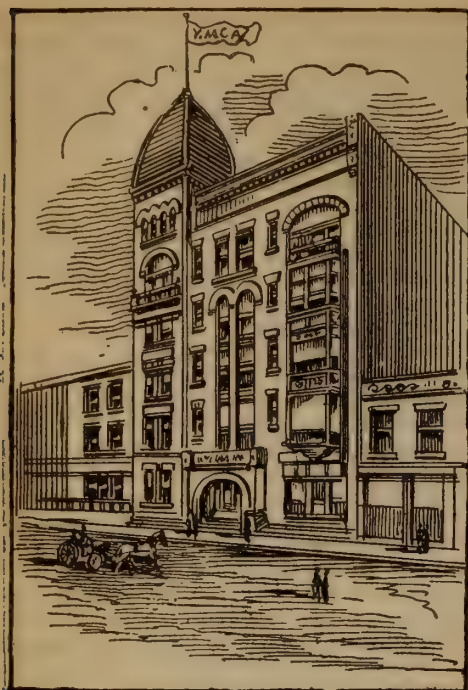
"Caterpillars," sang the lark; "and you'll find it out in time. And I'll tell you something else, for the best of my news remains behind, you will one day be a butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority. You are cruel as well as foolish."

"I told you you would not believe me," said the lark.

"I believe everything I am told," persisted the caterpillar, "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that is reasonable. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the lark, "whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call anything impossible. Fool to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you



The Y. M. C. A. Building at Peoria, Ill.



The Fire at the Thousand Island Park Hotel on August 21st.

not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the glorious wonderland above? Oh, caterpillar! what comes to you from thence receive as I do, upon trust."

"That is what you call faith. How am I to learn faith?" asked the caterpillar. At that moment she felt something moving at her side. She looked around—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about and had already made a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. And the caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a butterfly. But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said, "I shall be a butterfly some day." And when she was a butterfly and was going to die again, she said: "I have known many wonders, I have faith, I can trust even now for what shall come next."

THE PEORIA Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

WE give to-day on this page a picture of the handsome new building now being erected in Peoria, Ill., for the Young Men's Christian Association of that progressive western city. For several years before the present enterprise, the Association had been looking forward hopefully to the day when it would have its own home, instead of meeting in temporary quarters. Its managers and members set about raising the money and soon had \$27,000 in hand toward the project. This was accomplished before even the building lot was purchased. By a happy inspiration, the ground chosen was the very site of the former home of the infidel, Ingersoll, where many of his earlier atheistic writings were produced. This was the most suitable lot for the Association's purpose, being in an excellent location in the heart of the city. The negotiations were closed in December 1888 and the President, with several other members of the Board of Managers, went out among the business men of Peoria and raised \$20,000 in three weeks. A like sum was raised by means of the religious services held in the Opera House, where Rev. C. H. Yatman, the noted Evangelist, preached with great power to very large audiences.

The building is now well under way and will probably be finished sometime next winter. It will cost \$125,000, and will be one of the very handsomest in Peoria, being a beautiful structure, 72x171 feet, and five stories high, besides a

high basement. It contains more than one hundred rooms. One corner has a tower which rises about forty feet higher than the main building, and affords a splendid view of the city. The front is of red sandstone and pressed brick; the basement is devoted to bath-rooms, swimming pool, etc., and the rear half of the first and second stories is used for a gymnasium. Above these rooms, occupying the third and fourth stories, is the auditorium with a seating capacity of about seven hundred. The officers of the Young Men's Christian Association are: O. J. Bailey, President; C. A. Jamison, Vice-President; C. W. Johnson, Recording Secretary; F. E. Avery, Treasurer.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK FIRE.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

AN event which might have proved an appalling calamity, but was fortunately attended by the loss of only a single life, was the destructive fire at Thousand Island Park on Thursday, August 21. The Thousand Island Park Hotel on the St. Lawrence River caught fire before daylight, the flames evidently having started in the kitchen. They spread so rapidly that the great structure—one of the largest summer hotels in the country—was soon a seething mass. The 400 guests, however, providentially escaped, although they saved nothing but their night clothes. It was discovered that although the halls were well supplied with hose and buckets, there was not a drop of water in the pipes, and the conflagration made such headway before this fatal oversight was remedied that it was impossible to save the hotel or its contents.

The heroine of the occasion was Miss Martha Holtman, a modest young waitress in the New England dining-room, situated across the road from the rear of the hotel. She first saw the blaze, and gave the alarm instantly, her prompt action doubtless being the means of saving many lives. The proprietor, seizing the dinner-gong, dashed up and down the halls, ringing it and shouting "fire!" The hundreds of guests poured out of their rooms and down stairs like mad beings.

After completely enveloping the hotel, the greedy flames leaped across the avenue northward and attacked the cottages there. About twenty-five summer residences were destroyed. Those cottagers whose dwellings were luckily uninjured, hospitably accommodated the 500 houseless persons for the night. Only one life is known to have been lost—that of a woman named Julia Morrow, whose charred body was found in the ruins of the hotel. Two women

servants were slightly injured, by having fight their way through the flames in escape. Half a dozen other persons were also hurt, none seriously. There were many narrow escapes and many prayers of thankfulness for his mercy. The total loss will be \$150,000. It is believed that the fire was work of an incendiary.

THE LATE CHARLES L. BRACE.

THE devoted servant of Christ whose was briefly mentioned in this journal last and whose portrait is here given, has behind him a record worthy of all honor and emulation. Mr. Brace gave all his energies to his life to the service of the poor, and with the highest sense of the title, a Christian anthropologist. With talents and culture that have won for him wealth and popularity, he chose to serve a class from which he could expect no recompense. Not to him, in such occupation, could come ease or luxury, or prizes that worldly-minded preachers forget themselves and his own interest, toiled that others might be better and happy. He has gone from among us unrewarded in his place now is among the great throng of sacrificing workers of whom we shall hear the last, when Christ says to those on His right hand: "I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; Naked, and ye clothed me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me." Compared with that welcome how insignificant seem the accumulated thousands of dollars behind in the coffers of those Christians despising disinterested labor worked in the world only for themselves!

Charles Loring Brace was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1826. His father was a noted educator in that place, and his mother was a daughter of Mrs. Lyman Beecher, the mother of Mr. Ward Beecher. After studying at Yale, taking a degree, he entered Union Theological Seminary to prepare for the ministry. A providential fact that the man who was destined to labor so successfully in philanthropy should have had so thorough a theological training. In after years, when he could deal with cases apparently hopeless, he would have lost heart if he had not known the power of the grace of God. After graduating in 1850, Mr. Brace went to Europe for study and exploration. He made a pedestrian tour through Great Britain and Ireland, and then went to spend the winter in study. In the spring

"Yes, Mr. Wescott," Addie was saying. "I will go, and I think we shall enjoy it thoroughly." Corriann turned away disgusted with himself and with all the world. He seemed born to disappointment.

Addie's prediction that the excursion would be a pleasant affair proved true. Everyone—and there was a large company—enjoyed himself in a characteristic manner, some playing croquet, other taking a sail around the lake in the small steamer, while others hired row-boats and glided as fancy moved them over the smooth sheet of water. In the afternoon, Howard and Addie took a boat for a row to the opposite shore, which sloped beautifully back from the lake, and seemed to beckon them.

"We can save time by going directly across the lake," said Howard, as he took the oars and propelled the boat from the shore.

"Do you think it safe? A rather strong breeze seems to be rising," she said.

"Oh! I think there is no danger."

He was not a very dexterous oarsman, and the breeze was quite stiff out in the centre of the lake, so that the waves rolled frightfully high for persons unused to the water, several of the white-caps actually breaking over the side of the boat and splashing the young couple more than they liked. Several times wind and wave combined almost wrenched the boat from Howard's control, and there was danger of capsizing. He struggled manfully, but his face grew pale with a terrible fear.

"I am afraid, we are in danger, Mr. Wescott," said Addie, and Howard saw that her lips were white.

"Addie," he broke out, "I will do the best I can to save you. I am sorry I brought you into this peril. I can never forgive myself."

He bent again to the oars and put forth all his strength. Addie sat still with white, scared face, but the brave girl uttered no cry nor shed a tear.

"Addie," Howard said, and the use of her first name in that moment of danger seemed natural, "it may be that neither of us may live through this. I should like you to know something that I meant to tell you under happier circumstances. I love you dearly. It was my hope to win you for my own. Do you think I might have succeeded? Could you love me?"

It was no time for the pretty shyness and girlish bridling that such a question in other circumstances might have called forth. The blood shot across Addie's pale cheeks, and her eyes shone for a moment as she answered: "I could; I do. I am glad you spoke. It robs death of half its sting. Look, I believe it is coming."

She pointed to a huge breaker rolling toward the boat.

More by instinct than by any application of skill he placed his oars in the right position to save the little bark from being turned over, although it dipped water and trembled for one terrible moment in the balance. An interval of comparative calm between the violent squalls enabled him to hurry the boat into a bay that was somewhat sheltered; and just in time, for the next wave was still higher than its predecessor, and would surely have upset their light craft. The couple now crept along the sheltering shore, and their excited feelings were soon somewhat calmed. No one was in sight, the narrow point of woodland that swung out into the lake cutting off their view of the rest of the party on the other side of the lake, and forming an alcove shut in on three sides. The boat was allowed to drift, while Howard plucked a cluster of fragrant water-lilies for his companion.

Then he drew up to the shore, helped her from the boat, and sat down beside her on the green slope. Placing the cluster of lilies that he had plucked into her hand, he said, in a voice tense with feeling:

"Addie, do you see how pure and white these lilies are? Shall they be a symbol of our love?" She did not answer at once, but the roses bloomed on her cheeks. "Shall they, Addie?" he repeated, eagerly.

"Yes, if you wish it so," she whispered.

"And you will not withdraw the confession I forced from you in that awful moment of danger?"

"No;—I should have said the same under any other circumstances," said the girl, ingenuously.

"Oh! Addie, my dear, dear—one," he said, passionately drawing her to his breast.

Love so sweet, so pure, so hallowed, should be veiled from our intrusive gaze. Such confessions and vows as were that day interchanged are common enough, and yet to lovers they can never become commonplace, nor should they. To the young it is ever the new-old story, just as beautiful as when Adam made love to the mother of brides in the garden. When, from the beginning until now, has not love been made in a garden metaphorically if not literally? It is only those whose lives have become acrid and arid and from whose natures cynicism has excised all sweet sentiment, who sneer at the loves of the young. Clouds may lower sometime over the sky of our happy lovers, but that is no reason why they should refuse to enjoy the sunshine while it lasts.

On their way back to the picnic-grounds, Howard rowed around near the shore, determined to take no further risks. It had been an eventful day, and he lived in a kind of dream-land for a week, and even then could scarcely realize that it was he who had won the hand of the noble girl.

When, a few days later, Corrigan saw a heavy gold band on Addie's finger, he knew instinctively that it meant an engagement with his rival.

The sad calamity that had befallen Robert Heritage a few months prior to these events, had given young Wescott a violent spiritual shock, and seemed for a time to have flung him back again into blank atheism. He was of an inquiring turn of mind, disposed to seek out the moral significance of things; but being unable to trace any useful purpose in the misfortune of his friend, his doubts returned in aggravated form, and he said to himself:

"The world is ruled by caprice. There is no God of providence, no God who cares, and so no God at all."

He and Addie often talked it over, neither of them able to solve the enigma of human suffering. And who is able clearly to elucidate it? Yet Heritage's story which had been concluded a few weeks before, had been read by them with intense interest, and had kept the spirit of religious inquiry and concern alive within them. Besides, Addie's duties in the Sunday-school and choir required her presence at church, and where she went Howard usually found himself drawn; so that every Sabbath they listened to the fervid eloquence of Dr. Hamlyn. Thus they drifted along until the time of their engagement.

A few days later an event occurred which made an important turning-point in Howard's life. It was the receipt of a letter. He was sitting in his brother-in-law's office, looking over some legal documents and comparing them with the Revised Statutes of the State, when the letter was laid upon his desk. The hand-writing was unfamiliar and the post-mark was so blurred that he could not decipher it. His eyes opened wide as he read the following epistle:

"MY DEAR WESCOTT: I am very busy. Per- you are, too, as well as myself. So I will come to the point at once. Do you remember the day at college when I dissuaded you from going to the special meetings, the day I put a certain book into your hands? I fear I did you harm that day. My conscience will give me no rest until I confess my error and try to undo the wrong. Wescott, I was mistaken then. I have had my eyes opened since. Through the influence of a friend I was led to read the Bible more carefully and with less prejudice. I soon saw that I had been blind. My friend told me to go to God in prayer for light. After some delay I took his advice. My doubts were of long standing and rank growth, but God's Spirit uprooted them, and to day I am a fervent believer. He will do the same for all—for you. Go to him, my brother. Heed not the advice I gave you in our college days, but, oh, Wescott, I pray you, heed the advice I give you now.

Will you?—You will scarcely credit it when I tell you that I am now preparing to preach the Gospel I once held in such bitter content. Let me hear from you."

"Your friend always,
B. C. MCDANE."

Howard drew a long breath when he had read the letter, and then said:

"This letter is *sui generis*, if a piece of composition ever was. That's precisely McDane's style, so quaintly abrupt and sententious. What a strange experience he has had! What if it were elaborated, it would read like the experience of Heritage's hero."

And Howard took down the *Weekly Reflector* which he kept in the office for convenient reference, and read over the chapter that had few months before, stirred him so powerfully.

"Why should I continue in this dire uncertainty a day longer if, as so many of my friends say, there is a way out of it?" reasoned Howard as he sat musing in the office. "McDane converted! I never saw a more rabid opponent of Christianity than he was at college, and if that could be changed, there is hope for all—for me."

Then he remembered that Heritage had told him to go to Dr. Hamlyn for counsel, and resolved to do so at once. It was a sweltering August afternoon, and he found the doctor in his study, with every window hoisted, letting the breeze be stirring. Dr. Hamlyn greeted his guest kindly. He was not a dry pedant, a mere doctrinaire, although a man of scholarly tastes and habits; there was a practical side to his nature, which brought him into touch with the life of the city in which he lived. Conservative and wholly orthodox in his theology, unwilling for a single moment to temporize with what he regarded as error, he was broadminded and liberal, having none of the elements of the sectary in his nature. On the whole, he was the farthest remove from being a mere dogmatician, stickling for modes of expression or shibboleths of doctrine. The only thing of small concern to him, the spirit of everything. Dr. Hamlyn was one in whom persuasion and belief had ripened into faith, faith become a passionate intuition.

Although a very busy man, he always had time to direct the inquirer, as Howard found when he frankly told the story of his mental difficulties. The kind clergyman explained those problems that would admit of explanation, opened up the Scriptures until, as was the case with the disciples of old, his young friend's life burned within him.

"You have done me much good," said Howard, gratefully. "The Bible seems like a new book to me in many respects. And yet I am not satisfied. My mind is still full of doubts which seems to weigh me down like a nightmare. How shall I get rid of it? How shall I get full assurance?"

"Let us kneel in prayer and take your doubts to God."

It was a solemn scene, one over which the veil shall be sacredly drawn, for it would be most profane to intrude into the Holy of Holies of a religious experience, when for the first time a soul talks with God. When the supplicants rose from their knees, and stood looking into each other's eyes, their hands clasped the old man and the young inquirer, it needed no words to tell that the Dayspring had risen at last in Howard Wescott's heart.

"We have been conversing with God," said the clergyman, in solemn tones.

"Yes, and He has bidden all my doubts depart," answered Howard. "I know it! I know it!"

"Can you say with Paul, 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?'"

"I can."

"And, 'God's Spirit beareth witness within us that we are the children of God?'"

"With all my heart."

"Wescott, my young brother, you have been born from above. May God keep that which He hath entrusted to you. Good night."

(To be continued.)

AN AFRICAN FEAST.

English missionary in Western Africa a graphic account of the humiliation offered at a recent feast given by the king of the country. He had to witness a feast, the materials for which had been supplied by his own countrymen. He said: "Every Friday the king makes a feast. His Majesty sent for me, and proceeded to the palace. The king, his wives, chiefs, and notable women, the medans, and every one of position in town were gathered together on the palace grounds. All the food was brought before me in large vessels, divided in his company, and carried to the different companies seated on the ground, each company with its own dish, and using Nature's implements—their fingers. At intervals the king treated us to a dance, when special musicians would accompany him with a native trumpet, and the king with an instrument whose melodies reminded me of a Scotch bagpipe. The two men were employed the while shouting the praises of the king. The feasting was, finished, the king, his wives, and chiefs retired to another part of the palace—I supposed to hold a consultation. In a few minutes the king sent for me, then witnessed a scene which stirred my soul. There sat the king, with his hands giving to the people out of bottles, English gin and rum, brought in by native traders. Every day the king drank out this poison to the people, who like it, and get intoxicated the day closes. As I looked on I felt that when I remembered it had come from my own country, but I gave the king to understand I had nothing to do with it, though it was an evil trade. 'The white man sells it to us,' said the king. 'We did not know the fact: before the white man came it. We like it, and must have it.'"

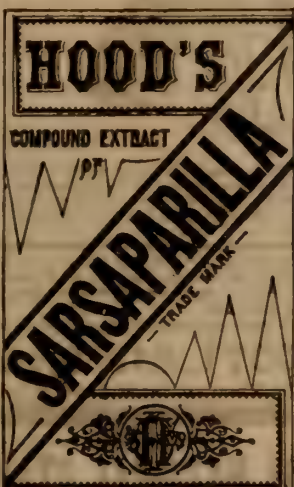
AN UNCONSCIOUS HEIR.

A legend is told in Germany that there is a day a great festival in one of the royal castles on the river Rhine. The day was exceedingly dark and wild, and intensely cold. An ill-clad, half-starved, shivering man toiled along one of the rugged paths. He looked with wistful eye at the light that streamed from the windows of the mansion, and listened to the strains of feasting and the strains of music. He left his home in early youth, been a victim of fortune, and heard nothing in days of deficient communication of news. He knew not that that magnificent dwelling was his father's property, and that the heir. Desperate in his needs, he had to ask for some shelter and food. In the portals he found an old servant. Some little conversation, his heirship was discovered. He passed at once from poverty to abundance, from the wild storm to the bright shelter within. The heir's attire was changed for robes suitable to the heir. Especially he rejoiced in the presence of an affectionate and noble father. A Christian did not know all that he is, and never claims all the privileges God is waiting to bestow. "According to your faith" is the measure given, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, nor hath been conceived in the mind, nor hath been prepared for the things which God hath prepared for them who love Him."

A MINER'S SACRIFICES.

of the common devices of Satan, in order to prevent men quitting his service and to keep them under the Prince of Peace is to tempt them of the pleasures they love, but they must renounce, if they become Christians. All too many find it too great a sacrifice to make. But some have found sacrifice at all. One instance is related which the pleasures that were given could never have been enjoyed, and announcing them the man made an ingrain. There had been an evangelist in the village for a few weeks, and many of the miners and their families had embraced the opportunity of accepting Christ. On one day a certain young man seemed to be very constrained to come to the Saviour. His companion had already yielded, but

Satan was evidently making a hard fight to retain this captive, by spreading out all the pleasures and amusements he would have to resign if he became a Christian. The evangelist showed plainly by the Word of God that, 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation,' but there was no promise for to-morrow. At length, by God's grace, Satan was vanquished, his temptations put to one side, and the captive soul set free. Next day while the men were at work in the mine, an explosion took place. A few men were killed or injured, among the latter was the young man who, after such a struggle, had given himself to Christ the previous night. He was carried home, but, alas, there was very little hope for him, and as night approached it became evident that he was going fast. His companion of the previous evening was among the anxious watchers gathered around the bed. Turning to him, the dying lad said, 'Thank God, Bob, it was settled last night.' (And in a few minutes he went home to his newly-found Saviour.)



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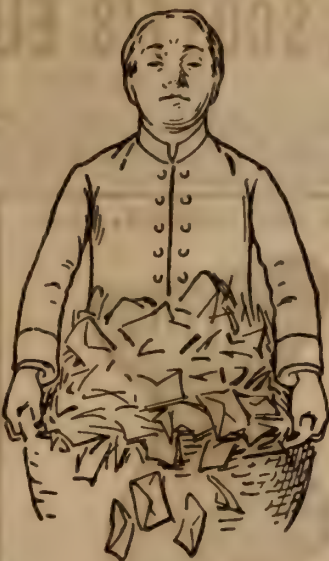
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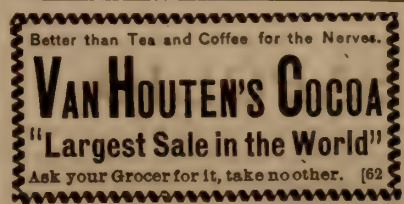
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There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot ;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot :
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet ;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet :
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night ;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright :
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad :
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad :
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight ;
There's always a Guide to point us
To the "little wicket-gate" :
And the angels will be nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel ;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal.
There's many a lowly forehead
That's bearing the hidden seal.

--Selected.

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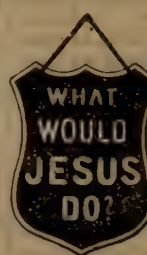
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DANIEL AMONG LIONS.

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"Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions." Daniel 6: 16.

DARIUS was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister, or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar, the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king within thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the



ground the solid earth quakes with their bellying. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth, they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long mane. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius the king sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O king! live forever. My God has sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den

than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that while God will defend His people, the way of the ungodly shall perish.

The Crime of Success.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be Prime Minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and tax-gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say, "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good-humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful, your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to bescowl at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you passed by them. "Stuck up," says one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves.



Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfort and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says: "Stay down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh!" said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Decision of Character.

Again: My subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well, he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character, so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go West. Perhaps they will go East. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go North. Perhaps they may go South. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads. Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, start-

ing for Glasgow, and the next day she change for Havre de Grace, and the next Charleston, and the next for Boston, and next for Liverpool. These men on the sea life everlastingly tacking ship and making headway. Or they are like a man who start build a house in the Corinthian style, changes it to Doric, and then completes it in Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architect.

Start Right and Keep On.

Have decision of character. Character is like goldfinch of Tonquin: it is magnificent in standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order these young men may be Christians! Their associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes, they grimace, and wink, and chuck and say, "There goes a saint."

O young man! have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoff of these men, who are affronted because you do not go to ruin with them? When the ground cracks open under their feet, and grimacing sengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and consciences stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to throw them down, will they laugh then?

Religion in Business.

I learn also from my subject that men take religion into their worldly business. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six days. All the affairs of state were in his hands—questions of finance, questions of war, of peace, all the national questions were for his settlement of adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was no man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the Secretary of State, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who are not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagemen who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will interfere with their worldly occupation, that it will trip up the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's plane, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store-shelf.

They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated in its place in church on the Sabbath, to find its place in the psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the dictation of discourse; or they would like to leave it



on a pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out closing the door, saying, "Good-night to religion; I'll be next Sunday. But to have religion go right along by the way through life, to have religion shoulder over the shoulder view they are making a bargain, to have religion take a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say: 'Ha! where did you get that?' They think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them they would like to have religion as a sort of night-key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be an impertinent. Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a man will build a better wall, a cabinet-maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods.

say other things being equal. Of course religion gives a man a new heart, it does propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of philosophical theory that a total vacuum is possible; but the more letters you have to te, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian.

If you have a thousand irons in the fire, you have a thousand more opportunities of serving than if you had only one iron in the fire. So busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth as holy? The busiest men the best men. The persons converted in Scripture busy at time of their being converted. Matthew tending to his custom-house duties; the prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, running down on his law business. Busy! busy! busy! with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three times a day shipping the God of heaven.

Religion in Politics.

Again: I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had the affairs of state on hand, yet a Christian. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and all the thrusts of officials and all the anger of disgrace did not make him yield a iota of his high-toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a Christian politician.

So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean, of Ohio. Such was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Faithful to the state, at the same time faithful to God.

It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, at they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot-box and cast their first vote, and that they may bear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less than Calvary, and Lexington mean less than Bethlehem.

The Rescue of the Ballot Box.

But because there are bad men around the ballot-box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of hooters; and the last time to surrender the ballot-box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood, and had no concern about his own home.

Religion would drive out all base personalities from politics. You have a right to discuss men's politics and denounce their political sentiments, or receive them, as you will; but you have no right to assail their private character, as is done every autumn. That is not carrying religion into politics. Now you can always tell without asking, in any contest, what candidate will vote for. It is always for the man who is most badgered, and most abused, and most spit

upon, and most howled at. You have a right to contest a man's political sentiments; you have no right for base political purposes to assail his private moral character.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him, as a hunter's hounds at the well-known whistle come bounding to his feet.

You need not go to Numidia to get among lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel and they cannot hurt you.

The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea-shells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing, putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulchre, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you.

When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before, among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade, he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes, streaming over seas of sapphire.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A PRAYER IN A HOSPITAL.

In the operating room of a large hospital in Glasgow, Scotland, one day last month, lay a little boy waiting to undergo a critical operation which might prolong his life, but would more probably terminate it. Near the operating table, on which he lay, was another table where the surgeon's knives were set out ready to his hand. Around were all the students connected with the hospital, eager to see the famous surgeon perform his difficult task. While they were waiting, the boy spoke.

"Wud one of you gentlemen," he said, looking at the students, "say a prayer for a wee boy that's in pain and fear?"

No one responded, and the child—he was only twelve years old—seemed disappointed. The surgeon patted him on the head, called him a brave boy and told him he hoped the operation would set him up and make a strong boy of

him. But the boy wanted a prayer and he asked again for it; but no one answered. He seemed quite distressed and finally, in simple words and clear tone, he prayed himself. Would Jesus, who let wee boys come to Him on earth, have pity on him, help him to go through this time of trial, make him well again, or, if not, take him to heaven? "Thy will be done," said the child simply, and then signed to the attendant, with the chloroform, that he was ready.

The surgeon, who relates the incident, says that when the boy was unconscious, the coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch necessary for the success of an operation so difficult were lacking. The boy's prayer had touched him and there was a lump in his throat and a dew on his eyes. But he began, and it seemed as if the boy's prayer for himself had included some one else; for the operation was performed with unusual ease and dexterity.

On the next morning when the surgeon came to the child's bed, he saw by the placid comfortable look on the little wasted face, that the operation had been a success and the boy would live. He bent over him and whispered "Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright look came over the child's face and, looking up at the surgeon, he said, "I kent He wud." And then he added, "You, doctor, were gude to me, too. But "he continued, evidently longing to show his gratitude, "but I hae naething to gie you." And then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone he added, "I will pray to Jesus for you, doctor."

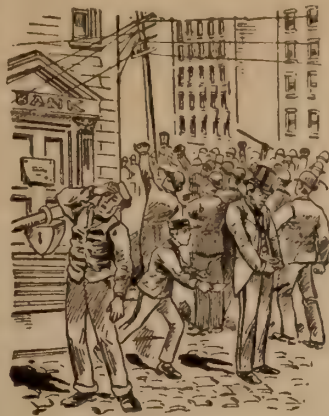
A PERSIAN EVANGELIST.

In a communication to *The Church at Home and Abroad* a sketch, from which the following is an extract, is given by Rev. S. G. Wilson, a notable convert, from Mohammedanism, who has shown steadfastness in persecution:

A remarkable man, a convert from Islam and an evangelist, has fallen asleep. He died far from the companionship of Christian brethren, and burial was denied his body for several days by the Mohammedans, who regarded him as unclean. He was an open professor of Christ, braving the danger of the death penalty. His baptism was known. His lips made frequent acknowledgment of the Lord Jesus. He was called the "Armenian Sayid," the former pointing him out as a renegade from Islam, the latter having been his title as a descendant of Mohammed. He was also of the line of Sufavean kings. His mind was not at rest in Shiahism nor the doctrines of the Dervishes. One day in the house of an official, he saw a book on a shelf covered with dust. He asked what it was, and learning that it was an "Enjeel" (gospel), borrowed and read it. Afterwards he asked some Armenian artisans from whom he could inquire about this book. They referred him to Pastor Mosha, of Maragha, by whom he was instructed in the truth. He embraced the gospel of Christ, and soon began to proclaim it.

His knowledge of the gospels was remarkable, and his use of the story and words of Jesus very ready. His zeal was great. He would go into the bazaars on Sunday and persuade the Armenians to shut up their shops and come to prayers. He made many journeys in the Mussul-villages, riding on a donkey, with a great coat of sheepskin (with the wool turned inside) for protection from cold or rain, and as a covering at night. Sometimes Nestorian or Armenian evangelists accompanied him, and they bore unanimous testimony to his courage and zeal, and at times they would restrain him lest the fanaticism of the people might impel them to personal violence. Once when he spoke of Rab Esa (the Lord Jesus) his brother slapped him on the face and knocked out two teeth, saying, "You dare call Jesus Lord, do you?"

In his recent death a useful career has been cut short. Though not permitted to gather a full harvest, the influence of his life and words has not been in vain and will yet bear fruit. To us he is an inspiration of faith to believe that hundreds such as he will forsake Islam for the truth.



BELLA COOKE'S LIFE WORK.

HOW A CONFIRMED INVALID, BY GOD'S GRACE, BECAME A SUCCESSFUL CITY MISSIONARY.

Thirty-five Years Confined to Her Bed, Yet an Active Worker in the Lord's Vineyard—Penniless Herself, She Feeds the Poor—A Spiritual Mother to Hundreds—Millionaires' Wives, Clergymen and the Poor of the Tenements Meet at Her Bedside—An Experience that Should Stimulate Christians Everywhere.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

GOD in His wisdom, some times chooses the humblest instruments to carry out His purposes. It is not always the man or woman who has been highly educated or delicately reared that is sent to deliver the message of salvation to the world. Very many of the noblest servants of the Master have been those whose position and opportunities in life were of the humblest sort; yet He takes them and filling their hearts with His grace and touching their lips, as He touched those of the prophets of old, they are strengthened to do battle with sin, and made eloquent to draw wandering souls to the foot of the Cross.

One of the richest women in America to-day is Bella Cooke. It is true, she doesn't live in a splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue, nor does she take an outing in a coach, attended by footmen in livery and with richly caparisoned horses to draw her through the streets. She owns neither houses nor lands, and there is probably not a banker in New York who knows her by name. She lives in a very modest, little brick house, in the rear of No. 492 Second Avenue, and indeed, only occupies a part of it. Not a very striking or imposing residence for a rich lady, you will say. Yet there are hundreds of people who count their wealth by the millions, who would gladly exchange possessions with Bella Cooke, the story of whose life, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day, shows how

"The poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God."

Bella Cooke was born in Hull, England, in 1821, her father being John Beeton and her mother Elizabeth Smawfield. Both parents were devoted followers of Christ, and they were very happy in their married life. Bella at the age of nine began to be troubled about the state of her soul. It was the rule, in her father's house, to have family service regularly on Sunday evenings, and at the household altar, by the example of those godly parents, she and her sister Hannah both experienced the awakening of the spirit. Her first gleams of Christ's free salvation came to her after several weeks of worshipping at a little Methodist Chapel, in Norfolk Street, Sheffield; but it was not till the spring of 1834 that she really saw the light that has since been her Guide and Comforter, amid all her trials and sorrows.

When she was about seventeen years old, Bella began to take an active share in the work of the Master. She still recalls with deep interest those early experiences, when she undertook home missionary work

Among the Poor of Sheffield,

her district being a place known as "The Isle," a vicious quarter, very much like the old Five Points of New York. She continued this work until failing health warned her to seek change of air and she went to Hull, where she became acquainted with a young man who was preparing to go as a missionary to New Zealand. Nothing would have pleased her more than to adopt the work of a foreign missionary; but the plan was frustrated by sickness, for her spine began to trouble her alarmingly, and to give the first symptoms of the disease that afterwards made her a life prisoner.

It was about this time that she met Mr. Cooke, who afterwards became her husband. He visited at her sister's and told the latter that, some time before, he had dreamed that Bella was to be his wife. Now he saw her for the first time, and she was identical with the woman he had seen in his dream. They were married in Sheffield, and one of the first stipulations of her husband, and to which she gladly assented, was

that their house should be the "Preachers' Home," whenever the men of God came that way. Their wedded life was an exceedingly happy one, and several children were born to them.

Sometime after this, her husband's property was dissipated by the dishonesty of other men, and misfortunes came rapidly upon the little household. In 1847, on account of repeated losses in business, they came to New York. On the evening of their first day in the New World, the young wife and her husband were found worshipping in the Rose Hill Methodist Church. "We were hungry for God's meat and drink," she said, "and it was as balm to our tempest-tossed souls." They joined the church in full membership the following week. Poverty continued to oppress them, but with added misfortunes came an increase in spirituality. It seemed as though God were pouring out His riches in their hearts in proportion as the world denied its favors.

In 1849 came the cholera visitation, which swept off hundreds in New York. Mr. Cooke

Fell a Victim to the Plague

after a few hours' illness. The widow, left with several small children, one born shortly after her husband's demise, was now in sore straits, yet her confidence in her heavenly Father never faltered. Her old spinal trouble aggravated by all the sufferings she had undergone, again began to assert itself. She had meanwhile removed to New York, where kind friends helped to care for her little ones, the mother heroically striving not only to attend to her household, but to do what she could to mitigate the sufferings of others. For several hours daily she visited among the poor patients in Bellevue Hospital, and in the tenements along First Avenue from 28th Street, and along Third Avenue and other sections of the populous East side. Charitably disposed persons supplied the means to carry on this voluntary mission among the poor, sending her both clothing and money. Summer and winter she went in and out among the swarming tenements like a ministering angel. At last the burdened body gave way and in 1885 Bella Cooke took to her bed, having been pronounced incurable by the doctors. The spinal disease gave her hardly a moment's freedom from pain. Then began an experience that gave to the world

"A Humble Heroine of the Cross."

Racked day and night by keen physical suffering, she yet determined to persevere in the good work she had begun. In her little room she gathered around her many of the most godly men and women in New York, who found there a ray of God's own sunshine even on the gloomiest day, for Mrs. Cooke is one of the cheeriest of Christians. Many clergymen and laymen have loved to meet there and have declared that the Spirit of the Lord was in that little room, and that they always went forth stronger for the duties of life after calling there. The influence of the association of that upper room went out over the whole of Manhattan Island and proved a blessing to thousands. The imprisoned invalid became not only a missionary and a comforter, but a material benefactor as well. To the 27th Street Methodist Church of which she has been a member 43 years, she has given liberally, on one occasion contributing \$100 from her own slender means. Her "poor list" is as large as that of many a successful church and is as faithfully supplied. Among those ladies who loved to help her in this work were Mrs. A. G. Phelps, Mrs. Stokes, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Delamater, Mrs. Onativia, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Mrs. Jaffray, Mrs. Murray, and Mrs. Hunting, and she has been visited at times by Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Stillman, Mrs. Stuyvesant, Miss Hamersly, Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Miss Schiefflin and many others whose names are well known in the world of society, yet who gladly gave a helping hand to the deserving poor and who made the calm-faced, patient woman in the little rear house, the distributor of their secret charities.

Mrs. Cooke, after thirty-five years of confinement, grows old very gracefully, lying in her sick-chamber, surrounded by Christian friends, beautiful pictures and fragrant flowers. Her writing desk is swung from the wall, so that when she sits up in bed she can attend to her correspondence, for she has quite as large a daily mail as many business men. The two

Windows Are Full of Flowers,

the carpets are bright and warm in color, the book cases are full of volumes that tell of the love of a Savior who has done so much for the invalid, the whole apartment has an air of inviting cheerfulness, and its occupant's heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude to God. This feeling frequently finds expression in song, one of her favorites being the following:

"Shut in," did you say, my sisters?
Oh, no; only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil—
The burden and heat of the day—
Into the cool green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lie down in quiet
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me
With faces kind and sweet;
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Savior's feet.
And we talk of life's holy duties,
Of the crosses that lie in the way;
And they must go out and do them,
While I lie still and pray."

Many a time during her long years of illness she has been at death's door, or as she herself expresses it, "very near home." "Ah, sister," remarked her physician, one morning on greeting her after a night which he had not expected her to survive, "those feet have

A Hard Time Getting Over Jordan."

"Yes," came back the cheery reply from the bed, "and I see you try to keep them back as long as you can." "Why, Mother Cooke," cries a young man, on seeing her after long years of absence, "I thought you had gone home long ago." There were times, too, when the life seemed to have fled forever, and when the poor pain-racked frame was very still. Then she would get a glimpse of the Celestial City and the heavenly ecstasy would almost begin, when God, for his own wise purposes, would bring her back to earth again.

Never a moment idle, and amid all so happy and light-hearted that one cannot help thinking some of the sunshine of childhood has remained to gild her later years, Bella Cooke's life is a beautiful illustration of the perfect faith of the true believer and the joy that comes from complete surrender to Christ. When seen by a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago, she was bright and cheerful. The sun shone through her curtained windows and illuminated the room with a soft radiance, touching here and there the mosaic of paintings and making still whiter the spotless drapery.

"Lonely," echoed the patient woman, who sat propped up by pillows, and who had been busily writing as we entered, "oh, no. I have

3,000 Persons Call Upon Me

every year, and they keep me busy. Just now in summer, I have my tea-parties at which my guests are all old ladies, over sixty years of age and a few much older. After a nice tea we have singing, experiences and prayer. About twelve or thirteen are present at each of these parties. There is no room here for more, you see. Then there are other summer duties in which I engage. For several years I have sent a number of poor children to the country, some of them for one or two weeks, according to their needs. I send them to places in New Jersey and Connecticut. Besides this, I send during the season quite a number of women with babies on day trips to Rockaway, Bedloe's Island, Glen Island and other places; I suppose I have sent well on to 1,000 this summer. Of course," she added humbly, "this is all done with money that is given to me for these purposes."

"Does the work close with the summer then?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Cooke, "the autumn is even busier for me. Last Thanksgiving I served 210 poor families with turkeys and chickens and bright beads for the little ones. It was

the same on the previous Thanksgiving. Each of the children got a necklace, and everybody got a text of Scripture suitable for the occasion. Then, when Christmas comes," she continued, smiling, "my poor are with me in force. Last Christmas eighty of the most needy families got a basket of provisions each, and about 250 children were delighted by receiving toys, oranges and candies. Besides these, 550 garments were distributed."

"Where do your poor live?"
 "All over the city. And when they, as well as the rich who make it possible for me to do these things, are here, they seem to fulfil the words of Scripture, 'the rich and the poor meet together.' And the blessing of it is that many of them assure me that in this room they have met Christ. Many call me their spiritual father, and say that I, through God's blessing, have led them to the Saviour. The Lord has blessed us wonderfully and fed us on the richainties of His love. 'I will extol thee, O God our King, and praise thee forever,'" she exclaimed, rapturously.

"When the physicians have given me up for dead, I have

Heard the Master Saying: 'Not Yet,' and I wait His blessed time. This has happened many times. My present physician is a Christian man who has attended me many years without charge. He has been astounded because I have lived after he has many times left me, saying that a few hours would tell the tale. But it is a Higher Power that keeps me alive, and that has done so all these years."

"Always working, always praying, always giving," is the watchword of this daughter of the Lord, who, after thirty-five years of unceasing labor and affliction, still finds so much pleasure in His service. Surely her life is a lesson for Christians everywhere. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has embalmed her memory while she is yet with us, as a fitting example for its readers to emulate, each in his or her own station, and according to the opportunities God has given them.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Right of Eminent Domain is to be Exercised by the United States Government over one land near Baltimore, Md., if the consent of the law courts can be obtained. On a dangerous headland called Hawkins Point, near Baltimore, stands a lighthouse. Between the lighthouse and the water is a strip of land on which grow some very fine trees. It appears that they are now so high that their upper branches wave in front of the lantern in the lighthouse. Complaints of late have been made to the Collector of the Port by sea captains, that, since the summer months have clothed the trees with dense foliage, it is difficult to see the light at all from the sea, and consequently the lighthouse is practically useless. The Captain of the Engineer Corps in charge of the lighthouse district has asked the owner of the land to allow him to cut the tops of the trees, but he declines. He is willing, however, to sell the land for \$75,000. This sum is said to be far more than the land is worth, and an effort is, therefore, being made to acquire it by process of law. An application has been made to the courts to have the land condemned, on the ground that this is a case in which the Government may justly exercise the right of eminent domain; that is, the power to take possession, after paying adequate compensation to the owner, of any land needed by the public. The case cannot be tried for two months, and in the meantime, vessels entering the port of Baltimore will not have the full benefit of the warning light from the lighthouse. Voyagers on the ocean of life are similarly deprived of one light which God meant them to have. Many obstructions interpose between them and those to whom Christ said "Ye are the light of the world." Arrogant criticism, sceptical suggestions, and the inconsistencies of Christians themselves obstruct the light now; but the light is coming when He, whose is the supreme right of eminent domain, will come suddenly to

remove all that offends, as He drove the money changers from his Father's house when He was on earth. (1. Peter 4: 17.)

A Railroad was Blocked by Bees in Pennsylvania a few days ago. A press dispatch from Phoenixville states that during the run from Perkiomen Junction to Allentown a train stopped at Palm station to take water. The engineer left the cab for a moment and the fireman was attending to the water hose when a swarm of bees from a neighboring farm alighted on the tender behind the engine. The fireman did not observe them and when he returned to the tender a hundred bees set upon him. Half mad with pain he jumped off and rolled wildly in the grass at the roadside. The engineer, the conductor and the other trainmen looked on in dismay. The schedule time for starting the train came and went and still the train stood, for the engineer dare not enter the cab. A consultation was held to discuss the problem, at which some one suggested that a stream of water from the hose should be turned on the bees. This was done and it had the desired effect. The bees flew away and the train started, but considerably behind its time. It is almost ludicrous that creatures so small and weak could cause a block on a great railroad, but other kinds of progress are often blocked by obstacles as insignificant. The little annoyances, little vexations, that are often called, though erroneously, "little sins" are those that hinder the Christian's progress in the divine life." (Cant. 2: 15.)

A Widower's Citation of a Legal Principle is described in the reminiscences of Peleg Johnson by the Hon. A. Payne. It seems that Mr. Johnson soon after the death of his first wife, made an offer of marriage to another lady. She said to him: "Mr. Johnson, my friends think that it is not proper for me to receive your attentions so soon after the death of your wife." To this suggestion he replied: "I have been a constable for more than thirty years, and during that time I have been in constant attendance upon the courts of this State, and I think I ought to know something about law, and I can tell you that when a woman has been dead and buried four months she is just as dead in the eye of the law as if she had been dead a year." The good lady was convinced by the argument though, it affected the question of legality, and not the objection as to propriety, which was the one she had raised. The principle, however, laid down by the suitor was sound, and it has its spiritual application. Christians are often kept from enjoying their full liberty and joy in Christ, by slavish subservency to the law, though the Apostle has declared that we are delivered from the law, that we "should be married to another even to Him who is raised from the dead that we should bring forth fruit unto God." (Rom. 7: 4, 6.)

Nine Years of Unjust Imprisonment have been endured by an innocent man in Germany. An application has been made to the German consul in New York for his assistance in righting a cruel wrong. Three citizens of Syracuse, N. Y., have placed in his hands affidavits of a death-bed confession, which has been made by a deceased acquaintance. They state that in 1885 a young German came to this country, married, and settled down in Syracuse. He was always gloomy and depressed, and finally became ill with a sickness which his physicians declared to have a mental rather than a physical cause. He grew worse, and though the best medical treatment was afforded him, it became clear that he could not recover. Then he unburdened his mind. He said that before coming to America he had murdered his step-brother in order to get possession of his property; that after his flight an innocent man had been arrested, tried for the crime, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Almost immediately after making the confession, he died. Though every man would say that the guilty man's duty was to go back and pay the penalty of his crime, every one must realize that such a course required great moral courage and the

temptation to let the innocent man go on suffering was a strong one to a callous mind. Yet how difficult it is to induce men who are under the sentence of eternal death to take advantage of the voluntary sacrifice of the Son of God who died in their place that they might be saved! (1. Peter 2: 24.)

An Inconclusive Proof of the Temperature of a church building was offered by a sexton's wife in Pennsylvania one winter morning. The sexton, who had charge of a little country church was sick and his wife undertook to attend to the fires. He gave her minute and explicit instructions as to the duties and was very particular about her not leaving the building on Sunday morning until the thermometer, hanging on a pillar in the centre of the church, registered seventy degrees. The man evidently distrusted her ability, and his wife was nettled by his want of confidence. However, she was anxious that he should not worry, so after the first heat of the church had reached the required degree she went home, and to relieve his mind, carried with her the thermometer, which she proudly exhibited in proof of her having succeeded in carrying out his instructions. She did not know, or had forgotten, that during her walk of a quarter of a mile in the frosty air the mercury would so fall that her husband could not learn from it the temperature of the church. If the spiritual temperature of the church had been in question the woman's method would not have been so absurd. A more reliable test of godliness of a church is furnished by the conduct of its members when they are outside its walls than when they are inside. (Ezek. 33: 31.)

The Movements of Two Distressed Birds interested a group of laborers on a farm a few days ago. In going over a field with a reaping machine, a young lark was injured. The men did not notice the bird and passed on, but, when they returned on the reaper to that part of the field, they saw it struggling. It was too badly injured to live, so they killed it and one of the men put it in his pocket. After they had passed, two larks, evidently the parents of the dead bird, were seen searching for their offspring and they continued the search for several hours. A curious feature of their quest was that they did not look for the bird where it was injured, but in the swath last mown, which, of course, was a different place after every passage of the reaper. The two birds had evidently identified the place in which they had last seen their offspring by its proximity to the standing grain. Even if it had been possible to make them understand their mistake, the knowledge of the truth could have brought them no comfort. But for human parents who have lost a child there is comfort, if instead of going to the grave, in the track of the reaper, "to weep there," they would look up to God with the confident faith of David when he said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." (II. Samuel 12: 23.)

A Fatal Enemy of the House Fly is Described in a scientific journal. It states that the flies are subject to the attacks of a species of parasitic fungus which causes their death. The spores of the fungus, which are exceedingly minute, and are present in the air, are carried against the fly's body, and such as strike under its surface become adherent, when each spore sends out a long tubular projection, which penetrates the skin and enters the body. Once here, its host's doom is certain, for it meets with suitable nourishment in the fluids of the fly's body, by aid of which it will speedily propagate itself until its victim, drained of its life support, finally succumbs. Nor does the mischief end there. While the fly so afflicted lives, the threads attached to its body develop a head, containing the germs of other spores, which become detached and are wafted against the bodies of other flies who die in the same way. We see something like this in the moral and spiritual world. The vicious man is not only drained of his strength as his vices grow stronger, but he corrupts his fellows by association. (Prov. 4: 14-16.)

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

S. S. LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR SEPT. 14.
LUKE 19 : 11-27; GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 19 : 26.

The Mistake of the Apostles—Their Ideas of the Kingdom—Expected a Material Kingdom—The Enlightenment at Pentecost—The King's Servants—Unconverted People Among the Citizens—The Charge to the Servants—The Nobleman's Return—The Judgment—Not the General Judgment—The Three Types.

THE hearts of the twelve apostles were set with determinate expectation on the promises of God that the kingdom and glory should return to the land of Israel, (Jer. 33 : 6-22;) they longed that Jerusalem should be again "a name of joy, a praise and an honor before all the nations of the earth;" they yearned for the fulfilment of the prophecy, "they shall take them captive whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors," (Isa. 14 : 2.) The Lord Jesus had told them plainly and repeatedly of His coming sufferings, (Luke 18 : 31-33,) but "they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things that were spoken." Even after the resurrection, and immediately before the ascension of our Lord, they asked, "Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel." (Acts 1 : 6.) Thus, it is not surprising that the occasion of the parable was "because He was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear."

The Conceptions of the Apostles regarding Christ's mission were more consistent with the old than with the new dispensation; not yet filled with the Holy Ghost, earthly glory was still an object to them. Once filled with the Spirit, they understood "the things of the Spirit of God," (1. Cor. 2 : 12-14,) they could rejoice "that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name," (Acts 5 : 41,) they knew then that "we must, through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God," (Acts. 14 : 22.) Filled with the Spirit, Paul could say of bonds and afflictions, "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself," (Acts 20 : 24,) and he could say of Jesus, "For whom I have suffered the loss of all things." (Phil. 3 : 8.) The disciples knew then with absolute certainty that there was reserved in heaven for them "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," (1. Pet. 1 : 4.)

Great Responsibility, must accompany great privilege, and this is the teaching of our parable. Every one of us shall give account of himself to God, says the Bible (Rom. 14 : 12); and God teaches us to walk daily in the sense of our just accountability to Him. Jesus said, therefore, "a certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." We cannot too strongly bear in mind that the kingdom of our Lord "is not of this world," and that He said; "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence." (John 18 : 36.) Man can neither set up, nor, with crude weapons defend Christ's kingdom, for it is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14 : 17.)

"And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come." No man in his senses would trust the management of his money and his business affairs into the hands of people who were unknown to him, still less to those who were in a position of enmity; tried and trusted servants alone could be charged with such a responsibility. Thus, we cannot reckon the "servants" who are in charge with the master's goods, to be unconverted people; the only charge which such have is the message of reconciliation, by which they may some time or other, enter into His service. They are in the position of the citizens who "hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, we will not have this man to reign over us."

What then is our charge as servants? In

what have we to occupy till our Lord comes? In everything. As redeemed, as blood-bought, we owe it to the Lord that our existence shall have no meaning but for Him, that our presence shall be His presence, our life His life, our words His words, our works His works. We owe to Him that everything we do shall be in charge for Him, every detail of our life pressed into His service as a means of glorifying Him. We owe it to Him that in every success He shall gain the credit, that in every difficulty He shall extricate us, that in every temptation He shall deliver us, that in every sorrow He shall comfort us, that in every sickness He shall heal us, in every perplexity counsel and guide us—we owe it to Him that our life in every particular shall furnish Him with one opportunity after another of manifesting His glory. Oh! to live every moment in the consciousness that we are in charge for God! This gives both a dignity and a sweetness to life, this makes seeming trifles and little annoyances worth the while :

I Am in Charge For God :

that which I suffer is for Him, that which I do is for Him; I eat, drink, walk, and sleep, not for my own indulgence, but for Him. My business, my house, my family, my society are all in charge for Him; He trusts me with these to occupy for Him, to take His place in these relations till He comes." It is just the losing sight of this responsibility, the having to do with "the things that are seen," instead of "the things which are not seen" (1 Cor. 4 : 18), which makes all the difficulty in the life of a child of God. If we are in charge for the Master, He does not leave us to bear the weight of that charge, but invites us to cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us. (1. Pet. 5 : 7.)

When the nobleman "was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading." This is "the judgment seat of Christ," mentioned in II. Cor. 5 : 10; Matt. 16 : 27; Heb. 22 : 12, not the same as the judgment of the wicked which takes place after the millennium (Heb. 20 : 5, 11, 15,) where the question is as to whether their names are written in the Lamb's book of life; for these first are the known servants of the Master, and are regarded, not according to their faith, but according to the fruits which their faith has brought forth.

The first servant came, and gave in his account, but he spoke no word of his own faithfulness or energy. "Lord thy pound hath gained ten pounds." This servant had been enabled to

Increase Tenfold

the Master's goods which were in his hand. Reader, are there tenfold more living souls in the circle of your influence since you were converted? Is the standard of Christianity in your family or in your church tenfold higher since you knew the Lord, and were put in charge by Him? Is the standard of morality in business among Christians tenfold purer around you since God trusted you to represent Jesus as a man of business? If not, what has your trust produced? The nobleman "said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Whether this authority over cities will take place in the regenerated earth, during the millennium, remains to be proved when Jesus comes: the redeemed sing in heaven, "We shall reign on earth." (Heb. 5 : 10.) "And the second came, saying, Lord, Thy pound hath gained five pounds." The result was less, no praise for faithfulness is awarded in this instance, but the reward is in just proportion: "Be thou also over five cities."

"And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept (not lost) laid up in a napkin: for I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layest not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow." This was no stranger, but a servant who had been known and trusted by his master, but he saw that master through the colored glass of his own evil heart. Are

there not many among those who have received forgiveness of sins, have been reconciled to God, who nevertheless know Him as a hard Master who think of Him only as exacting an impossible obedience, requiring a faithfulness which is beyond their power, and esteeming that to be a hard duty which to others is a precious charge. These are they who calculate with how little religion a man may get to heaven, who think it denial to give up worldly amusements for the Lord's sake, who hold to the point that they are saved through faith with the greatest tenacity, clinging to their pound, but never make use of it to win others, or to increase the kingdom of God on earth. They receive what they can get from God, but never yield themselves unto Him; these are the souls who try the love, and the patience of more faithful Christians: some are they are not converted at all, and certainly they are not converted from living to themselves; they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they claim to have everlasting life—but like Lot, they must in the end suffer loss.

The nobleman never denied that this man was a servant, he said, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee; thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow, wherefore then, gavest not thou my money into the bank, that, at my coming, I might have required mine own with usury. And he said unto them that stood by, take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds." "Take from him the pound." This is awful, but this is the Word of Jesus. The servants who are not true to their trust must lose at the time of righteous retribution the grace of God which they have received in charge; but the faithful ones will receive that time an additional share. The enemies of Christ, however, who remain unbelieving, will have never come nigh unto Him, nor enter into His service, "Bring hither" He says, "and slay them before me."

A NATURAL LAW.

A Story of the Sunday-school Golden Text for September 14.

"For I say unto you, that unto every one that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not even that he hath shall be taken away from him." Luke 19 : 26.

"WELL, I wish I had Thompson's luck—that's all" said Rupert White as he sat with a dozen other boys were lounging in various attitudes in the common room of a large school. Examinations were over, and the names of the prize-winners had been announced, and on the next day the boys would be on the way in all directions to their homes.

"Luck, do you call it?" said a small thoughtful boy who was sitting on a chair on the other side of the room, leaning back with his hands clasped behind his head.



"I should have brains and industry rather than luck. Thompson deserves the scholarship better than any of us. Why, he is as far ahead as some of the men in college after their second year."

My brother has had a year at college and his Latin verses don't come near Thompson's."

"That's where the hardship comes in," White answered. "Thompson doesn't need any more education to make his way. Now if some of us could have a college course we should be well equipped, too. As it is, I have to go into my father's office to work with half an an education. He can't afford to send me to college. If I could have had the scholarship, I could have gone. Then I would have had a fair chance in life. Thompson is ahead now and he has no

portunity of getting still farther ahead. It is to me advantages of this kind ought to be those who need them most."

"To him that hath shall be given," quoted a loose-limbed boy who was disentangling fishing lines, and was in the habit of listening quietly, and punctuating the conversation with some apposite quotation.

"Yes; that is the rule, I know," White said; "a hard one it is, and unfair, too."

"Why, what would you have, White?" asked the little boy who had spoken before. "The law is right, it's a natural law. Opportunities and advantages ought to go to those who can use them, and how do you know who will use them, but by finding out how they have used them? They have had already? Suppose there were two farms side by side, one well cultivated, kept, and bearing good crops and the other slovenly and half cultivated, would not the first be justified, if a third farm of better soil fell vacant and both tenants wanted it, in giving it to the man who had done best with his own farm? The other man might need it, for he would most likely be the poorer of the two, but the first is the right man for promotion. It's just the same everywhere. Here's David Marks, who lends us money when we are short. I daresay David does not get any money from his father than we do. But he takes care of it while we spend it. We don't let him pay him his little bits of interest when money comes, but it makes us poorer and richer all the time. I tell you it's a natural

law, Socrates, I do not deny that, but it's a natural law for all that," White replied.

The bell rang for prayers and the boys filed into the chapel with others from the other schools and some of them felt sad as they realized that this was the end of the school-life with all its unpleasantnesses had, on the whole, been a happy life.

Rupert White went home next day and soon his ward was duly installed in his father's law office.

"Never mind, my son," his father said. "Rupert told him of his disappointment at getting the scholarship. Plenty of lawyers are waiting to the top without going to college. You will not have much work here at first. We can let you off early any day you like and you can read and study and come to me if you are in any difficulty. I can help you as well as a college professor." A kind, good-natured man was the old lawyer, never ambitious, but faithful in what he undertook and true as steel to his friends.

Rupert had an easy time in the office as his father had promised, but on the afternoons when he took off, he would go fishing, or to a base ball match, or to play a game of cards. He always meant to begin a course of reading, but never did begin it. So it came that when his father died and Rupert succeeded him, he was still but half equipped with legal knowledge and was glad to take the head clerk into partnership with him to make up for his own deficiencies.

The new arrangement was an easy one, but Rupert had only half the income under the partnership that his father enjoyed, and it vexed him, for he had drifted into a way of life in which a good income was needed. He was what is called a "good fellow," with many friends, and he was active in local politics. They were things about that time, and occupied a good deal of Rupert's attention. The head clerk, his partner, attended to the law business and Rupert was away making speeches, and organizing the campaign work. After a time, to

Rupert's amazement and vexation, his partner proposed a dissolution of the partnership, and opened an office of his own in the town. After that, business dwindled. Most of the clients went to the new man who was always in his business, and was well up to his work. He was growing rich while Rupert was growing poorer year by year.

But a judge was to be elected and then Rupert's hopes brightened. He had so many friends that he felt sure of the nomination. He worked for that as he had never worked before. But in the convention a man of influence rose, and said he regretted to oppose his old friend, White, but it was necessary in the interest of the party. They all liked Mr. White but they must have a strong man for the head of the ticket with a good legal record. A little more of the same talk and Rupert saw his former partner nominated and afterwards elected. A man who did not need the salary, who was rich without it while it had been his last hope of saving himself from bankruptcy. "Yes," he said, "it is the old law 'to him that hath shall be given.'"

The disappointment and the accumulation of money troubles were too much for him and he fell sick. It seemed only a trifling illness at first, but after a few weeks the doctor looked grave, and said he did not know how things would go. He took occasion to hint to the clergyman that it might be well to visit Mr. White; he was in a bad way.

"I can't make out how you feel so sure of all these things," Rupert said to the clergyman after a long talk. "You seem to be as sure as if you had seen them. I have always been doubtful. It is true I have not paid much attention to religion, but I cannot see what basis you have for such confidence as yours."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the clergyman, "faith grows. It may be only small at first but like the grain of mustard seed, it becomes a strong tree as the years pass. But you must have the seed, the tree cannot come without that. When you have a little faith you gain more daily, you see farther, you become more confident and assured. God gives more grace. 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

"I know it," said Rupert, "I know that is the law of life in this world. I have seen it from my boyhood. I have never had anything, and I have nothing now either in this world or the next."

PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT.

The Optimistic View—How the World Might be Converted—A Hope from Past Triumphs and Present Energies—Discouragements to the View—Weakness of Normal Christianity—A Church Debilitated by Formalism—By Pride, Cupidity and Uncharitableness—The Social Obstacles Growing—The Sure Word of Prophecy.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B.*

WHEN we consider the Millennial Reign, when Christ's kingdom shall have fully and universally come, we naturally ask, by what means will this be accomplished. Many consider the means already in operation will suffice, only with a fuller outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and if the church prays more earnestly for a blessing on the ordinary means of grace and proclamation of the Gospel, the kingdom shall gradually extend until all shall know the Lord, "from the least into the greatest." Then, after a millennium of such reign of truth, Christ will come for the final judgment, to take His saints to His Kingdom in the heavens. Those who take this optimistic view say:

"Why should we doubt the efficiency of God's revealed Word to convince, convert and sanctify the soul? Why deem the power of the Holy Ghost insufficient to render that truth effectual? Have not the Word and the Spirit triumphed over the very worst forms of infidelity, selfishness and sin? Have not the most

debased and degraded been raised to sit in heavenly places; the bitterest persecutors become the most zealous apostles; the most depraved and revolting sensualists and criminals been turned from darkness to light, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus? Agencies thus effectual in a thousand instances might be equally so in a thousand millions, with increased zeal and prayer for the Holy Ghost. There is surely much in the

Past Triumphs

of the Gospel and the present state of the church to encourage our hopes. Within the last fifty years into how many languages has the Bible been translated—in how many lands already have the idols been utterly abolished—how many tens of thousands, recently sunk in lowest barbarism, revelling in vice and bloodshed are now sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind! In our own land there were never so many faithful pastors, so many devout worshippers, so much evangelistic zeal. Christianity by its indirect influence has purified our social institutions, humanized our laws, broken the fetters of the slave, and mitigated the horrors of war. If the kingdom has made such advance during the last fifty years, what may not be hoped for it during the next five hundred?"

Rejecting the Above Optimist View

there are many who are discouraged. Present instrumentalities, they admit, suffice for the salvation of multitudes in all lands, but they ask: May we not look for something more in order to hasten the coming of the kingdom? After nearly nineteen centuries of witness-bearing, how small a part of the earth has the Church secured, even nominally, for Christ! Rejoicing in the great blessing that in late years has attended the circulation of the Scriptures and the preaching of the Gospel in heathen lands, we must lament the very small proportion of converts to the hundreds of millions utterly unreached by our missionaries. But let us look at Christendom. Can we think the kingdom of God has come in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia except in individual and exceptional cases? Are not superstition on the one hand, and atheism, on the other in the ascendant, rather than the Gospel? Have we not within our own time witnessed a series of wars between "Christian" nations, rivalling in slaughter those of Paganism? Are not millions of men under so-called Christian governments daily being trained for mutual slaughter, and the people oppressed to provide the cost of enormous armaments, even in times of peace? Do not frivolity and licentiousness run riot; and are not the stage and the press prostituted to the demoralization of the people? And how few and feeble are the counteracting influences!

Inadequate Agencies.

But, looking at home, we lament that with all our Christian agencies so long in operation, a vast portion of the population never even enter a place of worship, and of those who do the number is very small who even profess personal subjection to Christ. Is there not reason to fear that even in our own land the increase of conversions is less than that of the population, so that relatively as regards numbers, the kingdom is receding? And then again, from such professors, a large deduction must be made. Within the Church, do we see the kingdom supreme? Alas! How much looseness of doctrine, and inconsistency of conduct! Alas! How much ambition, pride, contention, jealousy! How often, in various ways, is God's house of prayer made a house of merchandise! How much flattery or fear of some, how much despising or patronising of others; how much outward show of undisguised indifference, how much formal ceremonial or dead informalism! How much sectarian exclusiveness, ecclesiastical assumption, intolerant judgment and want of charity! And if such things are to be lamented within the Church, which is the organized witness to the kingdom, can we be surprised at its slight influence on the world?

(To be Concluded.)

* From his article in the *Prophetic News* for August, which also contains among other articles: "Thoughts on Prophecy," "The Revealed Babylonian Dynasty," "A Catechism on the Second Advent." Price six cents, seventy cents a year. May be obtained from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

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ALL ABOUT MERCY.

BENEDICT XIII. decreed that when the German Catholics met each other, they should always give the following salutation, the one first speaking, saying, "Praised be Jesus Christ," the other responding, "For ever, amen," a salutation as fit for Protestants whenever they come together. The word "mercy" is used in the Bible two hundred and fourteen times; it seems to be the favorite word of all the Scriptures. Sometimes it glances feebly upon us like dew in the starlight; then with bolder hand it seems to build an arched bridge from one storm-cloud of trouble to another; and then again it trickles like a fountain upon the thirst of the traveller. The finest roads I ever saw are in Switzerland; they are built by the government, and at very short intervals you come across water pouring out of the rocks. The government provides cups for men, and troughs for the animals to drink out of. And our King has so arranged it that on the highway we are travelling toward heaven, ever and anon there shall dash upon us the clear, sweet water that flows from the eternal Rock.

I propose to write some things about God's mercy. First, think of His pardoning mercy. The Gospel finds us shipwrecked; the wave beneath ready to swallow us, the storm above pelting us, our good works foundered, there is no such thing as getting ashore unhelped. The Gospel finds us incarcerated; of all those who have been in thick dungeon darkness, not one soul ever escaped by his own power. If a soul is delivered at all, it is because some one on the outside shall shove the bolt and swing open the door, and let the prisoner come out free. The sin of the soul is not, as some would seem to think, just a little dust on the knee or elbow that you can strike off in a moment and without any especial damage to you. Sin has utterly discomfited us; it has ransacked our entire nature; it has ruined us so completely that no human power can ever reconstruct us; but through the darkness of our prison gloom and through the storm there comes a voice from heaven, saying, "I will abundantly pardon."

Then think of His restraining mercy. I do not believe that it is possible for any man to tell his capacity for evil until he has been tested. There have been men who denounce all kinds of frauds, who scorned all mean transactions, who would have had you believe that it was impossible for them ever to be tempted to dishonesty, and yet they may be owing to-day the chief part of the stock in some fraudulent institution. There are men who once said they never could be tempted to intemperance. They

had no mercy on the drunkard. They despised any man who became a victim of strong drink. Time passed on, and now they are the victims of the bottle, so far gone in their dissipation that it is almost impossible that they ever should be rescued. So there have been those who were very hard on all kinds of impurity, and who scoffed at unchastity, and who said that it was impossible that they should ever be led astray; but now they are in the house whose gates are the gates of hell! It is a very dangerous thing for a man to make a boast and say, "Such and such a sin I never could be tempted to commit." There are ten thousand hands of mercy holding us up; there are ten thousand hands of mercy holding us back, or we would long ago have gone over the precipice, and instead of being among the respected and the good, our song would have been that of the drunkard, or we would be "hail fellow well met" with the renegade and the profligate. Oh, the restraining mercy of God! Have you never celebrated it? Have you never rejoiced in it?

Think also of His guiding mercy. You have sometimes been on a journey, and come to where there were three roads—one ahead of you, one to the right and one to the left. It was a lonely place, and you had no one of whom to ask advice. You took the left-hand road, thinking that was the right one, but before night you found out your mistake, and yet your horse was too exhausted and you were too tired to retrace your steps, and the mistake you made was an irretrievable mistake. You come on in life, many a time, and find there are three or four or fifty roads, and which one of the fifty to take you do not know. Let me say that there are forty-nine chances out of fifty that you will take the wrong one, unless God directs you, since it is a great deal easier to do that which is wrong than that which is right, our nature being corrupt and depraved. Blessed be God! we have a directory! As a man lost on the mountains takes out his map and sees the right road marked down, and makes up his mind what to do, so the Lord, in His Gospel map, has said: "This is the way, walk ye in it." Blessed be God for His guiding mercy!

Think also of the comforting mercy of God. In the days when men lived five or six or seven hundred years, I suppose that troubles and misfortunes came to them at very great intervals. Life did not go so fast. There were not so many vicissitudes; there was not so much jostling. I suppose that now a man in forty years will have as many vexations and annoyances and hardships and trials and temptations as those antediluvians had in four hundred years. No one escapes. If you are not wounded in this side, you must be wounded in that. There are foes all around about you. There is no one who has come up to this moment without having been cleft of misfortunes, without having been disappointed and vexed and outraged and trampled on. The world comes and tries to solace us, but I think the most impotent thing on earth is human comfort when there is no Gospel mixed with it. It is a sham and an insult to a wounded spirit—all the comfort that this world can offer a man; but in his time of darkness and perplexity and bereavement and persecution and affliction, Christ comes to him with the solace of His Spirit, and He says: "Oh,

thou tempted one, thou shalt not be tempted above that thou art able!" He tells the invalid, "There is a land where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.'" He says to the assaulted one, "You are no better than I am; they maltreated me, and the servant ought not to expect to have it easier than his Lord." He comes to the bereaved one and says: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And if trouble be intricate, if there be so many horns to it, so many horns to it, so many hoofs to it, so many horns to it, so many hoofs to it, that he cannot take any of the other promises and comforts of God's word to his soul, he can take that other promise made for a man in the last emergency and when everything else fails, "All things will work together for good to those that love God." Oh, have you never sung of the comforting mercy of God?

Think also of His enthroning mercy. Notwithstanding there are so many comforts in Christ's Gospel, I do not think we could stand the assault and rebuff of the world forever. Blessed be God, this story of grief and trouble and perplexity will come to an end. There are twelve gates to heaven, and they are all gates of mercy. There are paths coming into all those gates, and they are all paths of mercy. There are bells that ring in the eternal towers, and they are all chimes of mercy. There are mansions prepared for us in the good land when we have done with earthly troubles, and all those mansions are mansions of mercy.

Can you not now strike upon your soul, saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, for thy pardoning mercy, for thy restraining mercy, for thy guiding mercy, for thy comforting mercy, for thy enthroning mercy?"

MINISTER'S SORE THROAT.

THIS disease, so prevalent, may in many cases be avoided by the observance of two or three rules. The drug-stores are full of troches, lozenges and compounds for speakers and singers. All these medicines have an important mission, but how much better it would be to avoid the ills than to spend one's time in trying to cure them! First of all, speak naturally. Let not incompetent elocutionists or the barbarisms of custom give you tones or enunciations at war with those that God implanted. Study the vocal instrument, and then play the best tune on it possible, do not try to make a flute sound like a trumpet, or a bagpipe do the work of a violin. Remember that the throat and lungs were no more intended to speak with than the whole body. When the vocal organs get red hot during a religious service, while the rest of the body does not sympathize with them, there will be inflammation, irritation and decay. But if the man shall, by appreciation of some great theme of time and eternity, go into it with all his body and soul, there will be an equalization of the whole physical organism, and bronchitis will not know whether to attack the speaker in his throat, right knee or left ankle, and while it is deciding at what point to make assault the speaker will go scot-free. The man who besieges an audience only with his throat attempts to take a castle with one gun, but he who comes at the work with head, hand, heart, feet, unlimbers against it a whole park of artillery. Then Sebastiano is sure to be taken.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Colonel Wheelock G. Veazey, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the Interstate Commissioners. At the Milwaukee meeting of the G. R., a year ago, he was a much favored candidate for Commander and received the undivided support of the New England Posts. Colonel Veazey was born in New Hampshire, forty years ago, educated at the famous Exeter Academy, graduated at Dartmouth College and admitted to the bar in Vermont in 1860. When the war broke out, he went to the front with the Third Vermont Volunteers and soon became captain, rising rapidly to be Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. He afterwards became Colonel of the 16th Vermont, which took part in the famous Longstreet charge at Gettysburg. When war closed, he resumed the practice of law and was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont in 1879. He is one of the most popular members of the G. A. R. and is a man of high executive abilities.



Emperor William's Friendly Intercourse With the Czar has failed utterly to induce that monarch to adopt the view of the young Kaiser in favor of a general withdrawal of troops by Germany, Austria and Russia from their respective frontiers. Nor is the Russian autocrat favorable to any European Congress with a view to the cessation of further armaments. The triple alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria and Italy, has failed to convince the Czar of the beauties of peace, and will now probably go on arming with more zest than ever. Italy is already beginning to stagger under the frightful burden of expense involved, and her associates are also feeling the tremendous financial draft, which, for the stubborn, militant attitude of Russia, has not been reduced to reasonable proportions.

The great Railroad Strike has Terminated triumphantly for the strikers, owing to the pathetic refusal of the other labor organizations to make common cause and join the movement. Some rather animated correspondence has passed between Master Workman Charles McPherson of the Knights of Labor, and Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Engineers, in which both leaders indulged in personal reprimand. Meanwhile the railroads are doing business without apparent inconvenience. The worst feature of the trouble is the number of men who have been thrown idle without any immediate prospect for re-employment, and many of whom will now be "blacklisted." More than three-quarters of a million dollars of wages have already been sacrificed. The Board of Arbitration will now discuss the strike.

Two Members of Congress Indulged in Fisticuffs by way of varying the monotony of the debate on the Conger Lard Bill on August 27, and created a pronounced sensation. During a general and rather heated altercation, in which Messrs. Cannon of Illinois, McAdoo of New Jersey, Enloe of Tennessee, Caruth of Kentucky, and others participated, the lie passed between Cannon and Mason of Illinois. While this was going on, Messrs. Wilson of Washington, and Smith of New Jersey, were indulging in similar remarks to each other, in a different part of the hall, and before anyone could interpose, Cannon suddenly planted a blow on Beckwith's forehead. The latter attempted to retaliate, when a score of members sprang to their feet and separated them. The tall Sergeant-at-Arms came down the aisle with the mace, and menaced the combatants with the outraged dignity of the House. Messrs. Cannon and Mason afterwards made statements to the House, designed to mollify the outraged propriety of that body, and the belligerents were seen shaking hands, so that the matter ended amicably. While it lasted, however, the hall was in wild uproar, and sev-

eral ladies among the audience ran out in terror at the disgraceful scene.

Simultaneously with the news of the Reception to Dr. Peters, the German explorer, at Berlin, comes the intelligence of the organization of the Central African Company at London. This new British enterprise designs to explore the heart of the "Dark Continent,"—with a view to still further annexation of course,—in the country north of the Zambesi river, the Nyassa region and north to Lake Tanganyika, up to the verge of the German and Portuguese possessions on the East and the Congo on the West. This embraces all the territory assigned to England under the Anglo-German agreement and the present step shows that the British with their usual eye to quick commercial advantage, have lost not a moment in claiming their new possessions. Four large English companies are now engaged in opening up Central Africa for trading purposes, and British statesmanship looks forward to the day—not so very far distant—when the territory they have acquired there will be second only in attractiveness and commercial value to India itself.

Denmark is Preparing to Send Out Another expedition to Greenland. The Crown has voted 180,000 kronen, or about \$50,000, for this purpose, and the vessel selected is now fitting out at Gotha. Lieutenant Ryder, of the Danish Navy, who has already had considerable experience as an explorer in Arctic latitudes, will be in command. It is expected that the expedition will be able to start in the spring, and will spend two years in Greenland. Dr. Nansen, another veteran explorer, is also fitting out an expedition under Swedish government auspices, with the view of penetrating to the Pole. He, too, will sail next spring. Lieutenant Ryder proposes to explore five hundred miles of unknown coast between 65 and 73 degrees, north latitude, and will take with him a party of nine persons. The plans of Captain Nansen have not been disclosed.

The Rumored Poisoning of Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt by the secret order of the Sultan, if it be true, closes one of the most picturesque careers of the present century. Under Ismail's rule, Egypt was allowed to slip from the control of the Sultan as far as its revenues were concerned, and came under the sway of the money-lenders and bondholders of London and Paris. England secured the ascendancy in Egyptian affairs she had long desired. Ismail led a life of luxurious ease, and his riotous extravagance was the talk of the civilized world, rivalling that of the Sultan himself. At the same time, the former stagnation that had prevailed in Egyptian affairs was replaced by a general activity, and commerce increased everywhere, the profits, however, all going to foreigners. When Ismail was removed from the Khedivship, he is said to have taken with him a large fortune. He travelled much, and lived a great deal in Paris. Recently, according to the cable despatches, he was tempted to visit Constantinople, where he now seems to have fallen a victim to the familiar form of Turkish intrigue which has no scruple at removing an objectionable subject by poison or the bowstring. He is said to have taken with him to Turkey \$10,000,000 in French and Italian securities and as the Sultan is continually in need of funds, it is quite probable that Ismail's wealth, no less than his political disfavor, had to do with his disappearance.



The Week has been a Notable one in Politics, and already State Conventions are being held in different parts of the country. In Ohio, Indiana, Mississippi, Michigan, and South Carolina, conventions were held and politics were at fever heat. In New York, the Grangers met and issued an address demanding a foreign market, and economy in State and national affairs. During the present month, a dozen or more other

conventions will be held, and the new political factor, the Farmers' Alliance, will receive a good deal of attention on all hands, especially in the West, where it continues to make headway. It does not yet seem to be sufficiently crystallized however, to threaten the control of the older parties, and in some States no effort will be made to give it full scope until the Presidential year arrives. Its efforts this year will be mainly in the direction of securing representation in Congress and State legislatures.

There are Few Distinguished Foreigners Who, when they visit our shores, are accorded a more cordial and genuine welcome than the Count de Paris, who, it will be remembered, was here during the hottest part of the Civil War, a more than interested spectator. In announcing his intention of revisiting the United States he says: "I come as a former soldier of the Army of the Potomac, to see our battlefields and to see how my old friends are doing. Having been with the United States in some of the darkest hours of their history, it will be a pleasure for me to witness their present happiness and prosperity." The Count does not come as a princeling, but as a soldier who did good service to the Union, and whose old comrades will doubtless give him a right soldierly welcome. Few men are more admired in Europe than this grandson of Louis Philippe.



BRIEF NOTES.

The many friends of Henry Varley in this country will be glad to learn that his labors in New Zealand have been wonderfully blessed.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has promised to hold meetings at Oneonta, N. Y., early this month. The Opera House has been engaged for his use.

During the last ecclesiastical year St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, raised \$100,000 for home and foreign missions and church work.

Rev. D. W. Waldron, of the Boston City Missionary Society, is invited by the Christian Endeavor Societies of Marion, Tremont, Wareham and Rochester, to furnish a hundred "fresh air" guests for these places.

The annual convention of the Christian Alliance of which Rev. A. B. Simpson of New York is President, is being held this week at Mountain Lake Park, Md. The sessions commenced August 20 and close September 7.

A native Siamese, who is a student of Williams College, has been supplying the pulpits of three Presbyterian churches in Michigan, during the summer. He preaches well, and his pastoral work is reported excellent.

Ira D. Sankey hoped to have assisted Dr. George F. Pentecost in his evangelistic mission to India, but is detained at home by unavoidable affairs. He has offered to pay the expenses of his friend, George C. Stebbins, if he will go in his stead.

Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages, mentions gratefully that on one day of need in the Orphanage he received \$25,000 from the United States. The cost of maintaining the orphans he now has in the institution is over \$2,370 a week.

Mr. Frank De Witt Talmage, son of Dr. Talmage, addressed the farmers of Northampton at their county fair at Nazareth, near Easton, Pa., on August 23. He spoke on the race track before the grand stand, and held the attention of an audience of over 3,000 people for over an hour.

The Sing Sing camp meeting, conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison who was assisted by Rev. Stephen Merritt and other friends, was more than usually successful this year. Over six hundred Scandinavians were among those present on the ground and several of them were among the large number who at the closing meeting made public profession of faith.

It is reassuring to learn that the interests of the Protestant missionaries in Madagascar are protected by treaty. The British Premier, Lord Salisbury, has stated in Parliament that in consenting to the French Protectorate of the island an explicit stipulation was made by the British Government and agreed to by France that the missionaries should have the most perfect freedom for teaching and preaching.

Mr. D. L. Moody is about to establish a training school for female workers at Northfield "to meet the demand of women who earnestly desire larger service and better knowledge of the Word of God, and how to make practical use of it in home work." They will also receive instruction in dress-making and cooking, that they may be able to give practical help in their visits to the homes of the poor.

THE TRUE AND FALSE PEACE.

A NEW SERMON DELIVERED BY PASTOR
C. H. SPURGEON.

A Pearl of Price—Stormy Souls Loving Turmoil—I. The Devil's Peace—His Palace in the Heart—The Peace Merely Outward—Results from Thoughtlessness—From Superstition—From Unbelief—From Companionship—Often the Prelude of a Storm—II. The Lord's Peace—A Blessing in Itself—In Its Consequences—Comes Only from God—Undisturbed in Storm and in Death.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." Luke 11:21.

"The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace." Psalm 29:11.

PEACE is a condition of things greatly to be desired. To dread no outward disturbance, and to feel no inward storm—who does not desire such a state? Peace has been called a pearl; and rightly, for it is precious, and smiles with soft, mild radiance, bedecking the heart that wears it. It is, indeed, a pearl of great price: he that hath it hath more than riches. If his peace be, in very deed, the true pearl, he who wears it in his breast is one of the favored sons of God. There may be some few people in the world who love not peace; but we love not their spirit. Certain stormy natures delight in tempest, and, like sea-birds, ride on the crests of raging billows. Men of the Byron type are restless, and an atmosphere of peace suits them not. Their spirits, like thunderbolts, rush onward, finding pleasure in the crash with which they force their wilful way. I need not go out of my way for such; for in vain we speak to those who will not hear. The most of us were cast in another mould.

Peace and rest are two names for a flower which buds on earth, but is only found full-blown in heaven; yet even the faint perfume of the unopened blossom excites our strong desire. Gently doth the Saviour attract us to Himself by that sweet call: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Every precious thing in this world is sure to be counterfeited. Hence, while there is a peace more precious than the gold of Ophir, there is another peace which is worse than worthless. When a soul is borne up upon the waters of false peace, its case is hopeless till that peace is dried up, and the soul is stranded in self-despair. I thought this morning I might do you some service if I tried to set forth the two, the peace of the devil, and the peace of God.

I. First, there is

The Devil's Peace.

The foul spirit keeps things quiet in the heart over which he rules: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." The heart of man is not lawfully Satan's palace; but he has made it so by capture. In his pride he loves to dwell in the midst of this captured stronghold, that he may vaunt himself over the Most High, from whom he has taken the heart of His creature. Satan values a conquered human heart as a palace: he takes pleasure in domineering over the soul which he has forcibly rent away from God. That he may dwell securely, he covers himself with armor, and he keeps constant watch and ward. Hence the house is quiet, for his watchful power puts down every token of mutiny against his tyranny. I may be speaking to some here who are in good health, have a fair trade, and enjoy credit with their neighbors, and hence they have an earthly peace, and care nothing about being at peace with God. My design shall be to disturb that peace; for if it be the peace of the devil, the sooner it is broken the better for the soul.

This peace is often merely outward. Men put on the air of peace when they do not feel it in their hearts. You will often meet with irreligious men, who tell you that they are perfectly happy, and then ask—What do they want with Christ? They feel themselves all right; what need have they of a new birth? They are getting on so well without God's blessing that they do not care to seek it. Their laughter is loud, their jests are endless, their cares sit lightly

upon them. They appear to have no anxiety for the faults of the past, the temptations of the present, or the recompenses of the future; and yet this peace is all external.

In all who have not come to Christ and found peace through His precious blood, their peace is false. Let them say what they will of it, it has no foundation or justification. They have no peace with God, for it is written, "There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked." A sinner may say, "I am at peace as to God"; but if this comes of forgetting or ignoring Him, it is a sorry sham. If a man has to forget God before he has peace, that fact betrays a fatal secret. If the man on remembering God, is troubled, then his peace is a mere writing on the sand. Such peace is false peace; and what true man will solace himself with that which is false? Better know that we are at war, if it be so, than dote upon a peace which is a fool's paradise, and

Only Exists in Fancy.

With many, however, it is not so much ignorance as thoughtlessness. Multitudes of persons know, if they would know; but they make no use of their knowledge, for they never think. What a pity to perish forever from want of consideration! A man has a letter given to him: he puts it in his pocket, and does not open it. He goes out to-morrow for his day's pleasuring, and he promises himself that he will open the letter on Tuesday. Suppose in that letter there should be a warning of some plot against his life, or information of his mother being at the point of death, or of the sudden illness of a favorite child. What will he say to himself if he opens the letter too late? The Bible is to many a man *God's unopened letter*. Alas, how little do men search the Scriptures! Why will not men think? Thoughtlessness is one of Satan's great nets, in which he entangles many. If the devil can keep you from thinking, he will keep you from believing. If he can keep you in the giddy whirl of vicious pleasure, or even of idle levity, he can make sure of you. Possibly he can effect his purpose by getting you absorbed in politics, or parish matters, or science, or business. Little does he care which so long as he can draw you off from thinking of God, and of your soul, and of eternal things.

This peace, in many cases, is also the result of carnal security. Men say, "Well, well: we have not been much troubled yet, and why should we care? We have lived in sin and we have not suffered for it; in fact, we have prospered through our contempt of scruples." Of old men said, "Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were"; and to day they cry, "No deluge of fire has broken out upon us. These Christians say that the earth and all the works of men will be burned up, and the very elements will melt with fervent heat; but we see no likelihood of it. In the heavens there is

No Sign of the Son of Man,

no cloud, no great white throne, no token of the judgment. Everything goes on calmly enough—why need we disturb ourselves?" Thus, like the sluggard in the Proverbs, they ask for a little more slumber. They are willingly ignorant, that once upon a time, in the olden days, it was so upon this earth; and men married, and were given in marriage, and ate, and drank, and were drunken; but as it was told them, so it happened; for the flood came and swept them all away. "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them." Beware, O men of this generation, lest this happen unto you also, and the deluge of fire be upon you before you have escaped to Christ, who alone is the ark of souls!

Some, again, have a peace that comes of superstition. "Well," say they, "we know that this is true which has been spoken, but it does not bear upon us. We are all right: we were made members of Christ, and children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven in our infant baptism: we have been confirmed, and we have partaken of the holy communion, and have attended our church, or we have gone to our

meeting-house with much regularity. Therefore we feel that for us there is a sure hope. O souls, beware of saying, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these." Join in the day when Solomon executed the vengeance of God against him, instead of confessing his fault, and seeking mercy,

Hoped for Safety

in the sanctuary, and therefore stood with hands upon the horns of the altar. The tidings came to the king, "He is by the altar;" but the stern sentence was given, "Fall upon him, and bury him;" and so he perished in the place where God's sacrifice was wont to be offered. So will you die if you do not trust the Lord Jesus, even though your hands should lie upon your baptism and your Lord's supper. No outward performance can enable you to dispense with repentance and faith. Alas! there is a peace which does not lie believing too much, but in believing too little. Unbelief brings false peace to thousands. Satan can persuade you that, after all, these things are not so; if he can lead you to disbelieve your Bible; if he can lead you to think that there is no God, or that, if there be a God, He takes no account of men, and will never come to judgment; then the arch-deceiver will make sure of you, and keep his goods in peace.

I fear that many are kept in peace through companionship. Hand joins in hand: the man would be troubled, but he meets his old friend who is a sceptic, and he laughs his fears out of him. The woman gets home, and talks with what she calls "her friends," who are as godless as herself, and she is by their tattle confirmed in her carelessness. O sirs, your friends cannot deliver you if you lose your souls through this.

Once more, dear friends, I say this—and may God make it come with power to some—peace caused by the devil is often

The Awful Prelude

of the last tremendous storm. One who subscribed to me the earthquake in the south of France, said, "That morning when we rose I never saw more lovely weather. Everything smiled deliciously across the blue Mediterranean, and the azure sky was without a cloud. Suddenly without a moment's warning, a tremor seized the earth, and there was a great cry from men and women in their fright." It usually happens, before tremendous convulsions of nature, that there is an ominous calm. You may have noticed, a few minutes before a storm, how awfully still everything becomes. The sea is motionless, the birds sit mute upon the bough, not a leaf is stirring, all is silent expectation. Deceive not yourself; with wings of flame the tempest is hurrying on, and while you speak it bursts upon you, casting all things into confusion and amazement.

II. Now we come to the second part of our discourse, upon which we hope to speak with far greater pleasure. The Psalmist says, "The Lord will bless his people with peace." He

The Lord's Peace.

I trust numbers of you are now enjoying it. A man of God lay dying, but he was very calm, yea, more—he was supremely happy. He lay in the house with cheerfulness. All who came to see him, knowing that he was about to die, he well knew himself, went away edified and comforted by the interview with this thrice-blessed man. One said to him, "Friend, how can you have such peace?" He answered, "I can see no ground or cause for it save that it is written, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.'" Was not that a satisfactory reply? There is a weight of argument in it. If your mind is stayed on God, He will keep you in perfect peace.

Now, beloved, the peace that we should desire to possess is first of all, a peace which is a blessing; "The Lord will bless His people with peace." To have no quarrel with God, nor to have no difference between His will and your own—this is a delightful experience. Men may hate me, but if my God loves me, what does it matter? I may feel the cut of sharp, ungentle

ords, but if my God speaketh peace to me, can make trouble? It is not only a blessing, but it is a blessing in its consequences. There is no man so humble as the man that is in perfect peace with God: he wonders at the peace he enjoys. There is no man so grateful as the man who has peace; there is no man so courageous; there is no man so little affected by the world: there is no man who bears suffering so patiently; there is no man who is so ready for heaven as the man who is in perfect peace with God, and knows it. Next, that this peace

Comes Only From God;

The Lord will bless His people with peace. You cannot get that peace apart from God Himself: it is of no use to try to work it out of yourself. You say, "I will get better; I will keep the law; I will do this, and do that." You will never dig peace out of the soil of your works. You cannot spin peace out of your own powers, as a spider spins her web. You go to the Lord for peace, and there is only one way in which you can go to Him: Jesus is the way. If you could come and sit with me, and I could comfort you, it might be of some use to you. If you could go to some aged priest, and he could absolve you, it might be one of the darkest of delusions. You go to God, and get His peace, that is solid and abiding. I pray you, seek peace, and make sure of it. You see how it is; for you must come to God for it, and come to Him in spirit and in truth.

Peace comes only

To His Own People:

The Lord will bless His people with peace. He will never bless those with peace who rebel against Him. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, its waters cast up mire and dirt." Say, are you of His people? Do you rest in Christ? Is the atoning sacrifice your soul's hope? If so, you have been begotten unto that lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and the Lord will bless His people, who have risen in His own dear Son. The more closely you are to the Lord Jesus, the more clear and full is your peace.

Peace, again, that this is peace in the time of storm, and peace after storm. In spiritual storms that voice is our comfort; and after the storms are over, the Lord speaks a sweet word to the hearts of His children. He allays our fears, while He whispers, "It is I, be not afraid." Brethren, you will have many a tempest on earth here and heaven; but before the tempest, and after the tempest, the Lord will bless His people with peace. We have had peace with God these forty years; yes, but we have a promise of peace for ever.

Suppose we should live another forty years, we shall still have the same promise—The Lord will bless His people with peace. It is like an everlasting cheque from some bank, running thus: "So often as this cheque is presented at the bank, pay the bearer the sum asked." Few persons possessed of such a cheque would fail to put in an appearance at the bank. We should be regular visitors. O children of God, you have such a promissory note in the text before you! The Lord hath given us, boundless peace within Himself, and you have long enjoyed peace with Him. Go to Him again and say,

"Lord Renew My Peace.

When thou art unmoved: bless me with thy peace." When you are rich, and find riches bring cares, bring these to your God, and He will bless His people with peace. When you are poor, do the same. When children are born to you, and with them come family cares, take the new burden to the Lord, for He will give you peace. And if the children die, and you are left alone, as your young shoots are cut off, still turn to the Lord, and believe that He will bless you with peace. If you grow sick yourself, and the angel of a deadly disease appear upon you, still turn to Him, for He will bless you with peace. When you must go upstairs and lie down upon your

last bed to rise no more, then, even then, the Lord will bless you with His ever-living peace; and when you wake up at the sound of the last trumpet the Lord will still keep you in perfect peace. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Ever is this the heritage of His believing ones: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Whatsoever shall befall our race according to the dark page of prophecy, whatever of terror shall break forth throughout the endless ages of the yet-to-be, the Lord will bless His people with peace. Take this truth home to your heart, and live upon it, and you may dwell perpetually

In the Presence of the King.

May I entreat you, to seek at once to have close dealings with God. Do not say, "I will begin searching the Scriptures." That is a good thing in itself, but if you rest in Scripture-reading, and do not go to God Himself, your Bible may be made a stumbling-stone for your soul. Do not say, "I shall attend more religious services." This, also, may be well; but religious services will ruin you if you put them in the place of personal dealings with God. Your living soul has personally to do with the living God. Come to Him this morning, if you have never been before. Come at once. Delay no more. Do you shrink? Do you want an introduction? Do you need a friend to go with you to heaven's high court? Behold, the Son of God waits to be your Mediator and Intercessor. Come you to the Father through the Son, and you will in no wise be cast out.

"But can we be sure?" cries one. There are thousands of us who possess the assurance of a child-like faith. In the day when I took hold of Christ Jesus my Lord, I found in Him such real peace that I knew and was persuaded that He is able to save. If any call me a dogmatist, I plead guilty to the charge. I must dogmatize when I am sure. I cannot live without being certain; doubt in this matter is death. I accept my Lord's atonement, I rest on it, and I find peace to my soul. "If," "but," "peradventure"—these are dirks and daggers at my heart. Where is the comfort to any soul in what he does not know to be true? The sap and substance of consolation lie in the certainty of the truth believed. If you are not sure, never rest till you are. Once know assuredly that God is good to Israel, and that He will bless His people with peace, and then go on to enjoy as much of that peace as your soul can hold. Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Sunday in Heligoland.*

SUNDAY begins at sunset of Saturday. In winter everybody goes to church. In summer—perhaps from the necessity of serving guests—the natives leave the visitor to do duty for both. The St. Nicholas Kirche may well boast its claim of long descent, dating as it does from the seventeenth century, and even then erected on the ruins of a church still older. It is built of brick, faded now, but not dingy. Within and without it is in perfect harmony with the place, as it stands among the dead of past centuries. Wide-spreading buttresses reach tapering to its very eaves, giving it the look of a mother-hen brooding over her young. A loyal Heligolander rebuilt the tower at his own cost, in the eighty-seventh year of his age—so the tablet reads—and "in the twenty-fourth year of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria." The whole church is queer and quaint, with a flavor of the sea about it. Its arched and ceiled roof is painted in conventional design, and in the centre the Danish shield, from which depends a full-rigged ship—the gift of a former governor of the island. Great transverse beams

support the roof. Across the sides and rear a gallery runs, and in panels entirely surrounding its base may be seen the pictured story of the Bible, from Genesis to the Gospels, painted in an emphatic and realistic style by Andrew Amelink, in colors that have defied the ravages of two hundred years. A fine portrait of Martin Luther surmounts one of the state pews, and a small ship spreads every sail over its neighbor. Other portraits occupy the spaces between the windows—and such windows! Beginning with a gothic intention, they terminate abruptly in an arch; adding to the squat effect of the church, and giving it a nautical appearance when seen from within.

The pews are divided into several sittings, each painted to suit the individual owner, and marked with his name, which is an equitable arrangement, since it is recorded as a part of his personal effects, and may be transmitted like other property. A sitting, with the right to entail, may be purchased for five pounds. Three or four colors are seen in many a pew, but the softest tones are invariably chosen. In some cases, upon the book-board in front, beside the name and date, is placed in large, black letters, a text of Scripture, or a verse of some hymn, to fix the wandering thought perhaps, or to serve as an aid to devotion. Ancient dates bear witness to a long succession of the faithful followers of Luther.

The service is usually rendered in German, although an English Sunday comes once in the month; the same pastor being equal to both occasions. A choir of fresh young voices leads in singing time-honored hymns.

Africa's Mighty Rivers.

From Stanley Falls cataracts occur at intervals, but with navigable stretches of several hundred miles between. A reach of 327 miles, no considerable stream on its own merits, extends without an obstruction from Stanley Falls to Nyangive Falls.

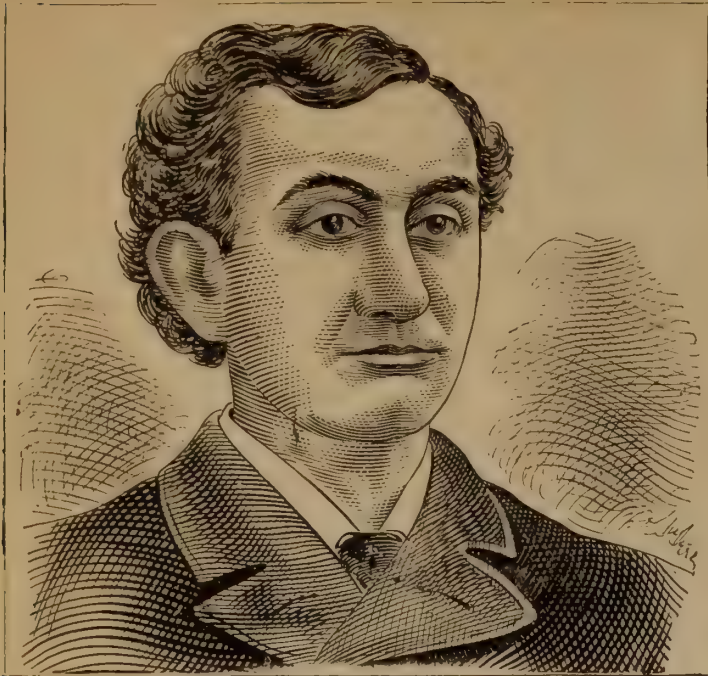
Into the mighty Congo, all along its three thousand miles of length, pours a system of tributary streams, themselves navigable for distances varying from 20 to 800 miles. The estimate is given of 5,250 miles of uninterrupted navigable water in the thousand-mile reach of the Congo between Leopoldville and Stanley Falls and the tributaries of that section alone. Mr. Stanley's estimates of the navigable lengths and character of the tributaries were based on his own record of the brief runs aboard his little steamer, while engaged in founding the Congo State. That they are more likely to have been under than over-estimated seems probable in the light of more recent and extended explorations of some of the principal streams.

In addition to the navigable waters of this Leopoldville-Stanley Falls section, the Lualaba section, above Stanley Falls, with tributaries, gives 1,100 miles, and the Chambeze section 400. Then the Tanganyika system contributes about the same, which, altogether, including the 110 miles between Boma Station and the sea, gives an aggregate of 7,350 miles of uninterrupted navigable waterway in the Congo River and its affluents.

While dealing with the waterways of the west coast, it will contribute to the scope of the subject to glance briefly at a few of the more important of the lesser streams on that side of the continent. The most important and the largest of these is the Niger, which is to be called a lesser stream only in comparison with the truly African Amazon of the foregoing astonishing estimates. The Niger is near 3,000 miles long, and is one of the great rivers of the world, the third in length in Africa. Its mouth was known to Herodotus and the ancient geographers, who believed it to be a branch of the Nile. It was on the Niger that Mungo Park was supposed to have been drowned or murdered in 1805, while attempting to trace it to the sea in a canoe.

Since 1852 the Niger Company have entered the field, and at present there is a regular service of river and coast steamers that ply up to

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Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, LL.D.



The Kaaba at Mecca, the Scene of the Recent Cholera Ravages.

the Binne confluence, 200 miles from its mouth. Were the Niger deep in proportion to its length, it would be navigable for 2,000 miles instead of 200, when it would probably rival the Nile in importance. It flows through a country of remarkable richness, and along its length are many towns and cities with populations of from 20,000 to 50,000 people. The people are semi-civilized; and at 1,000 miles up the Niger the traveller is astonished to find imposing mosques, and to hear at sunset the melodious voices of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayers.

CONSUL-GENERAL SWEENEY'S VISIT.

(See Portrait on this page.)

AMONG the distinguished arrivals by the steamship *Normannia* from Europe on Friday, the 22d inst., was Rev. Dr. Z. T. Sweeney, LL.D., United States Consul-General to Turkey, who comes with his wife and family on a short vacation, intending to return to his duties in Constantinople in October. During his absence the consulate is in charge of Vice-Consul-General, Joseph Azarian. Professor Sweeney's appointment was one that gave the liveliest satisfaction to all classes of citizens, regardless of politics, for it would have been hard to find a gentleman more thoroughly equipped for the peculiar diplomatic duties of the post assigned him.

Though still a young man—he was born at Liberty, Ky., in 1849—he has seen a great deal of the world, and has a wide and valuable experience in Gospel work. He is the youngest of four brothers, all of whom are engaged in the ministry, and his father and grandfather were preachers. During his college days, he occasionally served as pastor of a church in Paris, Ill., and at the close of his educational career in 1871, was ordained and called to the pastorate of a church in Columbus, Ind. A few years later he was appointed to a church in Augusta, Ga., afterwards returning to the Indiana charge, which he retained until his appointment as Consul-General to the land of the Mussulmans.

While editor of *The Central Christian*, Mr. Sweeney, with Mr. Isaac Erritt, his associate editor, made a six months' tour of the old world, visiting the principal points of interest in Europe, Egypt and Palestine. An outcome of the trip, as far as the Professor was concerned, was a delightful volume entitled: *Under Ten Flags*, which graphically describes many of the famous scenes mentioned in the Scriptures. His style is bright, trenchant and chaste, and his familiarity with the peoples and customs of the lands he has visited dis-

closes a wonderful faculty of observation and the most minute literary research.

"I attended the Consular-General Convention at Paris," he explained to the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, "and I can report that the meeting was one of the most important events in the history of our Consular service, and will mark the beginning of a new era of prosperity in the foreign service of the United States. Turkey is experiencing a revival of industrial enterprise, and ere long the valleys of Asia Minor, so long neglected, will reverberate with the noise of the locomotive and the Euphrates river will swarm with steamers from the head of navigation to Baghdad. Everything points to a liberal reform and a wise administration that will result in bringing Turkey up to the front."

Professor Sweeney's administration of the office of Consul-General has given great satisfaction, not only to the Federal government at Washington but to the Ottoman authorities as well. No previous incumbent has been more popular among American residents or visitors at Constantinople. His good offices and faithful work for the Church and his country at home and abroad entitle him to the warmest admiration and respect of Christians everywhere.

THE CITY OF MECCA.

(See Illustration.)

THE ravages of the cholera at Mecca during the past few weeks have been appalling. Every day the cable has reported over a hundred deaths and on one day the number reached one hundred and seventy-five. The alarming aspect of the prevalence of the scourge in the city is that it is crowded with pilgrims who arrive at this season of the year in large numbers, and who, when they return to their widely scattered homes in the various Mohammedan countries are likely to carry the germs of the disease with them. The presence of the pilgrims has probably been a contributing cause to the outbreak of the plague. The city is small and the annual influx of pilgrims who come during July and August to tender their devotions in the city of their prophet's birth involves overcrowding, which, with the defective sanitary arrangements of an Oriental town is highly dangerous to health.

The city of Mecca is situated in Arabia on the east of the Red Sea about sixty-five miles inland from Jeddah, where the cholera is also raging with awful mortality. Its normal population is about 40,000, but it rises to over 100,000 at the time of the pilgrimages. It was there that Mohammed first saw the light in the year 570. It was even then regarded as a holy city

on account of a temple within its walls containing 365 idols. Mohammed's uncle was keeper of this temple as his grandfather had been before him. Mohammed, however, was not reared under heathen influence exclusively. Many Jews were at Mecca and in its vicinity were several communities holding a debased form of Christianity. It is almost certain that Mohammed had communications with the professors of both faiths, he began to take journeys on the business of the lady merchant whom he subsequently married, he must have come in contact with a man of his mental calibre would surely be interested in their religion. Indeed the Koran in which his teachings are embodied gives evidence of an acquaintance with the Old Testament and with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

When he began to teach, Mohammed and his followers were fiercely persecuted in Mecca. His cardinal doctrine that there is but one God enraged the people of the city of 365 idols. He was stoned and left on the roadside for he was beaten and otherwise maltreated. Finally he stole away secretly from the city took refuge at Medinah a city 245 miles to the north. It is from this flight, or Hegira, which occurred in 622, that the Mohammedans date their era, as we date from the birth of Christ. The faith of Mohammedanism has spread over Africa, Asia, and Turkey, but the little city of Mecca in which it first saw the light is still its centre, its sacred object of reverence. To it the Mohammedan turns his face when he prays and to it he directs his steps for his most fervent act of homage.

A NEW AFRICAN RAILROAD.

The First Forty Miles of the Line from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Now Open.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE opening of the new Mombasa and Nairobi Railroad, which took place on the twenty-first of August in presence of all the foreign consuls stationed at Zanzibar, marks a most important step in the direction of African civilization and Christianization. A year ago Sir William MacKinnon, President of the East African Lakes Company, suggested the construction of a line of railway from Mombasa inland to Lake Victoria. The line was gradually progressing until Lake Victoria was reached. The first rail was laid last year and the part now opened is the first forty miles of the new route that is destined to open up Central Africa to the world.

The territory to be penetrated is in many respects the most important in the "Dark Continent." With the construction of the railway

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rapidly to con-
with the Com-
Lake Steamer

The route
irt the base
great mountain
between Zanz-
d the Lakes,
ng north-west
oss the plateau
foot of Mount
Njaro, pen-
the land oc-

by the savage Masai, the Arusha, the
oo and other tribes, and crossing the
avelled by the ill-fated Bishop Hanning-
his last earthly journey. This vast ter-
ncluding the great plateaus west of the
in range and their teeming populations,
is be thrown open to Gospel influences,
the climate is for the most part salub-
ven for white men, there will be no lack
ers in the vineyard. Then, when the
kes are connected by rail with the coast,
be a matter of a short time only before
terra incognita beyond—the land that
ween Uganda and the Congo river, which
alone has penetrated—will be opened
Central Africa girdled from sea to sea,
belt of iron.

Mombasa, the scene of the illustration, is a
of Zanzibar with the usual Arab charac-
s. Its population of 30,000 is poor and
lings wretched, but as the centre of the
road system, its prospects will improve.
good harbor and every topographical
ation as a starting point for the new

Until recent years, it was a centre of
for the Arab slave-stealers, who there
ut their expeditions to ravage the vill-
the peaceful agricultural tribes of the

Since Mombasa came under British
the slavers have disappeared and Chris-
ssions have sprung up there and among
ining villages.

the coast to the lakes, the line of Brit-
pation now runs almost as straight as
w flies, being bounded on the south-
the lately acquired territory of Germany,
ncludes, besides a coast-line of nearly a
d miles, a great stretch of what is
as the "Hinter-land" or partially ex-
region east of Lakes Tanganyika and

It is now exceedingly probable that
rests of England and Germany will run
lel lines, as far as the partition of the
y between Lake Victoria Nyanza and the
s concerned, and any new accessions
regulated with a view to their common
s.

MR. ALEXANDER CLARK

U. S. Minister to Liberia.

See Portrait.

selection of Alexander Clark to be United
Minister to Liberia does credit to the
of President Harrison and the Secretary
St. Mr. Clark is not only a man of ability,
le to conduct our national business in
but he will be a conspicuous example
of his own race in that land of what can
be by steady application and hard study.
fty years ago, the man who now has the
of serving his country as a foreign minis-
an uneducated boy doing chores in a



Mombasa, the Starting Point of the East African Railroad.

barber's shop in Muscatine, Iowa. But he was
a persevering, studious lad and while other boys
around him were idling away their time, he was
at work at such books as he could procure. By
the time he reached manhood he had a very fair
education and was still energetically pushing
forward.

Mr. Clark's efforts were not confined to his
own ad-
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In 1869 he
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Vice Pres-
of the State
tion and a
of the Committee on Resolutions. He was a dele-
gate to the National Republican Convention in
1872. He bought the *Chicago Conservative* in 1882
and showed considerable skill in conducting the
journal. In 1883, when he was fifty-seven
years of age, Mr. Clark began to study law. He
soon graduated and opened a law office in
Chicago. A man of so much enterprise and in-
dependence well deserves the honor that has
now fallen to him.



Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

(Continued from page 558.)

THE duty of making a public profession of
his faith was one from which a man of
Howard Wescott's mould was not likely to
shrink. On the Wednesday night, following
his interview with Dr. Hamlyn, he rose in the
prayer-meeting, and simply and modestly de-
scribed his former attitude toward religion, the
recent experiences which had driven him from
that position, the change which had occurred a
few days before, and his present determination
henceforth to follow Christ. There was no at-
tempt at rhetorical display, nor was there any
hesitation in his language. It was simply a
statement which a courageous man makes
when he finds that he has been mistaken, and
is thoroughly and firmly convinced of the
righteousness of a course which he means to
pursue. It was such a speech as might have

been made in the
critical times of
1776, by a man who
had decided to cast
in his lot with Wash-
ington against the
foreign yoke. How-
ard declared himself
on the side of Christ
in the world, and
did so in plain, unvar-
nished unequivocal
terms.

Dr. Hamlyn and his
people listened intent-
ly. It was a novel kind
of address. There was
little of Scripture
phraseology, none of
the hackneyed theo-
logical phrases in it,
yet through it all rang
the clear note of per-
sonal conviction and
manly resolution
which, wherever it

may be uttered, always moves an audience.

"I wish our young people had been here to-
night," Dr. Hamlyn said after the meeting, as
he shook hands with Wescott. "I believe your
remarks would have done good. Nothing tells
like a personal testimony; argument does not
approach it in power. Would you be willing to
make the same kind of statement in the Sun-
day-school?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Doctor; I do not
want to make a parade of it, but I am glad to
let it be known where I stand."

"Then do by all means," said Dr. Hamlyn,
"come next Sunday."

Wescott promised, and on the following Sun-
day he gave an address in the school. It was a
different kind of audience, but the former re-
marks were so plain and to the purpose that
there was no need to change their character.
But remembering how many there were pres-
ent who had not declared themselves Christi-
ans, Wescott added a few words of stirring
appeal, urging his hearers to come to a decision
on a matter so important to themselves for time
and eternity. His words told. During the fol-
lowing week several young people went to Dr.
Hamlyn to speak with him about their souls,
saying, that Wescott's address had set them
thinking.

"Wescott, I wish you were going to be a min-
ister instead of a lawyer," Dr. Hamlyn said, when
they met on the street one day, toward the close
of that week. "You have the talent, and I be-
lieve the spiritual fervor as well, to make a suc-
cessful preacher. I know you can do good in
the legal profession, if you want to, but not so
much as you could if you consecrated all your
efforts to the Gospel ministry. Besides, there
is great need of good men to fill up the thinning
ranks. Think about it."

Howard walked home in a reflective frame of
mind. He remembered that he had never
studied law with much enthusiasm, but rather
because he had a good opportunity to do so
with his brother-in-law; and then, there were
some things connected with the profession that
were decidedly distasteful to him. For several
days he kept pondering Dr. Hamlyn's sugges-
tion, and could not dismiss it. He did not
want to decide hastily, for he knew that it was
possible to be misled by evanescent impulses
which might fade away; but when he found
that the desire to preach the Gospel took com-
plete possession of him, so that he cared for
naught else, he recognized in his impressions a
call to the ministry. The mental controversy,
scrupulously locked in his own breast, went on
for two weeks, when his religious feelings re-
ceived an unexpected shock. It happened one
day in Mr. Bollis's office while Howard and the
lawyer were alone.

"Well, Howard," said the lawyer in his bland-
est tones, "I understand that you are becoming

quite an enthusiastic churchman, taking a prominent part in the religious meetings. Some one told me that Dr. Hamlyn had you to address the Sunday-school the other morning, and that you made a very neat little speech."

The tone of worldliness in the attorney's remark grated on Howard's religious sensibilities, and he replied: "I do not know about the neatness of it. It was rather rough, I thought; but I tried to make it effective. I was not seeking honor. I wanted to do good."

"Oh, come now!" said Mr. Bollis. "It's just possible to overdo this thing. There's no harm in belonging to a church, and it may even help you from a business point of view, if you want to be an honorable and successful attorney; but let me tell you plainly, Howard, this excessive religiousness won't work well with the practice of law. It'll hurt your business. I don't mean that you should do anything dishonest, but my advice is, keep your business and your religion apart; don't mix them up too much, old fellow. Don't become a religious enthusiast if you want to be a successful practitioner."

To Howard in his new-born religious fervor, this advice savored so much of a time-serving spirit that he shrank as one putting out his hand to pluck a flower, shudders at touching the cold, slimy skin of a snake. His idea was that religion should be supreme in life, pervading and sanctifying business, and all relations. His brother-in-law treated it almost like a matter of life-assurance, the premium on which should be the smallest compatible with the salvation of the soul from perdition. Religion must not hurt business! Why if religion and business were in conflict, so much the worse for the business. That was Howard's view. In such a case it should not be religion that should be curtailed and driven within narrower boundaries; the business should be brought to line. He was horrified at his mentor's false perspective. He could not trust himself to speak lest his indignant feelings should find utterance in unfraternal words.

That evening he was still brooding over the interview, when he went to see Addie More. He received little sympathy from her, and was much disappointed. His enthusiasm was not contagious, or if it was, she was not susceptible to it. He would have liked to talk to her about Dr. Hamlyn's suggestion of his entering the ministry; but he feared to introduce the subject. A vague premonition came that perhaps her unbelief would be a serious clog to their mutual happiness and to his religious life. But he loved her, and ejected the traitorous thought, as he regarded it, from his heart at once.

"Addie," he said, before taking his leave, "I wish I could induce you to become a believer. You know how the experience came to me. God will remove all your doubts if you go to Him."

"But you admit that your own doubts are not removed, that your difficulties are stifled not solved," she answered, rather acutely.

He was a little flustered. "Well, well," he faltered, "one cannot expect to be free from all temptation in this world, though I know it sounds like a mere platitude to say so. There is quite a difference between the discouragement I feel this evening and my old unbelief. My experience has shown me that my doubts are wrong, that they are merely the result of my melancholy mood, and hence are to be gotten rid of as soon as possible; whereas formerly I harbored my doubts voluntarily."

"Do you mean to say that you will crush your present doubts by main force, instead of letting the truth have its own way?"

"No, no; I shall take them to God, who will remove them. I should have done so before. That has been my mistake." Addie did not reply, and so Howard pursued: "Won't you try to seek the light?"

"Why," she said, with a forced laugh, "if I were to make a profession of religion now, everybody would say that I had done so on your account!"

"Oh! Addie, everyone would know that you are not so worldly-minded as that. This is a

matter of truth, of principle, of salvation, and it doesn't signify one iota what people say. I have just as much right to influence you to become a Christian, if I can, as to influence you in any other way—as to induce you to read a favorite book, for instance, or even to promise to become my wife. Why, I'm surprised, Addie; I thought you had more independence."

She looked up at him appealingly, the tears gleaming in her eyes, and he became penitent at once.

"Forgive me, Addie, I didn't mean to lecture you. It was unkind of me. But won't you think this matter over? Now I must go. Good-night;" and kissing her, he left the room.

With a persistency that almost made him angry the thought kept forcing itself upon his mind as he walked home: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" The question of affinity was one to which he had given some attention in other days, and now it troubled him, do what he would, to banish it from his mind.

On reaching home he went to his own apartment, and having read his usual Scripture selection, fell on his knees before God, and when he rose every misgiving, every doubt had vanished. He would do his duty, leaving the results with God, whom he knew he could trust. No! He would never swerve from his Christian course. He knew the truth and he would obey it.

With this reinforcement of spiritual strength the yearning to preach the Gospel was revived with redoubled power, casting into the shadow all his former ambitions for distinction in the legal world, and so Blackstone was laid aside for the Bible, and novels for the biographies of men eminent for their piety and usefulness in the church. "I can bear the mental strain no longer," he said to himself one day. "Dr. Hamlyn is my proper adviser in these matters. I shall go to him."

The Doctor met him with a cordial welcome at the door, and when Howard told his errand, the good man was visibly affected, and said:

"Well, what are your plans?"

"They are still in a nebulous state," replied Howard. "In the first place, I am not prepared for the work. I have had a college course, it is true, and have paid some attention to law, but my knowledge of the Bible and theology is very limited. I have just been getting glimpses of the wide field of study before me. A man who preaches the Gospel ought to be thoroughly equipped. So I think I ought to take a course of theological training. Am I not right?"

"There is no doubt about it. But are you prepared to go to a divinity school just now?"

"No, I am not. My finances—"

"Well, I am glad of it. I have a plan and you are just the man to carry it out successfully. My hands are so full that I must have help. My church, as you know, has established a mission in the eastern part of the city, a section that is thickly populated, and yet without Gospel opportunities. We have erected a large chapel there, and we need some one to take charge of the new enterprise—some one who could talk to the people on Sunday evening and gather them into the fold. They are like sheep without a shepherd. How would you like that kind of work?"

"It thrills me to think of it, sir," broke out Howard, almost rapturously.

"You might take charge of it for a year just as a lay preacher, without license or ordination, and after that perhaps a way may be opened for you to take a divinity course. Meantime I will arrange for your salary. I will guarantee you enough to live on, with a small sum over for the purchase of books. But I want you to give your whole time to it. You will have to abandon the law."

"I am ready to do so at once; I have thought it all over."

"This one thing I do," quoted the clergyman, approvingly. "You will have to study a good deal to do your work well, and so I want you to make free use of my library. I will lay out a

course of reading for you. But there is another thing I want to speak of. There is a chapel about five miles in the country where I ought to be preaching by all means. Don't think you could go out there on a Sunday morning and give the people a Gospel! Then you could come back to the chapel in the evening."

Howard signified his readiness to do what he could, and had already gone to the door, when the Doctor called him back, saying:

"By the way, Wescott, a number of persons who have heard you speak at our prayer meetings and in Sunday-school, have intimate friends they would like to have you give a Sunday evening talk in the church. I believe myself it would do good. Suppose you do so next Sunday evening a week. Let the talk be like those we have already given, plain and simple and unadorned, and make it replete with your own experience. There will be a large audience present to hear you, for your conversion has attracted attention."

"Doctor, I am not worthy to stand in the pulpit," objected Howard, humbly.

"Neither am I, sir. No man is. 'We are all unprofitable servants.' But Christ is the ground of our worthiness, and we must rely on His merits."

"Well, if you put it so, I consent."

Another painful ordeal for the young Christian was the breaking of the news to his father and brother-in-law. Mrs. Bollis received the intelligence with joy, her eyes dewed with happy tears; but when, the next day, as Howard and the lawyer were walking home together, the office, the former said: "Will, I've decided to give up the law," Mr. Bollis opened his eyes with astonishment and exclaimed:

"Give up the law! Good gracious, what are you talking about? Are you a draftsman?"

"No, I have thought it over; I'm going to enter the ministry."

"Going to take to preaching!" echoed the lawyer, astonished. "Well, that's a good thing. What's your object in bantering me, Howard?"

"I never was more in earnest in my life."

"What! do you really mean it?" and the lawyer stopped, and taking his interlocutor by the shoulders, wheeled him around and looked squarely in the eyes. Seeing that the young man was determined, Mr. Bollis, though usually good-natured and kind to a fault, lost his temper.

"Don't be imbecile," he exclaimed. "Do not gushing over this religious nonsense. Religion's all right in its place, but to give up the law and go to preaching—bah! it's puerile, child. Why, just think of your prospects, Howard. One of your talents could go right up to the top round in the law in a few years. Even the attorney in this city says that you have a chance before you. Besides, in ten years you will be independent and in five more rich. But to go into this gospeling business, you'll stay poor, as poor as Job's turkey, if he owned that sort of a fowl."

"Will," returned Howard, calmly, "my calculations you have named are of a worldly character, and I can't allow myself to be influenced by them. With me the question is, where can I do the greatest amount of good?"

"Oh, this altruistic nonsense!" said the lawyer, making a wry face. "You talk like a visionary. We must have lawyers as well as parsons."

"I haven't a word to say against the legal profession. I honor the men who have achieved it. But I must withdraw from the fraternal association of lawyers; my mind is made up," he said firmly.

"Have your own way, then! You can't turn a man who is obstinate and won't listen to reason. I always thought too much religion would addle a man's brain."

And with that thrust, the attorney turned and walked home without vouchsafing another word.

(To be Continued.)

ATHEN TOWN ASTONISHED.

ident related in his autobiography ton, the missionary, illustrates the of pronouncing definitely any- side personal experience to be im- He says that soon after his ar- niwa, in New Hebrides, there was ough. The people had used rain y for drinking purposes, and as d been no rain for a long time e suffering from thirst. Mr. ided to sink a well in the hope of spring. The natives tried to dis- m—thought he was going mad. omes only from above," they said, r our island send up showers of below, Missi, your head is going on't let our people hear you talk- going down into the earth for ey will never listen to your word e you again." He set to work, of incredulous pity. The sun was heat tropical, and soon his strength uted. He paid with fish-hooks help, and by evening the shaft twelve feet; next morning it had Renewed remonstrances and eno desist from so mad an effort ed by the natives. No native now ter the hole, but by an extempory their labor at the surface was utily after day Mr. Paton toiled till he depth of thirty feet. The old chief liss, if you reach water you will ough into the sea and the sharks ou."—At the last, signs of water "Come to-morrow," said the rker, "I believe Jehovah God will the rain water through the earth." day a small hole was sunk to the two feet. It filled with water; t was tasted—Fresh—thank God—ug was filled, and Paton came to the The old chief shook it to see if it ill, and then touched it to see if it water. At length he tasted it, and in his mouth with joy for a mo- swallowed it, and shouted, "Rain! s, it is rain!" And now all were help; the well was built in by wills with blocks of coral, and so re- this day. The next sabbath, the old chief, by his own request an odd but wonderfully effective and the back of heathenism in as broken.

FATHER'S OPINION CHANGED.

angelist says: "I heard of two both sailor, one of whom had mself to the Lord, but the other a careless, godless life. As the is about to start on a voyage he is brother, who was not that oc- companying him, 'Well, Tom, you eat deal about religion. If I should ed, and a ship should heave in d pick me up, would you call that providence? Now I should call tucky chance. I don't believe in ce? These things all happen just accident, but you like to glorify calling them providence.' He set d the imaginary or suppositious had taken literally came to pass. wrecked, and remained on the ree days, when a ship appeared, ng their signals of distress rescued When he recounted his privations brother he said, 'Do you know, e moment that ship hove in sight ls to you came like a flash of light- ny mind. I knew it was no chance, undeserved merciful providence of God, and I felt that I could not do a give myself entirely up to Him, I saved both the body and soul.'"

A MOTHER'S SURPRISE.

Sunday night," says Pastor C. H. n, "I was urging Christian parents e be no delay in speaking to their about their souls. I said 'do it to- you have not done it already. You may say my children will be in bed ep when I get home; never mind, airs and wake them, and talk to out their souls.' A mother (this I be true) went home, and her little in bed and asleep. She woke her l, 'Jane, I have not spoken to you,

dear child, about your soul. The pastor has been exhorting us to-night, and saying that if you were asleep you should be awakened.' Then said Jane, 'Mother I, have often wondered that you did not speak to me about Christ, but I have known Him these two years.' The mother stood convicted. She brought her daughter round on Monday and said, 'Let this dear girl be baptised and join the Church.' I said to her, 'Why did you not tell your mother?' 'Well,' said she, 'you know, mother never seemed to come up to the subject; she never gave me a chance.' Then the mother said, 'Quite right; I have not been to my children what I ought to have been; but, please God, there shall never be another child of mine that shall steal a march on her mother, and find Christ without her mother, knowing it.' God graciously rebuked that mother."

A CHINESE HERO.

AN illustration of the argument used by the Apostle Paul (Rom. 5: 6, 8.) comes from China. It is the story of a man who to save his brother's life, and to benefit his family voluntarily offered to lay down his own life. It appears that a political prisoner escaped from the custody of his guards, and sought refuge with his friend Loo-nan-kin. His retreat was discovered. Loo-nan-kin was arrested, and preparations were being made for his trial, when the younger brother came forward. "It is I who harbored the fugitive," said he; "It is I who should die, and not my brother." Loo-nan-kin, on the other hand, declared that he alone was guilty, and that his brother had falsely accused himself. The judge cross-questioned the young man with such skill as to involve him in contradictions, and he was obliged at length to confess the imposture. "Alas!" said he, "I had strong reasons for acting thus; it is a long time since our mother died, and we have not yet been able to pay her the duties due from sons to their mother's memory. We have, moreover, a sister unmarried. My elder brother alone has it in his power to provide for these exigencies; so that it were better for me to die in his stead. I conjure you, therefore, to accept my confession and let me bear the penalty." The judge was deeply affected; he reported this instance of filial piety and brotherly love to the supreme tribunal, and the emperor pardoned the guilty man. His life was thus spared because another loved him well enough to offer to die in his place. It is thus that man is reconciled to God. But in his case, as the apostle points out, the love was infinitely more wonderful because it was while we were yet enemies that Christ died for us.

THE NEED OF MORE MISSIONARIES.

COMPARING the missionary work in the home and foreign fields, the *Missionary Record* makes the surprising, yet truthful assertion that in our own land there is one minister to every 800 inhabitants: while in the foreign field there is one missionary to 400,000. *The Missionary Review* estimates that there are 650 workers in the home field to one in the foreign; and twenty dollars is given for the home work to one for the foreign. That is, while the need is from five hundred to six hundred and fifty times greater in the foreign field, we spend twenty times as much in the home field. The annual expenditure of the Protestant church members in the United States for church work at home is \$80,000,000, while that for foreign work is only \$4,000,000—in other words, eighty millions for 60,000,000 of people here as against one-twentieth of that sum for the evangelization of 1,181,000,000 souls, or about one-third of a cent per soul! There could be no stronger argument in behalf of the immediate increase in foreign missionary activities than this.

THE RUM TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

In a letter to the *Advance*, Rev. W. H. Rice tells in graphic terms, of the horrors of the rum traffic in Africa. He writes: "Four firms only are in control of this horrible business—and from this source is flowing a stream that is whelming in destruction and everlasting death millions of the people

of Africa. At present, rum destroys more than all the missionaries can repair. Think of boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age getting their wages in rum! In 1888 nearly 600 natives were picked up dead in Kimberly, South Africa, killed by intoxicating drink. Rev. Horace Walter says he has seen hundreds of native girls lying in a state of intoxication around the wagons of the spirit sellers. The blood of thousands of the natives to-day cries to heaven against the hellish greed that perpetrates such a traffic.

"The question may be asked, can the traffic be prohibited? Most assuredly! One only needs refer to the action of Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, France and Holland in the matter of the rum traffic among the North Sea Fisheries.

"When these Powers came to an agreement to protect the fishermen from the ravages of the drink traffic, it only took a short time for the liquor sellers to find out that they dealt with a force that could not and would not be trifled with—and the traffic was stopped."

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"TELL JESUS."

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily cares that none may know;

Trials which, little though they seem in one,
Oft fret thy life as water frets the stone?

Tell Jesus.

Is there a chord within thy aching breast,
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That oft is struck by cruelty and wrong,
Until thou fain would'st cry, "O Lord, how long?"

Tell Jesus.

And does thy spirit grieve o'er doubts and sin,
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within?
Poor tempted one! There is an eye above,
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.

Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll,
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
Oh, think, amid the tempest's might, of One
Who cried, in that dark hour, "Thy will be done;"

Tell Jesus.

And dost thou moan in solitary mood,
Sighing because thou art not understood:
That in the world there is no spirit tone
To echo the sweet music of thine own?

Tell Jesus.

Oh, may this thought sustain thee in thy grief
Though earthly sympathy give no relief,
Yet there is One who bends from courts above
To sound all depths of human woe and love.

Tell Jesus.

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IDOLS IN PAWN.

AN intelligent Chinaman in Canton who has renounced idol worship, but instead of becoming a Christian has fallen into infidelity, contending with a Christian missionary, remarked that the idolatrous Chinaman had an advantage over a non-idolatrous one. "How is that?" asked the missionary. "His god often saves him from starvation." "Never," said the missionary. "But it does," contended the Chinaman, "and I can prove it." The dispute waxed warm, and finally the Chinaman, being challenged to produce his proof, said, "The man prays to his god for food, and if he does not get it, and is pushed to an extremity, he takes his god and pawns it. Thus his god does save him from starvation." The missionary doubted the truth of his assertion, believing that a Chinaman would consider the act a gross sacrilege. "The next day, however," he says, "I went to a shop where we had often stopped to survey the hideous deities of wood and plaster arrayed in the open window front, and to watch the manufacture of such images going on within. To our surprise a good supply of second-hand images was produced for our inspection. 'How do you get these?' we asked. 'The people, when they are in want of food, bring them here to pawn.' What a startling supplement, we thought, to the prophet's splendid satire on the idolator of his own day! He heweth wood and kindleth it and warmeth himself, and baketh bread and roasteth meat; and the residue of his fuel he maketh a god; he boweth down to it; and then, when he lacks bread to bake and meat to roast on his firewood, he takes the god made from its refuse, and raises therewith a few copper coins.

SELF-BURDENED.

AN incident related by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse illustrates the feeling common among Christians of struggling under their burdens instead of taking them to Christ who has promised to bear them if they will hand them over to Him. He says:

"One very hot summer's day I was driving along a dusty road, when I overtook a woman with a heavy basket on her arm. I did not want to feel like the priest in the story that Jesus told, who 'passed by on the other side,' so I offered her a ride. She gladly accepted it, but as she rode still carried the heavy basket on her arm. 'My good woman,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'do not carry that basket; put it down on the bottom of the trap.' 'Oh,' she said, 'that would be imposing on your kindness to have you carry the basket as well as me.' 'But,' I said, 'that would not make the load any heavier and your basket would ride just as well in the bottom of the trap, and you would be much more comfortable.' 'Ah, so it would, sir, thank you; I never thought of that,' she said, as she put her burden down. 'That is very much like I often do,' I remarked after a little while. 'Like you do, sir?' and the woman looked up inquiringly. 'Yes; I, too, often carry heavy burdens when there is no need for it.' She waited for my explanation. 'The Lord Jesus has taken me up into His chariot, and I rejoice to ride in it, but very often I carry a great burden of care on my back that would ride just as well if I put it down, for the Lord would carry me and my cares too.' 'Yes, bless the Lord!' said she, with a joy that told that she had found the cure for care. 'It is true, sir, when He takes us up in His chariot, He takes cares and all.' Here is a cure for your cares, for all the little daily worries and the burdens of anxiety that oppress you—The Lord careth for you."

ILL-HOARDED WEALTH.

REV. A. J. GORDON, an Ohio clergyman states a startling mathematical problem as follows: "According to recent estimates, it is computed that there are now \$8,000,000,000 hoarded up in the hands of American Christians, a sum so great that it staggers our mathematics to compute it. Now, making a fair provision for sickness and old age, it is unquestionable that a vast proportion of this sum would still come under the description of our Lord's parable of money 'kept laid up in a napkin.' That napkin may be cut according to the strictest pattern of commercial integrity; it may be hemmed with the most rigid rules of political economy; nevertheless, I fear that if our Lord were suddenly to return from that far country whence he has gone, he would shake his hapkin clear of its contents and exclaim: 'Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers, that at my return I might have had my own with usury'—the usury of saved souls, the usury of evangelized nations, the usury of eternal praise to Him who, 'though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.'"

And the most solemn consideration is that our Lord will not take one cent of this hoarded wealth by compulsion or seizure. He who saves no man without his consent, taxes no man without his consent. For our freedom of will is the most sacred thing in the universe—the very crown jewel of manhood. And God will never in any circumstance violate it."

THE FATE OF A WIDOW IN INDIA.

THE Apostolic declaration that the Gospel is good for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come, (1 Timothy 4:8) has no more conclusive proof than furnished by a contrast between the social customs of countries even nominally Christian and those still lying in heathen darkness. A case in point is contained in a letter from Miss Beauchamp, a missionary laboring among the women of India. She says: "I have just lost three of my Zenana pupils—one a young widow, formerly a pupil in one of the schools. She was very fond of me, and seemed to look forward to my visits. One day, when I went as usual, her father said he wished to speak to me, and hoped I should not be offended. He then said, 'After this week it will not be convenient for you to see my daughter. She has been unlucky enough to lose her husband, and her future life will be miserable.' I said, 'I am sorry, but as your daughter has lost so much, is it well

to deprive her of the pleasure of seeing me?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I would willingly allow you to continue your visits if I dared, but I shall lose caste if I do. My daughter must undergo some ceremonies. Her head will be shaved. She will be allowed only one meal a day, and you must not see her.' I pleaded very hard with him, but although tears came into his eyes he said, 'No; what can I do? I respect your people, but if I allow my widowed daughter to be seen and taught by you I shall lose caste'; but he said, 'You may come one day more if you wish.' I gladly availed myself of the permission given, and on the following Friday I went to see the poor girl. She is fourteen years old, has never lived with her husband, and yet she must suffer all this. Your prayers are requested for the poor widows of India."

JEWISH INFLUENCE IN THE WORLD.

At the City Temple, London, on a Sabbath morning recently during the course of his remarks, Dr. Parker spoke of the Hebrew race as follows; I like the Jews even when not converted. Some of them I like and trust after conversion. The Jewish mind is the greatest intellectual power in the world. It always was so. To-day the world is inspired and ruled by Jews. Christians are apt to overlook this fact. Was not the Old Testament written by Jews? Is not the New Testament the work of Jews? Is not salvation of the Jews? God will never forget honest Jews. They are His own people.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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MOTHERHOOD IN THE ORIENT.

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MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

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And they sang a new song." Rev. 5: 9.

NEARLY all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations, whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights, Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets, and huzzaned at the entertainment. At Berlin, at eleven o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera-house for the people. On Easter Sunday, in Dresden, the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells, bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair-day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music, from far and near, gather in the street, and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute, and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skilfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation, and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing awhile on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song."

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever-accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half-hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said, Surely this is music good enough for heaven. Indeed I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," or "Corona-



tion," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah," would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of

Earthly Music Mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with note-books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions.

So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab-driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab-driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home and sat down and wrote—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saine, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that;" and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around, and her father was dead.

A Pæan of Victory.

This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church, there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago, departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting, or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few



notes of that anthem should travel down air, we could not sing it. No organ could catch its thunder. No harp could catch its trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear the faintest note of the new song. Yet, will speak, heaven's cathedral quakes under it, a seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, a ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further: It is a commemorative song, are distinctly told that it makes reference past deliverances. Oh, how much have to sing about. They sing of the dark through which on earth they passed, and it night song. That one was killed at Yorktown and with him it is a battle song. That one imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him, a prison song. That was a Christian sailor that had his back broken on the ship's halyard and with him it is a sailor's song. That burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a song. Oh! how they

Will Sing of Floods Waded, of fires endured, of persecution suffered, grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword song of hot lead! song of axe! As when organ-pipes peal out some great harmony, it comes occasionally the sound of the tremulous weeping through the cadences, adding excitement to the performances, so amidst the pious acclamation of the heavenly worshippers shall come tremulous remembrances of past duration, adding a sweetness and glory to triumphal strain. So the glorified mother sing of the cradle that death robbed; and enthroned spirit from the alms-house will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further: It will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments, and even among those who love them, there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and gongs; for God demands that we shall praise



Him on strings in instruments organs. There is such music in to suggest higher worship for I read when he had the book, the and-twenty fell down before the Lamb, had everyone of "harps," and heard the voice the harpers singing with the harps," and "I saw them that had gotten victory from the beast standing on the sea glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You that all this is figurative. Then I say, prove I do not know how much of it is literal, how much of it is figurative. Who can say that from some of the precious woods of heaven and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship David take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and the roll of the eternal orchestra.

Further: it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun. If you had taken the opening piece of music to-day for the whole service, you would have made so great a mistake as to suppose heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal chor-

th last only a short while. The famous convocation at Dusseldorf ended with irth day. "Our holidays last only eight or ys; but heaven, although singing for so ears, has only just begun "the new song." glorified inhabitants recount past deliver- they will also enkindle at glories to If, at nine o'clock, when the church l, you had taken the few people who were ed through it as

The Main Audience,

ould not have made so great a mistake as if pposed that the present population of are to be its chief citizenship. Although e are already there, the inhabitants are handful compared with the future popu-

All China is yet to be saved. All India d be saved. All Borneo is yet to be sav- ll Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy o be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. ssia is yet to be saved. All France is yet saved. All England is yet to be saved. erica is yet to be saved. All the world o be saved. "After that there may be worlds to conquer." I do not know but very star that glitters in our nights is an ed world, and that from all those spheres ty host are to march into our heaven. will be no gate to keep them out. We do nt to keep them out. We will not want to nem out. God will not want to keep them

e sometimes thought that all the millions h that go into glory are but a very small compared with the influx from the whole se. "God could build a heaven large not only for the universe, but for ten nd universes." I do not know just how it but this I know, that heaven is to be ntly augmented; and that the song of s rising higher and higher, and the pro- is being multiplied. If heaven sang bel went up—the first soul that ever left for glory—how must it sing now when go up in flocks from all Christendom, y hour, and moment by moment.

No Farewells.

happy gatherings on earth are chilled by ight that soon we must separate. Thanks- and Christmas days come, and the rail flying thither are crowded. Glad re- take place. We have a time of great en- l. But soon it is "good-bye in the hall" ye at the door, "good-bye" on the "good-bye" at the rail train, "good-bye" steamboat wharf. We meet in church. od to be here. But soon the doxology sung, the benediction pronounced, and lience will be gone. But there are no ions, no good-byes in heaven. At the f the house of many mansions, no good- At the pearly-gate, no good-bye. The ill be more pleasant, because we are al- sing it. Mightier song as our other come in. Mightier song as, other gar- re set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier e Christ's glories unfold. e first day we enter heaven we sing well, rt day we sing better.

Song Anticipative.

e light, of more love, of more triumphs. something new to hear, something new Many good people suppose that we shall ven the first day we get there. No! You t see London in two weeks. You can t Rome in six weeks. You can not see in a month. You can not see the great the New Jerusalem in a day. No: it will ll eternity to see heaven, to count the , to examine the trophies, to gaze upon one; to see the hierarchs. Ages on ages id yet heaven is new! The streets new! mple new! The joy new! The song

old preachers, in describing the sorrows lost, used to lift up their hands and "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to To-day I lift up my hands, and look- ward the great future, cry, "The joy to "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander

on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the song that shall then arise? *Never! Never!*

Finally, I remark, that it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be, when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last, and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to sing as loudly as any of them.

The Song of All Nations.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give, when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the south. Everybody going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amidst the apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

PALESTINE AWAKENING.

SOME remarkable facts respecting the Holy Land are reported by Mr. Samuel Schor. They indicate that in many ways. God is preparing to restore His chosen people to their own land. Not only are the means of transportation being multiplied and developed, but the Jews, persecuted in Russia, disliked in Germany and other lands, are turning longing eyes toward Palestine, and taking practical measures toward establishing more Jewish settlements there. Mr. Schor says: "The proposed railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem is to have a formidable rival in the North, for Mr. Pilling, of Manchester, has just received the necessary concession from the Sultan for a line from Damascus to the Bay of Acre, crossing the ancient Israelitish city of Dan. It would also be extended southward to Joppa, thus connecting Jerusalem with the North, and then be continued to Egypt. Jew and Englishman are thus working together for the regeneration of Palestine. This is as it should be." But it appears that even they are not to be alone in the field. The Turk is actually waking up, for an Effendi has also obtained a concession for a line in Syria.

"New colonists continue to pour into the country, and the fearful sufferings of the Jews in Russia, which are only too true in spite of official denials, will give a greater impetus to this movement. Some influential members of the Jewish Colonization Society called the Chovevei Zion Society of Russia have just visited the Holy Land with the object of seeing for themselves whether the Jewish colonies in Palestine are the success they claim to be. This deputation was headed by the great Rabbi Samuel Mohilever, a name well known and highly respected for learning and piety throughout the whole of Russia. They have now returned, and the thousands of Jews whom they represent will await with breathless interest the report they will give of their visit. May it be a good report, like that given by Joshua and Caleb on a similar occasion more than 3,000 years ago.

"Baron Hirsch has not come to any decision yet. It is natural that he should take time before deciding on so stupendous a measure. But I cannot help thinking that the recent visit of M. Schied, a French Jew, to the Holy Land, where he made a careful inspection of most of the Jewish colonies, may have something to do with the Baron's future plans. I should also mention that the colonists have a very warm friend and supporter in Baron de Rothschild, of Paris, who has already spent large sums of money in the Holy Land.

"The London branch of this Colonization Society has now over a thousand members all of whom are Jews. Its principles are similar to those of an ordinary building society. Each member pays a small sum per week. When the subscriptions have reached a certain amount two or more families, chosen by ballot, will be sent to Palestine. Land will be bought, as well as all necessary implements. There will also be advisers on the spot, to direct, to teach, and train the colonists till they can help themselves. Of course the funds are also augmented by donations from wealthy friends."

A FRIEND'S WISH.

A FRIEND in Wortendyke, N. J., who secured a colored print of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle by sending to Dr. Talmage four subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acknowledges its receipt in the following poetical aspiration for the success of the new Tabernacle, which we feel sure every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will warmly echo:

Our picture came—a handsome view,
Of your great church, so grand and new,
And, phoenix-like, so soon to rise,
With all its beauty toward the skies.
May many souls be gathered in,
Each one; and all, be saved from sin;
A trysting-place, all welcome there;
A restful Home, the House of Prayer.

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

MOTHERHOOD IN THE ORIENT.

INTERESTING GLIMPSES OF CHILD-LIFE IN PALESTINE, EGYPT AND ARABIA.

**How the Young Mothers of Upper Egypt and the Desert
Carry their offspring—The Joys, Delights and Perils of
Oriental Infancy—Bedouin Babies and their Scanty
Dress and Odd Ways—The Statuesque Nubian Mother
and her Little Flock—Hebrew Children in the Olden
Times and at the Present Day—The Boyhood of Moses,
and Jesus—Oriental Toys and Juvenile Amusements.**

(See Illustration on first page.)

"MOTHER" is a title sacred the world over and nowhere is it more venerated than in the Orient, or its gentle offices held in higher esteem. While in Europe and our own country many of the cares and responsibilities of motherhood are delegated to servants, an Eastern mother and her child are practically inseparable. The exceptions are found only in the very highest ranks and among the wealthiest; but in all other classes, whether in Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, or Hindostan, the mother is the nurse, companion, teacher and carrier of the babe until it has reached an age when it passes out of her hands.

The illustrations published on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day, and which are reproduced from photographs secured by Dr. Talmage during his recent tour in the Holy Land, are especially interesting as showing types of Oriental mothers of a class very seldom depicted and but little known to our civilization. The Nubian mother and baby shown in the picture on the first page is a fair type of the young matron of Middle Egypt. Straight and lissome, she carries her little one as lightly on her shoulder as though the chubby fellow were hardly a feather's weight. He clasps her forehead with his tiny palms, and clings to her with his feet, fearless of danger and feeling as secure in his seat as a white one-year-old would in his nurse's arms.

In Egypt and in all the Nile countries, one meets this familiar group. Sometimes, as seen at Cairo, it is varied, the mother carrying the child on her arm or on one shoulder, while on her head is a tray, with small earthenware bowls full of scalded buffalo milk, known as "kishtar;" or she may have on her arm a jar of "Haleeb wa laban," (new milk) for the use of the household. As she walks along, with her disengaged hand she occasionally reaches up to the youngster astraddle on back or shoulder and pops a sweetmeat between his lips which he delightedly sucks. When she pays a visit to her neighbors, or goes up the lane for a half-hour of gossip, she carries him along, sometimes dressed in a little shirt of dark-blue cotton, to which, if the weather be cold, she adds a short jacket of colored print and a colored handkerchief bound tightly about his head; or, perhaps, a pointed hood of coarse cloth, the peak of which dangles behind him like an elongated fez, giving him a highly comical appearance. The very poor, however, do not scruple to shoulder their little ones absolutely naked.

An Egyptian

Baby has a Hard Time of it,

and while infant mortality there is far less than it is in the large cities of the new world, he

seems to survive rather in spite of than because of the maternal care he receives. His round, plump body grows emaciated and his large bright black eyes grow dull with continued exposure to the sun and the flies—which latter plague him terribly—and with careless feeding. The children of the poor in Egypt and some parts of the Holy Land suffer greatly from ophthalmia. Their mothers, in very many cases, are girl-wives of thirteen or fourteen, and the baby toilet appears in such cases to be dispensed with altogether, the little ones being neither dressed nor washed save at long intervals. This is frequently owing to a superstitious fear of the evil eye and the "envious glance," which the mother dreads may be cast at her offspring and cause it to wither and die, if she makes it too presentable. Yet mothers are often seen with strings of gold and silver coins about their necks, any one of which would buy themselves a clean veil and baby an outfit.

Bedouin Babies

are not to be envied their lot in early life. Rarely goes a Bedouin mother preserve her good

it is still considered a reproach to be less. They lavish a world of love and attention upon their little ones and this is evidenced by the fact that besides the word "olam," (eternity,) they have others that describe the babe in its different stages of development. First, there is the "yonek," or new born infant; then the "yonek" at its mother's bosom; the "olel," when it eats something stronger than milk; the "olel" when it is able to toddle about and no longer depends upon the maternal fountain; the "olel" when it can run; the "elem" when it is able to hold its own physically among its playmates and to take part in sports, and the "elem" when the little one is a girl and growing into childhood. The "naar" or growing lad, the "bachur" or youth fit for marriage or service, complete the list. In olden times indeed in many parts of the world even the firstborn in a Jewish household is dedicated to God. This is in remembrance of the fact that the Lord, when he slew the firstborn of the Egyptians, hallowed himself to those of the Israelites to himself. Beside



Bedouin Mothers and their Children.

From Photographs secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.

looks after her eighteenth year. She is squat ungraceful and heavy-browed ; yet the maternal love is strong and she goes nowhere without her children, carrying them in a variety of ways, several of which are shown in the pictures on this page. One fashion of carrying is at the side or rather on the hips. "Thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side," says the Scripture. In this instance the young Bedouin, while no doubt easy enough, is hardly as graceful as in some other ways. But where the mother has two to carry around simultaneously it is not to be supposed that she can always assume graceful poses. Still another way—and one that is almost universal among mothers who have to work in the vineyards of the Orient—is to have a basket slung to the back, formed somewhat in the shape of a cradle, in which the baby is fastened, very much after the manner of Indian mothers in our own land, who bind their papposes to stiff birch boards until they look like miniature mummies, and then hang them over their backs by a cord attached to the top of the board.

Among the Jewish women of Palestine

ion, doubtless, that

The Infant Jesus

Many of the older nations had "names" for their children and among Hebrew the eighth day was observed for this. The Greeks named their babies on the day while the Persians, singularly, chose the night time for the ceremony. The father, if he were rich, gave a feast to his child's honor. During the feast, five pieces of paper containing different names were placed between the leaves of the Koran, a chapter of the book was read and then one of the names was drawn out by the father and explained to the priest, who, having seen the name, retained, whispered it into the baby's ear. Then the written slip upon the swaddling clothes was placed forward with their presents.

The Hebrew mother, and especially the poorer class, is inseparable from her child. They go with her everywhere. They arms, sit on her shoulder or cling to her. Nurses are a rarity. Rebekah's nurse,

rah, Naomi who became a nurse to children whom she bore to Boaz, the se who saved Joash the child-king from and hid him in the Temple, and the ter-mother who saved Mephibosheth somewhat similar circumstances, are se immortalized in Scripture. s no more picturesque sight than an mother carrying her babe. Even he poorest Arabs, where the fam- is a hovel with the most squalid sur- e; among the vagrant Bedouins and in nest of Hebrew dwellings, the young e as straight as an arrow. Almost ception the carriage of the women of is perfectly upright and their poise so hat a sculptor might take it for his mod- shall bring thy sons in their arms and ghters upon their shoulders" says 9: 23.) "In their arms," however, mean as American mothers carry pring but rather "in their bosom," the lds of the Oriental garment permitting er to place the little one snugly within, lies safely held by the girdle, while the hands are free to do her work.

The Delights of Childhood.

l by, there comes a time when the ential is emancipated from the bond- mamma's arms and entrusted to the . Then come the real delights of child- all over the world children are alike t to their amusements. Luke describes sitting and singing in the market d complaining that their playmates danced although they have piped to ke vii., 31, 32). They have their ju- olies, just like the youngsters of our d, and many of the plays and games n children enjoy so keenly can be dis- aced to Oriental origin. The tombs of ibit dolls of classic or ante-classic ivory and terra-cotta; the Greek many centuries ago, had their wax h the usual variety of pet names, and he great temple of Zeus at Elis, there house and a tiny bed that once on a g ages gone, belonged to some little . But dolls, and toys, and nursery r little men and women go even far- k. In ancient Egypt, the children of had cheap wooden slats, with marks yes, nose and mouth, to serve as dolls, e are the earliest predecessors of the rtistic, finely-dressed doll of our own : have thus far been discovered. Just nursery tales and legends have been down to us through many ages from nt, so have all the rattles, balls, dolls usand and one mirth-moving delights ood also come from the same source. time of Jesus and in the apostolic days Scriptures afford some very

Enchanting Glimpses of Child Life rient. Mothers and children were al- favorite theme for our Lord. His own d, or a large part of it, must have been mong playmates who loved to indulge venile amusements suited to their age, can readily picture them laying aside s and ceasing their games to listen to idrous boy, whose eyes shone with fire while He talked and who spoke as wish lad had spoken, telling them not s and fables of the nursery, but the the Father and the beautiful home He pared for His children above. Mother- as a most sacred thing in his eyes. en He had attained manhood and was ery midst of His most trying work, He nd time to lovingly greet the mothersress their little ones, remembering the en, in Nazareth, He Himself "was sub- o Mary and Joseph, before He had en- on His task of regenerating the world. hat final agony on the cross, among His ds was the pathetic sentence in which mitted the future care of His mother to ved disciple: "Mother behold thy Son; old thy mother."

In all Eastern lands the first education of the child devolves upon the mother. In some countries, the infant's religious education may be said to begin even before it can speak. He is taught to kiss the finger in salutation to sacred symbols, to lisp little fragments of prayer and to recognize the Scriptures whenever he sees it. Paul refers to this childish tuition when he says of Timothy that Lois, the grand-mother, and Eunice, the mother, taught him so faithfully that from a baby he knew the Holy Scriptures. At five the Oriental child begins the reading of the sacred books; at ten he advances a step and takes up sacred writings emendatory of the first; at thirteen he must know and understand the commandments; at fifteen he is well grounded in all religious education and is responsible before God for his own actions. If a daughter, she has a more rudimentary course of study, the Oriental idea attributing to the sex a "lighter mind" than man possesses. In matters of secular education and in juvenile pleasures, however, the prattlers of both sexes grow up side by side on almost even terms. Much good work has been done and is now going on in the Christian mission schools in Eastern cities among the children, thousands of whom are being educated, and brought to a knowledge of Him who is indeed the "Children's Friend," and who passed many hours of His life on earth teaching and comforting them.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Novel Missionary Work is to be Under- taken by the well-known Evangelist Rev. George F. Pentecost, who sailed Saturday last for England, where he will join a party of friends and proceed to India. His purpose is to preach the Gospel to the high caste Hindus. There are some five millions of these people who are educated far better than the average native—a large proportion as well as college graduates in our own country. They are both Hindu and Mohammedan, and belong to a class not reached by ordinary mission work, which deals with the India. Indeed, never mission upper there. Mr. cost's par- stop a ble time city and thus tak- very class the back- Brahmin- sort of move- Their begin in early next Free use will be made of the press and other agencies, but the methods adopted will necessarily differ from any thus far used, as it is desired to get an entrance into the upper caste houses and a hearing in the higher social circles. Mr. Pentecost, who is a native of Albion, Ills., forty-eight years old, is in a vigorous prime and with God's blessing has many years of good work before him. The most encouraging feature of this missionary enterprise is in the character of the men engaged in it. The Brahmins and high caste Hindus are men of subtle intellect, and so skilled in dialectics that the most learned theologians shrink from an argument with them. But Mr. Pentecost and those who accompany him are men who do not rely on their own powers but in the might of the Holy Spirit, who in Apostolic days so helped Stephen that he spoke with a wisdom that his opponents could not resist. (Acts 6: 10.) Christians everywhere should pray that the results of this effort may be such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in that teeming land, that this visit may ever after- ward be identified with the name of Pentecost,



not in connection with its leader, but to its like- ness to that memorable day when "the day of Pentecost being fully come" there were added to the church under one sermon three thou- sand souls. (Acts 2: 1 and 41.)

An Indignant Protest against a Record of death was made at Police Headquarters, New York, on September 1. At an early hour on that morning a telegram was received by the sergeant on duty reporting that a German citizen who keeps a restaurant on the East side had jumped from a ferry-boat and was drowned. Shortly afterward a messenger arrived with papers taken from the pockets of the dead man's garments, which he had thrown off before jumping into the water. Among the papers was a letter addressed to his wife, asking her to forgive him for his crime. A policeman was sent around to the man's house to break the sad intelligence to the widow. As it was three o'clock in the morning he had some difficulty in arousing any one at the house, but eventual- ly the door was opened by the very man whose death the policeman had come to announce. The policeman, not knowing him, delivered his message, and the man in a highly excited state dressed, and went to Police Headquarters to protest. As he was not known there and as his testimony was unsupported, the sergeant declined to receive it, and the man though giving un- mistakable and even menacing proofs of being alive, was obliged to depart, leaving behind him on the blotter the official record that he was dead. During the day he learned that the re- port and the forged letter were a joke played at his expense by some friends. A man conscious of life need not have been much concerned if a record of his death did stand on a police-blotter, but it would be a terrible thing for him if in God's book it were recorded that while living he is spiritually dead, and that record is made of ev- ery man who is not alive in Christ. (John 6: 53.)

An Amateur Surgical Operation Performed by the patient himself is reported by a press cor- respondent at Middleton, Miss. He says, that among recent settlers in that neighborhood, was a German named Herman Loebnitz who purchased a tract of land, part of which had never been cleared. He worked upon it with the energy and self-reliance of his race. Early and late he was laboring with his axe on the giant trees. One morning he cut down a tree which, in falling, was caught and supported by the branches of another tree. Loebnitz tied his axe around his waist, and climbed the standing tree to cut away the limbs which held up the one he had felled. He cut off one of the limbs, and the tree fell a short distance; but it dragged him with it, and in falling his right foot was caught between the two trees. He hung head downward, held a prisoner by his foot. By a desperate effort he dragged himself around to a horizontal position, but in doing so he dislocated his ankle. The pain was excruciating, and his agony of mind was still worse. He had never seen anyone pass that way, and he knew that he might be held there a prisoner until he died of starvation, before anyone came to his assistance. He brooded on his situation until he could bear it no longer, and decided to release himself by a desperate measure. He raised his axe, and with two blows cut off his foot just above the ankle. Sliding down the tree he reached the ground and crawled to where his hat lay. This he filled with earth and bound it on the bleeding stump. Then he set out on his knees for the village, where a doctor tied up the arteries and dressed the wound. The correspondent says that the man is now on the way to recovery. The rough operation must have been an awful shock to his nerves as well as a most painful one, but as it probably saved his life he is not likely to regret it. His decision of character may be commended as an example to some, who have become entangled in sinful habits or relations. Though to sever the ties that hold them back from following Christ may involve mental anguish as terrible as the pain the woodsman endured, it is better to bear it than risk the loss of the soul. (Mark 9: 45.)

PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B.*

(Continued from Page 566.)

THE spiritual condition of the Church and the world is not the only evidence we have on which to found our belief that there will be no millennium until after the second coming of Christ. There is

The Social Difficulty.

Who can examine into the condition of the multitude of the poorer classes without sadness!—the pigsties in which many of our agricultural laborers exist, filth and crowding illustrating an evolution downward into the brute; the dull routine toil of the factory, amid dust and heat and foul air; the dismal, perilous labor of the mine; the protracted, health-sapping hours in shops and warehouses; the starving wages of the needle-women; the teeming lodging-houses of the city, whole families being crowded into a single narrow room; the gin-palace producing poverty, and poverty seeking to relieve its wretchedness in the gin-palace, and the low music-hall; and then, the multitude of the sick and poor whom no faults of their own have brought to destitution, who, notwithstanding all the efforts of benevolence, are shivering and starving and dying unheeded; while wealth and pomp in ever-increasing ratio are stimulating luxury and licentiousness, not only in the palaces of the great, but in the dwellings of the middle classes, who imitate and emulate the self-indulgence of many in higher grades;—can we see all this without lamenting how far, how very far we are from that condition of the world we are all hoping for, and how little progress we seem to be making towards it, with the means now possessed by the Church of God!

With such thoughts it is not surprising that many are expecting a different and more powerful agency than any now in operation, even the "glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Their hopes are

Inspired by the Prophecies

in Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold, silver, brass and iron, symbolizing the "universal" empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome, was cast down by the stone cut out without hands. This is to be a kingdom, in some sense similar to those it displaces—real, visible, universal. "The stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth." This is not yet true of the Church. We are therefore still expecting the triumph of the stone which is to "break to pieces" the remains of the last monarchy, which the "wind will carry away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors." Then will the kingdom of God appear, not as now, only here and there as green hillocks in the desert, but as a "great mountain" filling "the whole earth." This kingdom "shall stand forever." (Dan. 2: 44.)

In another vision, also, the Millennial Reign as introduced by the Advent is taught by the same prophet. His own vision of the four beasts corresponds with Nebuchadnezzar's vision of the image. The fourth beast is the fourth, or iron kingdom, and its ten horns ten governments proceeding from it. And "behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days; and there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve Him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away." Then "the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him." It is therefore a fair inference that the Coming of the Son of Man here predicted is the cause of the triumph of the kingdom, and introduces the era of its perfect universal sway on the earth.

*From his article in the *Prophetic News* for August, which also contains among other articles: "Thoughts on Prophecy," "The Revealed Babylonian Dynasty," "A Catechism on the Second Advent." Price six cents, seventy cents a year. May be obtained from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

Our Lord frequently spoke of His coming again; but almost always in immediate connection with the final judgment. "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another." Matt. 25: 31, 46, 16, 27, 26, 64, Mark 8: 38, Acts 17: 31, II. Tim. 4: 1, 8; I. Pet. 4: 5. Such passages seem at first sight to indicate that the judgment will be immediately consequent on the Second Advent; and if so, that the Millennial age must precede the Advent. But our Lord and the Apostles spoke of His coming as immediately near, as the first great event to be expected, which would not be the case to our apprehension, if the millennial Reign were known to precede it. How could the Church be "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God;" how could it be said, "The Coming of the Lord draweth near;" how could

He Bid Us Watch,

"lest coming suddenly He should find us sleeping," if He were not to come till a long period of Millennial glory had transpired? It is therefore inferred that our Lord spoke of the event which was the nearer and not of the one more remote; that which the church was first to expect. And as His Coming would be at once attended with judgment on the rebellious then living, and would be followed by a continued rule of righteousness, to close with the general judgment, He to whom a thousand years are as one day might appropriately speak of coming to judgment, though that judgment would only be completed at the termination of that thousand years. Thus the Apostles habitually urged the churches to be living in joyful hope of and diligent preparation for the "glorious appearing" of Christ, as the proximate great event in the history of the Church.

From such statements of Scripture it is inferred that while existing agencies are to be diligently employed to spread the truth, we are not to be discouraged if the result should illustrate the Lord's words, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come;" rather than for the conversion of all nations. (Matt. 24: 14.) If such universal conversion is the hope that chiefly animates missionary enterprise, a hope so long deferred may make the heart sick, and discourage exertion; whereas no difficulty and no apparent want of success are likely to lessen the labors of those who are hoping that speedily, even in our own day, Christ Himself may come to establish His kingdom throughout the world.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Colored Thanksgiving.*

A LARGE, barn-like church, whitewashed on the outside, benches of rough boards, windows without glass, and rough board shutters to admit the light; colored people of all shades of complexion, from jet-black, to flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked little girls, with blue eyes; but all pass for colored people. The church is filled, men sitting on one side, women on the other, all singing with enthusiasm.

"I'm going down Jorden,
Going down Jorden,
Going down Jorden,
To never return again."

After the singing, a gray-haired black man, born in Africa more than seventy years ago, begins the sermon thus:

"Friends and fellow sinners! the powers dat be, has invited us to jine in thanksgivin', an' we is mighty glad to be able to respond; for ef dere is a people which has a right to be thankful, it is we poor, low-down 'uns, which aint neber had noffin' in dis world. Bein' poor down here in dese low grounds ob sorrow, don't cut me out ob a house and lot in heaben; an' my house dar is made ob all manner ob jewelry dat heaben can afford. De blessed

*From *Seven Years Among the Freedmen*, by Maria Waterbury. A series of sketches giving the experience of a teacher in the Freedmen's Bureau Schools of the South. Pp. 144; illustrated. Published by T. B. Arnold, Chicago, Ill.

Master, he was poor, too; though he, too, hand an' throwed out de curtain ob de unity he didn't hab whar to lay his head. Let pack up an' go to glory!

"Bredren, I aint much time to tarry her a runnin' for de prize! When we git to heabenly atmosphere, we'll sing de dox for eber. Now, let ebery one ob you all stealin' an' live as dis free people ough. How hard some ob you work to get land property! Let me offer you a piece ob lan glory. Is it a healthy country? Yes; *Never dies thar!* Bime-by, de great Master'll 'Gabriel blow shrill and easy, an' wake a my people fust. Den he'll say, 'Michael my people to step out on de right hand. you'll know which side you is on; an' ef you on de right hand side, you'll play de geharp ob New Jerusalem for eber."

"Bredren, less be thankful for what we ha more 'specially for our freedom, an' live 'spearations ob de glorious home; an' let's our burdens here a little longer, an' bin we'll set down with Paul, for he went to in de chariot ob salvation, de fore whee rollin' in de grace ob God, an' de hind whee rollin' in love."

"De audience please rise an' sing, an' tal partin' hand, an' be dismissed."

"Bredren, de text is 'Be thankful.' Set minds on it, an' remember dis is an *inquiry into citizenship!*"

"De audience rise an' sing an' be dismissed."

"Roll, Jorden, roll; roll, Jorden, roll,
You'd better be sittin' in de kingdom,
To hear ole Jorden roll."

Roll-call in a Freedmen School.

"George Washington? Here! John Adams? Present. ham Lincoln? Present! James Madison? Present. Je Davis? Here. Daniel Webster? Here. Samuel Lee? Benjamin Franklin? Here. Henry Clay? Present. Noah Here. James Jackson? Here! Margaret Mitchell? Marthia Washington? Here! Virginia Lee? Here!"

Two hundred and fifty scholars, of all s of complexion, and of all ages, from fi seventy-five, the roll-call goes on until r sentatives of the names of many of the d dents and eminent statesmen, are found studying in the "darkey school," and with folded, and in order at their school desks have been sent from the North, for the sc they answer "present!" at the call of names. A building one hundred and fifty long, built twenty years ago for a boy's is in Mississippi—this is a high school. Y is a flaxen-haired mulatto girl studying of the same book with a middle-aged, wom black as midnight; here is a gray-haired who has been the slave of an ex-general, t to master the alphabet. We accost him the usual salutation in the South: "How Uucle? Is this your first chance at schoo how do you get on?"

"Mighty well, thankee, ma'am! Yes! m yer's de bery fust! pertunity I's had fur l'arnin', an' I's jammed nigh onter a hun years."

There sits a father and his little five old child, studying out of the same book!

The five teachers are on the platform scholars singing a temperance song, wher tors are announced—a poor white woman her little girl. The mother, and child c years, are both dressed in coarse cloth, made by the poorest of the people colored with the bark of trees. Neither them have any covering for head or feet. cannot read a word, and don't know what ty they live in. The woman has a bag of some mustard leaves in, she wishes to s the teachers for greens. Her words are drawled out, we can only understand giv the closest attention. She repre class of many thousands at the South, ra far below the negro in point of thrift or ingence. Some of them eat clay, and are clay-eaters. They appear to be descendants of the Spanish race, and never mingle with the negro; are a class distinct, both from and blacks. They invariably use tobacco; women and children chew it, or dip.

The woman accosts us thus: "M-o-l-i-

"m. Du ye bile a pot? Have a snack o' 'em? Take tea fur 'em, or any notion ye hev; 'seen no tea in a dorg's age. Ye needn't be sponjuleps," meaning money.

"e's got a right smart skule yere, a mighty 'o' niggers! Drefful pest, tu; orter be red. "Tante no sin tu teech 'em tu read, ley's niggers, an' ye must keep 'em under; an' keep 'em under."

"an you read, madam, and will you take a ment?" says a teacher to her.

"Terstament? What is it?"

"part of the Bible ma'am. Shall I write name in it?"

"as. De Bible? I know what 'tis; my father one onct! Write its name in it," meaning child. "She don't go to no skule. You all down yer' an' teech dese black 'uns, but ll teech my chillen? Dey needs tu larn tu tu."

"an't your little girl come to Sunday-school?"

"Val, no marm: she could if 'twa'n't fur her an' feet; haint no hat an' no shuse. Reck-aint no use fur we 'uns tu larn. Dat book de world's gwine tu be burnt up, an' tells de judgment day, don't it? Du ye reckon be in de same he'ven wid you all as can? an' what'll be dun tu dese yer rich 'uns, ep de 'nolege away from us 'uns? Reckun judgment day'll set that all right?"

JESUS ENTERING JERUSALEM.

LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR SEPT. 21, 1890. KE 19:37-48; GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 19:38.

Commission to the Two Disciples—The Duty of Unquestioning Obedience—Apparent Impossibilities Revealed—The Word of a King—The Change in Christ's Attitude—A Brief Hour of Triumph—A Unique Dominion—Conquest by Yielding—Tears for a Doomed City—The Church's Day of Visitation.

HE progress of Jesus on this, His last journey of any length before His sufferings, had been arrested by His encounter with blind Bartimeus, and His meeting with the publican. His times were in His hand, and Jesus was not tried in spirit. An unlooked-for interruption hindered Him. He was always and absolutely at the disposal of His heavenly Father, and tracing His life in all that happened, He received everything coming from Him, seeing persons and circumstances as altogether secondary. It is difficult for poor human nature to let go its hold on things visible and temporal, to endure as Jesus Him who is invisible, and to

Deal Directly with God

every passing circumstance. Our Lord trod the path of faith without variation, "leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps." From the plains of Jericho to the hills of Jerusalem was an ascent, "and when He was come to Bethpage and Bethany, at the mount called the Mount of Olives, He sent two of His disciples, saying; go ye into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man hath sat; loose him, and bring him hither." It is to do what the Lord commands, although there may be apparent difficulties in the way. He never threw the responsibility of a commission which He gave, on the shoulders of those who were to execute it. He who knew the hearts of all men, had already prepared the heart of the owner of the colt. And He said to His disciples: "If any man ask you, why do ye loose him? Thus shall ye say unto him, because the Lord hath need of him." Whatever may be the excuses, or apparent impossibilities, in the path which the Lord has traced before us, we must be absolutely sure that He has gone before to make room for us, and it is guilty unbelief when we are harassed and perplexed because we cannot see beforehand how we are to be extricated, or how, in perplexing relations with others, we can be justified in a line of conduct which, nevertheless, the Word of God sets out to us as the right one. His way is always a prepared one; our own may look the

easiest, but, in the end, it will be found a false way. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 14:12.)

Christ's message to the owner was

The Word of a King;

"The Lord hath need of him." Such a word is enough for the children of the kingdom. Many there are who are constantly occupied with the thought of their own need, and they rejoice in the blessed truth, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory through Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19.) But that He should need us, that He can count upon us for any service to Him, this is indeed a glory, and an untold privilege. The disciples obeyed, and they "found even as He had said unto them." They were put to the test, the owners inquired what business they had to interfere with their property, and they found how the Lord had gone before them, and how His word sufficed as their authority, and they brought the colt to Jesus. For one brief hour

The Ordinary Attitude of Jesus

was changed. He who, up to this time came, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," allowed Himself to be ministered to, "they cast their garments on the colt, and they set Jesus thereon." He who received "not honor from men," (John 5:41,) made an exception in the present instance, and allowed the people to cast their garments in the way, and did not hinder them when they "began to rejoice, and praise God for the mighty works that they had seen." He who, eighteen months before, when they of Galilee sought to "take Him by force, to make Him a King, departed again unto a mountain Himself alone," (John 6:15,) now, on His lowly beast of burden, quietly accepted the homage of the multitude of the disciples, who cried, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." It was necessary that the Scripture should be fulfilled, that Zechariah's prophecy should have its fulfilment, and so there should be no excuse left to the Jews that they did not recognize their King, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is just, and having salvation; meek, and riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." (Zech. 9:9.)

But this external triumph was of short duration. Until Jesus comes "again in His own glory and in the glory of His Father," His Kingship will not be known or acknowledged except among His faithful disciples. The Pharisees were the first to object; they would not suffer that this lowly Man, so unlike themselves, should be recognized as King. "Master," they said, "rebuke thy disciples." And He answered and said, unto them, "I tell you, that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." God must have His witnesses; if man will answer to His call, he may be the witness, if not, inanimate nature must serve God's purpose.

And when this, till now, unacknowledged King drew near to His royal city in the lowly state with which lowly people had invested Him, did He attempt to seize the reins of government? O no, His kingdom was "not of this world." His servants could not fight; could not resist evil; could not seek their own. Yet He was on the eve of such a conquest as outshines all the glories of all the heroes of history. He was about to conquer the foe which has overcome every conqueror the world has produced. Jesus was about to grapple with death itself, and the sin which is the sting of it. (1. Cor. 15:56.) He was about to deliver a multitude of captives whose sin cried out for death eternal. He was going to deliver them by his own surrender, and to put every instance of self-surrender or self-devotion in the world's history to the blush.

What did He do in his royal city? "When he was come near He beheld the city, and

Wept Over It."

He had preached, had healed, had raised the

dead, had worked miracles, and they did not believe; there was nothing left but to weep. Those tears of Jesus, sown in Jerusalem, shall yet bring forth a glorious harvest; but for the time He could only weep. Jerusalem had failed her King, and His heart was broken with sorrow. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation."

Such was His appeal to the Jewish Church divided within herself, and nevertheless, full of self-complacency, Jerusalem was like Laodicea, could it be, that, had she owned her Lord, He might have been crucified by the Gentiles, and might have called His bride from Israel? We know not. In any case, the call to His Church in these days in which "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female," but all are "one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28), is clear to leave all else for Him. But is the church of this day awakening to her high vocation? Does she know

The Time of Her Visitation?

Are Christians aware that "the time is short," and the days in which we live are solemn days, that there is no time to trifle, that if ever we would "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," it must be now? We thank God that all over the world there are those who are awakening to the call to a life out of self, a life in which adulation and flattery cannot live, subterfuge and evasion, all which has not the ring of truth cannot live—Calumny, strife, unkindness, all which manifests a want of love, cannot live, pride, conceit, vaunting, cannot exist. The air in certain circles is getting purer, there are Abrahams in these last days, who are willing to come out from country and kindred and the house of their fathers, who leave behind them the glory of their pedigree, the comforts of their home, the advantages of position, whether living in the midst of old surroundings, or going forth to China, India, or Africa, their "life is hid with Christ in God," they are no more of the world, even as Christ is not of the world. The old worldly principle "all see to their own," governs them no more, they are a heavenly people, their treasure, their citizenship, their home, their hopes, are in heaven. They look, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen" (II. Cor. 4:18,) they live in the light of eternity, not of time. And why? They have known the time of their visitation. And He who wept over Jerusalem rejoices over them, rests in His love, rejoices over them with singing. (Zeph. 3:17.) They are to be found in every land, in every church; denominations neither hinder nor help them; they are of all ages and in all circumstances; and surely the Lord is preparing them for His return. They have the true Spirit of the Bride, for the Bridegroom is all in all to them, and they live the life of self no more.

But the church as a whole; how far is it ready for the coming of the Lord? The chief evangelistic work is being done outside the churches, while within them the worldlings are ever on the increase; concerts, bazaars, entertainments are the rule; does it look as though she knew not the time of her visitation? Where are the girded loins and the burning lights which tell of a coming Bridegroom?

Jesus, His eyes yet wet with tears, "went into the temple." It was the place of all others consecrated to holy interviews with God; and He found it a money-making concern, and His soul shrank from such desecration. For another brief moment the authority of the King was exercised, He cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and said, "It is written, my house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CHRISTIAN TALK.

I WISH that Christians would engage in more religious conversation. I do not really think that Christian talk is of so high a type as it used to be. Some of you can look back to your very early days and remember how the neighbors used to come in and talk by the hour, about Christ and heaven and their hopes of the eternal world. There has a great deal of that gone out of fashion. I suppose that if ten or fifteen of us should happen to come into a circle to spend the evening, we would talk about politics or the recent flurry in financial circles, and about five hundred other things, and perhaps we would not talk any about Jesus Christ and our hopes of heaven. That is not Christianity; that is heathenism. Indeed, I have sometimes been amazed to find Christian people actually lacking in subjects of conversation while the two persons knew each of the other that he was a Christian. You take two Christian people of this modern day and place them in the same room, (I suppose the two men may have no worldly subjects in common.) What are they talking about? There being no worldly subject common to them, they are in great stress for a subject, and after a long pause Mr. A remarks: "It is a pleasant evening." Again there is a long pause. These two men, both redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, heaven above them, hell beneath them, eternity before them, the glorious history of the Church of Jesus Christ behind them, certainly after a while they will converse on the subject of religion. A few minutes have passed and Mr. B remarks: "Fine Autumn we are having." Again there is a profound quiet. Now, you suppose that their religious feelings have really been dammed back for a little while; the men have been postponing the things of God, and eternity that they may approach the subject with more deliberation, and you wonder what useful thing Mr. B will say to Mr. A in conversation. It is the third time, and perhaps it is the last that these two Christian men will ever meet until they come face to face before the throne of God. They know it. The third attempt is now made. Mr. A says to Mr. B "Feels like snow!" My opinion is, it must have felt more like ice. Oh, how little real, practical religious conversation there is in this day! I would to

God that we might get back to the old time Christianity, when men and women came into associations, and felt, "Here I must use all the influence I can for Christ upon that soul, and get all the good I can. This may be the last opportunity I shall have in this world of interviewing that immortal spirit." But there are Christian associations where men and women do talk out their religion; and my advice to you is to seek out all those things, and remember that just in proportion as you seek such society will you be elevated and blessed. After all, the Gospel boat is the only safe boat to sail in.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

CHRISTIANITY is sometimes "wounded in the house of its friends." In some pulpits and professorships the knife of criticism is used not to demonstrate the divine character and completeness of revelation, but to expose what are imagined to be its defects and inconsistencies. Some who with solemn vows have been commissioned and sustained to do nothing but to defend and commend the Church of Christ are alert for any opportunity to invalidate its claims and weaken its influence and its testimony. It is a notable fact that throughout the heathen world from the earliest times, the general condition of woman was that of social degradation and oppression. The divine idea of the unity of husband and wife, the divine institution of the family, were abandoned, and woman was reduced to a condition little above that of a slave. The wife became the purchased property of the husband, acquired only for his service and absolutely subject to his will.

An exhaustive work on "Woman Outside Christianity," by J. G. Maudely of North Broughton, England, depicts her condition in every land, civilized and uncivilized, under all forms of religion. This work, the expansion of lectures delivered before a workingmen's institute, was inspired by the following sentiments of Mr. Gladstone, to whom the author has dedicated it. Says Mr. Gladstone: "When scepticism alleges that our advanced morality is really the work not of Christianity, but of civilization, require it to show cause why this advanced morality has never grown except under the ægis of the Gospel. When you are assured that marriage and the laws of purity are safe, ask how it was that the ancients, in these capital respects, marched continually downwards; and that only in Christian times and lands have these laws come to, and maintain, authority." Mr. Maudely declares "that the words of Christ and the preaching of the Apostles did bring about a great elevation of woman in the social compact, and a far better treatment of her than was ever known before, no unprejudiced historian would attempt to deny." And he adds that "this elevation was not due to race characteristics, as is proved by history."

In perfect consonance with this are the words of that wonderful preacher, F. W. Robertson: "Before Christ came the heathen had counted for divine the legislation of the man, manly strength, manly truth, manly courage. The life and Cross of Christ shed a splendor from heaven upon a new, and until then unheard of order of heroism—that which may be called the feminine order, meekness, endurance, long-suffering, the passion strength of martyrdom. For Christian-

ity does not say, honor the wise, but blessed are the meek . . . In Christ is magnified not force of will but the glory of a divine humility. Therefore it was that from that time forward woman assumed a new place in this world."

Tertullian writes thus to his wife at the close of a book he dedicated to her: "How can I paint the happiness of a marriage which the Church ratifies, the oblation (the communion of the Lord's Supper) confirms, the benediction seals, angels announce, the Father declares valid? Even upon earth, indeed, sons not legitimately marry without the consent of their fathers. What a union of two believers—one hope, one vow, one discipline, and one worship! Where there is one flesh there is one spirit. Christ rejoices when He sees and hears this. He gives them His peace. Where two are together in His name there is He; and where He is there the evil one cannot come. It is impossible to form a higher ideal than this which was actually realized by the fathers and pastors of the second and third centuries. It is that which the world most needs to-day to save it from corruption.

THE ONLY SALT.

ONE of the sayings of our Lord, which is continuously illustrated in the history of the world, is "Ye are the salt of the earth." Addressed to His disciples, it was symbolic of the character and influence of His Church. It means that His Church is the only conserving power in this world of corruption. Christ represented His Church as the "kingdom of heaven," which He erected amid the general apostasy expressly to act as the regaining and preserving agency of the earth. It has always been, and is to-day, the only element which preserves the world from total corruption and withholds the outpourings of divine wrath. There is at this hour iniquity enough to precipitate the vengeance of Heaven. The partial disclosure of it in the daily press oppresses our limited judgment.

How must it appear to God's omniscience. The demon of iniquity seems to possess the paths of mankind. Hell "lets slip the dogs of war." Mammon consumes the sympathies and petrifies the heart. Intemperance from its cups pours out distress and damnation, burning up sensibility, desolating homes, flashing through the soul the red lightnings of remorse. Deceit with its cruel hand lashes the free-born children of God and tramples ruthlessly on human rights. Treachery abuses its trust, scandal sows the seeds of discord, and intrigue is breaking up domestic ties and civil order to gratify lust and ambition.

There is sin and crime enough here to paralyze the heavens and let down a fiery flood of wrath. Why then does God withhold it? Because of His Church. It is the object of His love and care, it is the sanctuary in which His who family is to be gathered before He expends His judgment. Let the churches as they resume work, realize that no agency, organization or institution can take the place of the Church of Christ in "overcoming the evil that is in the world" and saving it. Personal consecration to Christ and the personal enthusiasm of the Holy Ghost will conquer the world and make an abode of righteousness.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Green Mountain Farmer's Boy, John M. Thurston of Montpelier, Vt., will be the resident of the next National Convention of the Republican Clubs, which was this week called at Cincinnati, on the 21st, of April 1891.

Mr. Thurston is a young man, he has for years made Nebraska his home, having gone west with his father, a Union soldier, in 1860 when 13 years old. The family was very poor and young Thurston had to work on a farm, attending school when he had leisure. At eighteen he was a grocer in Chicago. He worked his way through University and, in 1868, was admitted to the bar, afterwards settling at Omaha. He has been in the state legislature and is a powerful speaker and very popular. The Republican Clubs all over the country are already at work to make the Convention the greatest in the history of the League. President Thurston's nomination is given above. The hottest election it has known in years came off during the year, resulting in a Republican victory that was better than a defeat. Big Republican victories were reported all over the State. Governor received less than half the majorities in 1888. The Democrats claim that the extravagance in National affairs, has shaken the earth and the earthquake that has shaken the Republic Gibraltar.

Superintendent Robert P. Porter has been greatly harassed by demands from a number of cities for a recount of population, on the ground that injustice has been done by the enumerators. In all except a few cases, the apportionment has been denied for sufficient reasons. At Albany, N. Y., Nashville, Tenn., and a few other cities where a test of the work of the enumerators confirmed its value. He testified that Helena, Mont., Portland, Ore., and Minneapolis, Minn., had been wronged, and so recounts were ordered there. In the two latter cities, this was done because the first count the population had been greatly exaggerated. With those exceptions, the work of the enumerators will stand.

Legislative Bombshell was Exploded in the United States Senate, a few days ago by the introduction of a resolution by Senator Sherman for unrestricted reciprocity with Canada. The subject of common talk everywhere in the nation, and the question is asked whether the Canadian government will now cease its opposition to reciprocity, since it has become the topic of the day. The Sherman resolution gives ample scope for negotiation, mutual concession and the protection of interests equal to the material and political prosperity of the Dominion. Although the present Canadian Ministry is known to be opposed to closer relations, there is a strong sentiment at Montreal and Toronto in favor of the Sherman bill. The Canadian press has been very out in its favor.

New York is Watching with Bated Breath the operation of a law lately enacted and which has gone into effect, prohibiting the use of tobacco in public in any form by boys under 16. It is being rigidly enforced and the result is a gratifying diminution in the number of cigarette smokers in the streets and elsewhere.

British Trades Union Congress Opened in Liverpool on the 1st, inst. with five hundred delegates. In Europe, as in this country, the workmen are divided among themselves, and there is a struggle in prospect between the old Unions for the mastery, the new favorable measures, which the old deprecate. The proposition is to raise wages by increasing the amount of labor in the market.



Mr. Watkins, the President of the Congress, predicted a great labor revival. He said the time had come for an eight-hour day, and advocated labor representation in Parliament, State control of railways and nationalization of the land. The Congress, on a vote, recorded itself overwhelmingly in favor of eight hours.

The Week in other Lands has been a Somewhat eventful one. Cholera continues to spread in Southern Europe, although its violence is believed to be about spent. Several Mediterranean ports have been quarantined. A bridge over the river Moldau at Prague, in Austria, collapsed, drowning thirty persons. The Armenian revolutionary party have issued a manifesto urging their oppressed countrymen to fight Russia. Dr. Peters, the German explorer, at a banquet in Munich, declared that the King of Uganda would not accept an English Protectorate. One half of Salonica, the largest town in European Turkey next to Constantinople, has been destroyed by fire. A railroad is projected across Australia. A company is said to have been formed in England for the purpose of buying Irish estates and re-selling them to tenants. A number of passengers were killed by an accident to the night mail on the Northern Railway, between Ailly and La Faloise, France, on Thursday.

Boulangism is very Far from being Dead, if what is reported by the cable be true. The "brav" general" declares that he still hopes to play a prominent part in the affairs of France, and to revenge himself upon his enemies. His friends in the Chamber of Deputies admit that he has relations with Prince Jerome Napoleon, and the Count de Paris. Should Boulanger be the means of reseating a Napoleon on the imperial throne of France, it would be one of the strangest events in modern history, and a direct fulfilment of the forecasts made by many students of prophecy.

The Aftermath of the Great Railroad Strike is still under consideration by the Board of Arbitration. During the week the Board heard a number of witnesses, both for the Knights of Labor and the New York Central Railroad Company. Mr. H. Walter Webb, (whose portrait is given in this column,) the acting President of the road, made a most interesting witness, detailing the events that led up to the dismissal of the men and denying emphatically that they were discharged because of their connection with the Knights. He declared that only seventeen of the seventy-eight discharged were members of the order. Messrs. Powderly, Lee, Holland and others of the Knights maintained that the Order was the point of attack. A mass of evidence was submitted and there were some pretty flat contradictions. The decision of the Board has not yet been announced. Mr. Webb, before his connection with the Central, was in the management of the Wagner Palace Car Company, and it was under his supervision that many notable improvements were adopted in that service. He is thirty-nine years old, a prodigious worker, and possessed of fine executive ability. His management of the strike will probably make him the next president of the Central Road.



The Return of Henry George from his Australian tour on the opening day of the Single Tax National Conference in New York City gave a new interest to that movement which has been quiescent for many months past. The platform adopted declares that no one should be permitted to hold property without a fair return; that the products of labor should be untaxed; and that national, state and municipal revenue should be raised by a single tax, levied upon land values, irrespective of the improvements.

There is Not a Drop of Liquor to be Found in the towns of South Dakota. This is the direct result of the passage of the Prohibition law which affects every one of the mining towns in

the Black Hills, where rum has been the curse of the community and the cause of numberless crimes. Of course the saloon element in towns like Deadwood is furious, and the drinkers are desperate, but the law-abiding Christian people of the territory have decided that there can be no future for that part of Dakota, if rum's reign is perpetuated and so the saloons have gone. Thirty-eight were closed in a single town by injunction.

One of the Best Known Literary Figures in Washington is Frank Hatton, the editor of the *Post*, who is now reported to be seriously ill. Mr. Hatton, when a lad of ten was a newspaper carrier at Cadiz, Ohio. That was in 1855, and in 1884, the Ohio newsboy was a member of the President's Cabinet, holding the important portfolio of Postmaster-General. The biography of his active and progressive career as a printer, soldier, journalist and statesman would fill a page of the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. Mr. Hatton, (whose portrait we publish,) is a thorough editor and like Greeley, has learned his profession from the ground up, beginning as a worker at the case. He is exceedingly popular at the National Capital and his death would leave a marked vacancy in the newspaper world.



BERIF NOTES.

The Rev. G. O. Barnes, the "Kentucky Mountain Evangelist," is conducting evangelistic services in Inverness, Scotland.

Last week 200 Jewish families left Odessa in the South of Russia. Some were going to Palestine and the others were coming to America.

The American Board is asking all the Congregational Churches throughout the country to hold simultaneous meetings in the interest of Foreign missions during the week commencing September 28.

Mr. E. P. Telford has been assisting in the Northpark, Me., Camp-meeting. Rev. O. H. Fernald, the leader of the meeting describes his visit as one to be long remembered for its blessed results.

Rev. George R. Snyder, of Ocean Grove, N. J., Secretary of the Law and Order League of Asbury Park, has been nominated for Congress by the Prohibitionists of the Third Congressional District of New Jersey.

Rev. George C. Needham has commenced a series of services in Minneapolis, Minn., in the church of which Dr. Mabie was formerly pastor. He has also engaged to deliver lectures in the Institute of that city in aid of Christian work.

Mr. E. A. Vail, Superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans, writes to express his thanks for the liberal response to his appeal recently published in these columns. The needs of the mission are urgent and numerous, and he begs the continued help of Christian friends. His address is 163 Camp Street, New Orleans, La.

An appeal to the World's Fair Commissioners asking them not to have the exhibition open on Sundays, if they succeed in getting it open on week-days, is being prepared for presentation to them at their meeting next month. All churches, associations and institutions desiring to co-operate and add their support to this appeal are invited to communicate with the American Sabbath Union, 23 Park Row, New York.

Rev. Thomas Needham has accepted an invitation to hold evangelistic services at Calais, Me., commencing next Sunday. Mr. Needham's work in Pennsylvania and the South has been signally blessed of God.

The Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Society of Montreal has received a letter from Baron Hirsch enclosing a cheque for 20,000 dollars, with promise of further help, to aid in the establishment of a Home at Montreal to receive Jewish immigrants until they are able to obtain work.

The School for Christian workers at Springfield, Mass., has just issued its fifth annual report. It shows that during the past year the attendance at the regular school has been 62; in the school for preparing young men for the work of Y. M. C. A. 49; and in that of Sunday school and Pastors' Helpers 13. Henceforward the two schools which make up the institution will be under separate financial management though co-operating in joint expenses. The name "School for Christian Workers," which heretofore has applied to the two schools, will hereafter be the name of only one of them; namely, "The Training School for Sunday-school Workers and Pastors' Helpers," while the other school has become incorporated under the name of "The Young Men's Christian Association Training School."

CHRIST'S TESTIMONY.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR
C. H. SPURGEON.

The Statistics of Christian Work—Two Estimates of the Effect of Christ's Teaching—The Results of Present Effort—The World is not to be Converted by Preaching—I. The Testifier—His Origin—His Character—His Personal Testimony—The Lord of Life—II. His Testimony—To the Atonement—To Access to God—To the Principle of Worship—III. The Rejecters—IV. Those who Received the Testimony—The Seal to a Trust Deed.

"He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true," John 3:33.

IN opening this discourse, I would call your attention to the different statistics given by John's disciples, and by John himself. In the twenty-sixth verse, the disciples say, "All men come to Him;" that is their judgment of how the ministry of Jesus was succeeding. John, in the thirty-second verse, said, "And no man receiveth His testimony." Be very doubtful of statistics; they depend very much upon the person compiling them. Some, with sanguine spirit, say everything that is delightful and encouraging; others, with more serious, and with perhaps more severe judgment, say much that is depressing.

I am inclined to take both these opinions with a grain of salt; each one was intended for truth, but neither of them was exact. We often hear persons say that there are crowds attending such a ministry, the people block up the gangways, they fill every seat, and the preacher is very useful, for "all men come to Him." This may be true; and yet there may be few conversions, and little spiritual result; so that another may as truly say, "No man receiveth His testimony." Ah, dear friends, we can never be satisfied with a numerous congregation; we want souls to receive the testimony of Christ!

John's Report.

Forgetting what the disciples reported, let us now look at what John said, "No man receiveth His testimony." He did not mean literally that no one received the truth, for his next word was, "He that hath received His testimony." He meant that comparatively none received it. Compared with the crowds who came to Him, compared with the nation of Israel, compared with the human race, those who received Christ's testimony were so few that his sadness made Him call them none. John, though he went a little below the mark, was not far from the truth when he said, "No man receiveth His testimony."

In these profound and wordy days this is called the "pessimist" view of things. However, if it was not precisely the truth, it was mournfully near it. To-day, Christ is preached, and many will come to hear about Him; but, alas, few receive the Gospel into their hearts. Go through these crowded streets, and mark how few receive the sacred testimony. Go into our provincial towns and country villages, and note how few receive the truth as it is in Jesus. When you look at the denominational rolls at the end of the year, what small additions have been made! I think one section of the church reports one addition for the year. If any community reports as high as three or four per cent., people think wonders are accomplished. *The world can never be converted at the rate at which we are now going on* for the increase of population is greater than the increase of the churches. We are relatively further back than we were. There are more Christians; but there are fewer Christians in proportion to the population.

I. First, let us observe

The Testifier.

Who is this testifier? this witness? We answer that, according to the context, it is "He that cometh from above." To save us, there has not come to us a man whose origin was at His birth, but one who existed long before, and descended from above. It is true that Jesus was born at Bethlehem; but it is equally true that He had a pre-existence from before all worlds. The Word was from the beginning

with God; "without Him was not anything made that was made." He was God as truly before He became man as ever He was afterwards. He that has come to save us has, in the highest sense, come from above. Let this kindle hope in the sinner's mind, and draw forth faith in

The Divine Ambassador.

He was one of the very highest character. Observe: "He that cometh from above is above all; he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth; He that cometh from heaven is above all." All other messengers that God has sent have had much earthliness about them; and assuredly, we who are now His messengers, have much of it. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels;" but there was nothing in our Lord Jesus that could debase the messenger. He was pure, perfect, heavenly; and though He bore our nature, yet He shared not our sinfulness; and though He spoke in our tongue, and brought down the mysteries of heaven to our comprehension, yet still He spoke them in a heavenly style—a style to which a mere man could never have reached. Moses wrote as a man, and the Spirit of God only revealed truth measurably by him; but our Lord Jesus Christ was full of grace and truth, and He spoke with a manhood united to Godhead, having the Spirit without measure.

We are further told by John a very important fact, which ought to weigh with every thoughtful mind. The testimony of Jesus is

Personal Testimony;

"what He hath seen and heard, that he testifieth." Christ's teaching is not second-hand: "No man knoweth the Father, save the Son." Who taught Him wisdom? Whence hath this Man knowledge? From His own self, from His own eternal experience, as dwelling with God before all worlds. He speaks to us. Do you want a better messenger, my hearers? How can the Lord serve you better than by sending one who knows what He declares, knows it by having heard, and seen, and handled it?

Once more only. Concerning this testifier, we learn that He is the Lord and Giver of life, and if we will, but accept His testimony, we shall live thereby. He hath life in Himself, and He has power to quicken whomsoever He will. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." And, to make the matter still more pressing, the word of warning is added, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." O my dear hearers, I wish I had the power to set forth my Lord as the witness! As I cannot do this as I would, I commend to you the passage of Scripture itself. The sentences are short, sharp, crisp, clear; and they show you who He is whom God hath sent on the great errand of divine love. Refuse Him not, I implore you.

II. Secondly hearken to

His Testimony.

What is the testimony of Jesus? What has the Christ to tell us concerning God? I will only use the three chapters which precede my text, and I shall gather enough from them to give a fair outline of what Jesus tells us of the Father, and His willingness to forgive and save.

First, he tells us, God has provided an atonement. Look at the twenty-ninth verse of the first chapter, where John says, "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The very fact that the Son of God came here as man to suffer for our sin, proves that God has provided a great and all-sufficient sacrifice. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us all from sin. Jesus has died; and in that death He has finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. All believers are forgiven through His death. God is willing that you, believing in His dear Son, should be so forgiven as to be washed whiter than snow. That is Christ's testimony to you; and he that receiveth it has set to his seal that God is true.

The next testimony of Jesus is that the Lord has made a way of access between man and God. See you the fifty-first verse of the first

chapter. He said to Nathanael, "Verily, verily I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." Jacob's ladder is not now before you as a dream, but as a reality. The Son of man, the Incarnate God, in Christ Jesus, is the way by which there be commerce between man and God. We go up to God, and the angels of God, laden with blessings, can come down to men. The gulf is bridged, a glorious stairway has been made across the dread abyss which separated guilty man from his offended God. Jesus Christ himself, in His own person, is that ladder. He bears witness thereof to you. Sin is away, and distance is removed.

Spirituality Essential.

What is the next part of His testimony? It will find it in the third chapter: "God is to be approached in a spiritual way." To go to God, "ye must be born again." That which is born of flesh is flesh, and cannot commune with God, who is a spirit. That which is of the Spirit is spirit, and can commune with the holy God, and understand spiritual things. My hearers, there is no coming to God by the priest of human consecration, no coming outward ritual, form, and ceremony: "God is Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." You have a spiritual nature, that the Spirit of God may commune with you.

Jesus also testified plainly that from all believe in Him the Lord has removed condemnation. "It is written, 'He that believeth in the Son is not condemned.' He that believeth is justified, and 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God.' Guilty and condemning you may be this hour, if you accept the Son of God to stand for you, you are not condemned. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Though sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. You can be saved; yea, if you now believe in Christ Jesus, you are saved. All heavenly legions are yours now, where you now sit. You shall be yours world without end. Glory to God!

III. With great heaviness we now notice

The Rejecters:

"No man receiveth His testimony." I would have thought that the moment this testimony was delivered to the world, every man would have hastened to hear it, and would have believed it with joyful readiness; but, alas, very reverse happened. If I went to a sea full of fish rushing towards me; but not so. Men, as a rule, will not accept heavenly salvation; no man will receive the gift moved by God the Holy Ghost. Why is this?

In the case of many, it is because they are earthly; the message and the messenger are heavenly for them. They are earth-bound, earth-buried. They are so busy; how can they consider the grand fact that God has come down to save men? They will think of great spiritual truth one of these days, they have made sufficient money, and can afford to have nothing better to do than to attend to the claims of God. God is second rate in their esteem. They are so occupied, and their thoughts are so busy with daily cares of this life, that God's claims must wait their convenience.

Some of the rejecters of the Word of the Lord, I have no doubt, were too learned to believe in anything so simple as the statement that God was among them in human form to live and die for men. Though this is in truth the sublimest of all mysteries, yet a pride counts it a small matter: it is to them a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. Men know so much that they will not know God. I am struck every day, when viewing books of the present period, with the wise fools are nowadays. Pardon me; I say it differently, and say—how foolish the wise are nowadays. I mean the same thing, which

I say it. It is to-day as it was in our Lord's day, "not many wise men after the flesh are ed." Still have we to ask, "Where is the scribe? Where is the scribe of this world?" Those who glory in worldly wisdom cannot receive the testimony of carpenter's Son—a testimony so plain that poor and illiterate can understand it, and enter into eternal life thereby. I hope this will be the case with any of the more cultured among you. Be willing to take Christ's yoke to you, and learn of Him.

Pedigree and Privilege.

Certain people did not receive the testimony of Jesus because they were too proud. Pedigree and privilege kept many away. Read this in the first chapter:—"He came unto His own, and His own received him not." Why? Because they thought they were God's own. Did they not wear a text of Scripture upon their eyes? Had they not broad robes of blue to their dress? Did they not mint, and anise, and cummin, and other yeworths of herbs? Did they not fast thrice a week, and so on? What did they want of Jesus? Those who professed to belong to Him and cried, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we," were too good to get a Saviour, too near to heaven to need a messenger from God.

The real reason for rejecting the testimony of Jesus was this—they were too evil to receive it. Unbelieving hearers, if you were better men, you would more readily accept the light of Christ! If men were not such sinners as we are, they would come to Him to learn the will of the Lord. Alas! the depth of man's sin has hardened his heart, and darkened his eyes, and made him prefer darkness. We will conclude by speaking upon the last point. Let us commune with

Those Who Receive Christ's Testimony.

Those people begin with believing in Jesus, and then turn aside to believe in their own feelings; you must not do so. You must believe in Christ, keep right on believing. The just shall live by faith. We receive Christ and keep on believing Him. "He that receiveth His testimony." Do you refuse anything to which Jesus testifies? This is evil. Receive His testimony with unquestioning faith. Some men believe any monstrous assertion of science or spiritualists, or rationalists; but they do not believe the plain witness of the Lord Jesus Christ. The man who takes in the teaching of Jesus, and keeps to it, he is the saved man.

He takes in the testimony of Jesus for himself, and receives it as his own possession. That is saves from sin is true; that He saves me is a more personal truth. Christ will save those who believe. This is good. But "I have, and therefore I am saved," is better. Personal appropriation is the best receiving. Get the truth of Jesus for your own soul; it is by the grip of a personal faith, and then have it. You have seen a boy with a burn-lamp—he concentrates all the rays of the sun so as to produce a burning; even so, by concentrating the testimony of Jesus upon your own case, and you will soon feel a wonderful power working in your soul. He that receives the testimony of Jesus makes it his food, and is saved thereby.

Doubt Excluded.

Receivers of Christ's testimony allow nothing to make them doubt what He has said. When a believer is down in the dumps, and is passing through a dark time, he says, "What Jesus said is true for all this. He has told me if I believe in Him, I have eternal life, and I know it, however gloomy things may appear. He says it and I cannot doubt Him." It is a good thing to have your confidence outside of yourself; it is glorious to have it all in Christ. The foregoing will enable you to see the truth of the statement, "He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." The olden time men did not often write their testimonies, because they could not write at all.

Even kings set their seal, because they could not give a signature. To this day, how often does it happen to me, as a trustee to a chapel or a school, to have a paper laid before me, and I not only sign my name, but I put my finger on that red wafer, which represents my seal, and I say, "This is my act and deed!" When you believe in Jesus, you have set your seal to the testimony of Jesus, which is the revelation of the Lord. You have certified that you believe in God as true. What does that mean? It means not only that He has kept His promise as made to the fathers in the Old Testament, and will keep it in Christ Jesus; but it means also, that to you God is real.

The Way to Holiness.

Between you and God there will be henceforth a holy confidence; and what will that lead to? It will lead to holiness of life, and earnest seeking to please God, in whom you unreservedly believe. You will love Him with all your heart, and with all your soul, now that confidence is created. See what a change faith makes! Have you never heard of a servant who believed hard things of her mistress? She thought her a tyrant, and resolved that she would do nothing to please her. When she did her work, she did it very badly, and thought it was quite good enough for such a creature as her mistress. But she heard something about her which entirely changed her opinion. Instead of thinking her a demon, she judged her to be little less than an angel. It might have seemed a small matter, but it was not so. She did her work zealously and gladly, now that her suspicions were ended. Faith in her mistress affected her whole life. So is it in spiritual things. Faith in Christ Jesus is the fountain of obedience, the ensign of a change of heart. God grant it to you all! Amen.

THE CITIES OF KOR.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for September 21.

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." Luke 19:38.

AN extraordinary page of history is that of the ancient Kingdom of Kor, or Cor as the Romans spelled it. Never has there been just such a kingdom for tumults, revolutions, experiments in government, the triumphs of unworthy factions, the prevalence of corruption and the rapidity of purification. Its founder and rightful king surpassed any ruler who ever lived in wisdom and in the enlightened system of his government. But Kor was a peculiar land. Its cities were many and various. They varied in size, in soil, in climate, in inhabitants, and in their mode of life. Some were cities of trade and manufacture; others were given up entirely to pleasure. They were practically independent, though each had so many connections, social and commercial, with other cities, that they influenced each other a great deal. But they were independent as to their government. Every city-council could settle the kind of government the city should have and could, if they so pleased, decide that the king should be the supreme ruler. Or the council could dispense with his rule and govern the city themselves, or delegate the government to any one citizen or committee of citizens. That privilege arose from a cherished principle of the king's. He wished to rule, and, indeed, claimed the right to rule, but he would not exercise the right unless he was formally invited to do so by the city council. That invitation was seldom given, as the citizens preferred to manage their own affairs.

Truth to tell, they managed badly, as a rule. The better elements of society kept in the background and the worst elements were predominant in most of the cities. The dominant faction in nine out of ten of all the cities of Kor was a group of men who were known as Cupidates. They were the lowest in intelligence and culture and self-control of all the classes, but they were strong and energetic, and they had forced their way to power. The city councils in many cases were ashamed of being sub-

servient to the Cupidates and often spasmodically resisted their dictation, but the struggle was generally short. The Cupidates made things right with the council by bribes or privileges and in one way or another managed to keep control. They were a bad lot, worse than the Whyos or any street-gang in New York.

Though they were all called Cupidates, there were many subdivisions of them. The list of their names would be too long to give here, but two of them deserve special mention. These were the Seculi and the Ebrietates. The Seculi governed a very large number of cities of Kor. All those cities were wealthy. Wherever the Seculi were in power, they "made things hum," as we say here. Those cities got on, but though there was plenty of money, the streets were badly paved, the sewage system was neglected and epidemics frequent. The police arrangements were bad, too; crime was prevalent and rarely punished. In fact the Seculi were so busy pushing business that they had no time for any other work.

The Ebrietates were a very different kind of men. When they obtained control of a city, as they often did, when the other citizens were weak, the city was sure to be ruined. They were the worst of all factions of the Cupidates. They were fond of banquets which became orgies and they neglected everything else to attend them. Under their rule the city was always in disorder, full of rioting and boisterous hilarity, and often of fighting and bloodshed. There were instances on record of the Ebrietates having burned cities after gaining control of them. A bad set they were, but once dominant they held on and it was next to impossible to oust them. But that was characteristic of all the Cupidates and every faction of them made bad rulers.

Gradually the condition of the kingdom of Kor became deplorable. Almost every city was controlled by the Cupidates and was full of corruption and misery of all kinds. I suppose there was not a city in the land that had not at some time tried to shake off the yoke. They felt themselves disgraced by being governed by the lowest and most degraded of their citizens. But scarcely any succeeded in emancipating themselves, and after a short time of cleaner rule they fell back into their old ways, which were more easy and pleasant.

It was strange that the cities that groaned under the yoke did not invite the king to govern them. Some of them did think of it, but the Cupidates dissuaded them. They told the council that the king was a tyrant; that he would interfere with business, close the theatres, stop the races, and put an end to all pleasures and amusements. If that argument did not succeed, they would say that the king was angry at being slighted so long and if a petition were sent to him he would reject it. It would be a humiliation to send the petition and a double-humiliation to have it rejected. This was always the plea that the Cupidates kept as a last resort, and it generally caused the council to vote against sending the petition.

At last a report of what the Cupidates were doing reached the ears of the king himself and he was very indignant. He hated to be misrepresented. He resolved to send a messenger to Kor to declare his real disposition, and that there might be no question as to the truth of the message he sent his own son. The son journeyed thither in a very unostentatious way. No army, nor officers of state accompanied him nor did he wear the crown or the royal robes. He wore the same clothes that were worn by the citizens of Kor and looked like the humblest of them. On his arrival, he delivered his message in a quiet way to a few cities and then sent special messengers to every city in the land. They were ordered to state it clearly and simply so that every city might understand it. The gist of the message was that any city desiring to be delivered from anarchy and the rule of the Cupidates, might send an invitation to him and he would come and establish peace, order and good government, and rule the city



The City of Guatemala, the Scene of the Consulate Disturbances Last Week.

himself. The messengers were ordered to lay special emphasis on one fact. They were to say that the only condition was that a formal invitation be sent to the king's son. This was necessary because many cities had the idea that it was necessary to reform and clean up before sending the invitation. He told his messengers to say explicitly there was no need for that. He would see to the purification of the city when he assumed power, and he could do it better than they. The foulest city in Kor might invite him and he would come at once and put things right. The citizens must stand by him and support his authority and he would clear the city of its foulness and have the Cupidates in prison in short order. Anarchy, corruption and crime would disappear and the citizens become prosperous, contented and happy.

And he kept his word. Several of the worst cities in Kor sent invitations and they were promptly accepted. The change in them was marvellous, and they sent out messengers to other cities to tell how well the change worked, and urge them to send an invitation too. Of course the Cupidates resisted, but they were beaten in many instances. Sometimes the city council assembled in the night, and sent an invitation without consulting them. Sometimes the Cupidates were excluded from the council-chamber, and no hearing given to them. There was always a way of overcoming them, when the council were in earnest. When they were not in earnest, and were willing that the rule of the Cupidates should continue, no invitation was sent, and things went on in the old way. It was worthy of notice, however, that no instance was ever recorded of a city regretting giving itself up to the rule of the King's son, or ever reversing the words they uttered at his inauguration, "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord."

A CHRISTIAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FEW persons have had a more remarkable experience of the Saviour's love and care for His trusting ones than Mrs. Bella Cooke, the story of whose life was published in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Much of the information furnished in our recent article was drawn from a volume entitled *Rifted Clouds*, written in autobiographical form by Mrs. Cooke

and published by Palmer & Hughes, Bible House, New York. It is the graphic yet simple story of a life full of Christian faith and endeavor, and shows the happiness of one who has received the "fullness of blessing" while in this life.

THE CITY OF GUATEMALA.

AN unpleasant interest attaches to the city of Guatemala, a picture of which is here given, from the popular demonstration against our minister there, which took place last week. The cause of the indignation against him arose out of the killing of Gen. Barrundia when he was on board a United States ship. Barrundia had taken refuge there, believing himself safe under the stars and stripes from the hostility of his Guatemalan enemies and when an effort was made him, the protected Mizner, the United States Minister, however, the Captain to him, and tain had But Bar-sist'd and It would be impro-comment Mizner's as his own-tion has date of been re-This ex-



may show that Mr. Mizner had good reason for his conduct, which at first sight seems incomprehensible. There can be no question as to the way it is viewed in Guatemala. An angry and excited crowd surrounded the Legation, on Sept. 3, shouting, "Death to the Yankees" and it was necessary to surround the building with a strong guard to prevent the mob wrecking the house. A daughter of Barrundia succeeded in making her way in and tried to shoot Mr. Mizner, but he intercepted her shot with a large book that he had in his hand at the time. The widow of Barrundia has taken the wiser course of appealing to President Harrison and a prom-

ise of an investigation has been made to her. It may be hoped that the result of the investigation will be to vindicate Mr. Mizner and that the hostile feeling of the people toward him and toward the United States will be allayed. Our readers will be the more ready to take a prayerful interest in this result from the fact that a member of the Legation, Consul-Gen. Hosmer, has several times contributed articles to this journal on the religious condition of Central America. May God preserve his valuable life!

The city of Guatemala is situated on a plateau nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. The journey thither from the Pacific coast seventy-two miles away, is through a succession of magnificent scenes of natural beauty. The city itself is much like one of our own cities. The streets intersect the avenues at right angles and they and the avenues are known by numbers, not names. Near the centre of the city stands the Cathedral, an imposing edifice of beautiful design. Fronting it is the chief plaza of the city, called the Plaza des Armes. Two of the sides of the Plaza are occupied by Government offices and the fourth by small stores. The centre of the Plaza is a circular garden, rich in tropical plants of rare beauty.

The population of the city is about 70,000. The religious provision consists of about twenty-eight Roman Catholic Churches, and one Protestant Chapel. The pastor of the latter is a most zealous worker who is trying to establish branch missions in various parts of the city. The most hopeful religious work in the city is the personal work that this pastor and his native helpers are doing. Though nominally Catholic a large number of the people of Guatemala are infidel, in life, if not in creed and it is only by personal contact with them, outside the churches, that they can be won for Christ. Valuable help in such work, it has been found can be given by Mexicans who have been trained in Bishop H. C. Riley's educational institutions.

The Republic of Guatemala, of which Guatemala City is the Capital, covers an area of 44,800 square miles (about the size of the State of Pennsylvania,) and has a population of 1,222,544. Like other Central American countries, in the lowlands the negroes and Indians form

the majority while the whites occupy the high table-lands. In the secluded valleys among the mountains, they are still to be found also specimens of the original Toltec race, the degenerate descendants of the men who built the fortresses and mounds, the ruins of which excite the wonder and admiration of the explorer. All over Guatemala are to be found the ruins of their cities, still bearing traces of inscriptions in a symbolic language of historical events, meteorological data, and astronomical observations. Under their Spanish conquerors they sank into comparative barbarism.

Like all the Central American States, Guatemala has been the scene of innumerable revolutions, assassinations and foreign invasions. The recent struggle with Salvador is only the latest of a long list of such struggles. It arose from the strong desire of its President, Don Manuel Lisandro Barillas (whose portrait is given on page 588) to unite all Central America under one strong government. He found a strong opponent to his scheme in the Republic of Salvador. The people of that country suspected that the essence of the plan was practically for Guatemala to absorb or annex its sister republics, and they resisted it. He endeavored to carry his point by force, but was defeated. Since that time, it is alleged, Barillas has been intriguing to secure the election of a President of Salvador favorable to the Union. To punish this interference, General Ezeta, of Salvador, invaded Guatemala, and was pushing on toward the capital, defeating the Guatemalan forces in several battles, when by the mediation of the United States Government a treaty of peace was arranged. The treaty was formally signed on August 28th.

A RECEPTION ON THE GOLD COAST.

THE accompanying illustration gives a graphic idea of an African festival. It is taken from a sketch made on the spot by a member of the staff of the Governor of the Gold Coast on Western Africa. The fete was held to celebrate the arrival of the Governor, who has recently been appointed to that post. The Gold Coast is part of the British possessions in Africa. It is an area of 16,620 square miles, with an estimated population of 520,000. Originally it was held in joint possession by the Dutch and British, but in 1872, an arrangement was made by which the Dutch government ceded to Great Britain exclusive right to the country. Gold is found there in small grains, mixed with red sand and gravel, and occasionally in quartz. The district is also valuable for its oil palms, which grow there in profusion. Of late, the exports have had another useful addition in the shape of rubber, of which hundreds of tons are now shipped annually to the English markets.



A Native Reception to the Governor of the Gold Coast of Western Africa.

On the landing of the new Governor, Sir Baldwin Griffith, recently, the native chiefs assembled, with their people, to give him a loyal reception. "The noise of the tom-toms," says the officer reporting the novel entertainment, "the peals of the trumpets, the roar of the drums, the yells of the fog-horns, and the cries of the people were literally deafening as they paraded in front of the Governor and his staff; some of them dancing wild and grotesque dances all the time. Chiefs carried flags covered with strange devices; and as they passed the platform on which the Governor was seated, they held them out before him as a token of their faith and loyalty. The Governor having addressed a speech of welcome to them, through an interpreter, the crowds dispersed."

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

(Continued from page 574.)

Trial and Discouragements.

THERE was one to whom Wescott must break the news of his decision to become a minister, and that person was Addie More. Somehow he felt a terrible apprehension. What would she think of his resolve? Would she, could she consistently cast in her lot with one who had chosen that vocation for his life-work. There was torture in the thought of the possibilities that might be involved. But the matter had to be decided sometime, the sooner the better, and so, one beautiful moonlight evening about the middle of September, he drove over to the North Side, and found her ready to accompany him in a drive to the country.

How should he introduce the subject weighing on his mind? An hour passed, when Addie said:

"So you are going to talk to us in Dr. Hamlyn's church next Sunday evening. You will become a preacher yet, I suppose," she subjoined archly."

"If I should, you would be a preacher's wife," he replied, trying to speak in a composed tone, though he did not succeed very well. "How would that do?"

The blush that tinged her cheeks made her look lovely in the vague moonlight; but there was a serious expression on her face which she could not disguise, as she replied: "Oh! I should be poorly qualified for a minister's wife."

"Why?"

"You speak as if you were actually serious," she said, glancing up at him in surprise. "The reason is self-evident. In the first place, I'm not a Christian, and that would be an insuperable barrier. A minister's life would be a burden

to him if his wife didn't sympathize with him and help him to carry on his mission. Besides, ministers and ministers' wives are always talked about so much that I could never endure the publicity."

Howard's heart sank. This was the most severe ordeal through which he had yet passed. Should he abandon all his cherished hopes, and go back to the law for Addie's sake? The temptation was strong, for he loved her very dearly. But as he thought of the two careers, he could not yield. In the one he would be concerned in legal technicalities, contending in the courts with unscrupulous opponents; in the other he would be working for Christ, winning souls for Him, comforting the mourner, cheering the sorrowing, pointing the perplexed and the sin-burdened to the Light of the world. No; not even Addie's love, precious as it was, could turn the scale.

"Addie," he said, "I can do no other. I must do my duty at whatever cost to you or to me. I have decided to be a minister."

The girl started as if her heart had been suddenly pierced by an arrow, and her face became ashen. It was plain that an awful struggle was going on in her bosom, which heaved with an emotion that she tried in vain to suppress.

"Howard," she said, at length, "I do not see my duty clear. In my present state of mind I could not make you a good wife. While I could sympathize with you in your struggles, I would, I fear, have little sympathy with the mission of your life, only a formal interest at least. I should be a hindrance, a clog to you. And yet," she almost gasped, "and yet how can I—how can I give up my hopes of happiness!" and the poor girl hid her face in her hands and broke into tears.

"My darling," said Howard, "you don't think of breaking the engagement, do you? Oh, you can't contemplate such a thing! Addie, go to God with your doubts, let Him give you the truth," he pleaded. "and then there will be no difficulty."

"I can't," the girl declared, despairingly. "It will be harder than ever to do so now. I could-

n't keep you out of my thoughts; I couldn't be sure of my motives. God couldn't accept me. No, I cannot mock Him by going to Him for pardon when it would be my love for you rather than for Him that prompted me to do so."

"But I will not consent to having the engagement broken," Howard said, "Let it remain as it is. I am sure God will find a way of escape from our perplexities."

"Does God care?" she asked incredulously and very sadly. "If He does, why does He permit so much sorrow among His creatures?"

"Oh! Addie, you are so sceptical."

"Yes, you see how I am. I can't help it. Shall I give you back your ring?"

"Keep it," he said decisively. Then he added, more kindly: "You are taking too despondent a view of the case. All will be right yet, I feel sure." They had now reached her home, and as he lifted her from the carriage, he said: "Kiss me good-night, Addie, and don't borrow trouble."

"Have I a right to kiss you?" she said, looking at him with tearful eyes. "Perhaps—"

"Not another word," he enjoined, and taking her in his strong arms, he pressed his lips passionately upon hers.

But as he drove home the grim form of his old unbelief, rose before his mental vision like a spectre of portentous form, and it was only after a period of agitated struggle upon his knees that it disappeared, leaving him calm and victorious. As much as possible he kept this new phase of trouble out of his mind during the week, so that it would not interfere with the preparation of the address he was to deliver on the ensuing Sabbath evening. The address gave him little trouble, except to select what he wanted to say from the many thoughts that crowded upon him. Almost before he was aware of it, Sunday evening had come, and he was on his way to the church.

It had been duly announced that he was to speak, so that when he reached the auditorium he found that it was crowded from chancel to balcony. He was still too inexperienced to know that many persons habitually flock to a sensation, or at least to the place where there is prospect of one, and so he accepted the fact of the large gathering as a token of the interest that was being aroused in the revival of religion, scarcely thinking that he was himself the centre of absorbing concern.

"Isn't he just lovely?" simpered one young lady, as Howard entered the pulpit with Dr. Hamlyn. "What handsome eyes! I like to see a man with a smoothly shaven face, don't you?"

"He's just a little awkward in his walk," commented a certain lady who was supposed to be an authority on deportment.

"It's a risk to let a young fellow like that go into the pulpit to instruct old men like Dr. Sweeter, Judge Mains, and myself. I hope Hamlyn won't let boys preach here very often." This was the mental outburst of an elderly trustee.

"I'm afraid he'll make a failure," thought one kind-hearted but over-anxious deacon. "I should feel very sorry for him if he did. He looks a little pale. I declare, I most wish I was at home. It's so trying to have a speaker break down."

"I hope he will do well. God help him!" was the fervent prayer of Howard's sister, as it was of more than one sincerely pious person in that throng.

The audience seemed to be more apprehensive of failure than the young man himself, who was comparatively calm, confident in God and the burning interest he felt in his theme. He took no part in the opening service, except to join in the responses. When the time came, he stepped forward without any notes to guide him and began his talk, for he would not have called it a sermon, the science of homiletics being still an unknown territory to him. He had not committed the address to memory verbatim, but had the outline firmly fixed in his mind. It was a simple enough effort from a

literary or theological point of view, but the speaker's earnestness, which made the sentences burn and scintillate, held the audience with breathless attention from the beginning, and when he described in a low, tremulous voice his own experience in finding rest from doubt, a solemn hush pervaded the room and many eyes were brimming with tears. Raising his voice, which was strong and melodious, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence in praise of God's power to convince and save, that swept everything before it and almost brought Dr. Hamlyn to his feet. The last words had scarcely dropped from Howard's lips before the old clergyman rose, his eyes a little dim with tears, and grasping the young speaker by the hand before the excited audience, he broke out into a fervent "God bless you, my son!" The act was so spontaneous that all hearts were touched.

"The most thrilling thing I ever heard," remarked a semi-rationalist as he stepped out of the church door. "That young man has no trouble about the miracles or any of my difficulties. Gracious! I almost wish I had as firm a faith as he seems to have."

"He'll make a grand preacher," whispered the aged trustee, "when he gets a little more matured, won't he?"

Upon which his spouse, who was not very friendly to Dr. Hamlyn, remarked: "When he gets more matured! Why, he goes ahead of the old Doctor now!"

"Oh, you've only heard him once, my dear; wait until you hear him again, before you make comparisons. The idea of mentioning a stripling like him in connection with Dr. Hamlyn! Why, it's preposterous!"

And thus the discussion went on, while the young man who was the subject of it stepped from the pulpit and took the hands of those who pressed around him to express their appreciation of the address. He had demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all, that, if he kept humble and studied well, he would become a successful preacher. Dr. Hamlyn was delighted, and on the following day completed his arrangements to give the East Side Mission, as it was called, into Howard's charge, making an appointment for him on the next Sunday evening. With a fervor that for some weeks knew no abatement, Howard gave himself to the work, visiting from house to house among rich and poor alike, and talking on Sabbath evenings to a crowded house. In a few weeks he had been the means of rescuing several persons from lives of sin, especially one man who, though talented and noble-minded in other respects, had been for years the slave of strong drink. It was a thrilling sight to see the reclaimed inebriate sitting humbly in the house of God with his wife and children, his face still bearing the marks of his life of excess, now kindling with rapturous delight as he listened to the stirring words of his young pastor.

"Why, Mr. Wescott," he broke out after the service, "I wouldn't have thought it possible a month ago that I could live for four weeks without stimulants, and yet I can now go from one end of Main Street to the other without even being tempted to enter a grog-shop. It is wonderful. The grace of God has taken away the appetite almost entirely."

Several men, who had made themselves somewhat notorious as radical opponents of Christianity in that part of the city, yielded to Howard's appeals and became humble believers. It can truthfully be said that the young man had never before felt such an exhilaration in any kind of work as he did in that of rescuing his fellow men.

But it was not all to be smooth sailing. He soon learned how fickle the smiles of fortune are. He made a mistake. So busily engaged had he been in practical pastoral work, visiting the sick, calling on the non-church-goers, and dealing with inquirers, that he neglected his study, and so, after he had given some four or five Gospel talks, he began to feel that his fund of thought was becoming exhausted, and that

he would either have to gather new material or repeat what he had already said.

Just at this crisis he received an urgent letter on Friday evening from Dr. Hamlyn, requesting him to talk again in his church, as the clergyman was not well enough to fill the appointment himself. Howard felt obliged to comply. But what should he say? He could not repeat one of his former talks, for he knew that many persons from the mission would come to hear him at the Euclid Street Church, and he must have ready something fresh and new. All the forenoon Saturday he paced the room trying to think of something to say, but despite his most arduous mental toil and workment, no theme would open. He seemed to be immured by the high, ominous walls of mental vacuity, and even when he read the Bible it did not seem so suggestive as he had formerly found it. Saturday afternoon his conscience or what he had supposed was his conscience drove him out upon the streets in search of several persons for whose salvation he was solicitous. The whole Sabbath was full of numerous self-imposed tasks, so that Sunday evening came, with the time for the service finding him ill prepared to feed the people who had gathered to hear him.

As if to increase his perturbation, the evening turned out rainy, and the audience was not large as he had expected, there being several vacant pews in front, and no one in the balcony. This was a test of the young man's motive and when during the singing of the opening hymns, he fell into an introspective mood, he discovered that he was really hurt, his personal pride had received a shock, on account of the sparseness of the audience; and this self-revelation disheartened him still more, making him feel utterly unworthy to preach.

And when he came to speak he did fail, failed miserably, at least in his own estimation. He felt no unction, his thoughts dragged heavily, the forming of sentences became a burden, and he seemed to be struggling blind through the mazes of expression.

At last he had worried through to the end, announced the last hymn, and then sank in the pulpit chair with a suppressed groan. He could not bear to look his auditors in the face after the service, so profound was his humiliation, and he therefore slipped down the rear stairway that led into Dr. Hamlyn's study, from which he let himself out into a back alley. He might be expected, numerous remarks were interchanged by his hearers.

"What do you think of your young Chrysostom now?" said the venerable trustee, looking teasingly at his wife. "Didn't I tell you you had better wait until you heard him again?"

"Well, I'd no idea he'd take such a sudden drop as that," responded the old lady, who was rather fickle in her admiration. "Still, it wasn't himself to-night. Something troubled him. And, besides, I've seen Dr. Hamlyn fail too, when it seemed he couldn't say what he wanted to, and got his sentences mixed."

"It was an awful poor sermon, awful poor," asserted a cantankerous old deacon. "The young man had better go to a theological seminary before he undertakes to preach. It does no good to come to church to hear such wishy-washy stuff. If he isn't careful he'll play out entirely. I'm thinking Dr. Hamlyn will see his mistake."

Other persons were inclined to take a more generous view of the sermon, suggesting that Howard could not have been well, or that the Spirit had deserted him, as He sometimes does to keep him humble, and that he would soon recover his wonted power and unction, when he would preach better than ever.

(To be Continued.)

"The Christian Herald" Binder. — Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a binder in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of stout cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is furnished with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

W A SCEPTIC WAS CURED.

course of an address before the convention of the Woman's De-American Home Missionary So-Saratoga, recently, Rev. W. G. told the following interesting in-his experience:

W a man, a regular sceptic. Bus-bad, he had the dyspepsia and a le wife; but I think that was y his dyspepsia, and the little man was very full of acid. He left our at one day a little boy ran up to e with a telegram, and he said, 'e got to go off right away; there dying.' As we journeyed along an get off at the station and plunge derness, and finally the conductor [Swayne's Crossing," and I had at Swayne's Crossing. I saw ut woods and a little boy with a I said, 'Can you tell me where an lives?' And he said, 'You go ight on and then turn to your right come to a house, and it's the first The first house I saw was a stable, I thought to myself, No one is e. I heard a woman's voice; pped on the door, and a woman e door and seemed pleased to see 'very much afraid my husband is to live,' she said. His skepticism e gone! I had to talk to him le child. I had to tell him all prodigal son, for he thought he at a sinner that there could be for him. After reading to him ng and praying with him I told ould call again. That little visit as good as quinine.' He com- take his medicine, and the man of bed in a week or two. The I went to that home in that stable, e back room there were a lot of there was a congregation waiting nister. The little boy had said to 'Papa, ain't you going to read in ng and say some prayers?' The l he could not. 'If you will let the boy said; and the first words e, 'God teach father how to to this the man burst into tears and s mouth and prayed for his wife ren. I had to preach as best I had a dry-goods box for a pulpit, there was a \$14 Bible.

were two hundred and fifty peo-in that little village. As I saw a good many were unusu-ers. One man with a bronzed ears running down his face, and stop to wipe them off, but just let I thought to myself, there must many Methodists here; and so I will have an experience meeting, eling; and if any one feels like let him get up and do so, and if els that he would serve the Lord keeping his mouth shut let him ut'; and I tell you, we had a reg-eh. I was strengthened myself, out of that meeting feeling very

ee, going up to that one sick man deal of good; and the next time e they had a grand Christmas-day there is a church in that does the little acorn make a big

ANSWERED IN THE DESERT.

occasion a traveler in Central s in great perplexity. He had an through the desert country, but ide, and there was no one in the make him one. He cut up an nd set to work to try his hand at king, but this was slow to one refused to the trade. Though the as of seemingly small import, yet nention of it in prayer, asking e were a saddle in the country he ome the possessor of it. Not long a little African boy was seen o to the gateway of the village. out ten years of age, and he was o be carrying something large and me on his head. The traveller 'What have you there, little 'A big saddle," answered the ow came you with it, little boy?

Where did you get it?" inquired the trav-eller. "I met a man up the country," said the boy, "a mulatto, who had been journey-ing 300 miles. He had bought a horse and saddle from a Dutchman at Bihe, but his horse died on the way, and he then had no use for his saddle. He gave it to me this morning, and he asked me to exchange it for a piece of calico cloth; would you like to take it?" The traveller rejoiced that he had been fortunate enough to meet the African boy—he gladly gave him a piece of calico in exchange, feeling no hesitation in believing this to be an answer to prayer.

TWO SISTERS.

"I KNEW two sisters," remarks the Rev. J. Wells, "whose respective marriages made a strong contrast in their social position. They were the daughters of a nobleman of high rank, and both up to the time of marriage moved in the same circle. The elder sister, however, married a very wealthy man, while the younger married one comparatively poor. The elder sister gave her-self up entirely to the pleasures of social life. She was received into the best society and was looked upon as one of its leaders, as a society queen. She was possessed of many things that the world values. Her diamonds cost quite a large fortune. Her sister did not enter into the giddy whirl of society. She became a true Christian, and faithful follower of Christ, bearing cheer-fully her Master's yoke, and striving by every means in her power to bring her fel-low creatures to a knowledge of the Saviour. Not long ago a friend who knew both of these ladies intimately, said to me that the wealthy society lady was the most miserable woman with whom he had ever come in contact, but her sister, comparatively poor and unknown in society, who with Christian love was working for her Master, was the happiest woman that he knew. Yes, the world's yoke was galling and burdensome, but that of Christ is easy."

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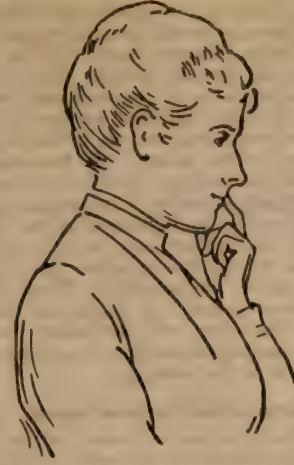
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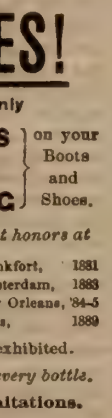
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THE HIDDEN LIFE.

"Hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii: 3.

My life is hid, oh, Christ, with Thee,
I wait in speechless ecstasy,
I wait in prayer.
For Thou art with me in the gloom,
And with me in the silent room,
And everywhere.

My life is hidden, Lord, with Thee,
With Thee once nailed upon the tree,
Who loved me so.
Oh! fold Thy child within Thy breast
And give to me Thy promised rest,
Nor let me go.

My life is hidden here below
From all the stormy winds that blow,
From things that pain,
And now, whatever may betide
I cease from self and so I hide
In Thee again.

I could not, Saviour, stand alone,
But Thou, my precious "corner stone,"
Art sure and tried.
Thy words of promise cannot fail,
Thine own great love must still prevail.
In Thee I hide.

Oh! Master, how can heart conceive,
And how can mortals e'er believe
Thy faithfulness?
I only look to Thee in prayer,
And wait for what Thou dost prepare,
And Thou dost bless.

For mercies crowning every day,
For tears which thou hast wiped away,
For gifts outpoured,
For all the wonders Thou hast wrought
So far exceeding human thought,
I thank Thee, Lord.

I can but praise Thee, and I ask
That Thou would'st give to me my task,
My work to do.
Oh! may I brighten some poor heart,
In showing, Lord, how good thou art,
How loving, too!

If from this timid child of Thine,
Some little ray of hope may shine
In souls distressed—
My Lord, I cannot look for more,
Thou givest of Thy treasure store,
I leave the rest.

—Eleanor Grant.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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FRANCE'S RELIGIOUS REACTION.

THE young men of France, says Rev. J. W. Mendenhall in the *Central Christian Advocate*, and the students in the Universities, the business men, the professional men, are dissatisfied with Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and the brilliant scepticism of the Renan school on the other. They begin to see the frivolous teaching of the one and the empty sentiment of the other, and are disposed to rebel against both. In fact, the majority of Frenchmen under thirty-five years of age are ridiculing the stereotyped forms of scepticism that have played their role in the Saraborn, corrupted the famous *salons* of bewitching talkers, and brought only a harvest of unusable ideas and fictions to the mind's contemplation. They are testing scepticism by the scales of sound judgment and a correct standard of criticism, and the result is the repudiation of the fascinations of unbelief. The value of this reaction is in its spontaneity. We are not unmindful of the presence of evangelical movements in France, such as the McAll Mission, the Wesleyan influence, the Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches, and the Protestant

Faculty of Theology in Paris, all of which have contributed something to the regeneration that awaits France; but it will be allowed that the French people have been unusually impervious to outside, and even to native, agencies that have for their purpose the restraint of scepticism, or the moral discipline of the people. It, therefore, remains that the younger France, as if under a providential guidance, had concluded of its own motion to depart from the old unbeliefs of the fathers and to set its face towards the sun. The reaction has also extended among the scholars. There are many brilliant sceptics in Paris, but they are quiet; they are not exercising their power over society to corrupt it, and seem to have given up the struggle.

OBEDIENCE THE TEST OF LOVE.

God produces within us, says a writer in The *Nashville Christian Advocate*, the right spirit—the disposition to obey. This is the main thing. Then he furnishes us with great principles for the guidance of our lives—not rules. Rules are made out of cast-iron, and when we try to bend them they break. But principles have infinite elasticity, and are capable of adjustment to all the varying circumstances of human life. Furthermore, lest we should fail correctly to interpret and apply these principles, God gives us particular cases under them—specimen cases—for our instruction. Finally, when he has done all this, he throws us on our liberty, and bids us walk worthy of our calling. When the little boy is just beginning to walk, his mother watches every step that he takes. Even after he gets large enough to go away from home she still thinks it necessary to tell him how long he shall stay, with whom he shall associate, what he shall and shall not do—prescribing the very form of all his conduct. But when he passes the gates of manhood, if he be the high-minded young man that he ought to be, she knows that it is not necessary for her to do more than follow him to the door, put her hand on his shoulder, leave a kiss on his lips, and say to him, "My son, you must not do any thing to-day that you think would bring grief and pain to my heart." She trusts him enough to throw him upon himself. So God trusts his children, not tying them down with petty and minute restrictions, but leaving them free to do as they please, with this only condition, that they do nothing to grieve him. He puts them on their honor; and it were better for them to die than to dishonor him.

AN AUSTRALIAN CHILD MISSION.

In the city of Melbourne, Australia, Mrs. Varcoe, a goodly woman, has been doing good work in rescuing the homeless waifs of the streets. A little over a year ago, she found one evening, a little bare-footed and bare-headed match-vendor, sobbing as if his heart were breaking. He had been robbed of the few pennies he had saved from his day's labor to hire a bed for the night. It was only a four-penny bit, all told, but it was all he had. While Mrs. Varcoe interrogated him a number of the lads gathered around her, and she asked them if they wouldn't like a better place in which to stay. There was an ominous silence, till a sharp little fellow winked to his comrades, and said, "She wants to take us to the 'dustrial school." The charge was denied, and the frank offer of a helping hand and home was made. The next morning there came a timid knock at the door; two bare-footed boys greeted her as she opened it, the heroes of the night before, and their greeting was, "Please, mum, we've come to be your boys." This was irresistible; they were taken in, washed, clothed, and fed; and within a week the home was properly started. "Livingstone House," Drummond Street, North Carlton, is the homes. It contains eight roomy, clean, and well-ventilated apartments, and is at present occupied by thirteen children. Gazetted as a constable under the Neglected Children's Act, Mrs. Varcoe has the power to arrest children who are destitute, or who are in immoral places, and to have them committed to her charge by magistrates. This power has enabled her to rescue

seventy-five children, whose wretched condition has been in nearly every case owing to drink, and these little ones are now nearly all happily provided for.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN COLORADO.

It is astonishing as well as gratifying to note the rapid growth of the Sunday-schools in the far western states.

There are in Colorado, 90,000 children of school age, of whom 30,000 are enrolled in all the Sunday-schools of the State, 5,192 in the Congregational Sunday-schools of which there are fifty-five. There are 1,000 enrolled in the Congregational mission schools. The schools contributed the sum of \$3,168 during the year, of which \$608 was for benevolence.

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

How should we give of our substance, so as to be most acceptable to the Lord? There are several ways of giving, of which the seven following may be enumerated:

1. *The Careless Way.*—To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.
2. *The Impulsive Way.*—To give from impulse, as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.
3. *The Lazy Way.*—To make a special effort to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.
4. *The Self-Denying Way.*—To save the cost of luxuries and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complaisance.
5. *The Systematic Way.*—To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, one-half. This is adapted to all, whether poor or rich, and gifts would be greatly increased if it were generally practiced.
6. *The Equal Way.*—To give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves.
7. *The Heroic Way.*—To limit our expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.

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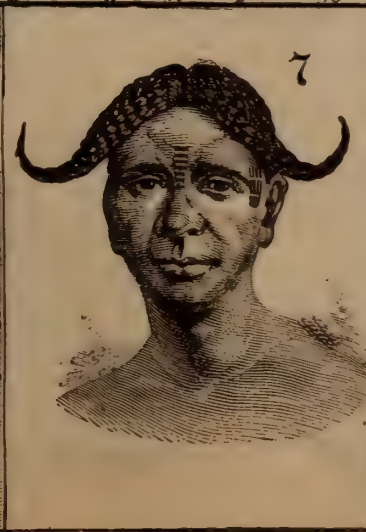
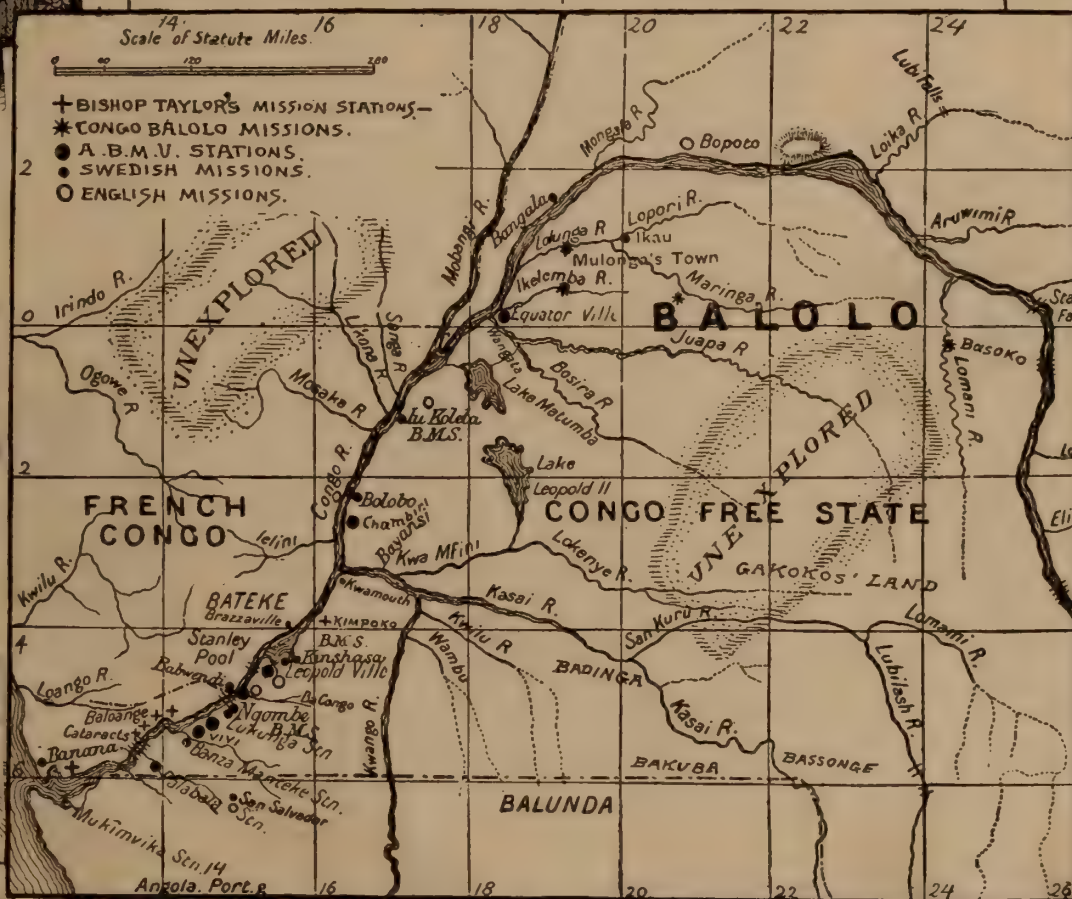
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"The Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." *Ruth 2: 12.*

SCENE: An Oriental harvest-field. Grain standing. Grain in swathes. Grain in sheaves.

At the side of the field, a white tent in which to take the nooning, jars of vinegar or of sour wine to quench the thirst of the hot working-people. Swarthy men striking their sickles into the rustling barley. Others twisting the bands for the sheaves, putting one end of the band under the arm, and with the free arm and foot collecting the sheaf. Sunburned women picking up the stray straws and bringing them to the binders. Boaz, a fine-looking Oriental, gray-bearded and bright-faced, the owner of the field, looking on, and estimating the value of the grain and calculating so many ephahs to the acre; and, with his large, sympathetic heart, pitying the overtasked workmen and the women, with white faces enough to faint, in the hot noonday sun.

But there is one woman who especially attracts the man's attention. She is soon to be with him the joint owner of the field. She has come from a distant land for the sole purpose of being kind to an aged woman. I know not what her features were; but when the Lord God sets behind a woman's face the lamp of courage, and faith, and self-sacrifice, there comes out a glory independent of features. She is to be the ancestress of Jesus Christ. Boaz, the owner of the field, as soon as he understands that it is Ruth, accosts her with a blessing: "A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." Christ compares Himself to a hen gathering the chickens under her wings. In Deuteronomy, God is represented as an eagle stirring up her nest. In a great many places in the Psalms, David makes ornithological allusions; while my text mentions the wings of God, under which a poor, weary soul had come to trust.

I ask your attention, therefore, while, taking the suggestion of my text, I speak to you in all simplicity and love of the wings of the Almighty.

First: I remark that they were swift wings under which Ruth had come to trust. There is nothing in all the handiwork of God more curious than a bird's wing. You have been surprised, sometimes, to see how far it could fly with one stroke of the wing; and, when it has food in prospect, or when it is affrighted, the pulsations of the bird's wing are unimaginable for velocity. The English lords used to pride themselves on the speed of their falcons. These birds, when tamed, had in them the dart of lightning. How swift were the carrier-pigeons in the time of Anthony and at the siege of Jerusalem! Wonderful speed! A carrier-pigeon was thrown up at Rouen and came down at Ghent—ninety miles off—in one hour. The carrier-pigeons were the telegraphs of the olden time. Swallows have been shot in our latitude having the undigested rice of Georgia swamps in their crops, showing that they had come four hundred miles in six hours. It has

been estimated that, in the ten years of a swallow's life, it flies far enough to have gone around the world eighty-nine times, so great is its velocity. And so the wings of the Almighty, spoken of in the text, are swift wings. They are swift when they drop upon a foe, and swift when they come to help God's friends. If a father and his son be walking by the way and the child goes too near a precipice, how long does it take for the father to deliver the child from danger? Longer than it takes God to swoop for the rescue of His children. The fact is that you cannot get away from the care of God. If you take the steamship, or the swift railroad, He is all the time along with you. "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold! Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thy hand shall hold me."

The Arabian gazelle is

Swift as the Wind.

If it gets but one glimpse of the hunter, it puts many crags between. Solomon, four or five times, compares Christ to an Arabian gazelle (calling it by another name) when he says: "My beloved is like a roe." The difference is, that the roe speeds the other way; Jesus speeds this. Who but Christ could have been quick enough to have helped Peter, when the water-pavement broke? Who but Christ could have been quick enough to help the Duke of Argyle, when, in his dying moment, he cried: "Good cheer! I could die like a Roman, but I mean to die like a Christian. Come away gentlemen. He who goes first, goes cleanest?" I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburg, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battle-field. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all. So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help immediately or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is a God—now. Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always in such quick pursuit of His dear children? When a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than ptarmigan's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are the wings of the Almighty.

I remark further, carrying out the idea of my text, that the wings under which Ruth had come to trust were

Very Broad Wings.

Eagles have been shot on the Rocky Mountains with wings that were seven feet from tip to tip. When the king of the air sits on the crag, the wings are spread over all the eaglets in the eyrie, and when the eagle starts from the rock, the shadow is like the spreading of a storm cloud. So the wings of God are broad wings. Ruth had been under those wings in her infantile days; in the days of her happy girlhood in Moab; in the day when she gave her hand to Mahlon, in her first marriage; in the day when she wept over his grave; in the day when she trudged out into the wilderness of poverty; in the days when she picked up the few straws of barley dropped by ancient custom in the way of the poor.



Oh! yes, the wings of God are broad wings. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and He puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest. Sometimes it is a very hard nest, like that of the eagle, spread on the rock, with ragged moss and rough sticks, but still is a nest; and, although it may be very hard under us, over us are the wings of the Almighty. There sometimes comes a period of one's life

When He Feels Forsaken.

He says: "All are against me. The world is against me. The church is against me. No sympathy; no hope. Everybody that comes near me thrusts at me. I wonder if there is a God, anyhow!" Everything seems to be going slipshod and at haphazard. There does seem to be any hand on the helm. Job's help fails. David's Absalom gets to be a reproach. Martha's brother dies. Abraham's Sarah goes into the grave of Machpelah. "Woe worth the day in which I was born!" has said many a Christian. David seemed to scream out in sorrow, as he said: "Is His mercy clean gone forever? And will He be favorable no more? And hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" Job, with his throat swollen and clogged until he could not even swallow the food that ran into his mouth, exclaims: "How long before thou wilt depart from me, and leave me alone, that I may swallow down my spittle? Have there never been times in your life when you envied those who were buried? When you longed for the gravedigger to do his work on you? Oh, the faithlessness of the human heart! God's wings are broad, whether we know it or not.

Sometimes the mother-bird goes away from the nest, and it seems very strange that she should leave the callow young. She plunges her beak into the bark of the tree, and



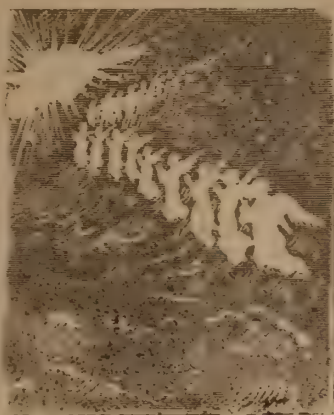
drops into the grain-field, or to the chaff in the barn-door, or to the furrows in the plough. Meanwhile the birds in the nest shiver, and wonder why the mother-bird does not come. Ah, she has gone for food. And while there is a whirr of wings and the mother-bird stands

the edge of the nest, and the little ones open their mouths, and the food is dropped in, then the old bird spreads out her feathers, and all is peace. So, sometimes, God leaves us to go off to get food for our soul; and then comes back after a while to the nest, and says: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." He drops into it the sweet promises of grace, and the love of God is shed abroad, and we are under His wings—the broad wings of the Almighty.

Yes; they are very broad! There is no under those wings for the sixteen hundred millions of the race. You say: "Do not make the invitation too large, for there is room for more awkward than to have more guests than accommodations." I know it. The Seamen's Friend Society is inviting all the sailors. The Tract Society is inviting all the destitute. The Sabbath-schools are inviting all the children. The Missionary Society is inviting all the heathen. The printing-presses of the Bible Societies are going night and day, doing nothing but printing invitations to this great banquet. And are you not afraid that there will be more guests than accommodations? No! All who have been invited will fill up the table. **UNITED FREE P. O. VICKERY, AUSA**

chairs for more. There are cups for more. I could with one feather of His wing cover all those who have come; and when He spreads out both wings, they cover all the earth and all the heavens. Ye Israelites, who went through the Red Sea, come under! Ye multitudes who have

come into glory in the last six thousand years, come under! Ye tired and forlorn thousand, the thousands of thousands, come under! Ye cherubim and archangel, your pinions, come under? Yet there is a God! Ay! if God would have all the people under His wings occupied, He must make other worlds, and people them with other myriads, have other Resurrection and Judgment; for broader than all space, broader than light, wide as eternity, from tip to tip, are the wings of the Almighty! Oh! under such provision as that can you not rejoice? Come, ye wandering, ye weary, ye troubled, ye dying souls! Come under the wings of the Almighty. Whosoever will come, let him come. However ragged, however wretched, never abandoned, however woe-begone, there is room enough under the wings—under the wings of the Almighty! Oh, what a Gospel so glorious, so magnificent in its provision! Come to preach it. It is my life to preach it. I live to preach it.



Strong Wings. I remark, further, that the wings under which I came to trust were strong wings. The length of a bird's wing—of a sea-fowl's wing, for example—you might guess it from the fact that sometimes for five, six or seven days it is unable to fly without resting. There have been eagles in the Andes that could overcome an eagle or a stag. There have been eagles that have reared up children, and swung them to the top of the cliffs. The flap of an eagle's wing has been in it to everything it strikes. There are eagles whose wings are packed with strength to lift, to destroy. So the wings of God are strong wings. Mighty to save. Mighty to destroy. I preach Him—"the Lord, strong and mighty—the Lord, mighty in battle!" He spread His wing, and the antediluvian world was gone. He flapped His wing and Babylon was destroyed. He flapped His wing and Herculani was buried. He flapped His wing and the Roman empire ceased. Before the stroke of the pinion a fleet is nothing. An army is nothing. An empire is nothing. A world is nothing. The universe is nothing. King—Eternity—Omnipotent—He asks no counsel from the angels of heaven. He takes not the counsel of His cabinet. He wants none to draw His arrows for they are the winds. None to load His batteries, for they are the lightnings. None to be the sandals of His feet for they are the clouds. Mighty to save. Our enemies may be strong, our sorrows violent. Our sins may be great. But quicker than an eagle ever hurred from the crags a hawk or raven, will the Lord sweep back our sins and our temptations, if they assault us when we are once seated on the eternal rock of His salvation. What a blessed thing it is to be defended by the strong wing of the Almighty! Stronger than the pelican's wing, stronger than the albatross's wing, stronger than the condor's wing, are the wings of the Almighty.

Gentle Wings. I have only one more thought to present. The wings under which Ruth had come to trust were gentle wings. There is nothing softer than a feather. You have noticed when a bird returns from flight, how gently it stoops over its nest. The young birds are not afraid of

having their lives trampled out by the mother-bird; the old whip-or-will drops into its nest of leaves, the oriole into its casket of bark, the humming-bird into its hammock of moss—gently as the light. And so, says the Psalmist, He shall cover thee with His wing. Oh, the gentleness of God! But even that figure does not fully set it forth; for I have sometimes looked into the bird's-nest and seen a dead bird—its life having been trampled out by the mother-bird. But no one that ever came under the feathers of the Almighty was trodden on.

Blessed nest! warm nest! Why will men stay out in the cold to be shot of temptation and to be chilled by the blast, when there is divine shelter? More beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The blackbird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn, and throat of velvet and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican white and black—morning and night tangled in its wings—give but a very faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty. Here fold your weary wings. This is

The Only Safe Nest.

Every other nest will be destroyed. "Though thou exalt thyself like the eagle, and set thy nest among the stars, yet will I bring thee down, saith the Lord of Hosts." Under the swift wings, under the broad wings, under the strong wings, under the gentle wings of the Almighty, find shelter until these calamities be overpast. Then when you want to change nests, it will only be from the valley of earth to the heights of heaven; and instead of "the wings of a dove," for which David longed, not knowing that in the first mile of their flight they would give out, you will be conducted upward by the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings Ruth, the beautiful Moabitess, came to trust.

God forbid that in this matter of eternal weal or woe we should be more stupid than the fowls of heaven; "for the stork knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their going; but my people know not the judgments of the Lord."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE FAMINE AT SUAKIN.

A LETTER from Dr. Harper, of the British Army, at Suakin, gives a heartrending description of the famine and misery prevailing there. He writes: We made a zereba and huts of matting for the sick. We had hardly completed these when a large number of new cases came in dying from the interior. The first morning after the distribution of food sixty people were left lying on the ground too far gone to be moved. We took them into our hospital, and next day fifteen more. The people began to carry the dying on sacks and beds to our zereba. Of the first sixty many died, but this has not prevented new cases from being brought. On Wednesday a man was carried to the zereba. I was not there at the time, but when I arrived I found him dead. Next day some people brought a woman on a bed, but when they got to the zereba she was dead. It is ghastly work; nobody knows what the mortality is. I heard that some poor weak ones who had been lying outside the walls had not been able to get to the zereba. We found them out that evening and gave them food. One was a poor woman with a little girl about two years old. She crawled to the zereba, lingered two or three days, and died. We have the little orphan. The same day another woman died, leaving five children in the zereba. Her husband is alive but starving. We have over fifty children now in the zereba. Some will die, and others will be left

orphans. Of our first sixty the bad cases have died, and the rest are getting stronger, and we have to turn out the strong ones. The little boys are afraid of being turned out, and ask me over and over again for tickets. When we ask, "Where is your father?" the answer is "Dead." "Where is your mother?" "Dead" is the general answer. What is to become of them? They will disappear to Jeddah and be sold as slaves. Perhaps if things get better their own tribes will look after the orphans. There are hundreds of cases around Suakin at present who are too far gone to attempt a journey, even if there was food in the mountains. Tokar is full of starving people, and those who can come here. Notwithstanding our efforts to keep down our numbers there were one hundred and fifty-seven in the hospital this evening, and we have had fifteen deaths in eleven days.

AMONG THE LAOS.

Something About the Strange People for Whom a Language was Lately Invented.

A FEW weeks ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the Lord's Prayer in the newly invented printed language of the Laos, a people of Upper India. Much interest is taken in this people, among whom, several worthy and earnest American missionaries are now laboring. In a letter to *The Church at Home and Abroad*, dated from Lakawn, Mr. Hugh Taylor writes the following interesting statement about the Laos:

"We left Lakawn on the 12th of February, with Dr. McGilvary and his daughter, and in four days reached Moung Praa. Our tents were pitched by the roadside just outside of one of the city gates. The advent of four foreigners, two of whom were women, created quite a stir, and we were all kept abundantly busy visiting and being visited. Miss McGilvary and Mrs. Taylor were the first white women to visit the place, and of course, much to their own discomfort, were the centres of attraction.

The Praa people seemed very ready to listen to the Gospel, so plenty of auditors were found everywhere. On Sabbath (the 16th) the first Praa convert was baptized. He is a blind man, Noi Woung by name, who had come to Lakawn to have Dr. Peoples operate on his eyes; but as nothing could be done for him he returned home, carrying in his heart some of the teachings he heard while here, and in his hand a manuscript copy of a small catechism I had been able to spare him. From the nature of his answers before the session it was evident that he had used his brother well in having him read that catechism to him. His brother has promised to come to Lakawn to take a course in Siamese, so as to read the Bible.

"On Wednesday we started on for Moung Nan and arrived there the following Tuesday (February 25.) We received a very cordial welcome from the officials of the city, who sent a man to put in order a "rest-house" for us, and another to conduct our elephants to a place of plenty of food and water. The next day, after court closed, some of the officers came to visit us. After wading through the crowds on the first and second verandas, and finally planting himself cross-legged in the middle of the thronged reception-room, their chief said that they thought we would be lonesome, so they came to visit. No idea could be more comical to us, but he was seriously in earnest, and explained that he had never known the people to visit with other foreigners who had chanced to come to their city. Indeed, the people were astonished at themselves for not being afraid of us. "Many persons were found who seemed anxious to hear all we had to say and pressed us with very earnest questions. The last day spent at Maung Lang and the three on the way home we both had a severe bout with jungle fever, but recovered immediately on arriving home.—Last Sabbath (March 30) two of the men who went on the tour with us, with two others, made a profession of their faith and were baptized. So our little band increases."

The Gospel Light Chasing Heathen Darkness Away—A Young Missionary's Experience—The Lesson it Teaches—Stout Bodies, Skilful Hands and Medical Knowledge Invaluable—Growth of the Congo Stations—Types of the Races of the Congo—Cannibalism Still Prevalent.

(See illustrations on first page.)
THE great missionary struggle of the present century—and one that has been fruitful of the most glorious results—is for the redemption of Africa. Hundreds of noble lives and millions upon millions of dollars have already been expended in the enterprise, and the Christian world is still pouring into the



The portraits of native types given on the same page are faithful reproductions of photographs taken by recent travellers. In the first panel, (No. 1,) a woman of the Congo is pictured in a coiffure at once unique and startling, and it is difficult to realize that this African belle has been able to build such a marvelous head-dress with her own hair. Panels Nos. 2 and 3 show types of the Manyemas—one an elderly man, possibly a chief, and the other a youth. The Manyemas are among the most peaceful and intelligent of the Congo tribes. They live in well-built villages, cultivate farms and raise stock. The grave of a Congo chief is shown in panel No. 4, surrounded by hideous, grinning skulls, the trophies of his own prowess in battle, or the heads of victims who have been sacrificed to celebrate his funeral with the pomp and *clat* due to savage rank. Panel No. 5 gives a group of Congo idols, which are venerated as medical

"After my first year's experience, I found that I could devote nearly the whole of my time to missionary work of different kinds. But I also discovered that after a missionary leaves his mission, he cannot become connected with any other mission without first going home. I wanted to earn sufficient money to buy my passage home, and at the same time to get all the reliable information concerning the country I could, believing that it might be useful to other mis-

"While at Sierra Leone, a friend of mine, Mr. Hailes, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, told me of a very strange ethnical discovery made by him, while up the Niger River some time previously. He was taken prisoner by the Sultan of Bede, a territory in the southern confines of the great desert. The town itself is a walled town, presumably of great antiquity and with about ten thousand population. While he was a prisoner, a Sultan from one of the inland tribes visited him. Mr. Hailes speaks very poor Arabic and the Sultan's English was equally indifferent; but they managed to understand each other. The latter was the chief of a tribe which called themselves 'followers of the white man' and he was very anxious to see me."

Nazarene and his religious belief was almost identical with our Christianity; yet he never heard of Christ nor had his people. It is more, this was the first time he had seen a white man, and no white man had set foot in his domain. His people had never even heard of Christianity, and did not know that there were others on the earth who held the same views they did. The presumption is that the tribe was in some way related to the Abyssinians and had wandered, generations ago, to the eastward and settled there. The Abyssinians trace their descent to the king of Solomon. It would be most interesting to investigate the origin of this singular people, and to learn just how these people came to be settled in the heart of Central Africa. Before Mr. Hailes came away (he was soon released), the Sultan of Bede became his friend. Starting he said to him: 'Now, you can go back to your country and your Queen, and tell her I can send all the missionaries, and all the people here she likes, but on one condition;

She Must Not Send Any Rum!"

The people of whom Mr. Laffin speaks are like the Mandingoes, light-colored and well-featured, a class rather as Arabs than as negroes. They are totally different from the majority of tribes found in the great Congo basin, the like Balolo ("men of iron"), whose territory, shown in the map on the first page, is almost equal to any existing empire, the Bakutus, Basongos, Bakubas, Basundi, Kasongos, Mawambas, and the half-hundred others, all of whom are purely Bantus, although varying much in physique, features, color, and actions. The Bantus are not negro, and many have aquiline features, thin lips. Their language, too, is radically different from that of the negro races.

"Cannibalism," says Mr. Laffin, "is still prevalent in the interior, without a question. While we have never seen markets for the sale of human flesh, I have known of their existence in the Congo district and among the Babangi. Slaves and captives are driven to market and sold like cattle on the hoof, for the purpose of supplying the interior. There is no doubt about it. But as soon as a native becomes a Christian—indeed, soon as he becomes acquainted with white men—he grows ashamed of his propensity. The idea of the prevalence of heathen practices may be gathered from the fact that outside the immediate vicinity of the mission stations along the Congo, and between each station, the country is wild. It is only within a very narrow circle around the stations that there is any pretense of civilized usages. Among the best people I know in Africa are the Bantus. Along the Kassai river is Bantu, and there is a very excellent field for the mission there."

A corroboration of this view concerning the prevalence of cannibal practices, it may be mentioned that Mr. Roger Casement, a young explorer, who penetrated the Congo as far as the Congo River and thence to the headwaters of the latter a year ago, came across a tribe called Lufembi who are

Professional Cannibals.

They are as wild and terrible as the head-hunters of Borneo, and are dreaded by all the neighboring tribes upon whom they prey. Their prey is man and the elephant, and they have human meat-markets at various points along the Congo, where dismembered prisoners are sold to the consumers just as beef is sold in the markets of civilization. Miss Mary Sharp, a very bright missionary, who has been eleven years in the Kroo country in Liberia, and who on different times has penetrated to distant parts in the interior, also declares that even among the natives living near the mission stations, cannibalism is secretly indulged, although she believes that it does not exist among those who have become converts. Wherever the missionary penetrates, the "long pig" or human feast of the savages disappears. With the advance of the Gospel-bearers, the medicine men and his horrible orgies retreat farther and farther into the recesses of savage Africa.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Fatal Mistake was Made by a Canadian on Sept. 2. He and his son and a friend having suffered considerable loss from the destruction of the crops on their farms at Cumberland by bears, went out in the night of Tuesday to hunt for the depredators. In order to obtain a better position of observation and to be out of the way of the bears hunting them, they had caused three scaffolds to be built in different parts of the field that the bears frequented. After waiting nearly two hours, one of the hunters saw a dark object moving among the grain. It was at some distance and in the light of the moon it was not very clearly defined. He concluded that it must be a bear and taking deliberate aim he fired both barrels. To his horror, the report was followed by a human cry. He descended quickly from his perch and hurried to the spot. He was agonized to find that he had shot his friend, who had left his scaffold and gone down into the field to search for the bears. His aim had been only too true and the man was dead. He ought to have made sure before firing that the object he aimed at was a bear and not a man, for in that uncertain light, as the event proved, it was possible that a man might look like a bear. The same caution ought to be observed in society and especially in theological controversies. Sometimes hard blows have been dealt, inflicting grievous wounds, through a mistake. Though an opponent may have the manners of a bear it should not be forgotten that at heart he may be a brother. (Eph. 4 : 2.)

The Homeliness of a School Teacher has Caused her the loss of a situation in Connecticut. A press dispatch from Hartford states that a young lady, living in Ohio, was engaged to teach gymnastics in the State Normal School in New Britain. The engagement was made by mail, and on Sept 2, she went to New Britain and reported for duty. She was shown over the building, and her duties were explained to her. On Thursday, September 4, she was to commence her labors; but on Wednesday, her sister, who was living with her, had an interview with the principal, at his request. He informed her that her sister was considered "too homely" for the position. The Board of Education had therefore decided to pay her expenses home, and give her a month's salary as compensation for cancelling the engagement. Scarcely crediting that mere personal defects could have been the sole cause of the decision, the sister asked if there were not some other objections, but she was assured that there were not; her talents and acquirements rendered her quite competent to fill the position, but as soon as the authorities saw her, they concluded that "it would be for the best interests of all concerned that she should not be permitted to begin her work." It was a somewhat illogical decision, as the lady was there to teach, not to be a model. The Board, however, is not absolutely without a precedent for its decision. The rulers and priests of the Jews acted so when Christ came with divine authority as a Teacher; they found "no beauty in Him, that they should desire Him." (Isa. 53 : 2.)

An Antiquary's Disappointment is Described in a press dispatch from Milwaukee, Wis. A millionaire of that city who has given much attention to antiquarian studies made strenuous efforts, during a tour in Egypt last year, to purchase two mummies. The holders, however, would not sell; but since his return, the U. S. Consul at Cairo, has succeeded in purchasing them for him. Three weeks ago the antiquary's heart was gladdened by the news that they had arrived and were in the New York Custom House awaiting his orders. As Congress in its wisdom and concern for the protection of the infant industries of the country has fixed a duty on such articles, the Milwaukee antiquary had to pay \$400 into the National Treasury before he could have the mummies. This sum, added to their original cost and the expenses of freight, made a total cost of \$2,500. The anti-

quary took the mummies home and invited a party of scientific friends to witness the work of taking off the bandages which had been wrapped around the bodies thousands of years ago. The faces of the mummies, which were uncovered, showed strongly marked features and the party gazed intently as the bandages were removed from the bodies and limbs. But scarcely had they been unwrapped when the bodies crumbled to dust. It is supposed that the collapse was caused by exposing the mummies without their protecting wrappings in our climate. It is not surprising that the antiquary is chagrined that his treasures for which he paid \$2,500 should have turned to dust. Many a man has had an analogous experience when he came to die. Only those have permanent treasures who obey the Saviour's injunction: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." (Matt. 6 : 19, 20.)

An Insult to a Flag has Led to the Death of a citizen in Virginia. For some years past one of the most prosperous business men in Norfolk, Va., was a man who had been a Union soldier in the war and who was a post department commander of the Grand Army. Last spring, at the Grand Army Convention at Petersburg he moved a resolution that a petition be sent to Congress praying that a stop be put to the manufacture of the Confederate flag, which he stigmatized as "a contemptible rag." His speech was reported in the newspapers and when it was read in Norfolk it aroused popular indignation. He was ostracized socially, and finally the resentment toward him extended to his business connections and his business became worthless. He struggled hard to conciliate his neighbors, even going so far as to take part in a Confederate celebration, but all his efforts failed. Realizing that he was ruined, he fretted until he sank into a condition of utter despondency, from which he could not be aroused and on September 6th he died. It is strange that he did not foresee when he offered his resolution the animosity it would evoke. But he did not and he fell a victim to a spirit of patriotism exactly the counterpart of his own. No man clearly perceives his own disposition until he sees it in others, and in this case the Saviour's words were fulfilled: they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. (Matt. 26 : 52.)

A Silk Thread as a Burglar's Implement has done effective service in Georgia, according to a press dispatch from Macon. Four professional cracksmen, charged with robbing a safe, were confined in the prison of that city. As it was probable that they would be as adroit in breaking out as they had proved in breaking in, they were placed in the strongest cell in the jail, and they were carefully searched lest any of the implements of their profession should be concealed about their persons. On the day set for their trial the warden, on going to the cell, found only two prisoners remaining. The other two had escaped through the window, which was protected by bars an inch thick. These bars were cleanly cut, leaving an aperture large enough for a man to crawl through. The warden was curious to learn how the bars could have been cut without tools and without noise. The two prisoners told him that the escaped men knew a secret of softening iron, which they had used on the bars. The only implement required was a silk thread, which they had worked continuously for several nights in succession and with which they had at last severed the bars. The warden doubts the truth of their assertion as he does not believe that any amount of friction with a silk thread could saw through bars so strong as those. However that may be, we know that soft and gentle means often do effect wonders. When Satan's captives escape from the spiritual bondage of evil habit, of doubt or of despair into the glorious liberty of the children of God, it is generally by the realization of God's love and infinite tenderness, and not by the terrors of the law that their bonds are broken. (Rom. 8 : 3.)

WAITING AND WORKING.

S. S. LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR SEPT. 28,
LUKE 10 : 38-42; GOLDEN TEXT, ISA. 30 : 18.*

The Two Sisters—Martha's Hospitable Plans—Mary's Spirit the One Christ had been Seeking—The Burden on the Housekeeper—Martha's Appeal to Jesus—A Fruitful Source of Domestic Trouble—The Revealing Presence of Christ—The One Thing Needful—Mary Protected by Christ—The Cure for Fruitless Activity—The True Waiting on the Lord.

JESUS in the home! It is this we see in the history of Martha and Mary. Of His public ministry we hear much, but the life of many of us is not spent in public, but in the daily round of home duties, the daily friction of home cares, the little, but important, schoolings which come to us through those who know us best, and with whom we have continually to do.

Jesus "entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house." Martha had no question as to receiving Jesus, she prized Him as her guest. But, like many another housewife, Martha wanted to carry out her plans of serving Jesus, she wanted to show Him in her own way how much she appreciated the blessing and honor of having such a Guest in her house. "And she had a sister, called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word." The elder sister, with a warm, generous heart, was ready to bestow any benefit upon her Guest, but she did not understand Him; she would wear herself out to serve Him, but she would not reciprocate the thoughts of His heart. Mary was receptive, she listened to and

Understood Her Lord.

Among His disciples, Jesus had sought long for such an one, but they were all too occupied with their own ideas, their own plans, their own thoughts, their own devotion to Him. There was but one other of a kindred spirit; it was the mother of our Lord, who "kept these things and pondered them in her heart." God prizes above all things that which Solomon desired, "a hearing heart," (1 Kings 3 : 9., marg.) which will receive, understand, adopt and carry out His teachings.

Look at that busy Christian worker! She never loses a moment, never lets go an opportunity for usefulness. Her meetings are almost daily, her correspondence is immense, she has several institutions, and is perpetually on the go. And this is all for Jesus. It is her way of expressing how devoted she is to Him and to souls. But if all this activity were taken from her, she would be very miserable. She is by nature of an active temperament, and the energy, which once found its vent in the things of the world, is now at home in the service of the Master, and she little dreams how much of self-pleasing there is in it all. But she adds service to service, and work to work, without waiting to know whether He desires it, or whether this is His plan. She asks God's blessing upon it of course, but she makes the plans, and takes the lead, and then thinks it very hard after all she has done and after all the pains she has taken, if it does not answer, and she is sometimes inclined to reproach the Lord if things do not go on to her satisfaction. Just like Martha. "Martha was

Cumbered About Much Serving."

She had got under pressure and was in a complete flurry. She had undertaken far more than she could accomplish. Jesus should know how much she appreciated Him, and so she would get the best dishes which were to be had and she did not wait to inquire whether this would please Him. Her fire was not equal to all the strain she put upon it, dinner-time was coming, and only half was ready, she was single-handed, and the irritability which is an accompaniment of such a state of things, made her look around for some one to blame—There was Mary—that lazy, self-indulgent Mary, just

sitting at Jesus' feet, and enjoying His society, while she was putting herself to the strain in every way to serve Him. Indignation against her sister arose in her heart, and at last she could stand it no longer. Full of vexation with Mary, and indignation that her sister did not perceive how pressed she was, and that she showed no sign of sympathy, she appealed to Jesus. "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

It is thus that home trials come about. One sister broods over the relations of her sister to her, and finds her culpably wanting in sympathy and in consideration. She nurses in her heart the sense of wrong, and if she does carry it to Jesus, it is to dictate to Him the redress she sees to be the right one; "Bid her therefore that she help me." The husband sees so much lacking in his wife of the consideration which is due to him, or the wife in the husband; and bitter feelings arise between them. The presence of Jesus in the house makes all things come to the surface. In His presence, they can lurk no longer hidden in the heart. He is the Light, and "all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light." (Eph. 5 : 13.) Let no one be discouraged if, after a time of great nearness to God, he should see his own heart as never before. All things take their true form and color in His presence. How often little family squabbles and bickerings are hidden away in the presence of an unusual guest! But Jesus is a Guest whose very presence touches and brings to light all the hideousness of self within.

Martha had, no doubt, a strong persuasion that she had right on her side, she saw the matter as only between herself and her sister, and, if Jesus had not been there to claim Mary's attention, it would have been a sisterly duty to take her share, perhaps the largest share in the household. The answer of Jesus showed things from another standpoint, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." What is this? Does He not so much as blame Mary at all? No, not at all, the Lord had need of her, a higher duty had come before her, she had entertained Jesus in a way which did not manifest her devotion, but which satisfied the heart of Jesus, she took in what the twelve apostles could not understand, and before His suffering it was Mary who anointed Him for His burial. (John 12 : 3-8.) Martha had served Jesus after her thought, Mary after His thought. Martha's service was full of burden, Mary's full of rest.

"One Thing is Needful,

and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." What is then the one thing needful for sisters such as Mary and Martha whom Jesus loves? (John 11 : 5.) Salvation it was not, for all the family was saved. Was it not that very waiting upon God which Mary practised and Martha did not? What is the result of Christian work which is done under the pressure of a sense of duty, of responsibility, of zeal, but in which the clear direction of the Lord is wanting?

We see around us hundreds of worn-out Christian workers, spirit-broken, disappointed, humiliated, mortified, bitter, because they are not in the work now; with shattered nerves and jealous spirits, no way recommending Christ! Why is all this? They once were so warm, so enthusiastic, so fresh in their zeal, how is it that all has withered? Alas! a great deal is explained in the words, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." (Isa. 40 : 7.) Much of their work has been done in the energy of the flesh, and they and it must pass through death before they can be refined. They must die to self and to all hopes from themselves. It is in love that God has let them wither that they may know that they are nothing, and that He is all. O how long it takes for our self-reliant human hearts to learn that all our work which is not

prepared before that we should walk in it (Eph. 2 : 10,) is but "wood, hay, stubble," which will be burned by the fire which is to try us (1 Cor. 3 : 12-15.)

What then is the cure for this fruitless activity of the flesh? Just that which Mary learned so well,—to sit at Jesus' feet and wait for orders. Many pray but do not

Wait Upon the Lord

with the firm persuasion that He wants to communicate His mind to them. Therefore wait the Lord wait that He may be gracious unto you." If we do not wait upon Him, we necessitate His waiting for us until He can be gracious. "Blessed are all they which wait for Him." Time is never lost in which we give God the opportunity to make known to us His mind. When Mary did get orders from her Lord, and she broke the alabaster box of ointment, and poured it on His head in the house of Simon the leper, "the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Disciples did not understand her, but the same Lord who had justified her, her sister justified her before the disciples too.

This life of waiting upon the Lord is as necessary in the small trifles of family life as in the case of a parish, or the concerns of a kingdom. Irritability comes more often from overwrought nerves than from any other cause, but it is not therefore to be excused. We have no right to let others drive us into a pressure which it is impossible to be calm. They must learn to know as Martha must, that there are times when the sitting at His feet must take precedence of all else, however important. Nothing for which they would claim us, can must take precedence of our orders from the King. David says, "Wait on the Lord; be good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." (Ps. 27 : 1.) Nothing steadies the brain and strengthens the nerves of a child of God, like the being sure of His will. When we know the way in which we should go, all becomes so easy; but suspense, uncertainty, remorse, self-accusation these are the things which wear the whole frame. When we work with God, all we do strengthens us in soul and body; when we are out of joint, or out of step with God, we are always under a strain like poor Martha was. Therefore David says, "O my strength, I will wait upon thee." (Ps. 59 : 9.) It is a precious habit, in reading the word of God, to wait for God to apply it, and in prayer, to wait for God to speak back to us. Thus real intercourse established as a habit between God and us, and we have the one thing needful.

A CHINESE CHILD'S SUFFERING.

How great a boon the introduction of Christianity into China has been is shown in an incident related by Mrs. Edwards who is laboring at Shan-si, as an illustration of the cruel customs prevailing among the Chinese and heathenism. Mrs. Edwards says: "A little girl here now is a sad instance of the unkindness with which children are sometimes treated. She was one of the two little children who, the time the school was broken up and the children distributed, fell to our share. Hsiang was about six years old, and her father who did not care to keep her, because her right arm is paralyzed and deformed, yet would not give her up, except for money, which, on principle, we refused to give. She therefore went home about a year ago to her village. I can see her bright, laughing face now, as she trotted in her neat blue dress and pinafore, full of joy in the anticipation of seeing her mother-kind one, I believe—and all unconscious of the troubles before her. A sad contrast she presented when brought back a year after, maimed and in a filthy condition. It seems her father gave or sold her for a daughter-in-law, but her mother-in-law presently brought her back, and then they sold her for 18,000 cash (about \$30,) to a mandarin's lady whose house every one ill-treated her. Her poor feet were frost-bitten, and afterwards they were beaten. After this you will not be surprised

* The International S. S. Lesson for Sept. 28, is a Review of the Quarter's lessons; or Temperance lesson, Dan. 5 : 1-6; or Foreign Missions, Luke 21 : 1-4. Mrs. Baxter has sent this article as a suggestion to teachers who may prefer to continue the study of the Gospel of Luke.

ed to hear that she could not walk, so they her to the beggars' asylum, from which she taken by a one-eyed, witch-like old woman, brought her to us to see if she could be d. On examining her, Dr. Edwards found foot had disappeared, probably from mor- ation, and the toes of the other were falling Under Mrs. Terry's superintendence and U-ta-sao's help, she was shaved, bathed, in clean clothes, and put to bed, where she ed very happy; though she had at first l to go home with the old woman, who, by way, told us that Hsin-hsiang had been ning the children in the court, 'Jesus loves The woman's object in taking her was to ner in begging. We hope to keep her."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Lord of Nature.*

was not enough that the Saviour should ave power to grapple with disease, and skill o search the hearts of men: He must aster not only of life, but of its envi- ent, too. That He is, becomes apparent re the boat, which carries the little com- , reaches the other side of the lake. One ose tempests which often lash the Sea of ee into sudden fury has burst upon them, the little boat is almost covered with the s. Here is a situation beyond the reach of the Great Physician unless indeed He be ething more. He is something more. He e Lord of Nature, Master of all its forces. t He not be? He has come to reveal the en God of nature; must He not then e it manifest, now that the occasion calls t, that the winds and waves are "ministers is that do His pleasure?" Again, it is no e miracle, no mere marvel which He works e salvation of his terrified disciples—it is a , an indispensable sign of the kingdom of en.

ie story is told with exquisite simplicity, and all the reality of manifest and transparent ifulness. "He was asleep"—naturally gh after the fatigues of the day, notwith- ding the howling of the storm; for why ld He fear wind or wave? Is there not a nise here for all his followers when tempest- ed? "So He giveth His beloved sleep." disciples let Him sleep as long as they dare; the peril is too imminent now. So they e to Him and awake Him, saying, "Save, l, we perish." Though no concern for self would have disturbed His slumber, the cry of the disciples rouses Him at once to on. The resources of His human nature, nd which He never went for the purpose of inting His own personal needs, had been com- pletely exhausted; but there is no diminution of His power to save those who call upon Him. Without any trace remaining of weariness or rness, He hastens to relieve them. First, uietens the tempest in His disciples' hearts, uking their unbelief and calming their s; then He stills the storm without, uking the winds and the sea; "and there a great calm." It reads like the story of ation. No wonder the astonished disciples eclaimed: "What manner of man is this, that en the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The Crisis.

us had been keeping as much out of the e of His ungrateful countrymen as the limits of His mission would permit, hovering, as it e, around the northern outskirts of the land. B when, in the course of the largest circuit of all His northern journeys, He reaches De- olis, He is so near home that He cannot but ross the lake and visit the familiar scenes. r is He received? Do the people flock and Him as they did before? If it had been e should, no doubt, have been told. There ns to have been not a single word of wel- e. Of all the multitudes He had healed and

from the *Expositor's Bible: The Gospel of Matthew*. By John e Gibson, M.A., D.D. This well-known author has brought ar on the first Gospel his profound learning, and in a spirit of reference has opened up its rich treasures and shed light on eferences as well as its teachings. Pp. 450. Price \$1.50. ublished by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

blessed, there is no one to cry, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" His friends, if He has any, have gone back, and walk no more with Him; but His old enemies the Pharisees do not fail Him; and they are not alone now, nor, as be- fore, in alliance only with those naturally in sympathy with them, but have actually made a league with their great opponents, the two rival parties of Pharisee and Sadducee, finding in their common hatred of the Christ of God a sinister bond of union. This is the first time in this gospel the Sadducees are mentioned as coming in contact with Jesus. Some of them had come to the baptism of John, to His great astonishment; but beyond this, they have, as yet, put in no appearance. They were the aris- tocracy of the land, and held the most impor- tant offices of Church and State in the capital. It is, therefore, the less to be wondered at that up to this time the Carpenter of Nazareth should have been beneath their notice. Now, however, the news of His great doings in the north has, at last, compelled attention. The result is this combination with the Pharisees, who have already for some time been engaged in the attempt to put Him down. There is in- dication elsewhere that the Herodians had also united with them; so we may look upon this as the culmination of the crisis in Galilee, when all the forces of the country have been aroused to active and bitter hostility.

WILL JESUS COME?

Scripture the Only Source of Reliable Information—The Difference Between Speculation and Prophecy—Christ's Own Answer—The Answer of the Angels—An Apostolic Answer—The Personal Coming—A Blessed Hope.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

(Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

I DO not write on this sacred theme for critics, nor for cavillers, nor yet for the unteachable. Nor do I write for advanced prophetic students. My desire is to present to the general reader, clearly, simply, and briefly, an explana- tion and exposition of the subject, Will Jesus come again?

The Christian believer cannot admit nor al- low any human opinion or speculation concern- ing the future. Who knoweth of to-morrow? Who can determine the events of the next hour? There is but one infallible authoritative source of knowledge regarding the days before us, namely the sure Word of Prophecy. We may not accurately interpret the prophetic Scriptures, we may not clearly understand them, we may not easily arrive at their exact meaning. But of this we are persuaded, that outside of the Bible, all forecastings are speculations. Neither from the past history of the world, nor from its present developments can anyone form a basis of calculation whereby to determine fu- ture events. The question which concerns the true believer, first and last, is, Have we a "Thus saith the Lord?" If so, we bow to

The Verdict of Scripture

when it has spoken. Where it is silent, we may indulge in harmless guesses, but we must not proclaim them infallible decisions. What know we of future contingencies? Just so much as the Antediluvians knew of a coming flood be- fore Noah warned them, and even then they be- lieved him not. No Christian will deny the pro- phetic features of the Bible. Much that is now history was once prophecy, and the literal ful- filment of events as they had been predicted, is the "magic "Sesame," which opens the gates of the future to the devout and in- quiring mind. The spirit shows us things to come because He has already inspired holy men to write of them.

Let us now with becoming reverence, and gladness of heart, approach this most joyous hope which has impressed and influenced the church in every age. Will the Lord Jesus, the Eternal Word who appeared once on earth, re- turn again and touch its soil with His blessed feet? Will He who was born of woman, who became the Servant of all, come again in sovereign majesty and receive from the world the homage

of universal worship, and the crown of univer- sal supremacy? Let each reader take his Bible and bear in mind that our study is, Will Jesus come again in person to our world?

Christ's Own Answer.

1. Our first quotation is a statement from His own gracious lips. (John 14: 2, 3.) "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and pre- pare a place for you, I will come again." No one surely will dispute the fact that when Jesus said "I go," He meant a personal, literal removal of Himself to the Father. The "I" is personal, not a personation; the "go" is literal, not figurative. Thus Jesus in His own person de- parted out of the world by ascension to the heavens. So, according to the simplest laws of language, the promise "I will come again," must be both personal and literal. The "I come," answers to the "I go." According to this pre- cious promise of Jesus, is it not right to expect that some time He will again return to earth? surely no past event can be construed into a ful- filment of this promise. Neither the coming of the Spirit, the destruction of Jerusalem, the dis- covery of America, the birth of the Republic, nor the claims of the man, Schweinfurth, that he is the promised Messiah, nor the article of death will satisfy the thoughtful mind, that in any or all of these occurrences Jesus has come.

Oh, my reader think of the promise and re- joice. He came and died for us. This is love bleeding for its beloved. He went on high to prepare an abode for us. This is love active for the beloved. He will not send a myriad of angels to convey the beloved home, but He will come Himself and receive His church—His bride to Himself. This is love satisfying itself; "that where I am there ye may be also."

The Answer of the Angels.

2. Turn we now to Acts 1: 9-11. "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up." The first part of His own promise was then exactly fulfilled. He was taken up. Had He not said "I go?" Now hear the white-robed messengers address the disci- ples. (V: 11.) "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." How did He ascend? In His human glorified body. How shall He descend? In like man- ner. Who ascended? Jesus. Who shall descend? This same Jesus. How was He accompanied in His ascension? With a cloud. How shall He return? "And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud." (Luke 21: 27.) Surely this verse teaches on its very surface that Jesus is coming again personally, visibly, gloriously.

The Apostolic Answer.

3. One verse more. (1. Thess. 4: 16.) "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." Again we must admit that this passage refers to our Lord's personal return. He is now in heaven where He ascended, and will continue there in His priestly mediatorial office until the hour arrives when He shall return to claim His own. Then shall the dead in Christ rise first, and the living saints shall join them in their triumphal pro- cession, while they challenge the graves long occupied, but now empty. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But keeping to the line of thought before us, we must not overlook the fact that the Lord comes not by deputy, but Himself. This then, is our assured hope. It is not a speculation, not a philosophy, not a supposition, not even a cal- culation, but an assurance based on the infallible promises of God. Oh, believer, are you tried now? Are you afflicted now? Are you sorely beset by many adversaries? Is your heart wrung with anguish as you see the wicked prosper, and the ungodly prevail? Fear not! Lift up your head for your redemption draweth nigh. Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober and hope perfectly for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus.

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Dr. Talmage's mail, since he became Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has attained such proportions that the handling of it consumes more time than he can arrange to devote to it. A very large proportion of this mail is made up of subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and other letters that properly belong to its Business Department. Our friends will confer a great favor both on Dr. Talmage and the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by addressing their subscriptions and other business communications direct to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, which will ensure their receiving prompt attention.

MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is never real morning except in the country. In the city, early in the day, there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But there is real morning in the country. Mornings! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments before I looked out and the army of night shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think, as it did Alexander Smith, of the "barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame crossed many rundles of fire. Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas splashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side of the porch challenges the sweetbrier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Springias with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

We all need the refreshing influences of more

out-door life. Almost every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood, that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night previous. In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air and the faces of cheerful men, and pleasant women, and frolicsome children, will, in fifteen minutes, kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not tooth ache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria go to see toothache, rheumatism and hypochondria. On one block in Brooklyn lives a doctor, an undertaker and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on, lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in. Besides that, why sit ye here with "the blues," ye favored sons and daughters of men, shone upon by such stars, and breathed on by such air, and sung to by so many pleasant sounds? You ought not to be seen moping: especially, if light from the better world strikes its aurora through your night-sky, ought you to be cheerful. You can afford to have a rough luncheon by the way if it is soon to end amid the banquetters in white. Sailing toward such a blessed port, do not have our flag at half-mast. Leave to those who take too much wine "the gloomy raven tapping at the chamber door, on the night's Plutonian shore," and give us the robin red-breast and the chaffinch. Let some one with a strong voice give out the long-metre Doxology, and the whole world "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." We all need to freshen up in our work, and a dose of the country is a mighty corrective.

FAINTING IN CHURCH.

THE best men and women will sometimes sicken in a meeting-house. There will be something in poor ventilation, or in dulness and protractedness of the sermon, or the ill-health of the auditor, to make him faint. Let there be all sympathy, and delicacy evidenced in removing the patient to an adjoining room and resuscitating him. If nothing better than selfish influence, let us be attentive and helpful, since our turn to faint may come next. But one thing we protest against, and that is that when a person faints in church all the curious people go out to see what is the matter, and hinder the resuscitation by standing close around the sufferer, when his or her chief want is not a gaping crowd but fresh air.

We were one Sabbath preaching in a village church in Northern New York. Whether it was our sermon that sickened her, or the heat of the day, we never knew; but a young lady excited all our sympathies by getting faint. Her father and mother and sister and lover and the

sexton went out with her, as it was proper them to do. But in addition to that an old lady sitting beside the pulpit, and whose characteristic was inquisitiveness, glided down the aisle. This started all the old ladies, for it was uncertain now whether the old lady aforesaid had been taken sick herself, or whether she had gone out to administer to the first patient. The old ladies having departed, the old gentlemen felt as if it would be no more than gallant to go, too, and so they joined in the procession. The middle-aged people in the congregation, seeing the elderly people going, felt that it was more to let the old people go to so much work, while they, the middle-aged, sat indifferent, and therefore, many of them, urged by this peculiar circumstance, went out also. As the middle-aged men were departing they met the old ladies coming in to get their hats, the latter protesting in the aisle, in a low grumble of conversation, to rejoin the former on the grass.

By this time the children in church had begun to look after them, and as some of them had never seen anybody faint, they went out on a tour of discovery till we turned round the pulpit to the minister behind us and suggested that we go likewise. But as he protested, we tarried. We found out afterward that the maiden was only a little sick, but that she was crowded around her so closely that she had no chance at all, and so entirely succumbed to nervousness.

Let this be remembered, that six persons all that at such times can be serviceable in the most urgent and painful case, and that beyond that the people who crowd around are a hindrance and a nuisance. After you find that enough have offered their services, better retire. There are inquisitive people who go to funerals, and go early so that they can see the family take leave of the corpse, and that kind of people love to stand round a sick person, telling afterward how pale she looked, how her fingers clutched, and what words in her momentary dementation she uttered.

THE modern doctrine of evolution is one great mystery. It hatches out fifty mysteries, and the fifty hatch out a thousand, and the thousand hatch out a million. Why, my brother, not admit the one great mystery of God, and have that settle all the other mysteries? I can more easily appreciate the fact that God by a stroke of his omnipotence could make more than I could realize how out of five million of ages he could evolve one, putting on a life here and a little there. It would have been just as great a miracle for God to have turned our orang-outang into a man as to make a man out and out—the one job just as big as the other. It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere.

THE cylinder of the printing-press is to me one of the wheels of the Lord's chariot. The good newspaper will overcome the bad, and the honey-bees will outnumber the hornets. Instead of the three or four religious newspapers that once begged a living, sitting down one week on some good man's door-step to receive a thankful if not kicked off, now many of the denominations have stalwart journals that swing their scythe through the sins of the world, and are *avant couriers* of the Lord's coming.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Amended Tariff Bill was Passed in the Senate by a strict party vote: yeas, 40; nays 29; and a Conference Committee met on Wednesday 10th inst. The debate lasted six hours. Messrs Hoar, (Rep.) Hiscock, (Rep.) Vest, (Dem.) Turpie, (Dem.) Vance, (Dem.) and others participating. An amendment offered by Senator Plumb (Republican) imposing a tax of \$1.25 a gallon on distilled spirits was defeated. The Senate will act on its amendments to the House bill. It is believed there is now an improved prospect of a new bill passing the House.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew Returned from Europe Wednesday, his stay abroad having been somewhat shortened on account of the railroad strike. Speaking at a reception afterward he said: "I want to state just here that in no event of my life and in no utterance that I make in the presidency of the United States will I mind." He spoke pleasantly of Mr. Stone, Lord Salisbury, and other distinguished men he had met abroad this summer, and of the keen interest Europeans take in American politics and especially the McKinley bill, which seems to have excited a scare in some cities he found the people talking of—"McKinley" as some terrible person who was preparing to depopulate Europe and all of absurd things. He had nothing to say concerning the recent strike except that he approved of the course adopted by acting President Webb.

The Great Political Event of the Week was the election on the 7th inst, and the triumphant return to Congress of Speaker Reed with a plurality of 4,500. Mr. Reed's political opponents in his own State, and elsewhere had confidently predicted, if not his defeat, at least his election by a plurality so small that it would be equivalent to a rebuke of the methods he has adopted, as presiding officer of the lower house of Congress, to which they have so signally objected. Mr. Reed's friends, even, were by no means sanguine of any result beyond a narrow election—possibly by 1,500. Hon. Melvin D. Clark of Portland, his opponent in the field, avers that that the money influence, together with Mr. Reed's energetic campaign the two preceding elections, won the victory. Gov. Clark was re-elected by 10,000 plurality. Mr. Clark attributes the result to "the conservative influence the people have, in the ability of the Republican party to govern the country wisely."

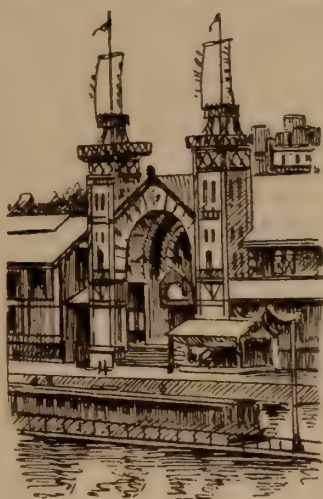
Several State Conventions have been Held the week. The Kansas Democratic and Reunionist Conventions met at Wichita on the 1st, in different halls, and both adopted resolutions declaring against prohibition, and in favor of high license and local option. The Democrats nominated ex-Governor Charles Johnson for Governor. On the same day the Hampshire State Prohibition Convention at Concord, nominated Josiah M. Fletcher of Andover, for Governor, on a platform strongly denouncing the saloon power; and the Massachusetts Prohibitionists at Worcester named John Blackmer, of Springfield, as their gubernatorial standard bearer this fall on a similar platform. The Indiana Republican Convention at Indianapolis, endorsed the national administration after a lively fight. In Mississippi, the principal question before the Constitutional Convention thus far seems to have been Woman Suffrage, which some of the speakers advocated as a means of more firmly establishing the supremacy in the South.

Last Week the Grant Monument Association selected a design for the memorial monument to be erected to the late Gen. Grant. The designer is John H. Duncan of New York City, and the monument will be in the form of a wall of granite or marble, 100 feet square and

100 feet high, surmounted by a dome 75 feet in height. It will be in the Doric style of architecture, and the ornamentation will be very simple. Around the dome will be sculptured figures, including four of the Generals attached to Grant's staff during the war. The main entrance will be a gateless portico, fronted by a colossal equestrian statue of Gen. Grant. The crypt will be 85 feet by 75 feet, open to the top of the dome. On one side will be a granite sarcophagus for the body of the dead hero, and also ultimately for that of Mrs. Grant. In the crypt will be a memorial hall where fully 1,000 persons can assemble. The cost of the structure will be \$500,000, exclusive of the sculptures. The designer will receive \$25,000 for his work. The design is shown above.



At Last the Directors of the World's Fair have chosen a site for the Exhibition of 1892. It will be a dual site, partly on the Lake front and partly in Jackson Park. The Lake front is a spacious grassy common of ninety acres, on the margin of Lake Michigan, and near the business centre of Chicago. The grand entrance to the Exposition will be located there, and also the buildings for the fine arts. In Jackson Park, which is also on the Lake shore, the agricultural, live stock, and other natural exhibits will be displayed. There are over 500 acres available at the park. Both sides will be connected by rail and water accommodations, so that visitors can pass from one to the other in a few minutes. Chicago as a whole seems to be satisfied with the choice, and will now go to work energetically to prepare for the exhibition. The distance between the lake front and Jackson Park is about five miles, and while this fact, in the opinion of some, may be a serious drawback to the success of the fair, it is believed by the management, that transportation between the two can be made so rapid and frequent that it will be an attraction rather than otherwise. The picture given in this column shows the entrance to the proposed pavilion and panorama on the Lake shore. It will be one of the many architectural beauties already designed, and among which may be mentioned a "Fountain of Nations" with a grand central dome, and characteristic buildings to represent Spain,



Italy, Salvador, France, the Aztecs, Arabia, Mexico, Egypt, Greece, India and the Argentine Republic.

The National Crop Report Just Issued Shows that the August droughts inflicted very general injury on corn, the average (70.1) being much lower than last year, and the lowest since 1881. Winter wheat is a disappointment, the average (73.5) being below that of July, and spring wheat has been reduced considerably. Rye is a smaller crop than was expected, (85.4 average) oats is the lowest ever reported (64.4) and other cereals are proportionately lower than in 1889. The Department of Agriculture says the September outlook for cotton is less favorable than August. The highest average is 95 in North Carolina, and the lowest 84 in Alabama. The boll worm has hurt the crop materially in the west.

With the Death of Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one of the most stirring and eloquent of modern English preachers passes away. Canon Liddon was born in 1829, educated at Oxford, and after taking orders was rapidly promoted, securing these advancements largely by his eloquence. He became a leader of the Liberal High Church party, and was three times chosen select preacher at Oxford. In 1866 he delivered the famous "Bampton Lectures," which secured him recognition as a leading thinker and scholar. In 1870 he was installed as Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's and about the same time Oxford honored him with the degrees of D. D. and D. C. L. It is told of Canon Liddon, that he offended the Queen on one occasion, when in preaching before her Majesty, he addressed her as "Madame." Her resentment is said to have interfered with the further preferment of the talented preacher. At all events he never preached before her again.



BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Talmage's many friends in New York City are indebted to the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the opportunity of hearing the great preacher in their own city. Mr. Klopsch has rented the New York Academy of Music for a series of Sunday evenings, commencing Sept. 28. From that date until the opening of the New Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage will preach in Brooklyn in the morning, and in New York in the evening. A plate collection will be taken up every Sunday evening, the total proceeds of which will be distributed among the hospitals of the city.

Fulton street Daily Noon Prayer meeting will celebrate its thirty-third anniversary on Tuesday next, in the chapel, 113 Fulton Street, and 58 Ann Street, New York. In all these years the meeting has been held daily; business men have frequented it and thousands of cases have been recorded of prayers offered there being answered in the most remarkable way.

Rev. Stephen Merritt has rented a house in Eighth Ave. for a novel kind of mission work. Continuous Gospel services will be held in the first floors, and on the other floors are a restaurant and sleeping accommodations. Mr. Merritt says that on the day of opening, the key will be thrown away, for the place is to be open day and night, so that men who desire to quit their evil lives may have the opportunity of avoiding temptations by living among Christian associates under Christian influences.

The following missionaries sailed from San Francisco Sept. 4, per steamer *Oceanic*: For North China, the Rev. M. L. Taft, wife, and child; the Rev. I. T. Headland and wife; T. R. Jones M. D., and Mrs. Stella B. Jones, M. D., Miss Rachel R. Benn, M. D., and Miss Ida Stevenson, M. D. For West China, J. H. McCartney, M. D., and wife. For Corea, Miss Rosetta Sherwood, M. D., and Miss Margaret Bengel. For Japan, Miss Kate A. Livingston, and Miss Grace Tucker.

William Lindsay, a young English missionary worker arrived here last week from London, for the purpose of continuing his missionary efforts among the laboring classes of this country. He was for ten years engaged in denominational work among iron-workers and colliers of Staffordshire, being associated with F. A. Homer, an English magistrate, who has been a voluntary mission worker for 30 years. Much of Mr. Lindsay's work has been done in Sedgely, near Dudley, where he had considerable success. He was also two years with Rev. A. G. Girdlestone of All Saints, Clapham Park, as lay reader.

THE HOLD-FASTS OF FAITH.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR
C. H. SPURGEON.

The Difficulty Abraham Felt—Isaac's Death Voiding the Promise—How His Faith Triumphed—Confidence in God's Power to Raise the Dead—I. The Time to Exercise Such Faith—When the Soul is Spiritually Dead—In Soul Trouble—In Temporal Trials—In Concern for a Dying Church—Confidence in God's Creating Power—II. The Basis of Faith—III. The Outcome—Looking at Things from God's Standpoint—Obeying—Justification Certain.

"Who is the father of us all, (as it is written, I have made thee a father of many nations,) before Him whom he believed, even God, who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were."—Romans 4: 16, 17.

ABRAHAM had received an assurance from the Lord that he was to be the father of many nations. His faith in this promise underwent great trials. Where there is the sweet honey of promise, there the wasps of doubt will be gathered together. A promise calls for faith; but through our natural depravity, it awakens unbelief; and there is a struggle around the sacred promise, such as that represented in the prayer, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief." Satan, with slimy flattery, decoys men into a belief of his lie; but the God of truth gives us His bare promise, and bids us believe it; and when questions suggest themselves, He does not relax His claim, but bids us still believe. True faith, as the work of God, is not a thing to be put down: it is a conquering grace, and makes a brave fight against wicked unbelief.

While doing so, faith has her eyes open, and when she has discovered a helpful truth she makes immediate use of it as a holdfast, even as Abraham did in the case now before us.

Abraham's Difficulty.

The great difficulty with Abraham was death. Death was around him on every side. God had promised him life, and life more abundantly; for he was to be the father of many nations, and have as many as the stars of heaven for multitude; but as to all possibility of his being a father, his body was now dead. He believed that in Isaac should his seed be called, and therefore he looked that God should "raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." The patriarch's faith settled down upon God's power to quicken the dead, and he found in that unquestioned truth a foundation for the firmest confidence. The truth of God's power to quicken the dead met all the difficulties of Abraham's position. He argued: What if my son, when growing up, should be dead on the altar? He that made me the promise can raise him up from the dead; for what He has promised He is able to perform. Abraham's faith was a nail fastened in a sure place. He knew Jehovah as "God, who quickeneth the dead;" and that resurrection word was, to his faith, a shout of victory. Thus, you see, in the hour of trial, Abraham's faith fell back upon the two facts of resurrection and creation, and there

It Rested in Peace.

I desire, at this time, without wisdom of words, in great simplicity, to teach this one lesson. It is a very plain lesson, but if it be well learned, it will be a well of strength and solace to you. God raiseth the dead, and created out of nothing, and therefore he can carry out the promises of His Gospel. Get this worked into your own souls, and you will be strong in faith. Once strong in faith you are strong everywhere, for as a man's faith is, so is he. If your faith shall learn to stay herself upon eternal principles, and find her rest in the omnipotence of God, you will become like Abraham, a prince among men; and this service will bring you a blessing.

I. *The time for such a faith as this.* To believe God unstaggeringly in the teeth of appearances—when is the best time for this? This day is not at its best when all goes well with us; for when we walk by sight, we scarcely walk by faith. When the soul is full of joy, there is wide space for gratitude, but narrower

room for faith. "What a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" The light of fleeting day is not for perceptions which deal with eternity: Faith's Hour of Prime

is midnight. Even the horror of darkness affords her a better opportunity for communion with the covenant of God. Faith beholds her visions in the night: she wants not earthly light. A blind man loses nothing by the set of sun, and faith loses nothing by the removal of outward evidences. Faith has wrought many of her greatest deeds in hours which seemed least suitable for her undertakings. Sunshine-faith comes and goes; true faith stands sentry at all hours. Fair-weather faith is poor stuff; give me winter-faith, which has warmth within it when the blasts from the north freeze flesh and blood, even to the bone.

First, as to trusting God on account of the resurrection, we shall find it greatly in season when our soul is at first made to feel its spiritual death. I am addressing some who mournfully cry, "How can I be saved? I am as dead as the earth I stand upon. I feel nothing. 'Now is a special time, poor sinner, for believing in God that quickeneth the dead. Now is thy choice opportunity for testing the resurrection power of the Lord Jesus, who said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' God can keep His promise of grace to thee, even to thee, if thou believest; for He quickeneth the dead."

Next, there is another notable occasion for faith, when the child of God is in apprehension of death through soul trouble.

Your Old Sins Rise

up and accuse you: your present evil tendencies, like a rotting body of death, surround you; you find no comfort or joy in life. It seems as though God had given you up, and left you to perish. Though once you rejoiced before Him, you are forced to sigh as one forsaken of his God, shut up for destruction. Now, even now, you are on a vantage-ground for glorifying the Lord by faith. It may be that, at this time, you enjoy nothing when you go up to religious services, and in reading or praying at home the chill of death makes every godly exercise a burden. You are so harrassed with fears, so worried with cares, so tortured with regrets, and so tried with temptations that you are forced to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Come, my brother, look to the strong for strength! Thou canst do nothing, it is clear; therefore cast thyself on Him who is able to quicken the dead. Is there not foothold here?

One more case occurs to me. This is a very sad one to my own heart. When death crushes down the church, and there seems no sign of revival, then should we believe in the God of resurrection. The carnal man cares not for

The Condition of the Church;

but the spiritual man takes pleasure in her stones, and favors the dust thereof. Some of us would sooner suffer personal calamity than see the cause of God and truth in a low condition. It may be that, in the church of which you are a member, you pine under a blight. Little prayer, no Christian fellowship, very few conversions, very little desire to win souls: your heart sinks within you, for death is all around. You look abroad, and there is the same state of things. We are sweltering in false doctrine and suffocating in worldliness. In many quarters, religion itself seems dead, and buried beneath a mound of rubbishing entertainments. What then? Where shall we turn for comfort? Here is our mainstay: God is able to quicken the dead. Of the stones of Jordan's river, He is able to raise up children unto Abraham. The Lord God is able, from the slums and dens of London, to call a people that shall maintain His truth.

I turn now to another ground of Abraham's hope. He had no child, and yet God tells him that he shall have a seed as numerous as the stars of heaven. How is the man of God to believe this? His second holdfast is the creating power of God: He calleth the things which be not as though they were. He can create as well as quicken. When can we use this fact as a reason for faith? Friend, look to this, when

necessary graces are lacking in thy heart. Though thou canst not find one of the saving graces within thy soul, yet believe in the promise of the Lord. What if within thy bosom at present there seems to be neither repentance nor faith, nor hope, nor love, yet the Lord can create them all within thee. He can call things that are not and they will appear.

I spoke just now in reference to temporal troubles; there is a grand platform for faith when no help is visible. When you cannot see any friend who will assist you, nor any way, which you can help yourself, then trust in the Creator who can make a way. Our friends like swallows, soon quit us when our summer is over, but God's promise is not dependent upon man's faithfulness. We do not see how we can be delivered; but then the Lord's word is in the sea, and His footsteps are not known. My dear friend, do you not believe in God, you Maker, who calleth things that are not as though they were? He can deliver you.

Once again let me speak of

The Church in Evil Days.

Few men seem raised up to preach with power, and to lead on the host of God to victory. This is very sad: but suppose death were everywhere, death in the pew, and death in the pulpit, death among the prophets, and death among the people; yet the Lord would calleth things that are not as though they were, has but to give the word, and great will be the company of them that publish it. Our royal Leader has hidden forces at His command. Sir Walter Scott speaks of the highland chieftain, in the lone glen, who gave his whistle shrill, and straightway an army arose where none had been seen before—

"From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Thus can our Lord garrison His church in the moment. The Lord can send martyrs if they be wanted, confessors, preachers, writers, a consecrated men and women of every sort. I have no timorous thoughts; but let us glorify God by firm faith.

II. Secondly, we will observe upon how the things are manifest to us, even resurrection and creation. We shall speak of

The Basis of This Faith.

If our faith is to be based on resurrection, what do we know about it? Paul seems to prefer every other resurrection, and to dwell only upon the resurrection of our Lord. Realize that resurrection more and more, for that lies your hope. God, who has raised His Son and thereby set free his people may well be trusted to fulfil every promise. To this I say that we know that all the dead will rise; surely on this ground we may rest in the mighty God. We have seen others spiritually quickened, and made to live unto God; more, in the case of many of us, we, who were dead in trespasses and sins, have been quickened; and therefore, knowing of a surety that God quickeneth the dead, we are persuaded that what He has promised He will perform.

If you desire another basis for your faith, and we hardly think you do—there is Creation. If you wish to strengthen your faith, believe in creation and you have not far to go: your body is full of wonders. See the fields their ripe harvest; wander in the woods and forests, mark the hills and valleys, the rippling brooks and flowing streams and the wide expansive ocean. Look up to the sun, the clouds, the sky. Go out at night and watch the moon and stars. Who made all these? Who laid them out in their order? Who built the pillared arch, which covers all things? Who created everything from the tiniest atom to the greatest world? Who but God? We are living the works of His hand all around us, and to believe in Him without a doubt.

When you have looked at creation, remember providence, which is a prolongation of the creative act. The Power which made all the

ds them. The Lord keeps them in their, or they could not remain. They tell us that the universe stands because of God the captive of His own laws? I no such God. He doeth all things. Natural laws are but the summary of God's usual working; but the laws neither hinder anything, nor perform anything, as of themselves. He Himself causeth everything to be, or to change, as seemeth Him good. As everything upheld by the word of His, surely you have good ground for being in His power to keep His promise to you.

God in Grace.

Meanwhile, a creation work of grace is going on around you. If you do not feel it in your brother, you can soon see it in others. To the people of God, and they will tell and to new converts and they will show the story of what free grace has done is telling, yet untold. One will tell you, "I drunkard, and the Lord converted me." Another will confess, "My feet had almost been cut off, but the Lord preserved me." Another declares, "I was in the furnace, and the Lord walked in the fire with me." Another will testify, "I was brought low, and the Lord lifted me up." You will have abundant evidence that grace-creation is going on continually, and that God is working great wonders in the midst of His people; wherefore, be of good cheer, and put your trust in God.

You are holding on to anything but God in Jesus, let it go—let it go at once! You are hurt by falling into the unseen arms. You have heard of one who, wandering in the night, saw what he thought to be an awful precipice, and as he was about to fall, in sheer desperation he caught the root of a tree, and held on for dear life. His arms were weary; his legs were ready to fail him; but he held on to the death-grip. At last he was obliged to let go his hold, and when he had done so, he fell; and you expect me to add that he was crushed to pieces. No, he only fell a few feet upon a soft bed of moss, for he was not upon a precipice at all. When you let go all your trusts, you think it an awful thing to fall into our Saviour's arms; but it is not so: it is a dangerous venture, but a wise reliance. When she falls upon the bosom of her Lord, if you trust Him who loved you unto death, you are safe and happy.

But now, let us review

The Outcome of this Faith.

Abraham believed, and looked at things from a new standpoint. Now, faith has the wonderful property of becoming like the God in whom it rests, and of looking at things as God sees them.

How I wish, my dear, tried brother, you could see your troubles as God sees them—yours, as means to your advancement in grace! At affliction to-day as a process that is ending you. Sinner, when you believe in Jesus, God looks at you as saved, justified, forgiven, quickened into eternal life. If you believe in Jesus, see yourself as God sees you. It is a thing for a sinner, dead in himself, to say, "yet I live;" but assuredly he may say it. A great thing for one consciously guilty to say, "And yet I am justified;" still, it is true, and no presumption to believe it. Oh, this is to look at things from God's point of view! But you see that Abraham considered his own now dead. Our Authorized Version runs—"He considered not his own body now."

The Revised Version has: "He considered his own body now as good as dead." It is a curious fact that among the ancient manuscripts there are two readings of almost equal value: one with the "not," and one without it. Both mean the same thing. You say, "What is that?" He considered his own body dead, but he did not make any consideration of that fact, but believed in God all the time. He considered it so far as to be fully of it; but he did not consider it so as to make a question about the fulfilment of the promise.

O poor seeking soul, listen to this! Turn yourself to be spiritually dead. Think as

badly of yourself as ever you like, for you are worse than you think you are; but after you have considered the fearful fact of your lost estate, do not go on to consider it as any hindrance to God in the work of His grace. Jesus is able to save you over the head of all your death, and guilt, and corruption.

Abraham, as the outcome of his faith, obeyed God in all things—a very essential point, this. Believing God, he left his estate in Ur of the Chaldees, and came to Canaan, to live in tents, and wander about like a gipsy, that he might dwell where the Lord had called him to sojourn alone, a stranger in a strange land. If you believe the promise of the Gospel, you will come out from the world, you will come out from sin, and you will become one of those strangers who follow Jesus whithersoever he goeth. God will be your Leader, Christ will be your Commander; and though in the world you will not be of the world. All true believers, like Abraham, obey.

Obedience is Faith in Action.

You are to walk in the steps of the faith of father Abraham. His faith did not sit still, it took steps; and you must take these steps also by obeying God because you believe Him. That faith which has no works with it is a dead faith, and will justify no one.

Best of all, because of this, Abraham was accounted righteous. And who accounted him righteous? Well, not the sons of men: they knew him as righteous only by his outward character; but God accounted him righteous because he had faith. The moment you believe in His risen Son, God counts you righteous; and as you keep on believing, God accounts you righteous. "Oh, but I am a poor, imperfect creature!" God counts you righteous. "I strive after holiness, but I am not what I want to be." God counts you righteous. God never makes mistakes; He never miscounts. If He counts a man righteous, that man is righteous, depend upon it—righteous in such a way that he may stand before the judgment-seat of God at the last, and none shall be able to lay anything to his charge. Believe, and you shall be accounted righteous. The Lord help you, for Jesus' sake; Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CAPE HAITI'S GROWING MISSION.

Pastor Smith Finds his Church too Small to Accommodate his Native Christian Flock.

(See Illustrations on page 604.)

AMONG the visitors to New York at the present time is a missionary from the West Indies, the Rev. Westmore S. Smith, of Cape Haiti, a clergyman of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Mr. Smith tells an interesting story of his experiences at Cape Haiti, in the North of the Island of Haiti, during the recent war between the North and South, when the followers of President Legitime and his rival Hippolyte, were arrayed against each other on the field and on the sea. The mission, where Mr. Smith has charge, is located on a beautiful bay and was within easy range of the shells from the cruisers, *Toussaint l'Ouverture* and *Dessalines*, which attacked the town. Fortunately the aim of the gunners was poor and they miscalculated the range of their steel Krupp cannon, shooting over the houses and far too high to inflict any serious damage, although they succeeded in badly frightening everybody. At the Cape, all the natives were "Nordists" or Hyppolite men, and for a time sympathy ran very high. At the conclusion of hostilities however, it rapidly quieted down and the peace of the settlement was restored.

The Mission at Cape Haiti was established about fifty years ago, since which time very little has been done towards improving the mis-

sion buildings and extending the facilities for the mission to keep pace with the growth of the work. One of the first incumbents of the mission was the Rev. Mr. Bird a Wesleyan preacher of great energy and devotion. There have been several since then, the two immediately preceding Mr. Smith having died of yellow fever. They are buried under the shadow of the mission-house and their graves can be seen from the porch, or wide verandah of the preacher's residence. Four years ago Mr. Smith took charge. For six years previous to that time, the mission had been temporarily abandoned, partly owing to the unhealthiness of the climate for white men. A small body of Protestants carried on the work during this interval and a most worthy preacher, Frere Du Que, filled the mission pulpit every Sunday. Still, the congregation was in sore spiritual straits and the want of a regular organization was greatly felt. Cape Haiti is the second town of importance on the island and has a population of about 13,000, almost all, Catholics, with the exception of a small colony of English-speaking people from Jamaica, the Bahamas, and St. Thomas.

"It was at the call of God," said Mr. Smith, "that I went there. At the time, I was engaged in mission work in Trinidad, St. Vincent, Barbadoes. On reaching Cape Haiti, I found a small, miserable little mission-house, not fit for anybody to live in. After being there five days, we rented a house for which I had to pay thirty dollars a month. Everything is very high there. Our first work was to build a respectable mission house, and we were enabled to accomplish this partly through the very kind assistance of President Hippolyte, who, during the trying period of the civil war, gave us one thousand dollars to help along. The building cost altogether about five thousand dollars, and is commodious and comfortable. The mission church and school, however, are wholly inadequate to accommodate the congregation, which has grown considerably since the close of the war. The church will not admit half the number who want to come there and hear the Gospel. It is absolutely necessary to have a larger building with a seating capacity of at least 300; the present church can only hold 200, and that with difficulty."

Since coming north, Mr. Smith has had an impression that it might be practicable to secure sufficient funds to transport to Haiti a church already built here, and which can be put together by native workmen at the Cape. Many good workmen are to be found there, but everything in the way of material is quite dear. He could pack it up and charter a schooner for the purpose. It would undoubtedly be a considerable saving.

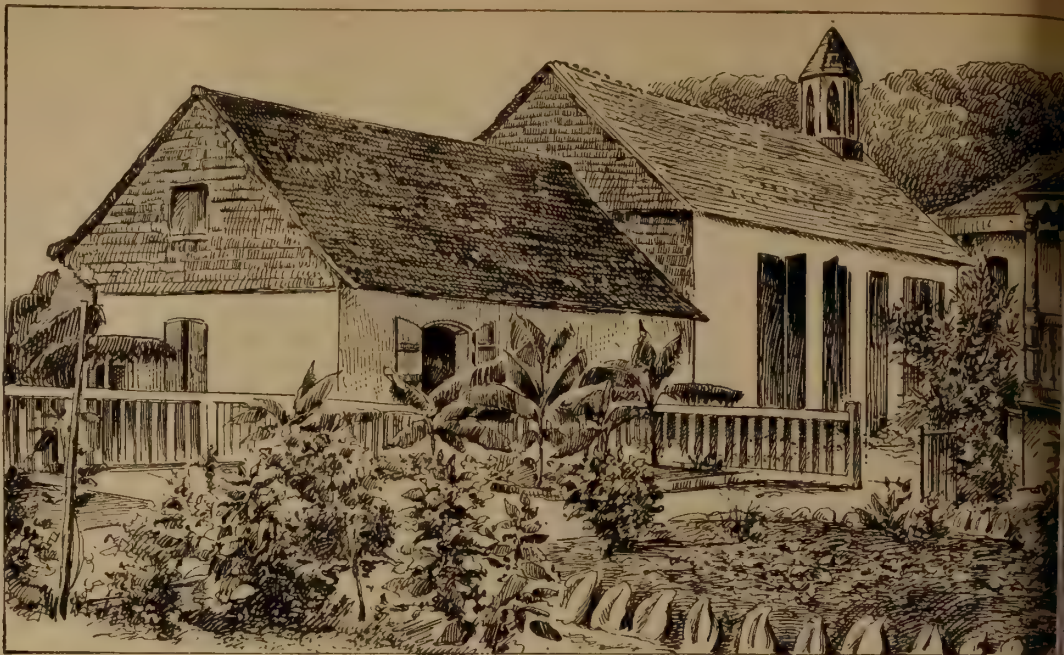
Our pictures show the little church with the mission-school at the back. The latter is sadly dilapidated. Pastor Smith's idea, as explained to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is to take down the school building, and move it to the present church site, so that the new church will face the front and give free access to all the native Christians who desire to worship there. Immediately to the right of the church is the residence of the missionary. The portrait of Mr. Smith shows a man of rugged frame, and much determination—just the right sort of a preacher to make a success of mission work in a location, where there are obstacles that would drive many others off the field.

Another needed improvement in connection with the mission is the establishment of a school for girls. Part of the present school building is devoted to this purpose, but it is very difficult to get a good teacher. "Therefore" says the pastor, modestly, "I do what I can myself."

There are number of good, energetic friends who have been very helpful in this mission work at Cape Hayti. One of these—Mr. McKenzie, of Jamaica—has been the main instrument, in God's hand, in keeping the mission going. For several years past, he has lived at Cape Haiti, and has worked both week-day and Sunday in a



Pastor Smith of Cape Haiti.



The Mission Building at Cape Haiti.

most praise-worthy manner. Another who has been an ardent worker is a young lawyer, Auguste Albert, who eighteen months ago was converted under the mission ministry. He is quite a talented speaker and preaches regularly in the mission pulpit. The language everywhere used at the Cape is French. Since coming to New York, Mr. Smith has succeeded in securing the services of Miss Goetz, a German lady, who also speaks French, to teach the girl pupils. She was strongly recommended for the work by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the Missionary Training College.

The sum of \$5,000 is needed to place the Cape Haiti Mission in a condition to do efficient service for the Master. With that amount, a church equal to the needs of the congregation can be erected and the good work of evangelization can go on unhindered. Any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who may wish to help the cause of the Gospel among the Haitians can do so by aiding this deserving mission. Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be forwarded to their proper destination.

Mr. Smith wishes to explain that his statements, as occasionally reported in the American daily papers, have been inaccurately presented, and that in particular, the statement asserting the existence of cannibalism in Haiti, attributed to him, is entirely untrue.

THE GOSPEL IN ARMENIA.

THE field of Christian labor in Armenia is shortly to receive a valuable accession. The Rev. Bedros M. Krikorian, who was ordained at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in this city in June last, will leave New York about November 1st, for the city of Orfa, in Mesopotamia, where he will begin clerical work at once.

Mr. Krikorian is a native of the city that is now to be the scene of his labors. He came to this country about four years ago and after a three years' course at Drew Seminary, was graduated last spring. Orfa offers an excellent field for missionary work. It is a city of great antiquity and is believed by many authorities to be the "Ur of the Chaldees" mentioned in Scripture. It has a population of between 45,000 and 50,000, of whom nearly 4,000 are Mohammedans and the rest Christians. Of the latter 4,000 are Armenians, with a large Christian church, and a strong, influential congregation. There are many native Christian teachers, yet there is abundant room for new helpers. There is at Orfa a self-supporting Protestant Congregational Church. Over twenty years ago, the American Board of Foreign Missions planted the seed which has since raised a grateful harvest of souls.

MRS. CECIL'S FAILURE.

A Story of the Sunday-school Lesson for Sept. 28. Mary's choice of the better part. Luke 10 : 38-42.

AT a brilliant social gathering in the home of a lady, who prided herself on being a leader of society, two ladies were sitting a little apart from the other guests, watching with amused interest the manœuvres of their hostess. As she moved around among her guests her attention was continually reverting to a girl of some eighteen years, who was evidently in such an assemblage for the first time.

"Mrs. Cecil's success is not very brilliant so far," said one of the ladies.

Mrs. Cecil was almost of the same opinion at the end of the evening. "You have positively no sense of what is best for yourself, Maud," she said to her sister, when they were alone together. "Do you think I should ever have reached my position, if I had acted as you have done. You don't make any effort. I noticed tonight that you seemed to take no interest in anything. When any one tried to talk with you, you had not a word to say. And it is not that you are dull; for when the curate was here the other evening you could talk charmingly to him about his wretched schools and clothing-clubs. It is sheer perversity and I consider you very ungrateful."

"Oh, do not say that, Gertrude," said the girl, the tears coming into her eyes. "I know you want to help me, but I cannot do what you wish. It is not in my nature to take interest in the matters that your guests think so important. They seem trivial to me beside the real business of life. All these questions of dress and amusement weary me."

"They are important to you. I want you to make a brilliant marriage, and you might do it with my help if you would take a little trouble. See what I have done, and you have more beauty than I and you have me to help you, while I had no one."

"But I do not care to make a brilliant marriage, Gertrude. I do not envy you at all; I think you are to be pitied. You live an empty frivolous life, and yet you have endless worries and annoyances; and what is the end of it all?"

"Is that your sincere honest opinion that I am to be pitied?"

"Yes; and I fear you will live to pity yourself, yet."

"Then I give you up. It is no use taking trouble for one who does not appreciate it. You may as well go back home and marry some poor curate, and be a drudge all your life." Mrs. Cecil went out of the room in a tempest

of indignation. "Maud is a little idiot," said to her husband a few minutes after. "I can do nothing for her; she has no ambition."

"Beyond your power of development, is that he said."

"I fear so. I have talked plainly to her, given her a fair warning. Perhaps it may be her good, but I have not much hope."

"Why not let her go her own way? It is a very good way for the world. Such girls are the salt of the earth. If she does get the good things of life for herself, depend upon it she will make life better for other people. I never met a sweeter, more unselfish girl. I don't like to interfere, but upon my word, Gertrude, I am glad that you are not like make a worldly woman of her. I think she would be spoiled."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Cecil asked sharply. "Would you have the girl sacrifice her chances?"

"Oh, I would have nothing to do with it is no concern of mine. All I contend that if Maud chooses to devote her life to good instead of to amusement and pleasure, those who come under her influence will be the better for it. Her choice will be a blessing of other people, and I am not sure it will be bad for herself. Your fashionable women are not always happy."

"Now you are talking nonsense. No one admires a charming woman of the world more than you do."

"Will you not let me admire the other too? I can imagine circumstances in which a woman of Maud's type would be much welcome to me than a woman of the type Maud is good and, after all, Gertrude, goodness is an excellent quality. The world would be a terrible place if all were intent on the advancement and careless of what became of others. I like a girl who is willing to sacrifice her own pleasure in order that some one may be made happier."

"Why that proves your own selfishness; you want to have people around you who will flatter themselves."

"Perhaps I may have had a selfish motive in the preference. I seldom analyze my motives, because I find it generally leads to the unpleasant discovery of some moral turpitude that I had not suspected before. But remember, I am not responsible for Maud's decision; I cannot ask her to sacrifice herself. If she has chosen the good part, I would not have her go away from me; that is all. I speak in the general interest. If you let her go her own way, there are some people who will be made happier by her, who may miss the good if you

making a world-
man of her."
have no patience
such arguments,"
Mrs. Cecil, "and if
impart some good
on sense into the
mind I shall do
for her own sake.
fear it cannot be
without a change
nature."

Cecil's fear prov-
e. She was obliged
ally to confess
failure and abandon
tempt to make a
n of the world
her sister. It an-
her at the time;
ome years after-
when sorrow and
ame upon herself
he had learned by
il experience the
iness of worldly
re, she rejoiced
she had failed.

all her worldly
ds had deserted
Maud gave up her
and the ministra-
among the poor
were so dear to
as readily as in
irlhood she had given up pleasure at
ill of duty and went to her sister to be to
nd her husband the light of their dark-
lives.

THE IOWA COAL PALACE.

PRACTICAL illustration of the original-
ity and enterprise of our national charac-
ter is furnished by the building repre-
l in the accompanying picture. It is a
ble castle of coal, erected by the citizens
umwa, Iowa, as an evidence of the wealth
mineral resources of the locality. It ap-
that over three million tons of this coal
ained annually in the surrounding ten-
ies, and the citizens have taken this novel
od of impressing the world with the fact.
coal palace, which was to be opened yes-
and to close on October 11, consists of
se blocks of coal set in red mortar over
d sheeting of plank. It is 230 feet long
o feet wide, and the height of its princi-
pal tower is 200 feet from the ground. The
of architecture to which this novel build-
aterial has been ingeniously adapted is a
nation of Gothic and Byzantine. It con-
an auditorium with a seating capacity of
6,000 to 8,000 and on each side are two
s devoted to the exhibition of mechanical,
ultural and industrial products, and ex-
of various kinds. At the rear of the
ng is an artificial waterfall forty feet high
irty wide. Below the building and reached
levator is a miniature coal mine in which
sitor can see the miners with their lamps
icks actually at work, while the mules drag
the cars laden with the results of their

site of this unique building is the Sunken
which was the bed of the Des Moines
before it was turned from its course by
mbankment of the Chicago, Burlington
quincy Railroad. The land so reclaimed
od filled in but was converted into a beau-
arden, by its owner, Col. P. G. Ballingall,
as since been known as the Sunken Park.
ree hundred piles driven into this park
coal palace has been built. It has cost
thousand dollars, all of which was sub-
d by the public-spirited citizens of Ot-
a. Col. Ballingall (whose portrait is here
) is the President of the Association, its
ary is Mr. Calvin Manning, and its treas-
Mr. W. T. Featon.

town of Ottumwa is a thriving place of



The Coal Palace at Ottumwa, Iowa, Opened Yesterday.

about 17,000 inhabitants, and is growing rapid-
ly. It boast of fifty years of existence, an age
which among western towns entitles it to be
considered venerable. Of late years it has de-
veloped remarkable activity as its coal product
and its
turing in-
have in-
Imposing
edifices
on all
miles of
are being
and its
of rail-
just been
its travel-
ities. The
full of life
this splen-
palace is
manifes-
Hearty
will be
East for
cess of the
enterprise
and a sincere
hope that
it may bring
to the rising
community
all the
good that
is expected
from it.



Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSEK.

(Continued from page 590.)

A Painful Decision.

AMONG those whose confidence in Howard's
ability and earnestness had not been
shaken by his first pulpit failure, was Dr.
Hamlyn, who knew only too well from his own
experience how often a minister's power seems
to desert him before an audience, and it was
fortunate for the young novice that he had
so kind and wise a mentor to advise him at this
crisis. The next day was one of the bluest of
"blue Mondays" for Howard. He was ashamed
to meet his friends on the street, and so he
kept himself in the seclusion of his own room
until the afternoon, when he made his way to
Dr. Hamlyn's study, and poured out his woes
to the clergyman.

"I'm afraid I have mistaken my calling," he
broke out. "My nature is too pliable, and I
am too sensitive by temperament for the min-

istry. What shall I
do?"

Dr. Hamlyn smiled at
this, remembering only
too well his own past
experiences, and then
said kindly: "You are
not the first man who
has had a blue Monday,
and probably it is not
the last you will have.
But, never mind, my
dear sir, before many
days your spirits will
have are bound."

"Do you suppose I
should ever have the
courage to stand in your
pulpit again after last
night's experience?"
demanded Howard.

"Oh? yes Ha! ha!
I know how you feel,
sir. I have often
felt so myself. Why,
you'll want to re-
deem yourself some-
time. The day will
come when you will
speak in my pulpit
with such power as to
silence every critic. But
let me tell you where
you have made a mis-
take. You have under-

taken too much. While it is true that there is
urgent need of personal work, it is also true
that one man can't do everything. It is impos-
sible for you to do so much outside pastoral
duty and maintain yourself in condition for
service in the pulpit. Spend at least the forenoon
of each day in your study, and give only the
afternoons to other duties. You are young yet,
remember, and have not had a course of Bibli-
cal and theological training. You have to lay
your foundation a little broader, my boy. You
are not offended, are you?"

"Offended! I came here expecting a lecture
and now you overwhelm me with kindness
You have saved me by your advice and sympa-
thy, sir," he said, fervently. "I shall go to work
again with renewed courage."

And taking several books with him that the
Doctor had recommended for study, he with-
drew, and when he got out on the street again,
the sky was of a different hue, and the world
had put on another garb. Our spiritual mood
has everything to do with our interpretation of
nature and man. The poor pessimist bewails
continually the ills of life, the seeming cruelties
of the laws of physical force, and cannot see
the bright rifts in the cloud, simply because he
is out of touch with God. Jeremiads are the
strains of doubt; hosannas the outbursts of
faith. And so Howard found it. A week of
faithful work and study completely restored
him to his normal spiritual condition, and
never did he talk with more unction and cogent
force than on the next Sunday evening as he
stood in the pulpit of his own beloved mission.

Meanwhile he had been at Addie's side fre-
quently, and, it must be conceded that an in-
tangible coolness and constraint seemed to
have come between them. By that subtle
intuition peculiar to the human mind, Howard
felt this, and her antipathy to the religion
which had become his very life, partly revolted
him, fight against the feeling as he would.
"Can two walk together, except they be
agreed?" kept ringing in his ears like a knell
to his love.

The experience of the next few weeks was a
very trying one to the young man. In the
midst of his work, in the course of his reading,
even in his devotions, thoughts of Addie More
would intrude, in spite of his efforts. Every-
one knows how an unsolved problem presents
itself at all inconvenient times and asks for so-
lution. It is like an unsatisfied and importu-
nate creditor demanding that settlement which

cannot be made. What ought he to do? What was his duty? On the one hand stood his honor, his word, the loving confidence of a good and beautiful woman. On the other the apprehension of a future in which his most cherished hopes, his burning enthusiasm, his highest, purest joys would be checkered and chilled by the companionship of an unsympathetic soul. Even now he felt a constraint in speaking to Addie of his work. He could not tell her of his joy over the conversion of a sinner, because she might hurt him by uttering a doubt of the utility or the genuineness of the change. When she was his wife, and he was laboring in the ministry and needing help and encouragement, her words would act like a wet blanket on the fire of his zeal and enthusiasm. The mere thought was dreadful. He went over the whole question again and again but could not see his way. Oh that Addie were a Christian! "Lord save her soul!" he cried continually.

As he carefully analyzed his feelings, Wescott realized that his love for Addie More was undiminished. If she were a believer—a Christian, she would be his ideal of a wife. He could wish nothing better. She would be perfect in her lover's eyes. But "one thing she lacked." Only one! But to a man intending to give all his life to the service of Christ, how much that one thing meant! Dwelling on these thoughts one day in his study in his sister's house, which he still made his home, he laid his pen down beside his manuscript and tilting his chair back, he clasped his hands behind his head in his favorite attitude when absorbed in thought. He had sat so for a long time, when he was aroused by a knock on the door.

"May I come in, Howard?" said the voice of Mrs. Bollis.

"Come" was the laconic answer.

"Howard," said Mrs. Bollis, taking a seat near him, "there is something I want to tell you. I hate to do it, but I think you ought to know. It is about Addie More."

Howard suspected from his sister's manner that her communication was in some way unfriendly toward Addie. He blushed and made an uneasy movement, with the irritation that a man feels when the woman whom he loves is criticized by some other woman. However he prepared to listen and his sister continued:

"I was sorry when you became engaged to her and I am still more sorry now that I hear of the way she talks. I am told that one of her friends spoke to her about your address the other evening and asked her if she believed what you said about there being no salvation except through Christ and she answered that she did not believe a word of it and wondered how you could make such a statement. Howard, I am afraid you cannot be happy with a wife so decidedly opposed to you."

"I have thought of that," Wescott answered; "but Addie is such a lovable girl, so pure and good that I feel sure she will become a Christian yet. I have had my own experience of doubt and I know how hard it is to shake it off. We must have patience and hope and pray. She is so good that she cannot hold out long."

"Is she?" asked Mrs. Bollis, dubiously. "There is something else that I have heard. The same person told me that she does not bear that character in her home. She does not behave to others as she does to you. She is peevish and irritable and fretful, I hear, and only the other day her brother said he pitied the man who dared marry her."

"I don't believe it; some one has maligned her to you," said Howard hotly. "Do not listen to such stories Mary; they are slanders."

"Well; I don't know. They seemed like the truth and I do not see what there was to be gained by slandering the girl. There was no motive. There, I have told you and it is off my mind. Howard, it was my duty to tell you. Do not blame me."

"Certainly not; but don't worry about the story. It is not true. I am sure of that."

Mrs. Bollis went away by no means convinced and though Howard had spoken so positively

he was not so sure as his words implied. He asked himself what evidence he had that the story was untrue. It must be false, yet somehow he was troubled by it. If to the great obstacle of Addie's antagonism of Christianity must be added faults of disposition and temper, then indeed the prospect was dark and he must give her up. He sighed heavily and tried to put the subject away from him and resume his study. But it could not be done. He pushed away his books and went out, walking rapidly away into the country. It was an effort to recover equanimity of mind. To a certain extent it was successful. The exercise exhilarated him and his mind gained elasticity from his quickened pulses, but the weight was there still.

Circumstances about this time seem to combine, as they sometimes will, to precipitate a decisive act which might otherwise have been delayed or not taken at all. In the country church in which Wescott still preached on Sunday mornings, the congregation grew rapidly and a deep interest was manifested. Among the newcomers was a family of the name of Devan. A daughter about nineteen years old was the first of the family who came. The next Sunday her mother and father came with her. Then her brother and a sister accompanied her, and of late the whole family had attended regularly. They were more intelligent and more wealthy than the bulk of the congregation and Wescott felt that their coming so regularly was very gratifying. Clara Devan, who had been the first of the family to come, was a beautiful, bright girl of strong, deep nature. She paid close attention to the sermons and when one Sunday Howard announced that he would be in the vestry on a certain day to meet with any one who desired personal conversation on religious matters, Clara Devan was among those who came. She impressed him as being an earnest seeker after light. He took a deep interest in her and was much moved by the intense joy that shone in her face when she apprehended the great truths of the Gospel message. She would, he felt sure, become a fine type of Christian character. Wescott accepted an invitation from Mr. Devan to visit their house, and was much pleased with the whole family. They were extremely cordial, especially the mother, who had, as she told him, prayed earnestly for many years that she might live to see in Clara the change of heart that had now taken place.

No thought of love was in Wescott's mind. His interest in the family was purely pastoral, but as he returned home that night he thought of Addie More, and wished he could see that change in her. After that first visit he was frequently at the Devan residence where he always received the same hearty welcome. Mr. Devan treated him as a son, but with a respect and a delicacy that marked his sense of the pastoral relation. All the family loved him, and Howard spent his happiest hours at that period of his life, in their home. It is only justice to him to say that his feeling toward Clara was the love of a brother—never the love of a lover. That was still in Addie More's keeping, and he had no suspicion that his visits would be misconstrued.

A young man, especially a young unmarried minister, cannot, however, visit a house where there are daughters, as frequently as Wescott visited the Devan household, without causing gossip. Rumor was soon busy with his attentions, and it was not long before it reached the ears of Addie More. She would have disregarded it if it had not been that his visits had latterly become less frequent, and his manner, when in her company more constrained. Beside this it was unfortunate that the news of his visits to the Devan family was given her by Bradford Corrigan, who had his own reasons for desiring an estrangement between her and Wescott, and he enlarged upon the facts. It did not require long, after hearing the news, for Addie to decide on her course of action.

The interview that took place on the next oc-

casional of Howard's visit to her, he remembered ever afterward as the most painful in his experience. Addie referred to his coldness, neglect, and asked him directly what was the cause.

"I am troubled," he answered. "We have drifted apart. I have become a believer and have consecrated my life to the service of Christ, while I fear you have become more confirmed in unbelief. I confess to the coldness you speak of, to the constraint. How can it be otherwise? One subject fills my mind. It is one supreme object in life that absorbs all my thoughts, and of that I cannot speak to you. You do not sympathize with me in it; you most despise it. I have lost my interest in subjects that interest you, and which used to interest me when first we became acquainted. I do not know what to do. The difference between us is breaking my heart."

"I fear that is not the only reason for your coldness," Addie said. "You have formerly more congenial tie, I hear. Don't you think that is a more potent cause? Do not be dishonest."

"What do you mean?"

"I have been told that you are already engaged to Clara Devan. It is not honorable of you, if that is true, to attribute the difference to religious grounds."

"Oh Addie, you do not believe that?"

"Have you not been a constant visitor at home? I think you have been there more frequently than you have been here."

"Who has been spying upon me?" Wescott asked, angrily.

"Do not trouble about that; tell me, is it so?"

Howard felt the blood surge to his face. Dignation did that, but to Addie it seemed to be the expression of guilt. Howard in consequence would not defend himself, and Addie was too much incensed at his apparent inability to choose her words. She spoke quickly and scathingly in language not unmixed with contempt.

Howard sat silent until she ceased from agitation, and then he said sadly, "I fear there is no healing of this breach. You are my Addie, but I will not retort. We must give up the engagement."

"I am willing" said Addie, and she took her ring from her finger and flung it on the table.

Howard picked it up and walked out of the room without a word. At the outer door he hesitated, and turned back to say a tender word, but as he returned to the room he saw Addie fling herself on a couch, and burying her head in the pillow burst into a fit of convulsive weeping. He knew that it was not in his power to comfort her, so he went out silently with a heavy load on his heart.

(To be Concluded.)

"JOSIAH DEAN'S BAR."

A Splendid Temperance Story to Begin in Next Volume of "Christian Herald."

WITH the next issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish the opening chapter of a new intensely interesting Temperance story, titled "Josiah Dean's Bar," which has been written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Miss A. M. Muzzy, a talented Christian author.

In "Josiah Dean's Bar," the reader is acquainted with a respectable family, the head of which resolves to better his position in the world by opening a hotel and bar-room in a western town. The evils that result from this decision are vividly described. After a series of exciting experiences, the family is provisionally saved from ruin and the transformation from misery to happiness is fitly celebrated by the demolition of the once glittering snare known as "Josiah Dean's Bar."

The story will run in three numbers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and will be worth reading. It abounds in striking incidents and clever portraiture, and breathes the Christian spirit throughout.

"LORD, GIVE ME SLEEP."
(from a Sermon by Dr. Talmage.)
In words, in sweet trust spoken,
In, bruised, we dare not weep;
Soul so near the portal,
Hears, "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

With these arms enfold thee —
Keep thee from thy rest?
Saviour knows thou 'rt weary,
And clasps thee to His breast.

Changed for thee to rapture,
Sighs for scenes so blest;
Ever; and our darling
Sleeps on Jesus' breast.

—L. G. G.

AFGHAN MORALITY.

NARY writes to the *Punjab Mis-*
the following incident, illustra-
peculiarities of Afghan morality:
an who was notorious through-
country-side for his thieving cap-
aving come down from the Waziri
ght he would pay his friend Mr.
a visit. After tender inquiries
other's health and happiness, he
e blankets on the bed and said,
autiful blankets!" "Yes," prom-
i Mr. Thwaites, "don't you steal
hereupon the following conversa-
ed: "You needn't be afraid,
have pledged my honor to the
missioner not to steal any more
a District." "Good for Dera, but
t Bannu?" "Ah, so much the
Bannu," unconcernedly replied
n. "My dear fellow, why don't
p this sort of thing, and work?"
work," gasped the astonished
Look at that," said he, as he ex-
and as small and soft as a lady's,
fr. Thwaites—"A hand like that
sow—Taubah!" (i.e. repent of the
of such an idea) In the course
conversation he mentioned inci-
at he was going back in a few
p his harvest. On being asked
night be, he smiled significantly,
y said: "The Provindahs" (i.e.
m Afghanistan) "are now return-
rom India."

the amount of
umber in an
Y ORGAN is one
lred feet, there
mber enough in
of the ESTEY
ANS which have
sold to build
nce around the
d. This is true
o other organ.

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TO-DAY.

"While it is said to-day if ye will hear His voice."—Heb. 3:15.

"To-day if thou wilt hear His voice,"
O heart,
Whom He hath called by name, He speaks
to thee;

The manna gathered yester-morn could not
To-morrow's needs supply, nor will the oil
That fed thy lamp last night, give light this
eve,

Nor last year's fires keep out this winter's
cold.

'Tis not enough that once His voice said
"Seek"

And thou didst answer, "Lord I seek thy
face"

And rise up quickly—not enough that thou
Hast followed far into the wilderness

Beneath the cloud and through the sea, and
drank

Of heaven-born streams, and tasted angel's
bread.

If thou wouldst see thy Maker's face in
peace,

And in the day of wrath be found in Him,
Forget thy yesterdays of gain or loss,

Boast not thyself of morrows yet to come,
But choose each morn His gentle yoke
afresh,

Each evening prove His gracious promise
sweet,

And do thy work by the unsetting Sun
That sees all other suns arise and fade.

So shalt thou run with no uncertain feet,
Nor fight as one that beats the air, but keep
Thy hope unclouded, and thy pilgrim tent
Pitched every sunset nearer to thy rest.

The past may know sad failures, sinful
falls;

His love makes all things new, and saith
"To-day"

His goodness is the same as yesterday—
"If thou wilt love My statutes, keep My
law,

I am thy Father and thou art My child."

The yet untravelled wilderness hath snares,
And thorny slopes and passes dark and
wild;

Take heart! each sunrise as He wakes
thine ear

With whispers far and sweet, the Spirit
saith,

"To-day if thou wilt put thy hand in Mine
And follow as I bid thee, thou art safe."

And so the wastes are traversed; one by
one

The fearful shadows melt from off the years,
And heaven is reached while still He saith
"To-day."

—A. R. S.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York,
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A CONVERTED KOREAN MAGISTRATE.

A MISSIONARY writing from Seoul, the
Korean Capital, to *The Gospel in all Lands*,
relates the following interesting story about
a preacher now in the Presbyterian Church
in Seoul. He had been for some time with
a missionary in China studying the word.
At last the missionary and his wife took
this brother into their room, prayed with
him, and then commissioned him to take
the Gospel to his own people. Loaded
down with Christian books this pioneer
started for the Hermit Nation. His load
was heavy, the road long, and foot-sore he
sat down by the road-side when two Kore-
ans overtook him. "Have you any pro-
hibited goods in your load?" He said,
"No." Seeing the books they both cried
out, "Catholic works—Catholic works."
"No; these are not Catholic books, but
works teaching about the religion of the
Lord Jesus Christ." They travelled to-
gether for some time, nearing Korea. Sud-

denly they heard the cry of the soldiers
who always run ahead when an officer goes
out in state. The Magistrate of Aichiu was
coming. The comrades suggested his run-
ning away, leaving the books with them,
and getting back to Korea secretly and dis-
guise. To be found smuggling Christian
books into the country might be punished
with death. He refused to run or conceal
his books. The magistrate came to the vil-
lage. The runners saw our brother's pack-
age, opened it, and seeing the books re-
ported him. He was brought before the
magistrate, confessed he had Christian
books, was severely reprimanded, and his
books the magistrate took. The official
knew this Christian, and cautioning his at-
tendants not to report this seizure of pro-
hibited goods, dismissed the man.

Books might be taken from him, but not
a loyal heart. He returned to his native
land empty-handed. His home was then in
Aichiu. Some days after his return there
called on him a man in citizen's clothing,
and began to draw from his coat-sleeves,
and pile on the floor the very books
taken from him on his way to Korea. The
bearer of them was no other than the mag-
istrate himself. When the brother told this
story in Seoul he was preaching from the
text "Be strong in the Lord." Having told
his experience he told his congregation that
if he had run away he would not only have
been disloyal to his Master, but would have
lost his books in the bargain. "Therefore,
be strong in the Lord."

AN ANCIENT CITY UNEARTHED.

IN the Quarterly Statement of the Pales-
tine Exploration Fund, Mr. Flinders Petrie
gives a short and condensed report of his
recent excavations at Tell Hesi, which have
already proved of the greatest interest and
importance. A wall twenty-eight feet eight
inches thick, of clay bricks, unburnt, which
has been uncovered, is believed to be that
of the ancient Amorite city of Lachish,
erected 1500 years before Christ. Phenician
pottery of about 1100 B. C., was found
above its level. Later constructions found
on the spot are the supposed walls of Reho-
boam, and remains of the fortifications,
made in the reigns of Asa, Jehoshaphat,
Uzziah, Jotham and Manasseh. In one
building, probably of 900 B. C. or 1000 B.
C., was found a curious form of decoration
—a shallow pilaster, with very sloping sides,
resting on a low cushion base, and with a
volute at the top. "We are here, Mr.
Petrie writes, "face to face, at last, with
work of the earlier Jewish kings, probably
executed by the same school of masons who
built and adorned the temple of Solomon."

THE WANDERER SAVED.

At a recent meeting of the National Band
of Hope Bazaar, in Exeter Hall, London,
Vice-Chancellor Blake, of Toronto, told the
following incident: "A man went to the
Southern States of America, a distance of
two thousand miles from our city, and the
secretary of the Association wrote and said:
'You will find so-and-so in your city. Look
him up and see if anything can be done for
him.' He was so low down, that, although
the son of wealthy parents, he was found
in one of the fish markets cleaning fish.
'Young man,' said the delegate who found
him, 'you have got pretty near the husks.'
'Yes,' said he, 'I have; it was painted very
bright as I entered, but I find it a very
dark and miserable place where I have got.'
'Do you want to leave it?' 'I do,' 'Then
come to my warehouse, and I will give you
a place. I will expect you at my Bible
meeting.' 'I will come,' he said. At our
Sunday-school Convention last year in the
city the young man came as a delegate."

THE OBELISKS OF CLEOPATRA.

ALTHOUGH the Egyptian Obelisk in the
Central Park, New York, is slowly disinte-
grating that on the Thames Embankment in
England, seems to be bearing without inju-
ry the vicissitudes of the English climate, so
unlike that of Egypt. This seems to be due
to the peculiar composition of the granite
of which it, as well as all the other known
obelisks were cut, and which is marked by
the total absence of mica. In all other
granites this readily destructible material

exists. Centuries have passed away since
this ancient monument was erected by
Pharaoh Rameses II. at the main gateway
of his great temple at On, the Heliopolis of
the Greeks. There it stood for eighteen
centuries, and was about twenty-three years
B. C. removed by order of Cleopatra to the
palace she was erecting at Alexandria for
her friend and constant visitor, Julius
Cæsar. The architect appointed by her
was Pontius, the father of Pontius Pilate,
the Governor of Judæa. The rounded cor-
ners of the bases of these two obelisks had
doubtless been chipped off by the gate-
keepers at On and sold to the pilgrim visi-
tors. Pontius Architeus had eight bronze
crabs cast and placed them under the round-
ed corners of the stones, and on the big
claw of one of the two crabs which alone
remained, was, when the pedestal was
cleared of its surrounding sand, found this
inscription: "In the sixth year of August-
us Cæsar, I, Barbarus, Perfect of Egypt,
caused these obelisks to be erected by
Pontius the architect." Since then another
nineteen centuries are passed, and even
this 3700 years of weathering has not erased
one single portion of the hieroglyphs.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

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No loud thumping
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come spirit-like in
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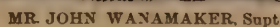
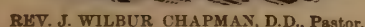
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CROOKED THINGS.

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The Origin of Geometry—Its Abhorrence of Crooked Lines—The Effect of Moral Earthquakes—Universal Crookedness—In Social Inequalities—The Beneficent Capitalist—A Redistribution of Property Inevitable—How It is to Come—Moneyed Men to Become Generous—Poor Men More Alert—Business Men Trusting in God—Allston's Prayer for Bread—Prayer Influencing the Weather—A Congregation Saved from a Wetting by Prayer—Crooked National Affairs Straightened—Napoleon Called to Account—Crooked Domestic Affairs—Advice to the Despairing.

"The crooked shall be made straight." Isaiah 40 : 4.

GEOMETRY, from the time it was discovered on the banks of the Nile, which, by its overflow annually obliterated the landmarks, and the restoration of these landmarks made such a science necessary—I say, Geometry, ever since then has been busy with lines, straight lines, curved lines, lines in angles and cones and spheres, but has never been able to evolve any beauty from a line that was merely crooked. The circle and the square were always considered admirable. Isaiah recognizes the circle and says: "The Lord sits upon the circle of the earth." The altar of the ancient tabernacle was "four square," and the breastplate of the priests "four square," and heaven, according to St. John, is "four square." But the Bible has no admiration for lines that are merely crooked. Indeed, my text in prophesying the world's complete rectification declares: "The crooked shall be made straight."

There have been so many moral earthquakes that many things have got into

A Terrible Twist

—crooked laws, crooked governments, crooked fortunes, crooked dispositions—and many of the efforts to straighten things have only made them more crooked. And some good people sit down in despair and become pessimistic and give up life and the Church and the world as dead failures. With such lachrymose behavior I have no sympathy. It is a promise of the Lord Almighty, "The crooked shall be made straight." I propose, as I may be divinely helped, to mention some of the crooked things that are going to be straightened.

Much of the wealth of the world is in the hands of the profligate, while many of the best people are subjected to distressing privation; and there is going to be a redistribution of property. If it were possible, it would be a bad thing to have things divided equally. Some men are able to endure more success than others, and prosperity that might not unbalance you might destroy me. The Declaration of American Independence declares that all men are born equal, but the opposite is the truth, for they are born unequal. In no respect is this more evident than in their capacity to endure success, financial or social. I have seen men by the acquisition of fifty thousand dollars made arrogant and overbearing, and I have known others with their millions of dollars child-like and unassuming and Christian.

We Would All be Affluent

but the Lord cannot trust us. I am glad there are those He can trust. Much is said against capitalists, but the world would be a very shaky world without them. Who built the great railroads which, while they give such facilities of travel, employ tens of thousands of laborers supporting them and their families? Capitalists. Who built great ships that stir the rivers and bridge the ocean? Capitalists. Who reared the thousands of factories all over the land in which hundreds of thousands of employees earn their daily bread? Capitalists. Who endowed your colleges, and opened free libraries, and built asylums for the orphan, the crippled and the insane? Capitalists! But for them there would not be an Academy of Music, or a picture gallery, or a free library or a steamboat, or a railroad in America. Who put the world on seventy-five years beyond what it would

have been in enterprise, in comforts, in educational advantage, in good things without number? Capitalists! The more money a man gets the better if it come honestly and is employed righteously. Nevertheless we all see that there needs to be a redistribution of property. Communism proposes to make that distribution by torch and dagger and dynamite. Throw the midnight express train off the track and put the factory into conflagration. Disrupt society. Buglarize. Assassinate. Such people believe neither in God nor man nor woman and they know how to make things worse but never have made and never can make anything better.

I tell you how there will come

A Redistribution of Property,

good people will get more alertness and acumen and assiduity. Many good people are kept in straitened circumstances because they have been indolent, or lacked courage to take honest advantage of circumstances, and were too stupid to get on. With the very same surroundings others went on to competency. In the better days to come good men will have their faculties awakened, and will in consequence rise to larger share of prosperity. On the other hand, estates wrongfully accumulated, will dissolve. If not the sons, then the grandsons will make the money fly, and it will gradually scatter in their hands, and become a part of the general wealth. Then, as to vast properties righteously gathered—and there are thousands of them—such estates, will contribute toward helping the unfortunate, not more



by charities than by helping struggling people into lucrative business, and the man who has amassed enough and a surplus will say: "There is a young merchant without any capital, I will start him on Fulton Street," and "there is a young mechanic who has no means of his own, and I will put him on the career of prosperity," and "There is a farmer with too big a mortgage on his land, and I will help him lift the encumbrance." The fact is that if the kindness and generosity manifested by moneyed men toward the struggling during the last fifty years, increases in the same ratio for the next fifty years, there will be a condition of society paradisaic. We are going to have a multiplication of William E. Dodges, and Peter Coopers, and James Lenoxes, and George Peabodys. So will come redistribution, and the crooked will be made straight.

Mind this: God never yet undertook a failure. The old book which is worth all other books put together, makes it plain that God has undertaken to regulate this world by Gospel influences, and if He has the power He will do what He says He will, and no one who amounts to anything will deny His power. God has said a hundred times "I will," but never once has said "I cannot." We may with our tack-hammers pound away, trying to mend and improve and straighten the financial condition of the world, and be disappointed in the result, because our arm is too weak and the hammer we wield too small, but the most defiant difficulty will flatten and disappear when God with a hammer made of summer thunderbolts strikes it, saying, "The crooked shall be made straight."

In your business concerns there are influences perplexing. Your affairs may seem all right to outsiders, for business firms do not advertise their private troubles, but where one firm has everything just as they want it, there are a hundred firms at their wit's end, what to do with that partner who draws more than his share of the profits, or with that stockholder who

comes in just often enough to upset things or with that disappearance of funds which you cannot account for, although you have suspicions you cannot mention, or with that investment which was made contrary to your judgment because there was a determination to push it through, or because you are going behind month by month without any prospect of extrication. The trouble is putting a wrinkle on your forehead that ought not to appear there for ten years yet, and you will be forty years old when you ought to be only thirty or



when you ought to be fifty, or sixty, or seventy when you ought to be only thirty or sixty. Stop worrying. Either by the dissolution of that firm, or readjusting matters you will be brought safely through it, and put your trust in God. When commercial houses fail the suspension is averted, but the tens of thousands of men, who are everyday extricated no public mention is made. Yesterday was Saturday and I warrant that at the windows of banks, and in counting-rooms, stores and on every street of every city, God appeared for the deliverance of good men, certainly as when with His right foot He trod Lake Galilee, into placidity and made Daniel safe among the lions as though they had been house dogs asleep on a rug before a winter fire. Throw yourself on the promise of the text, or a hundred other texts meaning about the same thing.

I never yet asked God to do anything but did it, if it were best, and in all the cases where my prayer has not been answered, I have found out afterward that it was best not to have been answered in my way. But none of us have tested the full power of prayer. It is a force very like some of the forces of nature that were in existence but not employed. In ages electricity was thought good for nothing but to burn barns, and kill people with a stroke. The lightning rod on the top of houses was the spear with which the war was charged on the thunderstorm, as much as say. "If you dare to come this way I will throw you into the ground." But now electricity lights homes, and churches, and cities, and continents, and moves rail cars, and he is a man who mentions anything as impossible this natural energy. So

The Power of Prayer

was to the world rather a frightful power if it was any power at all. But that has changed, and men begin to use it in a thousand things, and the time will come when it will be used in all things and there will be a Bible every counting-room and supplication will send from every commercial establishment and when business firms are formed the question will not only be asked as to how much one and that one put in of capital, but the question will be asked "Do you know how to pray? Mightier agent than any natural force yet developed will be this Gospel electricity, flashing heavenward for help, flashing earthward for divine response. God in business life. God in agricultural life. God in mechanical life. God in artistic life. God in every kind of life, religion for the most part is hung up so high you cannot reach it. It is hung up on the clouds, snatch it up as you finally go through heavenly residence. Oh, have your religion within easy reach now! Religion is no heaven, but for this world. Once in heaven we will need no prayer for we shall have everything we want. We will need no repentance for we shall have forever got rid of our

have no need of comfort, for there is no trouble. The Christian religion is heaven where everything is all right, and this world where so many things are all

ington Allston, whose name you recognize as that of a great American painter, was in extreme poverty, and one day got up and asked for a loaf of bread for himself and his starving family. While he was waiting for that prayer there was a knock at the door and a man came in and said: "How about painting the 'Angel Uriel,' that received at the Royal Academy? Has it been painted?" "No," said Allston. "How much do you want for it?" Allston replied: "I am done with it for I cannot get it." "Will four hundred pounds be enough?" asked the stranger, "that is more than I asked," said Allston. The four hundred pounds (two thousand dollars), were paid and the purchaser introduced himself as Marquis of Stafford, who was one of the most liberal patrons of the great artist. "Oh, that all just happened!" Did it? Tell that to some ignorant, some benighted woman, who has never heard the promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee," or that other promise: "The crooked shall be made straight." "Yes, I do. Take the most unkind thing on earth—the weather. The Bible says that

Prayer Controls the Weather.
In 1740 and 1741: "Elijah was a man after the fashion of men, and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not for three years and six months; and he prayed again and the rain came." Do you say that was the power of olden time? There have been instances of divine interference with the weather in modern times just as marvellous as those of olden times. I remember a Christian ship captain but could not find the name of the vessel. It has been many times in answer to prayer. They leave their ves-
sels in the morning and join us in worship. There are enough of them present this morning to take a whole fleet in safety across the Atlantic. Whenever I have heard them testify mightily confirmed me in what I believe, that God answers prayer concerning the weather. And there have been cyclones sent up from the Caribbean sea, down every sail and every smoke-stack, every mast in their course, which in answer to specific petition have been diverted to curve around some particular island, and then re-
turn to their original path of destruction. The probabilities again and again have answered a tempest and we were all ready for it, the sur-
rounding atmosphere had it its effect. The problem is it is prayer that affects the weather. The prayer of the people of Palestine should have a prayer that would affect it for of days.

John Easter was many years ago an evangelist in Virginia. A large out-door meeting was held in that State. Many thousands had gathered in the open air and heavy storm-gales gathered. There was no shelter and the multitudes could retreat. The rain suddenly reached the adjoining fields when

John Easter cried out: "Brethren, be still while I call upon God to stay the storm till the Gospel is preached to this multitude." Then he knelt and prayed that the audience might be spared from the rain and that after they had gone to their homes there might come refreshing showers. Behold the clouds parted as they came near and passed to either side of the crowd and then closed again, leaving the place dry where the audience had assembled, and the next day the postponed showers came upon the ground that had been the day before omitted. Do you say it only happened so? I cannot see what you keep your Bibles for, and the God you worship is not my God. Your God is an autocrat, and He is so far off and so far up that the world cannot touch Him, and His throne is an eternal iceberg. My God is a father, here and now, and a father will give his child what he asks for, if it is best for him to have it. Pray about everything that concerns you, secularities as well as spiritualities. Take to God all your annoyances and perplexities. The crooked shall be made straight. Some people talk as though God controlled things in general but not in particular; that He started everything under certain laws and then let it take care of itself, as an engineer might start his locomotive on an iron railroad track and then jump off. What would happen to such a locomotive is what would long ago have happened to our world if God had started it and afterward allowed it to look out for itself. There is no such thing as a general providence. It is

A Particular Providence.

God has no general care for a forest. It is a care of every cell of every leaf and root in that forest. God has no general care of the ocean. It is a care of every drop of water in the liquid magnitude. God has no general care for the human race. It is a care of every individual of that race and of every item of individual history. I preach Him, a God in infinitesimals, an every-day God, a God responsive, and one breath of earnest prayer, though that breath should not be strong enough to make a candle flicker, will absorb more of the divine attention than if the archangel standing at the foot of the throne should flap both wings.

It is remarkable how many crooked things are in the providence of God being made straight. About thirty years ago our national affairs were as crooked as depraved American politics and bad men, and Satan could make them. From the top of Maine to the foot of Florida, the nation was red with wrath. It was wrangle and fight all the way through, and one of the mildest things that the North and South promised each other was assassination. During this summer I have travelled through New York, and Ohio, and Illinois, and Indiana, and Minnesota, and Kansas and Nebraska, and Missouri, and Texas, and Louisiana, and Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and Virginia, and Pennsylvania, and I have shaken hands with tens of thousands of people, and talked with men of all sections and degrees, and I have to tell you

It is All Peace,

and in all the States of the Union you could not now marshal a military company of one hundred soldiers to fight against the United States Government, unless you got your men out of the penitentiary. Did the corrupt and gangrened political parties do this work of rectification and pacification? No! It was by Divine interposition that the crooked has been made straight.

On the second of December, 1851, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte rode down the Champs Elysee of Paris, and under the hoofs of his horse a Republic was trampled as the rider went to take a throne. It was the outrage of the century. For nineteen long years the wrong triumphed. The will of one man who wanted to remain emperor kept down a nation who wanted a Republic. But September, 1870, arrived, and Sedan unrolled its crimson scroll. The Emperor surrenders with 83,000 troops, 419 field guns, 6,000 horses, and 60,000 muskets. From that

day the ballot-box was up and the throne was down. Free institutions have been substituted for an infamous monarchy. Thank God! The crooked has been made straight.

But why go so far to find fulfilment of my text. In all our lives there are crooked things that need to be made straight, and each hearer or reader will enumerate for himself or herself. With one it is dilapidated physical health and you are saying: "Why cannot I be in good health when I have such opportunities and such responsibilities?" Alas for the sick headaches and the rheumatic joints, and the neuralgic thrusts, and the lame foot! But you will be well soon. Life at the longest is an abbreviated duration. There is a black doctor that will cure you. Some people call him Death. No disease was ever able to stand before his touch. Use all the means afforded for physical recuperation but if they fail the hour of release is not far away. There need be no incurables. There is no sorrow that heaven cannot cure. Those who in this world have always been well will not get the best part of heaven. They will not have the advantage of contrast. They were well before they left this world and why should they be so gratulated at being well in the next



world. But to those who on earth were hindered or broken down in health, what a contrast as they step into that domain where there has never been an aching brow or lame foot or inflamed muscle or disordered nerve! For forty years there may have been a stooping in the back, or

a twisted muscle, or a curved spine or a crooked limb, but the promise has been fulfilled "The crooked shall be made straight."

In many a domestic life are difficulties to be removed. There are thousands of matches that were not made in heaven. Some of the loveliest women have been united to some of the meanest men and some of the grandest men to the most worthless women. There may be no sufficient cause of divorcement, but there has never been any accord. For them the wedding march ought never to have been played. The twain divergent in sentiment, the north pole and the south pole might just as well have been married. A twist of nettles would have been more appropriate than a garland of orange blossoms. The unutterable mistake was made to please parents, or for the acquisition of estate, or for heightening of social position, or through thoughtlessness. I call the attention of such to the rapid dissolution of families. This thought, which is a sadness to a happy marital state, might be consolatory to

Those Unequally Yoked.

A very short path is the path of this life. The rolling years will give quick emancipation. Everybody, for discipline, must have some kind of trouble and that is your trouble. Put in a song now and then to cheer your spirit. Make the best of things. Find in God that peace which no one else can bestow. The days and months and years are crowding past and the last of the procession so far as you are concerned will soon have gone by. Remember that some of the best men and women who ever lived have had the same lifetime of misfortune. They bore up under it and so can you. The expiration of the life of one of you will, after a while, remove the affliction. Let the one that remains make no hypocritical mourning at the obsequies of the one that goes, or imitate those whom we have all noticed who fought like cats and dogs all their married state and then could not get organs to sound dirges doleful enough, or furnishing stores to prepare

weeds black enough, or tombstone cutters to chisel epitaphs eulogistic enough. It is a matter of congratulation that the unhappiest conjugal relation will terminate. The crooked shall be made straight. In the ages of the world when people lived five or six or eight or nine hundred years, such consolation for any kind of trouble would have been inapt. It would have brought no relief to some of those old patriarchs to say "you will have only seven hundred years more of this." But life has been abbreviated by the cutting off of century after century until we can console people, whether their trouble be financial or social or domestic, by saying it will not be long before the crooked shall be made straight.

A Wrecked Bell.

But to those who were once happily united on earth, and are now separated, the same thought comes, in a good cheer. Not long separated! Tradition says that two bells were molded and sent from Spain for a distant land to chime in a church tower. But while in a storm at sea one of these bells was wrecked and only one reached the shore and was hung in the church tower. And some people thought that, when standing on the land, they heard that bell ringing for worship or in a wedding peal, they could at the same time hear from the sea the lost bell ringing as if in response. Some of our friends and kindred have crossed the stormy sea and are in the tower of God on high. But we are still in the tempest, and sometimes the surges beat over us, but our souls are still in accord with those who are gone, and they ring down to us and we ring up to them and a sympathy is between us that can never die.

"Oh," says some one, "the crook in my lot you have not mentioned, and I sit clear outside of all the consolations you have offered." Well, I will take after you with Gospel comfort and reach you before I close. Do you think your wound is so deep the divine Surgeon cannot treat it? Have you a trouble that overmasters God? Is your annoyance of such a nature that you must suppress it? Ah, that is what is killing you. Trouble must be told or it stings to death the one who carries it. If there is no man or woman that you can trust with the secret, you can trust God.

Hie Away to Him.

Tell Him all about it. Lock your door and tell Him aloud, and if you do not get relief you will be the first soul in the six thousand years of the world's existence, and the only one of the hundreds of millions of the human race who ever called on God for help and did not get it. In all the universe, in all eternity there is not an exception. Stop brooding and commence praying. I bless my God that, while there are so many crooked things in life, there are some things so straight God Himself could not make them straighter. Divine help comes straight to those who will have it. The angels of mercy fly straight when they undertake a rescue. The hour of your final deliverance marches straight out of the eternities. And as the carpenter puts down his rule on a piece of timber, and with his axe hews away until the last inequality and irregularity disappears, so when God in the last great day shall put down His unfailing measuring-rule beside that event which seemed the most twisted in our lives or in the world, it will be found out that the last discrepancy has vanished, and the last wrong has been righted, and the last crooked thing has been made straight.

A DESPOT COMES TO GRIEF.

KING M'WANGA, the Despot of Uganda in Central Africa, the slayer of Bishop Hannington, and the persecutor of missionaries ever since he ascended the throne of King M'tesa, has at last come to grief. Letters from Uganda say he has been stripped of his power, and although still nominally king, all his chiefs, his army and his court officials are under white influence. Native Christians are no longer slaughtered to gratify his taste for murder, and no heathen is permitted to hold an office.

MR. WANAMAKER'S MISSION.

HOW HE FOUNDED THE BETHANY MISSION WHEN HE WAS TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

A Christian Work which God has Prospered Amazingly—Started in a Shoemaker's Shop and Developing into a Great Field with Thousands of Souls Under its Care—The Postmaster-General's Class in the Sunday-school—Cabinet Duties do not Prevent him from Prosecuting his Mission Work—Bethany's New Pastor—An Example of Christian Activity.

(See also Illustrations on first page.)

ONE stormy evening in February, 1858, a number of men assembled in a little shop belonging to a shoemaker in the neighborhood of 22nd and Bainbridge Streets, Philadelphia. It was not a very imposing gathering, for many of the men were shabby and out-at-elbows. A few were like sober industrious workmen, and almost all were young. In the shop were three men who busied themselves in the seating and caring for the



comfort of the others, most of whom had been gathered in from the streets. One of the trio was about twenty years of age—a fine young fellow, with a serious cast of face and yet with so winning a smile and withal so cheery a tone that when he moved about among the strangers, they felt that he spoke from the heart.

This young man was John Wanamaker, and the two others with him were friends who had consented to act as teachers under his superintendency in the new enterprise on which he had embarked. The meeting

In the Little Shoe Shop

was the initial gathering of the Bethany Mission, whose fame and good works have since become known to a nation. Like many other godly projects, its beginning was a very humble one. Chairs were at a premium and so the twenty-seven guests of the three young Christians were seated, for the most part, on planks, laid on bricks. After a few simple words of welcome from the young Superintendent, services were begun and conducted with such fervor and heartiness that the strangers felt drawn to their hosts. God's grace lighted up the dim shop, just as it has illuminated other humble places where true worshippers gather, the world over.

It did not need much persuasion to induce them to attend regularly. Soon the shoemaker's rooms were found too small for the increasing numbers, and a few weeks after the first meeting, saw the young Mission established in other and larger quarters. Spring was coming along and the boyish-looking superintendent, and his two assistants rented a lot near by, and put up a big canvas tent upon it. This tabernacle, as the cold weather returned, gave way to a plain little brick chapel, which served the now rapidly-growing Mission, until a much larger building was erected.



THE BETHANY TABERNACLE—1859-60.

Early in 1865 this chapel was dedicated on the site of the present Sunday-school building, on 22nd and Bainbridge Streets. It was designed to accommodate 1,000 scholars, and when this fact became known, there were many who declared it to be a foolish venture on the part of the young missionary, "for," said these cynics, "it will never be half filled." Like its predecessor, it was soon not only filled but was too small, and several years later was rebuilt, and

enlarged to accommodate 2,000. Still it proved inadequate to seat the throngs that attend the services, so, in 1865, a church was organized with a small membership; the intention being to accommodate the overflow. Its growth also, has been almost as rapid and phenomenal as that of the Mission itself.

From the beginning, the people who have attended at the Bethany Mission have been of working-class. Mr. Wanamaker is himself a working-man. As a boy, he had carried clay brickyard, earning two cents a day, while with his Huguenot parents at Chambers Pa., where he was born in 1838. Next, at sixteen, he had worked in a clothing store in Philadelphia, and his sterling honesty and energy—the result of Christian training—had made at last a large employer and prosperous merchant. At the time of the opening of the mission, Mr. Wanamaker had already entered a career of business prosperity, and he was secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Quaker City. Between such a worker and his audiences at the Mission sprang up

A Bond of Sympathy

that has strengthened with the passing years. The extraordinary growth of the mission, under the Divine blessing, has been to the simplicity of its services, the earnest industry of its conductors and the sincerity which from week to week, the Gospel message has been delivered to the thousands who thronged its gatherings. Like the seed on good ground, that which was sown two years ago in the shoemaker's humble room has born fruit not a hundred thousand-fold.

Since entering President Harrison's Cabinet, Mr. Wanamaker has relatively given more



THE FIRST BETHANY CHAPEL—1865.

and attention to the Bethany Mission and Sunday-school than previously. The mission reaches its highest point in West Philadelphia, about A. M. Sunday, and rarely before since, not even the time of the lunch. The services are always earnest and interesting. The opening and closing addresses made by Mr. Wanamaker himself. The closing remarks do not usually extend quite so long a time. After the opening address, the partitions dividing the class are lowered and the class lessons heard entire school, while thus engaged, a very interesting scene. Mr. Wanamaker sides superintending the school

Has the Largest Class

in it. It numbers 400 to 500 pupils of most of the classes, is made up about of adults and minors. Mrs. Wanamaker has a class. When the last report was there were over 2,600 names on roll and the average attendance during months of the year is about 1,800.

While not a striking orator, Mr. Wanamaker talks to the school, like his address to the Mission, are always full of interest and energy. He is perhaps more of an orator than anything else—a tireless worker whose abilities have been turned to good account in the service of Christ, and who look same time to the material welfare of his people. The plans for the future include the opening of evening schools at the Mission. Savings Bank, which now occupies a large corner building, a square below Bainbridge Street, was started about a year ago by Mr. Wanamaker, who is President with a view to educating the school children and the people of the neighborhood in habits of saving. De-

one cent are received and there are often of barefooted youngsters in line, books, waiting to turn in their small amount. Not alone by children that this bank is used. Adults figure prominently in the names, and some of them, who once all their earnings for liquor, have been to save by this institution and now have and sums to their credit. The concern run to enrich its officers or other s, but

To Encourage Frugality

the poorer classes. There are no stock. The bank has no connection with, being a separate and distinct institution managed chiefly by Bethany members. Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, pastor of Bethany, decade 1869-1879, is now Editorial Superintendent of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. J. Wilbur Chapman was lately from Albany, N. Y., to fill the pulpit at Church. Dr. Chapman was born in Ind., in 1859, studied at Oberlin College later at Lake Forest University. His charge was the Reformed Church of Arville, N. Y., and this was followed by a the First Reformed Church of Albany, he labored successfully for five years, along evangelistic lines. He does a manuscript, yet all his sermons are prepared and the style is purely istic. He succeeds the Rev. Arthur son, D.D. The Mission thus secures a, earnest preacher and Mr. Chapman is the spiritual leader of one of the most sive congregations to be found anywhere in the United States. Counting all the connected with the Church and Sunday-school with the families to which they belong, many parish contains not less than

8,000 to 10,000 Souls.

1 of membership is still swelling and no the present school and church, worth 300,000, will have to be still further enlarged. They occupy a plot of ground extending 135 feet on Twenty-second Street and on Bainbridge, and are modest-looking residences. The school is on the corner, and passer-by it looks like a number of small rooms joined together. The original structure radical Gothic in style, but as the need for room arose, and alterations and additions were made, the school gradually departed from Gothic, until now it is a somewhat style of architecture. It is built of and has an abundance of windows. It is all provided with entrances, there being more than ten of them, two of which lead to a very reserved for visitors. This gallery, the one above, is used by members of the and extends about two-thirds around the school proper. All told, there are forty-rooms in the building, of which thirty-one is rooms; a few are used for the dispensing a large room on the southern end for s. Mr. James H. Coyle is Associate Superintendent of the Sunday-school.

Bethany Mission is still growing. Al- its founder is now a statesman and a r of the President's Cabinet, besides being official head of one of the largest and important departments of the national ment, and having vast business interests own, involving the handling of millions ars every month, he never forgets the a he founded in his young manhood in emaker's shop that winter evening. Of nvestments none has paid him with such interest as this has done. None has t him such golden return as the moneys, and effort expended in bringing within the the Gospel those who, but for the Beth- mission, might have wandered till now in the

Rich Harvest of Souls

as given to Bethany, and the wondrous rity He has bestowed upon its founder ose associated with him, should encourage in the work of the Master. With Vanamaker, it was not a question of

money that was canvassed when he set about starting those meetings in the shoemaker's shop. All that the Christian need ask is the opportunity; God can always be depended upon to furnish the means, where the necessity for the work really exists.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Knotty Pension Question was Decided by Secretary Bussey on Sept. 9. The question turned upon what is the "line of duty." It appears that on April 1, 1863, a corporal obtained a pass to attend church service across Green River at Mumfordsville, Ky., at which point his company was stationed. While crossing the river on a log, he fell, fracturing his left knee. He suffered severely at the time and has found the injury a detriment to him ever since. The liberality of the present Administration has encouraged him to apply for a pension. His claim was at first rejected on the ground that the soldier at the time of the accident was not in line of duty. Assistant Secretary Bussey takes a contrary view, and allows the pension sought. He says: "If the claimant had, by authority of his superior officer, been crossing the river for the purpose of obtaining necessary physical sustenance, he would certainly have been in line of duty, it being a necessary incident to the service. A similar mission for spiritual sustenance, which is also necessary placed him also in the line of duty." The Secretary's decision seems logical. It is much to be wished that the presumption to which he refers, of spiritual sustenance being necessary, was more generally recognized than it is. Though men's souls are languishing for lack of it, they neglect the invitation "Come ye buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. 55: 1.)

A Boy was Rescued from the Grasp of a Snake in Canada on Sept. 10. A press dispatch from Ottawa says that a farmer living near Selkirk sent his nine year old son to the pasture to bring home the cows. As he went through the brush he jumped over the low bushes and in doing so he alighted, after one of his leaps, on what he supposed to be the limb of a tree, but which proved to be a black snake, five feet long. The snake, irritated by the unusual pressure, coiled itself so tightly about the boy's legs that he was unable to free himself from its embrace, and there is no doubt he would have been killed outright had it not been for the assistance of a large dog which accompanied him. The dog seized the snake in his teeth, and the boy, by bracing himself in an opposite direction, allowed the dog to tear the snake loose. So great was the shock to the little fellow's nerves that he became temporarily blind, and would in all probability not have reached home that night had it not been for his dog. Placing his hand on the back of the dog, he was piloted safely to the house. He has recovered his sight, but is still suffering from the effects of his fright. The double need of the boy, which the dog supplied, is like that of the victims of Satan, the great enemy of souls, who in the Bible is likened to a serpent. They need, not only rescue from the grasp of their enemy, but guidance to their heavenly home and both are offered to them. (Luke 10: 18, 19—John 10: 16.)

A Wicked Prayer Book is in the Possession of a correspondent of a New York daily journal. He says that among the relics treasured by his family is a prayer-book printed in 1628, which was brought to this country from England by an ancestor. Looking over the volume recently his eye was caught by the epistle appointed for reading on the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. It includes the passage Gal. 5: 19; 21. which is printed thus: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like, of which I tell you before, as I have also told you in past time, *that they who do such things, shall inherit the kingdom of God.*" This blunder appeared so remarkable that he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to in-

quire if any record existed among the archives in his palace at Lambeth, of the error having been noticed. He was informed that the printer of the book had been fined \$7,500, for making the false quotation in that book, and for another erroneous reading in a Bible that he had printed. The error in the latter case was in 1. Corinthians 6: 9. where the word "not" was left out with the same result. Only two copies of that edition of the prayer-book and very few of the Bible are known to be in existence, and they are in public libraries and museums. This fact is well-known; otherwise we might have inferred from the lives led by some persons, who hope to go to heaven when they die, that they used one of those Bibles. Whatever ground such men have for their hope is false, for "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." (1. John 3:3.)

An Electrical Tree Attracted Many Visitors in New York last week. During the heavy and continuous rains, some boys, who, on their way home from school passed an old oak tree in Stuyvesant street, were astonished by a strange sensation that was experienced on touching it. A curious pricking was felt when the hand was laid on the wet bark. They talked about it and older people went to see the tree, and experienced the same sensation. The cause was soon apparent. Two electric wires, one of them a heavy light-wire, passed through the tree. The friction of the waving branches had partially worn away the insulating covering from the wires and the saturated trunk formed a conductor. The next day a man was observed leaning against the trunk, and he explained that the electricity was curing his rheumatism. A woman came and stood with one hand on the tree and the other on her swollen face hoping that it would cure her neuralgia. Others with various ailments visited the tree, while the wet weather continued, and all professed to have derived benefit from it. Probably they did, if they had strong faith in its healing virtues, for cures of all kinds are helped by subjective influence. There were not wanting some scoffers to laugh at their credulity but they did not mind the ridicule if they could get relief from their sufferings. We can but wish that the same earnestness were manifested to gain admission through Christ to that land, of which the Apostle had a vision, in which he saw, "In the midst of the street of it... the tree of life... and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." (Rev. 22: 2.)

The Abduction of a Bride-Elect has Caused some excitement in Jefferson County, New York. A popular young lady, the daughter of a farmer, was to have been married last week to a young man, who earns a good livelihood from visitors and hunters as a guide to the woods. The wedding was to have been celebrated with enthusiasm, as both parties were well known, and liked, and the parents approved of the match. But, a short time before the day fixed for the wedding, the bride mysteriously disappeared. Search was made for her, but without avail. At length a clue was obtained in the simultaneous disappearance of two men, who worked on an adjoining farm. They were traced to St. Lawrence County where they had been born and reared. It was ascertained that they had the missing girl with them. Her father, and her lover hurried there, taking the sheriff with them. It was found that partly by force, and partly by intimidation they had taken the girl away, and were holding her a prisoner in the hope of her consenting to marry one of them. On Sept. 13, she was found, and joyfully returned home with her father, while her abductors were taken back in the custody of the sheriff. The deferred wedding is now to take place. There is reason to fear that something like this will be found to have occurred when the cry is raised, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Many who should be waiting and looking for Him have been carried captive by Satan through love of the world and will have to go through much tribulation before they sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. (Rev. 7: 14.)

THE PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD

S. S. LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR OCT. 5,
LUKE 20 : 9-19; GOLDEN TEXT, ISA. 53 : 3.

Why the Upper Classes Opposed Jesus—His Scorn of their Claims—Jealousy of His Popularity—Their Challenge of His Authority—Their Dilemma—Rebuke by a Parable—The Lord's Vineyard—The Owner's Rights—How His Servants were Treated—The Divine Ambassador—Their Culminating Rebellion—The Vineyard to be Given to Others—The Stone that Breaks Men—The Question of the Sadducees—The Children of the Resurrection.

FROM the commencement of His public ministry until its very end, Jesus was subject to the insulting, unkind and unjust criticisms of the Pharisees, the chief priests, the elders, and the scribes. All the men of note and position in His time were against Him and His Gospel, because there was nothing in it to glorify man. No place for any display of Creature Superiority.

Their prestige arose, not from any intrinsic merit, but either from the accident of their birth, on account of superior education, the accident of wealth, or some such cause, all of which manifestly had no weight with the Son of Man. If only they could reduce Him to conformity to their ideas, and get Him to accept some kind of license from them, then they might patronize Him, and they would get glory instead of contempt through His ministry. Oh, how many attempts men have made, and how futile they have been, to reduce the movements of God to a system which men can dominate! Thus they came upon Jesus in the midst of His teaching, and said, "By what authority doest thou these things, and who is he that gave thee this authority?"

It is not necessary to answer every question which is asked us. Jesus, instead of answering, put a question to them in return. "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men?" If their question was one which at that moment He was unwilling to enter upon with them, His question to them was still more difficult for them to answer. It was a matter of complete indifference to them whether John's ministry was, or was not, divine; what affected them most was how their judgment should affect themselves. So, instead of praying over the matter, and asking counsel of God, "they reasoned with themselves" as to the answer which should best suit their purpose. "If we shall say, from heaven, He will say, why then believed ye him not? But, and if we say, of men, all the people will stone us; For they be persuaded that John was a prophet." They refused, therefore, to give an answer, and Jesus, in His turn, refused to give His authority for His divine works, and so He put it out of their power to offer or refuse Him their insolent patronage.

In the parable which follows, He gives them a rebuke, which, perhaps, few of them were spiritual enough to perceive. "A certain man planted a vineyard, and let it forth to husbandmen, and went into a far country." "The vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant." (Isa. 5 : 7.) "And at the season, He sent His servants to the husbandmen that they should give Him of the fruit of the vineyard," but the servant met with nothing but persecution, the owner's rights were not respected, "they sent him away empty." It has been history ever since the fall, that

God's Rights in Man

have been repudiated by him. Patriarchs and prophets have pleaded the cause of God, and have come in the name of the Lord seeking fruit for Him from His vineyard, but to no avail; persecution of God's messengers has grown in intensity through the ages. The first servant was "sent away empty;" the second was "shamefully treated;" the third "wounded" and cast out. Then the Lord of the vineyard said, "what shall I do?" There was open mutiny, extreme measures must be resorted to. "I will send my beloved Son: it may be they will rever-

ence Him when they see Him." O, if the scales would have fallen from their eyes at that moment, and they could have seen in the meek, gentle, unresisting Man that stood before them the only begotten Son of God, surely they must have fallen upon their faces ashamed before Him! But then they were, at that very moment, questioning His authority. They did not reverence the Son. Jesus was painting

A Picture From Life,

and they began to be conscious of it as He continued: "But when the husbandmen saw Him they reasoned among themselves, saying, this is the heir, come let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours." God sought from His vineyard the fruit of His own planting—love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." But His vineyard bore "wild grapes." (Isa. 5 : 4)—selfishness, which is the exact contrary to love. "The inheritance shall be ours;" it was the self-seeking spirit, which will sacrifice Christ and His interests for personal interests, Christ and His name for petty reputation, Christ and His people for our own family distinction! God has planted His vineyard with divine plants, but only human and carnal fruit is brought forth!

"So they cast him out of the vineyard and killed him. What therefore shall the Lord of the vineyard do unto them? He shall come and destroy those husbandmen, and shall give the vineyard unto others." There is no waste in God's economy. If the Jews do not respond to Him, and work out His purposes, He calls in the Gentiles. If ordained ministers are not small and humble enough to be the instruments of the Holy Ghost, God will not be at a loss, He has laymen ready. Where laymen are too great in their own eyes to be used by Him, He has women ready. When educated men and women give Him place, He can use them, but where they assume authority or superiority because of their education, He will not be at a loss, He will use the uneducated.

His hearers answered, "God forbid," and He beheld them and said, "what is this then that is written, the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner? Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be

Broken,

but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." God has made His Son a touchstone for every man, every man is tested by his relations to Jesus, and he takes his place in one of two classes: either he lets himself be broken by falling upon Jesus, or the time comes when Jesus as Judge must fall upon him. When Jesus breaks a man, all his ideas of his superiority go to the winds, all his own righteousness vanishes away like smoke, all hope in himself perishes. But the chief priests and scribes were in no mood to be broken; pride and self-interest possessed them, and by fair means or foul, they would conquer Him whose words galled them, and stung them to the quick, because they would not yield up their miserable life of pride and self. They "sought to lay hands on Him," but "they feared the people."

Now they bethought themselves of another plan, worthy of such as they were, "they sent forth spies which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of His words;" a strange work for priests! Their first attempt was to draw Him into committing Himself, about the payment of tribute to Cæsar, a vexed question of the day, on account of God's word. (Deut. 17 : 14, 15.) If it should not be lawful to set a stranger over them, how could they serve God by paying tribute to Cæsar, a foreign potentate? Jesus leads them to higher ground; "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." Jesus will only touch politics as far as it will serve God's purpose.

These hired spies having failed, the rationalists of the day, who bordered on agnosticism, and who denied the resurrection, came to Him with a question regarding a woman whose first husband died childless, and who, according to

Jewish law, should become the wife of her brother, that posterity might be secured, family lands remain in possession. How, if it be in the resurrection, if seven brethren, one after the other? Whose law would she be? It was an extreme case, but was no doubt, intended to bring the question of the resurrection into prominence. Again Jesus leads His hearers on to new ground. They have only earthly concerns, and see everything from their own low point of view. Jesus teaches them that marriage itself is a provisional thing, a relationship which belongs to "the children of this age," which shall be accounted worthy to oblige, and the resurrection from the dead, whether they marry nor are given in marriage, can they die any more: for they are equal to the angels; and are the children of God.

The Children of the Resurrection.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." (1. Cor. 15 : 50.) The materialism of the Sadducees could not grasp the idea of the resurrection, as "children of the resurrection," right dignity of our position, even while we are in "this age," "waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body," (Rom. 8 : 23) all the necessities which our present existence entails, let us not be held in bondage of things of time and sense, but "use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away." (1. Cor. 7 : 31.)

One question the Lord Himself put to the questioners, after He had silenced them: "say they that Christ is David's son? And himself saith in the book of Psalms, 'The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right till I make thine enemies thy footstool.' Therefore calleth Him Lord, how is he David's Son?" There was no reply to His question, it was a question which answered itself; it was to their satisfaction. Things must come to the worst; they had wilfully rejected Jesus, now the hardness upon their hearts must come judicial: first, they would not, now they could not see in Jesus, God's Messiah. All things ripened, and so the great Sacrifice for our redemption was made ready.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SUITOR

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Oct 5 : "Spised and rejected of men." Isa 53 :

"WHAT a dreadful flirt you are, Julia," said Julia Mentor, as she looked at her friend, a lady, who had been school-mistress, and were still warm friends, sat chatting in the firelight of a room in the Mundane. "I plead not guilty," said Ella. "I want to make any matrimonial blunder." "What is your ideal of a husband?" asked. "I have heard twice of your ideal, and did not think either need study. What kind of man would you choose?" "Well, he must be rich; I want a carriage, my own and jewels and good clothes. He must be handsome; I do not want to marry a man around who is not good-looking. He must be well-born and well-bred; I should always be undergoing humiliations if he were not. Wealth and good-looks would be nothing if the man were a boor."

"And you have not had a suitor yet who combines all three requisites?"

"No; but I do not despair. I am not looking and I am fairly intelligent and more than all—there is papa's money. The day will come along some day. Until he does, I must afford to wait."

"Yes, there is no doubt that you are a fortune-hunter, Julia admitted; "but I suppose the more money increases the difficulty. It attracts the tune-hunters."

"They are the plague of my life. I am coming the prey of one of them. I was loved for myself. And there is another reason why I dread marrying a fortune-hunter. I tell you about it, but I should not like to

to know. Papa's fortune is not quite secure. We may lose it; there is but one chance in a hundred of doing so, but there is that one chance. I do not know the details. All I know is that there is some dispute as to whether the property is leasehold or freehold. I do not understand the difference. Papa contends that it is freehold and he will not pay what they call ground-rent. We had quite a scene here one day when a man was sent to collect it. Papa told some of the gardeners and stablemen in the house that he had turned out."

"That looks as if Mr. Mundane felt pretty sure he was right."

"Oh, I don't know. That is his way. He always puts on those high and mighty airs when he wants something that he is not quite clear about his right to. He says, 'There is nothing to bluff when you haven't proof.' Oh, he's smart."

"Do you know the people who claim the estate?"

"Well, yes, one of them," said Ella, laughing. "The son is one of my suitors, as you call them."

"Not a favored one, I judge, by your manner."

"Not at all. When I heard who he was and that he was coming to pay his court to me, I was quite elated. It would have been such a good thing, you know. I expected to see a fine aristocratic young man, handsome and distinguished, with a troop of servants and living in the best style. But when he came, he went to court with quite common people and made a lot of low acquaintances—miserable people that my very servants would not associate with. They made a great fuss over him and I guess he is good to them. But that was no way to win a love."

"What do you think was his motive for acting like that?"

"I don't know. He is very eccentric. Has all kinds of notions about social equality, and all the duties of the rich to the poor. Papa says there is no better than a socialist. I think so, too. He is so unconventional. He does not pay the slightest regard to the customs of good society. He is quite blunt in saying what he thinks. He offended Papa by speaking disrespectfully to the clergyman. Told him he ought to think more about his pew-rents and the offerings, and more about the souls of his people. It was quite shocking. He was just as insulting to the lawyer. He told him if he did his duty he would not spend his time in splitting hairs and jabbling about the technicalities of the law, but in seeing that justice was done. I think such ways very bad form; don't you?"

"Still," said Julia "if he is really the son, you know that is a great thing."

"Well, we doubt whether he is. We know it was to be here about this time; but he is so queer and he acts so strangely, and he does not seem to have much money, nor any of the style one would expect from one in his position. Papa feels sure he is an impostor."

"Do you think he loves you?"

"Oh yes, there is no doubt of that. He told me so, frankly and, I think, sincerely; but he is very independent about it. He did not plead, as the others do. I should have no trouble in getting rid of him."

"Would it be wise to do that till you know whether he is what he claims to be?"

"Oh I don't know. Papa says if he is really the son and heir, it would be a good thing if something happened to him. If he were dead that would stop all further proceedings about the estate. It seems wicked to wish for a man's death, but I suppose, as Papa says, it would be a good thing."

"It would be much better if you could bring yourself to marry him."

"And give up all my plans in life, and all the pleasure I mean to have? No, that is not my way. Why, if I married him I would have to associate with his low friends, and perhaps have to give away all the money to the poor, and go into almshouses and jails looking after his unfortunate companions, and every one I

care for would look down on me. No, it costs too much to be entertained for a moment. I write 'rejected' against his name in the list. I am sorry, but it has to be done. He does not woo me in the right way to win me."

"Do you remember," Ella wrote to her friend a year afterward, "my telling you of a suitor whom I had decided to reject? I did reject him and it has brought us to ruin. We have lost the estate and everything besides. Oh, if I had only accepted him, then I might have been always happy, and now there is no happiness for me! He was so good and so tender and loving, but, foolish girl that I was! I did not love him because he was so humble. Oh, if I had known him when I had the opportunity!"

WILL JESUS COME AGAIN?

A Well-Grounded Hope—Its Characteristics—The Blessings it Promises—The Christian's Attitude Toward it.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

FAITH looks upward; hope looks onward. Whatever meaning we may put on the prophetic event introduced in the Scriptures as our Lord's second coming, we notice that it is frequently specified as a Hope. And as hope implies expectation, the Church should wear the onward look. The believer should be an expectant.

Hope is the antipode of despair. It has a definite object in view, and as that object is perceived at hand, or remotely, the soul is swayed by deliverance or discouragement. The blessed hope and appearing in glory of our Lord Jesus Christ should not be relegated to the regions of mystery or mysticism. How can it be a hope of any value, if it be some uncertain, indefinite, mystic and far-away and non-essential theory which happened to drop into the Bible? In fifty-three places where hope is referred to in the divine word, it has special relation to future blessings which are to crown the Christian believer at the appearing of Jesus Christ. A few of these we might examine.

It is a Blessed Hope.

(Titus 2: 13.) Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. A blessed hope means a happy one. The word refers to inward enjoyment apart from external environment. The expectations implied in such a hope make all present circumstances of trial or depression "not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. 18: 19.)

It is a *purifying hope*. "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." As linen bleaches under the sun, the light of this hope cleanses the life from world-stains. It loosens the grasp from things of earth. The man who has a magnificent home in some beautiful locality, and is only tarrying in a city hotel for a few days till he can journey home, will not care to spend time and money and thought in elaborately decorating that itinerant lodgings in the strange city. He may buy beautiful articles of ornament, but his intention will be to take them home. So the Christian, who reckons himself a "pilgrim and stranger" here, will have little heart to spend his energies on things pertaining to the merely earthly. His city and his home lie beyond. His great concern will be to "lay up treasures in heaven." (Col. 3: 1, 4.) It is a *pacifying hope*. Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will "make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God." (1 Cor. 4: 5.)

"Be Patient therefore,

brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; 'establish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.'" (James 5: 7, 8.) In the power of this hope all questions of provocation can be patiently laid aside for the Lord

to settle on His arrival. The child of God who is pervaded with this hope will be willing to waive all rights of self-vindication; knowing that his "labor of love and patience of hope" will not go unrewarded. (1. The 5: 1: 3.) *It is a comforting hope*. "But I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." (1. Thess. 4: 13.) The lustre of this hope shines most conspicuously in the consolation it brings to those who are called to part with their loved ones by death. The unbelieving bury their dead without any certain or definite expectation of reunion. For in no other so-called sacred book but the Bible is the truth of a resurrection even hinted at. But the Scriptures do definitely promise this. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." (1. Thess. 4: 14.) The Apostle Paul, after explaining all this to the Thessalonian Christians, and showing them the immense advantage they had over the heathen who believed nothing about the return in majesty of Jesus Christ, adds finally "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." *It is a glorious hope*. "For our conversation is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." (Phil. 4: 20, 21.) "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, that in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure . . . Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection." (Heb. 11: 17, 19, 35.) This hope would be meaningless apart from the locality and the circumstances where it anchors itself. It leaps over time and space to the period when Jesus Christ shall Himself be glorified as King of kings according to the eternal purpose of God. It embraces

Several Promised Facts.

We shall be with Christ. Not as at death when we are said to be "unclothed," and "waiting to be clothed upon with our house from heaven." (II. Cor. 5: 1-3.) In an actual sense we shall "see Him as He is," and be ourselves like Him personally and morally. *We shall be beyond sinning*. Now we groan for deliverance. Pain and the curse encompass us. The consummation of that hope will bring full redemption to the body. (Rom. 8: 22, 23.) *We shall know as we are known*. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know as I am known." (1. Cor. 13: 12.) What joy to have the hope of one day being masters of all knowledge; to understand the mysteries of science; the marvels of astronomy; the secrets of nature, and the profound depths of the soul.

The Christian Attitude.

(1.) We are to be looking for it. (Titus 2: 13.) That is, expecting it with desire. (2.) We are to be hastening it. (II. Peter 3: 12.) That is, urging on its consummation by our attitude of personal faithfulness toward all that it involves. (3.) Loving it. If we love the seed of Abraham, if we love the burdened brute creatures, if we love the heathen Gentile nations, who know nothing of a Saviour, we shall joyfully anticipate this hope. For it is the hope that shall bring to the Jew his Messiah; to the creature his emancipation from man's exacting dominion; to dumb creation her freedom from thorns and thistles; to the heathen idolater a knowledge of the true and living God; and to the waiting Bride the personal presence of the heavenly Bridegroom.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

HOW LONG TO STAY.

THE question is discussed, "How long ought a minister to stay in one place?" Clergymen and laymen and editors ever and anon are wagging tongue and pen on that subject—a most practical question and easy to answer. Let a minister stay in a place till he gets done; that is, when he has nothing more to say or do. Some ministers are such ardent students of the Bible and of men, they are after a twenty-five years residence in a parish, so full of things that ought to be said, that their resignation would be a calamity. Others get through in three months and ought to go; but it takes an earthquake to get them away. They must be moved on by committees, and pelted with resolutions, stuck through with the needles of the Ladies' Sewing Society, and advised by neighboring ministers and hauled up before Presbyteries and consociations, and after they have killed the Church and killed themselves, the pastoral relation is dissolved. We knew of a man who got a unanimous call. He wore the finest pair of gaiters that ever went into that pulpit, and when he took up the Psalm-book to give out the song, it was the perfection of gracefulness. His tongue was dipped in "balm of a thousand flowers," and it was like the roll of one of Beethoven's symphonies to hear him read the hardest Bible names, Jechonias, Zerubabel and Tiglath-Pilezer. It was worth all the salary paid him to see the way he lifted his pocket-handkerchief to his eyelids. But that brother, without knowing it, got through in six weeks. He had sold out his entire stock of goods, and ought to have shut up shop. Congregations enjoy flowers and well-folded pocket-handkerchiefs for occasional dessert, but do not like them for a regular meal. The most urbane elder was sent to the minister to intimate that the Lord was probably calling him to some other field, but the elder was baffled by the graciousness of his pastor, and unable to discharge his mission, and after he had for an hour hemmed and hawed, backed out. Next, a woman with a very sharp tongue was sent to talk to the minister's wife. The war-cloud thickened, the pickets were driven in, and then a skirmish, and after awhile all the batteries were opened, and each side said that the other side

lied, and the minister dropped his pocket-handkerchief and showed claws as long as those of Nebuchadnezzar after he had been three years eating grass like an ox. We admire long pastorates where it is agreeable to both parties, but we know ministers who boast they have been thirty years in one place, though all the world knows they have been there twenty-nine years too long. Their congregations are patiently waiting their removal to a higher latitude. Meanwhile, those churches are like a man with chronic rheumatism, very quiet, not because they admire rheumatism, but because there is no use kicking with a swollen foot, since it would hurt them more than the object assaulted. If a pastorate can be maintained only through conflict or ecclesiastical tyranny, it might better be abandoned. There are many ministers who go away from their settlements before they ought, but we think there are quite as many who do not go soon enough. Study the best time to quit.

TEMPERED PRAISE.

WE have just now been reading a column of obituary notices. They read well, but we stopped several times to ask ourselves whether all this was true. When our acquaintances die, we are apt to remember only their good qualities, and, taking pen in hand, to sketch them, we make a picture all sunshine and no shadow. Let us be a little more cautious in our eulogiums. When you are in funeral sermon praising the deceased Christian man, who was in his lifetime fond of trading horses, there may be in your audience a man who got from the aforesaid saint a horse with "the heaves," the disease not discovered until a week after the bargain. Therefore do not make out the departed man too angelic. Hold up a little in obituaries and funeral orations. We know and have felt the temptation to exaggerate on the favorable side of our departed friend's character, but do not let us yield to the temptation. Falsehood on tomb-stones, and "In Memoriam" is as reprehensible as anywhere else. If we want a complimentary notice of ourselves after we are dead, let us by a decent, and upright life prepare the way for such obituary.

THE SUPPRESSED COUGH.

THERE are some of the best Christian people who do not know how to carry themselves in religious assemblage. They never laugh; they never cough; they never hiss. Yet, notwithstanding are disturbers of public worship. There is, for instance, the coughing brigade. If any individual right ought to be maintained at all hazards, it is the right of coughing. There are times when you must cough. There is an irresistible tickling in the throat which demands audible demonstration. It is moved, seconded and unanimously carried that those who have irritated wind-pipes be heard. But there are ways with hands or handkerchief of breaking the repercussion. A smothered cough is dignified and acceptable if you have nothing better to offer. But how many audiences have had their peace sacrificed by unrestrained expulsion of air through the glottis! After a sudden change in the weather, there is a fearful charge made by the coughing brigade. They open their mouths wide, and make the arches ring with the racket. They begin with a faint "Ahem!" and gradually

rise and fall through all the scale of dissonance as much as to say: "Hear all ye good people I have a cold! I have a bad cold! I have an awful bad cold! Hear how it racks me, tears me, torments me. It seems as if my diaphragm must be split. I took this awful bad cold the other night. I added to it last Sunday. Hear how it goes off! There it is again. O, dear me! If I only had some troches or the syrup of squills, or a mustard plaster, or woolen stocking turned wrong side out around my neck!" Brethren and sisters, who took part by sitting in the same draught, join the clamor, and it is glottis to glottis, and larynx to larynx, and a chorus of scrapings and explosions which make the service hideous to the preacher of sensitive nerves. We have seen people, under the pulpit, coughing with the mouth so wide open, we have been tempted to jump into it. There are some persons who have a convenient ecclesiastical cough. It does not trouble them ordinarily, but when in church you get them thoroughly cornered with some practical truth, they smother the end of their sentences with a favorite paroxysm. There is a man in one church, who is apt to be taken with one of these fits just as the contribution box comes to him, and cannot seem to get his breath again till he hears the pennies rattling in the box behind him. Cough by all means, but put on the breaks when you come to the down-grade, or send the racket through at least one fold of your pocket-handkerchief.

LAYMEN IMPROVED.

ONE of the encouraging signs of the times is the large number of Christian conventions being held. Laymen are not content that the clergy shall have the only opportunity of preparing for effective work. Hence the more promising members of our churches are coming together, for the purpose of gathering information and sharpening their views. Such conventions are valuable grindstones, putting an edge on dull faculties, and the more we have of such grindstones, and the more rapid their revolutions, the better. There are Sabbath School teachers who spend the time before their classes in talking infinitesimally, trying to explain that which they do not understand themselves, demonstrating by their behavior that they have more interest in the style of their glove, or the style of their hair, than in the eternal destiny of their children. Such people need a course of conventions, and to be thundered at by men who have appreciated the magnitude and urgency of Christian work. Go on, then, with all kinds of healthy conventions. A convention of church sextons would do good. A convention of church officers would be well, with lectures on how each should visit the sick, and deacons on the care of the poor. Conventions by all means, but let their results immediately be felt. Unless they have practical bearing, they are mere places of useless gab. What are you going to do with all you learned this summer about the different styles of Christian work? You have heard how to drive, now take your place on the box, gather up the reins, loosen the bridle, crack the whip, and be off. In our schools, prayer-meetings and churches we shall find in the winter whether the religious convention amounted to anything.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Mormons Must Go," Was at One Time a cry heard pretty generally all over the United States. That they have not gone down by the report of the Utah Commission, forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior, declares that not only has the Mormon no intention of abandoning the doctrine of plural marriage, but it everywhere engages the crime. The Mormon hydra is a menacing monster than ever. Wilford Muff, a disfranchised polygamist, has chosen "Prophet, Seer and Revelator," successor of John Taylor, and the church organization is strong and compact. Converts are increasing in numbers and polygamous marriages kept secret. The Utah Commission further powers to enable it to cope with evil, and recommends the passage by Congress of a "test law," similar to that in force in Iowa, and of such other stringent legislation as circumstances warrant.

Week Abroad has been Prolific of Inter-est. In China, great floods have rendered four millions of people homeless and destitute in the Yangtze and Shantung districts. The Yellow river destroyed the crops. Cholera is raging in Shanghai. Emperors of Germany, and Emperor of Austria, at Rohnstock, on September 16th, and embraced and kissed each other as did their respective chancellors. John and William, the Irish agitators, were arrested near London, on the 18th, as they were about to start for this country. Mr. Den's portrait is given below. They were released. The obsequies of Victor Ericsson at Stockholm, on the 16th, were very imposing and largely attended. Twenty-five miners were killed by an explosion at Maybach. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated astronomer, records some new and reliable observations on the planet Mars, particularly the existence of what seems to be a dividing line across the Martian oceans, from shore to shore. Several of these mysterious divisions have been noticed this season.

Incipient Revolutions are Disturbing peace. In Portugal, the Republican movement is alarming the monarchists. The counsels resolved to follow the example of King D. A pretext for trouble was found in the Portuguese African agreement which was very unpopular. This agreement has been fully explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at the time of the negotiation. The king resigned on the 15th, and the king was unable to organize another. In Switzerland, a revolt against the provisional government has been followed by its resignation. The movement was for the purpose of reinstating a conservative government, which was demanded by the cantons whose wishes for revision of the constitution had been opposed by the provisional government. Armed conscripts assembled at different towns, determining war, but thus far no important collision occurred. The vote for revision of the constitution takes place October 5th.

The Tragic Close of a Ruined Life was Reached when Robert Ray Hamilton, the son of General Hamilton and grandson of the famous Alexander Hamilton, the American statesman, died while attempting to ford the Snake river, near his cattle ranch, in Idaho. His body was found a few days ago, after it had lain three days in the water. His wife, Evangeline Steele Hamilton, is in the New Jersey State Prison, undergoing punishment for stabbing Mary Donnelly, a nurse. Mr. Hamilton was at one time prominent in New York politics, and was exceedingly popular and suc-



cessful until low associations dragged him down. He was the victim of a conspiracy, the exposure of which created a profound sensation in New York at the time.

Forty Lives Were Lost in a Frightful Accident on the Reading Railroad, at Shoemakersville Station, Pa., on Friday evening. A coal and freight train collided at a curve and a passenger train shortly after dashed into the wreck, the passenger coaches being hurled down a twenty-foot embankment into the river. Many were drowned, and others were crushed out of recognition.

Mary Buckley, a Weak Minded Girl of Fifteen, attended a parade of children connected with a Roman Catholic Church Society in New York City lately, and saw the little ones pouring their pennies into the collection box. Her face suddenly brightened and she ran home and took all her elder sister's savings \$750—and brought the money across the street and dropped it into the box. When the priests found the roll of bills they were surprised and delighted. Miss Buckley soon ascertained where her money had gone, but application thus far has failed to restore it, and legal measures may have to be adopted.

Two Painful Tragedies Occurred During the week. At Portsmouth, N. H., Frederick Hein, a hard-working cooper, killed two of his daughters, fatally wounded a third, and shot Charles W. Taylor who had estranged his wife. Then he sent a bullet through his own brain. Thus one woman's waywardness broke up a happy home and caused a five-fold murder. The other took place at Jersey City on the 17th inst. Albert Possell, a Protestant, and Mary Tierney, a Catholic, were at the altar of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, about to be married, when Henry Possell, father of the groom, fired point-blank at his son whose life was saved by the interposition of the priest. The bride fainted, and in the confusion the would-be assassin walked out and disappeared. After some delay the wedding went on. A union celebrated under such trying circumstances and in the face of bitter parental opposition, illustrates the regard a majority of parents probably entertain for matches where the principals are of different religious creeds.

The Extraordinary Financial Stringency, which at one time during the present month, threatened to produce a panic, has been partially relieved by the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, who concluded that the quickest way to help matters would be to purchase a round amount of 4 per cent. government bonds. Accordingly the Secretary paid out, within the month, \$65,000,000 as a contribution to the money now in circulation, the largest operation being on Wednesday, Sept. 17, when \$21,000,000 were paid out, principally in New York City. After this heavy payment, the money market became normal, and the banks were stronger than they had been for weeks. Thus far no serious failures have resulted from the temporary stringency. The suspension of the banking house of R. Gardner Chase & Co., of Boston, with \$2,000,000 liabilities, was announced on Wednesday, Sept. 17, but it was quickly traced to unfortunate investments in railroad stocks, the recent depreciation in which had "squeezed" the bank. These circumstances, added to the prevailing money stringency, forced the bank to an assignment. Mr. Windom's portrait is given above.



Chicago has Chosen Col. Geo. A. Davis as Director-General of the World's Fair. He will have a salary of \$15,000 a year, the President of the Fair Commission will have \$12,000, and the Secretary \$10,000. Col. Davis was a strong favorite with the Fair Directors, and is a man of wide public experience.

Sir John McDonald, the Canadian Premier,

has surprised his friends and Canadians generally by a very liberal expression in favor of reciprocity with the United States. He declared at a recent social gathering near Ottawa, that his government has been and still was, desirous of close trade relations with the United States, but the feeling was not reciprocal. All the stumbling-blocks in the way had been raised by the United States, and he regarded the McKinley bill, now under consideration in Congress as an inimical measure. He would like freer trade relations, and if these were not granted, he believed in looking for new markets. London would be a better market for Canadian eggs than New York. China, Japan and Australia were all open to more intimate trade relations. Canada must meet the hostile spirit of the United States by opening up new markets.

BRIEF NOTES.

Persons contemplating sending mail matter to Dr. Talmage will please read announcement on the second page of the cover.

Dr. Talmage will commence on Sunday next, a series of sermons on his recent tour in the Holy Land and neighboring countries, describing what he saw and what he learned. Each sermon, carefully revised by him, and appropriately illustrated, will appear in this journal on the Wednesday next following its delivery.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions will meet in Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 8-11.

Dr. Grattan Guinness says: "There are 250,000,000 in India, 250,000,000 in Africa, 250,000,000 in China, who are redeemed and do not know it."

Bishop P. F. Stevens D. D. of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who was an officer in the Confederate Army, is now devoting himself exclusively to work among the colored people of the South.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding services at Lockport. There was a large attendance at the Sunday meetings. At his visit to the town some years ago, over one thousand conversions were reported.

The World's Women's Christian Temperance Union now numbers thirty-three auxiliaries, in as many different countries and provinces; the latest organization being in Bermuda, where a society has been formed.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, Mass., will deliver a course of lectures before the students of the Moody Training School, in January next and Mr. Moody will preach for Dr. Gordon during that month.

Mr. Pearson has been holding services at Hickory, N. C. Over six hundred persons made a confession of faith during the three weeks he has been there and many church members renewed their vows of consecration and promised to engage zealously in Christian work.

The expenses of Missionary Societies in India and China have been seriously increased by the rise in the price of silver, which has followed the silver legislation in our Congress. It is estimated that the Methodist Episcopal Society will need \$40,000 a year more to maintain the same work than it has done up to this time.

Mrs. Amanda Smith has returned home after an absence of twelve years, most of which has been spent in Africa, preaching and teaching and helping the missionaries. A few days ago, she conducted services in the Hanson Place M. E. Church, Boston, Mass.

Earnest efforts are being made for the rescue of France from the infidelity which she seems disposed to accept in her recoil from Romanism. On a recent Sunday the Rev. M. Baxter distributed over five thousand evangelical tracts at Dieppe. Residents and visitors accepted them gladly.

Rev. Somerset Gardner, an English clergyman who has been laboring in Mr. Frederick Charrington's Mission in the east end of London, is now visiting this country. Mr. Charrington speaks in the highest terms of the blessing that attended his services in his Mission. Mr. Mark Guy Pearse also commends him heartily to the Methodist Churches in this country. He will gladly undertake mission work, or conduct revival services during his stay. Letters for him to this office will be forwarded.

The fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been neglected during the past six months. Many colored ministers, who formerly derived great benefit from the paper, which they received through this fund, have written lamenting the deprivation. Their libraries are small and their incomes very limited. In order to encourage our friends to help them, and their congregations through them, we will send the paper for a year to as many colored ministers as we receive dollars for this purpose. Any person interested in the progress of the colored race, may thus benefit an entire congregation, at the cost of one dollar by giving the minister this journal for a year. Every person sending a dollar will be notified by mail of the name and address of the minister who benefits by his contribution.

THOUGHTS LOW AND HIGH.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Man of Gentle Mould—Humility Combined with Faith—I. A Sense of Unworthiness Commendable—Because it is True—Makes a Man Kind to Others—Lowly Toward Christ—Ready for Blessings—II. A Sense of Unworthiness Wrongly Used—In Making Men Doubt their Salvation—Doubt God's Mercy—Doubt the Promises—Deny Christ Pleasure—III. Is a Fit Companion of Strong Faith—Produces the Vacuum that Faith Fills—Is Content with a Word.

"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Matt. 8: 8.

THIS centurion was a worthy man from the human point of view; but he called himself unworthy when he turned towards our Lord. He was so excellent a man that the elders of the Jews, who were by no means partial to Roman soldiers, pleaded with Jesus that he was worthy. Had he been personally there, he would have repudiated their plea; and he did so by the second party of friends whom he sent to our Lord. As one set of friends had said, "He is worthy," another set of friends was bidden to say, in his name, "Lord, I am not worthy." The worthiest men in the world do not think themselves worthy; while the most unworthy people are generally those who boast of their own worthiness, and, possibly, of their own perfection. We should not have wondered had this man been proud; for he was one of the conquering race, and the representative of a tyrannical power. If he was not a very great officer, but only the captain of a hundred men, yet it is not unusual for petty officers to be more haughty than their superiors. If a man is placed in a very high and responsible position, he is frequently sobered by his responsibilities; but a mere jack-in-office is usually greater than the emperor himself. However, this centurion was a man of gentle mould, and said of himself, "I am not worthy."

An Unassuming Man.

He might have been proud of his popularity among the Jews. Few can bear to be surrounded with an atmosphere of esteem without beginning to esteem themselves much too highly. He had built for the Jews a synagogue. That is a good thing to do; but it is very possible to build a synagogue, and to become a great man in one's own opinion, and stand several courses of bricks higher in pride. Not so, however, this good man, who had built a synagogue, but did not presume upon the greatness of his own generosity. He never mentioned it: but said, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof."

Beloved friends, my point this morning is this—I would call your attention to the happy blending of this beautiful humbleness with an extraordinary degree of faith. In his confession of sin he is unsparing—"Lord I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof;" but in his confession of faith he is equally clear. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

I. First, then,

A Sense of Unworthiness

is very desirable and commendable. Some of you are destitute of it. I dare say you think it a mean and miserable thing. You suppose it would injure your manliness, lower your self-respect, and damp your courage. Dear friends, the manliness which feeds on sin is a poisonous fungus, which grows out of the rottenness of a corrupt heart. May it be taken away from us!

I commend a sense of our unworthiness because it is a sense of what is true. When a man thinks himself unworthy before the Lord, his thoughts are right. When he feels that he could not be saved by the merit of his own works, for his works are faulty and defiled, then he judges according to fact. Whatever result a thought may have upon us, whether it makes us happy or makes us sad, this is a secondary matter; the main point with an honest mind

must always be—Is it true? If it be a truthful thought, I ought at once to entertain it, cost me what it may.

In the next place, note that a deep sense of unworthiness is no proof that a man has grossly sinned. It may be viewed in quite the opposite light: if the man had been heinously wicked, his conscience would have lost its sensitiveness, and he would not in all probability have felt his unworthiness so keenly. Do not judge men by their estimates of themselves; or if you do, take this as your guide, that he that humbleth himself is to be exalted, and he that exalteth himself is to be abased.

He that is Great, is Little:

let him that is little to himself be all the greater with you. God loveth not those who boast: He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich He hath sent empty away.

I commend this sense of unworthiness, because it has a tendency to make a man kind to others. He who thinks himself everybody thinks another man nobody. If a man be proud, he will say, "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I am not to be worried by having sick boys to look after." Sympathy, tenderness, and the valuation of others are strangers in the house of the proud; but they take up their abode with those who think themselves unworthy. Beloved, it is well to think little of yourselves, for then you will have more thought to spare for the sorrows of others. The great man, the very great man, the highly-deserving man, the person who is a right honorable and worshipful personage, rides roughshod over his fellows and crushes them without compunction, if they lie in his way and may hinder his design; but the consciously unworthy man, the man who feels that he owes everything to the mercy of God, and must still depend upon that mercy and that mercy only, will be tender and gentle towards his fellow-sinners, and speak comfortably unto them.

We commend again this sense of unworthiness, because it makes a man lowly towards the Saviour. Of all things that are contemptible, a proud bearing towards the Lord Jesus is the most hateful; yet it is by no means unusual. Some seem to fancy that Jesus is their servant, at their beck and call; and they talk about His salvation as though He ought to give it, and they could claim it for themselves and all mankind. Our right state of heart, when dealing with our Lord Jesus, is that of the penitent, washing His feet with tears, or of the leper who fell at His feet and worshipped Him. If we would come to the Saviour of sinners, we must come as sinners. We must come as humble petitioners, and not as those who proudly fancy that they have a claim upon the grace of God.

A sense of unworthiness is exceedingly useful, because it puts a man

Where God can Bless Him.

"Oh," say you, "where is that?" The Lord will only act in conformity with His own attributes. God will always be God; and as He will be God alone in creation, so He will certainly be God alone in the new creation. Our only right position before God is to know that we are undeserving and unworthy while He is holy and glorious. We must hear Him say, "I am God, and beside me there is none else," or we shall never look unto Him to be saved. If I am somebody, and I stand up with my rights and my claims, God cannot bless me without conceding that which He never will concede.

This state of mind, once more, makes a man in love with the simple Word of God. This man, because he was not worthy, did not ask of Christ any mystic words or imposing ceremonies, nor even so much as a visit to his house. No, he was content that the Lord should speak the word. It is our proud human nature that so much sighs for finery and pomp: we would fain go to heaven by some royal road, or glittering way; we want to be saved to music, and perfected by paraphernalia. We would like to be forgiven: but we must needs have a visible priest in full canonicals; and we must have a decorated altar and a show of candles in the

daylight. Gewgaws are wanted to conceal humiliation of being saved by pure grace, a soul that feels its own unworthiness cries, "Lord save me in thine own way. Thy word is enough for me. Speak the word of command, and it suffices me."

Now, beloved friends, I leave that point, putting it thus—Do you know your own worthiness? I do not ask you whether you have been racked with terrors, nor whether you have been tormented with doubts, nor whether you have been drowned in despair—that may be or may not be. But are you willing to subscribe to this, that you are not worthy, that sentence of condemnation may fitly be passed upon you if you are saved it must be of free grace alone?

II. But now, secondly, I have to show that this sense of

Unworthiness can be Wrongly Used,

and is often perverted to ruinous ends. I have often seen this evil come up in the form of doubt as to the mercy of God. When a man's sin appears very great, he is apt to say, "God cannot have mercy upon me." Now you shall be allowed to be the chief of sinners; if you feel yourself to be so; but you can be allowed to deny the omnipotence of God. You are sadly unworthy; but it is in the uncertainty that grace finds its sphere of operation, and you must not limit the power of that grace, which comes to men through Christ Jesus. Your unworthiness must not be allowed to be used as an argument for the denial of the glorious attribute of mercy. Doth He not say—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him turn unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon?"

Poor creatures have even gone the length of doubting the power of the blood of Jesus to cleanse them. If you talk so, I must put my hand on your mouth; you must not say any word of that sort. Is it not enough that you have bespattered yourself with sin? Must you now asperse your Saviour? Will you turn on the blood of Christ? Will you deny the cleansing power? O sirs, if you perish, it will not be because the blood has too little effect; it will be because you have not believed on the name of the Son of God, and will not come to Him that you might have life.

The Promise Doubted.

We have known persons under deep distress doubt the promise of God. A great and precious promise which obviously belonged to them, they have set aside, saying, "It is too good to be true. I cannot believe it, because I am unworthy." Dear heart, do take the promise of God to mean what it says, and believe it. Take the promise as coming from God, and therefore as assuredly true: simply believe it, and be happy.

Some, because they are unworthy, would not receive the Lord Jesus the pleasure of saving them. When Cato committed suicide, Cæsar was so angry that Cato should envy him the glory of his life. Perhaps if Cato had known that Cæsar would have said, he had not been swift with his sword. Beloved, will you not receive Christ the pleasure of forgiving you? I can believe it. Surely you are not such a man. Come, come, man! I will let thee use the best language about thyself: thou mayest call thyself as almost a fiend, and little better than the devil, if this will please thee; though I sweep up hell itself for epithets, if thou wherewith to set forth thine own sin and misery; but, I pray thee, touch not God, deny His mercy, doubt not His faithfulness, doubt not His love, but submit to His saving grace.

Alas! there are some whose sense of unworthiness turns to sullen rebellion. I do not speak harshly of them; but I do know of a few who frequent these courts, of whom I may say they are their own jailers and tormentors. Like one of old, they must confess, "I refused to be comforted." There is a passage in the Psalm, which says, "The Lord abhorreth all manner of meat." Where

these? David says they were fools. I do not say so much as that, dear friends, of any of you; but I am solemnly afraid it would be true, if I did say it. He that refuses all manner of meat is like to be starved; and who is to be blamed for it? If you refuse the bread of life, can we pity you if you die of hunger? Will you be lost because you do not feel worthy to be saved? Man alive, if I were you, I would say nothing against the grace which would save me, but I would gratefully accept the loving pardon and the tender mercy of my Lord. The evil and I have had many a skirmish; and if there is anything to be said against my being saved, I have no doubt whatever that he will be particularly sure to say it. Therefore I do not go into that line of business: there is no room for me; Satan will do all that can be done in that direction. I find it far more profitable to be picking up all the crumbs of comfort I can find, in the form of reasons why I should be saved.

III. But now, thirdly, and I am glad to proceed to this much more pleasing subject—a sense of unworthiness finds a fit

Companion in Strong Faith

In Christ. For, look you, first, when you have no faith in yourself, there is the more room in the soul for faith in Jesus. If you have confidence in yourself, that bit of self is filled; but if you have no confidence in yourself, your soul is one great vacuum, and you can hold the more of Christ. The greater the emptiness, the more room for that which is to be the fullness. If thou hast no reason whatever why thou shouldest be saved, except the free grace of God in Christ, than take that free grace here and now. God help thee so to do, and may nothing hinder thee! Believe the more in Christ, because thou canst not, in any degree, believe in thyself.

This man, again through his being so lowly, had not the conceit to question and doubt. Doubt is, in most cases, the daughter of pride. Think of a man criticising God! Job might possibly have done that while he heard of God by the hearing of the ear; but when his eye saw Him he abhorred himself in dust and ashes. How dare we cavil at God's way of saving the guilty! It is impertinence! It is insanity! Let us have none of it.

This lowly estimate of himself brought the centurion away from dictating to Jesus how the blessing should come. A great many persons we meet with are always mapping out courses for the Holy Spirit. They are willing to be saved, if they can be saved, by a certain mode. They will believe if they see signs and wonders, but not else. Their peace must come in the way they have selected, and in no other: their mind is made up as to how it ought to be. Lots of you here are waiting till you feel some singular feeling, or see some strange vision, or undergo a special experience; you cannot

Believe Christ's Bare Word:

you are too proud to be saved by that only. O my hearers, if the Lord shows you your utter unworthiness you will be willing to be saved in the simplest manner. You will then ask nothing but this one thing, "Lord, save, or I perish." You read biographies, or you hear Christian people tell how they were saved, and you put your finger on certain memorable points, and you say, "If ever I feel that, or see that, I will believe in Christ; but not else." Thus it seems that the Lord must bow to your will, and not do as He thinks fit. Truly, the wind bloweth where it listeth, and none of our dictation will have weight with the free Spirit or with the sovereign Saviour.

If Christ had come to the man's house, there would have been great joy in it; but he did not ask for that joy. Some will not believe in the Lord Jesus, unless they feel great transports; but, dear friend, is it right to resolve that if you feel no joy, you will not believe in Him? Nay, rather, if you walk in darkness, and see no light, trust in the Lord. If all within seems to be contrary to the fact of your salvation, be-

lieve you in Christ, and you are saved: and if every power and passion of your nature should vote you lost, you are not lost if you are simply hanging to the bare word of the Lord Jesus.

And after all, such faith is the greatest of faith, for the Lord Jesus said, "I have not found such faith, no not in Israel." One man stands up and tells you the ground of his confidence, and you learn that at such a time he heard a voice, or in such a night he dreamed such a dream, or during certain months he had an awful experience of fear of hell, or at another period he felt such joy that he was carried clean away. Do not think less of the believer who says, "My experience is only this:—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all.
But Jesus Christ is my all in all!"

This last man's experience has least of dross about it. I find written in the infallible Book that if I trust the Lord Jesus

He Will Perform

His office of Saviour upon me. I have trusted Him, and He has saved me. "Is that all the witness you have?" says one. What more witness do I want? I may be able to mention certain incidents which attended my conversion; but these are not my hope. I place no reliance upon what I have thought, or seen or felt. If anybody could prove that I never saw, and never felt and never heard anything of the kind, I should not be troubled about it, for one thing I know—I know that I heard that text, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of earth;" and I did look, and I was saved. What is more, if I did not then look, and was not then saved, I do not care twopence to contest the point, for I am looking now, and therefore I am saved.

That is the comfort: we have not to rely on a past faith, but still to go on believing. Looking unto Jesus ever: coming to Him always: that is the true position for peace. If I rest in Christ every day, the fruit of that believing will be seen every day. I must not only believe in Jesus, but keep right on believing. God help you so to do! Set side by side with a deep sense of unworthiness a high appreciation of the power of Christ to cleanse you from sin, and to make you holy, even as God is holy. Make progress in these two things. They will not be like the legs of the lame, which are not equal; but they will be much alike in their happy effect upon your life. Down with self, and up with Christ.

"Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon's Bride.*

JOSEPHINE was at that time thirty-four years old (seven years older than Napoleon). Her somewhat brown and faded complexion was disguised by rouge and powder, which she employed with great skill; the smallness of her mouth concealed the badness of her teeth; she remedied her natural defects by art. The elegance of her figure, her graceful movements, her refined expression, her soft and gentle voice, her dignified bearing, and all the harmony of her person gave her an exceptional charm. Moreover, an air of coquetry which was all the more attractive because it seemed natural and involuntary; an indolence which was but another fascination; her unpretending, but always pleasing conversation; her unfailing kindness; manners that recalled the best traditions of the Court of Versailles: great taste in dress; toilettes and jewels that even Queens might have envied—all these things enable us to understand the power which so attractive a woman was able to exercise over Bonaparte's intelligence and heart. He was absolutely faithful to her; and this at a time when there was not a beauty in Milan, who was not setting her cap for him. His loyalty to her was partly a matter of love, partly of calculation. As he himself said, "his position was

* From *Citizeness Bonaparte*, by Imbert de Saint Amand. Translated from the French by Thomas Sergeant Perry. A graphic portrait of the fascinating woman whom Napoleon loved in the days of his struggles, and cast aside in the day of his triumph. Incidentally many interesting facts are told for the first time, of the great General. Pp. 306; Price \$1.25; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

most delicate; he commanded old generals; jealous eyes spied his every movement; he was extremely circumspect. His fate depended on his conduct; he might have forgotten himself for an hour, and how many of his victories hung on that brief space of time!"

Many years later, at the time of his coronation at Milan, the celebrated singer Grassini, attracted his attention; circumstances were less austere; he sent for her, and after the first moment of introduction, she reminded him that she had made her first appearance at exactly the time of his first exploits as commander of the army of Italy. "I was then in the full flower of my beauty and talent. Every one talked of me. The young general alone was indifferent, and he alone interested me. How strange! When I really was somebody, and all Italy at my feet, I scorned it all for one of your glances and could not win it."

A Dog's Reproach.

Napoleon said at St. Helena that once he was passing over a battle-field in Italy on which the bodies of the dead were still lying. "In the moonlight and the unbroken quiet, suddenly there sprang from under the cloak of a corpse, a dog which ran toward us and then returned at once, uttering doleful cries; he licked his master's face a few times and then ran at us again. He was asking aid and seeking vengeance." The Emperor went on, "was it my state of mind, the place, the hour, the act itself? Whatever it was, I can truly say that never has anything on the battle-field made such an impression on me. I stopped involuntarily to gaze on this spectacle. This man, I thought, has friends in the camp perhaps, in his company, and here he lies abandoned by all except his dog. What a lesson given us by this animal! What is man? How mysterious are his impressions? I had without emotion, given orders which were to decide the fate of the army; I had watched dry-eyed the execution of the movements which were to cause death to a great many of us; and here I was moved and deeply touched by this dog's howling! What is certain is that at that moment, I would have been very gentle to a suppliant foe, and I understood clearly how Achilles restored Hector's body when Priam wept."

Josephine's Pet.

Josephine had a little pug dog called Fortune, of which she was extremely fond, though he reminded her of a time of great sorrow. When she was imprisoned in the Reign of Terror, she was separated from the Viscount of Beauharnais (her first husband) who was incarcerated elsewhere. Her children had permission to come to see her at the office with their governess, but the jailor was always present at these meetings. It occurred to the governess to take Fortune with her: and he made his way to Josephine's cell, carrying concealed in his collar a letter with all the news. After her release Josephine would never be separated from her pet. One day, at Montebello, he was lying on the sofa with his mistress. "You see that fellow there," said Napoleon to Arnault, pointing at the dog; "he is my rival. When I married I wanted to put him out of my wife's room, but I was given to understand that I might go away myself or share it with him. I was annoyed, but it was to take or to leave, and I yielded. The favorite was not so accommodating, for he left his mark on my leg." Insolent like all favorites, Fortune had great faults; he was continually barking and used to bite everybody, even other dogs. At Montebello he had the imprudence to bite the cook's dog, a surly mastiff who, with one turn of the head, killed the little fellow. Josephine was in despair and the unhappy cook thought himself ruined. A few days afterward he met Napoleon walking in the garden, and fled in terror. "Why do you run away from me in that way?" asked Napoleon. "General, after what my dog did—" "Well?" "I was afraid you would hate the sight of me." "Your dog! Haven't you him any longer?" "Excuse me, General, he never sets a paw in the garden, especially since Madame has another." "Let him

come in as much as he wants; perhaps he will make away with him, too. The gentlest and most indolent of women intimidated the most wilful and despotic of men. Bonaparte might win battles, create or destroy States, but he could not put a dog out of the room.

In his memoirs, Marmont records an incident that came near having serious results for Napoleon and his fortunes. Accompanied by Josephine and a few friends he had reached Aix-en-Provence on the hurried journey to Toulon. Though it was nightfall they pushed on, taking the direct road through Roquevaire, avoiding Marseilles, where they might have been detained. The road was a highway, but one less frequented than the other. For some days the postillions had not been that way. Suddenly, as they were rapidly going down the slope of a hill, the carriage was stopped by a large branch of a tree stretching across the road. Ten steps farther, at the foot of the descent, a bridge crossing a torrent, over which they had to go, had fallen down the previous evening. No one knew anything about it, and the carriages would have gone over the precipice, had not this branch stopped them at the edge.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

JOSIAH DEAN'S BAR.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.

PART I.

IN a certain Western town, which we will call Brewster, lived not many years ago, a family by the name of Dean.

Josiah Dean, the head of this household, after making some money in the lumber trade, conceived the idea of increasing his gains more rapidly, by buying out the one only hotel the town of Brewster afforded.

His family consisted of his wife, two boys and a girl.

There were frequent misgivings on the part of Josiah Dean and his wife, when they thought about the influence of a hotel life on the education of their children.

"I don't mind anything so much as I do the bar, father," remonstrated Mother Dean.

"Yes, that is bad," rejoined her husband, "but then almost every calling has its drawbacks. There's the minister's children, for example, when they are not being picked to pieces, they're being flattered to death."

"I suppose it would not do to have no bar, eh, Josiah?" asked Mrs. Dean, timidly.

"Of course not, mother, who ever heard of a hotel without a bar? Nobody would stay with me. Another house would be started, and I should not make a cent. A hotel without a bar would be a wasp without a sting. A very convenient state of affairs for other people, but how is the wasp to defend itself?"

Mr. Dean's will was the stronger of the two; and the bar was fitted up, and all his wife could do was to look after her children as carefully as possible.

She was led to say, however, a short time after this conversation, when a large and wealthy family left them to take board elsewhere, on account of the influence of the sale of liquors on the premises:



Josiah Dean Takes his Boys Out of the Bar-Room.

"Well, Josiah, seems as if the 'wasp's sting' injured himself as much as it protected."

"That's true, mother, and I wish I had not fitted up the bar; but now I cannot afford to throw away all the money, and we must make the best of it."

As time wore away, the Dean children, being exceedingly bright and forward, it grew more impossible to keep them from evil influences.

One day when the assistant was left in charge, Mr. Dean heard an unusual sound of hilarity, and went to see what was the matter. To his surprise and vexation, he found his two boys being coaxed to drink. Their boyish grimaces and sputterings, as the vile, strong, scorching liquid passed their young and tender throats, was the occasion of the merriment.

"Joe and Robert," exclaimed Mr. Dean sternly, "what are you doing here?"

"Having a drink with the other fellers," replied Joe, the elder, pertly, while the tears stood in his eyes, from the effects of the drink.

This reply was greeted with a coarse roar of applause from the men sitting round. "He's a bright one," "I wish I owned such a trump," were the exclamations heard on all sides. But as Mr. Dean tried to make them leave the room, one burly fellow spoke up and said:—

"So, ho! your lordship, Dean, you think your children are too good to associate with us fellers, do you? Perhaps you will feel too high and mighty to take our money that we spend on you so freely. Well it don't make no difference, Jim Mahoney's going to start something that'll beat you all out."

"Let Jim Mahoney start as soon as he pleases, and as many places as he pleases; these children cannot stay in here."

Everyone looked their surprise at these words, coming from the usually quiet Mrs. Dean, who had followed her husband into the room, unknown to the latter, and unnoticed by most of the men.

Mr. Dean was thoroughly annoyed and vexed by this time, and he said in a harsher tone than anyone had ever heard him use to his wife before:

"Maria, I do wish you would stay in your own part of the house, and not meddle with what does not belong to you."

"Josiah, I know I am right. These children

ought not to be here," answered, she took Joe and Robert by the hand, and amid cries and lamentations led them to the other part of the house.

But the two boys were flattered by the applause their speeches received, and Mrs. Dean's endeavor to keep them from temptation were of very little avail. Mr. Dean was as anxious as his wife to have them out of the reach of evil influences, but fear of injuring his business prevented him from seconding his wife, and gave rise to many family disagreements.

No daughter could have been more helpful and sympathetic with a mother than was Kate Dean during these early days of trial and struggle with her brother. She was very obedient and respectful. She tried the best of her poor ability to influence her brother and help her mother.

But as time wore away and she developed into a beautiful girl of which childhood gave the promise, she had many lovers and among them a handsome fellow by the name of Richard Murdock.

This young man was the only child of his mother. Young Murdock had not called on Kate three times, before her other lovers to a man, realized that there was no hope for them. Handsome, brave, and generous, he had all the qualifications to win a man's love; and what was better still, his position to truth and constancy, was such that it seemed that after winning he might retain her.

Ah, what happy days those were! The days of their courtship when they had no disagreements, and the one thought just as the other; if for no better reason than that the other thought so.

After a while, in coming to see Kate, Richard would say "Good night," and then step in to bar-room "just to see who was there." So times there would be a merry crowd, and Richard's stay was prolonged till the early morning hours. This habit led him to taking a little something to keep him from feeling so exhausted on his way home.

Kate soon heard of this, and to quiet her postulations, Richard replied:

"Kate, I must say I do not think you are doing the right thing by your father to be so ashamed of his business. It seems to me a daughter would try to increase the popularity of her father's work, and so make it easier for him. Now you and your mother, by your steady opposition to this branch of his calling, hinder him greatly."

"Well, Richard, that is a side of the case never stopped to think of before. Mother and I have only thought of my brothers, what a terrible thing it would be for them to get a taste for liquor; and then thinking other mothers and sisters might have the same feeling, we have not wanted father to sell anything of the kind on the premises."

"Oh, well! that is because you are both so tender-hearted. If a young man is not able to overcome the temptation to excess, he is a poor stick and not worth the powder to blow him up, much less the effort to save him. Now you do not mean to say you think there is the slightest danger for me?"

Kate's reply must be pardoned on the score of her youth and inexperience.

"Richard, I could not imagine your doing

rong thing. You
e so strong and
ble, but I do not
el so sure of Rob
d Joe."

"Oh, well, just
t them alone;
ey must sow a
w wild oats.
hey are young
t. They will
me out all right,
there's anything
orth saving in
em."

The confidence
at Kate had in
Richard Murdock's
dgment was un-
ounded. He was
e years her sen-
r and had been
vay to college,
hich was quite an
ent in the lives
any of the
ung men of
rewster.

Kate pondered
er what he said
out her own and
r mother's lack
interest in her
ther's business,
til she began to
ink that perhaps
ere was fault with them as Richard Murdock
timated.

THE FIRE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

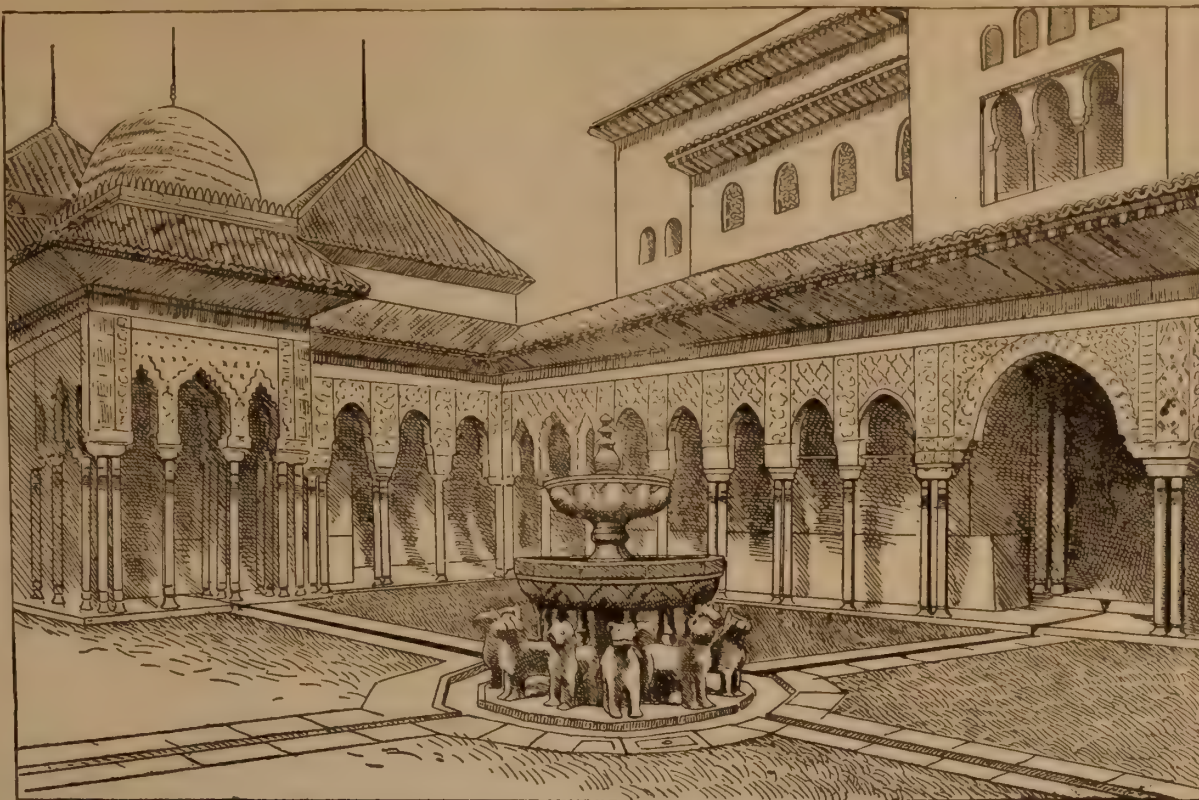
(See Illustrations.)

T was almost startling to read in the cable
dispatches of last week the prosaic announce-
ment that an extensive fire had broken out
the Alhambra, and a large part

the historic palace had been
consumed. In our youthful
ys the old palace, under
ashington Irving's master
and was real enough; but
the busy work-a-day life
has been relegated to the
gions of romance and
rgotten. Yet the an-
ient, rambling
ructure still ex-
ted, impressing
l who strayed
to its walls with
e grandeur and
ondrous beau-
Its surround-
gs are a para-
se. The Moors
alled it the
Damascus of
e West," and
ey could give
no higher
raise. It stands
a plateau sur-
ounded by

mountains and watered by two noble rivers,
ie climate and vegetation, almost tropical, but
ooled by the winds that blow over the snow-
ad mountains. This is Granada, the fairest prov-
ice of Spain, rivalling Switzerland in pict-
resque majesty, and Italy in luxuriant beauty.
The Alhambra was almost a city in itself in
ie days of its glory. Its name means red cas-
e, from the color of its stones, which take
at color as the oxide of iron they contain is
posed to the action of sun and air. Its walls
around an area of several acres and within
em the Moorish kings erected palaces of sur-
assing grandeur, until the vast enclosure was
lled with edifices such as only that luxurious
ce could conceive of.

The Alhambra has fallen into decay in these
ays. Its magnificent staircases are broken,



The Court of Albacera in the Alhambra Palace, Spain, Burned on Sept. 16.

its mosaic pavements fractured, and its delicate
sculptures and traceries defaced. Yet its pillars
and Moorish arches, its symmetrical courts, and
graceful fountains remain beautiful in decay.
Efforts have been made spasmodically for a
century past to restore it; but the very reason
for such palaces has passed away before the
march of modern ideas, and the work has been
sluggish and to a large extent ineffectual.

The fire reported last week started in the
court of Albacera, a picture of which is here
given. All the inhabitants of the surrounding
country went to the rescue, but the means of
fighting the fire were antiquated and ineffectual.
Before it was subdued, the Arab palace, the won-
derful Mirador de la Reina, and all that portion
of the Alhambra was destroyed. The bulk of
the buildings were saved, but the loss of the
burnt property is irreparable.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

WHY HE WAVERED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

(Continued from page 606.)

Light at Last.

FOR nearly an hour after her lover's depart-
ure, Addie More continued to weep bitter-
ly. It was not regret for what she had done
that caused her tears. She still felt that she
had done right in giving back the ring.

She ceased weeping, sat up and pushed her
disordered hair back from her face with both
hands. She must face the future. Oh, that
God would give her strength! If she was a
Christian she would pray for it. Well, God
could see into her heart. He must know her
difficulties, her doubts, her sorrows. Why
should she not pray? Her doubts were men-
tal, they were not moral obliquities. She would
believe if she could. Why should she not
pray? She knelt and poured out all her soul
as she had never done in all her life before.
She prayed for light and strength—the great
needs of every human soul. In some way,
undefinable to herself, a new feeling entered
her soul. After her prayer was ended she
remained on her knees trying to analyze it.
It was relief—the relief that comes to
a child who has received from a parent the
promise to undertake a task too difficult for
the child. Whence came it? What did it mean?

Others might
argue about the
subjective and ob-
jective effects of
prayer, but to Ad-
die More it had on-
ly one reason and
one lesson. God is;
and He is a Hear-
er and Answerer
of prayer. What a
vista opened from
that one position.

Addie did not go
to bed at all that
night. She opened
her Bible and read.
She prayed again
and again, and be-
fore the sun rose
she had given her
heart to God. She
told no one for
some days, but her
joy was too great
to hide and finally
she went to Dr.
Hamlyn and told
him of that night's
experience.

Wescott too, was
sad and anxious.
The gloom hung
very heavily about
him one morning,
when, after a night

of broken sleep, he entered his study and sat
down listlessly at his desk. A letter lay there
which at once attracted his attention.

"I know that writing," he said, "yet I cannot
remember the writer. I am sure I have some
association with it. Ah!" opening the letter
and looking at the signature—"Heritage's
brother. Good news." This was the letter:

"MY DEAR MR. WESCOTT: I am sure it will
afford you pleasure to learn that my brother
Robert has recovered from his mental apathy.
The manner in which it came about suggests a
study in psychological phenomena that might
well test the wisdom of the schools. One day
he was sitting in the open yard, when one of
the inmates of the institution, whose madness
made him fierce and dangerous, broke from
control, and rushing out upon Robert, struck
him a blow upon the head with a club. For-
tunately, several employees in the infirmary
saw the maniac's intent, and sprang forward in
time to break the violence of the blow."

"Robert says that he has no knowledge of
the descent of the club upon his head, but sud-
denly a light seemed to break into his brain, as
if he had been awakened from a long sleep of
unconsciousness, and then he was as sane as
he had ever been in his life.* He is now well
and rational, and expects to come to your city
in a few days. He sends his regards.

"Yours faithfully, SCOVIL HERITAGE."

"How strange!" Wescott exclaimed. "What
a marvellous means of recovery. But it is like
our spiritual experiences. How often an afflic-
tion, like a crushing blow, brings light into the
soul! Well, thank God, however it comes."

Wescott's surprise and joy were shared by all
Heritage's friends, and not least by Robert, him-
self. The first thought that occurred to him when
the light broke into his temporarily darkened
mind was: "Yes, I will write to Metta this eve-
ning." He seemed to take up the thread of
his life at the point where his mental aberration
began. Then he recalled having been hurled
from the street-car upon the stone heap, and
wondered whether he had been hurt. When
he saw the commotion around him, the
raving maniac trying to break from the grasp
of those who held him, and the massive
court, he was quite dumbfounded. It was
only after he had heard the whole story from

* Lest the reader should think the foregoing a mere freak of in-
vention, the author desires to say that he has simply made use of
an occurrence that actually occurred several years ago, and was
described to him by a friend.

his brother Scovil that he emerged completely from his dazed condition, so that his surroundings began to seem natural again.

His first impulse was to write to Metta and explain all. But what changes might not nine months have wrought? She might be betrothed to another and even married; and so he decided that he must go to see her or make inquiries of her acquaintances. This could not be done without going to Crawley, and he resolved to do so. A longing came over him to visit the great falls at Niagara on his journey westward. Bidding his friends good-bye, he stepped aboard the train one morning and arrived in the afternoon at the spot that had so great a fascination for him. It was a beautiful May day, and as he was alone, he decided not to hire a carriage, but loiter at his own fancy about the place.

The sun was near the horizon when he ascended to Prospect Park, and the moon, which was nearly full, was just lighting her wan globe over the eastern gorges and cliffs. He stood in the gloaming leaning over the masonry at the edge of the American Falls, and looking down at the wild, ceaseless turmoil below, the awful impulse momentarily prompting him, as it does so many visitors of that spot, to hurl himself over into the watery abyss.

At length he turned about, scarcely knowing what his next move should be, as it was now too late to visit Whirlpool Rapids. Suddenly he gave a start. A familiar form and face were before him. For a moment he was too agitated to speak, and then he exclaimed:

"Miss Chapman!"

"The girl was looking at him, her face as white as the seething, foaming waters at the foot of Niagara.

"Mr. Heritage, you have surprised me. I did not know that—" she hesitated.

"You did not know that I had recovered?" he finished for her. "Yes, I was completely cured a month ago."

A vivid blush suffused her fair cheeks, and her bright blue eyes became brighter with the tears that gleamed in them. To Heritage her blushes and her tears told a story of hope.

"Miss Chapman, if your friends will excuse you, I should be glad to speak with you. Shall we take a turn about the park?"

Metta, recovering herself, introduced him to the friends with whom she was travelling, and informing them that he was an old acquaintance, excused herself. The couple did not walk about long, but at Heritage's suggestion found a rustic seat beneath the trees.

"Metta—Miss Chapman," he began, at length, his heart palpitating wildly, "are you still free? Have I a right now to make the explanation you asked for in that letter so long ago?"

"You have," she whispered.

"And no one else has a claim on you?"

"No one," she replied. "I have been waiting for your explanation all these months."

"Thank God!" he said fervently.

And there, in the wan moonlight, with the music of Niagara ringing in their ears, Heritage told the story of his dealings with Dolly Pressley in his college days.

"There," he said in conclusion, "that is the whole truth. It was painful for me; and Dolly has suffered, too. I am deeply sorry for that, but honestly I believe I did the really wise thing for her and for myself. There was no other course to take in the circumstances. Ah, Metta, if we could only recall words spoken under fleeting impulse! But we cannot and we cannot undo the wrongs we have done. We can only repent and amend. The past is irrevocable. Now you know all. May I now ask that question again that I asked you before? Will you be mine, Metta?"

What need to give Metta's answer. There could be no doubt in the mind of any one who saw Robert's beaming face, and Metta's bright eyes when they rejoined the party that their interview had been eminently satisfactory to both. The cloud between them had been dispelled and perfect confidence established.

The next day, after visiting other points of interest, they separated, Metta going East to visit friends, and Heritage taking the train for Basserine. The city that he had learned to love so well had a familiar look when he reached it, and brought a desire to make it his residence, a desire that was destined to be gratified, for when he went to the School Board, he found that his former position had only been filled temporarily by a supply; and so in another week he was installed in the old place.

The first person to greet him at the station was Howard Wescott, to whom he had written from Niagara. Their old friendship was renewed. Heritage's joy almost amounted to transport when he heard from Howard's lips the story of that young man's conversion and subsequent career as a preacher of the Gospel.

"And it was through you that the barriers first began to fall away," said Howard.

"But you seem to have trouble, Wescott," said Heritage. "Your face is pale and you sigh heavily at times. What has gone wrong?"

Howard, feeling that his companion was a faithful friend, took him into his confidence, and gave him a concise history of his recent troubles.

"You have made a mistake," said Heritage, when the recital was ended. "In the first place, you should not have believed those disparaging whispers about Miss More. It was unkind of you to give them a moment's credence. Then I think you should have tried to trace them to find out their true source. Who told your sister, for instance, that Addie was of an irritable temperament?"

"Mrs. Barbor, I believe."

"Bah! She's the most unconscionable gossip-monger in the city. And who told her?"

"I'm not certain; I think it was a young man by the name of Welding, who has his home with the Mores."

"Will you give me the privilege of ferreting out this matter? By the way, why don't you go back to Miss More and tell her how you feel?"

"That is out of the question. I have learned that she is engaged to a photographer by the name of Corrigan."

"Corrigan! ejaculated the other in amazement. "Why, that's the man"—then he checked himself. "Wescott, the clue to the whole mystery has been found. My word for it, Corrigan is the fabricator of those vile reports. I know something about his wiles. Sometime I will tell you what I refer to. Leave it to me, and if I can help you out of your perplexities, I will."

Accordingly Heritage went to Mrs. Barbor, and, as he expected, found that she had been merely Corrigan's instrument in carrying out his plot of alienating the lovers. He had learned from Metta that Corrigan had meddled also in his own affairs, and had instilled doubts in her mind about himself. It seemed, therefore, in the circumstances the right thing to see Corrigan himself and if possible force him to a confession of his plots. Heritage shrank from meeting him, but in his friend's interest, as well as his own, it had to be done.

Accordingly the next morning early, Heritage presented himself at the studio, and sent in his card. Corrigan would have avoided the interview had it been possible. Indeed, his aversion to meeting Heritage was as great as Heritage's, and he was, besides, being a coward at heart, alarmed at this bold attack. He thought, however, that the best course was to assume the courage he did not feel and invited his visitor into his private room.

What occurred there, during the two hours that the door was shut upon them, Heritage never told, and Corrigan was little likely to tell. That the interview was a stormy one at the outset may be inferred, but when Heritage left the studio he carried in his pocket a full confession signed by Corrigan himself, which he took triumphantly to Wescott's rooms.

Howard was surprised beyond measure when his friend Heritage described the result of his little experiment at untangling the knotted

threads of his difficulties. "Now, sir," pure Heritage, "you must go to Miss More with delay."

In spite of his friend's urgent advice, Howard allowed a week to slip by before he could summon courage to speak to Addie, for he could not persuade himself that she would forgive his tergiversation; and he might have delayed still longer had not chance thrown them together. He was passing along Main Street on a rainy evening, when he happened to glance and saw Addie standing in the door of a store, with a woe-begone and puzzled expression on her face. Although he feared he might regard even a word from him as an impertinence, he obeyed the impulse to stop and speak to her. She greeted him with a smile, her pale lips, though she evidently felt strained.

"Miss More, you seem to be halting between two opinions. I suppose you don't know whether you ought to venture out into the rain or not," he said.

"I am a little puzzled what to do," she confessed.

"Why, have you no umbrella or rubber cloak?"

"No, I left home this morning, and the weather was so pleasant then that I made no preparation for rain."

"If you will wait here a few minutes, I will borrow a rubber cloak for you. A friend across the way will loan me one, I am sure."

He soon returned, and helped her to put on the cloak, and then said: "If you are alone, I will walk home with you; you need the protection of an umbrella as well as a gossamer."

She hesitated in an embarrassed way, then took his proffered arm, upon which she noticed that her hand trembled. The rain pattered gleefully on the umbrella over their heads. Fortunately there was no wind, so they could keep dry. They had gone over half-way to home, their conversation becoming more and more constrained when by a sudden impulse he clasped the hand which lay upon his arm.

"Miss More—Addie," he said, "what makes your hand tremble so?"

She tried to withdraw it from his clasp, but did not reply, and only the rain, pattering pæan on the protecting umbrella above them, broke the silence.

"May I ask you one question?" he said.

"It depends on what the question is."

"Are you engaged to Corrigan?"

"What makes you think that?" she asked, glancing up at him in surprise. "No, I am not."

"Then it is proper for me to speak. Addie, can you forgive my cruel treatment of you? I have been wretched since the night our engagement was broken. My ring is in my pocket—will you wear it again?"

She stopped suddenly as if riveted to the spot, unconscious of the staccato of the rain drops above her head.

"Howard!" she exclaimed.

"My darling. I can love no one but you. Perhaps I was a little vacillating for a while, but my heart has come back to you, its first and only true love. Will you wear the ring?"

She trembled like a leaf, tears which could not be seen in the darkness sprang to her eyes, and then with a sob of joy she withdrew her glove and held her hand toward him. The rain continued its musical patter, patter on the umbrella, as if rejoicing in the reconciliation of the lovers. Howard placed the ring upon her finger, and then lifted the hand that was to wear it to his lips and kissed it fervently, saying:

"Addie, God bless you! It is a mercy that you have taken me back. You have saved me by doing so. It will require a life-time, dear Addie, to atone for the wrong I have done you."

After reaching her home they talked over their plans for the future, arriving without dissent at the following conclusion: Howard would take a course of theological training at Yale, and then they would go to some humble country or village pastorate and begin their life-work together.

THE END.

THE CHILDREN WAIT.
(Try A. Barr in the Chicago Standard.)
The chamber of the house,
Up in dim, uncertain light,
Stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of reign wood with brasses bright.
Upon a woman, frail and gray,
Who tottered across the floor;
"said she, "the light of day;
Jean, unlock the bottom drawer?"
In all youth's loveliness,
Down with eager, curious face;
As she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of velvet, and of rare old lace.
When the summer sunshine fell
On the treasures hoarded there,
She rushed to her tender eyes,
And heart was solemn as a prayer.
"Grandmamma!" she softly sighed,
As a withered rose and palm;
The elder face was naught
Of sweet content and peaceful calm.
Upon her staff she gazed
As a baby's half-worn shoe—
Of rock of finest lawn—
With tiny bows of blue—
Made fifty years ago—
A glove, a tasseled cap—
One long divisioned sum—
School-books fastened with a strap,
Which shed them all with trembling lips;
"How much," she said, "the heart can
hold."
"I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there."
Now it seems so good to know
That all throughout these weary years
Her eyes have been untouched by grief,
Her eyes have been unstained by tears.
Now, we see with clearer sight,
That earthly love is almost o'er;
The children wait me in the skies
Whom I locked that sacred drawer."

A RUSSIAN BOY'S FAITH.
HATFIELD, at a recent meeting in
told this anecdote: "A family of
sons—a father, mother, son, and
daughter—settled in a house near St. Petersburg,
Russia, where there were no near
relatives. The parents soon died, and
the son waited for two days in hope of
their coming to their help, but nobody
came. The little girl then began to weep,
and boy was at his wits' end to comfort
her, taking a bit of paper, he wrote on it,
"I'll give me one copeck to buy bread
sister!" Going to the church to
where his father had once taken him, he
put the paper into the slit of the box
where the contributions were deposited.
He saw him, and thinking the boy
lying, chased him till he was caught.
The boy told his story artlessly, and the
father came home with him, gave him im-
mediate relief, and the next day related the
story of the assembled congregation, who
gave \$1,000 for them. In this manner
the father answered the lad's prayer for a
loaf to buy bread for his sister."

SKILL CAME FROM GOD.
Good gifts are from the Master,
Hand or brain. A young painter
was called by his master to complete a
picture on which the master had been
to suspend his labors on account of
growing infirmities.
"Mission thee, my son," said the
master, "to do thy best on this work."
"Best." The young man had such
faith in his master's skill that he felt
content to touch canvas which bore
the name of that renowned hand.
"Do thy best," was the old man's
reply; and again and again, to repeat-

ed solicitation, he answered; "Do thy best."
The youth, trembling, seized the brush,
and kneeling before his appointed work,
he prayed:
"It is for the sake of my beloved Master
that I implore skill and power to do this
deed."
His hand grew steady as he painted.
Slumbering genius awoke in his eye. En-
thusiasm took the place of fear. Forgetfulness
of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and
with a calm joy he finished his labor. The
"beloved Master" was borne on his couch
into the studio to pass judgment on the re-
sult. As his eye fell on the triumph of art
before him to burst into tears, and, throw-
ing his enfeebled arms around the young
artist, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no
more!" That youth, Leonardo da Vinci,
became the painter of "The Last Supper,"
the ruins of which, after the lapse of three
hundred years, still attract annually to the
refectory of an obscure convent in
Milan hundreds of the worshippers of art.

What is Scrofula
It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumu-
lating in the glands of the neck, produces un-
sightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful
running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which
develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often
causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin
of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other
manifestations usually ascribed to "humors."
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or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst
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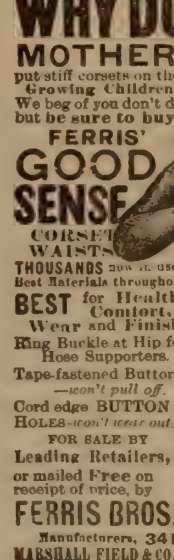
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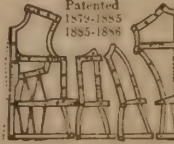
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PORT OF JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA—THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER. (See Dr. Talmage's Sermon on page 620.)

MY FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1890.

Growing Interest in the Holy Land—The New Routes—Mr. Beecher's Ejaculation—A Night Watch on the Mediterranean—First Glimpse of Palestine—Landing at Joppa—Associations with Dorcas—A Man Carrying his Bed—Peter's Humble Quarters—A Member of the Christian Commission in Lowly Occupation—The Meeting Place of Two Dreams—The Scene of Jonah's Embarkment—The View from the House-top in Joppa—The Massacre Napoleon Ordered—The Rafts of Cedar for Solomon's Temple—Workers on the Greater Temple.

"The half was not told me." 1. Kings 10: 7.

THIS is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries—What I Saw and what I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past, only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe, less than five per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent. ever get to Athens and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent. who do go to the Holy Land, some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home, only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye. The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when

A Journey to Palestine

will be much more common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem and railroads are about to begin in Palestine and the day will come when the cry will be, "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet-locks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but, after a while, without crossing the ocean you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting. These capitalists or others will build a bridge across those Straits, for mid-way are three islands called "The Diomedes" and the water is not deep and is never disturbed, with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them, and there are persons here to-day, who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christ-like, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonian and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey, I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

Future Explorers.

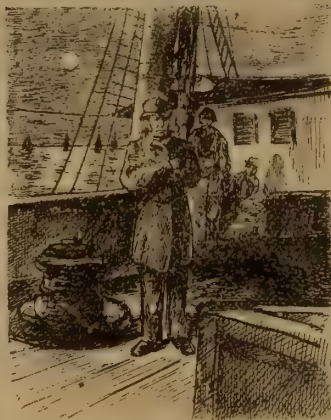
The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the Anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John: "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage said "Amen, I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail-tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people, who will be

ready to tell of what they saw, that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel. This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very

Places Where they Occurred.

Some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee and the book was jostled in the saddle-bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing-houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and prayed about it, and dreamed about it until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land: "The half was not told me."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing—a life of Christ, entitled, "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the *Senegal*, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year,



and pleurists are not apt to be voyaging there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be. And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, to-morrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come

In Sight of Palestine?"

"Well," he said, courteously, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the port-hole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship, the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted, land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus.

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck, I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor.

"The Land!" I Cried.

Soon all our friends were aroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar, and rattle, and bang, the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine, it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ship stops there. Be-

tween rocks about seventy-five feet apart, small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeleton of those who have attempted to land or attempt to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of crusaders, of Romans, of Saracens, of Egyptians, have gone to splinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago, said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships, all but seven went to pieces on the rocks and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

A Rock-Bound Coast.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Gate, those rocks have not been uprooted the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But must remember that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches, he withers. Hammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail-trains, against print presses, against civilization. Darkness is ways opposed to light. The owl hates the dawn. "Leave those rocks where they are, practically cries the Turkish Government; want no people of other religions and other habits to land there; if the salt seas wash them, let it be a warning to other invaders, away with your nineteenth century, with its thought and its modern inventions." The Turkish Government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be. Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine, I asked the question, "Has

The Sultan of Turkey

ever been here?" "No." "Why don't he come when it belongs to his dominion?" And, at the man interrogated looked this way, and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "he dare not come." I believed it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem, he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers. Of course that government wants no harbor at Joppa. May God remove that city of nations, that old hag of the centuries, Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman, let it perish! And those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship, we heard the clamor, and quarrel and swearing, of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors



all vernaculars, all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves ashore. The men having charged us, pushes and struggles, with a heavy sea, and the violence of the waves would not be tolerated in our country, but which must be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats which heads for the shore. Within fifteen minutes of the Christ-land, we hear shouting from the beach and in minutes we will be landed. The prow of our boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in. We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the deck of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock

fect touch Palestine. Forever to me and e will that day and hour be commemorated, that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned prayer by my children and children's chil- 1 after we are gone, that morning we were nitted to enter that land, and gaze upon e holy hills, and feel the emotions that rise, fall, and weep, and laugh, and sing, and tri- h at such a disembarkation.

n the back of hills one hundred and fifty high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is picturesque as it is quaint, and as much un- any city we

ever seen, ough it were t in that star rs, where a night's ago very Septem- astronomers ough unparal- d telescopes a snow-storm ing. How we were to Joppa! Why, is the city re Dorcas, queen of the lle, lived and



and was resurrected. You remember that the people came around the dead body of this factress and brought specimens of her kind lle-work, and said, "Dorcas made this;" reas sewed that;" "Dorcas cut and fitted;" "Dorcas hemmed that." According to ffoot, the commentator, they laid her out in: in a public room and the poor wrung their ls and cried, and sent for Peter, who perform- miracle by which the good woman came back e and resumed her benefactions. An espe- resurrection day for one woman! She was model by which many women of our day fashioned their lives, and at the first blast e horn of the wintry tempest, there appear housand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, ases of New York, Dorcases of London, ases of all the neighborhoods and towns cities of Christendom, just as good as the as of the Joppa which I visited. Thank for the ever-increasing skill and sharp- and speed and generosity of Dorcas's le!

What is that man doing?" I said to the dran in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is

Carrying his Bed." altitudes of the Eastern people sleep of-doors, and that is the way so many hose lands become blind. It is from dew of the night falling on the ds. As a result of this, in Egypt, every tieth person is totally blind. In Oriental e bed is made of a thin small mattress, nket and a pillow, and when the man rises ie morning he just ties up the three into a lle and shoulders it and takes it away. It to that the Saviour referred when he said e sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk." merican couch or an English couch would ire at least four men to carry it, but one Ori- can easily manage his slumber equipment. t I inhale some of the odors of the large aries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a perous business, this tanning of hides. And reminds me of Simon the tanner, who lived ppa, and was the host of Peter the Apostle. pose the olfactories of Peter were as easily ted by the odors of a tannery as others, he Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, anner." People who go out to do reforma- and missionary and Christian work must e too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought is homestead every night the malodors of calf-skins and ox-hides in his tannery, but lodged in that home, not only because he not have been invited to the houses of chant princes surrounded by redolent gar- , but to teach all men and women engaged ying to make the world better, they must esqueamish and fastidious and finical and

over-particular in doing the work of the world. The Church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly and the refined and the elegant and the educated; but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission-school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger-nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air float- ing up from the malodorous vats. No, no! excuse them from lodging with Simon, the tanner.

During the last war, there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insup- portable. The men were dying from sheer ex- haustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian Commission said to the nurse who stood there, "wash the faces and feet of these men and it will revive them." "No said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet," "Well," said the distinguished member of the Commission, "bring me water and a towel, I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the

House-top in Joppa

where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that house-top, we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets and it must be a well many centuries old, and, I think, Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calf- skins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the house-top. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter, one noon, while he was waiting for dinner, had a hungry fit and fainted away and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that house-top, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And, opening the Bible, we had the whole story. It seems that Peter on the house-top dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the fields, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry, to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these

Strangers at the Gate.

They tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call, Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean and where- as he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gen- tiles who were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the house-top, Cornelius' dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream and every event is searching for some other event. In the fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the new world an intelligent world. The Declaration of Inde- pendence announcing equal rights meets Rob- ert Burns'

"A man's a man for a' that"

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent.' Armies in the civil war were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing- machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our na- tive born, and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plough, and scythe, and reaper, and thresher cannot do the work, and there came steam ploughs, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines sur- render a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed, and so,

At Just the Right Time,

Hargreaves came along with his invention of the spinning-jenny, and Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton-gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it; and the hills of Pennsylvania pour- ed out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day. So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But, I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand, and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon, and sympathy, and that is God's heart, Have faith in Him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are wak- ing from one dream up-stairs, an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down-stairs.

Standing here in Joppa, I remember that where we this morning disembarked, the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in

my life I fully under- stand that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist com- panies, as to how I could take Nin- evah in my jour- ney. They did not encourage the un- dertaking. It is a most tedious ride



to Nineveh and a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nin- evah. He not only revolted because of the dis- agreeable message he was called to deliver at Nineveh, but because it was a long way and tough, and bandit-infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas, for the disas- trous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome. The event recorded in the book of Jonah has oc- curred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do

not wonder that even the whale was sick of him! This prophet was put in the Bible, not as an example, but as a warning because the world not only needs light-houses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered and the sun smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said: "It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

But standing here on the house-top at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of

The Napoleonic Massacre.

Napoleon was marching his army through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders mirthfully and said, "you must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet." I say, it will not be difficult for him to decide. The prisoners of war, by his order, are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nations can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts, put the two scenes of Joppa side by side, Dorcas with her needle, and the imperial butcher with his knife.

The Rafts of Cedars.

But standing on this Joppa house-top, I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil, and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axemen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages. The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor, south of Joppa now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with levers, and many a loud long "Yo, heave!" as the carters get their shoulders under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip, and drawled-out words which translated, I suppose, would correspond with the "whoa, haw, gee!" of modern teamsters,

Toward Jerusalem,

which is forty-one miles away, over mountainous distances, which for hundreds of years defied all engineering. And these rough cedars shall become carved pillars, and beautiful altars, and rounded banisters, and traceried panels, and sublime ceiling, and exquisite harps, and kingly chariots. As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem, I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are

now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on, and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the axe in the far-away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a wither, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of

Building the Temple

of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the



The Ancient Bridge of Prague Partially Demolished by the Recent Floods.

millennial morn shall gild the pinnacles of that finished temple, and at its shining gates, the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last stain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple, all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms," and "present arms," and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel, which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the state of Maine by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of

the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good night! To-morrow we start for Jerusalem.

THE ANCIENT BRIDGE AT PRAGUE.

AMONG the details of the havoc of the floods in Bohemia, as reported by cable, is one item that will cause the regret of every American who has visited that locality. It is the statement that the beautiful bridge called the Karlsbrücke has been so seriously damaged that it is doubtful whether it can be repaired. The bridge is over five hundred years old. Its construction was commenced in 1358, by King IV. of Bohemia, and was completed by King Ladislaus II. It was 1,800 feet long, which is two hundred and five feet longer than the Brooklyn Bridge. It consisted of sixteen arches, each arch being adorned, on both sides with statues of saints, and groups of sculpture. At each end was an imposing gate-tower. It connected the old town of Prague with the suburb of Kleinseite, or little Prague, where the Government offices are situated. The ancient structure bore the unusual pressure

from the overflow of the river Moldau, and its tributaries, until the third day of the flood. Then its central arch fell, and the next day, two other arches were swept away.

In the city, too, there was widespread desolation. 40,000 persons were driven from their homes, and vast quantities of furniture, pictures, and merchandise were destroyed. As their necessities were urgent, the Austrian Government sent military bakers to the city, who distributed daily, 6,000 loaves of bread, beside sending quantities of tinned meat and other provisions.

Happily the inundation passed away almost as quickly as it came. The chief sufferers were private citizens. With the single exception of the bridge, no injury was done to the historic edifices which have made the city of Prague famous to the world over. Among these are the University, founded by Charles IV., in 1348, the ancient palace with 150 quaint and beautiful rooms; the Cathedral, fine old Gothic structure; the Themkirche, which stands on the spot where the martyr Huss used to

preach. These historic edifices were happily spared as they have been during the vicissitudes of more than 500 years, including the sieges and bombardments which the city has undergone.

IN THE INTEREST OF PEACE.

If the remarkable invention said to have been made by Dr. Jeunemann, of Vienna, should prove to be true the advocates of Universal Peace will have reason for congratulation. The Austrian chemist has discovered a fluid which will minimize the horrors of war. Loaded in shell, it can be readily discharged and exploded on encountering the slightest obstacle to progress. Its effect is to render unconscious those who inhale its penetrating odor.

THE DEVASTATION OF SALONICA.

(See page 636.)

THE city of Salonica, a picture of which, reproduced from a recent photograph, is here given, has been the scene of a terrible conflagration. The cable states that over twelve hundred houses have been destroyed, and many lives have been sacrificed. The fire started in the Jewish quarter, where the houses were chiefly of wood, and, as a high wind was blowing, and there was a scarcity of water, it spread rapidly from house to house until whole streets were blazing. The greatest efforts were made to prevent it reaching the celebrated mosque of Sophia, but they were fruitless. That building, the hospital, and the English and Greek consulates were all consumed before the fire was checked. It is estimated that the value of the property destroyed does not fall short of a million dollars.

Salonica is an important seaport of Roumania having considerable trade and manufactures. Extensive cotton-spinning factories have recently been erected there and its large flour mills have long been celebrated throughout Turkey. It is protected by a high wall five miles in length, beginning at the sea coast and terminating at the famous fortress of the Seven Towers, which crowns the hill on the side of which the city is built. Its principal modern buildings, such as shipping offices, hotels and the cotton mills before mentioned, are built on the Quay which is the fashionable promenade of the city. Seen from the sea, it is a place of wondrous beauty. The houses and mosques rise, tier above tier, up the side of the hill; they are chiefly white, embowered in trailing plants, while above, is the castle of the Seven Towers, and in the background the purple range of the Lamerina Mountains.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Six Million Letters were Sent to the Dead Letter Office in Washington during the past year. Of these, nearly half a million were misdirected or only partially addressed. Those on which there was no address at all, the envelopes lying entirely blank, numbered over twenty-five thousand. Twenty-eight thousand letters and packages contained money amounting to \$48,000, and twenty-seven thousand contained drafts and checks, notes and commercial paper, worth the aggregate, \$1,471,871. Doubtless, the readers of these letters have wondered that they were not answered and perhaps blamed the correspondents for negligence, while the truth was really their own and was caused by a lack of mind when they were writing. Probably if we knew the whole truth about those unanswered prayers, of which some people complain, the explanation would be as simple, and perhaps often of the same character. In our country especially, there is one fruitful cause of prayers being unanswered; for the waverer, who is a man of weak faith, or no faith, represents a numerous class, and we are expressly warned that it is useless for that man to think he can receive anything of the Lord. (James 1: 6, 7.)

A Little German Orphan was in a Friendless condition in New York on September 14. A few days ago, both his parents died at Kowna, Germany. His uncle took charge of him, but he pined for Victor, his only brother, who had come to America six years ago. Though only five years old, he determined to come here to seek his brother. He had few opportunities of earning money, but he made the most of those he had. His savings were carefully hoarded, and a month ago he found he had sufficient to buy a steerage ticket to New York. He dare not tell his uncle lest he should be prevented making the journey. Stealing down the pier, he got on board the *Augusta Victor*, which arrived on September 12. He had no money when he landed, and not the remotest idea in what part of the country his brother lived. When asked how he dare set out alone on such a journey, he quietly said, he "thought I would take care of a poor orphan boy." He was detained at the barge-office, the officials

not knowing what to do with him, and there being no clue to his brother's residence. On Sept. 14 he was sitting somewhat disconsolately by the grating, looking at the throng, when suddenly he started up, shouting "Victor! mein Victor!" A young man went up to the grating, and to his amazement saw his little brother. The young man said that in all the six years he had been in New York, he had never before visited the barge office. He had come that day to visit a friend who had just arrived from England, and was leaving that morning for Philadelphia. The little boy's faith in God's protecting care is confirmed. We may hope that it will not be shaken in the journey of life, and that he may find Him who is called our Elder Brother, who has gone before to the better country to prepare a place for them who trust in Him. (John 14: 2.)

A Telegraph Lineman had a Narrow Escape from death in New York, on Sept. 23. He was repairing telephone wires on a pole, in First Avenue, when he grasped a dead wire. To his amazement, he found that the wire, so far from being dead, was able to give a very potent shock. It knocked him from the pole, and he would have been killed, had he not fallen upon the top of a wagon that was passing, and so his fall was broken. As it was, his collar bone was fractured, and he suffered severe internal injury. It is evidently unsafe to reckon upon any wire being dead, while it hangs among other wires on the poles; as at some point, it may be in contact with live wires, and collect electricity from them. Many a spiritual fall has come from a similar lack of caution. An evil habit or some besetting sin, which has been so long repressed that it is thought to be dead, reasserts its power in a moment of unwatchfulness, and the victim has a humiliating fall. (1. Cor. 10: 12.)

A Quaint Marriage Certificate was Recently shown to a traveller in South Dakota. It was filled in by a rural judge who officiated at the ceremony. It stated that the parties "were lawfully united in the holy bonds of matrimony in town 124, north of range 63 west, near the north-west corner of said town and on the south side of Elm Creek, it being bank full of water." It appears that the wedding party were on their way to the judge's office to be married, when they were stopped by finding the creek so swollen by the rains that no passage could be made that day. Several persons were on the opposite bank and, after some shouting, the situation was explained to them and one of them was persuaded to go for the judge. That functionary soon appeared and declared himself ready to proceed with the ceremony. The bridal party was ranged on the bank and the usual questions were shouted out by the judge on one side the creek, and the responses loudly given from the other side. At the conclusion, the judge pronounced the marriage perfectly valid and he filled out the certificate above quoted and mailed it to them. The couple are fond of telling the story as being unique in the annals of marriage. It may be hoped that its peculiar circumstances will be typical of that more solemn time when they come to the stream that will dissolve their marriage. That, too, though they must cross it, need be no end to their happiness if they have made their peace with God through Christ, but will be the opening to them of new and greater happiness on the other side. (Isa. 43: 2.)

A Stolen Daughter's Restoration to her Father after fourteen years absence is reported in the *Globe* of St. Paul, Minn. It states that in 1876, a veteran of the war, now in that city, was living in Missouri with his family. He had the misfortune to lose his little daughter, then a child five years old. She was a beautiful girl with long golden hair, and deep blue eyes. The father had been badly wounded in the war, and was not able to go far in search of her, but he spent a great part of his pension in advertising, and in paying other people to follow any clue he was able to obtain. His friends have long regarded his quest as hopeless, and have ridiculed the persistence with which during these fourteen years he had continued advertising,

and inquiring for his beloved child. A few weeks ago he learned that just such a girl as his daughter might have become, had been seen on the Crow Creek reservation in Texas. He became quite excited about it but could find no means of communicating with her. By a strange coincidence, however, the girl saw about the same time in a Texas journal some reference to her father, in connection with an increase of pension, with the statement of his address. She immediately wrote to him and enclosed a pair of antique ear-rings which she had in her ears when she was stolen, and had preserved. That token was sufficient. The old man recognized them at once and wrote to her to come to him. It would have been grievously unnatural had she refused, or postponed her return; yet the invitations that God is sending out by His servants to His wandering children whom He has sought these many years too often fall on deaf ears. (Matt. 22: 5.)

A Lady Sacrificed her Life in Saving her Dog at Grand View, N. J., on Sept. 24. In the middle of the forenoon she went up the hill to the track of the Northern New Jersey Railroad, taking two dogs with her. She took a course down the track just above a curve in the road, when she heard a freight train approaching. The engineer gave the usual whistle of warning, and the woman stepped quickly to the side of the road, taking her dogs with her. Just before the engine reached her, however, one of the dogs darted back on the track. The lady, to save her pet from the impending death, forgot her own danger and reached forward for the animal. She pulled the dog from the track, and as she turned, the engine struck her in the side, crushing her body terribly and throwing her some distance down an embankment. She died a short time afterward. It was an act of thoughtlessness; for though she may have been fond of her pet, she was little likely to have intentionally risked her life to save it. There is little doubt, however, that some are guilty of similar foolishness in a still more serious matter. They are losing their souls to save a fortune, and there is no greater folly than that. (Mark 8: 36.)

The Disclosure of a Marriage has Caused an angry dispute at a fashionable watering-place. Early this year a wealthy young widower made the acquaintance in New York of an attractive young lady of a well known family. They were seen together in public so frequently that it was inferred that they were engaged to be married. The relatives of both parties, however, strenuously denied the existence of an engagement and declared that, as both families were irrevocably opposed the match, no engagement would be made. During the summer the rumor was revived as the two were in company at the summer resorts. It was again denied, but a few days ago a daily journal contradicted the denial, and added that the parties were actually married. Then the lady's friends were silent, but the gentleman and his friends insisted that the statement was false. They were confronted by a record of the marriage in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, the marriage having been solemnized by a New York clergyman in April last. A reporter had seen it while searching the records in the Bureau for another entry. The gentleman now appears to have involved himself in a double trouble. His own family are exasperated with him for marrying, and his wife, and her family are indignant with him for repudiating the marriage. The issue, whatever it may be it cannot be otherwise than painful; for the wife is never likely to forget or forgive the humiliation he has inflicted on her. Unhappily the same duplicity has not been unknown to the Church of Christ. Some who are anxious "to make the best of both worlds" hesitate to acknowledge Him before men. Of all such men Christ said that He would be ashamed at His coming. (Luke 9: 26.)

Volume XII., of the *Christian Herald*, containing the numbers for 1886, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office, price \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

S. S. LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR OCT. 12.
LUKE 22 : 7-20; GOLDEN TEXT, I. Cor. 11 : 26.

The Previous Anointing—A Showing Forth of Christ's Death—The Great Passover—The Basis of Christ's Confidence in His Disciples—The Elements Typical—The Wheat Ground in the Mill—The Wine From Crushed Grapes—Dependence and Inter-Dependence.

WHEN only two days before He suffered, Mary Magdalene anointed Jesus for His burial, she was showing forth His death. She was true to the teaching and to the spirit of her Lord, although neither the world, nor the disciples understood her. The world cast out her Lord as an impostor and a criminal, the disciples entertained to the very last, hopes of earthly power and glory in following Him; but the anointing of Mary was a kind of priestly laying of the hand of the sinner upon the scape-goat in token of identity. Mary claimed the death of Jesus for every sinner, and so showed forth His death. She took the side of Christ, and took it alone, hindered neither by the world nor the Church. And, unless in this spirit we partake of the Lord's Supper, it must be a mere form to us, even if we are not like Judas, who went out from the Passover feast to betray his Lord for the sake of a mean, earthly advantage.

"Then came the day of unleavened bread when the passover *must* be killed." Yes; and the Son of Man

Must Suffer

many things, and be rejected of the elders, and the chief priests, and the scribes, and be killed (Mark 8 : 31), and none knew as He Himself did, the dire necessity of His suffering. In almost every Jewish house at that season, the Passover lamb would be slain, and preparations were on foot everywhere. But "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world" in the purpose of God, was about to be immolated, and none except Mary Magdalene had understood the fact. How real the type was to Jesus no other heart can know. He sent two of His disciples to make ready, and gave them the most detailed instructions as to the house, the room, etc., and the lamb was slain and roasted. But meanwhile the great Passover of passovers was preparing in that heart and will which said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

When the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve apostles with Him, and He said unto them, "with desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God." They sat within the blood-sprinkled doors, in remembrance of that night in Egypt when the first-born of the Egyptians were slain, and the first-born of Israel spared. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood,

I Will Pass Over

you, the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." (Ex. 12 : 13.) How little the disciples understood that before twenty-four hours had elapsed, the blood of their beloved Lord and Teacher would be shed to take away their sin, not in type but in reality; to shelter them from the destroyer, not in type but in reality; that instead of such a kingdom as is known in the world, being set up, the very King of the Kingdom of God must be also the sacrifice which fulfils the Passover feast. To them all was commemorative, to Him it was anticipative; He was going through beforehand all that would so soon come to pass. In the Passover feast the slain lamb was to be eaten by those who were sheltered by the blood. It was the last food eaten in Egypt, and was to be the strength of God's people in their going out from their bondage. They were to eat of it with loins girded, with feet shod, with staves in their hands, and they must eat it in haste, ready at a moment's notice, for their call out of Egypt. It was a sacri-

ficed life which should sustain theirs. All this was typical of Christ, the Redeemer and the life of His people.

And as they were eating, Jesus, who always made use of present and visible things to convey to His disciples things unseen and eternal, "took the cup and gave thanks, and said, take this and divide it among yourselves."

Did He Know

that at that very hour their hearts were full of the unworthy, and unheavenly strife about which of them should be the greatest? Yes, He knew it all, He "needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man." (John 2 : 25.) But Jesus reckoned not according to what those disciples were in themselves, but according to what they might become when He had passed through death for them, and made a way for their old man, with all its strife and bitterness, pride and envying, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, to be crucified with Him; and for His life, which "suffereth long, and is kind;" which "envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," etc., (1. Cor. 13 : 4), to replace theirs. "For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the Kingdom of God shall come." "Thy Kingdom come" we pray again and again; it is the Kingdom of a poured out life for which we are praying. As the juice was pressed from the grapes to make that wine, so the Christ life in us comes out chiefly in times of suffering and of pressure. It is in the failure of the human that the divine becomes manifest. Jesus was made "perfect through sufferings," and the disciple can be perfected in no other way. (Luke 6 : 40.)

"And he took bread." Every particle of that bread had been severed by the grinding of the mill-stone; it was no longer grain in a state of nature, but bread, a fit type of Himself "as the bread of life." He gave thanks and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, "This is my body which is given for you (broken for you, 1. Cor. 11 : 24), this do in remembrance of me." "Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, 'This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you.' The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we, being many are one bread (or loaf) and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread."

The Lord's Supper is meant to be the closest bond of unity which can be. Just as a piece broken from a loaf makes a gap, an unevenness, so that it is no longer entire, just as a member separated from the human body leaves the remainder maimed, so is it with the body of Christ.

The Least Feeling of Disunion

in the heart with any Christian hinders the communion of the body or of the blood of Christ. Let none come to the Lord's table with a sting in his heart, his very presence there, while he has the slightest feeling against a brother, is a lie against the unity of the body. The blood of Christ cannot circulate in his body when the spirit of Christ is wanting, the mill-stone and the wine-fat have not done their work, and the wild grapes and the unbroken corn exist, instead of the broken and poured out life which is conformed to the image of God's Son. We cannot live our own life and Christ's life, too, we cannot have both the grapes and the wine, both the grain and the bread, both self and Christ; the one must die for the life of the other to be manifested. If the Lord's Supper means anything at all, it means that our own life is to be sacrificed, that all that makes up our life is to be laid down and made subject to Christ and to our brethren. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." (1. John 3 : 16.)

The Apostle Paul gives a solemn warning: "Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." (1. Cor. 11 : 27.) Surely this is the same sin as crucifying to themselves the Son of God afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. (Heb. 6 : 6.) How can

we *show* forth, and not simply *tell* forth, Lord's death, except we die to ourselves as died to Himself? How can an unsubdued show forth a subdued will? Let us beware! we approach the sanctuary of our God in spirit of self and of the world. The Lord's Supper proclaims that human life, and hope and glory all are broken, and poured out on the cross of Christ, and that divine life and divine nature in the person of Christ supersede old life and nourish the new. "Whoso eat my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life . . . dwelleth in me and I in him." (John 54-56.) The Lord's supper gives the life human pride and independence, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father so he that eateth me, even

He Shall Live by Me."

(John 6 : 57.) Jesus was absolutely dependent upon His Father; no babe ever depended more on the mother than did Jesus in His earthly life on His Father. Thought, word, deed, all flowed into His human life from above, and the Lord's Supper is the type to us of this living by Father and living by the Son which is ours as it was Christ's. And just as surely as we recognize our dependence upon the life of Christ in us which is shown forth in the Lord's Supper, so also we learn our interdependence one upon the other in the Church of Christ. God does not mean that we shall live as in but as a body. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body," how little is the body of Christ discerned, even among its members. Personal salvation, personal sanctification, personal usefulness, personal glory—these are the things which occupy the hearts of believers. But the body, what is that? How few regulate, or allow God to regulate their life with a view to the welfare of the body of Christ! Yet the Church of Christ is born in an atmosphere in which no man is without aught of the things which he possesses was his own; but "they had all things common." (Acts 4 : 32.)

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Horace Greeley's Early Trial.*

IT was a critical moment in his life when weary and disheartened and disgusted with New York, he came home to his lodging Saturday evening, resolved to shake the dust from his feet on Monday morning before his last penny should be gone, and try at the inland towns. But the good hand of Providence was about the lad, even in that unbath-like habitat (his lodgings) from which he escaped twice that day to attend church. It happened that among the young Irishmen who resorted to McGolrick's, and who all took characteristic interest in the friendless youth was one who gave him the address of a place where he knew that printers were wanted. Horace was on the ground as early as half-past five on Monday morning, and sat waiting on the stoop for nearly an hour and a half before the doors were opened. One of the journeying printers, a Vermonter, arrived a few minutes before the opening, and sitting down beside the rustic youth, entered into conversation with him. He became greatly interested in his low-Yankee, and accompanied him to the office and succeeded in persuading the foreman to give him a trial.

Even then he would not have succeeded if there had not been a job on hand which no other printer in the city would accept. This was to set up what he describes as a "very small (320) New Testament in double columns of small type, each column barely twelve ems wide, with a centre column of notes in pearl, only four ems wide; the text thickly studded with references by Greek and superior letters, to the new

* From *Horace Greeley, the Editor*, by Francis Nicolli Zabris, an eloquent, tender and discriminating tribute to the great man. Pp. 398. Price \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York.

which of course were preceded and discriminated by corresponding indices, with prefatory and supplementary remarks on each book, set in pearl and only paid for as agate." By diligent type-sticking for twelve or fourteen hours a day, he was able for two or three weeks scarcely to make his board, and at his best to earn only five or six dollars a week. He had, however, the advantage of retaining the job to the end.

His Handwriting.

Every one has heard of Horace Greeley's extraordinary handwriting, which required special and expert printers to set up. The present winter, when a youth, happened to be seated at a table in the Union League Club, one evening, which Horace Greeley was writing an editorial. A foolscap page after page was dashed off, they fell directly under my eye, and I took the liberty of studying the chirography, a great scrawl and scrawl of hieroglyphs, till my heart bled for the poor printer who should have to set it up under gas-light before morning.

A funny story is told of a reply which he made to a Western lecture committee, declining their invitation on the ground that he would be fifty years old on the next February 3d. The reply came that his penmanship had taken them more time to decipher; but they had succeeded, and the time, "February 3d." and terms, "sixty dollars" were entirely satisfactory. They also took his statement that he "must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if at all" answering, "As you suggest, you may be able to get you other engagements this immediate vicinity."

Another illustration is given of his writing a letter to an employee discharging him for gross neglect of duty. After a number of years of service in California, the man returned and, meeting Mr. Greeley, was asked by him how he had gotten along. "Let me see," he continued, "didn't I get mad at you and send you off?" "Oh, yes, you wrote me a letter telling me to get out. Taking the letter with me, I found it nobody could read it; so I gave it my own interpretation as a letter of recommendation, and I got several first-rate situations by it, and I am really very much obliged to you."

Mr. Greeley's Dress.

In village life in Vermont, his wardrobe in summer consisted of a shirt and trousers, the former open in front and with tucked-up sleeves, and the latter very short. In walking the streets he added a straw hat and at the debating society put on a jacket. When he came to New York, we are told that men stared at him in the streets, for he still wore the above dress, or rather want of dress, until the November cold compelled him to turn over a new leaf. One evening he appeared in the printing office so metamorphosed, that his companions did not at first recognize him. They saw before them a gentleman dressed in a suit of faded broadcloth, and a shabby, over-brushed beaver hat, and beneath which depended long and snowy locks; the garments were fashionably cut; the hat was in the style of a swallow's tail; the locks were precisely that of an old gentleman who I have seen better days. It was a second-hand hat, worn thin, washed in blackened water and dyed smooth, bought for five dollars of a Gotham Street Jew. Horace seemed really to have vain of his new apparel.

His Tenderness.

It is into his home life that we must peep in order to fully appreciate the tender side of Horace Greeley's nature. With delicacy he lifts the little corner of his heart's tenderest and saddest experiences in the chapter of his recollections which he entitles "My Dead." There is no more elegiac prose in our language than the words with which he tells the story of the death of five of his children out of seven, especially of the pride and darling "Pickie," who died in his twentieth year. Pickie was thoroughly human, though full of wise and deep sayings. He must have been a boy of striking loveliness as attested this tribute: "I looked in vain through Italian galleries two years after he was taken from us for

any full parallel to his dazzling beauty—a beauty not physical merely, but visibly radiating from the soul. His hair was of the finest and richest gold; the sunshine of picture never glorified its equal. He died of cholera in the summer of 1849, being ill only from one to five o'clock of one of the hottest, and quite the longest day I have ever known." How many, alas! will understand the experience with which the father, after nearly twenty years, closes his narrative: "When at length the struggle closed with his last breath, and even his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open on the scenes of this world, I knew that the summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the down hill of life."

THE MILLENNIUM.

Seen in Symbolical Vision—Christ to be Seen by All the World—His Angelic Attendants—The Saints to Share in the Government—A Time of Social Felicity—Wrongs Redressed—Sects Abolished—Universal Peace.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B.

THE Transfiguration has been regarded as symbolical of the Second Advent. Christ appeared in glory attended by Moses and Elijah, representing the glorified saints, who will accompany their Lord in the clouds of heaven. The three disciples represented the Church on earth meeting the Lord in the air, and sharing His triumph with the risen saints. Peter, James, and John did see in a vision the coming of the kingdom.

St. Peter refers to this in his Second Epistle: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His majesty." This

Vision Which Peter Saw

was confirmed by "the more sure word of prophecy," and pointed forward to the time when the "day" should "dawn;" "the day of the Lord" described in the third chapter, "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise;" to the coming of which day believers shall be "looking for and hasting," in hope of "the new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Although it is not essential to this theory that there should be any vision of the Lord at one time, or within the course of one day, by all mankind at once; yet many persons do thus interpret the prediction, "Every eye shall see Him." All will know friends and foes, that the King has come to perfect His kingdom, gladden His loyal subjects, and execute judgment on hardened rebels.

Such a vision of Christ has been objected to on the ground of physical impossibility. But it has been suggested in reply that as the sun is seen every twenty-four hours by all the inhabitants of the earth, the vision of Christ as He approaches to establish His kingdom may be, in some way, obvious to all. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Then His Advent having been witnessed, His subsequent appearances in all parts of the world might be "at sundry times and in divers manners," analogous to the appearances of His risen body to the disciples prior to His ascension.

The King will be

Attended by Angelic Hosts

as His ministers. "The Son of Man will come in His glory with all the holy angels with Him." (Matt. 25: 31.) The souls of the martyrs and of those who "had not worshipped the beast, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands," shall "live and reign with Christ a thousand years. This is the first resurrection." (Rev. 20: 4, 5.) They, as "priests of God and of Christ," together with the angels of light, will drive away the spirits of darkness who have so long influenced men for evil; "that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan," will be "bound a thousand years" (Rev. 20: 2); and hardened rebels, still refusing to repent, will be judged and sent to their own place. (Rev. 20: 15.)

As during the Theocracy, Jehovah was visibly

present in the temple by cloud and Shekinah, so

Christ Will be Present in Jerusalem;

not necessarily in the Syrian city, but in His Church; not subject to material laws, but as His resurrection-body appeared to the disciples unexpectedly in various places, so His whole Church shall know that He dwells among them. Theoretic infidelity will no longer be possible. The only question will be, not "Is Christ the King?" but, "Shall I submit to His rule?" The Jews will recognize their long-rejected King, who will now "reign on the throne of His father David." Their conversion will bring in the fulness of the Gentiles. Antichrist will be dethroned and the spell of the false prophet broken. All the people who sit in darkness will see the great light. The Church, animated by the presence of the King, and filled with the Spirit, will then literally "go unto all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," until "they shall not teach every man his neighbor, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest." (Heb. 8: 11.)

Whatever views may be entertained respecting the method of its development, what Christian does not long for such a millennium of blessedness to dawn on this darkened and desolated world! O for the time when the Right shall reign, and not mere Might! when distinctions of station, endowment, nationality, shall not be the destruction of brotherhood; when men shall everywhere show that they are children of one Father; trusting, not fearing one another, and each seeking his own good only in alliance with that of his neighbor; when fortresses and fleets shall no longer frown defiance; when boundaries of mountains, rivers and oceans shall no longer separate the human family into antagonistic rivalries; when swords shall indeed "be turned into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks;" when thrones shall never be symbols of pride, objects of fear and prizes of ambition; when laws and rulers shall no more be needed to resist violence or punish wrong, but only to guide and assist in common

Action For the Common Weal.

O for the time when holy love shall no longer be debased to brutish lust, nor strength of body or brain be used to injure or distress; when Science shall pour fresh light on Religion, and every new discovery evoke new hallelujahs to the Creator; when the pen and the press shall never be employed to assail the truth of God or corrupt the minds of men; when speech shall never utter what is false, impure, or unkind; when music shall never lend its charms to licentiousness, or stir the passions of wars, and painting and sculpture shall portray only what is beautiful and pure; when commerce in all its transactions shall be honest and beneficent; when labor shall never be oppressive and irksome, but give joy to the producer as well as to the purchaser; when amusement shall be only an exchange of pleasure, recreating for fresh toil, and never stooping to give delight by stimulants that enervate the body or corrupt the mind.

O for the time when in the Church there shall be no more sectarian rivalries, bitter controversies, worldly expedients, mammon-worship, ambitions, intrigues, popularity-courting, secret envyings, personal jealousies; when, though all may never think and worship exactly alike, varieties of method shall only the more illustrate unity and stimulate love; when all will rejoice in each other's fellowship, promote one another's usefulness, and fulfill the Saviour's prayer "that they may be one, even as We are one; I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." (John 17: 22, 23.)

Then at length shall the glowing prophecy of Isaiah become an accomplished fact: "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Isa. 11: 1, 9.)

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DOWN THE STREET.

THE streets never seemed so wonderful to us as they did this afternoon when traversing one of the principal arteries of the city; we could not help comparing it to the great highway of human life. Here are two tides setting in, one going down, the other coming up—immortal souls going either way—those going up and those going down equally earnest, equally determined in some kind of pursuit. Where will the majority of these people find a terminus? We looked into the countenances of some and saw they looked like the children of the king. There was something in their faces that spoke of the exhilaration of great inward hope, and a bright prospect of something that was to come. We know not how long the journey may be, what battles they may have to fight, what burdens they may have to carry, or what fire they may have to wade, still we are very certain that, being in this procession of immortal life, all shall be well with them forever.

But then we saw in the countenance of others a hopelessness, a feeling of disgust with the world—nothing coming in to make up that peace and joy which every man ought to have. In which of these processions are we marching?

But as we were strolling along this afternoon, we noticed a great difference in the velocity or tardiness with which people walked. Some went with great haste. They seemed to be intent upon something of very great importance. Others sauntered lazily along as though they were not very anxious to get to any special point. And we said, so it is on this great highway of human life. Some are going at the top of their speed, and some are going lazily along, not especially anxious to reach any point of destination. It certainly is so with those who are in the procession toward the heavenly land. Some go with great ease and with very leisurely step, hardly able in the Christian life to put one foot before the other. Indeed, sometimes they come to a dead halt, and it seems as if they never would start again. The world holds them fast, and all the temptations that Satan can bring to their souls are clogging their feet and intercepting their path heavenward. While on the other hand, there are those who are running

a race, gaining more speed day by day. They have no patience with laggards and drones. They are gaining rapidly on other Christians, passing them in the race, and winning at last the crown which God gives to successful contestants.

We noticed, also, to-day that while people seemed to be going down and up the street as though they had no intention of turning aside, at the end of each block there would be a delegation from the main street going off into the cross streets, some to the right and some to the left; and we said: Just so on this great highway of human life. While a great many march on in the procession toward heaven, and you think they are going to get on, lo! they turn aside. They disappoint all those who have been watching their progress, and though they promised so well, they took a cross street. They turned off.

We noticed, also, that those who kept along the straight street after awhile suddenly disappeared from the great procession. We asked ourselves: Where did they go to? Some vanished into homes of brightness and good cheer; others, no doubt, into residences cramped, vicious, and repulsive. So with these processions on the great road of earthly existence. We watch, and, lo! they are gone. A gate with panels of precious stone flashes open and shut, and they disappear. We hear the music inside, and the stroke of the festal feet. We look in through the curtains, and see that the jubilee has begun. At one end our street opens on a wealthy suburb, at the other it falls into a pass narrow and unclean. So this road of life ends into striking contrast of splendor or wretchedness. Which way are we walking?

ATTENTION! THE PEWS!

THE laity are saying many true things in regard to the arousal of ministers. They want more animation, more snap, more directness, and more fire. This demand on the part of the pews has had its good effect, and dry bones have got up and shaken themselves, and worn-out manuscript sermons, after having been preached ten or twenty times, have been thrown into the stove, or put on a back shelf as fossiliferous specimens to be examined by the following generations. Now, as the pews have been so successful in waking up the pulpit, and as "turn about is fair play," it is time for the pulpit to wake up the pews. We suspect that much of the former dulness of the pulpit was inherited from the pew. We know not why a religious audience should not look as bright as any other audience, but how often it is that people who, at a concert or lecture, look animated, seem to feel it their duty as soon as they come into a devotional assembly to look stupid. Some hearers shut their eyes, and so extinguish, as far as the preacher is concerned, the chief light of their face. What is the matter with your eyes? Is it emotion? Oh, no! It is easily seen when that is the reason. You are probably trying to review your accounts at the store, or calculating the prospects for the opening business season. Open your eyes and look the preacher in the face. Your manner is a wet blanket on the preacher's enthusiasm. Others listen with an inanimate look. You are a soporific in the house of God. If a speaker

begin a sentence with power, and happen to put your face about the middle comma, he will let the last half of the sentence drop to imbecility. Have you ever seen a preacher in the middle of his sermon get bothered and subside from vigour into inanity? He saw two or three intelligent men looking as indifferent as statues. The sun rose clear, but a fog went up over your countenance and beclouded it. It is astonishing how much the manner of listening has to do with the force of preaching. We take the contract of rousing the dullest minister that ever addressed an audience, if you give us twenty alert and wide-awake hearers placed at proper distances from the pulpit, that in whatever direction the preacher looks, he shall by clash of eyes strike fire.

How much spirit would you have in conversation if in your parlor your guests should mean themselves as in church, one of your friends in the arm-chair closing his eyes, another lying back on the sofa as if he were asleep, another putting his head down on the back of the chair in front of him? You would talk and wish they would take their stupa out of your parlor, and go home. But the indolent and unconcerned manner which you will not endure from your friends, you every day inflict on your pastor. Wake up, or you will be awake, as you probably are, do not let your manner belie your real condition.

There are some churches in which the rousable look is so chronic, so hereditary, so perpetual that we never want to preach there. If a Methodist should cry out in that assembly, "Amen" or an "Hallelujah," it would create a panic in the audience and make the reading of the riot act appropriate. The church is a pond frozen over, smooth, and fit for skating. But no warm tides of life meeting of preacher's earnest eye with hearer's intent stare. Every Sunday humdrum, an act of poppy, and ecclesiastical morphine.

Come! come! church pew, you must share with the pulpit in the responsibility of a religious service. We will try to fire up at one end of the column, but you must fire up at the other end of the column. We will divide the blame, then share in the improvement. We will dig and shovel in the coal, but you must kindle the kindling-wood, and open the dam. An intent pew will make a resounding pulpit.

WE congratulate the denominations that seem to be less spirit of fight than formerly. A contest in Church courts is always a danger to religion, whichever way it turns. Ministers like other men, will lose their patience, and an angry theologian is not an edifying speaker. Lawyers quarrel in the court-room and then sit out and dine together in affability, but ministers quarrel they never make up. They may shake hands and unctuously call each other "brother," but at the first occasion of difference the old grudge breaks out. Let all theological antagonists seek especial grace when they enter a Church trial, else the world, the flesh and the devil will gain all the advantage as they generally do in a contest of that kind. Bitter personality must not by any means be mistaken for championship for the truth. The misfortune in all denominations is, the clergy men who have the smallest modicum of religion have the largest spirit of fight.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, had a narrow escape from death at the hands of assassins on the 11th inst. During the national celebration at the City of Mexico, as Diaz and his staff stepped on the piazza to witness the fireworks, a volley of bullets rained about his ears, and three bullets whizzed over his head, splintering the wood-work above. He treated to his own, followed by the entire staff. It was afterward discovered that forty men were concerned in the plot to kill him. Fifteen arrests have been made on suspicion. Diaz's recent alliance with the Clericals is said to have offended the Liberal party, to whom he owed his election, and this is supposed to have inspired the attempt on his life. Diaz is now fifty-five years old, and has been three times President of Mexico.



Norway's Polar Expedition, now fitting up at Stockholm, has received the strongest endorsement from Baron Nordenskjöld, who believes that all the conditions are favorable for a dash to the North Pole. The last of the journey, he says, must be made by land, and if the dash be made quickly by a well-equipped party, he believes that it will be successful. Dr. Frithjof Nansen, the commander, is distinguished as a naturalist and traveller, and is a man of great length and daring. He is in his thirtieth year, and has already made several Arctic voyages, the latest being in 1888, in the whaling ship *FJason*, to East Greenland. Nansen believes that a comparatively fertile interior may be discovered at the pole, within the great barriers, and possibly a new race of beings. The expedition will not be ready to start before next Spring.

Aspinwall was Visited by a Terrible Conflagration on the night of September 22nd. Break-out at midnight, the flames destroyed railroad offices, public buildings, docks, and several hundred business and private buildings. The centre of the city was swept clean. During the night, a large crowd of roughs, bent on looting burning buildings, came into collision with the troops, and it was only after the latter had opened fire with ball cartridge, killing several, that the rioters dispersed. The fire caused a great scarcity of food in the city.

One of the Famous Soldiers of the Civil War, General Duryea, the commander of the well-known Duryea's Zouaves, died on the 27th, in New York of paralysis. Five days after the call for troops, he organized the Zouaves, and marched down Broadway at the head of a band of musketeers. At the close of the war, he was made a brigadier-general. He was seventy-two years old, and a man of exemplary Christian character, beloved by a large circle of friends in many States.

Penny Postage is the Scheme which J. Henniker Heaton, a member of the British House of Commons, now visiting in this country, is endeavoring to establish. Mr. Heaton feels confident of being able to do for the penny what Sir Rowland Hill, the father of penny postage, did for the land. Ten times as much traffic now passes between this country and Great Britain, as was the case ten years ago, he says, and the mail matter has trebled in three years. Mr. Heaton has consulted with Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and Sir John Mac-

Donald of Canada, and both have agreed to promote the scheme.

The Quaker Societies of Indiana Have Sent to Congress a petition asking the Government to co-operate with other nations for the suppression of the slave traffic in Africa, and the matter has been favorably reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Committee recommends the passage of a resolution requesting the President to arrange with one or more of the maritime powers of Europe for the perpetual abolition of the African slave trade. This will be taken up at an early day. Seventeen different countries participated in the adoption of the treaty lately negotiated at the Brussels Conference, for the regulation of this vile traffic. It is probable, therefore, that the new movement will not start without strong friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Head of the Mormon Church, Wilford Woodruff, has treated his followers to a genuine surprise by his letter in answer to the charges made by the United States Commissioners, referred to in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. He meekly declares his intention to submit to the laws and abandon polygamy, and calls upon all Mormons to do likewise. The test of the sincerity of this profession will come when the choice is to be made between the plural and the Christian marriage. Of late years the Mormons have celebrated their marriages in secret, for the purpose of deceiving the State authorities.

The Young King and Queen of Portugal, whose portraits appear below, are, for the time being at least, decidedly insecure on their thrones.



According to the latest advice, the Republican movement in Portugal threatens to result in a crisis as serious as that which dethroned Dom Pedro of Brazil, and which would be to a large extent, a political outcome of that event. The reigning monarch, King Charles, succeeded his father last Spring, and is a ruler of mild temperament, hardly calculated to face the revolutionary storm that seems to be brewing. His wife is the young and beautiful Princess Amelie, daughter of Duc de Chartres. The latest phase of the trouble was a plot, assailing the stability of the banks with the purpose of precipitating a politico-financial crisis. The plot was detected by the Government at Lisbon in time to prevent its accomplishment.



One of the Physical Wonders of the Age is a young art student of Bristol, England, named Heler. Entirely without arms, he draws and paints so well that he has been admitted as a member of the National Art School at Kensington. The cable says a great deal of interest has been aroused in London by his work, and he seems to be regarded as quite as much of a marvel as the celebrated Fawcett, who, although totally blind, was one of the finest scholars and debaters in England, an athlete, and a skilful horseman.

The Prohibition by the Brooklyn Authorities of an Anarchist meeting in that city, at which it was proposed to make a mockery of all religion and indulge in violent incendiary speeches, has excited a good deal of talk. It was questioned whether the constitutional right of assembly had not been unjustly invaded by the order forbidding the gathering; but the action of the authorities, apart from all questions of morality, seems to have been influenced by a strong desire to preserve the public peace. One of the projected features of the meeting, according to the original programme, was to be a speech by Johann Most, the arch-Anarchist. The programme singled out the Hebrews as the race whose religion was to be specially mocked. Such was the excitement occasioned by this

threat that the police were apprehensive of a riot, and the meeting taken place.

Flood, Riot, and Earthquake have Marked the week in foreign lands. France has suffered from serious inundations in the province of Ardeche, accompanied by loss of life. A street riot, with hot fighting between crowds and police was an accompaniment of the trial of O'Brien, the Nationalist leader at Tipperary, Ireland. A prolonged earthquake shock created a panic in Granada, and other cities of Nicaragua. Mom-bacho, a long extinct volcano, showed signs of renewed activity. Portuguese outrages are reported from Goa, in India, where a collision took place between troops and populace. Many women and children were bayonnetted. Distressing accounts continue to be received of the destitution by the great floods in China. The cholera has almost subsided in Southern Europe.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday night in the Academy of Music, New York. This was the first of the series of services which he is holding there under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and which will be continued every Sunday evening until the New Tabernacle is ready for occupation. It is hoped that every reader will pray that God's blessing may attend this effort for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in this densely populated city.

Princeton College has opened with the largest freshman class in its history.

Ten new missionaries under appointment to India, have sailed on the *Arizona* from New York.

The directors of the new University of Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 18 elected Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., president of that institution.

A centenarian of Greenville, Ala., has been immersed by a Baptist minister on profession of faith. The *Independent* says that she is 112 years old, and has never before united with any church.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., of St. George's Church, New York, hopes to have the assistance, during the winter, of his brother, the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, who has been doing successful mission work in London.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has returned from his European trip so much invigorated that he has declined the offer of his friends to provide him with an assistant. He now declares himself fully equal to the physical strain of his duties.

Rev. E. P. Telford began a series of evangelistic services on Sunday last in Paterson, N. J. in the Cross St. M. E. Church, Dr. Craig, pastor. Much blessing is hoped from these services, as preparatory meetings for prayer have been held by the church for some weeks past.

Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford, England, while recently lecturing at Chautauqua, said that the new college, the failure of which was freely predicted in England, is free of debt, and has a roll of forty students. The college buildings cost \$250,000.

A note from the mission rooms of the American Board at Boston, published by a contemporary, says: "We have closed our most prosperous year, financially, if not spiritually, with August 31. The churches and individuals gave us \$23,000 more than last year, and \$32,000 above the average of five preceding years. Total receipts and expenditures over \$760,000."

It is a noteworthy circumstance that the first Japanese Parliament, elected on the first of last July, contains ten Christians, or one in thirty of the whole number of members. The Christians were elected in the face of much opposition to them on account of their religion.

Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, has presented a \$5,000 site to the Presbyterian Church at Wayne, Delaware Co., Pennsylvania, on which to erect a new church building.

The growth of the Christian Endeavor movement is shown by its rapid spread into other countries. Australia has followed the lead of Great Britain, and has established a Victorian section of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, from which encouraging reports have come. The society in Newtown, New South Wales, is the oldest in the colony. In the Northwest Territory also societies are being formed, and a Christian Endeavor Union is projected.

The following list of dates and places where the Fall Christian Endeavor Conventions are to be held, will be of interest to many in all the churches; Connecticut at Willimantic, Oct. 6th-7th; Wisconsin at Appleton, Oct. 10th-12th; Iowa at Grinnell, Oct. 14th-16th; Missouri at St. Joseph, Oct. 17th-19th; Georgia at Marietta, Oct. 20th-21st; New York at Buffalo, Oct. 21st-22nd; Ontario at Hamilton, Oct. 23rd and 24th; Illinois at Rockford, Oct. 25th-26th; Massachusetts at Boston, Oct. 29th and 30th; New Jersey at Camden, Oct. 29th and 30th; Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh, Nov. 5th-7th; Indiana at Evansville, Nov. 7th-9th; Vermont at St. Johnsbury, Nov. 11th and 12th; Minnesota at Rochester, Nov. 14th-16th; Nebraska at Hastings, Nov. 21st-23rd.

SUFFICIENCY.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Wonders Wrought—Indispensable to Conversion—The Insufficiency of the Instrument—I. The Answer to the Minister's Question—The Best of Preachers Disowning Self-Sufficiency—Not Sufficient for Right Thinking—For Any Holy Service—Whence Sufficiency Comes—The Lord's Telegraph Wires—II. A Direction to Hearers—Not to Trust in Self-Sufficiency—Honest Doubt—III. A Lesson to the Christian Church—Trust in no Man's Preaching—Have Faith in the Sufficiency of the Gospel—Let Life be in All that is Done.

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God; who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." II. Cor. 3: 5, 6.

PAUL had given some account of what God had done by him, and had described the work in these words—"Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." Before he had worked out that charming figure, he had asked the question in the sixteenth verse of the second chapter: "Who is sufficient for these things?" I seem to hear that question repeated as he finishes the description. The more we study the work of grace wrought by God through His ministers, the more we are forced to ask, "Who is

Sufficient for These Things?"

To raise the dead, to turn a stone to flesh; who is sufficient for these? To give eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf; to subdue the proud will, and enlighten the darkened heart; to deliver men from the fascination of sin and Satan, to bring them out of darkness into God's marvellous light, to turn rebels into sons of God; who is sufficient for these things? Yet nothing less than this will bring salvation. Here we have a chain of miracles, an Alpine range of wonders piled upon each other, yet no one marvel can be dispensed with; and we are to be the ministers by whom such miracles are wrought: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Having asked the question, Paul now gives an answer to it in the words of my text. All these wonders have been wrought; men have had their minds written upon by the finger of God, and the stony heart has become a tablet of flesh. Since these things have been done, there must have been some kind of sufficiency, or adaptation, in the means by which they were done. Whence came it? Was it natural to the men, or did they acquire it by education, or by practice, or by imitation? The apostle goes on to answer the question by telling us what that sufficiency was not, and what it was.

I. We shall regard the text as an answer to

The Minister's Question.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" The answer is given first, in the negative; and secondly, in the positive. "Who is sufficient for these things?" The negative reply is—"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves." In this instance the best of preachers disowns self-sufficiency. Remember who it is that is writing. It is Paul, called to be an apostle, to whom the Lord Jesus personally appeared; a man of singular zeal and activity, and of remarkable ability in the things of God. He was not a whit behind the chief of the apostles, an expounder of the truth, a founder of churches, a father of myriads of souls; yet he says, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves." He was, when he wrote this epistle, no beginner in holy oratory; but a well-exercised evangelist. He had been taught of God deeply, had preached the Word fully, and had gained an experience unrivalled. Beginning with a wonderful conversion, going on through sufferings, persecutions, journeys, and labors, he had become a man of great weight and influence. Although long dead, his word would be law to us at this moment: and yet he confesses, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves."

Brethren, if Paul is not sufficient of himself, what are you and I? Where are you, ye lay preachers, and Sunday School teachers, and workers for God in different ways? Do you indulge the dream of self-sufficiency? Be ashamed of your folly in the presence of a great man who knew what he said, and who spoke under the direction of the Spirit of God, and who wrote deliberately, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves."

Thinking Grace.

And this negative is strengthened by the fact that he did not feel sufficient in a very needful point: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves." I believe that old translation is as good as good can be, and that it sets forth the meaning of the Greek better than any other—"We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves." What! was not the apostle able to do his own thinking? Must he receive thinking-grace—help to think aright? Let us not aim at being original thinkers, but as being witnesses and heralds of what God says to men.

Yet, thinking is the preacher's domain. He has to think of the fitness of a subject for his discourse; but he will not find his right subject by mere thinking; he must wait upon his Master for guidance. When he has found his subject, he must work it out in his own mind; and yet he is so insufficient in and of himself that he will not work it out aright, unless he cries to the Holy Spirit to aid his thought and open to him the Scriptures. When the time has come for him to tell out what he has thought, he has to think over his subject aloud, and speak with the mouth that which he has moulded in his mind; and in this he is dependent upon the help of God. Let him look to the Lord for his thinking and speaking, and he will do well.

Help in All Spheres.

In the whole matter we are of ourselves insufficient. Does a man wish to reach the human mind with heavenly truth? He must do it by the sufficiency of God. Does he wish to get at peculiar cases? He must be instructed by the Spirit of God. Does he desire to arouse the careless? Let him look to the quickening Spirit. Does he wish to comfort the disconsolate, and cheer the despairing? He is not sufficient of himself for this; let him call upon the Comforter, even the Spirit of God. As to that deep mystery of our holy faith which is called regeneration, or the new birth, the preacher may not dare to think that he can perform this. Into that secret chamber where men are born from above none can intrude. He that worketh the new birth is God alone. In the new creation, as in the old, He taketh counsel with none.

We will now joyfully consider how the question is answered positively. There is an answer to the question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The answer is, All who trust in the Lord are made "sufficient as ministers of a new covenant." This is explained to us in the first sentence, "Our sufficiency is from God." In God there is all the wisdom, all the thought, all the love, all the power, all the conquering energy which a minister can require; and to work upon the hearts of men there lies in the omnipotent grace of God

A Fullness of Might

that the stony heart shall be transformed, and on its fleshy tablet shall be written the will of the Lord. That our sufficiency should be of God is infinitely better than if it were of ourselves; for then our sufficiency cannot be questioned, cannot be suspended, cannot be exhausted. If you had to bear your own charges, you might soon be bankrupt; but now you are like a child that travels with his father, and his father pays for everything. He has no care about cost, he is not called upon to exercise a pinching economy; he draws upon an inexhaustible purse for all he needs, and leads a princely life; for his father pays for all.

Hear a lesson. Dear Christian lady, you have been lamenting, "Alas! I am not sufficient for my class." You are sufficient if this is what the Lord has called you to do. To pray for those

girls, to tell them the way of salvation, and loving heart to weep them to the Saviour. Lord can make you sufficient for this. My dear friend says, "I have been preaching a village, and the people are so dull that I not move them. I am not sufficient for task." Go and confess that fact to your God, and then begin again with the sufficient God, and you will mark a change come the spirit of the scene. I pray you, do not despair. The painful discovery of your own sufficiency ought to be the means of leading you to the Lord, and so of girding you with new strength.

The apostle evidently means that "through grace we are adapted to the work. Shall you what is wanted to make a man sufficient for it? He must be able to bear

Personal Witness

to the truth of God. Were you ever with life by the Spirit of the new covenant—covenant of gracious promise? Then you tell poor sinners where life is to be had. You slain by the law, and are you made alive by the Spirit of God? Then you will preach the law of God tremblingly, and you will speak life in Jesus Christ with living certainty. You know in your own soul what it is to be quickened by the Holy Ghost? If not, let the ark of God! But if divine power come upon you, and you have been made live the life of faith in Christ Jesus, then have one point of ability to be a minister. Beyond this a living, loving heart is a great necessity. Have tender sympathy with those who have not so learned Christ, and feel an intense desire that they may obtain eternal life. Let your spiritual life into contact with their spiritual death, and as one candle lights another, may the Lord convey light into other hearts by your testimony.

You see those wires which pass along roads; they are nothing but dead metal, they are sufficient of themselves to spy out what is happening in the capital of France, and report it here? No, not in themselves. That unconscious wire is quite sufficient to accomplish the transmission of news from London. Information is obtained, and the wires flash message under the sea to our door. The wire is quite sufficient, though not sufficient of itself. The Lord uses us as His telegraph wires to communicate between Himself and fallen men, and we, by His almighty power, are made convey to them the truth with power.

II. I have worked out my first point, and have viewed our text as the answer to the Minister's question. Secondly, we must view the text as a direction to

The Hearer's Thoughts.

These thoughts must again be both negative and positive. The first negative counsel I suggest to you is this—trust not your own sufficiency. It is very wonderful how fully in Scripture the inability of man is set out. Here we find our inability to think aright: "We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves." In another passage we find that a man's will is of the Lord. When we get so far as to will to pull up all of a sudden, and make a halt, finding, with the apostle, "To will is easy with me; but how to perform that which I good I find not"; then are we driven to God for power to turn our willing into acting. This going to God we are brought to again; for we read and feel that "We cannot do what we should pray for as we ought." What can we do, if even in prayer we are insufficient? Suppose we are taught to pray, and helped by the Spirit of God, we begin to work; yet we cannot keep on working without fresh strength. Our Saviour prayed, "Father, keep them; we soon go back to the old deadness and darkness, unless He that first made us still keeps us alive. Are any of you carelessly saying to yourselves, "I can be saved just whenever I like," shall put off thought upon religious matters? I can believe and pray and live rightly at my own option. My salvation lies in my own hands, and the keys of heaven swing at my gate."

in delay as long as I please, and then at last "Lord have mercy upon me!" and go right away from the stew to heaven?" You find the truth to be quite another thing. The next negative lesson that the hearer should learn is, rely not on your own thoughts. Not, I pray you, therefore, indulge the cognitive faculty at the expense of believing. Some always trying to dive deep into things, and go so far down into mysterious subjects debated doctrines that they stir up the mud at the bottom, and they cannot see anything themselves, neither can we see what they are.

What think you? A man is perishing. He is thrown to him, and he will not let it until he knows in what shop the work was made, and whether the workpeople are getting good wages. Poor soul! he will die before his mind is so inquiring, and his senses gone wool-gathering at an unseasonable time. Jesus Christ is the Saviour for sinners; we are in Him, and you shall live: be washed in blood, and you shall be whiter than snow. Still," says one, "surely you would have us ask?" Yes, think as much as ever you can; I am not authorized to preach to you, "He that thinketh and is baptized shall be saved," I am commanded to tell you, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "But here is not such a thing as

Honest Doubt?"

one. I suppose there may be; but as the one which is now so popular ostentatiously is itself "honest doubt," I am a little suspicious. If I were walking over lonely fields at night, and should meet a man, and he took the trouble to assure me over and over again that he was an honest man, I should not feel much assured. If a man were cutting a pane of glass out of my window, in the middle of the night, and when challenged answered that he was an honest man, I think I should let my dog bark, and leave him to decide the question. In a sect everlastingly prefaces all it has to say by claiming to be honest, I am rather inclined to suspect that it needs to give the assurance. If you are honest, you will confess you have sinned, and then you will come to us for remission of sins.

Now, gather direction positively. First, look to our preachers; yes, look to the Spirit of God. In the meetings of the Society of Friends sometimes sit still, and nobody speaks. It would do us good to have occasional silence, if the people would learn to look clean away from human agency to the power of God. If we may continue speaking; and yet if you advise you will

Put no Reliance Upon Us.

When speaking, apart from the Lord. Think that you have done a good deed in merely trying to hear us talk. O friends, there must be more than words in the Gospel ministry, or it will be vain! There must be a secret heaven-power in our testimony, or it is no better than dead.

Further, look beyond thought by faith. Think, as we have already said; but still labor most to believe. To believe is to follow the way of salvation. Evermore it is written, "The just shall live by his faith." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

We have known some who were brought up to the truth from their childhood, and as a matter of course they joined the church in their youth, and they stood well as to character for years; but after awhile they grew indifferent to divine things, and usually wandered away into sheer worldliness, not blaming others for allowing them to be a profession. In their case the Holy Spirit never wrote upon the tablets of flesh; I scratched a letter or two on the unchangeable stone. The work was never done by the Spirit, but by parental influence and persuasion, and so in due season it all vanished. I pray God to save you from the religion which is born of excitement and revivalism, which shows itself in spasms. Come to close communion with God by confessing your sin, and lay-

ing hold on Christ crucified with a real, living faith. May the truth of God be written on your hearts by the Spirit. God grant it!

III. I finish by

A Lesson to the Christian Church.

To you, people of God, in your endeavor to spread the Gospel, I say, first, whispering in your ear, trust no man who is self-sufficient. Oh, yes, he can do it! Bless you! He can do it at any time and anywhere. He can convince and convert souls in any quantity. Did you read in the paper, "Glorious meeting! Eighteen souls out for salvation?" He was speaking that evening. He can fetch them. Certain other preachers doubt him; but that is all jealousy. He can do it—that he can. Let such a man go where pride is at home. Our lowly Lord will not have him. Christ's men are more apt at weeping than bragging: they feel their inability rather than their ability. The man who does everything for the Lord is the man who cannot do anything without the Lord.

Next, doubt not the sufficiency of the Gospel in any case. Since our sufficiency is of God, you may take the Gospel down that dark, horrible slum, where there are none but thieves and harlots, and it will do its work. Since our sufficiency is of God, with God all things are possible. You have a horrible neighbor, who seldom speaks without an oath: he is as wicked a man as ever lived, and therefore you never give him a sermon, or speak to him about Christ; for you fear that your Gospel is not suitable for him. He is just the very man that God may bless. Go and

Try the Unlikely One!

Behold how the Pharisees and scribes enter not into the kingdom; but the publicans and harlots, conscious of their guilt, welcome the Saviour. Despair of nobody.

Next, let life be seen in all we do. If our ministry is not of the letter, but of the Spirit, and of the Spirit that giveth life, our hearers ought to have an abundance of life. Many professors seem to have life only in a part of them. Some have life in the jaw, and can talk religion, but none in the hand, for they cannot act it. Some have life in the head, but they have none in the heart. Some I know have never much life in their hand, especially that hand which goes into their pocket; for it goes in dead, and comes out empty. Perhaps there would be some life in it if you made them an offer of a guinea: then they might stretch out their hand to receive it. We want to be filled with life to the full. Give me a Christian man all alive. I hope many of that sort are here; yet are there some who are dead and cold. If they give you a shake of the hand, you feel as though a dead fish were touching you: they are as cold as icebergs. Warm-hearted fellowship is a sweet sign of life.

And lastly, glorify God, ye members of the church, in all that is done. If the will of God be written on any heart, praise God for it. When any are converted, they should let the minister know; the instrument will have a rich reward in knowing that a soul is brought to Christ. But above all, there should be joy in the church and praise to God over every soul that is saved. And shall there not be some soul saved this morning? O my hearer, I pray God it may be thy soul.

JOSIAH DEAN'S BAR.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.

(See Illustration on page 637.)

PART II.

ONE morning at the breakfast table, Josiah Dean complainingly said, "I don't see what I am going to do. Enoch leaves to-day and I have that lawsuit to attend to, over in Rockport. I am afraid I shall have to shut up for to-day and to-morrow." Kate replied: "I will take Enoch's place for you, father."

Everyone was very much astonished. The boys laughed and said:

"But won't she make a fine bartender!"

Mrs. Dean looked distressed and said: "Father, you won't allow her to do anything of the kind, will you?"

"Why, I don't know; business is business, mother. I have not been getting along very fast of late, and if this lawsuit goes against me I shall be very hard up for money. I guess, Kate, you may try your hand at the business if you've a mind to."

Kate was pleasantly disappointed when it came to the close of the following day's labors, to find how very much less irksome the fulfilling of her duties had been. She was not a vain girl, but it would have taken a person entirely destitute of the bump of self-appreciation, not to have been flattered at the effects of her beauty on the customers she served. Coarse, rude men were respectful and polite. Country swains that were in town to dispose of loads of produce, gazed at her in the most rapt admiration, and sighed as though leaving all they held dear, when the shades of evening warned them they had better be on the homeward way.

It was the turning of the tide of prosperity in favor of Josiah Dean. His house became very popular. Kate grew so accustomed to the life of a bar-maid, and the excitement was so missed, when in the quiet seclusion of the other part of the house, that even after Enoch's place was filled she seized every opportunity to officiate.

Richard Murdock came and went as usual, but it was easy to see the young man was not pleased. The advice he had given was not working in the way he had intended to have it. He had only thought to induce Kate to allow him all the liberty of staying in the bar-room he chose. He never thought of her getting a taste for the place. Not for a moment did he entertain a doubt as to her goodness, or the sincerity of her desire to help her father, as the first cause of her overcoming her scruples in regard to the business. And as he had been the one to urge her on to take a greater interest in her father's affairs, he felt that his tongue was completely tied as to any remonstrance with her now. And there was no fault to be found with her. She was not to blame that the country swains found her so attractive, that they came twice as often and stayed a great deal longer than they had ever done before. He did not wonder that they felt so inclined; but it was torture to him to see them there, and still greater torture for him to be away.

Never was man in greater dilemma! He neglected his business to be on hand at all times and seasons. He knew he was drinking more than was good for him; and what was worse still, his beautiful, beloved Kate was commencing to tittle! But what could he do about it? Admonitions to temperance stuck in his throat.

Affairs were going on very badly, when one morning he stepped into the sitting-room unexpectedly, and there he found Mrs. Dean wringing her hands and crying in uncontrolled grief.

"Oh, Richard," she said, in explanation, "my children! I am nearly in despair about all of them! Of course you've seen the change that has come over Kate within the past few months. She used to be such a help to me in restraining the boys, and now she is so different! I cannot imagine what has done it. Can you, Richard?"

"Oh! I guess she will get over this fancy," replied Richard, not caring to acknowledge his part in her change of sentiments. "But I must say, Mrs. Dean, it is worrying me, and I am willing to do anything that you think best in the matter. What do you think about our being married right off?"

"Richard, I think she is too young, only seventeen, and with the ideas she has lately, she would make you so unhappy. Oh, Richard, that terrible business! How I loathe it! What a curse it is to any family that engages in it! The only thing that strikes me as at all suitable, to be done under the circumstances, is to send her away to some good school for a year or two. You must know of something of the kind, and if you would use your influence with her father, she might be saved."



Salonica, the Roumanian Seaport, Recently Devastated by Fire. (See page 629.)

"That is a good idea, Mrs. Dean. Let me think, do I know of a good school? Why, yes; there is Painsville, a school modelled after the Holyoke plan. It bears an excellent reputation for influencing girls to high Christian living."

To the surprise of both Mrs. Dean and Richard, the task of persuading Mr. Dean to allow his daughter a year or two of boarding-school life, was very much easier than they expected. In fact it was harder to induce Kate to accept of the privilege, when it was offered her. But at last she was persuaded, her trunk was packed and the morning arrived for her departure.

"Good-bye, father," she said, kissing him, "now if business grows dull, you must let me know and I will come right home and help you."

"Perhaps father will change his business, before you get home again," said Mrs. Dean.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Dean, stroking his full, grey beard, thoughtfully. "Now I shall have the extra expense of Kate's schooling, I must make all I can."

"Joe and Rob, are you not ashamed that you are so untrustworthy? Father has to pay a man to do what you might just as well do."

Joe and Rob looked guilty. Their eyes were red, and there were unmistakable evidences that they had been helping themselves on the sly.

"Good-bye, mother, you ought to take more interest in father's business, now I am away."

WOMAN WINNING HER WAY.

THE German University at Leipsic has made a great concession by admitting women to the full privileges of the University for the first time this fall. Heretofore the only recognition conceded them was by edicts forbidding their presence. In the comparatively few cases where they have gained admittance to the lectures, it has been only through courtesy and as the guests of the individual professor. Now at the close of the summer term, four American women, one Armenian and one Russian, who have added their small number to the 3,300 legitimate students in attendance, are agreeably surprised to find that in applying to the Quæstor's office and petitioning the privilege of paying the usual fees, their request has been complied with, and they have also received copies of the important little blue books which serve at the same time as a receipt for dues paid up

and as a witness signed by the individual professors, and stamped with the University seal, of faithful attendance upon the lectures.

THE LEADER'S FAREWELL.

A Story of the Golden Text for Oct. 12. "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew forth the Lord's death till He come." I. Cor. 11:26.

"NOT hurt, are you?" The question was asked by a man of slight build and delicate complexion, of a big, burly, workman who had just regained his feet by the help of the questioner. He was crossing the street in the dim, uncertain light of a gas lamp, with unsteady steps, when he fell across a car-track and but for the timely help which the little man had given him he would have at that moment been under the wheels of a passing horse-car.

"No," he answered, gruffly, "but I should have been killed if you had not come. I'm not drunk, but I guess I've had too much to make walking on the car-tracks quite safe."

"I am going your way," said the other, "we'll go together if you don't mind, and if I take your arm we'll avoid danger."

"All right. Do you live this way?" I don't remember seeing you before."

"No; I am going to a meeting that I have every Thursday night at Mozart Hall. Glad to see you if you will come."

"What is it like? Are you a clergyman?"

"Well, say a clergyman out of work. Or rather with plenty of work off the regular lines."

"I don't know as I care to come. I've stopped going to church. The last time I went the clergyman preached about 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' The mansions were in heaven. If anybody could tell me how to get a decent frame-house on earth I'd go to hear him and glad to. I don't want to wait till I'm dead to get comfort."

"All right; you are the man for me. Come to Mozart Hall at seven o'clock any Thursday night and ask for Mr. Wilson's meeting and we will see what we can do."

"Good; I'll come." Tom Bradley kept his word. That day week he was at Mozart Hall among a crowd of workingmen, some of whom

he knew by sight. "What kind of an at this anyway?" Tom asked of one of the men.

"Used to be an infidel, radical and del club," the man explained, "but Mr. Wilson changed all that. He's a good man, Mr. Wilson. Not much money, I guess, but the friend workingmen have ever had."

There was a general movement among men at this moment, and all eyes were turned toward the door at which the small man who helped Tom Bradley a week before, and in him to the meeting, came in. His quick singled Tom out of the crowd and he came to where he was standing with the other.

"Glad to see you," he said, shaking hands. "Now, Will," he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the man with whom Tom had been talking. "Our friend wants to know how can have a house of his own. I'll leave it to you. Just explain to him about our business society after the meeting, and put him to work."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, I'll do it," Will answered.

Tom could not quite make out what the meeting was. It was not a religious society, nor a debating society, nor any kind of gathering that he could describe. But he liked it and paid close attention.

Mr. Wilson's talk was about Franklin and times. It was but short, and, when he finished, several of the men spoke, differing in what in opinion with Mr. Wilson, and there was quite an argument. "At its close Mr. Wilson said: 'Now I have something personal to say. I need not ask your opinion of our work. Every one of us believes in it. You have seen that I was right when I told you, at the meeting, that there are no principles of life comparable for making a man good and useful in the world to the principles of Jesus of Nazareth. We have seen the kingdom of God come in the world here since we began. Christ rules the world now, where all was anarchy before. Men who lived only for themselves have found light in helping others. Men who were contentious and quarrelsome have learned to be kind and friendly and loving, at home and abroad. Some who were leading drunken, dissolute lives have cast aside the filth, and are now trying to be pure even as He was pure. That is what Jesus meant by His kingdom coming.'

ve seen it come and
I have we not?"
s, yes," from all parts
room.

ow this work must
What say you."

ear, Hear!"

ell," Mr. Wilson con-

"It depends upon

I am obliged to leave

our hands. I would

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it it cannot be. The

ians tell me that I

live through an-

winter here. I must

a warm climate for

I do not know how

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lozen excited men

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a tall man, a shoe-

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s," he said, "I am not

at I can get through

I want to say,

is a kind of lump

throat,) but I should like to try. Some of

ow what I was before Mr. Wilson came

us! An ignorant man, as conceited as

nt, profane, atheistic, vile in every

Some here to-night were not much

What we are now, we owe to him.

s given his life for us. Many a winter

he has come through snow, and facing

ter winds to be here. Many a long jour-

has taken in the worst weather to be

me of us in our trouble. We wanted him

who could take his place?—and when we

l him that was enough. He has worn

f out in our service. We can stand all

ers; we are used to it. But he is a deli-

an. We are rough clay and he is fine

in. I have seen how he was breaking.

made my heart sink sometimes to hear

ugh, and to see that flush on his pale

I wanted him to go away six months

it he knew, and we knew, that he could

pared then. I hope he has not stayed

He is doing the wise thing now. It

ittle I can do to help in this work, but all

in me I will give to carry out his wishes.

God I ever knew him, and I pray God I

able to show how I love him by doing

he wants. What I've got, and all I am, I

him, and it's to be had when called for."

is spoke to the same effect. Some tried

k and were too much affected to finish.

then wept, and all through the hall were

f deep feeling.

length Mr. Wilson rose. He, too, was

moved. "I thank you," he said, "sin-

for the kind things you have said of me.

you feel them, and I want you to give

practical effect here. Live up to your

les—Christ's principles—men don't un-

der them. Let them see in your lives how

nd true those principles are. Let them

rist in you. Let the light that lights your

ine on theirs. Bring them here and

em along. In that way you can show

tachment for me. I can wish no better

ial than in this work here, thriving in my

e, or if I die, after my death. I shall of-

rk of you. No more delightful memory

with me than of these meetings, and the

eliminary meetings we have had to ar-

our plans over our tea and coffee. Let

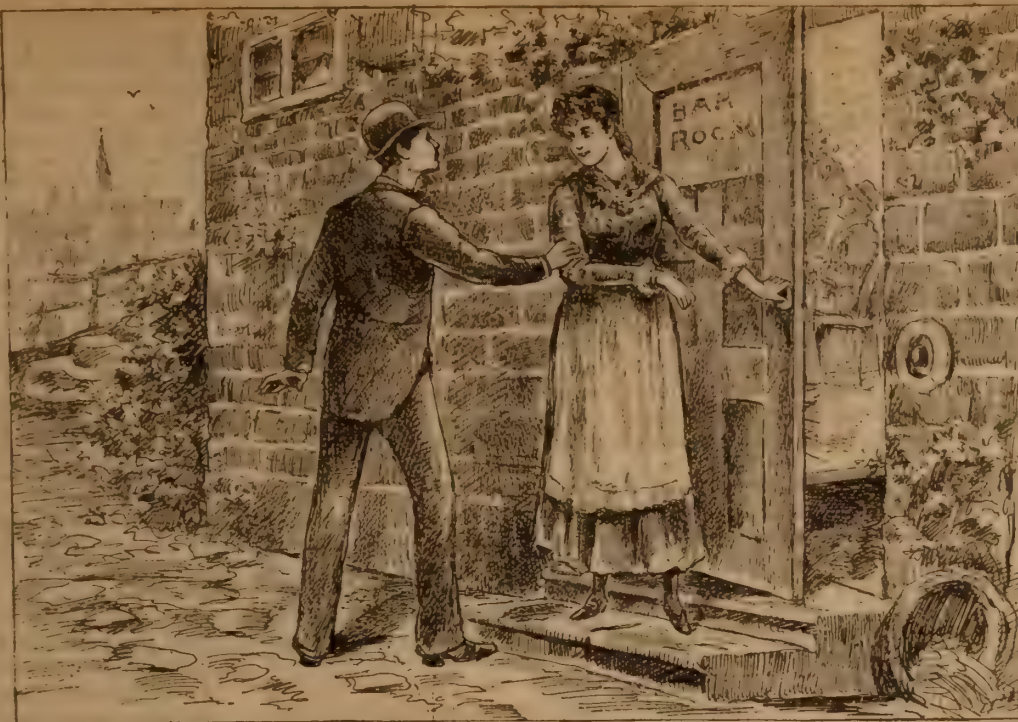
be kept up also, and some day, God

I will be back among you to take up my

the work, and help you carry it forward

ter efficiency. I can bear no more, now.

it in your hands to prosecute till I come."



Kate Dean's Lover Deprecates her Acting as Bar-maid.

He sat down and the men gathered about him to renew their pledges and assurances and to say farewell to their beloved friend whose face they might never see again.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Author of "Nestleton Magna," "Simon Holmes, the Carpenter," "Will it Lift?" etc., etc.

ABRAM HARDALE was about as queer a mortal as ever bore a name. He had two names, for not only was he Hardale by genealogy and Abram by baptism, but he was Old Crusty by popular vote and consent. A tall, square, gaunt form had Abram Hardale, so tall that even the somewhat considerable stoop of his shoulders did not bring him down to the stature of ordinary mortals.

On Abram Hardale's cheeks the razor left a short, incipient whiskers, about an inch and a half long by half an inch or from that to three quarters of an inch wide. They were in shape much like a capital I, and from that point of view were serviceable as signs of their owner's character, for if ever mortal man had faith in his own "matchless ego," that man, I take it, was Abram Hardale. His eyes were grey, and were overhung, "like a penthouse," by enormous bushy eye-brows, whose jet black had not as yet given way one jot under the frosting influence of time.

Curious eyes they were. Their normal aspect was clear, keenly cynical, for Abram was a man of ability, what is called a long-headed fellow. But he had a very undesirable tendency to think and speak hardly and injuriously of such men and matters as came into his immediate way. Probably this arose from the egoism of which his whiskers were the symbol and the type. At times, however, and as if involuntarily, Abram's grey eyes were lighted up with a gleam of humor—quite a merry twinkled—and at times, too, with a softened, gentle light, all too brief in its duration, but so long as it lasted, working almost a transformation in the man.

His nose which suggested by its shape that it might have something to do with his Hebrew name, had quite a Hebrew curve. Judging by it alone, one would have given him credit for good temper, but the two perpendicular lines just above it, on his broad intelligent brow belied first impressions, and invested him with a waspish look suggestive of a sting,

and which unhappily not belie either the first or the last impressions of those who had much to do with him in the ordinary walks of daily life.

His hair, growing thin now, was cropped short, and had lost the jetty hue of his eyebrows and whiskers, being of a darkly shaded grey. One glance at the square chin would put you on your guard. It suggested the necessity of acting warily if his consent was something strongly to be desired; for if he said a "No," crowbars and pick-axes could not wrench movement of that chin towards recantation or concession. Yet as soon as the eye rested on the old man's mouth, things did not seem to agree. Surely those mobile and shapely lips were not the lips of a hard or ill-tempered man. Were they not? You should have heard what his neighbors had to say: or better still, you should have heard what he

had to say, and would soon come to the conclusion that though Old Crusty's lips were not lying lips in the ordinary sense of the words, they certainly did not tell the whole truth about him. If there was one thing that equalled Abram Hardale's egoism it was his ill-temper, which was none the better, but all the worse to bear for expending itself in slow, measured, biting sarcasms, which scarified the victim, and not seldom cut very much deeper still.

I have been at some pains to draw the portrait of the old carpenter, because he has much to do with my story, and because I want the reader to see Old Crusty in his mind's eyes as clearly as I can, as clearly as I did see him, alas, how many years ago! with bowed shoulders, forward head, and long spare body, walking along the narrow streets of Settleworth.

Let the reader should begin by taking a vigorous dislike to the old man, though I do not want just now to take up cudgels for him, let those redeeming lips and eyes of his be remembered: let it be remembered also that on the whole folks have more good points about them than we are aware of; that we have a keener vision usually for points of another sort, and that of these latter we have unfortunately quite as many as our neighbors. The charity that thinketh no evil is too much of a rarity in this world.

Old Crusty, as might be predicted, was sadly in the habit of treading on the toes of his men and lads, succeeding generally in disgusting them with their employer, and sending them in search of work elsewhere. The way in which he discharged his workmen—gave them "the sack," as he put it—and parted with his apprentices under the influence of sudden fits of temper, or an apparently senseless "taking a dislike" made a long term of service in his employ a matter of surprise. There was one exception to the rule. George Appleton had not only safely passed through the whole term of his apprenticeship, but had been a trusty and trusted journeyman for a full half dozen years. The fact was that George had become an altogether too clever and useful "hand" to be lightly lost. He was moreover a universal favorite among the farmers and other customers of his master, not only because of his practical knowledge of all the departments of an inclusive country trade, but because of his civil and obliging manners, and his conscientious way of getting through his work. For his mother's sake, of whom more hereafter, the young fellow desired

stay in Settleworth, and so he bore with Old Crusty's crustiness with quite exemplary patience, and made himself more than ever necessary to the old man as the years went by. Towards George Appleton, Abram Hardale grew less grumpy, less sarcastic, more human, and in his heart of hearts—but there we do not know much of the old man's heart yet; wait awhile.

Abram Hardale was celebrated all the country round for his skill as a wheelwright—in the provinces "carpenter" is a term of extensive and inclusive scope. The owners of all sorts of vehicles, within a circumference of many a mile, kept him well in with this class of work, and George was now quite as clever in this line as he was. Abram could not exactly agree with that. From a man with such egoistic whiskers, that could hardly be expected. Indeed, he denied the fact.

"Everybody knows," he used to say, "that at a wheel there isn't my marrow in all the Riding, but I will say this, that our George comes second. Me an' him together, him at one wheel and me at t'other, can make a pair that can very nearly run of themselves."

In these days, however, Abram's years were beginning to tell upon him. Stooping for any length of time together became grievously fatiguing to him, so he rested on his laurels a good deal in all such arduous matters as wheel-making, and found a new source of pride in boasting that George Appleton was a lucky young fellow to have had the untold advantage of having him for a master and guide. "Not much of a lad, George wasn't," he said; "I thought I should have had to send him adrift the first year or so of his apprenticeship; but I took special pains with him for his mother's sake, poor woman. By degrees I put some gumption into him, an' got him on, an' made a man of him, and there he is second at his trade in all the Riding?"

There he was doubtless, smiling at the old man's vanity, and conscious all the time that the "gumption" had been in him born and bred, though he was quite ready to acknowledge that Abram had taught him and taught him well; and so the two managed to get on with each other very well and, on the whole, Old Crusty kept the "crust" for other people, and favored George with "crumb."

"I say, George," said Abram suddenly, one day, as they were working in the shop together, "Don't you ever think of gettin' married?"

"No," said George, looking up from his work with a smile on his lip and a look of wonder in his eye, for his master had never before mentioned such a subject through all the years. "No, indeed. I'm much too well off as I am to care to change."

"Yes, it's a grand thing, lad, to have a mother like yours. She's worth a bushel o' the flimsy stuff that men have to make wives of, nowadays. Milliners' dummies, I calls 'em, only they aren't dumb, more's the pity, or there would be some compensation. Still, I reckon you'll ha' to come to it some day."

"Some day's some way off," said George, laughingly. "It's no use meetin' trouble half way, is it? They say, 'Wedlock's a padlock,' an' I shouldn't like to be locked up for life just yet."

"Ha, ha! That sounds wise enough to listen to, but I suppose Miss Dearlove hasn't come along just yet. When she does, 'Wedlock's a padlock' will become 'Wedlock's a paradise!' Then you'll find that wedlock's a purgatory, or something worse—but no, George," he continued, dropping the sarcastic vein, and turning the kindlier gleam of his gray eyes on him, "I hope something better than that for you."

George could not make it out. What had come over the old man? Curiosity and surprise prompted further question. "What made you drop on to that subject?" he asked. "I didn't think you minded much for matrimony, yourself."

"Nay, lad: it's the subject that's dropped on to me. You see I'm gettin' old, an' some o'

these days I shall be goin' off. I shan't care much for that, for life's only a poor brew, accordin' to my notions; but I should like this business to be kept goin', an' you are the man that ought to have it. After I've made it, and had it, and kept it A-I. I should not like it to fall into the hands of a numbskull. When I'm gone, of course it can never be what it is while I'm here, but you'll keep it better up to the mark than anybody, I know. I should like it to be said that Abram Hardale's old shop keeps it's character, at any rate, as much as can be expected. An' besides, you've done well by me, George, and I should like to do well by you."

This was a most unusual speech for Abram Hardale to make in the matter of length; and it was still more unusual for Old Crusty to wear his heart upon his sleeve in that fashion. George was a good deal touched.

"Well," he replied, frankly and warmly, "that is very kind of you. But I don't see why I should get married. Do you? My mother would manage here; as indeed she would manage anywhere," continued George, with filial pride. "But there, where's the good of talking? You're good for a score of years yet; and young folks, even when they are as strong as I am, don't always make old bones."

Here the conversation was abruptly cut off. The little stage which ran to and fro between Settleworth station and the town, was driven up to the carpenter's door. Abram looked at George with "a meaning in his eyes," and hastened forth to see what that vehicle had brought. George was a little curious, too, and stood outside the shop-door to watch events. A trunk had to be lifted down. He hastened to give the conductor a helping hand, and saw a black-eyed gipsy looking up into the sombre face of Abram Hardale, and saying with a merry twinkle, not of the eyes only, but the whole laughing face, "Now, Uncle Abram, I wonder what you are going to do with me."

Said Abram Hardale to himself with a shrug of his shoulders, and a sort of mystified look upon his face, "So do I." Quoth George Appleton, on whom a light, or what he took for dawning, was beginning to shine, "So do I."

The fair young girl, who had so suddenly risen on the Settleworth horizon, was none other than Nora Mansford, the only daughter of Abram Hardale's dead wife's sister, an only sister, who had now also passed away. I am not sure that she was any the more really welcome there for that. People did say that the old man's relations with his wife, who had now lain under the sacred shadows of Settleworth's Abbey Church for some ten years past, or more than that, were not of the most affectionate or over comfortable kind. I am afraid that there was some truth in that, though it will not do to put too much confidence in such an indefinite authority as "people say." "They say" is a most unmitigated liar; and as "people say" is a member of the same family, what is said must be taken with a good many grains of salt. Still, I can scarcely imagine the old carpenter to have been much more gracious to his own wife than he was to other people. A man of that character is generally consistent in his behavior all round. It may well be doubted, however, whether that is a case in which consistency is in any sense a jewel, or rather it may be positively denied.

Nora had come to find a home with her uncle: and although under the circumstances, that looks rather a serious undertaking, she soon settled down, apparently not at all disconcerted with her new surroundings, uninviting though they were. She was a piquant little damsel, whose undoubted attractions of form and feature were heightened and increased by a peculiar winsomeness of manner. Her tact and good temper enabled her to win, as far as might be, her surly uncle's liking, and to dispose to a considerable extent of his prejudice against "petticoats," an inclusive term denoting womanhood in general. Indeed, from the first she exercised an irresistible influence over him, much to other people's surprise, and very much to his own.

Nora's mother, according to Abram Hardale's testimony, exceeded even her daughter in the subtle attributes which enable some women to exert such a powerful influence on the sex, both for good and ill. Anice Houghton's mother, was the younger daughter of a farm bailiff in the employ of a certain rich man, whose estates were in North Yorkshire. Her father was held in high esteem by his aristocratic employer. Having a great taste for what is called high farming, Lord Dilworth found in the clever and experienced Houghtons a thoroughly capable manager, and a thoroughly trustworthy steward, besides. Mr. Houghton's position was not won in the days of Abram Hardale went courting his eldest daughter Jane, and the thrifty wheelwright with good trade in his fingers, some siller in his pouch, and a fair measure of grit to boot, had succeeded in carrying Jane off to pre-empt the home he had established at Settleworth. Anice Houghton was much younger than her sister, far more attractive in form, feature, and far more self-assertive, too. Her father's position had become more lucrative and important; so she was able to look somewhat higher for a husband, as the cant phrase goes than her sister Jane had done.

Among many eager suitors for the hand of "the lady Anice," as she had come to be called by reason of her queenly mien and regal bearing, were two brothers, the sons of a gentleman farmer in the neighborhood, named Mansford. He cultivated his own extensive acres, and had considerable means beside. The elder of the sons was first in the field, and rapidly distanced all competitors. For him Anice showed marked preference, and as he was thoroughly worthy to whom she did this, her friends and relatives applauded her selection and approved the match.

Richard Mansford was a capital specimen of the yeomen of the North country, stalwart physique, manly in morals and noble in manner. However it might be with the fair and fashionable Anice, it was a very serious business with her that he loved her dearly, with a love that was as steel, a love which grew and strengthened as the days went by. Had she held loyalty to her husband, an honorable position, and a home. In that case these chronicles would never have been written.

Richard's younger brother, Rupert, was years his brother's junior. He was a handsome and fascinating young fellow, who unfortunately for himself and others, was aware of his possession of those dangerous gifts, and not availing himself of them at his will. He was base enough, smitten with the exceeding graces of his brother's chosen one to pay secret attention to not very strong-minded Anice. By dint of his peculiar talent in the arts of blandishment, by "his much fair speech," which such women have at their disposal, he succeeded in stealing affections, and fixing them on his ignoble brother.

His brother Richard, as may well be imagined, was exceedingly wroth. From that day he had no intercourse with his heartless brother. He inflicted on him, what was in its way, a wound. The strong man was bowed down to the ground, and for a time the blow quite unmanned him. After a short time of weary, spiritless longing for the unattainable, he resolved to go away, and seek in other lands mental and physical restoration that did not come to him at home.

Richard Mansford, partly ashamed of avowing his reasons, and partly to avoid the obstacle that he well knew would be placed in the way of his design, suddenly disappeared. He left behind him a short note to his father, to the effect that he cared little for life, less for his mother (who had been dead for some years), and that he had done him such cruel and irreparable wrong; and that in order that he might be free from doing some dark deed of vengeance, he had gone and should not return.

(To be Continued.)

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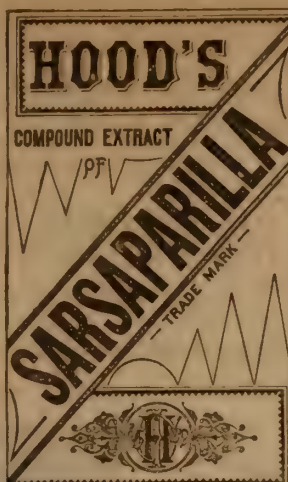
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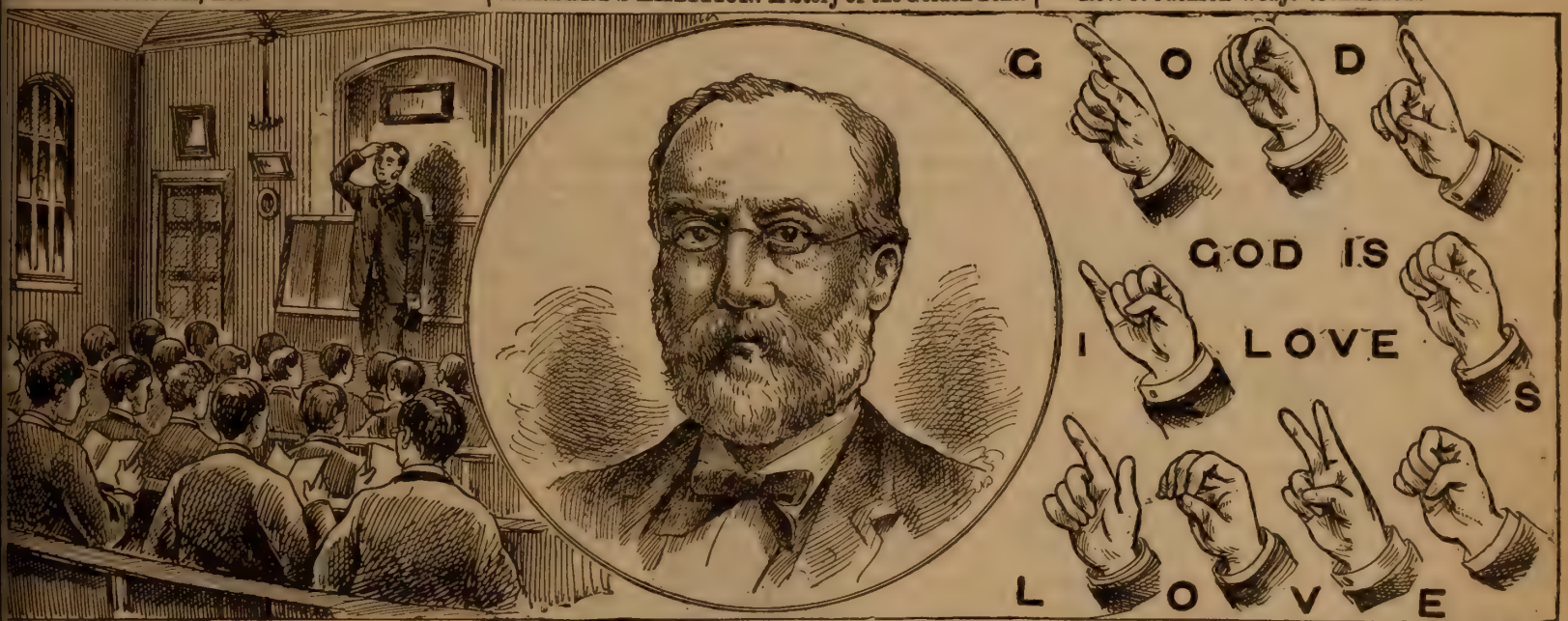
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1890.

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"THE CHILDREN OF SILENCE."—Institution for Deaf-Mutes, New York City—Dr. Peet, Principal—A Spelling-Lesson—The Chapel. (See page 644.)

SECOND DAY IN PALESTINE.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON HIS RECENT TRAVELS
IN THE HOLY LAND.

The Journey from Joppa to Jerusalem—Discomforts of the Seat on the Camel—The Re-Peopling of Palestine—Jews in their Own Land—Veiled Women—The City of Samuel's Residence—Armed Attendants—Reflections on the Plain of Ono—The Scene of Samson's Incendiarism—The Village of Emmaus—In the Valley of Ajalon—The Brook Elah—The Duel of the Champions—Through the Olive Groves Up to Jerusalem—Under the Gate of the Holy City.

The second sermon of the series on the Palestinian tour was delivered last Sunday morning in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and again at night in the Academy of Music, New York. This latter beautiful and spacious building, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has secured, to give New Yorkers an opportunity of hearing Dr. Talmage in their own city, though affording comfortable accommodation for nearly six thousand persons, again proved, as on Sept. 28th, when the first sermon of the series was preached, inadequate to hold all who desired to hear the great preacher. Dr. Talmage spoke as follows from the text:

"I went up to Jerusalem." Galatians I : 18.

MY second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be in Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel or horse or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel, we choose that. The horses with harness tasselled and jingling, are hitched, and, with a dragoman in coat of many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils within twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity. Farewell Mediterranean with such a blue as no one but the divine Chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow, as only the divine Illuminator could kindle! Hail! Mountains of Ephraim and Juda whose ramparts of rock we shall mount in a few hours, for modern engineers can make a road anywhere, and without piling Ossa upon Pelion, those giants can scale the heavens.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cactus on either side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than anything created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron, and pomegranates, and which hold up their censers of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of

Camels Loaded with Kegs

of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many. The camel is a proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly, majestic, and ridiculous shape, stalking out of the past. The driver with his whip taps the camel on the fore-leg, and he kneels to take you as a rider. But when he rises, hold fast or you will fall off backward as he puts his fore-feet in standing posture, and then you will fall off in front as his back-legs take their place. But the inhabitants are used to his ways, although I find the riders often dismount and walk as though to rest themselves. Better stand out of the path of the camel; he stops for nothing and seems not to look down, and in the street I saw a child by the stroke of a camel's front foot, hurled seven or eight feet along the ground.

Here we meet people with faces, and arms, and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo their arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure, when He says of His church: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands."

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful and, as in this irrigation, the brooks and rivers are turned this way, and that, to water the gardens or farms, so the Bible says, "The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned whithersoever He will."

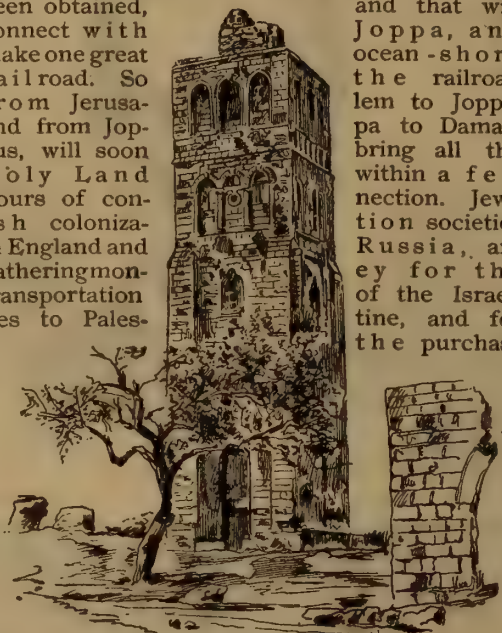
As we pass out and on we find about eight hundred acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenarian and philanthropist, and Rothschild, the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine, for

Many Israelites,

and they have also set apart lands for their culture; and it is only a beginning of the fulfillment of divine prophecy, when these people shall take possession of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem, and all the roads leading to Nazareth and Galilee we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on holy pilgrimage, or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence now-a-days are pointing toward that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in Russia, and the insults offered them in Germany, will soon quadruple and centuple the procession of Israelites from Russia to Palestine.

Facilities for Getting There

will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built, but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, connect with make one great railroad. So from Jerusalem and from Joppa, will soon Holy Land hours of conish colonization in England and gathering mon-transportation ites to Pales-



THE MARTYRS' TOWER, RAMLEH.

for them of lands and farming implements, and so

Many Desire to Go,

that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first. They were God's chosen people at the first, and He has promised to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in one thousand or five thousand years to make God forget His promises. Those who are prospered in other lands, will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites who are depreciated, and attacked and persecuted turn their faces towards the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land, those of that race who have been maltreated, and He will blast with the lightnings of His omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic, which have been the instruments of annoyance and harm, to that Jewish race, to which belonged Abraham, and David, and Joshua, and Baron Hirsch, and Montefiore, and Paul the Apostle, and Mary the Virgin, and Jesus Christ the Lord.

Veiled Women.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many veiled women. It is not respectable for them to go unveiled, and it is a veil that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal, or engagement of marriage. Hence the

awful mistakes, and the unhappy home God has made the face an index of character and honesty or dishonesty usually is demonstrated in the features. I do not see what made a fair face for, if it were not to be at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to bundles of sticks for firewood on their backs. They started at three o'clock in the morning get the fuel. They stagger under the burden. Whipped and beaten will some of them their bundle of sticks is too small. All that required for divorce is for a man to tell his wife; "Be off, I don't want you any more." Woman a slave in all lands, except the United States, which the Gospel of Christ makes her a free woman. And yet in Christian countries there are women posing as septs, and men with families posing the only religion that makes sacred the names of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace of Samuel, the great prophet. Near by,

Tower of Forty Martyrs,

called because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake; but if towers had been built for all those, who in the time of the Jewish empire, have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk in turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard-houses which are made of chopped straw and mud where at night partly through the day, armed men dwell to keep the bandits off travellers. In the valleys of these mountains dwell men to whom robbery would be high play and a purse with pennies would be compensation enough for a struggle that the savage might have with a wayfarer. There is only one other danger that amounts to much in these lands and is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection and that has been from age to age. The Lord's Supper was on that custom, a special friendship after taking food together. To that custom Scott refers in his immortal *Talisman*, when Saladin, with one stroke of the sword, cut the head from an enemy who stands in Saladin's tent with a cup in his hand and before it was time to put it to his lip, and does it so sure that the body of his enemy, beheaded, fell for a moment after the beheading, with the sword still in his right hand. After the cup had been sipped it would have been impossible, according to the laws of Oriental hospitality to have taken the fatal blow.

Armed Attendants.

The only lands where it is safe to travel are Christian lands. Human life is highly valued and personal rights are respected, and I am glad to believe that in this country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, there is not a place to-day where it is not safer without a pistol than with one. All through our journeys in Palestine we required fire-arms. While the only weapon on my person was a New Testament, we through the region where I said to the driver: "David, are you armed?" and he said "Yes," and I said "Are those fifteen or twenty muleteers and baggage-men and attendants armed?" and he said "Yes," and I felt safe.

On we roll through the Plain of Sharon where grew the rose after which Christ was named, the Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christian lands and throughout all ages. There has been controversy as to what flower it was. Some claim it was a marsh-mallow that thrives here, some claim this honor for the narcissus, some for the blue iris, and some for the anemone, for you must know that this Plain of Sharon is a rolling ocean of color where the Spring breezes move across it. But leaving the botanists in controversy as to what it would take the most aromatic and beautiful flowers and twist them into a garland for the Lord, "Name which is above every name."

Yonder, a little to the north as we move

e Plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it and again. The village standing on this of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins catch the rains for the people. Of more rtance in olden time than in modern time this Plain of Ono. But as the dragoman unced it and in the Bible I read of it, I was nded of the vast multitude of people who dwell in the Plain of Ono. They are, by nervous constitution or by their lack of in God, always in the negative. Will you to build a church? Oh, no! Will you out in some new Christian enterprise? o! Do you think the world is getting any r? Oh, no! They lie down in the path



of all good move- ments, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead but only breeching straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give for a thou- sand of them a single clipped ten- cent piece. They n the Plain of Oh, no! May the Lord mul- the numbers of those who, when any- good is undertaken are found to live in lain of Oh, yes! Will you support this new ty? Oh, yes! Do you think that this vic- f evil habit can be reformed? Oh, yes! ou willing to do anything, whether ob- or resounding, for the welfare of the ch and the salvation of a ruined world? es! But I am sorry to say that the most ous plain in all the earth to-day is the of Ono.

re now we come where stood the fields in- rich Samson fired the foxes. The foxes o rarity in this land. I counted at one twenty or thirty of them in one group and y all along the line was "Foxes! Look at oxes!" and at night they sometimes bark all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. I saw and heard in Palestine might have descendants of the very foxes that Sam- employed for

An Appalling Incendiarism. wealth of that land was in the harvests was harvest time and the straw was dry. es hundred foxes are caught and tied in es by some wire or incombustible cord the flames cannot divide, and fire-brands stened to those couples of foxes, and the ated creatures are let loose and run every er among the harvests and in the awful down go the corn shocks, and the vine- and the olives, and all through the valleys ver the hills, and among the villages is the cry of fire! And in the burnt path- walk Hunger, and Want and Desolation. this for spite. And some theologians one thing, and some another. But I from it that a great man may sometimes to a very mean piece of business, and men would use as much ingenuity in try- bles as they do in trying to destroy, the all the way down would have been in bet- ndition. Yet the fire of the foxes kindled ight in Palestine has not gone out, but has l the seas, and the sly foxes, the human are now still running every whither, kind- olitical fires, fires of religious controversy, f hate, world-wide fires, and whole har- of righteousness perish. It took the work of multitudes on all these plains of ine for months and months to rear the nd raise the corn, but it took only threee worthless foxes one night to blaze all shes.

ce up your nerves now, that you may look I point them out. Yonder is Kirjath- i, where the ark of God stayed until David it to Jerusalem. Yonder John the Bap-

tist was born. Yonder is Emmaus where Christ walked with the disciples at eventide. Here are men ploughing, only one handle to the plough, showing the accuracy of Christ's allu- sion. When we plough in America or England there are two hands on two handles, but in Pal- estine only one handle. And so Christ uses the singular saying: "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom." The ox is urged on by a wooden stick pointed with sharp iron, and the ox knows enough not to kick, for he would only hurt him- self instead of breaking the goad. And the Bible refers to that when it says to Saul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

The Valley of Ajalon.

Here is the valley of Ajalon, famous for Joshua's pursuit of the five kings, and the lunar arrest. And in imagination I see the moon in day-time halt. Who has not sometimes seen the moon dispute the throne with the sun? But when the king of day and the queen of night, who never before Joshua's time, nor since then, stopped a moment in their march, halted at Joshua's command, it was a scene, enough to make the universe shiver: "Moon! stand thou still in the valley of Ajalon!" At another time we will see the sun stop above Gibeon, but now we have only to do with the moon, and you must remember that it was more of an orb than it is now. It is a burnt-out world now, a dead world now, an extinct world now, a corpse laid out in state in the heavens, waiting for the judg- ment day to bury it. But on the day of which I speak, the moon was probably a living world, yet it halted at the wave of Joshua's finger, "Stand thou still!" Do not budge an inch un- til Joshua finishes those five kings, who are there tumbling over the rocks, sword of man slash- ing them, hailstones out of the sky pelting them.

And there is the cavern of Makkedah, where they fled for safety, and where they were after- ward locked in, and from which they were taken out to be slain, and in which they were afterward buried; and you do well to examine that cavern, for within a few hours it became three things which no other cave ever was: Fortress, Prison, Sepulchre.

A Bandit's Cave.

Now we pass the place where once lived one of the greatest robbers of the century, Abou Gosh by name. From this point you see he could look over all the surrounding country, and long before the travellers came up to him, the plan for the taking of their money or their life, or both was consummated. He one day found a company of monks who would not pay, and he smothered them to death in a hot oven. In his last days, he lived here like an Oriental prince, and had his attendants and admirers to whom he told the stories of brigandage and as- sassination. So late as when our eminent and beloved American, William C. Prime, passed through, Abou Gosh, the scoundrelly Bedouin, sat at his door-way, smoking his pipe. His de- scendants live in this village, and probably are no more honest than their distinguished ances- tor, but marauding and murder are not as safe a business now as when all this route to Jeru- salem was subject to outrages pandemoniac.

Here we pass the village of Latrun, home of the penitent thief, the village, a few straggling houses on steep hills rising from the valley of Ajalon. Up these steep hills, in his earlier days, the thief had carried the spoils of arson and burglary, and down them he had borne the heavier burden of a guilty heart. But higher than these hills he mounted, after he had re- pented, from the transfixed posture on the cross to the bosom of a forgiving God.

Now we come to the brook Elah, from which little David took the smooth stones with which he prostrated Goliath. There is a bridge span- ning the ravine, but at the season we crossed, there is not a drop of water in the brook. We went down into the ravine and walked amid the pebbles that had been washed smooth, very smooth, by the rush of the waters through all the ages. There is where David armed himself.

He walked around and picked up five of these polished pebbles. He got them of just the right size. He prepared himself for five volleys, so that if the giant escapes the first, he will not es- cape the whole five. The topography of the place so corresponds with the Bible story that I could see

The Memorable Fight

go on. It is the only fight I ever did watch. Here were two champions, the one God-ap- pointed, the other Satan-appointed, and decid- ing the destiny of a nation, the destiny of a world. It was a Marathon, an Arbela, a Water- loo, a Blenheim, a Sedan, concentrated into two right arms. Here are two ridges of mountains five hundred feet high, the Philistines on one ridge, the Israelites on the other ridge. The fight is in the valley between, at that season shaded, and sweet with terebinth and acacia. David, the champion for the Israelites, Goliath the champion for the Philistines. David un- der-sized and almost effeminate, only a mouth- ful for Goliath, who was nearly ten feet high.

They advance to meet each other, but the Bible says that David made the first step for- ward. Nearer and nearer they come, but I do



THE BROOK ELAH.

not think David will wait until he comes within reach of Goliath's sword, for that would be fatal, and David has a weap- on with which he can fight at long range. Closer and closer they come, but David advan- ces the more rap- idly. "Come to me," said the giant, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." You see Goliath going to give David for a banquet to the vulture and jackal. He, the mountain of flesh, will fall over on that little hillock. I hear him laugh through the mouth-piece of his helmet. He will toast the little whiffet on the top of his long sword. He will call all the crows for a breakfast. "Come to me you contemptible little fellow, and I will make quick work with you. The idea that a five-footer should dare to come out against a ten-footer! Let the two armies looking down from the ridges watch me!" David responded: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." Aha, that is

The Right Kind of Battle-shout.

"In the name of the Lord of Hosts!" How that cry rings through the Wady-es-Sumpt! He who fights in that spirit wins the day. The almost Israelitish dwarf enlarges into omni- potent proportions. The moment to strike has come. David takes his sling with a stone in it and whirls it round, and round his head, until he has put the weapon into sufficient momen- tum, and then, taking sure aim, hurls it. The giant throws up his hands and reels back and falls. The stone sank into his forehead. That was the only available point of attack. But how about the helmet on his head? Did the stone that David flung crush through the helmet? No; an old rabbi says he thinks that when Goliath scoffed at David, the giant so suddenly and con- temptuously jerked up his head that the helmet fell off. That is like enough. David saw the bare forehead, a foot high, and aimed at the centre of it, and the skull cracked and broke in like an eggshell, and the ground shook as this great oak of a military chieftain struck it. Huz- zah for David!

But we must hasten on, for the danger now is that night will be upon us before we reach Jeru- salem. Oh! we must see it before sundown. We are climbing the hills which are terraced with olive groves, uplands rising above uplands, until we come to an immensity of barrenness, gray rocks above gray rocks, where neither

tree, nor leaf, nor bush, nor grass-blade, can grow. The horses stumble, and slip, and pull, till it seems the harness must break. Solemnity and awe take possession of us. Though a vivacious party, and during part of the day jocularity had reigned, now no one spoke a word except to say to the dragoman, "Tell us when you get the first glimpse of the city." I never had such high expectation of seeing any place as of seeing Jerusalem. I think my feelings may have been slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem. My ideas of the earthly Jerusalem were bewildering. Had I not seen pictures of it? Oh, yes; but they only increase the bewilderment. They were taken from a variety of standpoints. If twenty artists attempt to sketch Brooklyn, or New York, or London, or Jerusalem, they will plant their cameras at different places, and take as many different pictures, but in a few minutes I shall see

The Sacred City.

Over another shoulder of the hill we go, and nothing in sight but rocks and mountains, and awful gulches between them, which make the head swim if you look down. On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smoking horses are reined in, and the dragoman rises in front, and points eastward, crying, "*Jerusalem!*" It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited, and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon. Home of Ezekiel. Home of Jeremiah. Home of Isaiah. Home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David's heart-break, and Mount Moriah, where the sacrifices smoked, Mount of Olives where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane where He agonized, and Golgotha where He died, and the Holy Sepulchre where He was buried. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth, and type of the city celestial.

After I have been ten thousand years in heaven, the memory of that first view from the rocks on the afternoon of December 2d, will be as vivid as now. An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no such horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us, and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay at a hotel outside the gates. In the dusk of evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said, "No, thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night

Inside the Gates of Jerusalem.

I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside." So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their back, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem. It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep, and sixty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended and all the Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within five minutes' walk of the gate we entered. David wrote: "Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving," "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," "Open to me the gates of righteousness." And Isaiah wrote: "Go through, go through the gates." And the captive of Patmos wrote: "The city had twelve gates." Having passed the gate we went on through the narrow streets, dimly lighted, and passed to our halting-place, and sat down by the window from which we could see Mount Zion, and said: "Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth." And thoughts of the past and the future rushed

through my soul in quick succession, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

And so with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the heavenly city when earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

DEAF MUTES AND THE GOSPEL.

HOW GOD'S LOVE IS MADE KNOWN BY THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS AND GESTURES.

The Educational System at the New York Institution—How the Sign-Language was Invented—Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Noble Work—Principal Peet's Interesting Explanation—The Dying Deaf-Mute Boy's Bible—A Totally Darkened Soul Illuminated—The Case of Richard T. Clinton—"Children of Silence" no Longer Ignorant and Isolated Beings.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

ONE of the most cheering signs of our Christian age is the progress made in the education and moral enlightenment of our "silent friends," the deaf-mutes. Until a comparatively recent period, the intellectual scope of these unfortunates was quite restricted. Not till the godly and accomplished blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman, surprised the scientific world by her marvellous acquirements in the face of seemingly insurmountable natural impediments, was the attention of public educators seriously directed toward the higher mental and moral development of these benighted beings. That the efforts in that direction have been successful beyond all expectation, is shown by a visit to any one of the numerous institutions for the education of the deaf-mutes that are now to be found scattered all over the Union.

One of the instrumentalities effective in this humane and Christian work has been

The Improved Sign-language, known as the Gallaudet system, whereby the deaf-mute can give absolutely full expression to his ideas, intelligently to others. This sign-language as now used among deaf-mutes here and in Europe, was the invention of the Abbe l'Epee, who founded the first institution for their education. It is said to have been suggested to him by observing the pantomimic gestures of the Parisian street gamins. The system has been popularized both here and abroad by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, whose father did much to bring it to perfection. Dr. Gallaudet is a member of the Board of Instruction in the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes and is also the founder and executive officer of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-mutes near Poughkeepsie, a charity which shelters about thirty aged deaf-mutes, all more or less educated in the sign-language.

There is an affinity between this natural sign-language and the dumb pantomime employed by the Indians, and by savage races generally as a substitute for speech when the latter cannot be used as a means of communication. Comprising hundreds of different gestures of hands, head, body, eyes, and lips, this sign-language is capable of expressing almost every emotion, fact or idea. "Man" is indicated by touching the head, as though lifting the cap; "will see" by waving the open right hand from the right ear to the eyes, to which the extended fingers point; "imagine" by touching the forehead with the forefinger and bringing the hand forward in a curve; "remember" by raising the face and resting the closed hand on the forehead; "think" by leaning the head to one side and resting it upon the knuckles; "forget" by claspings the

forehead and suddenly removing the hand ward, with the thumb pointing over the shoulder; "intend" by touching the forehead with the index finger and bringing the hand with the index finger pointing forward. And on, through a wide range of expressions, and secular, this mimic speech in conjunction with the single-hand alphabet (an example which is shown on the first page), has been expanded until the deaf-mute no longer himself isolated, but an active, interested member of society with all the avenues of spiritual welfare open to him.

Among those who have done much to enlarge the mental and moral horizon of the deaf-mute, is Prof. Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Principal of the Educational Department of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the son of the founder of the institution, late Harvey Prindle Peet. This splendidly organized public charity was chartered in 1815 by Governor De Witt Clinton of New York, and was the first of seven similar establishments for the training of the unfortunate deaf-mutes. It occupies handsome buildings, surrounding extensive grounds, on the west side of New York City. The illustration on the first page shows the main building. Here from birth to four hundred young people are

Deaf and Dumb from Birth,

and almost without exception, as ignorant and unenlightened savages, are taught to so express themselves as to be intelligible to their friends. The spiritual training of these unfortunates is a matter of the greatest solicitude and interest to the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Peet and those associated with them in this task have been abundantly blessed. The great truths of the Gospel have been made familiar to them, to whom God and Christ were unknown. A good seed has been sown which has already borne fruit in many instances, into noble and happy Christian lives.

Speaking of the religious training of deaf-mutes, Dr. Peet said to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Our moral and religious teaching is absolutely unsectarian. These young people to us totally ignorant of the English language and with no conception whatever of Divine Being or their relations to Him. We do not for the instruction they receive here would be worse off than the heathen. Attending daily worship in the chapel, receiving special instruction in the class-rooms, their minds are opened and they begin to realize they have a Father in heaven and a Saviour who came to earth to save souls and to set an example of what man, in his human nature, ought to be. They also learn the great truths of Atonement and its significance. All these truths are learned by degrees and very slowly."

"How are these truths conveyed to their minds?"

"One of our methods is a series of exceedingly simple Scripture lessons in book form. These are used after the pupils have been taught to associate printed characters with the ideas to which they correspond. These lessons tell of God; where He is, what the soul is immortal, and the story of His life and His life on earth. We proceed first by simple contrasts like these:

Some men are wise; God is All-wise.
All men will die; God will never die.
Men are often wicked; God is holy.

"In this way, the attributes of the Father are explained and from this we pass to the attitude toward man, man's duty to obey, the soul and its nature, and the destiny of the soul after death. This extract from our manual will give you an idea of the gradual process of opening up these darkened minds."

A Conception of Immortality:

Man has a body and a soul. Spirits have no bodies. They have no souls. The body feels hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and sickness. The soul hopes and fears. The soul loves and hates. The soul thinks, knows, remembers, learns, and repents. The soul is happy and unhappy. The body of the soul never dies. The soul of the good will be saved.

The souls of the wicked will be miserable in hell. If good and pious, we shall be happy after death in heaven; angels for ever.

he truths thus gradually unfolded are fully rehended by the earnest, serious minds of deaf-mutes. 100,000 copies of our little man-Scripture lessons have been printed by the ican Tract Society for the use of children cannot hear or speak, and it has been found fully effective. To some of our children, the book becomes very dear. I remember bright boy of seven, who lay dying. He not bear to be parted for a moment from the book, which he called his Bible. He ed on having it

Under His Pillow While He Slept, the last, he died with it clasped in his

ou follow, as far as possible, the form of sion which corresponds to the mode of ht of the pupil?"

actly. He thinks in pictures. Every- in the way of memory is a picture to him. fore, when he tries to express himself, he s pictures in the air and acts out what he

As education progresses and he gets and higher ideas, this form of expression atly modified; crude signs finally grow language so complete that even abstract can be expressed by gestures. Thus the mute emerges from a heathen atmosphere rkness into a Christian one, where the age of signs is to him what the English age is to a hearing child. All these ideas become clear to his mind and he enters a world. There is not an idea," he added, g, "that cannot be communicated gh the sign-language. Then the signs be- the instrument through which a knowl- of the English language is communicated." re is no more beautiful sight than to look a group of those silent ones, whose minds been trained to associate the sign, the and the combination of letters on the d page so intelligently and accurately, that an sit down and read understandingly the l book, their faces beaming with apprecia- and enthusiasm, as its priceless treasures sclosed.

n in the lower grades of instruction, the de shown by the pupils in grasping re- s ideas is surprising. One young lad, rd T. Clinton, who had the misfortune to rn deaf, dumb and blind, and who was t by means of a manual alphabet, signs, ojects, has become a capital scholar with a ommand of the English language. He all his communications on a type-writer. efore I came here," he writes, "I knew no- about God. Now I know that He is my r in heaven. He is good and kind. I love vour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He on the Cross for us all. I repented of my nd I hope He has forgiven them."

other, a young woman of 18, who came to nstitution wholly uneducated, and who eveloped

A Beautiful Christian Character great facility in Scriptural studies, writes pollowing very interesting analytical com- on the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

ymn, which is one of the most beautiful and best known h lyrics, contains an exquisite adaptation of the story of hat incident in his life when God first appeared to him e him a promise of blessing, upon himself and his seed n. That promise we know was fulfilled as only God's are. The story to which so many allusions are made ymn is found in the 28th chapter of the Book of e, verses 10-22.

are the following:

"Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee."

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward (The wanderer.)

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there t, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that nd put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth,

and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the Angels of God ascending and descending on it.

"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;"

V. 13-15. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, . . . The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

"Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;"

V. 16, 17. . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, . . . this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

V. 18, 19. . . . And took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, . . . and called the name of that place Bethel:

Nor is the secular education of the deaf-mutes forgotten. In all of the great institutions, including those at Buffalo, Rochester, Malone, Rome and elsewhere in New York State, and also in many others throughout the country, the same improved system of education prevails.

Nearly all of the deaf-mute institutions in the United States are supported by public moneys, either from city or State or both, and by voluntary contributions. The State selects pupils, on the application of the parents. The institutions are deserving of the highest encouragement, as not only tending to make intelligent and self-supporting citizens of a peculiarly unfortunate class, but to bring to a real and living knowledge of the Redeemer and His love many precious souls that would otherwise have remained in darkness and ignorance.

THE SWISS REVOLUTION.

(See Illustration on page 652.)

NOT many revolutions in Europe, in the present century at least, have been accompanied by fewer acts of violence and less peril to life than that which recently occurred in Switzerland. It began in the small Canton of Ticino and from thence spread to other cantons. The revolution does not impair the constitutional status of Ticino, as part of the Swiss Federal Republic. The Republic is composed of twenty-two Cantons: Berne, Zurich, Vaud, Aargau, St. Gall, Lucerne, Ticino, Freiburg, the Grisons, the Valais, Thurgau, Basle, Neuchâtel, Geneva, Solothurn, Appenzell, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Unterwalden, Schwyz, Uri, and Zug, in the order of their population, represented proportionately in the National Assembly. Ticino, which ranks seventh among these Cantons, has a population, mostly Italian-speaking, of 122,000, its chief towns being the capital, Bellinzona, Locarno and Lugano, Bellinzona (which is shown in the illustration), is on the banks of the river Ticino.

It appears that the Cantonal Government, which has long been in the hands of the Ultramontane priestly party, and by which the administration of the finances has been ill-managed, was guilty of violating the Constitution, having refused to comply with a legal demand, made by more than the prescribed number of citizens, on Aug. 9, to elect an Assembly for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the Canton. In consequence of this, on Sept. 11, Liberals from all parts of the Canton, assembling at Bellinzona, surprised the guard of the arsenal, took possession of guns and stores, and entered the Council-house of the Government, led by an advocate named Bruni: they arrested three Councillors of State—Messrs. Crespini, Castella, and Granella—and one, M. Rossi, was accidentally shot in a scuffle on the stairs; the others took flight.

The victorious party then appointed a Provisional Government, and convened an Assembly; but next day the Federal Council of Switzerland, at Berne, having got reports of the affair, sent two battalions of Swiss troops, with a commissioner, M. Kuengli, to restore order. The Provisional Government abdicated and it was arranged that, on Sept. 28, the question of revising the Constitution should be submitted to a popular vote.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Horror of Life-Preservers is Avowed by a lady in New York. She says that if she were on a boat when an accident occurred and a life preserver were within reach, she should not use it, as she had heard that they only made drowning certain, if they were not properly adjusted. She would prefer to take her chance in the water without one. A correspondent of a daily journal, quoting her remark, suggests that pictures be exhibited on all ferry-boats and excursion steamers, depicting a man, in the act of fastening a life preserver on his body in the right way, so that every one might learn how to use them in an emergency. The suggestion is excellent and it might, if carried out, lead to the saving of many lives. The pictures, however, would do no good unless passengers looked at them and learned from them. Probably many would take no notice of them, thinking they would never have occasion to use a life-preserver. In the far more momentous matter of the saving of the soul, which concerns every one, such indifference is displayed. God's word is neglected, and the appeals of preachers are unheeded. (Job 12: 5.)

A Strange Offer to a Millionaire was Recently sent to him at Helena, Mont. The Independent of that city states that a man, whose sudden success in mining a few months ago, made him the talk of the country, has received a large number of letters suggesting opportunities for investment. One of them, purporting to be written by a clergyman, stated that the writer was sure of a place in heaven, but was willing to sell the right to it to a man rich enough to buy. He offered it to the successful miner for half his fortune, or half a million dollars. The investment was urged in the terms that real estate agents use in recommending the purchase of a house, and the vendor offered to make affidavit as to the value of the place, and the validity of his title to it. Doubtless the writer of the letter was no clergyman, but a common swindler who counted on the miner's credulity. In this, however, he was disappointed, for the miner knew enough of the Bible to be aware that a title to a seat in heaven, like the title to some kinds of earthly property, is "not transferable," is never placed on the market, but is offered freely to all who through Christ become sons of God. (Rom. 8: 17.)

A Little Girl's Heroism Saved her Brother's life on September 27, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Early on that day a high apartment house caught fire from an overturned lamp. A woman who lived on the fourth floor was awakened by the alarm of fire. Her family consisted of five children, and these she hurriedly wrapped in blankets and brought out into the street. One of the children—a little boy nine years old—remembered that there was a half-dollar in the pocket of his clothes and he began to cry over the loss. He could see no flames in the house, and thought there would be no danger in going back to get the money. So watching his opportunity, while his mother stood on the street waiting for the arrival of the engines, he darted back into the house and ran up stairs. His mother dared not leave the other children to go after him, but his thirteen-year-old sister ran to his rescue. The house was full of dense smoke, but the little girl, covering her mouth with her blanket, bravely held on her way. She found her brother unconscious and almost suffocated on the floor outside his bed-room door. With a strength astonishing in so small a child, she half carried and half dragged him through the blinding smoke to the street, where in the fresh air he recovered. There are two matters which it may be hoped he will learn from the event and never forget. One is, the folly of imperiling his life to save his money; and the second is the love of his sister in braving death to save him. In these days Christians need to be reminded of two analogous lessons. Only too many think more of their property than they do of their spiritual life; and they forget Him who gave His life to save them from eternal death. (Titus 2: 12-14.)

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

S. S. LESSON BY MRS. M. BAXTER FOR OCT. 19.
LUKE 22 : 24-37 ; GOLDEN TEXT, Phil. 2 : 5.

Verse 24, A Strife Common in All Communities—The Good of the Common Cause Subordinated to Individual Selfishness.—Ver. 25, Benefactors or Doers of Good Seldom in Authority.—Vers. 26 and 27, A New Law—Not Yet Obeyed—Greatness in Service.—Vers. 28 and 30, Faithfulness in Trial—The Reward Promised.—Vers. 31 and 32, Christ's Knowledge of Coming Ordeals—His Sympathy and Prayer.—Ver. 33, The Impulsive Man's Self-Confidence.—Ver. 34, Christ's Knowledge of Approaching Defection.—Vers. 35 and 36, The Means to be Used Though the Work May Go on Without Them.—Ver. 37, The End of the Things Concerning Christ—The Object of Them.

AND there was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." Strife when the Lord Jesus sat at the table, when the feast was that of the Passover lamb of which Christ, was the antitype! How little the disciples understood the signification of that lamb slain, of that sprinkled blood on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of the house. In less than twenty-four hours, the blood of Jesus Christ was to be shed. He was to be the sprinkled door by which every soul should gain entrance into heaven. Jesus had taken bread, and blessed it, and said: "This is my body which is given for you;" and He had also taken the cup, and told them to divide it among themselves, saying: "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you;" and He had, moreover, said before the beginning of the feast: "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." He was filled with the thought of their salvation, and they were filled with the thought "which of them should be accounted the greatest!" What a revulsion of feeling to our Lord! How easy it would have been for Him, if he had had a heart like ours, to tear Himself away in disgust from those disciples, but He did not: "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Yes, in spite of all He loved them. And, beloved,

In Spite of All We Are,

He loves us. Do not doubt the love of Jesus. If He presses you into a corner by some suffering, do not doubt His love. His purpose may be veiled, but never, never for a minute doubt the love of Jesus.

"And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." A strife at such an hour! But, you see they had not the spirit of Christ; His blood had not yet been shed; they could not be divine, because divine life could not be imparted until it was poured out on the cross; but when it was poured out, He could give His Spirit and His thoughts to them. He was now outside them, but, by-and-bye, Christ would dwell in their hearts by faith. Jesus had patience with them until His blood was shed.

Some of you have trials and temptations, suffering in body and suffering of other kinds, and what do these things mean? The Lord is trying to bring you to a point where you see your life, and hopes, and resolutions come to nothing, and where you have to lay down your life, to be an instrument through which His life can flow. It is only Divine Life that can do Divine things; it is only the Divine Spirit in us that can make us divine. It is

Impossible to Nature.

"And He said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors." (V. 25) This sounds like sarcasm in the lips of the Lord Jesus. "But ye shall not be so," He adds: "but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." (V. 26.) Don't you remember that, at that very table, before they had sat down to meat, Jesus had taken a towel and girded Himself, and poured water into a basin, and washed the disciples' feet and wiped them with the towel with which He was girded? He had Himself taken the place of him that serves. It is written in Gal. 5 : 1 ;

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." And taking up the same thought (in V. 13,) Paul says: "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." "I am among you as He that Serveth."

"Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations." What is this? Is He praising them, and they have just been quarrelling about who should be greatest, while He was within an hour of the bloody sweat under the pressure of their sins and ours? What! could He speak to them about their faith when they were so unfaithful? He "loved them unto the end," and every little thing He could say to them to encourage them, He did say. How could He? Because He was free from self. If He had been thinking of what they owed Him after He came down from heaven, after His being born a poor man, and just now He was about to take upon Himself their sins, and that they at such an hour quarrelled in their littleness, as to who should be greatest. It would have been difficult for Him to recognize any good in them. But "God is love," and love always finds out the best points, and so He remembered: "You twelve have not left me, but have continued with me" under all circumstances; the Pharisees and scribes have tried to take away my life, but you have remained faithful to me; the seventy I cannot find, and the many I have healed have deserted me, but, "You have continued with me." "He loved them unto the end."

We cannot Imitate,

and imitation would soon break down, but we can follow the Lord, and let Him live in us His wondrous supernatural life. Just when our selfish life is given up to Him to deal with He sometimes lets us suffer. Do not think first how to get rid of the pains, or trouble, but "How can I let myself go into His hand?" When you understand the lesson of your Lord, His hands will be free to heal you; but if He healed you now as you are, with a heart full of selfishness, it would not benefit you. But He wants you to be healed of self, and it is easy for Him to heal disease, when this real disease of self is healed.

"Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom." (28, 29.) You need not strive about a little place down here; I have appointed unto you a kingdom; you are going to be kings. You need not struggle, your time is not yet; "I appoint unto you a kingdom," and it is not a kingdom where one of you will be over another, a kingdom in which Peter will be over John, and Matthew over James: "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (29, 30.) Not judging one another, you have to be equal "members one of another." (Rom. 12 : 5.) God is gathering together in one the children of God scattered abroad. (John 11 : 52.) He wants you to be united.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, (obtained you by asking, R.V. margin),

That He May Sift You.

as wheat." That is a wonderful word. Satan wanted to sift them as wheat, but Satan cannot use his sieve without permission; He called Satan's attention to Job: "Hast thou considered my servant Job; that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?" (1 : 8.) Just as though God had said. "Now, Satan, try thy best with this man of God."

Some of you are oppressed; blow upon blow comes upon you, and you cannot understand it, God is making you a theatre in which Satan contends for mastery with God. Don't flinch; God wants soldiers who can stand fire—fire from principalities and powers in heavenly places. Don't say God hath forgotten you, but praise God for all. There is a heroism in Christianity—heroism in which there is no pride, but a great deal of lowliness.

"Satan has desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

Satan Cannot See the Gold

in us; he has no eye for the divine; he can see the self in us; it is God's eye that sees gold. Satan thought he could have easy victory over Peter and the rest of the disciples, but he did not know how the Refiner and Purifier at the side of the furnace, watching the gold which could be seen from the heaven side, not from the hell side.

"I have prayed for thee." (V. 32.) Before Peter went into the crucible, Jesus said: "I have prayed for thee." "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." It is a wonderful thought. You feel a comfort when you know that the Christian prays for you at certain times; but just shut your eyes and think, "He ever liveth to make intercession for me, to pray for me." He whose prayers are always answered, pray for me." "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." When we have passed through the furnace, then we can help others.

And poor Peter, with all the energy and enthusiasm of his nature said: "I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death." He thought so, poor man; and many of us think we are ready to suffer, but when a difficulty comes in our house or elsewhere, something no one knows about, we sink under it. The Lord said: "Whither I go, thou shalt not follow me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards." Peter said: "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?" (John 13 : 36, 37.) He could not, because he had only natural strength depend upon, and it needs

Divine Power to do Divine Things.

He could not follow Jesus to death then; when Jesus died and poured out His life, He gave His own life to His disciples, then Peter could follow Him, and he did follow Him to the cross, for he died by crucifixion. Shall we follow Christ now? You cannot by wrestling and struggling; you can follow Him only giving yourselves up to Him, and letting Him live His life in you. By His life, His strength, His faithfulness, His influence in you, we shall follow Jesus.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jackson's Description of Madison.*

MADISON, the President, is a very plain and rather mean-looking little man, with great simplicity of manners, and an inveterate enemy to form and ceremony; so much so that I was officially informed that my introduction to him was to be considered as nothing more than the reception of one gentleman by another, and that no particular dress was to be worn on the occasion,—all of which I was willing to acquiesce in. Accordingly I went in afternoon frock, and found the President in similar attire. Smith, the Secretary of State, who had walked from his office to join me, on a pair of dusty boots, and his round hat in his hand. When he had introduced us, he retired, and the President then asked me to sit in a chair. While we were talking, a negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and seed-cake. The former, as I had been in reference the whole morning, served very agreeably to wet, or whet my whistle, and still more strongly to contrast this audience with other had had with most of the sovereigns of Europe.

A Sea Battle in the Dark. (1811.)

By the dim light Rodgers saw the support "Guerriere," her maintopsail to the mast, with ing with apparent confidence the next act of the audacious American frigate which had chased a British man-of-war all day, and had last run up close to windward,—a manoeuvre which British frigates were disposed to resist. To this point the report showed no great disagreement; but in regard to what followed, the story was told by Rodgers and all his ship's company.

* From the *History of the United States during the First Administration of James Madison*, by Henry Adams, a comprehensive narrative of a very important epoch of American history, with interesting private correspondence. Two volumes; 960 pp. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

while a wholly different story was told by British captain and his officers. Rodgers told that while rounding to, he hailed the own vessel through his trumpet, calling "What ship is that?" The question "What ship is that?" was immediately echoed.

Rodgers had time to tell his acting captain that the *President* was forging too fast, before he hailed again: "What ship is that?" Instantly a flash was seen from the ark where the stranger's hull lay, and a report told the ball had struck the *President* lodging in the mainmast. Taken by surprise, Rodgers turned to his commandant of the ship and asked, "What on earth was that?" Before he gave an order his third lieutenant, under James Dallas, who was watching at the port forward of the gangway, and saw ash, leaped to one of the guns and fired it. Then Rodgers gave the order to fire, and the *President* opened with a whole side, followed by another. In about five minutes the enemy seemed to be silenced, and Rodgers gave the order to cease firing; but three minutes afterward the stranger fired again, and the *President* resumed fire. She desisted. From the *President's* deck, Rodgers could be seen of the enemy's behavior. He thought that whoever she might be, she was the *Guerriere*; and Rodgers then made mark that either she had received some fatal shot at the outset or she was a vessel very inferior to what he had taken for, although she was still supposed to be no less than a thirty-six gun frigate.

Rodgers hailed once more, and understood the answer that she was a British ship in great distress. At nine o'clock the *President* began to repair damages, about within reach, on different tacks lights displayed, until day-break, when she hove to the British vessel, and sent a boat aboard. Then at last Rodgers learned, certainly to his great disappointment, that he had sighted a single-decked vessel of less than his force.

Battle of Tippecanoe Creek. (1811.) Harrison's own account were correct, he had with him only eight hundred men. Sixty had been killed or mortally wounded, and nearly a hundred and fifty wounded to with him in his retreat. His effective force was diminished more than one fourth, according to his biographer; his camp contained little flour and no meat, for the few beavers left with the army were either driven away by Indians or stamped by the noise of the battle; and his only base of supplies was at Vincennes, one hundred and seventy miles away. Indians could return in great numbers but his force must steadily grow weaker. Harrison was naturally a cautious man; he felt the dangers that surrounded him, and his men felt them not less.

Although Harrison did not venture to send out scout for twenty-four hours, but remained awaiting attack, no further sign of hostilities were given. "Night," said one of the scouts, "I found every man mounting guard, without fire or light, and in a drizzling rain. Indian dogs, during the dark hours, frequent alarms by prowling in search of food about the sentinels." On the morning of November 8, the dragoons and mounted riflemen approached the town and found it deserted. Apparently the Indians had fled in haste, leaving everything even a few new English guns and powder. The army took what supplies needed and set fire to the village. Meanwhile every preparation had been made for retreat. The wagons could scarcely carry all the baggage, and Harrison abandoned the camp and private baggage. "We managed, however, to bring off the public property," he wrote. At noon of November 9 the train departed, and by nightfall had passed the dangerous woods and broken country where a few enemies could have stopped it. No Indians appeared; the march was undisturbed; and following a company of the U. S. Fourth

Regiment at Fort Harrison, the rest of the force arrived, November 18, at Vincennes. The battle of Tippecanoe at once became a point of pride throughout the Western country, and Harrison received the official applause and thanks of Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois.

THE TRANSLATED ONES.

BY GEORGE H. PEMBER, M. A.

An Impending Event—Vacant Places in the Church—Consolation of Those Who are Left—Taking and Receiving—An Agonizing Experience—A Privilege to be Desired—The Reward of Watchfulness.

THE world will one day be surprised by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of many persons in the midst of their ordinary occupations. Two men will be working in the field; one will instantaneously vanish. His bewildered comrade may still see upon the ground the garment which had been put off for labor, but the man will be gone. Two women will be grinding the daily supply of corn in the early morning; the hand of one will fail; her companion will look up and see that she is no longer in her place. Two persons will be in the same bed at night; the one will be taken away, and the other will awake to solitude and bereavement (Matt. 24: 40; Luke 17: 34). As soon as this sign is given, then woe for the earth and the sea! Those who shall be accounted worthy to escape will have been removed from the world; the Holy Spirit will no longer restrain the mystery of lawlessness, nor will the judgments of God be delayed.

With regard to the meaning of the words, "one shall be taken," an error has sometimes been made through ignorance of the original. Comparing the clause with that of Matt. 25: 39, "the flood came and took them all away," some have interpreted, "the one shall be taken away in judgment, the other shall be spared in mercy." But an examination of the Greek immediately dissipates this idea. In the 39th verse the verb used means "to take away by destruction." But in the 40th and 41st verses we find a very different word which properly signifies "to receive," or "take alongside," and then sometimes, "to take with one as a companion." Thus the word is most appropriately used of those who shall be caught up to Christ, that they may walk with Him in white, that they may follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

In the 14th chapter of John it occurs in a Very Significant Passage.

"For if I go and prepare a place for you, I am coming again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Here it is used of the very act of which the Lord speaks in Matthew.

Again, in another place, we are told that the Lord "taketh" Peter, James and John, as His companions to the Mount of Transfiguration (Matt. 17: 1). He selects three out of the twelve disciples to behold His glory; while the nine are, in the meantime, left at the bottom of the hill to struggle hopelessly with Satan in the person of the demoniac youth, and consequently to be subjected to the scorn of the world, until at length the Master is seen descending the hill in company with those whom He had taken with Him.

Surely this scene is typical of the fact that the one is taken to be a companion of the Lord and to see His glory, while the other is

Left to Agonize

with the world and Satan as a further discipline; for the admonition to watch in the next verse seems to imply that both of the two are disciples.

Having thus described the sign of His presence, the Lord proceeds to urge upon His followers the necessity of watching, and intimates, by the parable of the householder and the thief, that grievous loss will be sustained by those who neglect His directions. Many other such warnings may be found in the Scriptures, and the special object of watching is plainly set forth in the Lord's own exhortation, uttered just after He had been portraying the terrors of the last week of seven years that will close this dispensation:—(Luke

21: 24-27)—"Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (Daniel 9: 27; Luke 21: 24-27, 36.)

These words certainly intimate that a Christian, though sure of eternal life, is not sure of being removed before the commencement of the final Great Tribulation. This favor will be granted only to those who have progressed in holiness, only to those who have been so strengthened with might in the inner man that they have been able to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Such a growth in grace may, indeed, be attained by all believers; the power of prayer and watching is given to every man at his conversion; but he must be willing to deny himself, to take up his cross, and to follow his Master. Then there will be no doubt as to the issue: for "faithful is He that calleth you, Who will also do it."

But the Lord has no thought of translating Worldly-Minded Believers

from the toils of life into the joy of His presence, of admitting them to immortality by the gate of glory instead of the dark valley of death. Those who vainly expect such a thing are like the Jews, who would have had Christ put Himself at their head as the all-victorious King, when as yet He had not saved them from their sins. But He will not grant to the careless and slothful servant that blessing which Paul craved, yet did not receive (II. Cor. 5: 24)—the joy of being clothed upon, without the necessity of shuffling off this mortal coil. Hence, in His promise to the Philadelphians, He says, "Because thou didst keep the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of trial, that hour which is to come upon the whole world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." (Rev. 3: 10.)

It thus appears that not all believers will be caught up to the Lord at the commencement of His Second Advent, but

Only Those Who are Found Watching.

It is, indeed, true that Paul, after speaking of Christ's descent into the air, adds, "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up," without any mention of exceptions to the rule, (I. Thess. 4: 16, 17.) But other Scriptures show that his words are to be regarded as a general statement, expressing what ought to be, and potentially may be, the case with every Christian. Similarly, in another place, he says, "It is appointed unto men once to die;" yet the very next verse reveals the secret that some will escape death. And in his first Epistle to the Corinthians he discloses the mystery that we shall not all sleep.

Just in the same general way the Lord said to His disciples, "Verily, I say unto you that ye which have followed me, . . . ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." But Judas had followed Him, and was at that time one of the twelve; will he also occupy a throne in the regeneration? Nay, we know from the authority of the Scripture that his own "place," to which he went was in the realms of the lost. There need, therefore, be no difficulty in regard to the passage in the Epistle to the Thessalonians. The members of the body of Christ will not be completely gathered to Him until the close of the Second Advent.

Accordingly—although we have previously heard of some who were tabernacled in the heaven, of a hundred and forty-four thousand who were purchased from among men, to be the first fruits unto God and unto the Lamb, and of others who are standing on a sea of glass mingled with fire, singing their song of victory over the Beast and his image—there is no mention of a full assembly of the Church until the Lord appears in glory, when He is crowned by the armies (Rev. 19: 14.) which are in the heaven, the different divisions which make up the one body. And then we read in (Rev. 20: 5) "This is the First Resurrection."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

ALWAYS BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE good, healthy man, sixty years of age, is only a boy with added experience. A woman is only an old girl. Summer is but an older spring. August is May in its teens. We shall be useful in proportion as we keep young in our feelings. There is no use for fossils except in museums and on the shelf. I like young old folks. Indeed, we all keep doing over again what we did in childhood. You thought that long ago you had finished with "Blind-man's-buff," and "Hide-and-seek," and "Puss-in-the-corner," and "Tick-tack-to," and "Leap-frog," but all our lives are passed in playing those old games over again.

You say: "What a racket those children make in the other room! When Squire Jones's boys come over to spend the evening with our children, it seems as if they would tear the house down!" "Father, be patient!" the wife says; "we once played 'Blind-man's-buff' ourselves." Sure enough, father is playing it now, if he only knew it. Much of our time in life we go about blindfolded, stumbling over mistakes, trying to catch things that we miss, while people stand round the ring, and titter, and break out with half-suppressed laughter, and push us ahead, and twitch the corner of our eye-bandage; after awhile we vehemently clutch something with both hands, and announce to the world our capture; the blindfold is taken from our eyes, and, amid the shouts of the surrounding spectators, we find we have, after all, caught the wrong thing. What is that but "Blind-man's-buff" over again?

You say: "Jenny and Harry, go to bed. It seems so silly for you to sit there making two parallel lines perpendicular, and two parallel lines horizontal, and filling up the blanks with crosses and o's, and then crying out: 'Tick-tack-to.'" My dear man, you are doing every day in business just what your children are doing in the nursery. You find it hard to get things into a line. You have started out for worldly successes. You get one or two things fixed, but that is not what you want. After a while you have had two fine successes. You say: "If I can have a third success, I will come out ahead." But somebody is busy on the same slate, trying to hinder you getting the game. You mark: he marks. I

think you will win. To the first and second success which you have already gained, you add the third, for which you have long been seeking. The game is yours, and you clap your hands, and hunch your opponent in the side, and shout:

"Tick-tack-to,
Three in a row."

The funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a-laughing now as I think of it, so that I can hardly write, is "Leap-frog." It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over, and puts his hands down on his knees; and it is so perilous to the boy who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted the leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part, and we went down together. For this, Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me, and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down on purpose.

Almost every autumn I see that old-time school-boy feat repeated. Mr. So-and-so says: "You make me governor, and I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor, and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street-sweeper, and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and then I will stoop down and let you jump over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you." The day of election in Church or State arrives. A man once very upright in his principles and policy begins to bend. You cannot understand it. He goes down lower and lower, until he gets his hands away down on his knees. The nan active politician or ecclesiastic comes up behind him, puts his hand upon the bowed strategist, and springs clear over into some great position. Good thing to have so good a man in a prominent place. But after awhile he himself begins to bend. Everybody says: "What is the matter now? It cannot be possible that he is going down, too." Oh! yes Turn about is fair play. Jack Snyder holds it against me to this day, because after he had stooped down to let me leap over him, I would not stoop down and let him leap over me. One half the strange things in Church and State may be accounted for by the fact that, ever since Adam bowed down so low as to let the race, putting its hands on him, fly over into ruin; there has been a universal tendency to political and ecclesiastical "Leap-frog."

In one sense, life is a great "game of ball." We all choose sides, and gather into denominational and political parties. We take our places on the ball-ground. Some are to pitch; they are the Radicals. Some are to catch: they are the Conservatives. Some are to strike: they are those fond of polemics and battle. Some are to run: they are the candidates. There are four goals: youth, manhood, old age, and death. Some one takes the bat, lifts it, and strikes for the prize, and misses it; while the man who was behind catches it and goes in. This man takes his turn at the bat, sees the flying ball of success, takes good aim and strikes it high, amid the clapping of all the spectators. We all have a chance at the ball. Some of us

run to all the four goals, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old to death. At the first goal, we bound with controllable mirth; coming to the second run with a slower but stronger tread; come to the third, our step is feeble; coming to fourth, our breath entirely gives out. We throw down the bat on the black goal of death, in the evening, catchers and pitchers go home to find the family gathered and the food prepared. So may we all find the candles light and the table set, and the old folks at home.

OUR HOLD ON GOD.

COMMUNICATION exists between city and city, between continent and continent, telegraphic, telephonic, postal, and by messenger; yet many seem to think that there are no lines up between earth and heaven. The in-space to many is a trackless desert. Whose your God? Is he deaf and pitiless? Is he throned stupidity? That is not our God. God is a Father, all tenderness and sympathy and love, never sending trouble of any kind to save to make us pure, and good, and elevated and Christian. His eyes are full of pity. His hands are full of help. Oh! drive up your flocks of cares and griefs to this fountain of rock, and let them drink. If you want anything ask for it, and you shall have it, or something better. In the direction of prayer is to be the chief victory. I believe the time will come when physicians will come to the patient, kneel down and pray to God for direction, and then rise and give the medicine that will make infallible cure. The time will come when drought appearing, multitudes will gather in prayer, and independent of all weather probabilities, and without any reference to which way the wind blows, the rain will descend in torrents. When Elijah prayed for rain, he did not look to see which way the wind blew. Open an account with God on this subject. I took a blank-book and put on the fly-leafs the things for which I would especially pray, leaving the opposite pages open for record of Divine answer. And they have been answered. Some of them not in the way I expected, but all answered. There is no such thing as a man talking to me about prayer being absurdity. I know of what I speak. Any man may know this if he will only test the issue. The trouble is, many of us are afraid of being laughed at for our credulity. Laying aside our cowardice and all our infidelity, let us lay out our God in an enthusiasm of supplication. Let them laugh who win.

A young man went off from his mother's house, went off to sea. She prayed for his return day after day, month after month, and year after year. After awhile he started home, and the ship was in the offing; but a sudden storm swooped, and that vessel was broken to pieces on the rocks, and it was supposed all the crew perished; but the night after, there was a knock at the door of that aged mother's house. Her long-absent son had returned. The first words he uttered on entering the homestead, were: "Mother, I thought you would pray me home." The grandest, mightiest and most stupendous agency in the universe is prayer. It is second to nothing but omnipotence, and their shoulders touch.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Chicago's Hopes have Risen Since the Appointment of Col. G. R. Davis, as Director-General of the World's Fair. The new Gen-

 ssoimo of the Exposition, of whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a short sketch last week, seems resolved that politics shall not be allowed to interfere with the Fair, and in this he is ably seconded by the chief assistant, Hon. James A. McKenzie of Kentucky, Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee. Portraits of

two gentlemen are given in this column. Col. s is Treasurer of Cook County, of which ago is the seat, while Mr. McKenzie's home is Kentucky, where he is a leading lawyer. The minary work of the Fair ing on rapidly. A broad evard is being construct- to unite Jackson and ington Parks, some n miles apart; a bill has drawn for the issuing ,000,000 in bonds by the of Chicago, and plans the buildings are to be mitted next month. eport will be made

Washington, and it is expected that the ident will then issue the usual invitations her nations to participate in the Exhibition. ter a Debate Lasting Forty-six Days, the ed States Senate passed the Amended ff Bill on September, 30th, the vote on the tion of the Conference Committee's re- standing, Yeas, 33; Nays, 27. Having pass- he House of Representatives on the pre- s Friday, it was signed by the presiding ers of both houses, and sent to the Presi- . On October 1st, President Harrison and Cabinet came to the Capitol, in a body to nine and sign all bills not previously taken ie Executive Mansion. The Tariff Bill was on the desk at 3 P. M., and the President e: "Approved, Oct. 1st, 1890, Benjamin rison." Secretary Blaine suggested that the be not blotted, but permitted to dry on the ature. The pen with which the bill was ed was presented to Congressman Mason, inois, who asked it for his little daughter. s was disposed of the most important sure of legislation during the present ad- istration. Both houses of Congress adjourn- n Oct. 1.

ie Ill-Starred ex-King Milan of Serbia and young son, King Alexander, narrowly ped assassination at Belgrade on the twenty- h of September. While they were out driv- some one in the crowd of spectators de- ately fired at them, but missed. Instantly e was a rush on the part of the officials, the royal carriage was surrounded, but the ld-be murderer escaped.

mpathy for the Female Sufferers in Ireland : practical shape in New York City last k when an appeal to the American people issued by a Committee of Relief, consisting ading statesmen, judges, clergymen, bank- and merchants. The committee has re- ed advices showing that owing to the failure ie crops and other causes, the destitution mething appalling among the peasantry in west of Ireland, and unless relief is speedily nded, thousands may die of starvation.

ne Biggest Atlantic Iceberg on Record is rted as having been passed by the British mer, *Bushmills*, from London while north- of Cape Race, en route to Philadelphia. It estimated at 300 miles in circumference and feet high. The *Bushmills* sighted the berg hours before coming abreast of it.

hile The Czar Elevates the Olive Branch one hand, with the other he waves the red rd of war. While acting as arbitrator of the stion at issue between France and Holland,

regarding their possessions in Guiana, he is at the same time massing troops on the Turkish frontier, in readiness to strike at his old foe on the first opportunity. He now has 72,000 troops on the Armenian frontier, and almost as many on the Austrian, Persian, and Ottoman borders, and the Turks are expecting an attack and hurriedly preparing to meet it. Russia has probably concluded that, just now, when the European Powers are engrossed with their own affairs, would be as good a time as any to force a war in which, unless it had strong allies, the Porte could not fail to be a sufferer.

Physically Feeble, But Still with an Unclouded intellect, George Bancroft, the eminent histori- an, rounded his ninetieth year on October 3rd. He was born with the century, and was the son of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Mass. His life has been as full of honors as of years. At 20, he had already distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and from 1823, when he published a small translation, entitled: "Politics of Ancient Greece," until five years ago, when the latest revised edition of his "History of the United States," appeared, his career, was one of unceasing literary activity. His greatest work, the "History," occupied forty years, from 1834 to 1874, the volume appearing at intervals of several years as the material accumulated. He wrote to a lady lately: "I was trained to look upon life as a season of labor. . . I am waiting, without impatience and without dread, the beginning of the end which will summon me to rest."

The Beautiful Duchesse D'Uzes, the Patroness of the adventurous Boulanger and the most enthusiastic of French Royalists, is expected to arrive in this country shortly. The Duchesse, whose portrait is given in this column, belongs to an illustrious French family named Mortemart. Her husband, the Duc D'Uzes, although an active Royalist, has never been prominent in



politics. A daughter is married to the Duc De Luynes, the bosom companion of the young Duke of Orleans, who was lately imprisoned and afterward exiled. One of the peculiar features of the Duchesse's generosity toward the Boulangerist cause is the fact that the wealthy Comte de Paris, who did not contribute, should have allowed her to sacrifice \$600,000 on a movement in which he had little or no confidence. However, as the Duchesse is still very rich, (having inherited an immense private fortune from an aunt), she will not miss the fortune she has squandered upon "le brav' general."

In All the Records of Dueling in France or elsewhere it would be difficult to find a man who has had more of these encounters to face in one month than M. Mermeix, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Mermeix is also a journalist and was lately intrusted with the task of destroying the Boulangerist faction by attacking it in the press. This he did in a way to bring upon his head an avalanche of challenges from the partisans of the Royalists, ten or fifteen having been served upon him within a few hours. Although a very large proportion of the politicians of Paris and many of the editors have fought duels at different times, M. Mermeix's experience is unique, eclipsing even that of Henri Rochefort. Unquestionably, lives will be sacrificed in this worthless quarrel before the end is reached. A portrait of Mermeix is given above.

An Illustration of Supreme Folly is Reported by cable from Dublin, where a man named James Dillon, for a wager, drank a bottle of wine in the lion's cage in a menagerie. The brute, luckily for the drinker, happened to be



in good humor, and the latter escaped with his life, much to the chagrin of the opposing bettor, who at least expected to see him maimed, if not torn piecemeal. Foolhardiness and true courage are two essentially different qualities, and a brave man is not apt to bet on his bravery.

A Conflagration Visited Sydney, New South Wales, on October 1st, and almost demolished the entire business part of the city. Banks, club-houses and warehouses were consumed, and the total loss will reach \$7,000,000.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. D. L. Moody has promised to hold services in Troy, N. Y., next month. They begin Nov. 9.

The Committee on Revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith held a meeting yesterday in Pittsburgh Pa.

The Republic of Brazil has suspended diplomatic relations with the Papal Court in Rome owing to the hostility of the Bishops to the reforms under the Republic.

It is now definitely stated that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given a million dollars to the Chicago Baptist University in addition to the \$600,000 which he previously contributed.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy yesterday, Dr. Charles F. Deems presiding, the Rev. Jesse W. Brooke, D.D., of Brooklyn read a paper on *Primitive Theism*.

Evelyn College, Princeton, has received large accessions this year to the number of its students. It is set apart exclusively for ladies.

Bishop Potter, of New York, may claim the title of a workingman. Last year he preached 214 times, besides consecrating churches, holding confirmations, and performing other episcopal duties.

A Congregational journal states that the growth of that denomination in the United States, is slightly above the growth of population. The latter is 27 per cent. And the former 28.7 per cent.

Rev. J. W. Scott D.D., the father-in-law of President Harrison, assisted on Sept. 28th in the celebration of the Communion service in the East Liberty Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. He is ninety-one years of age.

A conference for Bible Study will be held in the Centennial Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing Nov. 18th. This Conference has been organized by Baptist brethren, who believe and advocate the doctrine of the Premillennial Coming of the Lord. Further particulars will be published shortly.

The Annual Convention for the Promotion of Deeper Christian Life and Work, Testimonies of Divine Healing, and the Study of the Prophecies, commenced on Sunday last in the Gospel Tabernacle, Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York, Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor. It will continue until Monday next, Oct. 13.

Rev. Jacob Freshman had the pleasure on Sept. 28th, of baptizing a whole Jewish family. A week before, two other Hebrews were baptized. Mr. Freshman's work is being greatly blessed among the Jews of New York, and he could do much more if he had more money to extend the distribution of the Gospels in Hebrew and other Christian books. His address is 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$18.50. They were from: New York City, \$1; \$1; \$1; Brantford, Ont., \$1; A Friend, \$1; Dover, Pa., \$1; Newark, N. J., \$5; China, Me., \$4; W. Townsend, Vt., 50 cents. Many applications from colored ministers for the paper through this fund are still waiting. They will be supplied as soon as money is received for the purpose.

The *American Hebrew* says, that in 1840 there were only 8,000 Jews in Palestine. This number had increased in 1883 to 23,000. There are now estimated to be 75,000 Jews in the Holy Land. Notwithstanding this tremendous growth in the Jewish population, there has been a notable decrease in the amount of begging in foreign lands for the support of the Jews in Palestine. This is due to the fact that the bulk of the immigrants are able, and expect to support themselves by productive labor.

Rev. W. F. Re Qua has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Batavia, Illinois. During the past eight months the struggle to maintain the mission at McAlester has proved hopeless, many readers of this journal who formerly contributed to his support, having discontinued their remittances. Mr. Re Qua has lost none of his enthusiasm in the work, and hopes to make occasional preaching excursions from Batavia into the Indian Territory. The mission he established at Lone Wolf's camp is still flourishing under the charge of Mr. W. D. Lancaster. Any gifts of money or clothing will be welcome there. The clothing should be addressed to Mr. Lancaster, Lone Wolf's Camp, near Vernon, Wilbarger Co., Texas, which is the nearest freight depot. It should be prepaid, as it often happens that Mr. Lancaster has no money wherewith to pay freight charges. Letters and P. O. Orders should be sent to Mr. W. D. Lancaster, Lone Wolf Mission, Quartz P. O., Ind. Ter.

"AND WHY NOT ME?"

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Christ's Words Confirmed by His Works—A Notable Anonymous Hearer—I. He Came of Himself—Knew His Own Need—Was Given up as Hopeless—Had no Precedent to Encourage Him—No Invitation—II. He Came by Himself—Thought it Out by Himself—His Conclusion—Saw Where the Matter Hinged—Did Homage—III. Was Rewarded for Coming—By Sympathy—With a Touch—A Lady's Dream—The Lord Cured Him.

"Behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." Matthew 8: 2, 3.

MATTHEW has placed this miracle immediately after the sermon on the mount. In all probability some little time intervened, in which our Lord had preached at Capernaum, and had also healed the people in the street, as we read just now in the first chapter of Mark. It was not the object of Matthew to arrange his facts precisely in the order of time; he had another end in view. After the sermon on the mount, he gives us remarkable miracles, as if to teach us that our Lord's words were confirmed by His works.

The Afflicted Man.

When our Lord spake, His words were winged in such a way that they flew far afield. He was heard, not only by the nearer company of His disciples, and by a great multitude who gathered about Him, but His words were carried home by the people as they returned to their cottages among the hills, or to their dwellings by the sea. Among the rest, the words of the Lord Jesus came to a poor leper, who dwelt alone outside a city wall. We know little about him; even his name is not mentioned, but to him also the glad tidings of a Saviour came. He spent much of his time in solitude, or in begging; for he could not follow the pursuits of men, nor earn his bread like other men. The disease of despair was upon him, and none could help him in his trouble. He had heard of Jesus, and, perhaps, on the edge of the crowd had heard Him speak. He felt that there was something divine about the Preacher who spake as never man spake: this aroused hope within him: he came to Jesus, and was healed. What was his name, or his descent, or previous history, we do not know. He ranks among the notable anonymous of earth, whose names are written in heaven. No one among you knows where God's word will fly this day: it may be blessed to some outcast in the bush, who will read it, and find mercy of the Lord.

I. First, then—and this is the main point of this morning's discourse—

He Came of Himself.

Read in Scripture concerning the miracles of Christ, and you will be struck with the way in which many were led to Him. A friendly hand conducted the blind, or conducted the little children. Some were bodily brought to Christ. We read of a paralyzed man who was "borne of four," and they let him down by ropes through the ceiling to the place where Jesus stood. Others could not come or be brought, but the Lord went to them where they were, on their beds, or waiting at the pool. But here is a case of a man who came by himself, on his own account; and I want you to note this, because I am persuaded that we have around us those who have nobody to lead them to Christ, nobody to pray for them, nobody to persuade, exhort, or entreat them; but these may come through the direct operations of the Spirit upon their souls.

Note well that this man knew in himself that his case was a terrible one. I do not intend to describe the dreadful disease of leprosy; we have, on other occasions, viewed it as God's appointed picture of sin. It was a living death, a source of misery, a centre of defilement: and such is sin. The leper was dreaded in his every

approach to his fellows. He was looked upon as dead while he lived, and his case was viewed as beyond human help. Remember how the king of Israel cried out, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" If a leper did recover, it was regarded as a making alive, a resurrection from death. This man knew, even better than anybody else, in what a wretched and loathsome state he was. His disease was ever before him. Leprosy is awful to look upon; what must it be to feel? Leprosy is terrible in description; what must it be in actual endurance? Such was the mass of moving death of which we read, "Behold, there came a leper to Him." He was not kept back by the fact that he was hopelessly and loathsomely diseased.

The Self Abhorred.

Let us learn the lesson well. I earnestly pray that some poor guilty one, conscious of sin, horrified at himself, may now venture to come to Jesus. Though he feels the foul disease within him, and fears that it has come to its worst, yet he may be emboldened to approach to Him who can at once make him clean. If you feel yourself to be a mass of loathsomeness and corruption, or, worse still, hardened and insensible in conscience, yet come to Jesus for healing. Even though you are truly described in our hymn as "self-abhorred," yet come to Him, who will not abhor you. Come at once, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Let desperate cases come: let hopeless cases come.

No one could or would take him to Jesus. He was too foul to be touched, too far gone to be the subject of hope. Here and there we meet with persons who have so often disappointed their friends, that it is small wonder that they now keep them at a distance. Even an affectionate mother has said, "We have tried him many times, sir, but it is of no use. We cannot help him any more, for he has drained the family." The father almost prays to forget

The Prodigal,

and the elder brother wishes never to see him again. It is a hard case when it comes to that: but such hard cases there are. Now that no man careth for your soul, how earnestly do I wish that you would care for it yourself! Oh, that you would form the singular and saving resolve that you will go to the Lord Jesus on your own account, and so frustrate all the evil prophecies which have been uttered concerning you! Why will you perish? Poor soul! why will you die? If there be such a person now before me, I pray that he or she may now come to Jesus.

In this man's case there was no precedent to encourage him. I do not find that our Lord had healed a leper up to that time. I do not think there was a case of the sort. Many diseases he had dealt with; but the Blessed One had not yet encountered "a man full of leprosy." When there are plenty of precedents, there is a kind of paved way for us to travel; but this man had to make his own track. We can reason—"My father and my brother came to Jesus, and were saved; why should not I?" This man could use no such argument. O my hearer, if never such a sinner as you are has been saved, make bold to lead the way. Dare to approach the living Lord, who

Can Make You Clean;

and do not despair, though you may not have heard of another sinner of your sort that ever was forgiven. As to the most of you, my dear hearers, you and the leper must part company on this point. He had no precedents; but you have very many. You know that Christ has saved sinners all around you. Many of us now present can assure you that, "This Man receiveth sinners;" for He received us.

Furthermore, this man had no promise. I do not find that Jesus ever said, "Come unto me, ye lepers, and I will heal you." I do not know that any of His apostles had been sent forth to preach, saying, "Come to Jesus, all ye lepers, and He will cleanse you." There was no promise to that effect, save that our Lord Himself is a consolidated promise. The very fact of His

being here below is a mountain range of promises to our fallen race. Without any very promise, this man came, and said, "Lord, thou wilt, thou canst." My dear hearers, I cannot say to any of you that you may not come, Jesus because there is no promise for you. Forth from it. If there were no promise, I would exhort you to seek mercy as the Ninevites did when they said, "Who can tell?" But the

Promises are Plentiful as the Stars.

Again, this man had no invitation. Our Lord had not called him; He had never said, "Come ye lepers; come, and be healed." There was nobody to command or persuade him to come, nobody to cheer him in coming, much less any compel him to come in. Of himself, constrained by a divine impulse unknown to anybody else, this leper resolved to come, and found himself welcome, though he had not been expressly bidden. To you, my dear hearers, I cannot say that you have no invitation; for we are always crying to you, Come, ye weary and heavy laden. Come, for Jesus calls. "The Spirit and the Bride say, come. Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." The invitations of mercy are sent out on a broad sea, since we are bidden to "preach the Gospel to every creature." "Whosoever will, let him come. Yea, they of the hedges and the highways are being compelled to come in. If you are lost, it will not be for want of an invitation.

II. Secondly,

The Leper Came by Himself.

This is very unlike the case of the ten lepers who came to Jesus in a company, concerning whom He asked the question, "Where are the nine?" It is easy to go where ten are going, but harder to go alone. There are many things which people readily do in company with others; but they would not venture upon them as separate individuals. My hearer, there is only one of you; and when that one feels himself to be loathsome and vile, it seems a daring thing for him to come to Jesus by himself. Yet I trust you will so come.

Here I would enlarge by observing, first, that no doubt the leper thought out this matter for himself. Being often alone, he meditated upon what he had heard concerning this great Preacher, and he considered both His doctrine and His miracles, and drew his own conclusion. There is always hope for a man when he begins to think about the Lord Jesus; the worst of it is that so many hearers of the Gospel put this thinking out, and do none of it at home. This man thought over the matter calmly, candidly, and hopefully; and drew from it a solid, manifest, and practical conclusion with reference to himself. He did not rest in a general thought about all the world, but he found out a truth which concerned himself.

Having done so, he came to the conclusion that our Lord was omnipotent to heal. He well that he came to this conclusion with regard to himself. Is it, "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make lepers clean?" No, it was a more personal conclusion. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." That was

The Crucial Point.

Jesus could save him, even him. Long ago I believed that Christ could save my brothers and sisters—I never had a doubt about that. I never doubted our Lord's power to save anybody until I thought of myself, and then there seemed to be just one case where His omnipotence did not cover. I did not see how Jesus was to save me. Singular as it may seem when a man is under a sense of sin, he will not deny the omnipotent power of God's grace to all the rest of mankind; but secretly he will shut himself out from the range of mercy. Strange cruelty to the self he loves so well. He thinks himself to be just over the border, just beyond the reach of grace. This man was not so foolish.

Still thinking the subject over, he saw where the matter hinged. Everything depended on our Lord's will. Some say that the leper doubted the willingness of Christ: I greatly doubt this interpretation of his words. He simply

ed a great truth. If Jesus only willed it, the r could be made clean without His saying or g anything. The whole work depended on Lord's will that it should be done. His will the spring of the healing power. This in his lonely thoughts, had struck upon golden nugget of truth. He saw that his lay in the will of Christ; and where could e better? I am afraid that in this matter he lled some of you, for his own will was right gh; but I fear that, in the cases of some ou, your own will is not yet right with God. oes without saying that the leper's will was right condition, and hence he appeals to . Is Jesus willing? There was no fear as at matter.

ie leper came alone. I want any here who quite unused to religious influence, who no mother to put her arms around their and pray for them, no friends to explain things of God to them, nevertheless to e to Jesus. You need a Saviour; do you that you do? Though not accompanied by rs, yet come to Jesus. Come alone, and by self. Come at once to Christ, and cast self at His feet. The thoughtful individual ver is often one of the best of converts; ie is most to be relied on.

I close by saying that this man himself Was Rewarded for Coming.

ir Lord saw to it that he came not in vain. "soul! suffering as he was, and in dread of rible death, he no sooner began to come to at than our Lord rewarded him with His pathy. He looked at him with a different from what the leper had ever received re. When others glanced at the leper they by as quickly as they could; and if some e face to face with him they turned away their from the ghastly spectacle. Nobody pitied rs in those days, for they judged them to mitten of God. They were the objects of or among men because they were viewed objects of the wrath of the Most High. But n Jesus saw the afflicted man, we read in e that "He was moved with compassion." , my hearer, If you will come to Christ, that w He will meet you. If you sorrow, He ows for you. If you loathe sin, He loathes ore than you do; but He has pity for the er. He is moved with compassion over miserable state.

the man came, his lone coming was reled by our Lord touching him. Nobody would have touched this man. Peter, s, and John, and all the rest, would have n back their skirts, lest they should come contact with a leper. As for the crowd, he no difficulty in making his way, for they way before him, and he had a ready gangway himself. But now the Saviour touched him. e was something wonderfully cheering in touch. I have heard of a lady who cared poor crippled children. She found one n was so deformed, diseased, ill-humored, continually crying, that no one felt able to it. She was nursing the child, but the task no pleasure to her; for, do what she would, poor child seemed always to cry, and always t an unlovely part. The good woman pitied child, but could not love it. As she had poor creature in her lap,

She Dozed, And Dreamed
Jesus came and bowed over her, and told that as to her soul, she also was sick and loathe in His sight; but yet He loved her, and ld manifest Himself to her. When she e to herself, she looked at the poor, misen child, and again felt an aversion to it be e it was so wretchedly deformed, so disingly full of sores, and so passionate and ish. Under the power of the vision she beheld, all her feeling of disgust went from she felt great tenderness of her soul, she sed the little one to her bosom, and kissed poor, blotchy face. The child opened its with wonder, for it had never been kissed re; and by that kiss a new world was open o it. The little one became grateful, happy, nt, and was no longer a burden to those

who cared for it. How much may come of a little! Even thus our Lord's personal touch of us heals us.

As a reward to the man's faith, our Lord gave a cure; and, to increase the wonder, an immediate cure. "Immediately

His Leprosy was Cleansed."

How so great a change as this could be wrought we cannot tell. To dissect a miracle is absurd. Every part of the body had been long out of order. Certain secretions had been poisoned, and certain vessels destroyed; and yet that one command, "Be thou clean," restored the leper's ruined frame, there and then. He that created can restore. Can God turn a sinner into a saint in a moment? He can. The heart is hard as adamant, or as the lower millstone; can He make it soft? Yes, in a moment He can make it tender as bleeding flesh. Believeest thou this? If so, submit thyself to the divine energy, and ask that this be done unto thee. Only believe, without any sort of doubt, that Jesus is the incarnate God, and therefore has all power over human nature to pardon and to cleanse. If thou believest this, I say, test it by submitting thyself to Jesus, that He may be a Saviour to thee. He will say, "I will; be thou clean."

Jesus loves to see men in health. He takes no pleasure in disease and pain. It is a joy to Him to cleanse and to make whole the souls of men. As surely as the Lord liveth, if thou, poor lonely one, dost believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, thou art saved. Go in peace, and rejoice thyself for ever in the great salvation He hath given thee, and look to Him yet more and more all the days of thy life. I remember that on January the eighth, many years ago, I looked to Christ, and I am praying that this seventh day of September, I who looked may be the means of leading others to look to Him and live. Why not? Dear men and women out of Christ, why not look to Jesus now? My heart breaks for your immediate salvation. Spirit of the living God, draw them to Christ, and to His name be glory for ever and ever! Amen!

JOSIAH DEAN'S BAR.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.

(See Illustration on page 653.)

PART III.

KATE'S life at school grew attractive to her. She learned quickly and was ambitious to excel. Both teachers and scholars were fond of her. The only disagreeable thing she had to endure was the hearing so much about temperance. The village and seminary were deeply interested in the question, and Kate could not help but hear it discussed and talked over.

How angry it made her the first time she listened to one of the teachers giving an account of the liquor traffic, and the terrible amount of wretchedness caused thereby. Kate went up to the lady's-room at the close of her remarks, and said:

"Miss Arnold, you have deeply insulted me and maligned my own dear father's business."

"Ah, Kate, my dear girl! pray heaven that your father may be led to turn away from such an evil traffic. For I cannot retract a single thing I said. All those incidents of misery, as the result of the sale of spirituous liquors, are, alas! only too true, as are also hundreds of other cases."

"But, Miss Arnold, I think you are very unjust to lay all that misery at the door of the liquor seller. It belongs to the men who drink immoderately, and spend more than a reasonable amount for drink."

"Surely, Kate," returned Miss Arnold, sternly, "you are not too young to have learned that liquor is unlike most other articles of diet. When a man has partaken of a reasonable amount he has weakened his will power so that he is unable to resist the desire for more. And the desire is sure to come, for whisky creates

thirst instead of allaying it. Hence, the danger of the first glass and the sin of the liquor-seller. How many of that class of men, think you, watch the symptoms of their customers, lest they give them too much? No, indeed, the pocket-book is the only thing watched, and when that is empty, then the liquor-dealer feels compunctions about giving more. Be thankful you have no brothers to be tempted by this dangerous evil."

"But I have two," replied Kate.

"What! two brothers and so unmindful of the dangers they are subject to! Are they your own brothers or only half?"

"They are my own brothers, but if they are not able to resist temptation they are not worth much."

"What would have become of this world of sinners if our Saviour had held such views? He saw how impossible it was for man to resist temptation and instead of scorning or despising them on that account, He put forth every effort, even to the offering of His own precious body on the tree, that human weakness might feel that it had an Almighty Friend to go to when tempted. How can we do any less?"

Kate opposed every effort to change her views. She never attended any meeting when she thought she might hear the word temperance. And if by any chance she was in a gathering where the subject was brought up in an accidental way, she always showed her displeasure by leaving the place.

Thus the first year of her boarding-school life passed away and the time for her return to her home drew near. The two shorter vacations she had spent with friends, so that she had not seen her home for a year. How anxiously she looked forward to the meeting with father, mother and brothers again! Richard had made her several visits and she received weekly letters from her mother, but that was not like being in the midst of the old scenes.

At length the journey was over, the conveyance that brought her up from the depot stopped in front of the door, and her father came out to welcome her. He kissed her affectionately and said, "It seems a long time since we said good-bye to our dear daughter! And you have changed, too, for the better. How glad mother will be to see you!"

There was mother, standing in the doorway, looking very pale and thin. She did not seem at all well and the excitement of welcoming her daughter made her tremble.

"Dear daughter, welcome home," she said. "We have missed you so much. A year is a long time to have our only girl away from us. But it has done you good; you have grown stronger and more healthy I can see." And the good woman's face lit up with a happy expression, but this quickly disappeared when Kate asked:

"Where are Joe and Rob? Why are they not here to welcome me, too?"

"Oh, Kate, Kate! so much trouble and sorrow as those boys have caused!"

"Nothing more than the sowing of a few wild oats generally causes, is it, mother?" asked Kate putting her arm around the poor distressed lady. "You wrote me about their making themselves obnoxious to our neighbors, but I could not help but laugh over their pranks. Boys will be boys."

"You could not talk as lightly or think so little of their faults as that, Kate, if you had suffered all I have done on their account. I have begged and implored father to move off on to a farm, and give the boys some good healthy employment, but he would not listen to me."

"But, mother, tell me, I entreat you, what has become of the boys?" said Kate, instantly grave, as she saw the look of sadness grow deeper on the faces of both parents.

Mrs. Dean could control herself no longer, but covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud on her daughter's shoulder.

Mr. Dean had to explain.

"Mother takes it very hard. I tell her our



Rev. G. H. Somerset Gardner.



Bellinzona, Switzerland, the Scene of the Recent Revolutionary Outbreak. (See page 646.)

boys are no worse than lots of other people's. They will probably come out all right. I know the influence of the bar has been bad, but a man must make money some way. I shall give up hotel and all, as soon as you come out of school, and,"—

"But, father," interrupted Kate, "you have not told me what I want so much to know."

"Well, there is not so very much to tell. Joe and one of my customers were playing poker and they got to quarreling, and Joe thrashed the other fellow so that he got arrested, and the judge, on account of Joe's youth (you know he is only sixteen), was going to give him a light sentence—fifty or sixty dollars fine, I believe—when he changed his mind and made the sentence two years in the reform school. Joe and Rob vow vengeance on the person who influenced the judge to change his mind. They feel the disgrace and the separation very much. They asked me if I knew anything about it and I said no. Which is the solemn truth."

"That is very humiliating," replied Kate, "How mortified I should be to have any one at school know I had a brother at a reformatory!"

HERBERT'S AMBITION.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Oct. 19. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. 2 : 5.

"HERBERT is coming home," said a boy, entering a room in which five boys and two girls were sitting, one evening, at work on their lessons for the next day's school. They were his brothers and sisters, and the Herbert referred to was a half-brother, the son of their father by his first marriage. He was at college and had just passed with high honors.

"Sorry to hear that," said Charles, a boy of some fourteen years. "He'll want to boss us, and domineer over us. It will be as bad as being in school all the time."

"Yes," said Robert, his junior by two years. "That was how it was when he was home last vacation. He professed to think that I was not well up in algebra, and he was always drilling me in that and making me do more than I need. He told father I did not work hard enough. I hope he will not stay at home long."

"I think he's real mean," put in Clara, Robert's twin sister, "he got me into trouble when he was at home last. I was reading a story book and he took it from me when I was half through. He takes too much upon himself."

"Well, he'll be worse now, you may depend," said Edward, the eldest boy, who had brought the news. "And he'll dine with father when there is company and take on superior airs. He was mighty conceited before; I don't know

what he'll be now he has got on so well at college. But he won't boss me! I shall take an early opportunity of notifying him of that. Come, girls, aren't your lessons done? How slow you are. I could have done them in half this time."

"I like that," Clara whispered to her sister. "Fancy Edward objecting to bossing, when he is always trying to boss us himself."

It was not a very happy family. Herbert was not likely to receive a very warm welcome when he came back to it. He could scarcely expect to do so, as a result of his former sojourns at home. The children's complaints of him were not causeless. His assumption of superiority had been very hard to bear. But a change had occurred in him since they saw him last, of which they knew nothing. Its influence may be realized by a conversation between his two sisters, which they had a few weeks later.

"Is not Herbert just lovely?" Clara said. "The lessons do not seem half so hard now; he makes them so interesting. I wish he was going to be at home always."

"Yes, and he is so kind, too; he does not get impatient with us when we don't understand. And how much nicer papa has been since Herbert came home. Herbert does a lot of his work for him, and papa is not half so worried and cross as he used to be. Oh! Herbert is good. I wonder what he is going to be. Will he be a lawyer or a clergyman, or what?"

"I don't know," said Clara, "but whatever it is, he will be a great man."

"Who is that, who is going to be a great man?" asked a voice behind the two girls who, looking around, saw Herbert and Edward, who entered the room in time to hear the last words.

"Why, you, Herbert. We were saying how good and how clever you were, and we thought you would be something great."

"That's my opinion, too," said Edward. "You have won the whole household, Herbert. We dreaded your coming home, but now we all love you, and hope you will be here always. I hope you will be a great man, and shed lustre on the family name."

"I don't know about being great," Herbert answered, "I'd rather be called useful, I think. It is a better ambition, though I did not always think so. The greatest man is he who can serve all. If other people are better and happier, and less burdened by what he can do, he may let greatness take care of itself. That may come, too, but usefulness is the thing to aim at. The greatest statesman, the greatest preacher, the greatest philanthropist is he who most wisely helps his fellow-men. Even a boy can

have some of that greatness, if he will let other boys to be better and happier. There is no greatness like that which comes by service. That was Christ's opinion, and He was a wonderful example of it. If you want to be really great let the same mind be in you that was in Christ."

REV. G. H. SOMERSET GARDNER.

(See Portrait.)

A MOST remarkable and, to some extent, romantic life has been that of the devoted preacher whose portrait is here given, and who is now on a visit to this country.

Somerset Gardner was born at Cheltenham, England, in 1851. His parents belonged to aristocratic families and in his youth had all the educational advantages which wealth and influence could give. During his boyhood he was associated with young people utterly worldly and godless, and he joined with them their visits to the theatre and questionable places, often without his father's knowledge. His mind, however, had from the first, a tendency to religious thought, and while still in youth he became seriously concerned about the state of his soul. His parents attended an extreme Ritualistic Church, and two of his mother's sisters had been received into the Church of Rome. During one of his boyhood visits to his mother's former home, these aunt and uncle took him to the Roman Catholic services; he was attracted by the imposing ceremonies and the gorgeous ritual. The impression that this was the true religious life remained with him, and, on his return he sought out the Benedictine order and was delighted when he was accepted and employed as chorister. Then, dressed in a scarlet cassock and white surplice and bearing a banner of the virgin, he served in the service while the acolytes, bearing candles, the thurifer swinging a censer, and the priest bearing a crucifix, entered the chancel.

For some time the assurances of his spiritual advisers satisfied the boy that he was regenerated by baptism and had received strength for his confirmation to lead a godly life. He confessed regularly, and underwent many penances to atone for such sins as his conscience reproached him with. At one time he was ordered to kneel for some hours on hard pavement while he said certain prayers; at another time he was to pray prostrate on his face while supping on his back a heavy table to remind him of the burden which the Saviour bore for the world. Many other penances, some painful and some simply ridiculous, he submitted to with a murmur, in the hope that so his sins might be forgiven. He was providentially awakened

to a sense of the futility of all such means of grace. A friend induced him to go to a small Methodist Chapel in which John Wesley had often preached, to hear a Methodist preacher. Young Gardner went very reluctantly, but before that service was over he was an awakened sinner pleading earnestly for forgiveness through Christ alone. He did not find peace that night nor for many weeks afterwards. He read Evangelical books, went to Gospel services and, to the vexation of his family, went no more to the Benedictine Church. After a long period of spiritual conflict he heard the saintly George Muller of Bristol, and under his preaching was led to the Saviour.

The young convert, full of the enthusiasm which comes to all who, after a long struggle in darkness, enter into light, was eager to point others to the same source of joy and blessing.

To his deep grief and disappointment, he was checked at the outset. His father threw his New Testament into the fire; his mother plainly told him that if he continued his evangelistic efforts he could not have a home with the family, and his eldest brother abused and struck him. Holding, as they did, that observance of the Sacraments of the Church was sufficient for salvation, they resented the statement of the young man that except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God. "It caused disturbance and upset the house," they said. He went to his room and prayed. The course of duty was made plain to him and on June 11, 1870, he quitted his father's house. He had not a penny in his pocket, but he believed that God, who had called him forth, would provide for him.

The young man not knowing where to go, hired an unfurnished garret-room, and borrowed a couple of sacks on which to sleep. The friend who had urged him to go to hear George Muller, however, finding out how he was living, invited him to his house and placed a room at his disposal. For this he was devoutly thankful and at once he sought opportunities to work for Christ. He went out literally into the highways of the surrounding villages, speaking to men at their work, to women in their homes, to the children in the streets, telling all of the good news of God's love in Jesus. He also went to mission chapels and other places where he told the story of his conversion and described the joy that filled his heart. Personal testimony is the most powerful of all the means God uses for the conversion of sinners; and so it proved in Mr. Gardner's case. Crowds came to hear him and many souls were won for Christ.

The news of this work spread, and Mr. Gardner was invited to preach at Marshfield. The service was held in a small school-room, but the attendance was so large that the large Methodist chapel was offered for the meetings, and that was filled to overflowing. At Gainsborough in Yorkshire, and other towns, there was the same result. Whole families were converted, and many desperate characters were won for Christ. Mr. Charrington, whose portrait appeared in this journal recently, with an account of the wonderful work he is doing, in the East of London, heard of Mr. Gardner's preaching, and invited him to London. There a great work was done, especially among Roman Catholics and infidels. Since that time Mr. Gardner has been laboring with much success in various parts of Great



Kate Dean's Return from School.

Britain, chiefly in Methodist churches, returning at intervals, at Mr. Charrington's urgent request, to East London to work there. His continuous labors at length rendered change of air and scene necessary to his physical system, and he decided to come to America. He is now thoroughly recuperated, and is hoping to have an opportunity before his return, of doing some work for Christ in this country.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Author of "Nestleton Magna," "Simon Holmes, the Carpenter," "Will it Lift?" etc., etc.

RICHARD'S father was both grieved and disappointed; but he refused to believe that the separation was final, trusting that after time and change had done their alleviating work, Richard would again return to the land and home of his fathers. Rupert was left in undivided possession of the farm, the father placing the rest of his fortune in safe keeping for his self-exiled son, whose light and life, so far as home and country were concerned, seemed to have so utterly died out into the dark.

Rupert, I think, was altogether too selfish and too intoxicated with success to understand or mourn over his unbrotherly deed. Anice did feel compunction, and lived long enough, poor soul; to prove how thorny is the path of wrongdoing, however, attractive its portals, and however its sloping borders may be decked with flowers. It was not very long after her ill-starred marriage before she repented her conduct with strong crying and tears. Her husband's fancy for his beautiful wife was very short-lived, and he had not the manliness even to hide his sense of weariness, or to treat her with the consideration that might in some sense at least have compensated for the harm he had wrought her.

Then followed bickerings, reproaches, recriminations. These ripened into quarrels of a fierce kind; and all the while Rupert Mansford descended lower down the evil slope, which he had trodden long and far, though all unknown to Anice, whom he had sworn at the altar to love and cherish all her life. When old Mr. Mansford died, it seemed as if the last frail tie that bound his son to decency of conduct was snapped

asunder. He rapidly developed into a confirmed drunkard and a scamp; or rather the evil passions of his nature, held awhile in check by circumstances, were again let loose to work their destructive will.

The race-course and the gambling den; the resorts of fast life saw more and more of Rupert Mansford after his father's death: the farm saw less and less of him. His wife was all but utterly deserted, and he gave himself over to the service of sin and the devil without restraint. Debts accumulated, and resources diminished. His circumstances became fearfully embarrassed, and it was patent to all observers that ruin, utter ruin, was coming upon him as an armed man. In vain his hapless wife made effort to stem the destructive tide. Lower and lower he sank, dragging Anice along with him down into the abyss of want and misery. At last he forsook her and went, no-

body knew where, and certainly nobody cared, leaving the worn and weary Anice, and her hapless little darling Nora, to face the world alone.

This last heartless deed, however, was the best thing he could have done for the well-being of those whom he ought to have loved and cherished. Being free from the dead weight, and what was worse, the pain and worry of his unmanly presence, Anice bravely set to work to obtain a livelihood for herself and her sprightly and beautiful child. There is good reason to believe that Abram Hardale and his wife rendered her substantial help. After Mrs. Hardale's death, Anice hoped that she might be asked to reside with her brother-in-law; but for some reason or other—probably his strong objection to "petticoats"—Abram was silent on the subject and made no sign.

Anice Mansford had hard work to keep her head above water, and, but for her winsome little Nora, would have speedily given up the struggle and sunk beneath the waves. She was very clever at working in lace: it was her chief amusement in her happier days. She was skilful, too, with brush and pencil; and although this sort of labor was then, as now, ill-paid for, it enabled her, at any rate, to keep the wolf from the door; but full often its growl was fearful in her ears, and its near presence robbed her of her sleep.

She did not receive any aid from Abram Hardale. I suppose the cynical carpenter had written something sharp and painful, possibly more painful than he knew; at any rate, she felt hurt, and for the future bore her own burden—a burden lightened only by the sweet prattle and growing sweetness of her child.

No, not lightened only by this, for adversity had done for her what it has often done for others, and what but for its "sweet uses" might never have been done at all. It had driven her to seek help and comfort, strength and refuge in her God. We are sadly apt to forget Him who is the bountiful giver of our mercies, and the Redeemer of our souls, so long as comforts continue, health abides, or prosperity endures. Lest our neglect of Him should lead to ruinous results, He chastises us with His rod, rouses us by His judgments, and by the storms and frosts of winter softens the soil, which too much summer sun has hardened into unfruitful stone.

Anice Mansford's trials, so heavy, so long continued, had led her to pray with the simple trust and fervor which marked her devotions, when she uttered her petitions by her godly mother's

side. Prayer brought God near her as a Saviour for she felt her sin and sorrowed for it; as a Father, for she felt her orphanhood and longed to be His child; a Comforter, for her sore, sad heart, needed balm; and in answer to her prayer, she felt and fully realized that He was pledged to "supply all her need."

It was a life-long blessing to the little dark-eyed damsel who called her mother, that this change had come to her; for henceforward to the day she died, it was her chief anxiety, her almost single care to instil true religious principles into her daughter's mind. Her lessons were made potent by example, and powerful by her prayers. Nora's future career I have to follow through these pages. It is a course marked by strange vicissitudes and experiences, but I think the reader will find that the prayers and the efforts of the poor, pale-faced and weary-hearted mother were not without an answer, but that she exercised an influence which did control, assist, endure.

Only once, and that after long years, did Anice hear again of her worthless husband. In a weekly newspaper which happened to fall in her way, she read of the wreck of a convict ship, and her husband's name as amongst those who were drowned. It was a sufficiently uncommon name to leave little room for the thought that possibly another Rupert Mansford was there referred to. Further inquiry on her part made it clear that he had been convicted of some serious crime, and had been sentenced to a long term of transportation beyond the sea. She felt again the bitterness of sorrow and of shame at the thought of his sad, sad end; and turning again with renewed resolve to the training of her darling, breathed many a prayer to heaven that the sins of the parents might not be visited on the guileless girl.

At length Anice Mansford was overtaken by serious illness. Worn and weak, she could not rally from the strong attack. Nora, who for the last few years had been able to help her mother in the struggle for bread, was a devoted and tender nurse. To her, her mother, whatever may have been her early faults, had been a mother indeed. As she saw the light dying out from her dear eyes, and heard her voice gradually dying into the final whisper which was to be hushed by death, her young heart surged with grief, and she longed that her fair young head might be laid with her mother in the restful grave. Then at last the weary wheels of life stood still. Anice Mansford found her long home in the suburban cemetery of a northern city; and Nora, the dark-eyed, dark-haired gypsy-looking orphan was left alone, alone with poverty in her perilous duty, alone, except that her mother's prayers, and faith, her orphanhood, and her own trust in the Divine Fatherhood had made her specially the ward of heaven. For some time she remained in the place where she was. Her skilful fingers were deft as her mother's among the lace, her hand more clever than her mother's with the pencil, and she earned enough at any rate to supply her table with frugal fare, and to clothe her dainty form in the deep, but plain, uncostly mourning which she wore for her dead mother; dead, but living, not in heaven only but in her orphan daughter's heart.

But she was alone! Oh, awful, desolate, word, whose mournful melancholy meaning cannot be read by any who are within whisper-reach or love-glance of one human being! She was alone, and her heart yearned for sympathy; for the voice of friendship;—to be linked somehow with somebody in this cold and heartless world. So she wrote, putting her heart into her pleadings, to her uncle Abram Hardale. Strange to say, there came back a letter, kind, and having indeed quite a tender strain. It contained a request, nay rather a command to Nora to make her way to Settleworth and her uncle's home without delay. So it was that the omnibus brought her to her uncle's door. So it was that she put the question, "Well, uncle, what are you going to do with me?" So it was that George Appleton, seeing her, and remem-

bering the conversation between his master and himself, said, "And so do I."

Having now succeeded in locating my heroine amid Settleworth surroundings, it is only fitting that I should give my readers some faint glimpse of the locality. I am inclined to think that prolonged topographical descriptions in a story of this kind are only "good to skip." And yet if I failed to mention the grand old abbey church, reared by pious hands in days gone by; and in which the richly colored windows are as fresh and fair as if Old Time had never brushed them with his wings, the good folks of Settleworth might feel the slight. The market cross, too, with its elaborate carvings and cabalistic characters being "exceeding rare and old" ought to have special reference, particularly in these days when so many ancient things and places are remorselessly swept away; swept away by the verdict of a stern code of utility, drawn up by modern Philistines, who take for their unworthy models, the Goths and Vandals of a by-gone day. I fancy if these crusaders should make their appearance in the narrow streets and among the queer and quaint old houses of Settleworth, a general uprising of the people would take place, compelling a total and a quick retreat.

Settleworth is not only the name of the old town itself, but also of the fertile valley in which it lies. Through it a broad and rapid stream makes pleasant music, as it ripples and eddies, bickers and chafes on its onward course to the sluggish river which pours its waters into the German Ocean. The hills on either side are high, but their long and fertile slopes are cultivated without difficulty, and for trim farmsteads, productive farms and luxurious crops, Settleworth more than holds its own with all the shire.

In a small and comfortable cottage on the outskirts of Settleworth, and having a pleasant view of the valley and the stream, lived Mrs. Appleton, the mother of Abram Hardale's favorite workman, George. Although the old lady was well stricken in years, she was hale and hearty, comely withal, and thoroughly well able to occupy the post of house-keeper to her son whom she regarded, proud woman, as a man almost if not altogether without a peer.

She was a tall and rather stately-looking woman, and both as to manners and appearance would have been quite equal to a much higher position in society than that lowly one in which it was her lot to move. She was the daughter of an extensive farmer, in those days when farming meant profits, and big ones, too. She would "marry for love," despite the wishes of her people, and so "married beneath her." That, I think, is the usual way of putting it when plenty marries poverty, even though poverty is rich in something of vastly greater worth than money. When will this silly standard of "height" be kicked down by the sturdy foot of common sense? Her education and training had left enduring marks, and as she busied herself with household duties, or took her place in the abbey church, where she was a reverent and constant worshipper, or chatted in the fire-light with her son after his daily toil, it was easy enough to see that the verdict of her neighbors was quite true, and that Mrs. Appleton was "something better than common."

As for the cottage in which they dwelt, the reader will be able, after what I have said, to sketch it for himself. Suffice it to say, that besides being always clean and neat, always showing unmistakable signs of thrift and pains, there were present everywhere, in the pictures on the walls, in the few well-selected books upon the shelves, in the little ornaments and finishes which everywhere met the eye, the tokens of taste, the signs of education, evidences which amounted to proof positive that the cottage-home was something out of the common, too.

The advent of the dark-eyed daughter of Anice Mansford seemed fated to exercise a disturbing influence on several of the residents in Settleworth, amongst the rest, on Mrs. Appleton. She seemed to find something omin-

ous in the appearance above her horizon her son's, of this bright peculiar star.

On the evening of that day when the fair winsome orphan took up her abode in the home of Abram Hardale, George Appleton, some later than his custom was, entered the bright and cheery cottage in which he and his mother had lived together in unbroken peace and comfort for many years. George's quick ear caught as he thought, a something just a little unusual in his mother's words of welcome; but, whether it was himself who was in an unfavourable mood, or whether she had heard of the coming, he could not tell. News flies far and rural regions, and no doubt all Settleworth were aware by that time that Old Crusty, for a while, had a guest, a guest in petticoats, and a guest wonder perhaps of all, a relation of his.

"Now then, mother," said George, in a merry mood, "Now, then, for a good wash, then a good cup of tea."

"It's quite ready, my lad," said his mother, referring doubtless to the tea which 'drawing' on the hob, while the kettle was quietly steaming on the other side, as if for the purpose of announcing that it was ready, to

"Thank you, mother mine," said George. "It generally is; all things are. Waiting meals isn't one of my experiences, is it? about a wife! It would be a long time before I could find one that could fill your shoes; or the matter of that could fill my heart as you do." Hereupon, honest, hearty George, printed kisses on his mother's cheeks,

Was there ever such a little cloud, a fit shadow on the widow's face as she repeated, "A wife, laddie, why who's been talking about one, I wonder;" and then, with a little laugh she continued, "has somebody caught you eye at last, George?"

"Nay, nay," said her son with a short laugh, "there's no danger of that just yet. You need not fear that I shall be running off with somebody or what would perhaps be even less likely, somebody will be running off with me. I'm good deal too well off as I am to trouble myself on that subject."

"Well, laddie," said his mother, "I'm sorry to hear it. Not that I don't want you to marry when Miss Allright comes;—I'm not sure of this—but you ought to be somewhat better than a journeyman carpenter before you take any more mouths to feed."

"Miss Allright, eh?" laughed George. "Abram Hardale thinks that Miss Dearlove will settle the business for me when she puts in her appearance; though he has a notion there's too much of the 'padlock' business about it to be safe."

"Then it's Abram that's been talking to you about a wife, is it?" said the widow, with a curiosity in her tone. "I shouldn't have thought that he was likely to give advice of that sort all reports are true."

"Which they aren't, mother, nor half of them, nor the half of each of them as you well know. Nevertheless, I think the old man fancies he can suit me now; and what is more to purpose, perhaps, from your point of view need not in that case continue to be a journeyman." Here George laughed gleefully, though there sounded, according to his mother's thinking, a slight constraint, not usual in the tone of his familiar and well-read voice. Again a wistful look came over her face, as she glanced at the son of whom she was so proud; and a look of indefinite foreboding influenced both her features as she said lightly and half carelessly:—

"Oh, indeed! That's where the wind blows from, is it? And who may she be, I wonder. Tell me, my son. Abram Hardale's judgment is a bit queer, I should think, on such subjects."

Dear old lady! She had been so long the undisputed monarch of her boy's heart and home, and had found her royal prerogatives so precious that she could not refrain from concluding the question lightly put, with a sigh that was not any means so light.

(To be Continued.)

SPEAKS TO HIS SERVANTS.
W. H. M. H. AITKEN relates the incident: "I was called to the aid of a dear servant of God, who has by near the portals of the other one who has often stood upon the at this Conference (Mildmay)—and would be familiar to many of us joined it. Almost the first thing he me when I entered the room was by dear brother, I want to ask you on. Do you know much of God to you? I have no doubt you great deal of your speaking to God; you know anything of God's speak- you?" A few months ago, at a mis- as conducting at Salisbury, a ser- God who was helping there, and believe to be a very sincere and man, was walking with me in the id all at once putting his arms in said, 'My dear brother, I want to a question. Do you know very your own personal experience of speaking to you?' The same in- coming from two servants of God ferent circumstances—the one en- active life, and the other lying on of sickness—made a deep impres- my mind, the more so because I very much engaged on the sub- re." Reader, what answer could to such a question?

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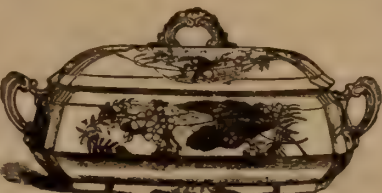
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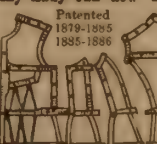
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Even as a skein when unravelled
Still holds the hidden end,
So Love's mysterious windings
Around our chastenings blend.

That cord can ne'er be broken,
'Tis held by God alone;
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He Knows, He keeps His own.

And when the Father chastens,
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Love is the binding cord,
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—Selected.

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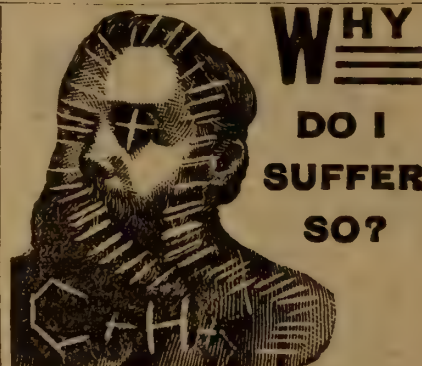
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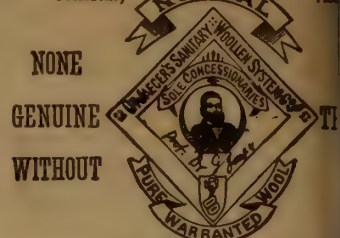
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD SERVICES AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DR. TALMAGE ADDRESSING THE OVERFLOW MEETING.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

DR. TALMAGE'S THIRD SERMON ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

A City of Imperishable Memories—A Panorama from the House-top—Localities of Divine Associations—The Site of the Crucifixion—The Wonderful Grotto—A Relic for the Tabernacle—A Visit to the Reputed Site of the Sepulchre—Building Through Ashes—The Corner-stone of Solomon's Temple—Haggai's Signet Ring—The Mosque of Omar—The Jews at Their Wailing Place—A Mental Picture of the Ancient City—A Series of Sieges—The City of Jerusalem Restored.

[This sermon was preached in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Sunday morning, Oct. 12, 1890. It was repeated in the evening before an audience of six thousand persons in the Academy of Music, New York, which as on the two previous Sunday evenings THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had secured for Dr. Talmage.]

"If I forget thee O Jerusalem, Let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm 137: 5.

PARALYSIS of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked, if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul cry out,



THE JAFFA GATE OF JERUSALEM.

whether he be sitting by the Euphrates or the Hudson or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all others

for its topography, for its history, for its significance, for its style of population, for its water-works, for its ruins, for its towers, for its domes, for its ramparts, for its literature, for its tragedies, for its memorable birth-places, for its sepulchres, for its conflagrations and famines, for its victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered, I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it, is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Beside that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age and imposed upon, by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as

Calvary, all recent travellers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said:

"First of all, show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else, we must see that and see it this morning."

Some of us in carriage and some on mule-back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and grey.

Coming forth from those pictured subterranean passages, we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up, we see cracks and crevices in the rocks which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice, that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the Law and the Gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive, and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together; this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the Law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

On a Bluff of Calvary.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the penitent miscreant, and here between, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led Him away, and He bearing His cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this



THE GROTTA OF JEREMIAH.

cup pass from me." What sighs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what oceans of agony in those utterances!

While we sat there, the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides, the foot of the hill, a mob raged. They gnashed their teeth, and shake their clenched fists. Here the cavalry horses champ bits, and paw the earth and snort at the sight of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coin of the dying Saviour. There are women all dead with grief among the crowd, His mother and His aunt, and some whose sorrows He comforted, and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, by a stick lifts it to the hot, and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has its work.

The Heavens Veiled.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomical record or we ourselves have seen. *It was the bereavement of the heavens!* Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! Until the inscription on the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon his breast, and He sighed with His last sigh, words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there, a silence took possession of us and we thought: this is the centre of the world which continents have been touched, and the world shall yet be moved. Toward the hill, the prophets pointed forward. Toward the hill, the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all his all time, all eternity, and with this scene, powers have covered the mightiest canvas, sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and he built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of the scene, we moved on, and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb



THE CHURCH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

Christ. You look at the Book say the midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the den, and this sepulchre, shattered and in ruins. At four steps we went into a chamber which seems a family tomb. There is room for about twenty bodies. We entered it, and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide, and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was about four feet long. I think that there once lay the body wrapped in His last slumber. On some of the rocks, the Roman government set its seal on the gate of this mausoleum on the first day of the morning, the angels rolled the stone, turning it down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from the heights, He looked off upon the city that He had cast Him out, and upon the world He had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which He would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had laid. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, 31st chapter and 40th verse, it is said that Jerusalem should be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking? Were those ashes just

prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has recently discovered. Jerusalem is built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes left from the sacrifices of the ancient temples of the wood and ashes of bones of men. There are great mounds of ashes, the result of centuries of sacrifices. It has been found that these thousands of years of discovery in the temple meant when he said, "Behold, the city shall come saith the Lord that the city is built to the Lord from the tower of the wall unto the gate of the corner, and the valley of the dead bodies and of the living." The people of Jerusalem are at this time fulfilling that prophecy. One hand that has been at work which they are building to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! The place where the corner-stone of the temple was laid three thousand years ago.

The people of Jerusalem are at this time fulfilling that prophecy. One hand that has been at work which they are building to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! The place where the corner-stone of the temple was laid three thousand years ago.

Explorers have been Digging, they found that corner-stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet and three feet eight inches high, and is fully cut and shaped, and near it was an altar that was supposed to have contained oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. Yonder from a distance of forty feet, a signet ring has been found up inscribed with the words "Haggai, prophet of Shebaniah," showing it belonged to the prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee a signet." I walk further on far under the city, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and the places worn in the stone pillars by the feet of some of his twelve thousand soldiers.

Further on, look at the pillars on Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and they built the mountain out on pillars, and the height of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

As we enter the Mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the entrance by officials.

They bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further. They adjust our feet on the sacred slippers. A man sitting to go in at the entrance, these slippers would be dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted to our feet as we could, we are led to where there is a rock with an opening in it through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice of the ancient temple rolled down and away.

At the expense the Mosque has been built, but the more is the place I am glad to get through to take off the cumbrous slippers, and step into the clear air.

Under is a curve of stone which is part of a wall which once reached from Mount Moriah unto Zion, and over it David walked or rode on mules in the temple. Here is the wailing-place of the Jews where for centuries almost continually during the day-time, whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their heads against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of the patriarchs with tears rolling down their cheeks, lips trembling with emotion, a book of the law open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their fathers and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most touching scene! And such a prayer as that, after a century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that

they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

"For the temple that lies desolate;
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the palace that is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our great men that lie dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn."

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; it may



THE WAILING-PLACE.

not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the house-top where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the house-top, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

The Earth's Metropolis.

As I stood there on the house-top in the midst of the city, I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos, and ten gate-ways, and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry bevelled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and

higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle,

The Frozen Prayer of All Ages!

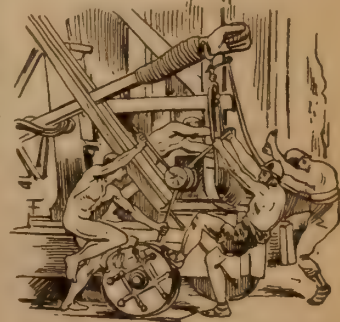
From this house-top on the December afternoon we look out in another direction and I see the king's palace covering a hundred and sixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hall-ways wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! city of God? Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol surely it never could have been captured.

But while standing there on the house-top that December afternoon, I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fall. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital and, coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops, he captures it. Look, here comes

Another Siege of Jerusalem!

Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign, Phoenician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem: and Pompey with the battering-rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war-eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballistæ arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror wants to save that unharmed; but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the



WORKING THE BATTERING-RAM.

city at the time and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

But looking from this housetop, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England, and France, and all Christendom, wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest, and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, Cœur-de-Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, and plagues, and battle charges, and sufferings, as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and Raymond, and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering-rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bare-headed and bare-footed to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulchre, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit. A crusade

that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel Peace! And the Cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the Mosque of Omar shall give place to a Church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter

When Our Work is Done,

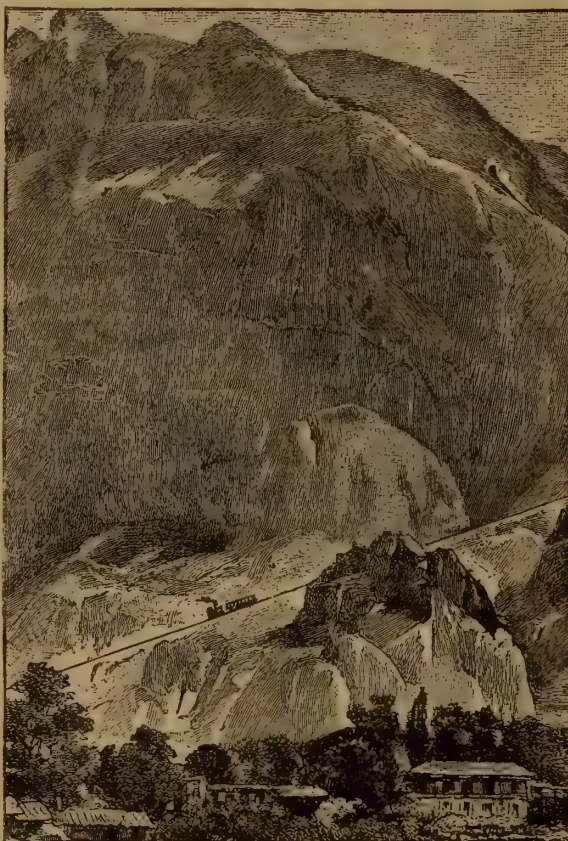
and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them, dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow-pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold

my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content, I have seen it! I have seen it." Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the Temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in His beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

A SWISS MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most picturesque lines of railroad in the world is that over Monte Generoso, a section of which is represent-



The Railroad Up Monte Generoso.

ed in the accompanying illustration. Monte Generoso is a spur of the Alps lying between Lake Lugano and Lake Como in Switzerland. Its summit is over five thousand feet above the level of the sea. It overlooks pretty little villages of the Italian character and the visitor is impressed on the one hand with the grandeur of Alpine scenery and on the other with the beauties of an Italian agricultural landscape.

The railroad which has just been opened starts from the quaint little village of Capolago at the southern end of Lake Lugano and rises by a steep gradient for two miles. The cog-wheel system is used for the ascent. At the end of that section the way is barred by a perpendicular precipice which has been pierced by a tunnel, at the end of which is the first station. The train passes through two more tunnels on its way to the middle station, called Bellavesta, which is on a natural terrace. From that point the ascent is exceedingly steep and the traveller has need of all his faith in the security of the cog-wheel arrangement to keep himself from panic. At the terminus, which is about half a mile from the summit of the mountain, the view is enchanting. It takes in a wide range of Italy, Switzerland and the Tyrol—a scene of beauty, unrivalled in all Europe.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS WAVE

STIRRING SCENES AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC DURING THE SERVICES BY DR. TALMAGE

Tens of Thousands Clamoring Vainly for Admission—Irving Place and Fourteenth Street Blocked—Talmage Speaks Outdoors—Singing Heard as far as Union Square—The Christian Herald Negotiating for Union Square Garden for the Remainder of the Season

(See Illustration on the first page.)

NOT in many years has New York witnessed a tidal wave of religious interest the dimensions of that which has been stirred up by Dr. Talmage's Sunday Evening Services, at the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street. People have flocked in vast multitudes to listen to the recital of the preacher's journeyings in the Holy Land, and to his descriptions, with the eloquence that came from his personal knowledge of the localities in the story of the grandest scenes and events of the world's history. It was to afford New Yorkers an opportunity to hear these Palestinian sermons that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few days ago, leased the Academy of Music, intending to continue the services there until the completion of Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn.

Seldom indeed has such a crowd been gathered as that which filled Fourteenth Street and Irving Place on the evening of the first of the services—September 28. A few minutes past six o'clock, the great building, which has a seating capacity of 5,400, was densely packed; there was not even standing room. Over a thousand persons had been crowded in, and there remained fully 15,000 outside, clamoring in vain for entrance.

Irving Place was a Sea of Heads, and so was Fourteenth Street, and the parade as far as Broadway was lined with people constantly passing down to the Academy to swell the outside throng. On that occasion there were fully 20,000 unable to obtain admittance. The New York Times stated that the throng extended from Third to Sixth avenue a distance of half a mile. The singing of hymns could be readily heard as far as Union Square.

On the last Sunday evening Dr. Talmage again faced a phenomenal audience at the New York Academy. Notwithstanding that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had adopted all necessary precautions against over-crowding, the building was packed almost to suffocation, and an even larger crush than on the preceding occasion. But if the interior was crowded, the scene on Irving Place was certainly still more striking. Beneath the bright gleams of electric light were assembled not less than 12,000 people, a solid, compact, good-natured mass, who had come resolved to both see and hear the distinguished preacher. It was an orderly multitude, although those in the rear when they heard the announcement made by the door-keepers at a few minutes past six o'clock: "All Full," and saw the great double doors closed against them, could not give expression to their keen disappointment. At 7.30, Dr. Talmage was telling of his interesting journey through Palestine, and the great city arteries of travel were still packed.

Fresh Thousands into Fourteenth Street regardless of the fact that there was not a spare space inside the building up to the top. At 9 P. M., Dr. Talmage appeared at the Irving Place entrance, and standing on the steps of the portico between the great stone pillars spoke briefly to the thousands waiting outside. His presence was the signal for an instantaneous movement of the throng, which now very largely blocked Fourteenth Street and quite filled the southern end of Irving Place. A picture of this scene, as sketched by our artist, appears on the first page.

After a verse of the hymn: "All hail the power of Jesus' name," had been sung, Dr. Talmage said:

"To you who could not get into the Academy of Music to-night I want to commend a

A Watch was Used as a Compass Recently to the astonishment of a prominent journalist, who explains the method for the benefit of his readers. He says : "A few days ago I was standing by a gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. All watches, he replied, are compasses. Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is 10 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 10 to the sun and XI on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My friend was surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveller whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance." The world is in a state of ignorance also about other matters while it has the means of knowledge within reach. In matters of right and wrong, the conscience will decide rightly if it is appealed to ; only like the watch, it must be in working order, and in relation to the Sun of Righteousness. (Acts 24 : 16.)

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

S. S. LESSON FOR OCT. 26 BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 22 : 39-53 ; GOLDEN TEXT, Isa. 53 : 3.

Christ's Last Night—No More Temple Teaching—Last Opportunities—Neglect Followed by Judgment—The Garden Hallowed by Prayer—The Disciples Following—Could not Witness the Agony—The Pathetic Prayer—The Angelic Messenger of Comfort—The Battle Won—The Kiss of Judas—How Christ is Betrayed Now.

IT seems as though the Lord Jesus sought in every conceivable manner to teach His disciples the true nature of His mission. He asks them, "When I sent you forth without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" Their unanimous testimony was, "Nothing." And yet how little they understood that the kingdom and the service to which He called them were independent of earthly resources. Still unpossessed and unconquered by the Spirit of God, still living their own life, and governed by their own ideas and experiences, even in following Jesus, their thoughts rose no higher than material things. Peter had just been boasting, "I am ready to go with thee both into prison, and to death." His Master would indicate that the prison and the death which He was about to meet with, were altogether different from anything that Peter or the rest of the disciples could conceive or understand. A prison in which the sins of all mankind hemmed Him, a death as the great Sin-offering,—how far was this from their thoughts! The battles of Joshua, of David, of Asa, and Jehoshaphat, the glory of the temporal kingdom of Israel, purchased at the point of the sword—these were their ideas of the coming kingdom! Oh, how different were the Lord's! And yet, until they were made divine by the power of an indwelling God, how could it be otherwise with them? How is it with us? What are we seeking for in churches and our families? Prosperity which the eye of man can see, and the voice of man applaud? Or does the Lord speak to us about His coming, and is the one anticipation of our hearts that His Bride shall be ready to meet Him, by a preparation of conformity to His life and Spirit?

"And He came out and went, as His custom was, unto the Mount of Olives," never again to return to the temple to teach;

The Last Opportunity

of hearing God's Son in the temple at Jerusalem was gone forever from that generation. Henceforth He had no word for the world, and the disciples must, from this time forth, convey His messages to the lost. It was a solemn moment for Jerusalem, but she knew it not. It was an awful moment for the Pharisees and scribes, who had listened to him only to criticize. There is such a moment in the life of every immortal soul,—God has spoken for the last time, and now there remaineth only "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries." (Heb. 10 : 27.)

"Jesus went as His custom was, unto the Mount of Olives." It was one spot where He was wont to meet with His Father. Every God-filled child of man has the "custom" of much prayer, his life and ministry are but the outcome of his communion with God. When a child of God only looks upon Him as a Referee, to turn to on special occasions, it will always be manifest in the lack of God's power in his life. "His disciples also followed Him." It is well for every disciple to follow Jesus in His life of intercession. His first thought was for them. They did not understand Him, they were living in the flesh, their spirit jarred Him, but even at such an hour, He suffered long and was kind. (1. Cor. 13 : 4.) "When He was at the place, He said unto them, pray that ye enter not into temptation." This was all they could do. A mightier battle than all the battles which earth had witnessed was about to take place, "and He was parted from them about a stone's cast." Farther they could not go, the flesh must not witness what should now transpire. No man

can go through Gethsemane but as the Spirit of God has entire control of him, and manifests Christ in him.

Gethsemane

was no repetition of the temptation in the desert; every question there raised had been fully answered by the victorious Son of Man; the ground lost in Eden through the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," had there been regained, and every tempted sinner meets the enemy on ground already conquered, so that, through faith in Jesus, we may have certain victory. But now another and more terrible battle had to be fought. Jesus must die. He was, in the purpose of His Father, and in His own willing laying down of His own life (John 10 : 18), "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. 13 : 8.) What then? Satan would anticipate His death, and bring all possible pressure to bear upon that human body of our Lord, so that He might die before He could accomplish His sacrifice upon the cross; die without redeeming the lost world. His heart was breaking: "the world knew Him not." His own, the Jews, "received Him not," His disciples did not understand Him, and yet He yielded Himself in sacrifice. The frail body could not stand the strain, it was a life and death struggle. Oh, let us draw nigh with holy silence in our souls as we look on; "it is holy ground." We cannot, dare not, let human imagination portray what there passed between God the Father, and God the Son. One glimpse is given us. O, God keep us from a profane, unhallowed Spirit as we listen, and as we look on!

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Jesus never exaggerates. "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." He was heard, there appeared unto Him an angel strengthening Him. "And being in agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground." He was heard. "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayer, and supplication with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and *was heard* in that He feared." (Heb. 5 : 7.) Yes; He was saved from death in Gethsemane that He might die on Calvary. He was saved from the failure of His human body to bear the strain put upon it, that He might offer up that body a sacrifice for the sin of man.

Jesus rose from prayer, the battle was won, but the heavy eyes, and dull perceptions of the disciples had discerned nothing of what had passed. They had been asleep, "sleeping for sorrow." He said unto them, "Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." There are times when the enemy is more than usually on the outlook to compass the fall of God's children. There is but one safeguard, "Rise and pray." Yet it was just now, that putting aside all His own unutterable suffering, Jesus excuses His disciples, "the Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." (Matt. 26 : 41.)

The Flesh Could Not

follow Jesus here, it was not in the power of human energy or human devotion, to stand on Divine ground. The ardent Peter, who had declared, "I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death," had not yet been able through the Spirit to "mortify the deeds of the body" (Rom. 8 : 13) and there was still the question in his heart, "We have left all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19 : 27.) The flesh, which seeks its own, was still in possession. It was when the Holy Spirit had fully possessed them that none of the believers said "that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." It was then that they could rejoice "that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." (Acts 4 : 32 ; 5 : 41.)

"While He yet spake, behold, a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and he drew near unto Jesus to kiss Him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

It was adding insult to injury; the thirty of silver were the attraction of Judas, made such treachery possible. And are not many who publicly kiss Jesus, who the work of God with their money and smiles and their patronage, but betray His way of carrying on business, worldly and un-Christlike principles which earn them in business and in family life. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, though man may be deceived, 'what a soweth that shall he also reap.'" (Gal. 6 : 7.) Alas, the Judases are plentiful in the Church of God, and Jesus is continually betraying gold and silver. "When they that were with Him saw what would follow, they said, shall we smite with the sword?" He bade them, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." Was not the moment to change His tactics? Hitherto had taught "I say unto you, that ye resist evil" (Matt. 5 : 39), but was there not a beyond which this kind of thing could not be carried and had it not arrived now? Master's words had seemed to warn Peter, without waiting for an answer, acted the impulse of the moment, and struck high priest's servant. But Jesus did not change His teaching or His practice under such circumstances. "Suffer ye thus far," He said. He exemplified His teaching and spirit touching the wounded ear and healing it, the very last He opposed only love to those who were at enmity with Him.

But why, the disciples might have thought, does He not make use of His wondrous power to deliver Himself? Here He heals the man who is armed to apprehend Him, though He would play into the very hands of His enemies. Yes, it was incomprehensible to those who do not see things in a heavenly light. In the Kingdom of God, conquests are by submitting, life comes out of death, out of suffering; it is all the reverse from way of the world.

"And Jesus said unto the chief priests, captains of the temple and the elders, who were come out against Him, Be ye come out against a thief, with swords and staves? I was daily with you in the temple, ye strove against me, but have found no hand against me;

But This is Your Hour and the power of darkness." Elders, scribes, chief priests, earth's great ones, all arrayed against God's Holy One, all arrayed against a love. But they were blind, they had longed against light; jealousy had blinded them; they envied the power Jesus had with the people. It was *their hour*, they should have waited, they should slay their Lord and Saviour. Then it should be *His hour* and the power of light and He should claim upon them for these His enemies the purchase price of blood, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Lost Treasures.*

SOME time ago I read the record of a man, who wanted Christmas presents for his son. He sought out the patron saint of the child. The saint received him smilingly, assured him he could gratify his desires. When he said, "I want a little hour that I may spend with a dying friend; and I want a place where I may spend my youth, to give now a word of old in sorrow; and I want a kind word to say, a smile I once shut me out upon, a caress I once forbore to give, may bestow them all now upon one who heart hungers for love," the face of the saint grew grave, and he answered, "I can not give these; you must go for these to the great house of Time." But when after a time he came to this place, and to hoary old

*From *Divine Rod and Staff: or Consolatory Thoughts, Dying and Bereaved*, By Rev. J. M. Anspach, A. M., of Easton, Pa. A book suggested by actual experience and bearing the stamp of a hand that has been exercised in soothing and relieving the afflicted. Pp. 281. Price 62¢. Published by Funk & Wagnell, and 20 Astor Place, New York.

made known his desires, saying: "Give back that one hour that I may add it to the of a life that is nearly told; back that un-
word, that I may say it o'er and o'er to
ears that will so soon cease to hear; give
back that forgotten smile, that I may
it over and over, again into the eyes that
soon cease to see; give me back that un-
kiss, that I may press it close upon those
lips that will shortly kiss no more." Time
ed, "It is more than I can give." "Oh,
Time," argued the Dreamer, "is this
to ask?" "Not much," responded Time,
ask back from the misused years the de-
d blessings, the neglected affections and
otten duties of a lifetime—not much, in-
yet more than I can ever give to you.
For no man living, from the day of his
to the day of his death, may ever buy back
which he has once lost to Time." Multi-
have keen sense of the truthfulness of
is with respect to domestic and social life.
er sense we are destined to have of it,
respect to spiritual life, if we live on
ctful of the duties we owe our soul, our
men and God.

A Daughter's Question.

pleasing instance recurs to mind. That of
ing girl scarcely in her teens returning
church and reporting the words of the
on to her father, urging upon him the
of a prayerful life, as the pastor had press-
upon the people. The mother supported
laughter, and the paternal parent chafed
r the urgent presentation. "You and your
er go your way," was the final more or less
retort, "and I'll go mine." With love
ing in her face and touching tenderness
r voice, the daughter meekly said, "Which
father?" Ah, which way! When his mind
along it, his heart was smitten with
fiction, and the sermon that a "household
l" carried home, did converting work.
t a memory to bear through the summer,
if spared thereto, the winter of her life!
eath, at any time, a supporting memory.

From Hospital to Court.

beautiful story is told of Lady Stanley,
of the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster
y. Lady Stanley was in the habit of spend-
great deal of time in the hospital—talking
the sick and suffering people there, and
g to cheer and comfort them. Among
t was a poor woman suffering from a pain-
and dangerous disease. Lady Stanley's
s had been a great comfort to her on her
bed. The doctors said her life could only
aved by going through a very painful
ation. They told her she must certainly
unless the operation was performed. "I
I could bear it," she said "if Lady Stanley
be with me while it was being done."
Stanley was sent for. When the messen-
arrived at her home he found her dressed
e splendid robes which ladies wear when
d upon to attend on Queen Victoria. She
een thus summoned and was just about
ing for the Queen's palace. She received
message from the hospital. There was no
to change her dress; so she threw a cloak
her and hastened to the hospital. She
e some encouraging words to the poor
an, and stood by her side until the opera-
was over and the poor, suffering patient
made comfortable."

the presence of an earthly friend can be so
ngthening, reconciling, comforting in the
esses incident to mortality, what cannot
will not be, and is not, the presence of the
ther of mercy and the God of all comfort!"

Fruit from a Bible Class.

ou remember James S—?" said a visitor
dying friend she had not seen for years.
yes; he was in my Bible-class! What
t him?" "He is one of the most active
exemplary members of the church in T—."
that so? I found him on the highways
re boys are wont to resort on the Lord's
I persuaded him to come with me to
ol. He came regularly while his parents

resided in this place. How rejoiced I am to hear
that he has turned out well!" "Yes, and he gives
the credit to you, says that it was 'from you
that he received his first religious impres-
sion.'" "I am doubly rejoiced. If this were
all the fruit of my labors, I would not have
lived and toiled in vain. But blessed be God, it
is not. His classmates, with a solitary excep-
tion, are in the church, and they honor their
calling." Not words would describe the peace
and comfort of the knowledge possessed and
the intelligence imparted. Multitudes of faith-
ful teachers, and co-workers in other capacities
with Christ-mothers, charity-sisters, superin-
tendents of homes for the homeless, and so on
—living and dying, have memories of this or-
der to cheer them.

WILL JESUS COME AGAIN?

**The Distinction Between Death and the Second Advent—
Expressed in Christ's Words to Peter and John—Death
a Curse—The Advent a Blessing—How the Truth Enters
the Mind—An Experience of Enlightenment.**

BY GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

ONE of our great surprises in connection
with this subject is, that any thoughtful
person should consider the experience of
death, and the event of *our Lord's Coming* one
and the same, or even think of them as of equal
value. Very many say "Well, when I die the
Lord will have come to me." Now, is this not
a very perversion of Scripture language? Let
any reader carefully go over a few texts where
it is said Jesus is coming again, and substitute
death for that hope. Will he not readily per-
ceive the fallacy of the above statement? As
for example: "This same *death* shall come
again." (Acts 1: 2.) "*Death* shall descend from
heaven with a shout." (1. Thess. 4: 16.) "Unto
them that look for it, shall *death* appear a sec-
ond time." (Heb. 9: 28.) "For our conversa-
tion is in heaven; from whence also we look
for *death*." (Phil. 3: 20.) "And to wait for
death from heaven." (1. Thess. 1: 10.) It
would be just as absurd to read into such
passages any other event, historical, ecclesiastical
or providential, as that of death. Surely the
Scriptures are clear enough in their literal state-
ment and conclusive in their designed applica-
tion.

That there was in the minds of the apostles a
distinction between the article of death, and
the advent of Jesus is proved from

Our Lord's Conversation

with Simon Peter as recorded in John 21: 18, 23.
The Master told him he would die a martyr,
which led Peter to inquire concerning John
"Lord, and what shall this man do?" The an-
swer of Jesus, "If I will that he tarry till I come,"
led all of the disciples to believe that John
would not die, but be found still living when
their Lord returned from heaven. Not indeed
that Jesus gave any such promise, yet what He
did say called out from them the distinction be-
tween death and His return.

But further, this contrast is seen when we con-
sider that death is a monster evil, the dread
penalty of sin, (Rom. 6: 23.) while the Sec-
ond Advent of Jesus will deliver His people
from its dread power. (1. Thess. 4: 16, 17.)
Death is unnatural. From this terrible enemy
we shrink with fear, while with glad hope we
long to see the unveiled face of our glorious
Lord. Death is a dissolution; a taking down of
the tabernacle; a disrobing. For the unclothed
state we do not pray, as we do for the re clothed
condition. (II. Cor. 5: 4.) Death is a divider.
The grim messenger is neither softened by tears
nor subdued by threats. He is independent of
bribes, and mocks at every device to escape his
chilling embrace. Kings and subjects, rich and
poor are alike leveled by his sickle, while the
spared friends are left to mourn in their grief.
(Gen. 37: 34, 35; John 11: 21, 32.) But when
Jesus comes reunion will take place, for the
sleeping saints and living believers shall be
caught up together in the air. (1. Thess. 4: 17, 18.)

But again, death does not consummate our sal-
vation; by it we are made incomplete: the

body rests in the grave and the spirit rests with
the Lord. (1. Thess. 14: 13; II. Cor. 5: 8.) When
Jesus comes and gathers His people unto Him-
self, the corruptible shall put on incorruption,
referring to those who have died, while the mor-
tal shall put on immortality, referring to those
who shall be found alive at His Advent. Then
indeed, shall our

Salvation of Soul and Body

be fully consummated, for we shall be crowned
and glorified in that day. (II. Tim. 4: 8; Phil. 3:
20, 21.) Nowhere in the divine record are we
taught to earnestly look for death, to pray for
death, to love death, to be comforted with the
hope of death, to hasten death or to watch for
death. But always and everywhere these ex-
hortations have direct reference to the coming
of Christ; "waiting for the Son from heaven."

Not always does the narration of personal ex-
perience furnish proof of argument, although
it may help to elucidate a subject, or prove a
stimulant to investigation. The following nar-
rative will show how a few humble souls were
led to adopt the doctrine of Christ's personal
return as an imminent hope, and to sweetly en-
joy its blessed anticipation.

In the early part of the year 1861, when the
great wave of revival broke upon the shores of
Britain, the southern portion of Ireland was visit-
ed with the power of God in a very marked
manner. Many persons of the Protestant faith,
having a name to live, were quickened into new-
ness of life. Realizing the need of Scripture
instruction, and having no teachers, a number
of the converts, the writer amongst them, were
led to establish a weekly meeting for Bible study.
Carefully we sought to compare Scripture with
Scripture, waiting in prayer before the Lord for
light on difficult passages, until the Word be-
came living, real, intelligible, precious.

A few of the brethren could read Greek
which helped us in our critical examination of
the New Testament. We were without previous
theological training, and had few theories to
bring to the Word for test or ratification. Com-
ing to the Bible for instruction we earnestly
sought to know the way of the Lord. The Bible
became very precious in its *literalness* and adap-
tation to the need and craving of the heart.

It was then, in journeying through the Gospels,
and the Epistles, we discovered the

Prominence Given to the Second Advent

of Christ. With limited ideas of what the
world outside, or the Church around, believed,
regarding this doctrine, we investigated *the
Word alone*, being neither helped nor hindered
by traditional theology. The glorious coming
of our Lord as an event hastening near, became
to our souls an inspiring, energizing hope. It
was not death; it was no mysterious spiritual
coming; it was not even a literal coming,
thousands of years hence, which we were led
to embrace, but an approaching crisis.

As years rolled on the members of our Bible-
class separated. Some are to-day, thank God,
able ministers of the New Testament, teachers
in the Church of God; some are evangelists,
while others are more private Christians engag-
ed in the pursuit of business, each one, how-
ever, firmly adhering to the *personal, premillen-
nial Advent of Christ*, as the hope set forth in
Holy Writ. In later years some of us have given
our attention to reading post-millennial
writings, and we have conversed freely with in-
telligent brethren, anti-advent in creed and
profession. By these we have been entreated
to give up what was not popular, while others
have ridiculed our faith. Notwithstanding
every contrary argument and opposing counsel,
the conviction of the scripturalness of our
position deepens, and the hope grows more
precious. With added light, and after more exact
Bible study we are well persuaded that Jesus
will come again, and lift the planet from the
curse of sin and make the place of His feet
glorious.

**Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing
the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may
be had from this office; price \$2.50, including postage. A few
volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are
on hand prior to 1884.**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

RAMBLES AMONG LEAVES.

I DO not know what the spiritual history of Horatius Greenough, the celebrated artist was, but I think he must have been a Christian, for he said when he came to die: "It will not do for me to pass away and give no sign that I, having by the grace of God been born in this land, have found life to be far from the irksome task with which they scared my youth." I think if we enter into the spirit of the Lord Jesus, the natural world will be prophetic, inspiring, and grandly elevating. As I went through the woods to-day, I thought what grand things the frost—though so much maligned—can do. We usually suppose that the business of the frost is to blast, is to tear apart, is positively to kill, and yet no painter ever made such exquisite tints as to-day I have seen scattered by the finger of the frost all through the woods. And just so, I thought, it is with the trouble which God sends upon a Christian soul. Some have supposed that it is to blast and destroy. Far from that. The mission of trouble in the Christian heart is to beautify and adorn and glorify. As the frost changes the colors of the leaves, so God intended trouble to kindle in the Christian soul harmonies and glories. I have seen men go into misfortune and trial, and the world said: "They will be utterly trampled on and crushed out," and we expected them to come out from the scene of their misfortunes without any heart left; but they came out singing the praises of God. Had it not been for the trial that God sent upon you, O Christian soul, you would not have attained one-half the height of Christian character that you have already attained, and you know that whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth. It was sanctified trouble that gave Paul so much positive exhilaration of spirit that he could say: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: poor, yet making many rich: having nothing, yet possessing all things."

I thought to-day, further, as I went through the woods; What a grand place heaven must be. If out of this sinful and ruined world, God can make so much that is attractive to the eye, what must that land be where there are no hurricane-blasts strewing the leaves into the dust—where sorrow and trouble never come.

If you look at a piece of tapestry, and find that the wrong side of it is exquisite, you argue that the right side must be more superbly beautiful, and I suppose all the colors God has scattered in the autumnal woods to-day is only the wrong side while heaven is the right side.

Oh, what a land that must be! They hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. If out of this sinful earth God can weave so much that is attractive to the physical eye, out of the grandeurs of heaven, what a spectacle of light, and love and joy will God weave for our souls in the time that is to come.

I thought to-day, also, as I went through the woods, how everything is "passing away." Unless within a few days you go out in the forests, you will see nothing of this glory of which I have been speaking. They have already begun to sweep up the falling leaves, and in a few weeks all that now attracts the eye in the forests will have perished. And so it is with all earthly beauty, and all earthly associations. The places which know us now, will soon know us no more forever. Those with whom we mingle on earth must be scattered into other circles, or with ourselves must be gone.

But though the world perish, and its beauty be gone, and everything of an earthly nature go out of our grasp; holding Christ, we hold an eternal possession!

USEFULNESS THE TEST.

FORMS, creeds, liturgies are indispensable. Apples must have rinds; nuts must have shells; corn must have husks; rising walls must have scaffolding; and Christianity must have these outside forms and decencies. But mere outward propriety will not make a useful church. There are scores of churches where there is no discord in the music, and no breach of taste in the preaching, and through the long-drawn service the congregation, like the Amalekites that Gideon saw, sleep in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude. Splendidly executed anthem, solo, and trill may roll over the cultured tastes of gaily-apparelled auditory, and the preaching may be like the pathos of Summerfield, or the thunder-clap of a George Whitefield. Upholstery may bedeck and tassel the pulpit to utter gorgeousness, and chandeliers flash upon a congregation in which you see not one poor man's thread-bare coat, and yet that church may be a ghastly sepulchre, full of dead men's bones—an ecclesiastical ice-house. What a factory would be with water-wheels flashing, and bands pulling, and machinery drumming, yet producing no carpets, no shawls, no screws, no muskets, that is a church with all the ordinances in full operation, yet producing no glorious and enthusiastic results; a factory in full blast doing nothing.

MINISTERS' CLOTHES.

THERE seems to be a great variety of opinion as to what ministers ought to wear. There is much caricature of white cravat, and coat with buttons, clear up to the top, and black kid gloves on ordinary occasions. Others advocate these peculiarities of clerical dress, and do not like to see preachers walking

about with coat and cravat and manners other people. It is said that there ought to be something to distinguish them from men of other occupations, and that then they will be more highly respected for their office, cannot see the force of either side of argument. Our feeling is, let every minister dress as his taste dictates. We do not see ministers have not the right to as much lift in matters of apparel as men of other professions. If the clergyman desires a white cravat and so many buttons on straight-cut coat vest, that it may seem to settle forever the disputed question of the nursery: "But button, who has the button?" we cannot have any objection. Certainly no question of modesty can be involved if he has paid for the buttons. On the contrary, we think the soft hat and sack coat and white pants, if the weather be hot, are just as allowable. I doubt the Pharisee had all the habiliment propriety; but the publican came out ahead of him. We deny the right of anyone to tell ministers what they shall wear. We shall not get the dolorous countenance of a minister of the Reformed Church, who once labored with us very seriously for the offence of side whiskers, saying he thought it might cripple our influence. We contend for the right of ministers to do as they please, provided they do not wrong.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

AN eminent clergyman, travelling in the East, wrote home a letter in which he quoted the passage of Scripture as "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." The type-setter, not very familiar with the Bible, mistook the "going" for the word "gong." We could scarcely believe our eyes when we read about the sound of a gong in the top of the mulberry trees. We did not believe that it could have been possible that a man had climbed up into such a place with a familiar hotel instrument of music. If he had reached that elevated point with a gong, he would not have been able to poise himself enough to strike it to any advantage. We were disposed to pronounce the whole thing to be a libel, until we thought that it must have been a typographical error.

But what writer or speaker has not suffered from similar mistakes? Hon. Daniel S. Ineson told us that he thought the type-setter had shortened his life by ten years. After a man did really say has gone through through four different hands, the speaker would not recognize his own deliverance. We read in a Boston paper two columns of a sermon which once or twice reminded us of something that we ourselves had said, when on the platform, and on finishing we looked up to the heading, and to our surprise found it our own. The process through which the sermon had gone had changed its tire texture. But faults are often charged upon reporters and printers which belong really to the speaker or writer. If people realized that many inarticulate utterances come from the platform and forum, the reporter would be excused for occasional mistakes. If people realized how much infamous chirography comes to the writing office, they would be more sympathetic with people who publish newspapers and

CURRENT EVENTS.

sw Women were more Loved,or will be more
deeply mourned than Mrs. Booth, the wife
of the Commander of the Salvation Army,
died in London last week, after a long ill-

Mrs. Booth began preaching about 1863, or before her husband left the regular denominational ministry. In all her husband's egelistic tours during last twenty-five years, shared his exhausting rs, and her ministry been a marvellous power good, bringing many sands to Christ. The rd of her Christian t has already been re- ated at length in THE ISTIAN HERALD. The ral took place in London, on Monday, 12th , and was the occasion of a great demon- tion, thousands of the officers of the Sal- on Army attending the obsequies. The ices were held at Hammersmith, in a hall ing 24,000. On Tuesday, between 3,000 and 5 officers of the Army followed the remains to an ancient burial-place at Cambridge, where nterment was made.



Fourteen Hundred Canadians Arrived in New
City, on Wednesday, October 8, for the
purpose of viewing the sights of the American
metropolis. The party included groups from
just every town of consequence in the Do-
don, and representatives of almost every
thing. Naturally, the arrival of so large a
ingent excited considerable comment. Talk-
with American friends, they gave the impres-
sion that Canada was undergoing an experience
and times, and that the feeling in favor of
exaltation with this country was steadily grow-
ing. Money is scarce in Canada, and the pres-
season has been an exceedingly bad one
for the crops.

nine Years After His Martyrdom by the Sav-
 spearmen of King M'Wanga, on the shores
 Lake Victoria Nyanza, Bishop Hannington's
 body has been recovered by Mr. Jackson, an
 agent of the British East Africa Company. It
 is that after the murder the tribes, fearing
 the presence of the corpse of a white man
 among them would bring evil, took it from
 place to place, each tribe successively refusing
 to bury it. In this journey of the dead, a native
 had been a servant of the Bishop accompa-
 nying the body. At last, after many weeks, it
 reached Busoga, far north of the place where
 the murder was committed. The people there
 refused to allow it to rest, provided the servant
 should take care of it. It was deposited
 on a raised platform, and the servant kept
 guard, fighting off the beasts of prey and the
 venomous birds, and being supplied with food
 by the natives. This season the harvests were
 not a failure and the people, attributing this
 to the presence of the body, made haste to be-
 bury it. The body was restored to Mr. Jackson
 and given decent burial in the region where the
 tyrant bishop lost his life, and which is now
 given over to the whites.

New York Feels somewhat Sad over the
 recovery, on a recount of the population,
 the official figures of which they com-
 pared were not so very far out of the way,
 for all. Census Commissioner Porter made
 the figure a little over 1,500,000, while the police
 enumeration will probably make it 1,650,000.
 This is a disappointment to those who
 expected to find that the big city had very
 nearly touched the two-million mark.

That Even Truly Great Men may be Forgotten
 ing their life-time, is demonstrated in the
 e of Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, who, had
 died thirty years ago, instead of last week,
 had have been mourned by almost a nation.
 man of rare scholarship and intense activity,
 was one of the most energetic spirits of
 olition days, and was the companion and as-
 siate of Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phil-
 and William Lloyd Garrison. He was pow-

erful both as a preacher and a lecturer, and from the time of his ordination, when 23 years of age, to the Howard Street Congregational Church, at Salem, Mass., in 1831, until 1867, he took a prominent part in all the great questions that came up before the country. His sturdy and uncompromising attitude on the temperance question, led to his imprisonment in Salem jail for thirty days. After 1846, he devoted himself to the anti-slavery agitation incessantly. Since 1867 he has done but little public work. The product of his leisure has been several books of a religious character. He was 83 years old when he died.

A Prominent Figure in the Controversy on
the methods of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, which is now in progress at Minneapolis, is the famous Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College, Dr. George P. Fisher, whose portrait is here given. Professor Fisher is a member of the Committee on Administration, which was appointed last year at the meeting of the Board in New York. The whole question turns upon the fact that the board had rejected certain men, who offered themselves as missionaries to heathen lands. They were admitted by the Board to be eligible so far as character, piety, and ability were concerned, but were rejected because they held doctrines on the question of eternal punishment not in harmony with those held by the Board. It appears that the Board's action has alienated the support of some of the churches, which have in consequence, withheld contributions. The Committee on Administration presented its report on Thursday last. From this document it appears that in the last ten years, as far as church contributions for foreign missions are concerned, there has been no increase, while all the other agencies of the church have advanced eighty per cent. The great Otis and Swett bequests for these missions are rapidly becoming exhausted. In view of this financial weakness, the Prudential Committee has decided to reduce the pledges for general work in foreign fields to sixteen per cent in old fields, and thirty two per cent in new work. This will be a great calamity to many over-burdened missionaries, and unless generously and promptly remedied, will involve the discharge of many native helpers. The Board is thus placed on its defence, and its side of the case will now be awaited with interest.



Whatever Else Switzerland may be Accused of, blood-letting is not one of her faults. The recent revolution will go down to posterity as the only movement of the kind in a century that was accomplished with the loss of but a single life. This was largely owing to the fact that the leaders on both sides were eminently men of peace. Rainaldo Simen, the father of the revolution, is an editor, and his associates, Perruchi, Bruni and Battaglini, are lawyers, Lepori, a civil engineer, being the only revolutionist of note with military experience. Gioachimi Respini, the deposed President, whose portrait is given in this column, and who met disaster because his Government tried to override the right of pub-



appeal, belongs to the large Italian element which is merged with the Swiss Confederation. He has been throughout his public career an advocate of peace measures. He is about 48 years of age. Sturdy Col. Kunzli, the Federal Commissioner from Berne, whose arrival on the scene of the trouble at Bellinzona with two battalions of troops, effectually put an end to any military plans either side may have indulged, liberated the deposed officials from

prison and set about restoring harmony, a task in which he seems to have succeeded. The revolutionary party won in the elections by a small majority.

President Harrison's Tour in the West has been a succession of pleasant receptions from old army comrades and acquaintances. At Galesburg, Peoria, Canton, and other places in Illinois, his old Grand Army friends turned out in large numbers to greet him. At Topeka, Kansas, where the State Reunion of Soldiers and Sailors is in session, the President, with Secretaries Tracy and Rusk, and other official friends, was present. Although there were many informal speeches delivered during the tour, they were almost wholly of the patriotic order, and politics was not intruded. At Peoria, the President reviewed his old command, the First Brigade, and laid the corner-stone of the alumni hall of Knox College. At Ottumwa, Ia., he visited the Coal Palace, a picture of which was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a recent issue.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. F. De Witt Talmage, the son of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, has been elected orator to represent the junior class in the Union Theological Seminary at the reception to be given to the class by the upper classmen.

The Deaconess Training Institute, connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, held its first session in Grace Church, New York, on Oct 1. Arrangements have been made to establish Institutes in Philadelphia, Cleveland, O., and Richmond, Va.

At the Twentieth Anniversary of the Southern New York Baptist Association, held last week in Calvary Church, New York, it was stated that the income for benevolent purposes for the year was \$27,000, and for current expenses, \$21,000. All the churches were reported making satisfactory progress.

A meeting of Jews was held last week in the Synagogue, Chrystie Street, New York, to devise plans and to raise money for sending the persecuted Jews of Russia to Palestine. About \$1,000 was paid down at the meeting, and a large fund is being raised. Many wealthy and influential Jews in the city are interested in the effort. A secular daily journal calls attention to the movement as a fulfilment of prophecy.

Mr. George Muller, the octogenarian philanthropist, has been busy holding meetings in Stuttgart, Germany and its neighborhood. His physical and mental activity and true spirituality of thought, seem to furnish themes for wondering comment on the part of the Protestant press. One writer confesses to great surprise at meeting the venerable preacher in the streets of the city carrying his own carpet-bag.

Rev. Jacob Freshman lectured on Oct. 8, in the Pilgrim Church, of New York, of which Dr. Virgin is pastor, on "My trip to Egypt and Palestine." The lecture was deeply interesting, and will be followed by others on the same subject. Pastors of churches, by inviting Mr. Freshman to lecture in their churches, will do two good things : they will afford their people an opportunity of gaining knowledge about Bible-lands, and they will help Mr. Freshman to extend his work among the Jews of New York.

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$17. They were from: Warren, N. H., \$5; Philadelphia, Pa., \$2; Porters, Del., \$1; Portland, Me., \$1; Louisville, Ky., \$1; Peekskill, N. Y., \$1; South Meriden, Conn., \$1; Kansas City, Mo., \$1; Curryville, Mo., \$1; Winterset, Ia., \$1; Baldwinville, Mass., \$1. There was a typographical error in our acknowledgment last week. Though the total \$18.50 was correct, the sum of \$5. from Hoboken, N. J., was omitted and the amount from Newark, N. J., should have been \$3, not \$5. We are glad to get these contributions as we have a large number of applications from colored ministers, whose need is urgent, and evidently of the kind this journal is adapted to supply.

Rev. S. Hahnemann Bayley, who has labored in the Barbadoes for sixteen years, is now, in New York on a brief visit. He was here also five years ago. Then he was almost in despair. Severe illness had prostrated him, and the physicians here, whom he came to consult, gave him no hope of recovering sufficiently to return to his work. He left them, and trusted Christ for healing, was entirely cured, went back to Barbadoes and resumed his work. Since that time he has not lost a single service through sickness. He has opportunities of extending his work in the Barbadoes to adjacent islands, and his object in coming here is to get books and Christian literature, and other help for the work. He is depending wholly on God for support. Friends willing to assist him may send money or books addressed, Rev. S. Hahnemann Bayley, care of Rev. J. C. Thomas, Methodist Book Concern, New York.

DAVID'S DECISION.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

David's Refuge in His Trouble—His Confidence Established—I. His Resolve—Though Aged He would go On—To Warfare—A Lady's Bank Account—To Suffering—A Pair of Panniers—To Death—II. His Reliance—On Strength Already Received—Strength which Sanctified his Going—Adapted to His Need—To Fresh Peril—A Dangerous Place on a Mountain—III. His Message.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." Ps. 71:16.

THIS is a psalm of David's old age, and we will carefully notice the characteristic feature of it. It is not addressed to men concerning God, but it is addressed to God Himself for He was David's dearest friend. Our psalms and hymns are not for man's criticism, but for the Lord's acceptance. This is the tenor of the psalm: he has been with his God, and he is now ready for anything. This grand old man, in his latter days, is exposed to enemies quite as fierce as those which he had to encounter in his earlier times; but instead of gathering his friends together, and conversing with them, and seeking their counsel, he gets quite alone, and begins to cry, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion." Trusting alone in God makes us grandly independent toward men.

Now, if there are any here very much like David; if they are growing aged; and if, being aged, they are also surrounded by slander, persecution and reproach, let them see what David did. If they are met by great difficulties, and even by malicious adversaries, let them go where David went. Go and sit before the Lord, and pour out your heart before Him.

I. Now, here is, first.

His Resolve.

"I will go," saith he. See! he has come a long way already, and he is getting weary and faint, and the flesh suggests to him that he has had enough of it; while the devil hints to him that he has done too much already, and that the best thing he can do now, is to give up struggling, battling, warring and contending, and just sit down, and let things go as they like. Do you not hear the advice of unbelief, "Let affairs drift. You cannot help yourself, old man. You have got into a very sad condition. Give up your confidence in heaven. Perhaps you have been under a delusion all these years, and trust in this God of yours is sheer fanaticism. Do not go on with it. Be reasonable, like the many that are round about you who are criticizing, and amusing themselves, and while professing everything, are believing nothing. Give up the contest, and drop the sword with which you contended for your Master, and let things go as they may." So whispers Satan. So murmurs the flesh. So advises the worldly friend. The brave old man gets up, and cries, "No, I will go. I will not sit still. I will not give it up. I have not finished my life-work. I have more to do. I have further testimony to bear for my Master. Bring me my staff. I will go with the rest of the chosen company. See! he girds himself once again to follow the Lord, and he goes forward as bravely as when he first started.

The Aged Warrior.

It is my impression that David meant, "I will go to warfare." He was a man of war from his youth up; and, of course, after many years of fighting, which is by no means pleasant work, and after many serious risks, it might naturally suggest itself to the aged man that he had better quit the tented field. But there was "fight" in the old lion till the very last. The same spirit that made him go as a boy to fight with Goliath still burned in him when he became an old man, and he still said, "I will go." When he could not literally go to any physical conflict, you can see that, to the end, he fought for God and for truth, by his laws, his government, his influence, and his prayers. David turned a bold front toward the enemy to the very last, setting his face like a flint, resolving that he would admin-

ister justice and maintain the cause of God in Israel, as long as he lived. Well, dear friends, you are not called to be soldiers in the literal sense—the most of you, at any rate—but you are called to be soldiers of the Cross. These are fighting times, and no one must back out of the conflict. Be not cowards; be not neutrals. Show your colors, and fear no opposition.

A Wife's Economy.

Do you not think that large numbers of God's people are contented with a very poor form of spiritual life, because they do not think it possible to advance further? They have little joy, and little strength, because they are content with the joy and strength they have, and do not aspire to more. We make a great mistake, dear friends some of us, as to the whole style of our life. I met with a story, which seemed to me a rather pretty one. There was a young woman, fair to look upon, who was seen by a very wealthy man, who determined to make her his wife. She had been brought up to habits of rigid economy, for the family was straitened in circumstances. Her father was not of the very poorest, certainly, but still poor enough; and on her marriage-day he gave her all that he could afford, namely, five pounds, and that was put into the bank. Her husband, on that day, told her that he had placed money in the bank in her name, and he handed her a cheque-book, that she might draw money as she desired.

Unnecessary Trepidation.

Well, having been properly brought up, she spent her money very, very carefully. Five pounds was an enormous sum to her, and she felt frightened at running through so vast a sum. She found, however, that in the circle in which she was called to move, her five pounds was at last gone; and so she even ventured to draw a cheque for ten pounds. In considerable fear she went down in the carriage to the bank, to see whether they really would give her ten pounds all at a time. And when she got it she was surprised and overjoyed. She drew again until at last she had actually spent fifty pounds! One day her husband said to her, "Don't you know how to manage a cheque-book, my dear? I scarcely understand your account at the bank." She modestly replied, "I hope I have not been extravagant." "You little goose," he said, "I put a thousand pounds in the bank for you, and I thought you would soon expend it. Most women would. But instead of that, you have only spent fifty pounds, and you cannot behave yourself as my wife on such a pittance. Remember, you may be a poor man's daughter, but you are a rich man's wife; so just begin to spend according to my riches, and not according to your father's economy." This is our case in reference to our Lord Jesus. We know

We Are a Poor Man's Children

My original father "broke" long ago. There was nothing left of all the family estate. When father Adam was in business, he became a bankrupt, and he left us nothing but a sea of debt. But then we are married to King Jesus, who is heir of all things, and He puts the cheque-book of the promises into our hands, that we may draw from the riches of divine grace. Very few women need encouragement to spend money; but very many Christian women and Christian men need very great encouragement to draw upon the goodness of God, and to live at that high and noble rate of grace to which they are entitled by the call of the Holy Spirit, and by their heavenly union with the Lord Jesus Christ. I wish that we could pluck up courage and say, "I will go in for great grace and eminent holiness and close conformity to Christ. I will draw upon His riches in glory."

Let us cheerfully use this text whenever any service is proposed to us. A young man has been asked to preach at a small cottage meeting. He has been hesitating during the last two or three days whether he shall go or not. I want him to feel that, if this is a work in which he can glorify God, he should say, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." There is a sister here who has been invited to take a class of young women. She thinks she is hard-

ly fitted for the Bible-class proposed to her; yet she is the only person available, and evidently the finger of God points to her. I want to say, with David, "I will go in the strength of the Lord." Have you rendered no service your Saviour? Have I the unhappiness of addressing some member of a church who really done nothing for the Redeemer? Do you understand what the Gospel is? Do you know what its effect upon the heart is? How can you remain idle? I do not understand you or your religion.

We have also before us a man who will be suffering with holy resignation. A sister, now sent a letter, asking us to pray for her while she undergoes an operation. May Lord sustain her! It is a prayer we often like to put up, in this large congregation some of the very dearest and best among us. Dear friends, the text is for you with regard to the suffering you have to encounter: may you go forward to it without fear! Some of us have taken turns at the two forms of appointed exercise: we are sometimes serving, sometimes suffering; and occasionally we carry

A Pair of Panniers,

and both work and suffer. The Lord will with us under every form of trial: He will sustain us under personal pain, or bereavement, business care, or cruel persecution. Therefore, believer, do not linger, but say, "I will go."

Beloved, may it be so when we come to the end of our journey. In a short time *unless the Lord shall come*, and I will have to go up-stairs and gather up my feet in the bed, and die our fathers' God to me. Well, if it should happen to be some day which gives us warning and opportunity to think beforehand, we will go onward, to death in full view, without any trepidation, in the strength of the Lord. Some of us have what it is to lie for days and weeks, looking eternally, till our eyes have been able to steadily on death and all the future, and we have grown so used to the prospect, and so peaceful in reference to it, that we have almost been ready to come back again to life, and its trials and sins. When we were so prepared and even jubilant in the prospect of passing into the world of spirits, we almost reluctantly turned our face earthward again. When the time actually arrives, our God will give us grace to say, "I will go: I will go. My Lord has called me over the river, and I will go. I hear His strong and mighty voice saying, 'Arise my love, fair one, and come away!' I answer to it, 'My Master, I will come.'"

II. Now, secondly, notice

His Reliance.

He is ready to go, but he tells us how—"I will go in the strength of the Lord God." He was going glorifying in strength already received. He was a wonderful picture to me. While others were in another strength, he takes God's might as his armor. He has been displayed in his past career, and he puts it on as his armor. He would not put on Saul's armor, nor any fabric of carnal wisdom, neither now nor when he went against Goliath. He said to the giant, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts;" he put on a coat of mail the secret strength of God which he had verified and demonstrated in his past career, when he slew the lion and the bear. What a wonderful thing it is for a child of God to stand clothed with those garments of grace and beauty which are made up of what God has wrought in him and wrought for him!

In the Path of Duty.

He felt that he would go, also, in a path which sanctified his going. "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." Where will a man go in that strength? To the theatre? Verily, it is a sort of constructive blasphemy to imagine a Christian's going there in the strength of the Lord. Will he enter upon a speculation which he will, in all probability, rob other people if he succeeds, and injure others if he is disappointed? No, not in the strength of the Lord God. There are a thousand things that a man could not think of doing in the strength of the Lord God; and yet professing Christ

venture upon them, to their sin and shame. the strength of the devil a man might attempt many of the doubtful enterprises and usements of modern professors; but in the strength of the Lord God—no. It were propriety to talk of it. Do you see what a limit this is upon a Christian's action? And yet it is a limit which in the least restricts his gracious activity. It is such a boundary as he himself could set up. You are strong to do what you ought to do.

Strength for all Crises.

Again, in this text I notice that he is confident to the sufficiency and adaption of God's strength to every trial or work to which he might be called; for the Hebrew, being plural, is at this. "I will go in the strengths of the Lord God." If I shall require mental vigor, God will give it me. If I shall want physical strength, He can give it me. If I shall need spiritual power, He can give it me. If the particular command is a clear sight, that I may detect and He the cunning of the enemy, He can give it.

If I require courage and quick resolve, He will give them me. If my special need be firmness of mind in the day of temptation, He can give it.

If it be a patient temper, He can give it.

Nothing is wanted by a believer, but that which the strength of God supplies when it is needed. As our days our strength shall be. We will find the supply always equal to the demand.

"Oh," says one, "my way is very strange. Could not tell you the singular difficulty of my way." Dear friend, I do not wish to know the particulars; but I am sure that, however strange the case is to me and to you, it is not strange to God; and if you go in the strength of the Lord God, you have exactly that which is needed for your perplexing path of pilgrimage.

A Peril on a Mountain.

Or, possibly, you have come to a fresh peril. You have reached a very hard bit of the road where real danger lurks. I remember that, in going over the Grimsel, we came to a place which was called "Hell Place." It was a narrow road by the side of a precipitous gorge. The way was very slippery, and the horses began to slip about. We soon dismounted and then we had to walk over a bit of rock, which was as smooth as ice. You do come to such a place now and then in the road of life, and you feel more than half inclined to go back: but you must not go back. Believers may not go back. It is written, "If any man draw back, his soul shall have no pleasure in him." You must to-night put down your foot, and resolve that you will never turn to the right hand nor to the left, but keep your face forever Zionward. Say, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

A Peril on a Mountain.

Or, perhaps, you are going away from us altogether, dear friend. You have come in here for the last time to-night, for you are going to be far away in the country. Or you have already taken your passage to New Zealand, or Australia, or Canada. Very well, go in the strength of the Lord God. That is the way to go to unknown lands.

"Oh, it is not that!" says one, "but mine is a miserable family trouble. There is a lot in it that is wrong—mischief I cannot tell to anybody. I seem to get no help." Well, go in the strength of the Lord God. That is the right way to go. If you have nobody else to help you, go in His strength. I told you of a good woman who was speaking about Mr. Hudson Taylor some years ago. She said, "Poor Mr. Hudson Taylor! I do not think that he can depend upon any of the missionary societies to help him. He has nobody to trust to but God." She said it in that kind of style too—"nobody to trust to but God." And whom do you want to trust to but God? It is a glorious thing to get all the dog-shores locked away, that the ship may be launched and may float upon the great ocean.

III. Now, I have only a minute to speak upon the last point. I will save that for another time, I think. David informs us as to his message. He will make mention of thy righteousness, even

of thine only." The only testimony that he was going to bear for the rest of his life would be a testimony to the righteousness of the Lord God. Here was enough work for a lifetime, and here was the man who was at home in the work. I cannot go into it. Therefore I say this: Bear your testimony to the righteousness of God in *providence*. Stand to it that the Lord never does wrong. He is never mistaken; but whatever He ordains is, and must be, unquestionably right. Bear witness, next, to His righteousness in *salvation*; that He does not save without an atonement; that He does not put away sin without being strictly just; that He does by no means spare the guilty, but has laid on Christ that which was due to human sin, that He might be "just and the justifier of him that believeth." Go on, then, to tell everybody that the righteousness that saves you is

Not Your Own Righteousness.

Declare the righteousness of God as to a future state. Declare that whatever Scripture speaks of the ungodly is true and that God is righteous in it. Never mind the cavils and the inventions of this present age: God's character can never be harmed by these dreamers. Stand you by your God, and you may rest assured that time shall never change the essential truth that He is a holy and a righteous God, and will justify His ways to men.

But the time has gone, so I have only to say this: there is no other righteousness worth talking about; but if you will mention the righteousness of God, you will do much good. Make mention of the righteousness of God to convince men of their unrighteousness. Talk of it to win their admiration for the Lord Jesus. Oh, that everybody in this place knew how righteous the Lord Jesus was, not only in life, but in nature! Talk of the righteousness of God to show men the way of salvation. Tell them how the Lord laid help upon Christ, and that, while He is infinitely gracious, He is infinitely just. Then go on to point convinced sinners to where righteousness is to be had. Here is a happy vocation for the remainder of our sojourn here below. For ever and only make mention of God's righteousness. To Him be glory forever. Amen.

JOSIAH DEAN'S BAR.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.

(See Illustration on page 669.)

PART III.

MRS. Dean did not appear to share Kate's view of the humiliation involved in Joe being sent to a Reformatory. She said: "But, daughter," I had just as soon have it known that a son of mine was at a Reformatory, as that he deserved to go."

"Why no, mother," replied Kate impatiently, "I can think of nothing so disgraceful as to have a member of our family at such a place. That he deserved to go would not be so generally noised abroad as that he was there. What does Richard say? He never wrote me anything about it! I suppose he will want our engagement broken. He will not care to marry a girl whose brother has so disgraced himself and his family."

"You do not know Richard Murdock very well, if you say that of him. Since you have been away, he has been more of a son to me than my own boys," returned her mother.

"Joe and Rob don't feel very friendly toward him," said Mr. Dean. "They half suspect him of going to the judge."

"Oh, surely, they are wrong! He would not have done such a mean thing."

"Well, I am sure I do not know," rejoined her father.

After tea, Kate strolled out alone into an orchard that sloped toward a brook which ran not far from the house. Her mind was in a very unsettled state. She had been so mortified to hear such news of her brother. And then the hint her father threw out, in regard to

Richard, troubled her. She felt that she would rather meet him for the first time without having any eyes upon them. She did not have long to wait. In fact she had only reached the edge of the brook and had hold of the branch of a low spreading oak, looking thoughtfully into the water, before she felt herself seized by a pair of manly arms, while Richard, whose approach had been unheard, on account of the noise of the brook, said:

"My own darling Kate! How glad I am to have you at home again!"

Kate was so taken by surprise she could not summon at once the dignity that she had intended to assume. She was glad to be at home, glad to see Richard, and she could not help but tell him so. And he could not help but tell her how beautiful she had grown, and a thousand other sweet things that he had been longing to say to her. Together they strolled down by the stream. The beautiful twilight hour, the peaceful scene, and their reunion—there was enough happiness in these conditions to crowd out everything of an unpleasant nature, for a while at least. So Kate and Richard found it. They followed the brook until they came to a large maple (a land-mark in that section of the country) where they sat down, and the first pair in the Garden of Eden might have envied them. But as the fall came to disturb the happiness of Adam and Eve, so recollections of home troubles, occurring to Kate, made her thoughtful and sad. Richard guessed what made her sad and did not ask her. At length she said:

"Richard, do you know what was almost the first thing I said, after hearing of the terrible disgrace that has befallen my brother?"

"No, what was it?" inquired Richard.

"I said," replied Kate, "I thought you would not want to have anything more to do with me."

"But you surely did not mean what you said. You could not have thought so meanly of me as that would imply. If I was anything of the friend to you that I professed to be, you ought to have known that trouble would have drawn us closer together."

"Ah, yes; trouble of a certain kind would; but not such a family disgrace as having a brother in a reformatory."

"But, Kate my darling," said Richard, tenderly kissing her, "do you not see, this disgrace as you call it, may turn out to be a blessing? Your brother will be taught, and kept away from all evil, especially from liquor and these two years may be the turning-point in his life."

Just at this juncture, there was a rustle in the bushes not far away and both turned, expecting to see some one emerge, but as no one did, they concluded the noise came from the moving of cattle.

"Richard," said Kate, rising and drawing away, "you talk as if you might have been the one who influenced the judge to change his decision. I should be very angry if I thought that of you."

"Listen, Kate!" said Richard, trying to take her hand which she refused to let him have. "As God is my witness, everything I did in that matter I did with a view to gaining the greatest good for your brothers and mother. You don't know how bad your brothers are getting to be. You have not the faintest idea how terribly I feel over the thought that I was the one to give you the wrong advice, in regard to watching over them, and trying to influence them in the right direction. With that idea haunting me, since you have been away, it has been my great aim to undo the evil, by trying to get them under the right influences. I saw in this decision a way to remove Joe to better surroundings and I acknowledge frankly, I did what I could to have him taken away. You do not blame me? Or, if you do, at least you will tell me you believe that my motives were sincere. You will say you believe in me, Kate?" said her lover, holding out his arms to receive her, as a dear pledge of her faith in him.

Kate hesitated: as she did so the movement in the bushes increased, a bright flash, follow-



Tel-el-Hesy, the Site of the Ancient Amorite City of Lachish, Lately Excavated.

ed by a sharp report of a pistol, broke the stillness of the evening air, and the arms that were held out for her were thrown up, as Richard fell heavily to the ground.

"We will say we believe him to be a most infernal scoundrel, eh, Kate?" said her brother Robert, laughing a coarse, drunken laugh, as he staggered out from the bushes.

What a terrible moment for Kate! She bent anxiously over Richard, and as she did so, Robert spoke:

"If he stirs again, I have another load that will finish him."

"Is it possible my brothers have fallen so low?" thought Kate.

"Robert," she said, advancing firmly towards him, "give me that pistol."

"Not much, my beauty. I will put a ball through you if you anger me."

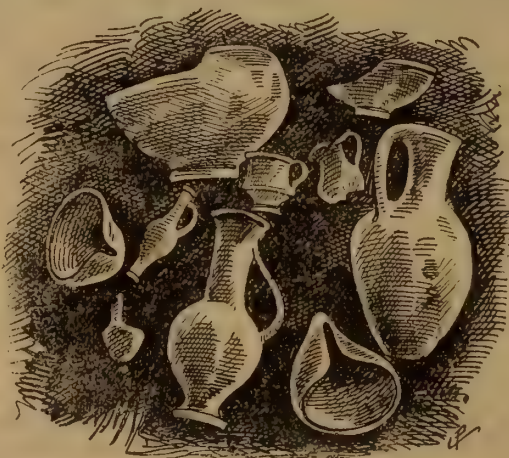
Kate never knew how she did it, but with the quickness born of despair she snatched the pistol out of her brother's hand, and when he sprang towards her to regain the weapon, she jumped towards the bank of the stream. This was her salvation, for in going after her, his foot slipped and he rolled over into the water. Kate was not afraid her brother would be harmed, the water was only a couple of feet deep, and throwing the pistol as far up the stream as she could, she hastened to Richard's side.

He lay motionless, the blood flowing from both arms. Those dear arms that had been held out to her, entreating her to believe in him. What if she never should have the chance to assure him of that belief? How noble his conduct appeared to her now! And how contemptible her own feeling of mortified pride. While these thoughts were occupying Kate's mind, she was hard at work, tearing first her handkerchief, and then her skirt into bandages to stanch the blood. So intent was she that she did not notice what her brother was doing, till she heard a trembling voice say:

"Well, I suppose I shall have to swing for this."

She looked around, and there stood Robert. The sudden plunge had dispelled the effects of the whisky. He was dripping with water, but with a very different expression of countenance.

"Oh, Robert," moaned Kate, "How could you do anything so terrible?"



Specimens of Pottery Excavated at Tel-el-Hesy.

"Why, Kate, you know very well I would not have done it if I had not been drunk. How is a fellow to help doing things when he's tipsy?"

"Bring me some water in your hat, Robert," said Kate, "the bleeding has almost stopped, and I think we can bring Richard to himself."

They were successful, and in a minute, Richard opened his eyes. He made an effort to raise himself. Kate tenderly placed his head on her shoulder and encircled him with her arms. No words could tell how precious he was to her now.

"How did all this happen?" he asked in a faint voice, looking into Robert's face. "Oh, yes, now I remember. But you did not mean to do it, did you Robert? You were under the influence of liquor, were you not?"

"Yes," said Robert, burying his head in his hands, and sobbing aloud. "But I am too bad to live! I shall deserve anything the law gives me. I am going to give myself up right away."

While Robert hurried up to the house to tell his father and mother of the sad "accident," and to have the hired man bring the easiest carriage for the wounded man, Kate endeavored to make him as comfortable as she could.

"If you want to help me get over this," said Richard, speaking with great effort, "you will make me a solemn promise and we three will

enter into a compact. You will promise not touch another drop of any kind of liquor?"

There was a long pause, when Robert raised his tear-stained face and said solemnly:

"Richard, I promise, so help me God."

Soon Mr. Dean with bowed head and Mrs. Dean wringing her hands, appeared.

"Richard, my boy, this is bad, bad business," exclaimed the old man, in a trembling voice.

"Not so bad as it might be," replied Richard cheerfully, "and if you should feel inclined to do as much for me, as Kate and Robert are doing to do, it would turn out a blessed time."

"Richard, I thought you knew me better than to doubt my willingness to do anything my power to serve you, after what has happened. There is nothing that you might ask, that I would not joyfully do."

"Even to closing your bar and having for this time forth a strictly temperance hotel," asked Richard.

"All right, Richard, it shall be as you say."

* * * * *

That was the end of Josiah Dean's Bar after Richard recovered, and Kate became Mrs. Murdock, the cause of Temperance had more earnest supporters in Brewster than Dean and Murdock families.

THE SITE OF ANCIENT LACHISH.

(See illustrations on this page.)

IN a former number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mention was made of the very interesting excavations recently made in Syria by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. In the district around Khurbat Ajlon, in the country of the Amorites, these excavations have brought to light what is believed to be the site of the ancient town of Lachish, which, with its sister town of Eglon, was among the chief cities of the Amorites in the days when Sihon was the king of Heshbon, and Og king of Bashan. Khurbat Ajlon is about fourteen miles northward of Gaza. The site of Lachish lies upon a great mound, known as Tel-el-Hesy.

On April 14th, Mr. Petrie, of the Exploration Fund, having secured permission from the Ottoman authorities, began digging in the mound. Lachish was probably at the height of its fame and prosperity about the time of King Rehoboam. Some of the stone slabs, with sculptured

ed pilasters and beautiful decorations, are believed to have been executed by workmen of the same school with those who built Solomon's Temple. The fragments of pottery found are supposed by archaeologists to belong to the twelfth century before Christ, although many are evidently much older. Some of the pottery has a fine glaze, and is ornamented with scratched lines in a peculiar manner. The pieces shown in the illustration are of this class.

This is the first occasion upon which explorers have come upon any remains of the ancient Amorites. Lachish was captured by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah's reign, and on one of the sculptures on the walls of the palaces at Babylon is portrayed the taking of the fortress. As it fell under Assyrian rule, another layer of buildings was added to the preceding deposits. Then came the Macedonian conquests and these were followed by a Greek town springing up on the ruins of the Assyrian buildings. The Amorite foundation lowest of all is of prehistoric antiquity. That nation seems to have been at one time the most powerful in all Syria, having dominion over Moab and other great races, about the time that Moses undertook the holy mission, under God's inspiration, of delivering Israel out of the hands of the tyrannous Egyptians.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Author of "Nestleton Magna," "Simon Holmes, the Carpenter," "Will it Lift?" etc., etc.

(Continued from page 654.)

GEORGE dropped the towel which he had been using, and said, as he kissed her brow. "What mother! sighing at the very thought of it! Nay, then, I'll tell you no more. Be quite sure the woman isn't born yet that could ever come between me and the most precious mother in all the world. Besides, it's all nonsense. What put it into the old man's head, I don't know. I expect it'll go out again just as oddly. But you know of old, when Abram gets a notion into his head, how he does run on."

Hereupon, Mrs. Appleton recovered her content, or thought she had, and smiled her satisfaction. Then after the old, old fashion of her kind, she began to seek for further information. "Very well," said she, "I think, as you say, that I can gauge Abram pretty well. And what prize, then, in the matrimonial line has he found for you? And how are you to secure it, as you say, and gain promotion at the same time?"

"Why, you see," quoth George. "The old man's niece has come to live with him. I don't seem to think that he's over well pleased about it. He's hardly the man, Abram isn't, to change his household arrangements, especially if it means an accession of 'petticoats.' Possibly that's the reason why he is willing to give me his vote and interest. Well, no, not that, exactly," he continued, warned by the rising cloud to be very careful, "but I can put this and that together, you know, mother mine."

"You mean that the scheming old fellow wants to put you two together," interposed



Kate Dean Fears her Lover is Dead.

Mrs. Appleton, betrayed by her rising feelings into a pun, which was not very much in her line. "I'll warrant Old Crusty's got some secret end to answer, if the truth was known."

"Nay, I think I can read him pretty clearly, mother, this time. After all is said and done, I think he has some regard for me, and would like me to have the business after him: and I fancy he thinks that I might be induced to take Miss Nora, too."

"Nora, eh? You've soon found out her name. What's made him have her here, I wonder, when he wouldn't have her mother? Though it is no other than right and just he should," continued Mrs. Appleton. "He ought to care for his own kith and kin. But why he should let the mother die in the cold, so far as he was concerned, and then fetch the daughter home, I can't—"

"Nay, but think a minute, mother," said George, sympathetically. "Mother and daughter were together then. Now, the poor lassie's all alone. God help her! And she's far too handsome to be left unfriended."

Mrs. Appleton thought there was a very needless amount of emphasis in that last expression of opinion, and her quick glance was again directed to her son. George did not see it, however; he was too busy unlacing his boots. "Then you've seen her, have you, George?"

"Yes. I saw her when she left the stage. I helped to carry her portmanteau indoors. Afterward I had to go into the kitchen to melt some glue, and there she was, chatting with her uncle about her journey, and a right pleasant voice she had."

"And is she really so good-looking?" asked Mrs. Appleton, with a tremor in her voice, for she was a good deal disconcerted, and was of far too transparent a character herself to hide it. She was anxious to gauge the strength of George's first impressions. George was going to speak with needless emphasis.

He began: "I don't think I ever saw—"

He happened to catch a glimpse of the reflection of his mother's face in the little mirror above the mantelpiece; he paused for half a second, and then finished the sentence thus—"any woman so attractive as my mother, and I'm willing to wait long for a wife if I can meet her match at last."

It was well both for mother and son that they were no strangers to the power of real religion to guide, to guard, and to sustain. All its consolations and support will the mother need; all his strength of principle and love of truth will her

son require, because of the advent of the bright-eyed, gypsy-looking lassie, whose shadow even now has fallen on their hearth.

There was yet another individual who was a good deal stirred and ruffled by reason of Nora Mansford's arrival under Abram Hardale's roof tree. Tabitha Crowle, the carpenter's house-keeper, was offended, angry, wrathful. I am not sure that I can find a word which would do justice as a description of the state of mind of Tabitha Crowle when, on her return from feeding a small flock of goslings in the paddock beyond the garden, she found a strange woman unbonneted, and evidently at home, sitting in her own kitchen as if she did not mean to leave it;—and worse still, Abram Hardale sitting in the old-fashioned, bees-waxed and polished Pembroke chair, which had been her own by right of unquestioned and undisturbed appropriation for

full a dozen years last past.

Abram Hardale had never during the whole of that time, come and sat with her in that friendly fashion, and Tabitha had learned to look upon the kitchen as her own domain, her peculiar manor in which trespass was to be dared, only at a risk and cost. Woe to the 'prentice lad, who came in on some errand from the shop, if he did not wipe his feet on the straw mat at the door until his boots were as clean as the sanded red-brick floor, and the carefully whitened hearth. Not seldom the youngster would prefer to pull off his boots, and make the passage in his stockinged feet, rather than risk a possible broadside from Tabitha's battery of guns. It was this bright, clear, winsome and cosy aspect of Tabitha's kitchen which had delighted Nora, who went and took possession of it, as though it were her peculiar right, and Abram, loath to follow her, did so rather than confess to her that it was more than he dared to do.

Short, squat, plump and rosy was Tabitha Crowle. For a "woman with a temper" she was a remarkably well-preserved and buxom body, wearing her five-and-forty years as lightly as if they had been fewer by full fifteen. It is fair to say that Tabitha's temper was not generally what may be called "hot" except in matters that had regard to the cleanliness of her house, of which she had sole charge, and which was certainly, to use her own description of her ideal:

"Spick span, clean as a pin, Monday out and Sunday in."

The one other direction in which Tabitha's temper was apt to boil over was—Abram Hardale. How these two had managed to dwell in the same house together for a dozen long years was a perennial conundrum in Settleworth, and its astounded population seemed to be compelled to "give it up." The only way I think of accounting for it is this—satirical Abram and keen-tongued Tabitha had each met their match.

No sooner did Tabitha Crowle find herself inside her invaded dominions, than she gave tongue: "Hoity-toity! Upsee daysee! Who's come hither-away? What do you mean, Mister Abram Hardale, a comin' into my kitchen, without either a 'with your leave' or a 'by your leave'; let alone mekin' a stranger as free as yourself."

"All right," said Abram, in troubled tones, a cross between anger and deprecation, and then, as if willing to explain, he proceeded: "This is my niece, Tabby; I wouldn't have brought her in

here, but she took such a fancy to your kitchen that I couldn't possibly keep her out of it. She said she could eat her dinner off the floor, it was so beautifully clean, an' that she could see to do up her hair in the oven door, it was so wonderfully bright."

I don't believe that Nora said any such thing, though she certainly had spoken of her surroundings there in language of admiration. Abram Hardale had evolved it, out of his inner consciousness, hoping to flatter his irate handmaiden into a more placable frame of mind. But it wouldn't do for Tabitha.

"Niece, eh? Might niver ha' known you had one for all you iver said about her. She didn't come down on you unexpected, I suppose, like a tile on a windy day!" With this parting shot she bounded through the kitchen toward some part of her dominions still further in the rear, leaving surly Abram to wish that he had taken the trouble to warn her a little beforehand of the impending advent of his niece.

Abram knew from past experience that what had transpired was only the pioneer dropping and souging of a storm of some severity—at least his experience gave him reason to think so. "We had better go into the parlor," he said, "Tabby's going to spit. I never told her you were coming."

"Then you did very wrong, Uncle, and Tabby, as you call her, has some reason to be cross," said Nora. "Spit, is she? Please go, then; but let me stay. Tabby will purr; not spit, for I'll stroke her down—the right way, you know. Did you ever try that plan with people when they are cross, Uncle Abram?"

Uncle Abram retired without answering. If he had answered, and truthfully, he would have surely said, "No, I never did;" for he had never tried. Abram Hardale had no sooner made his exit from the special territory of Tabitha Crowle, than that plain-spoken henchwoman was surprised by another and, if possible, still more unwarrantable invasion of her domain. Nora followed her into the regions at the rear, and found her busily engaged in scouring the tin pail from which the young goslings had just been fed. Without so much as a "with your leave" she placed her two hands on Tabitha's shoulders. No sooner was Tabitha's face turned in wondering inquiry than the little gypsy kissed her heartily.

"There!" said she, when this act was accomplished to her complete satisfaction. "O what a comfort it is to have a bonnie face to kiss!"

Her remark had an effect besides that which she intended. She suddenly remembered that the lips of her own dear mother were the last that had received any imprint of her own until now, and altogether false to her own programme, the dear lassie burst into tears. This was not by any means what Nora intended; but there is no question that it answered her purpose sooner and more effectively. She meant to conquer Tabitha by merriness and candid overtures of friendship and I am far from saying that her efforts would have been in vain. But in that case she must have laid long siege and have been content to win a victory by slow process. Her unintentional tears added infinite weight to her artillery, and at once she took

the place, Tabitha's heart, by storm, and made it her own.

"Nay, bairn, nay," said Tabitha deprecatingly, "I didn't mean to scare you. I was only lettin' Abram know a bit o' my mind. I hadn't common patience with him. He's that worritin' that I've afeared I shall do him a 'armsturn some o' these days. There is hope o' some folks mendin', even i' their old age, but him mend? Yes, like sour milk i' summer, only, he can't be much sourer than he is already." Then noticing for the first time Nora's black dress and the mourning-locket hung on her neck by a chain of jet, further light dawned on Tabitha and she continued still more placidly, "you see, dearie, he telled me nothing about anybody coming, an' it was just as like as not that the spare bed would be unmade up and the blankets at the wash. But if I had known it was somebody that has lost—somebody that—that wanted somebody to kiss, why—"

Tabitha, sensible body that she was, thought the best way for her to finish was to weep with them that weep, and to return the kiss with interest. So the covenant was made between them both, and Tabitha Crowle and Nora Mansford were at one.

I think this good understanding between them was materially strengthened by two considerations, which it may be well to mention. Nora's habit was to put things and leave things in a state of disorder. Thoroughly neat, and almost painfully particular so far as her own person was concerned, Nora was not "tidy" as Tabitha put it; in fact, she was, I am afraid, downright untidy. Like many other young folks, she thought it quite enough to shut the door and hide the topsey-turveydom from public view; not that she always contributed even that much to the maintenance of order and decorum. She left things about, or to quote the exemplary Tabitha on the subject: "Miss Nora's gotten quite a humbly-jumbley way with her of tossin' her things about; sometimes they're all of a heap in a corner like a upset rag-bag; an' sometimes they're scattered about so there is ever such a bother to side 'em up again."

Not seldom, too, the young maiden had to submit to reproof for standing on the white hearthstone with boots that would not bear critical inspection in the matter of freedom from yard gravel and garden soil.

But all this was as it should be, and accorded admirably with the eternal fitness of things. Think of a very pink of perfection like Tabitha Crowle residing continually with an equal pink of perfection! Both of them equally, perfectly, unfalteringly clean and fidgety. Surely they would be the death of each other. Nora's careless ways gave piquancy to Tabitha's love of order, found her honest work to do, and cause for saying reasonable things. This latter point is a general godsend to the female mind, and to those of the male sex who are not given to silent musing, as their favorite form of speech.

The other thing that helped to strengthen the bond and covenant between Tabitha and the young newcomer was this. Nora did not seem to go in the slightest fear of her Uncle Abram. "She can stick up to him as well as I can," was Tabitha's wit-ness on this subject. "Yes, an' better, for she keeps her temper solid

like, an' mine falls into thousands of pieces."

Soon after Nora had settled down a little in her new home, Abram had treated her to a few of those scarifying and sarcastic sentences of which he was so cool a master. When they were uttered in Tabitha's hearing, she shrank under them for Nora's sake, feeling the clean cut of the knife for her, though she did not mind the snap of her finger for still sharper words directed to herself. But when she found that Abram Hardale's biting utterances elicited from Nora a laugh, a joke, and sometimes a keen retort, all the more keen for being feathered by a smile, Tabitha was delighted and could not help boasting to the spare old cynic himself—

"There's two folks," she said "that doesn't care any more for the rough side of your tongue than they do for the smooth. You find me a bit of a prickly-back;" by this Tabitha meant a hedge-hog, "an' Miss Nora turns the edge o' your razor, till there's no more cut in it than in your shaving brush."

"Very good," said Abram, dryly, "You've both of you more sense than folks wi' less. You can take your medicine an' not grin; but it tastes as sweet as the roll in the revelation did, after it's gone."

Here the old fellow chuckled out a hard, slow, dry laugh, as Thomas Carlyle says, as though he were "whiffing through wool."

Then Tabitha lost her temper, and bore down upon him in rough Yorkshire homespun, far more vigorous than elegant, leaving her mistress of the field by sheer dint of talking him down, and talking him out. Usually she gave him a final shot as he passed the window with a sardonic grin on his face, and his ego whiskers quite electric with satisfaction at the storm he had raised.

(To be Continued.)

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ISLAM AND THE SWEARER.
a revival in connection with his
ch in Cornwall, the Rev. J. Has-
assing by his parish church when
sounds of singing and sobbing.
he found that they proceeded
id whom he knew to be a true
Yet he heard him saying aloud
the bitterness of his soul—"I
I swore! I swore! I didn't
swear. But I did. Canst Thou
e, O my Father?" Mr. Haslam
e lad and knelt and prayed by his
assured him "by the ministry of
d, that God had said if we con-
s, He is faithful and just to for-
r sins, and to cleanse us from all
iness." Then, Mr. Haslam says,
wing better at that time, I asked
lad, "Will you promise me you
swear again?" He was only
to promise this; but as the boy
of the church, bright and happy,
ught within himself, "What is to
in swearing again?" He did not
it. He did not mean to do it.
wore. If this did not prevent
his promise to me prevent him?"
s Mr. Haslam, "I went to my
n, and sought for more light by
id about three months after I
at it is the privilege and joy of be-
en they fall into any sin, to go to
o things, forgiveness and cleans-
deliverance from the future do-
sin." The man that trusts to his
ation will find that he is trusting
n need.

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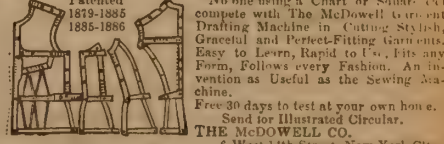


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the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
angers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thy inmost
heart?
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious
feeling,
Thou know'st not what—perchance may'st
never know—
Shall find thee when in darkness thou art
kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous
glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth
and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's
night!

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold "the Spirit and the Bride say,
'Come,'"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee
home.
Why should'st thou wait? Long centuries
ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for
thee!
Thou art His own. Would'st thou His beau-
ty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou can'st
not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:
More blest are they who see not, yet be-
lieve.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou
say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope
is dead,
I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. *The Shepherd does not ask of
thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.*
And this He meant in saying "Come to
Me."

In light or darkness, seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

—Selected.

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"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,"
Luke 10: 30.

IT is the morning of December 5, in Jerusalem and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to out-gallop the wind or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steep and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step, amid rocky steeps where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain sure-footedness.

There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the fact that this sheik represents the Turkish Government which assures the safety of the caravan.



LED BY AN ARAB SHEIK.

We cross the Jehoshaphat Valley which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat Valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death-groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men and that the great part of them

became robbers. So late as 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds, Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed, and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds, the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jericho and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. "Oh," he says, "here is a man that has been attacked of thieves." "Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man in a comatose state makes no answer or, with a half-dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and draws out "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my

Duties at Jerusalem.

I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice to-day. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Beside that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the Temple." And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks and you missed the chance. Go on your way! Execrated by the centuries!

Soon afterward, a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite passing along this road where we are to-day, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the

choir at the temple. If I am not there, no will carry my part. Beside that, there may be enough frankincense for the censers and wine or oil may have given out, and what a full balk in the service that would make. One of the priests might get his breast-plate crooked. But it seems too bad to leave man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But, no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking of the wounds of a man who will probably be dead, anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on way up to the temple. There, I have lost minutes already! Go along, you beast!" shouts, as he strikes his heels into the side of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road hides the hard-hearted official.

The Good Samaritan.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded belong to different nations which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an obprobrium and malediction diabolical. They had opposition temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah. I guess this Samaritan when he comes up to give the fallen Israelite another clip and says: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. Here is a rag of your coat that they did not take and I will take that. What! Do you dare appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Your ancestors worshipped at Jerusalem and they ought to have worshipped at Gerizim. I take that! And that! And that!" will say Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No; the Samaritan rides up to the scene suffering, gets off the beast and steps down looking into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshipped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes him my brother. God pity him, as I do!" And he drops down on his knees and begins to examine the wounds, and straighten out his limbs to see



any of his bones are broken, and says: "My fellow, cheer up, you need have more care of yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse. Let me listen to your breathing. I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, that will soothe the pain of the wounds and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble, you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no," says the man, "I can't walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will carry you on till I get you to a place where you have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one. You have seen a mother after three weeks' sleepless watching of her boy, down with smallpox, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so the sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow

temporized ambulance is moving toward ern. "You feel better now, I think," says maritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I better." "Halloo, you landlord! help me his man in and make him comfortable." The Samaritan sat up with the Jew, him water whenever he felt thirsty and his pillow when it got hot, and in the ig before the Samaritan started on his he said "Landlord, now I am obliged to take good care of this man and I will be here soon again and pay you for all you do. Meanwhile here is something to meet expenses." The "two pence" he gave diord sounds small, but it was as much dollars here and now, considering what d there and then buy of food and lodging.

Practical Christianity.

n that December noon we sat under the of the tavern where this scene of mer- occurred, and just having passed along ad where the tragedy had happened, I as plainly as I now see the nearest man platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, aid aloud to our group under the tent: op of practical Christianity is worth more temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that amaritan had more religion in five min- an that minister and that Levite had in ne, and the most accursed thing on earth onal prejudice, and I bless God that I live erica, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant tholic can live together without quarrel, ere, in the great national crucible, the nces of sect, and tribe, and people are be- uled into a great brotherhood, and that estion which the lawyer flung at Christ, ich brought forth this incident of the Samaritan, "Who is my neighbor?" is ig forth the answer "My neighbor is the an I meet in trouble," and a wound close l calls louder than a temple seventeen off, though it covers nineteen acres.

in London the vast procession which y last January moved to St. Paul's Cath- the burial of that Christian hero, Lord . The day after, at Hawarden, in conver- on various

s, I asked adstone if not think many who under the v of false re- might not heless be at eally Chris- Gladstone t: "Yes; my riend Lord who was day buried, he returned his Abyssini- mpaign, vis- is here at

A TALK WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

den and, walking in this park where e now walking, he told me a very ful incident. He said: "After the war in was over, we were on the march and we soldier with a broken leg who was not enough to go along with us and we did re to leave him to be taken care of by sav- ut we found we were compelled to leave id we went into the house of a woman who id to be a very kind woman, though of ce of savages, and we said, "Here is a an, and if you will take care of him till s well we will pay you very largely," and re offered her five times that which would uly be offered, hoping by the excess of e secure for him great kindness. The n replied: "I will not take care of him e money you offer. I do not want your . But leave him here, and I will take f him for the sake of the love of God." "ladstone turned to me and said: "Dr. ge, don't you think that though she be- to a race of savages, that was pure re- ?" And I answered: "I do; I do." May

God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of



ROAD TO JERICHO.

Mary Magdalen? This one refused, and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, "I will go and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl and told of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sight-seers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoman: "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied: "This is the brook Cherith where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground, and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle-axe. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river, which when in full force, is a silver wedge, splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of

Elijah's Ravens

still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough food for a half-dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith, waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors. But God compelled them, as He always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing

providences to carry help to His children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity; the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption, for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment Day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut. The wheat must be threshed. The black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who come out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at four o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—The plain of Jericho and the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide up on their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachia, who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery, spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon, I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days, the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho, blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day without the roll of a war-chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or

the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital.

On the evening of December the 6th, we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the



BROOK CHERITH.

sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making

Rude Music Blest of God

to the demolition of that wicked place which had defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skilful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes, the old hymns in log-cabin churches, and country meeting-houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks, the anthem in English cathedrals, the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn, or Beethoven die, the thrum of harpe, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song

of Sabbath Schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our camp-fires that evening of December 6th, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for

A Campaign of Old Hundred!

Oh, for a dashing cavalry charge of Coronations! Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted, to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good Gospel music, and the round planet will all be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of Creation's corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents, we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt, because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill, and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the campfire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage: hard pillars cut into soft lace: Iliads and Odysseys in granite; basalt jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning: upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle-fields: robes encrusted with diamond; mosaics white as sea-foam flashed on by auroras: gaities which the sun saw by day, rivaled by the moon saw by night: blasphemy built against the sky: ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens: grandeurs tur-

retted, archivoluted and intercolumnar: wickedness so appalling that vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as Thenius describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar cane, and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister Salome immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city, and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage, and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!" Then in my dream, all the pomp of Jericho vanished and gloom was added to gloom, and

Desolation to Desolation,

and woe to woe, until, perhaps the rippling waters of the Fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness," were rolling through that plain and rolling across that continent, and rolling

ous reality as surely as God is true and C Gospel is the world's Catholicism. "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

A HOME FOR RUSSIAN JEWS.

AN event of interest to students of prophecy occurred in New York a few days ago. One of the signs of the last years of the present dispensation is, as we learn from prophecy, the restoration of the Jews to their own land. God promised them that, "It shall come to pass when all these things have come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, and thou shalt say in thine heart, *Why hath the Lord done thus unto me?* . . . then the Lord God shall turn thy captivity and have compassion upon thee and will return thee and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord hath scattered thee." (Deut. 30: 1-3.) These causes will doubtless contribute to the fulfillment of this prophecy. One of these causes is the event referred to. It was a meeting, by wealthy and influential Jews in New York, to consider the condition of their brethren in Russia. That meeting reached the conclusion that the best solution of the problem was to assist the Russian Jews to settle in Palestine.



Ancient Jericho as it now looks. (From a photograph secured in the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's *Inferno* became Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost* was submerged by *Paradise Regained*, and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening ploughshares, and, in my dream, at the blast of a trumpet the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again. And some one told me that as these walls in Joshua's time, at the sounding trumpets of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the Gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said: "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke, and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glori-

Those people promptly raised a sum of \$1,000 for the purpose, and appointed a committee to collect subscriptions.

Circulars printed in Hebrew and English, signed by Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph, and the Rev. Dr. Philip Klein, of the Norfolk Synagogue, and Abram Rosenberg, President of the Society, Choc'be Zion of New York. The speakers said in substance, that the last ten years conspicuous Jews all over the world, had been convinced that the only solution of the "Jewish question" was the return of the Jews to Palestine. Since the last Jewish immigration in Roumania, about 1882, the movement to Palestine has played a most important part in the destinies of east European Jews. There are now twenty colonies, with a population of over four thousand souls, have sprung up on the soil of the Holy Land.

The history of the movement has shown that it costs ten times as much, to enable Russian and Roumanian Jewish emigrants, to establish a livelihood in this country, as is required to establish them in Palestine. Thus, as Palestine has always been in the fulfilment of prophecy, the Jews are becoming unconsciously the instrument of effecting God's purposes. Though the Jews of New York, might not be anxious to see their brethren to Palestine, on religious grounds, they become anxious for it when they see the cheapest method of solving the present social problem.

BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ased Life—A Town Without a Post-Office—Buy-
 special Recognition—The Gospel in Many Languages
 life Selling Her Husband.

Little Baby Plunged Four Stories from a burning hotel in Chicago, in the arms of its mother, on the night of the 12th inst. The had gained such headway that all means were cut off, and the frantic mother, with other occupants of the hotel, to the window. Crazed with fright, she remembered her child, and wrapping it in clothing, hugged it closely to her breast in such a manner that when she fell a mass on the stony pavement below, her body acted as a cushion for the little. She died a few moments after, but the mother, whom she had gladly given her own life for, escaped wholly uninjured. One naturally asks what the future of that babe will be. It will be a melancholy sequence to so heroic a life that cost so much should be a sin and evil influence. The responsibility that child is very great, but how much is that of every Christian, whose life was purchased by the precious blood of God. (Heb. 9:14.)

There is a Town Without a Post-Office in Carolina. Last year when Mr. Wanamaker making changes in the postmasters after the advent of the Republican Administration, removed the Postmaster of Bishopville, S. C. The colored man was appointed in his place and he duly qualified. But the townspeople showed considerable resentment, and insisted on getting back their former postmaster. At the time they starved the office, by buying stamps and mailing their letters at the office of the adjacent towns. As this system did not have the desired effect, they had the postmaster and his assistant arrested, on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. The man informed that if he would resign, the charge against him would be withdrawn. The colored man consented, and the townspeople hoped that their former postmaster would be reinstated. But Mr. Wanamaker appointed a white citizen. The appointee, however, did not qualify, as owing to the public feeling he would give bonds for him. The Post-General began to suspect the nature of the difficulty, and sent an inspector to Bishopville to investigate. After receiving the inspector's report, it was decided to close the office. The stamps and pouches were accordingly packed up and sent to Washington. The town will consequently be without postal facilities until it consents to accept a postmaster appointed by the Department. The condition of the town might furnish an illustration for a theological discussion on Free-will. As the townspeople cannot, it appears, have postal facilities without yielding their own will, so the free man is free to reject Christ, but cannot enter the kingdom without accepting Him. (Hosea 13:4.)

Death of a Famous Dog is Chronicled with a full obituary notice by the *Times*, of St. Louis, Mo. It states that in the fall of 1887 a soldier who had been wounded in a fight with the Indians on the plains, in the Custer campaign, stopped at the Union Pacific Depot, on his way to his home in the East. He became very ill in the depot, and was sent to a room where he died. With him was a black dog, the soldier said, had been his companion in the campaign. In some way the dog came into the sight of the soldier, when he was sent in a wheelbarrow from the depot to the hospital. He remained at the depot, and for days wandered over the tracks, under the cars and upon the Union Avenue hunting for his master. He was evidently distressed. At last he located in the Union Pacific ticket-office, opposite the entrance to the depot and stayed there. A ticket agent took him under his special protection, and the dog became a great favorite of the clerks. He has been there from that time until he died last week. Every day, no matter what the weather, the dog would go

across to the Union Depot, where he would make the rounds of the building and also the offices along the avenue, then he would return to the ticket-office apparently convinced that his master had not returned, and the next day he would renew his search. All those eleven years, to the day of his death, he made the same search every day. He was looking for his master, and in spite of all the disappointments continued to look for him to the last. So much cannot be said for some Christians, who appear to have forgotten the promise of their Master's return. As Christ predicted, they say, "My Lord delayeth His coming," and they become careless and worldly. (Matt. 24:48-51.)

A Day of Polyglottic Study was Spent in New York recently by a citizen of Vermont. It was Sunday, and during the day he listened to twelve languages beside his own. He went to a Hebrew Christian Church to enjoy Hebrew in the forenoon. He listened to Bohemian in the afternoon, and Platt-Deutsche in the evening; while he took his breakfast at an Italian eating-house, his dinner at a Spanish posada, his supper at a French restaurant, and afterwards spent a couple of hours in strolling through the polyglot streets on the east side. In this way he passed Sunday from morning till midnight, but found that he had as yet learned but very little of the multiplex glottology of New York. He has made up his mind to spend another Sunday here, and get a few more lessons in the languages of our other races, including the Chinese, the Celtic, and the Swedish. Afterward he hopes to return to Vermont, and hear the voice of his Green Mountain mother. He might have spent his Sunday more profitably, but if he is a man of reflective mind, he must have been impressed with the fact that, as on the day of Pentecost, to every nationality in its own tongue, was proclaimed salvation through Christ, and it was found suitable to every race, and men of every clime found in Jesus a Saviour adapted to their need. (Acts 2:8-11.)

A Young Husband's Dilemma is Described in a press dispatch from Mount Vernon, N. Y. A few days ago a lady arrived in that town from St. Louis, and going to a certain house, inquired for a lady who formerly boarded there, but had left. She asked permission to remain for a night as she was sick, and knew no one in the town. Her request was granted, and she was very grateful. The next morning she was much worse, and before night she was dangerously ill. As she was evidently in mental distress an effort was made to find her friends through the clue furnished by letters in her pocket. It was found that her husband was a young physician who had married her clandestinely. His mother had discovered the marriage, and had given him the alternative of leaving his wife or being disinherited. After a painful struggle he chose the former, and a legal separation was arranged. The poor wife tried to support herself by teaching languages, but had not succeeded, and her failure, combined with the distress over her husband's conduct, had brought on the attack of sickness. Happily her hostess in Mount Vernon was kind to her, and is nursing her back to health. Not many men so situated would have decided as her husband did, however large might have been the fortune involved. But men who would scorn to act as he did are sometimes found recreant to their Lord when money is to be gained by unfaithfulness. (II. Peter 2:15.)

A Certain Jewish Baron in France is Current-ly reported to have paid \$40,000 to a poor but aristocratic person in Paris, to obtain for him invitations to the houses of influential families, and to introduce him to society. So far his effort has been unavailing, and the story of his failure has brought ridicule on his name, especially from the pens of American editors. It would appear, however, that New York has men of a similar stamp. A writer in a society journal says that there are three men whose names stand high in Wall Street and are well known among the wealthy people of the city, who have for years been vainly struggling for the recognition of the "old families." "One

of them spends an income of \$70,000 or \$80,000 a year in a reckless effort to push his way in, but without success. The doors of society are closed against him. Many men of less intelligence and fewer personal advantages than he, are securely settled inside, but they have never shown a desire to enter, which is always deemed a fatal impediment." It would appear that money, which according to popular belief, "answereth all things," will not purchase social position. Neither will it purchase entrance into the highest of all circles—the family of the sons of God: but is rather a hindrance. There is this difference, however, that a manifest and eager desire to enter the true Church of Christ, so far from being an impediment, is a condition of entrance; "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." (Matt 7:8.)

Why the Leopard is Beautiful and the Hyena ugly, is explained by a philosopher of Equatorial Africa in a fable which Emin Pasha heard while residing there and publishes in his new book. Ages ago, runs the fable, the leopard and the hyena were of the same solid color. The leopard was vain, wished to have a fancier dress, and went about the country asking every other beast how he might get his skin ornamented. He was eventually referred to a man who offered to beautify his coat for a bit of fine game daily. The leopard agreed to this, and every day brought to the man a fat sheep, or goat, or antelope. In return the man painted spots all over him. The leopard was doubtful of the beauty of his new dress at first, but as he ran away through a village to the woods he heard everyone praising his appearance, and was delighted. A hyena saw and admired him, and went eventually to the man to get the same ornamentation. The terms of the man were the same as they were with the leopard. The hyena was miserly, however, and always ate the best parts of his game and gave the man the leavings. So the man painted the hyena all over with ugly patterns, so that till this day the miserly beast has been an eyesore to all mankind. A naturalist would reject so childish an explanation of the contrast in the two animals, but there is truth in the principle it suggests. The uncomeliness of moral character is frequently traceable to selfishness and cupidity. (Ezekiel 22:12, 13.)

A Husband was Offered for Sale in New York on Oct. 9. A case was on trial in Justice McMahon's Court in which a handsome but somewhat dissipated-looking German was charged with abandoning his wife. The wife, who was much older than he, looked worn and faded. She said he had neglected her for some months past and had drawn money from her, which she had earned by washing, instead of contributing to her support. She also complained that he spent his time with a young woman of questionable character. The justice confessed his inability to help her, but was willing to punish the man by sending him to prison. The wife did not wish her husband punished, as that would not benefit her, but said she was willing to sell him to the other woman for a fair price. "If they pay me thirty dollars," she said, "I want no more than that for him." The husband answered promptly that thirty dollars was too much. "Well," she said, "I take twenty-five." The justice interposed here with the warning that he would not have such dickering in court, about a violation of the law. The man must support his wife and, if he married the other woman with or without the payment of the twenty-five dollars, he would be sent to State's prison for bigamy. The husband, thereupon, promised to pay his wife two dollars a week and with that understanding he was discharged. The bargain proposed by the woman was immoral as well as illegal. It showed that her idea of the sanctity of the marriage relation, like her estimate of the value of her husband, was very low. In the latter case, however, he thought it was more than he was worth, and he was probably right. Such men we often speak of as "worthless fellows," yet Christ does not think so of any sinner. He thought them worth dying for. (Luke 19:10.)

JESUS ACCUSED.

S. S. LESSON FOR NOV. 2, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 22 : 54-71 ; GOLDEN TEXT, Isa. 53 : 5.

Jesus Deserted by His Disciples—Peter Unable to Leave the Scene—Approaching the Time of Trial—Christ's Warning Forgotten—The Critical Moment—The Third Denial—The Warning Signal—Christ's Look—His Patient Silence—His Avowal—Prediction of Antichrist.

"THIS is your hour, and the power of darkness," was the word with which Jesus surrendered Himself to His persecutors who were come to apprehend Him. The enemies of the Lord have their allotted time, during which they seem to carry all before them. But "the Lord reigneth." (Ps. 93 : 1.) Man could do only what God's "hand and counsel determined before to be done." (Acts 4 : 28.) And so it is ever. Sooner or later, everything that happens works out the purpose of God. Let us learn not to fear, His hand is upon the main-spring of all that occurs; neither man nor devil has the last word. When an unusual pressure comes upon a child of God, let him know that the "hour" of the instruments used to bring it about, and "the power of darkness," will not last forever. The prince of darkness is not almighty,

"The Power of Darkness"

has its limits. They took Jesus "and brought Him into the high priest's house." The great High Priest who "ever liveth to make intercession for us," whose priesthood is "unchangeable," stood before a fallible, sinful, high priest, who was set upon His ruin and death. It was indeed their "hour and the power of darkness." And the disciples, what of them? "Then all the disciples forsook Him, and fled." (Matt. 26 : 5, 6.) What, even Peter who had talked of following Him to prison and to death? Yes, Peter must prove that all the power and devotion of a human heart cannot suffice to stand an unexpected strain. The first impulse of the impetuous disciple was to give way to despair and forsake Jesus with the rest. But there was a great struggle in Peter's mind. God the Father had revealed to him that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God;" he could not ignore this heavenly communication. And yet things had turned out so contrary to his expectations! A second impulse took possession of him, and breaking away from the little band of fleeing disciples, he followed his Lord afar off, "and when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall," Peter drew nigh among the rest, and warmed himself.

The time which Jesus had foretold was approaching, and Peter would deny his Lord. Let us study the situation. Peter had been quite confident of his loyalty to Jesus, and had not taken in the lesson taught a few hours before, "Without me ye can do nothing." The hour was a critical one. The prince of darkness, he "that had the power of death," even the devil (Heb. 2 : 14), was in the ascendant. Powers of darkness were around, and Peter had no armor which could shield him from the attack of a victorious enemy. Satan's instrument was a maid who recognized him as a follower of Jesus, and who said, "this man was also with Him."

It was a Critical Moment.

The foundations of his faith seemed to have given way; he had lost all by following Christ, what could it avail him to own Him now in these unexpected circumstances of shame? At least he would save himself the obloquy and danger of this. So Peter said: "Woman I know Him not." Peter's fall had taken place, and he hardly seemed conscious of it. Another recognized him, saying: "Thou art also of them." And Peter said, "Man, I am not." A whole hour passed by, the darkest hour in Peter's whole life. The sun had gone down in his experience, there was darkness on his soul, he was estranged from his Lord. As yet no look of recognition had passed between the suffering Lord and the treacherous disciple. But "about the space of one hour after, another confidently affirmed, saying: Of a truth this fellow also

was with Him; for he is a Galilean." And Peter said, man, I know not what thou sayest." Thus far the Lord permitted it to go. Thus far must Peter learn his weakness. "And immediately, while yet he spake, the cock crew." And then there was a look of recognition. It was not Peter who looked at Jesus, it was the Lord who "Turned and Looked upon Peter."

It was enough. A revelation as new and powerful as that which announced to him that Jesus was the Christ, now made him know his own heart and his utter weakness. Up to this time, Peter had acted as though he were to succor Jesus, as though he, in a measure, were to sustain his Lord. But now the tables were turned; he could no longer counsel the Lord to pity Himself, could no longer boast of his loyalty, or draw his sword in his defense against Malchus. "Peter went out." The care of his own soul was enough for him now; he could defend his Lord no more. And Jesus, more alone than ever, remained in the high priest's house. The hirelings who held Jesus captive—Him who came to set other men free—"mocked Him, and smote Him, and blindfolded Him," and "struck Him on the face" with the insulting words, "Prophecy, prophecy unto us thou Christ, who is he that smote thee?" (Matt. 26 : 68.) But there was no retaliation in Jesus, they could not provoke Him to wrath by this blasphemous mockery of His Messiahship, and this challenge that He, whose works were supernatural, should now act the detective among His persecutors. The poor miserable men, set on by their superiors, little knew Him with whom they had to do; they could not understand that that which would have appealed to the pride and self-love of other men touched no chord in Jesus' heart. He had no pride which could be wounded, He was not bent upon sustaining His reputation as a prophet, but upon rescuing from eternal damnation the very men who insulted Him.

All through that night, offence and blasphemy were heaped on Him whose only crime was that He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him." (Acts 10 : 38.) Time, money and effort were expended to discover some ground of accusation against Him, but with all their trouble, they could not make the witnesses agree in their testimony, they were at variance, so that they could not bring a legal charge against Him. Their object was to prove Him a political offender, and dangerous to the government. They attempted to make something seditious out of His words, when speaking of the temple of His body, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." (John 2 : 19.) Out of this they fabricated an accusation in these words: "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days." (Matt. 26 : 61.) "I am able" was not the tone of Jesus' testimony. He did not bear witness of Himself. "Every day they wrest my words," (Ps. 56 : 5.) He said in prophecy. When men make use of all possible ingenuity to make God's people say what they have neither uttered nor thought of, let them not be discouraged. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master."

Day broke, but it was the darkest day that ever dawned. With the dawn came an early meeting of "the elders of the people, and the chief priests, and the scribes." What a sight! He who shall judge the world, standing before men whose sins He was about to bear! They "led Him into their council saying, Art thou the Christ? tell us." It was a prophetic word which Jesus spoke in answer:

"If I Tell You, Ye will not Believe."

If the wondrous works which He had done had no voice for them, if His pure and holy life, if His wondrous teaching, speaking "as never man spake," if His fulfilling of well-known prophecies in His birth at Bethlehem, in His healing works, and even His raising from the dead, in His riding upon an ass into Jerusalem, if all this was to go for nothing, the mere assertion that He was the Christ would not convince

them. "And if I also ask, if I question ye will not answer me nor let me. Their minds were made up beforehand what to do; they would not yield to God, and they must yield, or Christ must suffer; and would not give way. If they owned Him the Christ, then all their action had been useful, wicked and blasphemous; this they not accept, and now there was but one alternative. They had risked everything, staked even their soul's salvation, and they could draw back. It was an awful game, and played over again by every Christ-rejector.

Jesus added: "Hereafter shall the Son of Man sit on the right hand of the power of God." Then said they all, Art thou the Son of God? And He said unto them, ye say that I am "I am that which you say." I am the Son of God. Without weighing His claims, with moment's reflection whether, after all, might not be the Christ, they took for granted that He was an impostor, and said, "need we any further witness? for we ourselves have heard of His own mouth." Oh, how true the words of Jesus: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive. (John 43.) Many false Christs and false prophets have arisen, but a greater, the future Antichrist, will soon arise, and all over the world will worship him. He will come in his own name. He will come to exalt man, and flesh, and the world, and all which is contrary to Christ. The world is ripening for the Christ. Men are impatient of control, unwilling for self-denial, eager after money, without being willing to work for it. Christ-likeness, even manliness is dying out from our age; selfishness, covetousness, love of ease, are getting the upper hand; and soon the Antichrist will appear as the impersonation of the twentieth century, and Christ's word will be fulfilled: "Him ye will receive."

ARTHUR SEYMOUR'S IMPRISONMENT

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Nov. 2.
"He was wounded for our transgressions:
bruised for our iniquities." Isaiah 53 : 5.

NO one could have been more delighted with a letter than Arthur Seymour with one that he received from his brother Henry, one bright October morning. Henry was an orphan lad, supporting himself by a kind of work that offered itself on the streets in his native village. But he was studious, and had fitted himself for better work. No opportunity had come. Henry, who was at a city bank, wrote him to come over at once as a place was open in the bank, which he might have.

"You will have to begin at the bottom ladder," Henry wrote, "but that is where I began, ten years ago, and now I am getting to the top."

That was true. Henry had behaved well, and had gained the confidence of his employer, though he commenced on a very small salary. He was now receiving enough money to be married, which he had done. Arthur had heard of this, and when he received Henry's letter, he considered his fortune made. Just then, however, he had not enough money to pay his way to the city; but one of his friends was going to market and Arthur got a free ride in his wagon. The farmer was as much surprised as Arthur was, when they reached Henry's home, to find him in elegant appointments. Neither of them had ever seen furniture so rich and beautiful.

"You must be doing well, Mr. Seymour," the farmer said.

"Oh yes, well enough," was the reply. "I had to get furniture when I married, you know, and it is always cheapest in the end to get the best. It is for life; I shan't have to do it again."

"Yes; but it's splendid," said the farmer, looking around with admiring eyes. "You men know how to make money. Well, well, I am glad you can afford it."

That young Seymour must have married a wife," the farmer told his neighbors when returned. "He's got a little palace over there, fit for the President. Small, but good. He's got hold of money, somehow. It cost a pretty penny, I know."

The farmer was right about the cost, but not about the means of payment. Henry Seymour had not married a rich wife, nor had he "got hold of money somehow." He had credit and, he would not have to pay for the things at once, he had bought good ones, as they were for life," and hoped to put aside some part of salary every month toward the payment for them. It was difficult at first, as there were many small matters to be bought which were gotten at the outset, but each month would, thought, be the last of those outgoings and then he would begin to save. But the end of the first year had come and the bills for the furniture were still owing. There was a baby at home, now, and Henry Seymour, feeling responsibilities of his new relationship, before the year with a firm resolve that economy would be his watchword for the future.

It was at this stage that Arthur became an inmate of his brother's home, and the occupant of the vacant desk in the bank. It was a delightful change for him, for which he felt unending gratitude to his brother. But it was a sister-in-law and the little baby boy who had the warmest place in his heart. He loved them both with all the long, pent-up love of his nature. They were so dear to him that he felt he could do for them, if need were. In his boyish enthusiasm, he imagined a fire breaking out in the house, and saw himself rushing in to save them, at the peril of his life. Or he thought of them drowning, and saw himself bravely swimming out to save them. He felt himself equal to any emergency for their sakes. He loved his brother, too, but Henry's temper was unsteady, and there was often a cloud on his brow, the cause of which Arthur was beginning to suspect. As the months passed by, the cloud deepened and Arthur knew that his brother's creditors were pressing for payment.

One night—it was nearly two years after Arthur came to the city—his brother came home. There was some trouble at the bank. Arthur had heard of it, during the day. A considerable sum of money was missing. A remittance from an out-of-town customer, which should have been delivered, had disappeared. Arthur was distressed beyond measure, for he had seen in Henry's room at home, a large envelope bearing the post-mark of the town from which the missing money should have come. There was no doubt in his mind that his brother, being sorely pressed for money, had stolen it. Arthur could not sleep that night. He thought of what misery was coming on the home. His imagination pictured Henry being led away to prison, his beloved sister-in-law weeping heart-broken over her babe. The thought was a torture to him, but he could not shut it out. Was there nothing he could do to save them? Toward morning, a plan defined itself in his mind. He rose and crept stealthily to his brother's room. He felt about cautiously for *that envelope*, found it, and went back quietly.

There was a sensation in the bank the next day. The missing remittance had been traced, and the thief discovered. The firm expressed its regret that they had ever for a moment suspected their trusted head-clerk. They were amazed that his character had been vindicated, and consoled with him on the disgrace that his young brother had brought on his name. Every one was surprised. Arthur seemed so quiet and steady that no one would have suspected him of dishonesty. But there was no doubt of his guilt, for the empty envelope, in which the money had been sent, was found in his pocket. And Henry kept silence. People said he was ungracious not to upbraid the boy who had disgraced him. Every one was sorry for him, and had no words strong enough to denounce a boy whose ingratitude was so shameful.

And Arthur went to prison. He would not

plead guilty, though urged to do so, and though assured that his sentence would be lighter if he did. The judge was irritated at his contumacy, and thought him sullen, urged him to confess, to repent and amend his ways. His jailers had a different opinion of him. Never was there a more gentle, cheerful prisoner. He seemed buoyed up with some inner joy that none could understand. They treated him as kindly as the prison rules would admit. But neither kindness nor harshness unsealed the boy's lips, nor to any soul did he tell that he was innocent, but suffering imprisonment and disgrace voluntarily that he might save those he loved from sorrow and shame.

WILL JESUS COME AGAIN?

A Question of Paramount Importance—Will Christ Come while the World is Unconverted?—Our Age Sketched in the New Testament—What the Last Times Will Be—Growing Belief in Pre-Millennialism—The Objections.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

THE question of paramount importance to every humble believer, who desires to know the truth concerning our Lord's expected return is, whether He will come, when the world is unprepared; while it continues in its sinful course, and the majority of mankind steeped in every form of heathen superstitions? Or, Will He delay His advent until the whole world is converted, sanctified and made wholly free from the presence of sin? The Scriptures teach explicitly that there will be

A Period of Universal Blessedness, when holiness shall prevail among all nations. But shall that glad day be ushered in by present agencies of Church and State, or by the personal presence of Jesus Himself? If He is not to come until a converted world is ready to receive Him, then we cannot possibly expect Him soon. We cannot watch for His appearing as imminent. On the other hand if, when He comes again, the world is found a world of carnality, of unpreparedness, of general unbelief, then may we not expect to hear His joyful shout of victory any moment?

Our present age is sketched, not only in its general features, but in its minute details throughout the New Testament. For the saints, living godly in Christ Jesus, there will be tribulation, persecution, cross-bearing and suffering. In the professing Church will be found hypocrisies and apostasies. The love of many shall wax cold. There will be the outward form of godliness, without the inward power. In the world there will continue every manifestation of evil. Infidelity, rebellion against God, corruption, superstition and idolatry. Yet none shall be alarmed concerning the approaching crisis. The worldly-minded will sing, "peace and safety," even when destruction is at hand. (1. Thes. 1: 2, 3.) Of

The Latter Times

of this age, the Spirit hath spoken expressly that "some shall depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of demons." (1. Tim. 4: 1, 2.) The same warning Spirit hath also declared "that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers—lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." (II. Tim. 3: 1, 3.) If such will be the condition of the world when Jesus comes, it would seem that there is no room for a millennial period of holiness unto the Lord, prior to His advent. Must we not then fall back upon the other alternative, namely, that our blessed Lord will first descend from heaven in order to establish this new era of universal blessedness?

In recent years the subject of the future Advent has come to the front. It has indeed met with bitter and wide-spread opposition from theologians of many schools. But many of these have been won over to the adoption of Premillennialism as the right key with which to unlock the subject of Biblical prophecy. Is not the Spirit of God reviving this long-forgotten

hope once again in the hearts of believers? A long list of names could be given, of fathers in the Church in early and later times, whose godly character and earnest lives were above reproach, who watched for the coming of their Lord. And the list increases each day, numbering now the names of leading ministers in all denominations, nearly all of the well-known evangelists, and a host of studious, devout men and women in this and other countries. Thus, the subject is taking hold on spiritual Christians. To convert men to a dogma, a creed, an ecclesiastical formula—what of that? But to be instrumental in bringing lost men to Christ, and introducing to beloved saints this joyous, comforting, purifying, invigorating Hope, is what we earnestly covet. Other truths have their place: other doctrines which endear the Saviour to our hearts, must not be ignored; but why, oh! why, does the church, in any of her teachers or members, crowd out and persistently reject a truth which runs through all the Word and enriches the experience of those who hold it in righteousness?

The Objections

raised against a personal and premillennial advent are chiefly based on misrepresentation. Take, for instance, the following conversation which took place between a Christian minister and the writer, the objections presented by him being the same in substance as those raised by others at different times.

"What is your candid objection against the doctrine of our Lord's premillennial advent?"

"The advocates of that doctrine differ so widely amongst themselves, and present so many conflicting views, that there is no possibility of determining who are nearest right."

"I admit there are different views held by premillennialists regarding chronology and the order of events, the details of anti-christian development, and national judgments and the signs preceding, or following our Lord's appearing; but all agree on the prominent features of the Advent itself, viz: The Lord coming in person in His glory, to take His people to Himself, and to commence a new era of things, differing from all previous dispensations, according to the prophetic Word."

"But then the thought of Christ's near coming has a tendency to weaken Gospel efforts and make little of the Gospel itself."

"Come, now, do you really believe those men who are governed by this hope are less diligent than others, and have less faith in the Gospel as the means which God ordained to gather out a people to His own name? Was Horatius Bonar guilty of the charge?"

"No." "Was McCheyne?" "No." "Was Dr. Chalmers after he embraced that view?" "No." "Is Mr. Spurgeon?" "No." "Is George Muller?" "No." "Are the leading evangelists who are all expecting Jesus to come?" "No."

Thus it is that prejudice, cold indifference, or respect for prominent divines who oppose this truth, hinder many from accepting and rejoicing in that part of God's revelation which tends to make Christians unworldly, spiritual, unselfish and earnest in their lives. The Church in later centuries has lost sight of her true hope, and with rare exceptions, effort is paralyzed, idleness, hardness, heartlessness and worldliness have flowed in like a setting tide, sweeping away the Church's testimony to heavenly-mindedness, and heavenly anticipation. Her influence begins to wane as "the salt," and "light," from the moment her professed members begin to say, "My Lord delayeth His coming."

The soul's reception of this doctrine, not as a theory only, but as a *living hope*, that at any moment our Lord may come, and call His people to Himself, will bring new life, and love, and power into the soul, and will energize us for the work we are called to prosecute. His cry, "Behold, I come quickly," is the cheering cry of the great Commander to nerve His Church to faithfulness unto the end. Shall we not gladly respond, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," for "yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE are two ways of reading the Bible. One is an intellectuality. The other is a heart experience. It is a beautiful poem, and you read it as you do Tennyson. It is a fine statement of principles of law, and you read it as you do Blackstone. It is a fine mental discipline, and you read it as you do Dugald Stewart, or Sir William Hamilton, or William Reed. But the Holy Spirit in some good hour comes to your heart. You open that Bible. How you read it then! All your soul goes out toward it. You feel: "If I don't find pardon and light through the instructions of this Book, I will never find them at all." With all the concentrated energy of your soul you read it. There is an old sea captain who has not been on the water for twenty years. He is sitting in his home, and his grandchild is playing at his feet with the chart, and the sea-glass, and the compass—very beautiful playthings. The old captain has no use for them, so he lets his grandchild have them. But while the grandfather looks down and sees the compass, and the sea-glass, and the chart, his mind goes back to the time when he handled those things under very different circumstances. He thinks of the euroclydon that came down on the sea, and the time when he saw the froth of destruction on the mouth of the wave, and the heaven swinging back its mantle of darkness to strike with sword of fire, and it seemed as if they must all perish. Oh, then, how the captain examined the compass! Oh, then, how his finger trembled over the chart. In the one case it is a child's toy; in the other, it is shipwreck or rescue. So there are men who come to read the Bible, this glorious chart. It is very beautiful to look over, and they say: "There is a rock, and here is a rock, and there is a lighthouse, and here is the gulf-stream of God's mercy." But, after awhile, the Holy Spirit comes upon the soul. The man says: "It is high time now I found out my latitude and longitude. Where am I?" And the storm howls through the heart. The man says: "What is to become of me? Shall I go down, or shall I go up?" How he reads the Bible then! How he looks at the chart then—at this rock, at that rock, at that lighthouse, this gulf-stream,

that promontory! Oh, it is a different chart then! In the one case, he ran his intellectual finger across the page and examined it as a curiosity. In the other case, he examined it with reference to his immortal rescue.

A BOTHERED MINISTER.

WE received from a correspondent the following:—

"Suppose you were a young minister, scarcely in the service one year, with only a common education, and only a practical preparation for the work, with some little what we call 'Western grit,' which means energy and enthusiasm. More tact than theology. And suppose, everywhere you preached, scores of souls, old and young, were brought to the blessed Jesus. And suppose, just near where you were conducting a revival meeting, there should be a brother minister in charge of a church—a very wise ex-Presiding Elder, one of those stiff, self-esteeming, self-exalting lords over God's heritage—and suppose he should sit at home within a stone's throw of your meeting, when souls were coming to Jesus by the score every night, and never come near. And then, after you had closed the meeting, and had preached nothing but Jesus, he should come at you and your church like, as they say out here, 'a ram at a gate post,' and as far as he could, butt you out of existence, ecclesiastically, and then turn on his own flock and butt them terribly, because they went over there to meeting. And suppose, as the result, a good share of his flock should come into your flock on profession of faith in Jesus; would you receive them?"

"And further: suppose you should go on preaching Jesus and Him crucified, clubbing no sect or denomination, and sinners were converted continually; and this ecclesiastical ram should continue to butt at you, would you turn and butt him, or would you go on preaching Christ, and let him butt until he had butted his whole congregation into yours?"

"A SUBSCRIBER."

Our advice is to make it as easy for the ex-Presiding Elder as possible. Make a soft place for him to butt against. He cannot help it. Probably somebody once butted against him, and he is only "making change" for what was once given him. Probably his digestion is poor. Perhaps his wife keeps him awake nights with curtain-lectures. There must be something the matter. Perhaps if your liver and spleen were as much out of order as his are, you would butt against his fence as hard as he butts against yours. We apologize for him. Sometimes we have had four or five rams with their heads down, going for our gate post as violently as he goes for yours. It is a case for sympathy; for we heard of one such ram that continued in his assault upon a stone-wall until the horns were worn off, and then the neck, and then the fore-quarters, and, lastly, the rump, leaving nothing but the tip end of a *tale*, the moral of which is: "Let everyone mind his own business."

THE CREMATORIES.

THESE places for speedily reducing the human body to ashes are multiplying, and we see no objection to them, and if people want that disposition made of their remains they ought to have their wish observed. Scientific journals contend that our cemeteries are the means of unhealthy exhalations, and that cremation is the only safe way of disposing of the departed. Some have advocated the chemical reduction of the physical system. We have, as yet, been unable to throw ourselves into a mood sufficiently scientific to appreciate this proposal. It seems to us partly horrible

and partly ludicrous. We think that the dead populations of the world are really the most quiet and unharmed. They make no war upon us, and we need make no war upon them. We are very certain that all the damage we shall ever do this world will be while we are alive. It is not the dead people that are hard to manage, but the living. Some whistle to keep their courage up while going along in graveyards; we whistle while moving among the wide-awake. Before attempting this barbaric disposal of the human form as a sanitary improvement, it would be better to clear the streets and "commons" of our cities of the pestiferous surroundings. Try your cremation on the dogs and cats with extinct animation. We think Greenwood is healthier than Broadway, and Laurel Hill than Chestnut street, Pennsylvania than Champs Elysees. Urns, with ashes scientifically prepared, may look very well in Madras or Peking, but not in a Christian country. Not having been able to shake off the Bible notions about Christian burial, we adhere to the mode that was observed when devotional men carried Stephen to his burial.

BRIEF NOTES.

Ben Hogan is laboring with much success among the miners of Butte City, Mont. The Opera House is filled to overflowing every night. Many remarkable conversions have occurred.

Evangelist H. W. Brown has been holding service in Dayton, Ohio, during the past two weeks. The Linden Avenue Baptist Church, in which he has been preaching, has been crowded at every service, and many souls have been brought to Christ.

Dr. Arthur Mitchel, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, says that during his journey through China he found cities of from 75,000 to 300,000 population, which have not one missionary of any denomination, or even one native helper.

The Central Union Mission, of Washington, D. C. celebrated its sixth anniversary on Oct. 19. The success of this Mission in an exceptionally difficult field, is striking evidence of the marvellous zeal, devotion, and consecration of the workers. It is the model Mission of the United States.

The corner-stone of the New Temperance Temple, Chicago, which is to cost \$1,200,000, and which will be the headquarters of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will be laid on November 1. Prominent members of the Union from all parts of the country are expected to be present.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is beginning Revival Service in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, New Haven, Conn. At the expiration of those services, he is coming to New York, and will commence on November 16, a series of services in the Seventeenth Street Church. Mr. Harrison has been somewhat indisposed through excess of work, but is now fully recovered, and is in excellent trim for a winter of hard labor.

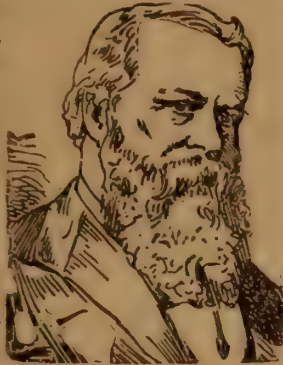
Dr. Justin D. Fulton has accepted the call from the Grace Baptist Church, Montreal. He proposes to make that city his "tenting ground" for the winter. The church offered \$60,000 for the meeting-house of the First Baptist Church, but failing to acquire it, has leased Queen's Hall, for a year. This is a large and centrally building well adapted for the aggressive work Dr. Fulton intends to carry on. His church is in full sympathy with him and his mission.

The Revision Committee of the Presbyterian Church closed its sessions in Pittsburgh last week. It will resume its work on February 4, 1891, in Washington, D. C. In the interval, sub-committees will discuss questions relegated to them, and report to the General Committee on its reassembling. The results of the deliberations have been kept secret, but it is gratifying to learn that all the changes thus far made have the unanimous endorsement of the Committee.

Rev. E. P. Telford will commence a series of services next Sunday, in the Centenary M. E. Church, Jersey City, N. J. The services he has just concluded in Paterson, N. J., were remarkably successful. A novel feature of them, and one worthy of imitation, was an effort to reach workingmen. Mr. Telford went to the various factories in the dinner-hour, and gave Evangelistic addresses at the gates. Large crowds gathered to hear him, and were very attentive. At the Rogers Locomotive Works, a thousand men listened for half an hour, and paid the closest attention. At the Passaic Rolling Mills, and other works, there were also large audiences.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sudden Death of Ex-Secretary Belknap, at Washington, removes one of the best known figures at the National Capital. He has not been seen since Saturday, 11th inst. When discovered on Monday in his room, he had been extinct for many hours. William B. Belknap, (whose portrait is given in this issue), was born at Hudson, N. Y., in 1831, his father being General



John G. Belknap, a hero of the Mexican war of 1812. He died for the bar, then the Civil War broke out, he joined the army and was present at the battles of Shiloh, Corinth and Vicksburg. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General, later to that of Lieutenant-General. In 1869 he was appointed President Grant's Cabinet as Secretary of War, resigning during the latter's second term.

He was impeached and tried before the Senate on the charge of bribery, but his resignation before impeachment left that body without jurisdiction. Since quitting politics, he had quietly in Washington with his wife and children. The cause of death was heart disease.

Army of Unemployed in London this morning is said to greatly exceed that of any previous season. This the cable attributes to a variety of causes, among others to the prevalence of strikes in Britain and the effect of the American tariff which has compelled some manufacturers abroad to reduce their output materially, and others to transfer their factories to the United States. There is a gloomy prospect ahead for the British workingman. It is felt, too, that the distress will be taken advantage of by the Socialists to foment trouble. A Workingman's Committee was appointed a few days ago to organize the unemployed and to petition the London city authorities to begin public works on an extensive scale, for the purpose of relieving the general idleness and misery.

Shocking Calamity Occurred in Syracuse, on the night of the 15th, when the splendid Hotel, one of the finest in that part of the country, caught fire and ten lives were lost, while a large number of persons were more or less seriously injured. Mr. Lewis D. Lewis, a cousin of the proprietor, discovered the fire, which started in the store-room. An alarm was immediately given, but the flames spread so rapidly that before a majority of the guests could be awakened, the centre of the building was a vast, seething furnace. The guests crowded halls and stair-cases, and were overcome by the smoke, but were rescued away by friends. Some appeared at windows on the fourth and fifth floors, and were seen to fall backward into the flames, while others leaped to the street, some to safety, and the rest fortunately to be caught in a net. Three women ran to a window, shrieked for help, and then fell back into the flames. There were dozens of narrow escapes. One of the killed who jumped was a man named Harrop, from New York City; his victims were female servants in the hotel.

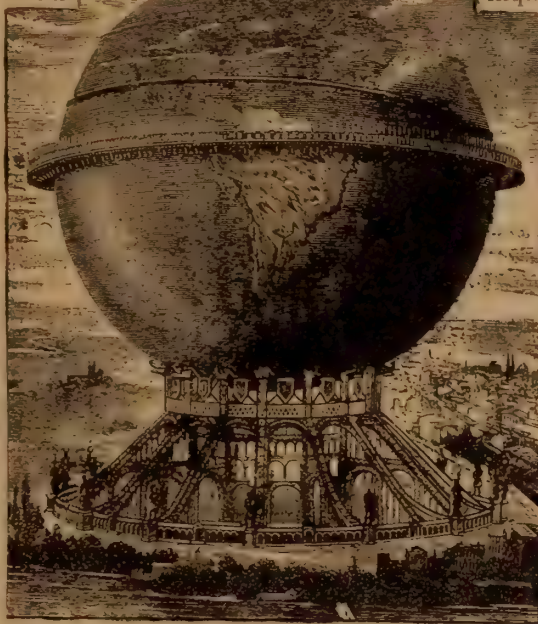
Two persons are missing, and probably dead. A majority of the injured were also employees. The loss on the building was supposed to be fire-proof and furniture estimated at \$100,000, exclusive of the personal losses of the guests, many of whom saved except what they wore. Henry Rucker, a colored elevator boy, heroically saved the lives of five servant girls at the risk of his own.

Band of Assassins Belonging to a Secret Society, known as "The Mafia," killed Chief Hennessey, the Chief of Police of New Orleans, on the night of the 15th inst. They entered the block in which he lived, and at midnight, when he was going home, shot him

down, and escaped in the darkness. Chief Hennessey had made himself obnoxious to the organization by his efforts to stamp it out, and to bring its criminal members to justice. In New Orleans "The Mafia" seems to have been chiefly used for the purposes of the vendetta, and it has flourished among the Italians there, they having adopted it from the Sicilians. Many murders have been committed, but they have, in almost every instance, been confined to Italians.

The Flames of War may, According to the latest cable dispatches, lighten up Eastern Europe before the close of the present year. The Armenian agitation continues to be the chief feature in Eastern affairs and Russia seems determined to force matters to a crisis as rapidly as possible. The Czar is constantly adding to the Muscovite troops massed along the Turkish frontier, and it is asserted that there are now 100,000 Russian soldiers, prepared to attack the Turks in the neighborhood of Erzeroum. Meanwhile terror reigns in Armenia, where the Christians are in apprehension of a massacre. The condition of the people of that province for a year past has been something deplorable, and no amount of diplomatic negotiation at Constantinople seems to improve matters. Arbitrary arrests, shocking maltreatment of prisoners, and other cruelties, are the latest aspect of the situation.

If Chicago Cannot Have an Eiffel Tower at the coming exhibition, it is determined to have a structure that will eclipse the French edifice both in height and originality of conception. It is to take the form of a mammoth monument to Columbus. A picture of this unique



tower is given above. The design is by Alberto de Pallasio, a countryman of Columbus, and represents a gigantic globe resting upon a pedestal or base. The latter is graceful enough, but the globe, designers affirm, will appear unwieldy, since its diameter is to be equal to that of the Eiffel. The base will be three hundred feet high. Surmounting the whole will be a full-rigged ship, whose masts will be 1,400 feet above the ground. A gallery will encircle the globe, and on the surface of the latter will be marked the oceans and continents of the world. From the equator to the top will be an inclined railroad, nearly four miles long. There will also be an observatory at the summit. The cost of the whole is estimated at \$5,000,000, the machinery alone being worth \$800,000.

A Grand Triumph for Christianity is taking place in Utah. According to the latest advices, the Gentiles believe that the action of President Woodruff of the Mormon Church in announcing the definite abandonment of the polygamic principle—which has just been confirmed by the Mormon Conference—marks the culmination of the contest begun two generations ago,

and that the polygamous marriage will never again flourish on American soil. The belief there is general that the Mormons have accepted the alternative of abandoning this doctrine or leaving the territory, and that the moral and material welfare of Utah will be grandly advanced.

Death Invaded the Supreme Court of the United States on the 13th inst., when Justice Miller, who, several days before had been stricken with paralysis and had gradually grown weaker, despite the efforts of his physicians to fight off the end, passed quietly away. On the day of his demise, the Supreme Court adjourned out of respect to the deceased. Samuel F. Miller was born at Richmond, Ky., in 1816. In



early life he practised medicine, but afterwards changed to the study of law. During the anti-slavery agitation, he espoused the humanitarian side, in spite of the fact that public opinion in his own State did not agree with him. Going to Iowa, he soon acquired prominence in both law and politics, but never until appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court by President Lincoln, did he hold office. He was unquestionably one of the greatest lawyers ever known in this country and his professional skill and knowledge aided in perfecting such important measures as the Legal Tender Act, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Constitutional Amendments and the Reconstruction measures.

Montreal is Stirred up Over the Approaching visit of the Count of Paris, who is expected to reach that city on the 25th inst. There is a very strong feeling among the French Canadians against tendering him an official reception, and at a meeting in that city a few nights ago, Republican sympathizers declared that such a reception would be "throwing an insult in the face of France." A motion to abandon the proposed demonstration was lost and the arrangements will go on.

The Escape of the Irish Nationalists, John Dillon and William O'Brien, while under bail to appear for trial at Tipperary, Ireland, on the charge of inciting tenants to conspire against paying rent, has been a puzzling problem to the English Government detectives during the past week. The two accused, after eluding their watchers, embarked on a yacht and sailed for France, where they were sheltered by M. Rafalovitch, the wealthy father-in-law of Mr. O'Brien. They intend to sail shortly for this country where, in company with Timothy Harrington and T. D. Sullivan, they will make a tour of agitation. Meanwhile the trial of the two fugitives goes on in their absence.

That Hardy Old Veteran, Ex-President Joubert, of the Transvaal Republic in South Africa, arrived on these shores a few days ago. It is just



nine years since Joubert's name was everywhere heard as that of the brave farmer-general of the Dutch Boers, who had led them victoriously in battle against the British troops in a dozen different encounters, the most conspicuous being that at Majuba Hill, which was fought on Sunday, February 27, 1881. Under Joubert's leadership, the farmer-soldiers—all of them skilled marksmen—performed prodigies of valor. Three noted British generals—Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir G. P. Colley, fell in the Boer campaign. Since that time, the Transvaal has secured a certain measure of independence.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Promises for Dark Hours—In Time of National Gloom—The Hope of the Messiah Given to Cheer—I. The Crisis of the Text—Jesus the Sign of Coming Light—The Holdfast in Time of Darkness—The Ground of Hope for Final Triumph—II. Jesus as Immanuel—As the Great Light—Must be Accepted—As Ruler—As King—An Emancipated Slave Girl—As the Sanctifier.

"But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time he brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, but in the latter time hath he made it glorious, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations. The people that walked in darkness hath seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Isaiah 9: 1, 2. R. V.

WHEN Judah was in sore distress, the sign that she should be delivered was Immanuel. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." (Isaiah 7: 14.) When no other ray of comfort could be found, light came from the promise of the wondrous birth of Him whose name is "God with us." God alone would be the deliverer of Judah when overmatched by her two enemies. God would be with them, and He gave them as a pledge, a vision of that time when, in very deed, God would dwell among men, and wear their nature in the person of The Virgin-born.

It is noteworthy that the clearest promises of the Messiah have been given in the darkest hours of history. If the prophets had been silent upon the Coming One before, they always speak out in the cloudy and dark day; for well the Spirit made them know that the coming of God in human flesh is the lone star of the world's night. In the worst times we are to preach Christ, and to look to Christ. In Jesus there is a remedy for the direst of diseases, and a rescue from the darkest of despairs. It is God's comfort to troubled hearts in all the ages; it is God's sign of grace to us this morning. The sure hope of sinners and the great joy of saints is the incarnate Lord, Immanuel, God with us. May He be your joy and mine even this day. He it is who is the great light of the people who dwell in the land of the shadow of death: if any among you are in that dreary land, may He be light and life to you!

I. There is to be a light breaking in upon the sons of men who sit in darkness, and this light is to be found only in the incarnate God. Let me illustrate this fact by the context. I must carry you back to the fourteenth verse of the seventh chapter.

The Sign of Coming Light

is Jesus. "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." In Judah's trouble, the Virgin-born was God's token that He would deliver, and that speedily; for in less time than it would take such a child to reach years of knowledge, both Judah's royal adversaries would be gone. The sign was good for Ahaz; but it is better far for us. Behold the incarnate Son of God, born of Mary at Bethlehem; what can this intend for us but grace? If the Lord had meant to destroy us, He would not have assumed our nature. If He had not been moved with mighty love to a guilty race, He would never have taken upon Himself their flesh and blood. It is a miracle of miracles that the Infinite should become an infant; that He who is pure spirit, and filleth all things, should be wrapped in swaddling bands, and cradled in a manger. He took not on Him the nature of angels, though that would have been a tremendous stoop from Deity, but He descended lower still; for He took on Him the seed of Abraham. "He was made in all things like unto His brethren:" though "He counted it not robbery to be equal with God." It is not in the power of human lips to speak out all the comfort which this one sign contains. If any troubled soul will

look believingly at God in human flesh, he must take heart of hope.

We have comfort in the fact that our Lord was truly man. He whom we worship became one with us in nature. He grew up from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, passing through all the gradations of human weakness, even as we have done; and he was obedient to his parents, even as other children should be. He is, therefore, really and truly a man; and this fact is a bright, particular star for sinners' eyes. Come to Jesus, all ye who languish under terror and dread because of the majesty of Deity; for here you see how compassionate He is, how sympathetic He can be, yea, how near of kin He has become. He is God; but He is God *with us*. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, a brother born for adversity; and here the most trembling may be at rest. God in our nature is a grand prophecy of salvation and bliss for us.

Further on we see our Lord Jesus as the holdfast of the soul

In Time of Darkness.

This is your own hope: if you believe in Jesus you belong to Jesus; if you trust Him, He has redeemed you with a price, and will also redeem you with power. If you cast your guilty soul at His dear feet, and take Him to be your own Saviour, you are not your own, but bought with a price; and sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than one whom Jesus calls His own shall be left to perish.

Further on in the chapter we learn that Jesus is our star of hope as to the destruction of the enemy. The foes of God's people shall be surely vanquished and destroyed, because of Immanuel. In Him, even in our Lord Jesus Christ, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and He has brought all that Godhead to bear upon the overthrow of the foes of His people. Let the powers of darkness consult and plot as they may, they can never destroy the Lord's redeemed. Lo! I see councils of evil spirits: they sit down in Pandemonium, and conspire to ruin a soul redeemed by blood. They lay their heads together, they use a cunning deep as hell: they are eager to destroy the soul that rests in Jesus. In vain are their devices, for the incarnate God is embodied wisdom.

The Morning Light:

Further on we find the Lord Jesus as the morning light after a night of darkness. The last verses of the eighth chapter picture a horrible state of wretchedness and despair: "And they shall pass through it, hardly bestead and hungry: and it shall come to pass, that when they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their God, and look upward. And they shall look unto the earth; and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness." But see what a change awaits them! Read the fine translation of the Revised Version: "But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish." What a marvelous light from the midst of a dreadful darkness! It is an astounding change, such as only God could work.

Many of you know nothing about the miseries described in those verses; but there are some here who have traversed that terrible wilderness; and I am going to speak to them. I know where you are this morning: you are being driven as captives into

The Land of Despair,

and for the last few months you have been tramping along a painful road, "hardly bestead and hungry." You are sorely put to it, and your soul finds no food of comfort, but it is ready to faint and die. You fret yourself: your heart is wearing away with care, and grief, and hopelessness. In the bitterness of your soul you are ready to curse the day of your birth. The captive Israelites cursed their king who had led them into their defeat and bondage; in the fury of their agony, they even cursed God and longed to die. It may be that your heart is in such a ferment of grief that you know not what you think, but are like a man at his wits' end. Those who led you into sin are bitterly re-

membered; and as you think upon God you troubled. This is a dreadful case for a soul to be in, and it involves a world of sin and misery.

In such a case, none can give you comfort save Immanuel, God with us. Only God, espousing your cause, and bearing your sin, can possibly save you. See, He comes for your salvation! Hold, He has come to seek and to save that which was lost. God has come down from heaven and veiled Himself in our flesh, that He may be able to save to the uttermost. He can be the chief of sinners: He can save you. Come to Jesus, you that have gone furthest into transgression, you that sit down in despondency, that shut yourselves up in the iron cage of despair. For such as you there shines this light of the first magnitude. Jesus has appeared, save, and He is God and man in one person, man that He may feel our woes, God that He may help us out of them. No minister can do you, no priest can save you—you know it right well; but here is One who is able to save to the uttermost, for He is God as well as man.

Once more, dear friends, we learn from which follows our text, that the reign of Jesus is the star of the golden future. He came to Galilee of the Gentiles, and made that country glorious, which had been brought into contempt. That corner of Palestine had very often borne the brunt of invasion, and had felt more than any other region the edge of the Assyrian sword. It was

A Wretched Land,

with a mixed population, despised by the Jews; but that very country became glorious with the presence of the incarnate God. It was there that all manner of diseases were healed, there the seas were stilled, and the multitudes were fed; it was there that the Lord found His apostles, and there He met the company of His followers when He had risen from the dead. That first land to be invaded by the enemy was made the head-quarters of the army of salvation: this very Zebulun, Naphtali, which had been so down-trodden and despised, was made the scene of the mighty works of the Son of God. Even so, at this time His gracious presence is the day-dawn of our

When Jesus comes, you shall have eternal peace; for His battle is the end of battle. Think I see it now. My sins, which were weapons of my foes, the Lord piles in heaps. What mountains of prey! But see! He blows the fire-brand of His love from the altar of sacrifice, and He sets fire to the gigantic pile. How they blaze! They are utterly consumed forever. The enemy has now no weapon which he can use against my soul. The incarnate God has broken the power of the adversary, for sin is death, and that He has made an end of. He has thus destroyed the war waged in our souls, and now He reigns as Prince of peace, and we have peace in Him.

II. But now, secondly, I want to press home certain truths connected with my theme. Immanuel is a grand word. "God with us" means more than tongue can tell. It means enmity moved on our part, and justice vindicated on God's part. It means the whole Godhead engaged on our side, resolved to bless us.

But you say to me, "Who is this? Are you sure that Immanuel is Jesus of Nazareth?"

Jesus is Immanuel.

The Saviour is God with us. Jesus, a Saviour, is, in the Hebrew, Joshua, or Jehoshua, the Jehovah saving. The sense is the same as of Immanuel, or "God with us," or "for since God for us is sure to save us. The names are the same in essential meaning. Strong Son of God! Immortal Love! We do not see thy face; but we can trust thy power, and rest upon thy love. Thy very birth brings hope; but as for thy death, when thou dost bear our sins in thine own body on the cross, this is the fulfilment of all our desires, in the cancelling of sin, the removal of wrath, and the securing of eternal life. Yes, Jesus is God with us.

Perhaps you wish to know a little more of the incident in the text which exhibits Jesus as

eat light. Yes, beloved, our Lord made His home in the darkest parts. He looked about and saw no country so ignorant, no country so sorrowful, as Galilee of the Gentiles, and therefore He went there, and lifted it up to heaven—priceless privileges! His ministry of repentance and faith was in itself a glorious light; it He did many mighty works to confirm it. Why, the whole country round was full of sick folk whom He had restored. You could not go a mile but what you met a blind man, who told of how Jesus had restored his sight, or a sick woman who had been raised up from a fever, or some paralytic who had been made whole. That country must have been glad indeed. Multitudes would never forget how they heard Him by the sea. They said, "What sermons He preached! He made our hearts dance for joy; and then He fed us, and we ate of barley loaves and little fish till we were filled. He is a wonderful prophet, and this is a wonderful country; so dark enough, but now

Enlightened by His Presence."

Beloved, I pray that Jesus Christ may come to you if you are in the dark to-day, and work miracles for you, feed you, and teach you, and make you glad, so that, though you were the most unhappy of beings, you may become the happiest of mortal men. Galilee plundered, spoiled, despised, became, by-and-by, glorious, because of Him who is Immanuel. This is a happy omen for you, dear friends; if you have been the most sorrowful of beings, the Lord Jesus may come at once to you and make you rejoice with great joy. Jesus rescues from contempt, from ignorance, from misery, from despair, and therein reveals Himself as "God with us."

I received a note from one of my hearers, who reads, "Tell me, sir, what faith is; tell me what you mean by believing and trusting." My dear friend, I am always telling you *that*, and I mean to keep on always telling you it, so long as I have a tongue to move. By a daring act of appropriation, take Jesus to be yours, and say with me—oh, that we could all say it in one great shout!—"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son given." God gives Him,

We Take Him.

He is born, we take Him up in our arms, and feel ready to cry, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He is a Son given. Shall we not accept this gift of gifts, and love Him because He has first loved us? To believe is to take freely what God gives freely. It is the simplest thing that can be. If you want Christ, you may have Him. If you desire to have God with you, He waits to be gracious unto you. If you wish for Immanuel, behold Him in Jesus. "Oh, but I wish I had some sign that I might be sure!" What sign do you want beyond the gift of God, the birth of Jesus? Away with demands which are wild and ungenerous. The Word of God bids you believe and live. The moment you believe in Jesus He is yours. Say, then, this morning, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," and say it with fulness of delight.

As Ruler.

Be sure that you go on with the verse to the end—"and the government shall be upon His shoulder." If Christ is your Saviour, He must be your King.

"But know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes He comes to reign:
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Lusts must be slain that disobey."

"The moment we really believe in Jesus as our salvation we fall before Him, and call Him Master and Lord. We serve when He saves. He has redeemed us unto Himself, and we own that we are His. A generous man once bought a slave-girl. She was put upon the block for auction, and he pitied her and purchased her; but when he had bought her, he said to her, 'I have bought you to set you free. There are our papers, you are a freewoman.' The grateful creature fell at his feet and cried, 'I will never leave you: if you have made me free I

will be your servant as long as you live, and serve you better than any slave could do." This is how we feel towards Jesus. He sets us free from the dominion of Satan, and then, as we need a ruler, we say, "And the government shall be upon His shoulder." We are glad to be ruled by "Immanuel, God with us." This also is a door of hope to us. That Jesus shall be the monarch of our hearts is our exceeding joy. To us He shall be always "Wonderful." When we think of Him or speak about Him, it shall be with reverent awe. When we need advice and comfort, we will fly to Him, for He shall be our Counsellor. When we need strength, we will look to Him as our Mighty God. Born again by His Spirit, we will be His children, and He shall be the Everlasting Father. Full of joy and rest, we will call Him Prince of Peace.

Are you willing to have Christ to govern you? Will you spend your lives in praising Him? You are willing to have Christ to pardon you, but we cannot divide Him, and therefore you must also have Him to sanctify you. You must not take the crown from His head; but accept Him as the monarch of your soul. If you would have His hand to help you, you must obey the sceptre which it grasps. Blessed Immanuel, we are right glad to obey thee! In thee our darkness ends, and from the shadow of death we rise to the light of life. It is salvation to be obedient to thee. It is the end of gloom to her that was in anguish to bow herself before thee. May God the Holy Spirit take of the things of Christ and show them unto us, and then we shall all cry—

"Go worship at Immanuel's feet!
See in His face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His grace, His righteousness."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Two Pictures.*

"ONE beautiful afternoon in August, there came to me the broken-hearted wife of a State-prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man—one who lived only to serve the poor, the tempted, and the criminal. All he had, all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home. His name their bail to save them from prison. His reward their reformation. It was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hundreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil example of prisons, and of the large proportion he has good reason to believe permanently saved. Out of the hundreds, he once told me, only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to show themselves in court according to agreement—only two!

"Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams, and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry and character, ended in bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade, then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation—despair—intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness and crime. How hard his wife wrought and struggled to save him from indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister and friends, labored to avert conviction and the State prison! 'I would spare him gladly,' wrote the prosecuting attorney, 'if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man. But all this wretchedness and crime comes from rum.'

"Manfully did the young fellow struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and keep his promise perhaps for a month, then fall. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly, while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbors' vices—lured him to indul-

gence. So, rightfully, the State pressed on, and he went to prison. An honored name disgraced, a loving home broken up, a wide circle of kindred sorely pained, a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked. Sorrow and crime 'all comes from rum,' says the keen-sighted lawyer.

"As I parted from the sad wife on my doorstep, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively and with great taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an Eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of every easy and tempting form. Overhead were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delicious lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself gayly dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy children played near. A span of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet-players and fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a scene of beauty, comfort, taste, luxury and wealth. All came from rum. Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance—all came from rum. The owner was one who, in a great city, coined his gold out of the vices of his fellow-men.

"To me it was a dissolving view. I lost sight of the gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses, and the ocean rolling up to the lawn. I saw instead the pale convict in his cell, twelve feet by nine; the sad wife going from judge to attorney, from court to Governor's Council, begging mercy for her over-tempted husband. I heard above the children's noise, the croquet, laugh, and the surf waves, that lawyer's stern reason for exacting the full penalty of the law—all this comes from rum."

The Conversion of Wendell Phillips.

A personal friend asked him, not long before his death: "Mr. Phillips, did you ever consecrate yourself to God?" "Yes," he answered, "when I was a boy fourteen years of age, in the old church at the North End, I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong to God;' and I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor in my room, with locked doors, and prayed, 'O God, I belong to thee; take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me; whenever a thing be right, it may take no courage to do it.' From that day to this it has been so. Whenever I have known a thing to be wrong, it has held no temptation. Whenever I have known a thing to be right, it has taken no courage to do it." The event here referred to occurred in 1826, a year previous to his matriculation. With this seriousness upon him, like the halo around a saint's head on the canvas of the old painters, he went to college.

Six Alls.

He followed his principles wherever they took him. A logical conclusion had no terrors for him. In England there is an inn called "The Six Alls." On the sign that hangs in front stands the Queen, in her robes of state, and she says: "I rule all." On her right hand is a priest, who says: "I pray for all." Below him is a soldier, who says: "I fight for all." On her left hand is a lawyer who says: "I plead for all." Below him is a doctor, who says: "I cure all." At the very bottom stands a workingman in his shirt-sleeves, grimy, beaded with perspiration, and he says: "I pay for all!" Mr. Phillips' idea was that, since the workingman paid for all, he was entitled to consideration. What created capital? Labor. Very well: then give labor its fair proportion of profits. Make legislation guarantee this.

A Division of Profits.

In the course of the season, Mr. Phillips addressed the Lyceum at Gloucester, Mass., and, returning home by the cars the next morning, fell in with a lady who got upon the train at a way-station. She was a Southern refugee, who had been suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and was supporting herself and her fatherless children by giving an occasional lecture before a country audience. It was a struggle; for the field was full, and she was almost

*From *Wendell Phillips: the Agitator*. By Carlos Martyn, D.D., with an appendix containing three orations never before published. Pp. 600; Price, \$1.50; Published by Funk & Wagnalls, Astor Place, New York.



The Measuring Penance in India.



Native Preaching at Tarokeshar, India.

unknown and friendless; but with a brave heart she worked on, never asking a dollar of aid from any society or individual. Mr. Phillips saw her get upon the car, and asked her to take a seat beside him. It was a winter day; she was thinly clad, shivering from the exposure of a long ride in the open air of the cold morning. Observing this, Mr. Phillips asked:

"Where did you speak last night?"

She told him it was at a town about ten miles distant from the railway.

"And—I wouldn't be impertinent—how much did they pay you?"

"Five dollars, and the fare to and from Boston."

"Five dollars!" he exclaimed why, I always get one or two hundred; and your lecture must be worth more than mine—you give facts, I only opinions."

"Small as it is, I am very glad to get it, Mr. Phillips," answered the lady. "I would talk at that rate every night during the winter."

He sat for a moment in silence; then he put his hand into his pocket, drew out a roll of bank-notes, and said, in a hesitating way:

"I don't want to give offence, but you know I preach that a woman is entitled to the same as a man, if she does the same work. Now, my price is one or two hundred dollars; and, if you will let me divide it with you, I shall not have had any more than you, and the thing will be even."

The lady at first refused; but, after a little urging, she put the bank-notes in her purse. At the end of her journey, she counted the roll, and found it contained one hundred dollars. It may add a point to this incident to say (what is the truth) that the lady was a niece of Jefferson Davis.

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

IN a letter just received from Kuang-feng, Kiang-si, China, by the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Miss Hattie D. Turner writes: "We receive regularly THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and enjoy very much the reading of its contents. In one of the April numbers (I believe it was*) we read an extract from a letter written by Miss MacIntosh of Yuli-shan, about a mother's grief for her son, during Miss M's visit to Kuang-feng for the first time. Since then it has been a great joy to my companion (Miss Fitzsimons) and I to be able to live in this city and work among the dear women who have never-dying souls just as we have. We (two) have now been living here for nine months right among the people and as near 'one' with them as we can; our joy was great on June 17th to witness eight from here publicly confess Christ as their Saviour and Lord and King. Two of these eight are the parents of the boy that Miss MacIntosh refers to in her letter; the dear mother still very often refers to her son who died not

knowing of Jesus: these both are very bright but very poor.

"I was so pleased about reading the short piece in that number and knowing that that dear anxious mother was a believer and looking for the Blessed Hope that I could not refrain from passing on to you the glad news."

CHRISTIAN WORK IN INDIA.

(See Illustration.)

A DEEPLY interesting narrative of missionary labor in Western Bengal has been sent by the Rev. R. T. Edwards, from Tarokeshar, with two pictures, of which the accompanying illustrations are copies. The first represents one of those self-imposed penances by which the superstitious benighted people hope to win the favor of their deities. Mr. Edwards says: "I saw this poor creature, as I have others, painfully making his way through this ordeal. He had made a vow that he would visit Tarokeshar and 'walk on his breast' to the temple. On his arrival he came to the tank, and after bathing with much ceremony, he proceeds in this fashion to the shrine. From the very water's edge he has to commence measuring. Then the steep, slippery bank has to be climbed, and thence along the crowded thoroughfare, under people's feet, he has to make his way.

"The practice is to fall upon the knees, then flat down upon the breast, next the hands are pushed out to full length, and a mark is made from which to commence the next prostration. Before rising the devotee presses his forehead on both sides against the ground. Of course he soon gets covered with dust or mud, as the case may be, and presents a most unnatural spectacle. Arrived at the temple, he is fortunate if he is not trampled under foot by the surging crowd. There he makes his salaam to the stone idol, and presents his offering to the Mohunt (the chief priest), who gives him his blessing, and he may go. Of course he takes to himself great credit for having performed this meritorious act. But I have written as if only men performed this ceremony. But that is not so. The women—mostly widows—outnumber the men. I know of no more painful sight than to see females, young and old, debasing themselves in this way.

"You will ask: Why do the people adhere to such a degrading custom? Have they such a deep conviction of sin that they are prepared to suffer any humiliation in the hopes of getting it removed? Alas, no! Such a motive does not seem to exist. Were it so, how gladly would they listen to the story of Jesus Christ and His power to save unto the uttermost. But it is not so; all they want to get by this ceremony is healing from some sickness or some worldly advantage. The highest motive any amongst them have is to accumulate religious merit.

"The second picture represents a religious

service conducted by one of our native preachers. It is our plan to pitch a tent in the country outside Tarokeshar. Then, taking our stand on the roadside under some shady trees, we sing a lively Christian hymn. This does no fail to attract an audience when a short enthusiastic address is delivered. Thus singing and preaching goes on for the space, perhaps, of three hours. In the picture the central figure is that of the preacher. In front of him stand a great crowd of men and women. There is something very inspiring in open-air preaching—such large crowds gather, and the attention is so deep. Indeed, the danger lies in our young preachers being carried away altogether with enthusiasm and incapacitating themselves for work by getting hoarse during the first day. This was the case with some of our students. By being careful not to speak too long at a time a preacher may continue working for a week or more, and that speaking several times a day. But however careful you may be, it is exceedingly trying work to keep on preaching in the climate day after day. The heat during this festival at Tarokeshar, is almost beyond your conception. It is only in the cool of the evening that a white man can take any part in the work."

THE BURNING OF ASPINWALL.

(See illustrations on page 685.)

AMONG the calamities, of which this year has been so prolific, must be reckoned the recent destructive fire at Aspinwall, on Colon, in the United States of Colombia. The area devastated covered the business part of the city, and consequently caused a greater loss than would have been occasioned by a conflagration of like extent in any other section of the city. The accompanying illustration is a picture of the burned section as it appeared before the fire.

The city of Colon has attained its present prominence through the Panama Railroad, of which it is the Atlantic terminus. This line is forty-eight miles long and is much used by travellers who do not wish to take the long journey by sea around Cape Horn. The Panama Canal also brought a large increase of prosperity to Colon and the suspension of work on that disastrous enterprise produced a corresponding depression. It stands on a marshy, unhealthy island close to the mainland. The native population, exclusive of United States and European merchants, and their employees, is not over ten thousand. Like other seaports, however, there are large numbers of foreigners temporarily residing there, either for the purpose of business or pleasure. As seven lines of steamers make Colon a point of departure or place of call, the port affords large opportunities for business negotiations, which Europeans have seized with more avidity than have our own people. It was ceded in perpetuity by the

old Republic of New Granada to the Panama Railroad Company, who named it Aspinwall in honor of Col. Aspinwall, one of the promoters of the railroad. The natives, however, still call it Colon, from the family name of Columbus, whose statue, representing the discoverer, sheltering an aboriginal Indian under his protecting arm, adorns the market-place.

The United States of Colombia, to which Colon belonged, were organized under one government in 1819. It then included Venezuela and Ecuador, but those States seceded, and became independent in 1829. From that time until 1861, there was but little peace. Several States seceded and subsequently returned into the Union. Civil wars were frequent and there were many assassinations and revolutions. In 1861 the present constitution was promulgated, under which there has been comparative peace and order. The population is about three millions, of which 100,000 are Indians. Less than one-quarter of the whole country is as yet under cultivation.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Author of "Nestleton Magna," "Simon Holmes, the Carpenter," "Will it Lift?" etc., etc.

(Continued from page 670.)

NORA settled down wonderfully well to her new conditions. It is not to be imagined that she did not chafe full often under the irritating influence of her uncle's mode of speech, nor that it did not reach her deeper feelings, and loose, at times, the flood-gates of her speech. But all this was carefully hidden from all observers, and the tears were only permitted as a safety-valve in the quiet of her own room.

The quiet of her own chamber, too, was the atmosphere in which her tears were dried and her spirits took heart of grace again, for it was there that she was accustomed to talk to her mother's God; to make Him her confidant and counsellor, and to gain from Him strength to bear her burden bravely, and to "do the next thing," as the old Saxon proverb has it, "with an honest conscience and in the fear of God."

As full compensation, too, she had a home, a relative, and despite the old man's porcupine propensities, she felt that she was welcome where she was. The good will and eventually the affection of honest Tabitha, made things still better for her, and last, not least, she was able to cultivate her taste for painting.

On more than one occasion even Old Crusty himself had given his opinion of her handiwork, and had declared, after he had looked upon one of her sketches, holding his square chin the while between his fingers and thumb, as if to prevent the exit of too much approbation, that "it might ha' been worse;" and on another occasion he ventured even further than that, and declared that he "did not think she had so much in her!" For which, as a matter of course, Nora felt grateful and flattered.

In Tabitha Crowle, Nora had a capital instructor in all matters that pertained to household

management. That capable body inducted her into all the mysteries of the dairy, and such other employment amongst cows, hens, ducks, pigs, goslings, and such other fearful wild fowl as Abram Hardale's menagerie contained.

There was but little shyness or reserve about the maiden who seemed to have dropped down upon the plane of George Appleton's horizon from a higher place. That honest craftsman was often favored with a "call" as she passed, and a little pleasant chat besides. Whatever effect, if any, this might have upon the dainty damsel herself, it is quite clear it awakened many possibilities for impressionable George. He found himself, after such visits, to be doing his work mechanically, and was suddenly brought out of dreamland to discover that he was blundering, and putting in peril the proud pre-eminence of Abram Hardale's establishment for the perfection of carpentry, and its high excellence in the wheelwright's difficult craft; putting in peril also something else of even more importance. But the dream always ended in a vision which, according to his thinking, was extravagant, and that was a sight of Nora Mansford as the presiding genius of the place.

One day, some little time after Nora's arrival on the scene, George was busily engaged at his bench, planing a broad pine-board for use and service as the paneling of a door. In the hands of the skilful George the long plane went skimming along over the smooth and resinous surface, and the long shavings fell in ever accumulating curls at his feet. The sharp, whistling sound that accompanied the motions of the plane told of a tool in good order, timber without knots, and a thoroughly good workman in charge of both. Into the shop came Nora Mansford.

"Good morning, George," said the young lady, "I want to beg a few of those nice shavings you are making to put into the parlor grate. May I have some?"

George's big, honest heart was all of a flutter as he heard her musical voice, and met the fascination of those bright, dark eyes. "Have 'em? Yes, all of 'em, for the matter of that; but if you will wait awhile, I'll pick you out some of the longest and curliest. They are



The City of Aspinwall, Central America, Recently Devastated by Fire.

the sort you want, aren't they, Miss Nora?"

"There!" said Nora, smiling, "Tabitha told me that I had better not come until you had gone to dinner. She said you would not like to be bothered—a case of no admittance except on business, you know; and as I'm coming a-begging, there isn't much business in that, is there?"

"Why, no," laughed George, "we shouldn't like to have too many visitors whose only business is to beg; but you see, you're very different, Miss Nora, and my opinion is that you would be sure of welcome anywhere."

"There now, you're beginning with your compliments, Mr. Appleton. They're not welcome in this quarter. Deep down in your heart, I daresay, you are saying this very minute, 'What does the girl mean by coming bothering me?'"

"No, indeed," began George, in a needlessly emphatic tone, to the arch suggestions of Nora, "I am sure you are not bothering me." What

else he might have said I can't tell. He was saved from the utterance of anything foolish; foolish things are often said "on the spur of the moment," and especially of such a moment.

The form of a young gentleman darkened the shop door. He was sprucely attired, not to say gaily, and wore quite a distinguished air. No sooner did the new-comer observe Nora than he fixed his eye-glass, and stared at her in silent admiration.

"Good morning, miss," he said, "I was not at all aware that fairies haunted Abram Hardale's bowers—"

What more the young gallant would have said may not be known, for Nora caught a glimpse of the young carpenter's face. The cloud on his brow and the sparkle in his eye was a warning to the maiden that she could not well mistake; so she cut short the compliments of the young exquisite:

"Fairies?" said she. "Oh, yes. He's as good a fairy as he's big, George is," and straightway vanished from the scene, leaving George Appleton with a tingling in his ears, and Mr. Gerald Towneley looking after her with his glass to his eye.

Mr. Gerald Towneley, or Gerald Towneley, Esquire, for this he was careful to insist was his proper style and title, was a personage of very high importance, very high indeed, in the estimation of at least one of the lieges of the land, and that one was himself. He was a younger scion of one of the leading county families. His father had been lord-lieutenant of the shire, and was likely enough to be so again, for such honors are very apt to go by favor; and favor in its turn is very apt to go by gold, and the Towneley family, especially the owner of Towneley Chase, had gold galore.

Mr. Gerald was not the eldest, nor the wisest, nor the best of old Squire Towneley's numerous family; but he was the handsomest without doubt, if you are willing totally to ignore the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does." His head of bright, black curled, not curly, hair was quite a source of pride to him, and was a source of wonderment, envy, or amusement according to the taste of each observer. His incipient mustache, too, had quite "a silken

"beauty fair to see," and gave him constant opportunity of displaying by turns his small patrician hands. These were encased, according to the remarkable fashion of the times in lavender kid gloves, and twirling the former and wearing out untold pairs of the latter occupied no small proportion of his valuable time. It would probably have been better for him, and for many others, if the rest of his time had been spent in the same manner; for if half the reports current concerning him were true, the intervals were employed in adventures and episodes that made havoc of his reputation, and obtained for him with sufficient justice the local name of "Tricky Towneley."

Having given this brief, but sufficient description of this young gentleman, the reader will not wonder that the young carpenter was anything but glad to see him, or that there was a cloud on his brow that would have warned Nora, had she at all needed it, that he was a man to avoid.

"I say, Appleton," said the young exquisite, with an adjective neither useful nor ornamental, "that's a superior article, and no mistake. You don't mean to say that she belongs to old Abram Hardale's stock, do you? She doesn't look as though she came of that lineage. Why, she might be a princess in disguise." George was not too ready with his reply; not only because he distrusted the inquirer, but also because he was still listening to the voice of the maiden as she spoke of the "good fairy," and was still looking at the glance she gave him as she said it.

"Yes," said he, at length, "the young lady is a relation of Abram's." "She hasn't been here very long, has she?" queried Towneley.

"No," answered George.

"Is she going to stay here?" persisted Mr. Gerald Towneley.

"That's more than I can say, sir," was George's answer.

Here George sent his plane skimming along the pine-board with a vigor, which said as plain as plain could be, "What business, I should like to know, is that of yours?" The young gentleman made one or two other vain efforts to secure information, and then, having attended to the small matter of business, which brought him there, he bore his mustache and his lavender gloves away. Passing along the High Street the young gentleman happened to meet Abram Hardale, whose tall, ungainly form, was bending under the weight of certain iron requisites in the wheelwright's craft. Old Crusty, I must say that for him, was an eminently consistent man, crusty to gentle and simple both, and his sarcastic tongue had as little mercy on broadcloth as it had on corduroy. Probably both crustiness and sarcasm had a little sharper flavor than usual just now, for Abram had a rooted dislike to idlers. Mr. Gerald Towneley gave him quite a smile by way of greeting.

"Good morning, Abram," said he, "you are heavily weighted this morning."

Abram eyed the slim patrician, his cane, moustache, etc., as he replied—

"Mornin'. Yes sir, some folks have to be. Things of that sort aren't dealt out fairly."

"Yes," said the young man, patronizingly, "but you carry articles of a very useful kind."

"Why, yes," said Abram, sweetly, "so do you for that matter. Canes have a use."

"By the way, Hardale," said Mr. Gerald, not caring to pursue the subject, "who's that handsome little bird you've brought us to Settleworth?"

Abram Hardale, who had already passed him, turned back; lifting a rough and rusty iron "bush"—as the socket of the wheel is called—from his shoulder, he offered it to the young Adonis.

"Here," said he, "just hold that a bit. If I'm to stop and explain I must be eased of my load a trifle."

"Oh, no!—ah, never mind, Abram. You can tell me some other time. Good morning." So saying, the young gentleman, who had backed in horror from the rusty casting, which would have made sad work of his gloves, beat a hasty retreat.

"Ah, ah, ah," quoted Abram to himself with a low chuckle, as he hitched his burden more securely on his shoulder, "'Ware hawk,' I say, and I say, 'Hawk beware,' too."

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, he strode along beneath his metal burden with his square chin set a little more firmly even than usual.

Meanwhile, Miss Nora had dismissed the little episode of the young squire's visit from her mind. I am inclined to think that Mr. Gerald Towneley would have felt a good deal humiliated if he had known of how slight a nature was the first impression he had made on the maiden who had exercised so startling an effect on him. "There," said she to Tabitha, triumphantly, opening her apron, to show the curly treasures she had obtained. "I 'bothered George' so much that he picked them for me. Aren't they beautiful? I'm not sure he didn't make one or two special ones on purpose."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Mebbe he'll be mekking something else beside shavings if you go on 'bothering him,'" observed Tabitha, with gravity.

At this shocking suggestion which Nora had certainly never dreamt of, she turned away and quietly proceeded to arrange her booty in the parlor gate.

Nora's life under her uncle's roof was a good deal cheered and brightened by honest Tabitha's kindly feeling and homely wit; and, indeed, she was quietly making headway with her uncle himself, thanks mainly to her Christly self-restraint and winsome tact. Still she needed, greatly needed, what neither Tabitha nor her uncle of a surety could supply, she needed a mother;—she, alas, had gone from her. Her place in all its fullness couldn't be supplied. But the kindly Providence which watched over Nora did supply her with the next best thing, a friend with a motherly heart, and the heaven-taught wisdom to use such a motherhood aright.

Such a woman was Mrs. Appleton. After a while she got over her early flurry caused by the fair orphan's advent above the Settleworth horizon. As the days and weeks went by, her watchful eye or ear saw or heard nothing on the part of her beloved son to give her either discomfort or suspicion. Besides, her natural good sense had led her to settle in her own mind that her leal-hearted and sensible boy was sure to do what was

right both to himself and her; beyond that, interference was out of her province, and she was wisely content it should be so.

Not long after Nora's arrival, she had called at the old carpenter's house. Her kindly face and winsome tones and hearty manners took the heart of the girl by storm. An invitation to the cottage, with an assurance of a hearty welcome whenever she liked to come, was frankly accepted and speedily tested. Since then scarcely a week passed in which Nora did not find her way to the widow's cosy cottage, led there by an unwitting instinct of her need, and finding there the solace and the cheer she lacked.

(To be continued.)

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DINIAN CHURCH FESTIVAL.
Island of Sardinia, church festivals of religious junketing, to which flock from long distances, with prodigious bedding. They camp out in or sleep in caves, or under their devices of devotion are mixed with horses, dancing, singing and banqueting, passing near a church, the beholds an unsightly litter of ribs and skulls of sheep, orange-skins, peas-cods, and olive-town amid the grass. The author of "The Sardinians" publishes this the amount of food consumed at the celebration to celebrate the ordination of the present twenty-five hundred; and between them they ate of cows, twenty-six calves, twenty-five wild boar, seven hundred sheep, three hundred lambs, and sucking-pigs, six hundred five measures of sugar, fifty pepper and spices, two hundred measures of corn, a hundred rice, a hundred-weight of dates, red cakes, three hundred eggs, large barrels of wine, three fish, and a vast quantity of con-

fectionery. The banquet lasted two or three days." That there should be this pretence of religion in union with the irreligious cannot but excite deep regret.

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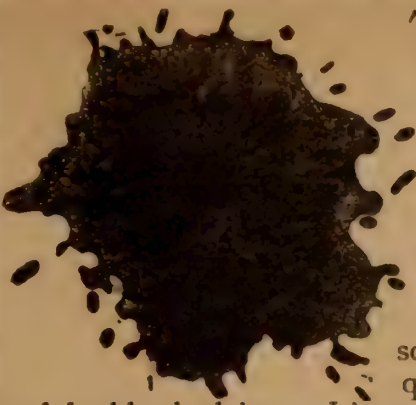
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SUBMISSION.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand—
Child-like, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand—
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearlest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Saying still,—

To His own the Saviour giveth
Folly strength;
To each troubled soul that boweth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care—
Ask Him not then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

—Selected.

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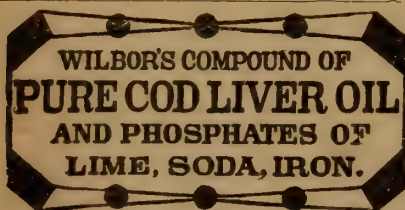
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VOLUME XIII., No. 44.
BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1890.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PICTURE OF A FORD OF THE JORDAN AND OF BAPTISM PERFORMED BY DR. TALMAGE. DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday. (Illustrated.) BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER: Ten Months Life Boat—The River of Lost Souls, Etc.

PICTURE OF THE BOHDI PAGODA IN BURMAH. An Indian's Greeting to Mr. Moody—The Tenth Finger Nail—A Romance of the Desert, Etc. END OF THE DISPENSATION, By Rev. J. G. Lorimer. JESUS BEFORE PILATE. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter. TWO DAYS IN FLORENCE. A Story of the S. S. Text. A SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S EVENTS. (Illustr'd.)

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A FORD OF THE JORDAN—DR. TALMAGE BAPTIZING A CANDIDATE.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

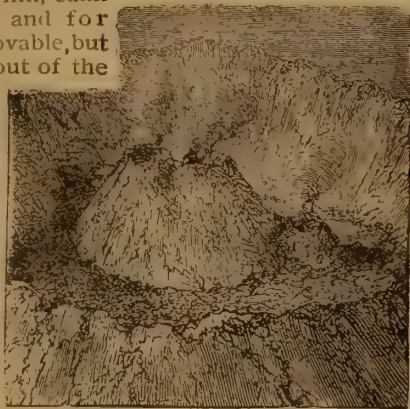
DR. TALMAGE'S FIFTH SERMON ON HIS TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND, PREACHED OCT. 26, 1890.

The Psalmist's Description of a Volcano—A Visit to the Ruins of Pompeii—Their Testimony as to the Morals of the City—A Parallel Between Pompeii and Sodom—Similar Punishment for Similar Sins—The Massacre of Masada—The Desolation of the Dead Sea—The Day of Sodom's Doom—Science Confirming the Bible—On the way to Jordan—The Bedouins of the Plain—Miss Whately's Adventure—Associations with the Jordan—A River of Baptisms—A Fellow Traveller Baptized.

"He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Ps. 104 : 32.

DAVID, the poet, here pictures a volcano and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas, this author does in words.

You see a hill, calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. He toucheth the hills and they smoke."



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

God is the only being who can manage a volcano and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century, that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble, and bronze, and imperial baths, and arboriculture, and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty, and pomp, and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scorix of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

An Aqueous Mausoleum.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been a controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of

Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them

To Die Before They were Captured.

First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-bye and then put a dagger into their hearts and the women and the children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other, nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves and after all was over, came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do, they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have

a six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent of salt, and this lake twenty-six and a quarter per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel is the lowest lake. It empties into



no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up-hill. It swallows up the river Jordan, and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

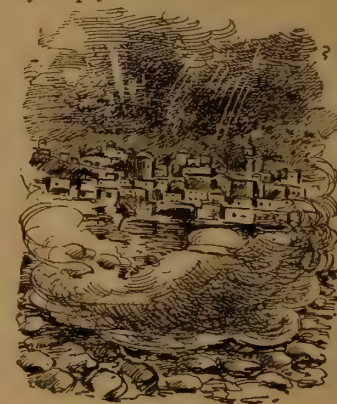
The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish-scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say, "We want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into

this lake, and submerge themselves, come almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic lustre unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hill beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, they do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thrice enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood

Four Great Cities

of Syria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zebon. The Bible says they were destroyed by tempest of fire and brimstone after they had filled up their cup of wickedness. "No, that's absurd," cries some one; "It is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone, pitch, long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the Cities of the Plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because the region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, my reply. These cities had been built out



THE DELUGE OF FIRE.

very combustible materials. The mortar was bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch, inflammable. They stood on a ridge of hill up and conspicuous, radiant their sins, ostentatious in their debauchery, four hells on earth. One there was a rumbling in the earth and quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, who fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything a-flame, and first lifting these cities high in air, and then dashing them down in chaos fathomless. The fires of that eruption interlarded the dense smoke, and rolled unto the heavens only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shovelled under the cities of the Plain. Before the catastrophe, the Cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. At the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right. Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under, as in the Dead Sea instance, so in all cases God's writing on the earth, and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals never," and the Bible says, "Marine animals never."

ice digs down and says, "Land animals" and the Bible responds, "Land animals." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science into the regions about the Dead Sea, and result of fire, and masses of brimstone, announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible: "Moses wrote of years ago 'The Lord rained upon Gomerah brimstone and fire the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'toucheth the hills and they shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah.'" So I will hold our Bibles longer. A man in the room of the House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. John at five o'clock in the evening, got up fifteen minutes early, and the servant, who is talking next room, says to the President, sir! "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends his morning from four to five o'clock, reading the Scriptures."



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BIBLE STUDY
"Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends his morning from four to five o'clock, reading the Scriptures." The text implies that God controls volcanoes with the full force of His hand, but with the tip of His finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at His feet like hounds before their master. These eruptions of the hills do not go to Pluto's realm as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted over a hundred of them, but since then the archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are everywhere in every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago, was only the raving and roaring of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the Divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities which they have obliterated were celebrated for their kind of transgression.

Profligacy was the characteristic of the seven cities of ancient times over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not show their profligacy, if in high life and low life wickedness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to the faintest touch, if Russian, and French, and American literature, steeped in prurency, are not get banished from the news-stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of the suppressed monsters of the earth. And these American cities that it will be more terrible for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment, whether that Day of Judgment be in the present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic fires are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterranean fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it enter into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial steamer, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under street gas-light or be wrapped in the finest of silks that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever empearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the devastations of the earth from which sprang the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah."

the dragoman was rejoiced when we had enough of this volcanic region of Palestine,

and he gladly tightens the girths for another march, around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation *Salaam Aleikoum*, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race those Bedouins: Such a commingling of ruffianism, and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was travelling and were about to take pocket-books and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her note book and pencil, and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure, the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke George's nine days."



MISS WHATELY AND BRIGANDS.

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar, and column, and arch, and chancel, and pulpit and dome, and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the Church so well, He builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park, and Yosemite, and Switzerland, and Palestine, these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows, but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroisms, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah, and Elisha, and David, and Jacob, and Joshua, and John, and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!"

thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Moineux had copper-bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt, the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, travelling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in

sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud, and now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders, and acacias, and reeds, and pistachios, and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled Major-General of the Syrian host at the seventh plunge, dropped his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an axe-head not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe-head, as the fact that it was not his own and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river and, in defiance of the law of gravitation, the iron axe-head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea; from the bank of this river

Elijah Took Team of Fire, showing that the element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything; for, if the most destructive of all elements, was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood, or crystal, or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide-open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down towards the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake, they went up in a chariot of fire.



ELIJAH'S RAPTURE.

When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail-train that broke through Ashtabula bridge, and then took flame, I said: "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire?"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized, and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then, while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy, to the baptismal font in the old meeting-house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism

observed in the river Jordan, on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day, and told me that a young man, who is now studying for the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination, made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants, two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present, I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river, wade through and across to show the depth, and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, (*See illustration on first page*), the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight."

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us "Is that you, father?" "Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

"Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
— Could fright us from the shore."

THE TENTH FINGER NAIL.

IN a letter to the *Missionary Link*, Miss H. Caddy relates the following incident: A little girl who used to attend one of my Calcutta schools, was married when she was seven years old, to a man about thirty years of age. A few months after the wedding, she had to go and live at her husband's house, and take up the duties of a wife, even cooking, although such a little girl. I was greatly distressed at losing the child and arranged for her lessons in her husband's house. But after a few visits, her husband put a stop to her studies. We were very much pleased to see how neat and clean the little one kept her one room, and a little place to cook in. She used to be a very irregular attendant at the school, but she was a dear child, always ready to comfort any little one in trouble. About a year ago, her mother brought her home quite ill, and when I saw her I did not recognize her. As soon as she saw me, she burst into tears and called out, "Oh, mother, the Mem has come." She told me that she asked repeatedly for me and would watch as I went past her window, and would say, "Mother, shall I call?" but before she could do so I had passed. I noticed her nails had been allowed to grow, until they were more than half an inch in length. I asked, "What is this for?" and they replied,

"We are going to give them to the idol when she gets well." "God alone can make you well," I said, "and He does not ask you to do this. Cut these off, and trust in Him alone to cure the child." They promised to cut them off, but on the next visit, I found that one had been preserved, and only nine had been cut. Ah! I thought, this is just how it is with many. They believe in Jesus to a certain point, some even to the extent of those nine nails cut away—but that tenth nail! How hard it is to cut that off! To give up their old faith completely! God sees that struggle. He knows just how difficult it is, and He does not despise the faith as small as a grain of mustard seed. And shall we who struggle with self, judge and blame? Rather shall we not work on in patience, and sympathizing love?

AN INDIAN'S GREETING TO MR. MOODY.

TWO years ago, at the missionary meeting at Northfield, Mass., Mr. Moody succeeded in raising \$3,000 to establish mission stations among the Indians in Dakota. This year, the Rev. C. W. Shelton, who had the matter in charge, was again at Northfield to give an account of what had been done. In the course of his speech, as reported in the *American Missionary*, he said: "The first station we established with the money is one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Bismarck, and we have called it the Moody Station. Having found two classes of people thirty miles apart, both of whom seemed to be equally in need, we had been in doubt as to where to plant the station; but finally a man was found whose parentage included both nations, and who was willing and able to preach to both in their own language. We have, therefore, started two stations, calling them both by the same name, and with this man managing them. People have told me that I couldn't do anything in the interior of the country occupied by the Indians, but I found the Indians at that remote place, willing to receive the Gospel. One of the chiefs finally said to me: 'When you go back I want you to take that man by the hand that sent that school and thank him, and tell him that we will try to live like the white man.'" The speaker accordingly took Mr. Moody's hand and thanked him in those words, raising a perfect storm of applause by so doing.

After this speech, Mr. Moody asked for funds to carry on the work, and to establish more stations, and \$3,315 was raised in twenty minutes.

A ROMANCE OF THE DESERT.

IN a letter to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, Dr. H. H. Jessup, the famous missionary in Syria, tells the strange history of a Jewish boy who, he hopes, will become a missionary among the Arabs. He says that twenty-three years ago, a Jew of Baghdad left that city to live in Damascus. He left his family behind him, but after settling in business in Damascus, he sent for them. His wife set out with a caravan taking her children with her, the youngest being an infant whom they had named Ezekiel. In crossing the Djoul Wilderness, they stopped one night near the encampment of the Beni Sukhr, a tribe of Arabs. During the night there was a terrible cyclone. Tents were torn up and the baggage and belongings, of the travellers were scattered in all directions. The Jewish mother found to her dismay that her little infant had been carried away by the cyclone. She searched for him without avail. The people of the caravan also made an organized search, but not finding him, went on their way, and the poor, bereaved mother, had no alternative but to accompany them. It was a sad journey for her, and she never expected to see her child again.

Last July a tall, powerful Arab came to Damascus with a strange story. He said that until recently he supposed himself to be the son of the Emir Mohammed Kasim of the Arab tribe of Beni Sukhr in whose family he had lived from his earliest recollection. He was an accomplished spearman and had been a leader in the Arab raids, having a hundred spearmen

under him. It had been discovered, however, that he was a Jew, and when he learned the fact, he began to make inquiries as to how he came to be in the Emir's family. Then he learned that an Arab woman had found him when an infant, half buried in the sand outside the camp, and had taken him to the Emir, who had brought him up as his own son. On learning his nationality, he had sent to the Rabbis of Damascus and at Beyrout, asking if they knew of any Jewish family who had lost a child about twenty years before. At Beyrout the papers were found and the mother easily identified him by a mark on his forearm. His resemblance to his father was also sufficiently striking to convince them.

The parents at once induced him to give up Mohammedanism and worship the God of his fathers; but they were astonished to find that he knew more than they supposed. He repeated the Lord's Prayer perfectly in Arabic. Finally the young man hunted up Dr. Jessup and asked for instruction in the Christian religion. In one of his raids, he had fallen in with some Oriental Christians, who had told him of Christ and taught him the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Jessup has taken him into the American College and believes that he will become a true Christian and eventually a missionary to the Arabs, among whom he spent his childhood and youth.

THE McALL MISSION BOAT.

A REPORT of the success of the new enterprise which the Rev. R. W. McAll has added to the other Gospel agencies, has in operation, in and about the French capital, comes to us in the *American McAll Record*. On August 6th, a picture appeared in this journal of a boat which Mr. McAll had anchored in the Seine, with the object of attracting sailors and men who get their living on the river. Services have been held on board every day, and it appears that they have been attended not only by the class for which they were designed, but by fashionable people who saw the boat from the bridge, and during the promenades. Mr. McAll says:

"The cabin, which seats two hundred people, was soon filled twice a day, and it became necessary to hold three meetings in the afternoon and one each evening. The people would often sit through all the afternoon meeting for three hours—without leaving their seats. People of both sexes, rooted to the spot. The hungry and thirsty souls are mostly men—of all classes. The other night, between eight and half-past eight, I counted seventy men, thirteen women. One quite young man, with bright face, sat in his place from half-past eight to six, and again he sat from eight to midnight, as it were, by what he was hearing. Anything like steadiness of attention did, of course come all at once. At the first there was a great deal of coming and going, sometimes of staring and laughing; some were amused at the faint, sickly swing of the boat, other vessels passed it. Some found the staid companion ladder ridiculous—"It is only fit for English people," they said. Then some tried to join in the hymns, and sang out of tune, amusing the others. Some come only from curiosity, which being satisfied, they return never to return. In short, the meetings on the boat began exactly as our earlier meetings in 1872 began. If any one wants to sit again, in imagination, at the cradle of the mission, let him come there. The same curiosity, the same criticism, the same bewildered question, the same falling off of wayside hearers, the same wondrous process of selection by which others stay, and return, and listen, and wonder, often receive life for their souls; and how soon of them sing now—with all their hearts!

"The French papers have already given lengthy advertisements for nothing. Advertisements are expensive in France. With very little gold could we have bought a column in half of the *Figaro*? The truth is that all the French papers have been talking about the *Bon Messager*."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Delusion About an Heirship—An Anxious Night on a Mountain—A Thrilling Rescue from a Burning Ship—A Bride's Unknown Husband—A Novel Engagement-Ring.

The Claimant of a Peerage and Large Estates France, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 1. He was seventy-three years old, and had spent fifty years in this country. Starting in business as a working carpenter, he became a water-builder, and amassed a considerable fortune. Though a man of remarkable intelligence and business sagacity, he became the dupe of a lawyer who led him to believe that he was the heir of a deceased French noble. The builder advanced money to the lawyer, from time to time, to substantiate his claim, and even paid the expenses of the lawyer to Paris to collect evidence. His family saw that he was being deceived, but could not induce him to abandon his claim. Indeed, the more he was opposed, the more determined he became. He put the prefix of "Baron" to his name on his business cards, and to the last, stoutly insisted on the dignity of his title. It was proved conclusively, in inquiries made by the United States Minister in France, that he was not the heir, but the man died in the firm conviction that he had been defrauded of his rights. All his acquaintances laughed his delusion to scorn, and with good reason; but the world is not always right as to such claims. It often despises humble Christians who will yet prove to be "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ." (James 2 : 5.)

Ten Months in a Life-Boat have been Passed by its inventor, who desired to furnish convincing proof of the excellence of his invention. Nine years ago Captain Jorgensen conceived the idea that the best kind of life-boat would be one ballasted with water. Ship owners, in America and England, scoffed at the plan, but Captain Jorgensen had faith in it and set to work to build it. He built a boat with his own hands, called it the *Storm King*, and to prove its utility sent it out in it on a voyage from England to Australia. When ballasted, with Captain Jorgensen and his only companion—a mate—ard, the tiny craft drew but two feet. Anything more perilous than rounding the Cape of Good Hope in such a boat cannot be imagined. And yet, after a journey of three hundred days—a journey of the direst tedium—the *Storm King* hored safely in the harbor of Adelaide. Three months the Captain and his companion in their frail craft crept slowly down the African coast until they encountered the trade winds. Then came the tempests adjoining the Cape of Good Hope, and finally the gales that roar eastward to the Australian coast. Through all of these the *Storm King* floated in safety, proving beyond a doubt that the boat could live in the roughest weather. A double proof was furnished by the voyage. Not only did it prove the correctness of the Captain's theory, but the sincerity of his faith in it. That is the kind of proof required of the Christian. He must trust himself to the storm and be ready to face the storms of life and death in His keeping. (James 2 : 18.)

The River of Lost Souls was the Name Originally given to a stream in New Mexico which is now known as the Picketwire. A reporter of a daily journal who is fond of philological studies, has been tracing the origin of the Picketwire's name. He states that it is the form assumed by the French name on English lips. Picketwire is the way the English speaking settlers pronounced *La Purgatoire*. But that was not the original name. It was simply a free translation of the French of the name given to the river by the early Spanish explorers, which meant the river of lost souls. That appellation arose from a tragedy dating three centuries back. About that time there was a merry party camped on a place where now stands the city of Trinidad. A party of explorers were spending the winter there and with them were a number of people who had come out to the camp from Santa Fe. In the spring the camp was broken up, the explorers going forward on their way to St. Augustin and the Santa Fe

people going home. The latter group stood on a knoll and watched the explorers wending their way along the banks of the river until a clump of trees hid them from view. They were never seen afterwards. Whether they were drowned in the river, or were lost in the snow, or were killed by the Indians was never known. No trace of them was ever found after they disappeared behind the trees on the bank of the river, and their friends, associating the river with their fate, named it "the River of Lost Souls." To us the river of death would have deserved the same name if we had received no revelation from God. We lose sight of our friends on its banks, but none of those who have trusted in Christ are lost. We shall go to them, though they will not return to us. (II. Sam. 12 : 23.)

An Anxious Night on a Mountain was Passed by three ladies in Alaska recently. A large party of tourists had made the ascent of Mount Hood, starting at nine in the morning and reaching the summit about three o'clock in the afternoon. After a pleasant hour spent in enjoying the scenery the descent was commenced. The party was not counted until the foot of the mountain was reached. It was then found that three ladies were missing. By that time it was quite dark, but an exploring party was quickly organized, and about thirty men familiar with the ground, carrying lanterns and guns, set out to look for the missing ladies. The search was continued until nearly dawn, when the firing of guns announced that they had been found. They were on the top of a barren rock ten thousand feet above the sea. The ladies said that they had become separated from the party, and wandered about for hours in the hope of finding the road to the base. While doing so they frequently heard the screams of panthers and the howls of wolves. Fearing attack, they sought a place on the top of the rock where they were found. They had no weapon but the iron shod alpenstocks, and the wolves and panthers had been so near them that they expected every moment to be attacked. Happily no attack was made and they were conducted down in safety. Had they closely followed the leader of the party they would have been spared much anxiety and terror, as well as some danger. The same may be said of some Christians who have gone through painful experience. Their suffering has come through failing to keep close to the Master. (John 10 : 27.)

A Novel Engagement Ring is Worn by a young lady in New York. The society man of a daily journal says that his attention was attracted, in a recent fashionable gathering, by a peculiar bracelet on the arm of one of the ladies present. It was of silver, very massive, and beautifully chased. The strangest characteristic of it, however, which mystified him was, that there seemed to be no clasp or joint in it. The problem of how it could be taken off piqued his curiosity, as trivial questions sometimes do, and finally he asked permission to look at it. He expected that the lady would take it off and hand it to him, but, instead of doing so, she extended her arm. A close examination failed to show any joint in the bracelet, so he asked if he might have it in his hand. The lady laughed and shook her head. Then the secret was told. The gentleman, to whom she is engaged to be married, formerly resided in Martinique where he made the acquaintance of an eccentric blacksmith. The man had saved some money and not knowing how to invest it profitably, had been concerned only for its safety. He had bought the massive silver band with it, placed it around his wife's wrist and had welded the two ends firmly together, protecting the woman's arm from the heat necessary to the operation by a piece of leather. The young man offered a high price for the band and the blacksmith sold it to him. The leather was again used, the band heated until it was pliable and it was then cut and opened. When the purchaser became engaged subsequently, the silver band was used, by the aid of a silversmith, as an engagement ring. "I shall never wish to take it off" said the wearer confidently. The

remark implied confidence in her lover's fidelity as well as in her own, and we may hope it will be justified by events. The Christian united to his Lord, has a like, and a much surer, ground of confidence because Christ can never change and He keeps those faithful who trust in Him. (Hosea 2 : 19.)

The Story of a Courtship by Proxy is Told by a clergyman who recently passed through New York. He has been chaplain at a dreary station belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company in the bleak northern wilderness. While there, he became intimate with the physician of the station, who is a man of scholarly attainments, and of a social disposition. He found life very dreary before the chaplain went there, as there was no one at the station of similar tastes and congenial disposition. The two spent much of their time together, and a mutual liking grew between them. The chaplain, however, was called to England on family business, and the physician was left to his former isolation. He went on board the steamer to see the last of his friend and bemoaned his loss in pathetic language. "Can I do anything for you in England?" the clergyman asked. "No; there is only one thing I need, and I cannot get that," the physician answered; "If I could go with you and win your daughter's love, I should be happy." The chaplain smiled, but made no answer. Letters passed between the friends after the clergyman reached his destination, and now the doctor is making ready a home for the reception of a wife. So well had the clergyman pleaded his friend's cause, and so much confidence had his daughter in her father's judgment that she is on her way to marry a man, whom she has never seen. Doubtless the clergyman has been the medium through which still more important unions have been effected. Every soul, whom he has been the means of leading to Christ may, like his daughter, say, "Whom having not seen we love." (I. Peter 1 : 8.)

Thirteen Men with their Clothes on Fire were taken off a burning barge, on Lake Huron, on October 20. The barge was laden with a highly inflammable cargo, part of which consisted of barrels of oil. When smoke was seen issuing from one of the hatchways, everyone knew that there was awful danger. The captain called the men to fire quarters, and soon tons of water were pouring down into the hold. While the crew were fighting the fire a storm arose, and some of them had to be called off to keep the vessel's course. The wind and the waves threatened them on the one side, and the fire on the other. Though the decks were frequently swept by heavy seas, which poured down the open hatchways, the fire seemed to burn more fiercely than ever. Nine of the crew lowered a boat and tried to escape, but the waves capsized the boat and the men were drowned. The heat became so overpowering that the remaining thirteen men could work no longer and they climbed into the forepeak out of reach of the flames. Presently they heard an explosion, and then they knew that the fire had reached the oil. A great tongue of flame shot up close to them scorching them fearfully. At that moment, when they had given all up for lost, a voice hailed them out of the smoke that obscured their view. Almost instantly they saw a vessel near by and they sprang into the sea, and were picked up by the crew of the rescuing vessel. So near were they to death that their clothes had caught fire before they jumped. Of course, they would not have waited for such a crisis before making their escape, if a vessel had been near sooner. That was their first opportunity of escape, and they seized it. They did not act as men do who, while aware that they are in danger of eternal death, and knowing that a way of escape is open to them, neglect it in their health and strength intending to take advantage of it when death is near. (Heb. 2 : 3.)

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE END OF THE DISPENSATION.

WILL IT TERMINATE IN DEVELOPMENT OR IN CATAclysm?

The Opinion of Past Interpreters—What Jonathan Edwards Believed—The Prognostications of Secular Politicians—“The Edinburgh Review”—Society on a Volcano—The Rapidity of Change—The Duty of Christians.

BY REV. J. G. LORIMER.*

INTERPRETERS of prophecy may have imagined from the zeal and liberality of modern times in diffusing the Word of the Lord in all languages, and sending missionaries of the Gospel to all people, that the glory of the latter days was to be ushered in peacefully, and that all opposition was gradually and quietly to expire; but older interpreters held a different opinion, and the aspect of the times indicates a different progress, while the result will be the same; these teach that the Church's glory is to be won through a sea of trouble. This is God's usual procedure with His Church.

Without appealing to other Scripture interpreters, I may refer to one who will not be supposed to be an idle alarmist, taking pleasure in other men's fears; I allude to Jonathan Edwards, one of the most remarkable combinations of intellect and learning and piety of which the Christian Church can boast—at once the philosopher and divine. In his admirable work, *The History of Redemption*, published in 1773, he has these notices of the

Future Prospects of the Church

of Christ. “We have all reason to conclude from the Scriptures, that just before this work of God begins [the final overthrow of the visible kingdom of Satan], it will be a very dark time, with respect to the interests of religion in the world. It has been so before those glorious revivals of religion which have been hitherto. It was so when Christ came. It was an exceeding degenerate time among the Jews, and so it was a very dark time before the Reformation. And not only so, but it seems to be foretold in Scripture, that it shall be but a time of little religion when Christ shall come to set up His kingdom in the world.” (Luke 18 : 8.)

After stating how it is that God will bring about this great work, by a wonderful revival and propagation of religion; for before Babylon falls, the Gospel shall be powerfully preached and propagated in the world (Rev. 14 : 6-8), he adds, that this pouring out of the Spirit of God will not effect the overthrow of Satan's visible kingdom till there has been a violent and mighty opposition made, and then he goes on to say: “In this the Scripture is plain, that when Christ is thus gloriously coming forth, and the destruction of Antichrist is ready at hand, and Satan's kingdom begins to totter and appear to be imminently threatened, the powers of the kingdom of darkness will rise up and mightily exert themselves to prevent their kingdom being overthrown; thus after pouring out the sixth vial, which was to dry up the River Euphrates, to prepare the way for the destruction of spiritual Babylon, it is represented in Rev. 16. as though the powers of hell will be mightily alarmed, and should stir up themselves to oppose the kingdom of Christ before the seventh and last vial should be poured out, which shall give them a final and complete overthrow.”

He adds—“We know not particularly in what manner this opposition shall be made. It is represented as a Battle.

It is called the battle of the great day of God Almighty. There will be some way or other a mighty struggle between Satan's kingdom and the Church; and probably in all ways of opposition that can be, and doubtless by external forces, wherein the princes of the world who are on the devil's side shall join hand in hand; for it is said, ‘the kings of the earth are gathered together to battle.’” (Rev. 19 : 19.)

* From his article in this month's *Prophetic News* a magazine edited by Rev. M. Baxter, which contains other articles on unfilled prophecy. For sale at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents.

Let me add, that no one who remembers what Daniel represents to be the termination of the ten toes of the Image—in other words, the ten kingdoms of Europe—if he follows the Word of God, can have any doubt of the terrible days which await Christendom. The wonder is that so few are realizing them.

Even secular politicians, who cannot be supposed to have had an eye to the prophetic Scriptures, from the contemplation of Europe, the prophetic earth, surveyed merely with the eye of human sagacity, have drawn inferences in perfect harmony with the prospects of prophecy. Thus speaks the *Edinburgh Review*: “It is impossible to look to the state of the old world, without seeing, or rather feeling, that there is a greater and more

Momentous Contest Impending

than ever before agitated society. In Spain, in France, in Italy, the principles of reform and liberty are visibly arraying themselves for a final struggle with the principles of established abuse, legitimacy, or tyranny, or whatever else it is called by its friends or enemies. Even in England, the more modified elements of the same principles are stirring and heaving around, above and beneath, with unprecedented agitation and terror; and everything betokens an approaching crisis in the great European commonwealth, by the result of which the future character of its government, and the structure and condition of its society will, in all probability, be determined.”

And what is our encouragement, or is there anything to cheer in the prospect? The politicians of the world may be at a loss as to the issue. But Christians, above all students of prophecy, cannot have any doubt of the glorious result, and can scarcely be said to be without light, as to the duration of the previous trials. Whatever may be thought of the duration, whether brief or protracted, the issue is certain and unspeakably glorious; an ample compensation for all preceding tribulation and delay.

It used to be an argument against the inferences of some prophetic interpreters, that their schemes afforded *too little time* for the great changes, political and religious, which the Word of God evidently contemplated, and that it was not possible that such

A Spirit of Persecution

could revive at this stage of the world's history, as seems to be intimated. But in the absence of better arguments, this should not now greatly perplex us. We have within the last few years beheld changes in the State and in the Church, which no man would have been bold enough to have predicted: and changes too, which are evidently only paving the way to still more extensive change. Who can tell what great events may be crowded into the next twenty-four years—the space of time which is all that many intelligent interpreters of prophecy believe is destined to run—before the sun of the Millennium shall shine forth in its glory?

Let the persecution of the poor Jews in Russia and Turkey, in a form which reminds one of the days of Nebuchadnezzar; the massacre of the Nestorian Christians—the Waldenses of the East, by the Mohammedans: the revival of persecution against Evangelical religion over Europe generally, sometimes by private parties, and sometimes by government; and the keen spirit of hostility which has been awakened in the breasts of so many of the educated and powerful, against men whose only crime is attachment to Divine truth in the forms dear to them and to their fathers,—let these things, and many others, teach serious and thinking men how volcanic is the ground on which Christendom rests. The whole has the air of the winding-up of a dispensation; the speed of the chariot is quickened as it approaches the goal.

Let all Christians then make it their care to study the prophetic Scriptures more and more; and by the study let them be solemnized, and quickened, and comforted, and animated; let them become more prayerful, and more spiritual, and superior to the world.

Let ministers, too, direct the attention of their people more and more to the future prospects of the Church, and prepare them for days of darkness and trial, mingled with encouragement; and as the young and rising generation is probably destined to bear an active part in the great religious revolutions which precede the Millennium, let parents and teachers educate it for this high place and calling.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

S. S. LESSON FOR NOV. 9, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 23 : 1-12; GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 23 : 4.

The Appeal to the Civil Power—A New Accusation Made—False Testimony Presented—Christ's Patience Under Unjust Charges—Pilate's Avowal—Jesus Sent to Herod—The Curiosity of the King—Jesus Refuses to Grant—Makes no Defence—Combined to Oppose Christ.

FINDING themselves baffled in all their attempts to bring legitimate accusations against Jesus, the whole multitude of chief priests, and scribes, and elders, “led Him unto Pilate.” The ecclesiastical tribunal had been unequal to the task they had taken in hand. Although they had attempted to satisfy themselves that Jesus had spoken blasphemy, saying “Hereafter shall the Son of Man sit the right hand of the power of God,” yet they should they convince the civil power? On what ground could they prove Him worthy of death? They must find some other and different charge.

“They began to accuse Him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying, that Himself is Christ, a King.” If they could succeed in proving that He was dangerous to the government, then the law would have claim against Him. In order to do this, very men who were the champions of the law of God, the centre of all whose doctrine and teaching was the law given on Sinai, themselves

Broke the Ninth Commandment,

and bore false witness against their neighbor, and that neighbor “the Christ!” Oh, how many sore and heavy hearts there are, how many sleepless nights are passed, how much bitterness of wrong arises from the malicious statements of those whose intention it is to injure Jesus had said, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's” (Luke 20 : 25), and this was to uphold and not to subvert the government, yet the notice of these unpriestly priests, undignified elders, untruthful scribes, led them to construe His words to mean what they really had intended to make Him say—that no tribute must be rendered to Cæsar, and they go so far as to make Him say that Cæsar's tribute was due to Him, for was “Christ a King.” It was such, an unpardonable perversion of His words, such intentional misunderstanding that it would have been unspeakably galling to our beloved Lord, if there had been in Him the susceptibility which is touched by this kind of thing.

Jesus was “in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.” He “suffered being tempted” from the strife of tongues, from unjust, untrue, and unkind accusations, that He might be “able to succor them that are tempted.” Many sensitive natures, nothing is so unbearable as to be wrongfully accused, they feel the strain so keenly that it seems as though reason itself would give way under the strain, and only often the most bitter spirit of retaliation, self-justification takes possession of them. If Jesus had not been thus tempted, how could we have recognized in Him the Old Testament portrait “As a lamb before her shearers is dumb, so openeth not His mouth?” But it needs a very real acquaintance with God, an actual, and not a mere doctrinal acquaintance with Him, to be able to “Endure Grief and Suffering Wrongfully.”

The object of the Jewish elders, spiritual and political, was to make out that Jesus was a seditious offender, and so they accused Him of setting Himself as “Christ,” or “an anointed King.” Pilate took up this charge, and asked Him, saying, “Art thou the King of the Jews?”

the lineal descendant from David, there was no other man who could claim to sit on David's throne. Jesus answered, "Thou sayest it." I doubt, His enemies would imagine that this mission on the part of Jesus would be commendatory. But, to their great surprise, Pilate said to them, and to the people,

"I Find no Fault in This Man."

The great men who had led Him to Pilate were their wits' end; if Pilate was to take His part, how would they ever get rid of the Man against whom they had conceived such an intense hatred, because He saw their hollowness, and they felt He knew them through and through? Exasperated, and almost desperate, "they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

They did not say it, but they left it to be inferred, that the subject matter of the teaching Jesus was His own kingship, and that He was stirring up a dangerous revolution. How different from the life of Him who "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." (Acts. 10: 28.) How different from His teaching, the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God!

But Pilate, who was favorably impressed with the prisoner, and did not want to condemn Him, sought at any straw to escape the responsibility of deciding on the case of Jesus. When he heard of Galilee, "he asked whether the man were a Galilean." Finding He was, and that "He belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him to Herod," who happened to be in Jerusalem at that time. And Pilate thought he had done with Jesus. But

No Man Shall Escape thus Lightly.

Every human being who has heard of Him must come to a definite decision about Jesus. Jesus is the deepest personal interest in every man, and every man has an interest for eternity in Jesus. Pilate could not transfer to Herod his responsibility about Jesus. No Roman Catholic ritualist can transfer to his priest the responsibility which the fact of Jesus dying for sin and bearing his sins lays upon him. There is no law of God by which a priest shall represent so many souls of his parishioners at the great day of account. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad." (II. Cor. 5: 10.)

"When Herod saw Jesus, he was exceedingly glad: for he was desirous to see Him of a long season." Why did he not seek Him out in Galilee? Jesus was not to be found among the great ones of the earth, and it would have been *infra dig.* for Herod to be found among the fisher folk of Galilee. Herod's desire to see Jesus was only a vulgar curiosity: "he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by Him." But the mighty works of Jesus were not done at the command of kings, but by the will of God. Herod, looking at things from a worldly standpoint, might naturally think that Jesus would be only too ready to manifest His miraculous power before such an august personage as he; it would be such a good opportunity for gaining the king's side; surely He would not lose it! The supernatural has always such attraction for human nature. There are many in our own day who expect, when they come to a meeting where God's children believe in the Great Physician as being "the same yesterday, and to-day and forever," that some miracle will be wrought to convince them. But God's works are wrought, not to secure the patronage of man, even though he be a king, but to bring men to a knowledge of Him, as it was with Naaman, who learned that there was "no God in all the earth but in Israel." Herod was disappointed, Jesus was not such as he imagined; he could not understand a man of power failing to recommend himself to the king—it was an order of things and a type of character altogether outside his experience.

But he had yet more to wonder at when "he

questioned Him with many words," and Jesus spoke nothing in self-defence. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." (Isa. 53: 7.) "The chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Him." Would nothing stir the anger of this meek yet powerful Man? Could He be the same who had commanded the winds and the waves and proved Himself Master of the storm? Could this be the Man who had again and again been perfect Master of a multitude of people, organizing them, seating them, and feeding them by a miracle? Could He be the same who had proved to be death's Master, but so short a time since, and had commanded the very dead to leave his grave, and had been obeyed? What could account for His silence now? The same will of His Father which He did in His works of power was obeyed now in His answering "not a word." "I do always those things which please Him."

Herod, impatient at making so little impression on his unusual Prisoner, joined with his men of war to "set Him at naught," and mock Him, and, in mockery, they clothed Him in a gorgeous robe, as though to laugh to scorn His pretension to be the King of the Jews. But "the Lamb of God" was too true a lamb to retaliate. Jesus came, not to hurt, but to bless.

Herod, having failed, as much as the chief priests had failed, to bring a legitimate charge against Jesus, "sent Him again to Pilate." The two governors had been at enmity, but, in this awful work of condemning the Son of God, they "became friends." Rationalists, ritualists, and worldlings, are always ready to combine in opposing any work which is truly the work of the Spirit of God. All other differences sink into insignificance, but Jesus they will not have—the Son of God must be cast out. A Saviour, who must have the will, the affection, the heart, who interferes with and overturns all which exalts man, this none will suffer but those who are conquered by the Lord and who know the power of His blood.

TWO DAYS IN FLORENCE.

An Illustration of the Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 9.
"Christ Before Pilate and Herod."

THE first day. Far away in sunny Italy and far away in the centuries—nearly four hundred years—the city of Florence had assumed gala costume. Business was put aside, necessary duties were hastily performed, and the people were pouring out of their houses in their best attire; for Florence was celebrating Carnival—the Carnival of October, 1496. It was a different Carnival from any that had gone before it. For many generations, at that season, masqueraders went about the streets playing funny pranks; a huge bonfire blazed in the plaza; there were balls and parties; gaiety, thoughtlessness, frivolity, reigned supreme. A serious face was out of place; old and young joined in the general merriment.

But this year of 1496, Carnival was being kept in a different way. There was rejoicing, but it was the joy of godly men over the better time that had come. There was a bonfire in the great plaza, as in former years, but this time it was the strangest fuel that ever burned. Young men had brought vicious books, lascivious pictures and suggestive statues; elderly men had brought tapestries woven in illustration of lewd scenes from classic lore; women had brought their false hair and their rouge pots and dancing shoes; gamblers had brought cards and dice and even the street vendors had contributed their false weights. A pile of resinous woods formed the core of the heap and on them were flung these tools of vice and dishonesty and vanity. The pyramid was sixty feet high and two hundred and forty feet wide. A wicked old man had offered a high price for the costly heap. It was a pity to have the things given to the flames, he thought, for he shrewdly suspected that the people of Florence would soon return to their old ways and would want to buy these vanities again. But for the time,

the Florentines were in earnest and were so indignant at the prediction of the old man that they not only rejected his offer, but made an image of him and set it on the summit of the mound. Then the silver trumpets sounded, the light was applied, and the flame went skyward, while the people shouted for joy and cried, "the kingdom of Jesus forever."

What was the cause of this strange scene? What was it that had moved the gay and frivolous people to abjure sin and pleasure, and make a burnt-offering of their treasures? Look into a church not far from the "Pyramid of Vanities," and the explanation is found. In the pulpit, with pale cheeks and flashing eyes, stands a man preaching to the people, who throng the great edifice till not another man can squeeze in. In thrilling words that go to every heart, he tells them that penances, and masses, and the prayers of dead saints avail nothing, and begs them to put away their sins and turn to Christ who alone can save them. They listen to him with reverence that is almost worship, and they rejoice with him that in future, Florence shall have no king but Christ. They treasure his words and bend before him in profound respect as he leaves the pulpit and passes through their midst to his retreat and then go away to do his bidding. That was a great day in Florence, and the name of Savonarola was on every tongue.

The second day. Florence is again in a state of excitement. It is in May, 1498. The wicked princes are again in power. Wicked and corrupt judges, whom the people, under the influence of Savonarola, had driven from the city, have returned and again occupy the bench. It is their day of triumph, for the man who denounced them, the man who had exposed them and aroused popular indignation against them, is to stand before them in the felon's dock to be tried for his life. Small chance will he have there! One of his followers, one who was himself a preacher, has betrayed him into their hands. It is the bad men of the city who are rejoicing now. Savonarola is powerless, his friends have deserted him, the Pope has ceased to protect him and now declares him a heretic, the people mock at him, bid him pass through the fire if he thinks his God will interfere to save him from the flames; the princes, who dreaded his power two short years before, taunt him with his downfall, and are eager to see the end of him.

Savonarola himself is in spiritual darkness. He cannot understand why God has deserted him, his heart is broken by the failure of all his hopes. He imagined on the day of the burning of "the vanities," that the day of the Lord's reign on earth had come; but the people have gone back to their sins, and he who hoped to have led them in the way of righteousness is, as he well knows, nearing the scaffold. As he stands in the dock there is no charge against him save of acts that he glories in, even the Pope's emissaries cannot prove him a heretic. But there is one fatal crime, the crime of John the Baptist, of condemning sin in high places. Sentence is quickly pronounced, and a throng of men larger even than that which on the day of Carnival, bent to beg his blessing, now gathers in the same city and gives a shout of execration as he is led out to execution. He is hanged by the neck, and his dead body is cast into the fire. The voice of the man who had pleaded for righteousness, godliness, and purity of life, is silenced, and the city turns to its wicked ways.

Men wonder to this day that such a man should have come to such an end. They wonder why the God whom he served did not interfere for his protection. But God's ways are not as our ways. A Being greater by infinitude than Savonarola, had trod that path long before him, had seen a brief triumph, had been betrayed, had stood before unjust judges, had been execrated by the people, and had gone alone to His death. Perhaps in Savonarola's last hour his great heart was supported by the thought that "it is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord."

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A GOOD HOME.

UNHAPPY and undisciplined homes are the source of much iniquity. A good home is deathless in its influences. Parents may be gone. The old homestead may be sold and have passed out of the possession of the family. The house itself may be torn down. The meadow brook that ran in front of the house may have changed its course, or have dried up. The long line of old-fashioned sunflowers and the hedges of wild roses may have been graded, and in place thereof are now the beauties of modern gardening. The old poplar tree may have cast down the crown of verdure, and have fallen. You say you would like to go back a little while and see that home, and you go, and oh! how changed it is!

Yet that place will never lose its charm over your soul. That first earthly home will thrill through your everlasting career. The dewdrops that you dashed from the chickweed as you drove the cows afield, thirty years ago; the fireflies that flashed in your father's home on summer nights when the evenings were too short for a candle; the tinged pebbles that you gathered in your apron on the margin of the brook; the berries that you strung into a necklace, and the daisies that you plucked for your hair—all have gone into your sentiments and tastes, and you will never get over them. The trundle-bed where you slept, the chair where you sat, the blue-edged dish out of which you ate, your sister's jumping rope, your brother's ball, your kite, your hoop, your mother's smile, your father's frown—they are all part of the fibre of your immortal nature. The mother of missionary Schwartz threw light on the dusky brow of the savages, to whom he preached long after she was dead.

The mother of Lord Byron pursued him, as with a fiend's fury, into all lands, stretching gloom and death into "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," and hovering in darkness over the lonely grave at Missolonghi. Rascally and vagabond people, for the most part, come forth from unhappy homes. Parents, harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other lenient to perfect looseness, are raising up a generation of vipers. A house in which scolding and fault-

finding predominate is blood relation to the gallows and penitentiary. Petulance is a reptile that may crawl up into the family nest and crush it. There are parents who disgust their children even with religion. They scold their little ones for not loving God. They have an infernal manner of hearing the catechism. They go about even in their religious duties in an exasperating way, as though they were possessed of the devil. Their house is full of the warwhoop of contention, and from such scenes, husbands and children dash out into places of dissipation, to find their lost peace, or the peace they never had.

Oh, is there some mother like Hagar leading her Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched in the sand? In the solemn birth-hour a voice fell straight from the skies into that dwelling, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." When angels of God at nightfall hover over that dwelling, do they hear the little ones lisp the name of Jesus? Oh, traveller for eternity, with your little ones gathered up under your robes, are you sure you are on the right road, or are you leading them on a dangerous and winding bridal-path, off which their inexperienced feet may slip, and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of loosening ledge and tumbling avalanche?

Blessed the family altar where the children kneel. Blessed the cradle where the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed the song the little one sings at nightfall, when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed the mother's heart whose every throb is a prayer to God for the salvation of her children.

VICTORY.

IN June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James's square, London. The Prince Regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music, and banqueting, and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought, and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned; the party dispersed; lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and, in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news, the house was emptied of all its guests. O ye who are seated at the banquet of this world, or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the Gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance. The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation!

THOSE of us who are in mid-life may well thank God that we have seen so many wondrous things; but my reader may see the twentieth century. Things obscure to us will be plain to you yet. The twentieth century will be as far ahead of the nineteenth as the nineteenth is ahead of the eighteenth, and as you caricature the habits and customs and ignorance of the past, others will caricature this age. Some of you may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted.

Magnetism, a word with which we cover our ignorance, will yet be an explored reality. Electricity, the fiery courses of the sky, the Benjamin Franklin and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become completely manageable, and locomotion will be swiftened, and the world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect.

BRIEF NOTES.

Pastors of churches are reminded that the week of prayer for young men, and especially for Young Men's Christian Associations, commences on Sunday, November 9. The observance of this annual week of prayer has in past years been followed by a striking outpouring of blessing.

Rev. G. H. Somerset Gardner is holding services at Paterson, N. J. The local journals say that Dr. Crain's church is filled to overflowing with an audience spell-bound by the English clergyman's simple, thrilling eloquence. Though thoroughly English in speech and method, he wins his way at once to the hearts of an American audience. The meetings continue through next week.

Bishop H. C. Riley has been lecturing in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Mexico, to a large and deeply interested audience. The Late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher took a cordial interest in Bishop Riley's work which is still felt by his church. The Bishop has many friends among our readers who have materially helped him in his up-hill struggle, and who will be glad to hear that he is still pressing forward.

Methodism in New York has suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of Mr. Robert D. Johnson, business manager of the house of Edward Ridley and Sons. He was stricken with paralysis in the very prime of life. He was only thirty-eight years old. He was a remarkable example in his business life of the sagacious, enterprising, energetic business man, living in the love and fear of God—winning the respect of all with whom he came in contact by his consistency of life.

Rev. Charles H. Yatman expects to commence meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y., on November 3. They will probably be held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. This week, Mr. Yatman is in Philadelphia. The work he has just concluded at Paterson, N. J., has been greatly blessed. Over seven hundred persons have made profession of faith. Forty churches united in the services. On Sunday, October 19, Mr. Yatman held nine meetings. At one of these a meeting for men only—1300 were present. The sweet and powerful singing of Mrs. Kress, of New York who assists Mr. Yatman, has proved a very valuable aid in the Gospel work.

Rev. Jacob Freshman delivered the first of his lectures on the manners and customs of the Jewish people on Thursday evening of last week, in the Temple Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Freshman wore the dress of a Rabbi, and exhibited specimens of the articles used in Jewish worship, such as the phylacteries, fringes, etc., which are mentioned in the Bible, but are vague terms to many Bible readers. The light shed on the Scriptures by these exhibits, and Mr. Freshman's explanations, was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience. These lectures are doubly valuable because the proceeds are applied to the support and extension of the Christian work Mr. Freshman is carrying on at the Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark Place, New York, among the Jews of the city.

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$44.57. They were from: Paterson, N. J., \$1; Eau Claire, Wis., \$1; East Pepin, Wis., \$1; Quincy, Ill., \$1; Carson City, Nev., \$1; Sterling, Kan., \$1; Albany, N. Y., \$1; Aren, Wis., \$3; Kansas, \$1; East Shelburne, Mass., \$2; Walkeville, Mont., \$1; Marple, Pa., \$1; Troy, N. Y., \$1; R. Bank, N. J., \$2; A friend, \$1; Philadelphia, Pa., \$2; Lowell, Mass., \$2; Champlain, N. Y., \$2; Norwalk, Conn., \$1; Lacota, Mich., 50 cents; Fairport, Kan., \$2; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Bazine, Kan., \$3; Kenosha, Wis., \$5; Newark, N. J., \$1; New Bedford, Mass., \$1; Hackensack, N. J., \$2; Lyme, Conn., \$3. Many colored ministers have written us, asking to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through this fund. It will be a pleasure to add their names to our mailing list as far as our friends send money for the purpose. It is one of the best means of helping the colored race. A dollar given to this fund supplies a colored minister with just the reading he needs for a whole year, and thus is a benefit not only to him, but to the people who listen to his teaching.

CURRENT EVENTS.

al Von Moltke's Birthday—Baron Hirsch—The New
eans Race War—A Week of Railway Disasters—The
e's Life Imperiled—Count de Paris Banqueted—
eral Foreign and Domestic Notes.

hat Grand Old German Soldier, Field-Marshal
Count Helmuth von Moltke, celebrated his
ninetieth birthday on the 26th inst. All over
world the day was observed by patriotic

ians, and
ere more
ily than
s country
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the day
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William
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Carl
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s. Count
Moltke,
e portrait
en in this
m, was
at Par-
in Meck-
burg, in
st year of the present century. His present
ence is at the Castle of Kreisau, in Silesia.
ves to spend much of his time in Berlin,
yer, and surrounded by friends and rela-
the famous soldier, who has seen service
score of battlefields, and planned some of
most brilliant campaigns of his day and
ation, passes his declining years in peace
uietness, retired from all official cares and
nsibilities.

e Fatal Disasters Occurred on as many
of railroad in different States on Wed-
y, October 22nd. A southern-bound
on the Cincinnati Southern collided with a
t train at Sloane's Station, Ky., killing five
ajuring eight persons. On the Union Pa-
two trains crashed into each other near
urdale, Mo., demolishing a sleeper and
ing eight persons. Two were killed out-
and twenty-six injured by a smash-up be-
a freight and a passenger train on the
as City, Memphis and Burlington Railroad
Birmingham, Ala. Collisions also took
near New Haven, Conn., on the New Ha-
nd Derby Railroad, and on the Illinois
al at Carbondale, Ill. Altogether the day
black-letter one in railroad history.

erful Storms and Gales have Raged on the
and the Atlantic during the week. On
Huron, the steam barge Annie Young
t fire, and nine of her crew, who attempted to
shore in a small boat, were drowned. When
rescuing party arrived, the boat was a mass
ne, her cargo of oil having exploded. The
in and crew who were afire, were saved
t by a miracle. Wrecks and loss of life
eported all along the eastern coast, from
n to Nova Scotia. Ocean steamers, too,
been delayed much longer than usual.

Tariff Agitation in Europe is on the In-
e. In France, a Bill has been introduced
Chamber of Deputies, providing a maxi-
tariff on goods imported from all countries
ceding commercial advantages to France,
minimum tariff for those that make con-
ons. Germany is making an official in-
to ascertain whether goods hitherto im-
d from this country cannot be obtained
here. In the Austrian Diet, a Bill has been
luced placing a prohibitory duty upon cer-
merican goods. The Havana Chamber of



Commerce has made a strong appeal for re-
ciprocity with the United States, and has re-
quested of the Spanish Government, permission
to trade on better terms than are now allowed
with this country, which they declare to be the
regulator of the economic markets of the globe.
With every commercial nation, the tariff is to-
day a burning question. Professor Goldwin
Smith, in a letter from Toronto, expresses the
opinion that the United States will reverse its
recent action on the tariff.

A Race War has Broken Out in New Orleans,
as the unfortunate sequel to the killing of Chief
of Police Hennessey, by a party of Italians con-
cerned in the pending trial of a suit between
the Provenzano and Metrango factions of the
Mafia. Nearly fifty Italians have been arrested
on suspicion, and, although the police believe
they have the murderers, such is the intense
feeling against these foreigners among Louisi-
anians that violence is feared. On several oc-
casions during the week a riot seemed immin-
ent in the streets. The police have discovered
that the Mafia designed "removing" a number
of other police officials who, with the late Chief,
were instrumental in ferreting out the criminals
in the organization.

The Centennial of Methodism in New England
was celebrated in Boston by a series of exer-
cises on the 20th and 21st, in which a great
many prominent Methodists took part, the pre-
siding officer being ex-Governor William Claf-
lin. Among the leading orators of the occasion
were: Revs. J. W. Hamilton, J. H. Twombly,
Charles E. Kimball, C. A. Plummer, B. P. Ray-
mond, and George Lansing Taylor. On Wednes-
day the session was opened by singing the
hymn: "Come, humble sinner, in whose
Breast," which was sung by Jesse Lee on Bos-
ton Common a hundred years ago. The cele-
bration was very largely attended throughout.

A Picturesque and Prominent Figure in
Europe, at the present moment, is the Baron de
Hirsch, the millionaire banker of Paris, whose
splendid philanthropies have made his name
known in two con-
tinent. Morris de
Hirsch de Geruth,
whose portrait we
give, was born in
Bavaria about fifty
years ago, his
father being a
wealthy man of
title. The son, at
first a cattle mer-
chant, became a
banker and was as-
sociated with the
Goldsmidts and
Bischoffscheims,
marrying a daugh-
ter of the head of
the latter branch.
He has been the
controlling spirit in
many vast railroad

enterprises, and probably has done more to
develop Austrian resources than any other man
in the Empire. To Madame Hirsch rumor
attributes the conception of many of the Baron's
philanthropic enterprises, which have been
carried so successfully forward. He has estab-
lished industrial schools in Egypt, and Eu-
ropean and Asiatic Turkey, and donated \$2,
000,000 for instruction in Galicia alone. He of-
fered to Russia \$10,000,000 for a like purpose,
on condition that the Government should make
no race or creed distinction in the schools, but
Russia declined, preferring to let millions of its
subjects remain in ignorance. The Baron has
also provided a fund for the relief of the Rus-
sian Jews coming to this country, and to help
educate the emigrants. He cherishes the hope
of visiting America next year.

A Stirring Rebuke to the Extravagance of the
World's Fair Commission has been adminis-
tered by Secretary Windom of the Treasury De-
partment. He has written to the Commission



telling it plainly that the \$55,000 in salaries and
\$150,000 in expenses for the current year, till
next June, is so excessive that he withholds his
approval. "The amount named by your Com-
mission for salaries is greater than that con-
templated by Congress," he writes, and he seri-
ously thinks of returning the Commission's
statement for amendment, in the line of reduc-
tion. At the rate proposed, there would be a
deficit at the end of the year.

Another Attempt to Assassinate the Czar is
reported from St. Petersburg. While the train
on which he was travelling was passing the

town of Grod-
no, shots were
fired at the roy-
al carriage from
some point in
the railway sta-
tion. Alexand-
er, who was re-
turning from a
hunting tour,
was unhurt. So
bold and deter-
mined are the
Nihilists in
Russia that the
ultimate "re-
moval" of the
Emperor seems
to be only a
matter of time.
The Czare-
witch, Nicholas,
heir-apparent
to the throne, is
about to pay a
visit to this
country incog-
nito. He is a

rather delicate youth, twenty-two years of age,
and subject to fainting fits. He is betrothed to
Princess Maud, daughter of the Prince of Wales.
A portrait of Nicholas is given above.

Gladstone's Greatest Speech this Season was
that delivered on the 21st, at the Edinburgh
Corn Exchange. He declared that the Irish
policy of the English Tories had won the whole
country over to Home Rule. The methods of
the government were calculated to provoke the
people. Referring to the Tipperary trial of
O'Brien and Dillon, he said it was grossly illegal
in many ways. Absenteeism he characterized
as among the lowest signs of degradation,
and one which has now become a constant
habit. British taxpayers pay eight million dol-
lars yearly to the Irish police, to simply assist in
collecting rents for the absentee landlords. Jus-
tice, to Ireland would rid the Empire of "an in-
tolerable nuisance and deep disgrace."

A Brilliant Array of Warriors, Veterans of the
army of the Potomac, entertained the Count de
Paris at a banquet, in New York City on the
20th, Generals Sherman, Schofield, Averill,
Baird, Barlow, Butterfield, Cochrane, Collis,
Doubleday, Eckert, MacMahon and Fitz-John
Porter being among the hosts. The U. S. Navy
too, was prominently represented. The Count,
during a speech, recalled many of the leading
events of the Civil War, and announced his
conviction that the most brilliant and important
achievement of that long struggle was the
forced march of Sherman through Georgia, far
from any base of supplies, and through a
country where it was extremely difficult to
provide for the needs of a great army. Speeches
were made by Gen. Sherman, Admiral
Braine, and others.

A Mayor was sent to Jail by a Justice of the
Supreme Court, in Long Island City, N. Y., on
the 21st inst. Patrick J. Gleason, the official in
question, is a giant in stature. Some time ago
he found fault with a newspaper writer for cen-
suring him in the press, and he took the first
opportunity to resent the offence by brutally as-
saulting the latter. To the mayor's great sur-
prise, he was arrested, tried, convicted and sen-
tenced to pay a fine of \$250 and go five days
to jail.



THREE ROUNDS OF A LADDER.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Children of God Turning to Him in Trouble—Helped by Meditation—I. Experience—Of Divine Help—Not Indebted to Human Patronage—Nor to Himself—The Believer's Experience—The Help Timely—Continuous—Convincing—II. Expectation—Based on Experience—An Accumulating Argument—A Talk with a Nonagenarian—III. Assurance—Contentment—Joy—An Indian's Incredulity.

"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Psalm 63: 7.

IN their time of trouble the children of God turn to their Father. It is according to their new-born nature to seek Him from whom it came. The believer's heart is like the needle in the compass: you may turn it round with your finger east and west, but when you withdraw the pressure, it will, beyond all doubt, tremble backward towards its pole. With God the regenerate heart is in its proper position. A mystic something draws the new life towards the source from whence it came. We may, alas! by the force of temptation, or by the demands of business, or by an overpowering lethargy, become indifferent to our highest love; but this cannot long continue: we can never rest except in God. The winds of trouble blow the dove of our soul back to the ark. Our heart repents of its wanderings when they bring it into a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. Then we long after divine refreshments, and cannot be quiet until we have them. Then we cry, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee!"

Thoughts of God are as when a man climbs a hill, looks upon a landscape, and cries out exultingly, "How beautiful is this scenery!" But if you would have

A Figure of Meditation, you must see that man standing on the hill-top a long space of time, and marking the features of the landscape. See, yonder is the spire of a village church! Mark the cottages nestling around it! Such a view is instructive, and abides in the memory. He understands the country best who has seen most of it; and we know the Lord, by His Spirit, far better by quiet meditation than by any other means.

Among our subjects for meditation should be God's gracious dealings with us. David meditated upon his whole life in the light of its connection with God. He remembered the help he had received from Omnipotence. He knew God best by special times of gracious aid. After all, it is not what we read in the Book; but what we feel in the heart which actually gives us our best acquaintance with God. A hundred biographies of other men will not make so much impression upon us as the knowing of God in our own personal experience. If we can say of Him, "Thou hast been my help," we shall meditate upon Him to good purpose.

With this as a preface, I now invite you to the text itself, which is a stanza of David's song unto the Lord. "Because thou hast been my help"—This is experience. "Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice"—this is expectation, or, viewing it in a still brighter light, "I will rejoice"—this is assurance. Here are three subjects to dwell upon. God help us to climb these three rounds of the ladder of light: experience, expectation, full assurance! If we stop at the top when we get there, it may not be amiss; but if we have to begin again, let us rehearse matters in the same order—more experience, clearer expectation, and fuller assurance.

I. First, the

Experience:

David had experienced divine help. He says, "Thou hast been my help." David did not ascribe his success in life to a powerful patron, for he had none. I have heard men sigh for the bondage of patronage. One has cried, "If I were taken up by some great man, I should succeed in life." David had no patronage; but on the contrary, encountered strong opposition. His brothers pushed him into the rear, and even

his father kept him minding the sheep. In after life, Jonathan was his friend, but he was not his patron; for that generous prince always felt that David was his superior. If you have God for your friend, you need not cringe before great men; for you shall joyfully say unto the Lord, "Thou hast been my help."

David's Dependence.

Neither does David ascribe his success in life to himself. There is no doubt that he was a man of genius, cast in a poetic mould; and it is also clear that he was a valiant man, born for deeds of daring and high enterprise. He was also a man of judgment and counsel, and as apt for government in peace as in war. With all his faults, there is no more royal character upon the page of Scripture than David, King of Israel. But he does not sacrifice to his own sword, or magnify his own bow. We read no word of his about his being a self-made man; nay, rather, he sings, "It is God that subdueth the people under me." Brethren, have there not been instances in your lives, in which the Lord has evidently interposed to help you? I can see His hand clearly in places wherein no other help would have been sufficient. If anyone had to sketch my life, he could not do it fully, unless I were, from my own secret thoughts, to supply certain gaps. Without God the believer's life is inexplicable.

I cannot go through all the life of David, but I hope you are familiar with it. In doing his duty as patriot and king, God was his help, and enabled him to walk uprightly in his government. In his sufferings the Lord was his help, and enabled him to be calm and brave. In the time of danger God was his help, and kept him from the hand of the enemy. And now, in this psalm, though David is in the wilderness of Judah, and probably hunted by his own son, yet he sings unto the Lord, "Thou hast been my help." Beloved friends, I do not want you to stop with David any longer. I beg you now, to come nearer home, and

Review Your Own Lives.

I cannot, of course, give a sketch of the histories of all here assembled, but many of them will run on this wise:—as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, your life was a hard fight in the beginning, and many a time you were ready to perish. Perhaps you began very low down in the scale, and when you were about to rise, misfortune dragged you down. Many things were against you, but the Lord was your help. In your own person you have suffered sickness; but when you have tossed upon the bed, in great anguish, God has been your help. You have experienced trial in your family. There are graves in the cemetery which you will never forget; half your heart lies buried beneath the sod. Yet the Lord has been your help. When you hoped by industry to succeed, the times suddenly turned and swept away your gains. It seemed as if you could not prosper. You can say to-day, "I was brought low, and the Lord helped me." You will find that promise true, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy waters shall be sure." You joyfully say this day, "O Lord, thou hast been my help."

These helps rendered to David had been very choice ones. He had often been

Helped in Special Ways.

God had ever taken great care of him. He was the favorite of Providence, and the darling of heaven. Has it not been so with you? Have you not enjoyed choice morsels of experience? Are there not incidents in your life which you could scarcely tell, lest the hearer should smile at your credulity, and you should be found casting pearls before swine? To some of us most special mercies have been vouchsafed, and we have treasured them as choice things.

Observe also that the Lord has granted us educative mercy. David says, "Because thou hast been my help." He says not, that He has wrought everything for us, but He has set us working also. You see, if you do a thing for a man, it is well; but if you help him to do it, it may be better for him, for thus he learns the way. In the same manner, after we have come

to spiritual life, then God helps us. David says, "God hath not left me to myself. He came to my succor, He hath been my help; then, God hath not left out myself; He has been my help, but He hath left something me to do with Him, and by His help." We because He makes us work, and helps us. We bring forth fruit as branches of the vine, but He supplies the sap; so that He says, "From me is thy fruit found." Lord, thou hast been my help: I began with stammering sentences for thee; but thou hast opened my mouth to show forth thy praise. Did you begin with a faint confession of Christ? Now you dare to stand in front of the baptismal font.

I close this first head when I have noticed personal experience of the text: "Because thou hast been my help." Oh, I like that word. An infidel once sneered at a poor woman who said, "How do you know the Bible is true?" She answered, "I have

Experienced the Truth

of it." He replied, "Your experience! That is nothing to me." "No," she said, "that is likely; but it is everything to me." And so it is. My experience may not convince another, but my experience has rooted, grounded, and settled myself. "But," says one, "Surely we are open to conviction?" Yes, I am always open to conviction; but there are some things which no man, nor angel, nor devil, will alter my conviction already formed. Then a few things which we know: I mean those which we have experienced. If we have experienced the truth of them, then we are prepared to argue to the contrary; we are sure and certain, fixed and rooted.

It seems to me that there are two books which a Christian man ought to study: the one is this big Book, the inspired Word of God; the other is the little book of his own life. If the believer lives long enough he will write that little book all that there is in the big Book, only he will change the tense. When the great Book saith, "I will do this and I will do that," we shall find in the little book, "I have done so and so." In my own case the promise has been fulfilled. The little book will be the echo of the inspired volume, the record of the fact that the Lord has done according to His word of promise. Thus experience comes a stay and a strength to the child of God in times of darkness or controversy. I grant that you may go on writing up your personal memoir, and thus confirming the witness of the Spirit! Are not our lives the proof of God's faithfulness? Is not this the substance of them, "Thou hast been my help?"

II. And now, secondly,

Expectation.

David naturally expected that as God had been his help, so He would be his help. I like the word "because" in it followed up by "therefore." The text becomes a syllogistic argument, a sure statement: because such a thing is fact, therefore such a thing must be fact. God, who has helped me, will help us. Experience becomes argument, and the argument carries conviction with it.

What we have experienced of God's goodness is a revelation of Himself: God's action upon Himself in motion. If, then, we have experienced God's power, He is powerful; and we know that anything is possible to Him. We have experienced His acts of faithfulness, and we conclude that He is always faithful, and that He will keep His promise and His covenant, and be true to all those who trust in Him. I suppose I have watched his ways for forty years, and have found Him to be the same yesterday and to-day, then I conclude that He is immutable—the same in my age as in my youth, the same in my adversity as in my prosperity. I infer from the fact that God has been good to me, that He will be the same to me all my life.

This reasoning is good, since you have dealt with an unchanging God. You could reason in that way in reference to man. You say, "I cannot go to my friend Brown for help, for I have been to him already." You

argue that you may freely go again because you have already. Far from it. You say, "I have received as much from him as I could reasonably expect; and I must not become a burden to him." Or else it happens that your mind grows weary of you, and answers you, "No, and you feel that you can go no more to him." Earthly friends can be drawn upon so far that their generosity is exhausted, and you feel that you are unreasonable in your requests. If, therefore, you have changeable friends to deal with, there will be no logic in your reasoning; but when you think of Jehovah who gets not tired, then you may infer great things, the severest logic will support you. He is my help, He is my help, and therefore He will be my help, even to the end. It is clear that this is

An Accumulating Argument.

A believing young man who has known the twelve months, and experienced a great change, is sure that the Lord is to be believed. But when he has passed twenty, thirty, or forty years of the same experience, assurance will be doubly sure. To a convert in Christ every day teems with promises and mercies. This tree beareth its fruit every month, and the fruit feeds faithfully. Every year is crowned with the goodness of the Lord; and so, in old age the faithfulness of God is a fact which is more argued, but enjoyed. When the bereaved dies, he has nothing to do but to die. He is assured by an argument which has grown from forty years' observation. He knows that the Lord will help him, for He has helped him. He stands by the side of a dear old friend and fellow-helper yesterday. He is in his fifty-second year, and has taken to his bed through weakness. Instead of seeking sympathy or speaking to me in doleful style, pleasantly observed, "You see I am higher in the world than when you came last time, for I left the parlor and came upstairs. Very well, I shall not be higher in the world, but higher than the world." He said this with that twinkling of the eye which I have noticed in the days of his strength when he was full of grace and wit. There was no death to daunt or damp his spirit.

Lastly, and somewhat briefly,

Assurance.

comes the richest cluster which grows from our subject. The Psalmist says, "There is the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." This is, first, contented assurance. David does say, "I am in trouble, and I must get out somehow; and therefore I must needs sin rather than fall under the hand of the enemy." He is quiet and patient. He does not make demands and demand immediate deliverance; he quietly waits the Lord's time, and rests in the all-covering wings. You hear loud outcries from him, as of one struggling at fate. The children of God, like sheep, dumb before their shearers. David, gratefully past help, holds himself still, and happily waits the purpose of the Lord. He manifests no fear, no fret, no hurry, no worry. Neither does he cast his eyes towards man. You have been my help," saith he; and he waits that way. "My soul, wait thou only upon the Lord, for my expectation is from Him." The best of all is, this is rejoicing assurance. The text does not say, "Because thou hast been helped, therefore in the shadow of thy wings I will trust," but, "in the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice." That is going further than silent submission, or humble trust. David is in the land; but, like the nightingale, he sings in it; he is the child of God, rejoicing in the Lord in the dark. There is no honor to you in rejoicing when everything goes well with you; but your faith credits it if it leads you to rejoice in God. Everything runs counter to your comfort. If I am speaking to some dear brother, who, in business, finds things going very cross, the current of his affairs sets strongly in the wrong direction. Now is the time to show the difference between the joy of the spiritual

life and that which merely comes of the natural life. Rejoice in God, and prove that your joy flows from the upper springs, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."

An Indian Tragedy.

In conclusion, let me remark, it is little wonder that so many do not understand trusting in God, for they have never tried it; and answers to prayer, and fulfilment of Divine promises, seem to them as idle tales. If we were to tell them what God has done for us, they would not believe us. Years ago, a red Indian went down to Washington, and when he returned to his tribe he began telling them the wonders he had seen among the pale-faces. At last he told them that he saw a canoe fastened to a great ball rise up into the sky. One of his brother Indians shot him dead with his rifle, and leaping into the middle of the ring declared that such a liar was not fit to live another minute, and, therefore, he had killed him. That statement was quite true, but as it was outside of Indian knowledge the man was shot. So the experience of a Christian is so far removed from the worldling's line of things, that he ridicules it. It is true for all that. Thousands of us can bear testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and we wish, that you would

Try it Yourself.

When you hear that those who trust in the Lord are delivered, I wonder some of you do not want to know our Saviour. Yesterday a poor person called on a brother minister, and asked for a ticket to go to the gentleman who was curing rheumatism. My friend knew nothing about the gentleman. "Oh," she said, "he is at Croydon, and He has been curing people who have been ill for years." Just so; from every quarter people will come where there is hope of being healed. How strange that men will seek help for their bodies, and not for their souls. There is one who can help in every case of soul-sickness, why not go to Him? We have been healed. Why do you doubt? He will be a faithful helper to all those who put their trust in Him. Why do you not seek Him? We are honest people who bear witness of His helping us: why do you not believe us, so far as to try the Lord Jesus for yourselves? If you will not believe us, believe in God's own Book, and say, "I will look to Jesus for help." Oh, that you would trust the precious Jesus and His precious promises, and His precious blood, by that precious faith whose very trials are more precious than gold! Then shall you find every help you need between this spot and glory's gate. The Lord bring you to Jesus at once for His name's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.*

Napoleon's Idea of War.

NAPOLEON was impatiently awaiting the battle which should throw open to him the road to Moscow. September 6, 1812, the sun shone on thousands of helmets, bayonets, and cannon, on the heights of Borodino, and the Emperor, who had bivouacked the previous night on the banks of the Kolockza, had the satisfaction of seeing the Russians in position and determined to fight. . . . He did not sleep; the sudden change of the weather affected him; he was feverish and troubled with a dry cough. Worn out in body and mind, he in vain tried to quench his consuming thirst. One of his aides heard him speaking about the emptiness of war. "What is war?" asked the winner of so many battles. "A barbarous business; its whole art is nothing but being stronger at a given point." Then he added: "A great day is approaching. It will be a terrible battle." And terrible it was to be. Napoleon was to be victorious, but without capturing any cannon, any flags; victorious, but with forty-seven of his generals and thirty-seven of his colonels killed or wounded . . . and the enormous num-

ber of 90,000 men—what would be the population of a large city—were to be stretched on the earth, wounded or dead.

Portents of Coming Evil.

At the Kremlin, Napoleon occupied a vast but neatly furnished apartment; he had there his little camp-bed, which he always carried with him to the castles in which he slept in his campaigns. His windows looked out on the Moskowa. Being struck by the vast number of crows and ravens that were cawing about, he said, impatiently: "Heavens! are these birds of evil going to follow me everywhere?" Held fast in the Kremlin by an irresistible force, he became more undecided . . . languid, sitting long over his meals, which formerly were simple and brief, lying down for hours at a time, and, novel in hand, waiting for the conclusion of his own terrible career. "Having reached the height of his own glory, he doubtless foresaw that this first step backward would be the signal of its decay; hence he remained motionless, lingering yet a few moments upon this summit." He would not own it to himself that, like an aeronaut, who had risen to too great a height, he had to descend or die. What was his employment during the last hours of his stay in the City of the Czars? He discussed the merit of the new verses he had received from Paris, and spent three evenings in drawing up the regulations of the Comedie Francaise.

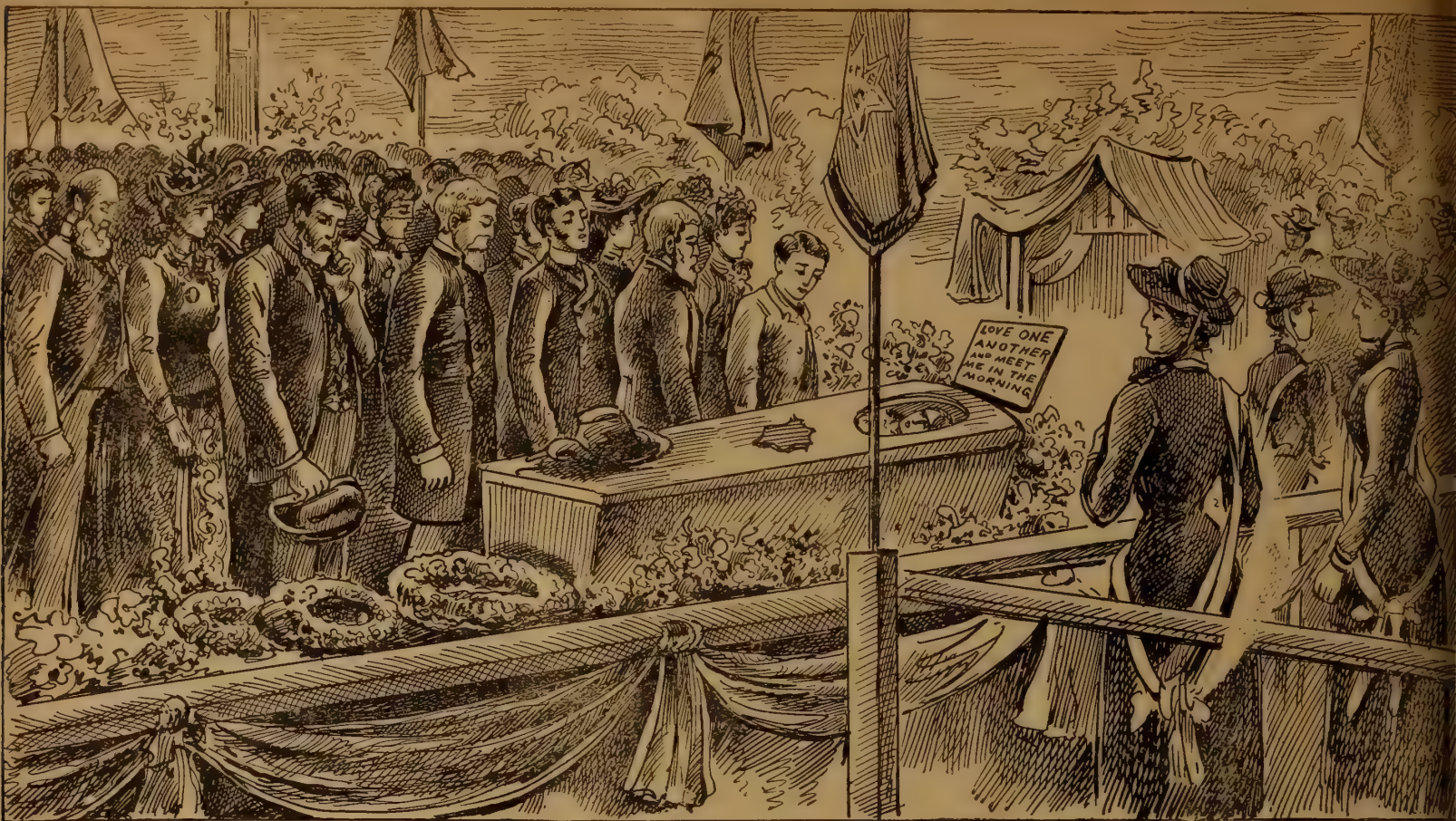
A Faithful Grenadier.

One morning (during the retreat from Moscow) when the dim dawn faintly lit the snowy field, covered with the corpses of men and horses, Napoleon lowered the window of his carriage in which he had spent the night, and called his aide-de-camp, General Narbonne. "What a night, my dear general!" he said. "It was not worse for our sentinels, than it was for me, who spent it in thinking, without closing my eyes. See that they are relieved, and take this to revive you." With these words, the Emperor poured out from a jug heated by an alcohol lamp, into a gold cup, a mixture of boiling coffee and chocolate. The general took the cup, but as he was raising it to his lips, he saw a grenadier of the Guards on sentry duty, whose stern, worn face betrayed his sufferings only overcome by courage. "My man," said he, "drink this, I command you." The Grenadier saluted, took the cup and drained it with one draught; then, as if overcome with remorse, he exclaimed, "General, how cold and hunger affect a man! Ought I to have accepted that from you, when you had it at your own lips? I beg your pardon and, on my word, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, now that my stomach is warm." And he respectfully handed the gold cup to the Count of Narbonne. "No, no," answered the general, "keep it." Then the grenadier, saluting again, said: "God forbid! I have never taken anything but my rations and my pay, when there have been any." When the general insisted, the grenadier who had set the cup down on the snow, took it up, and broke off a bit as large as a twenty-franc piece. "Since you order me," he said, "I will keep this Napoleon from the gold cup; it shall be my medal; it shall remind me that I had the honor to be on guard behind the Emperor's carriage at this festivity and to be relieved by you."

A Peasant Prefect Dines with Royalty.

The Prefect of Mayence . . . was a former member of the Committee of Public Safety, Jean Bon Saint Andre by name. He was a tireless worker, an admirable administrator and with the bearing and tastes of a peasant of the Danube. After speaking to the courtiers, Jean Bon dined with Napoleon and Marie Louise. The Emperor's brow was dark and he seemed buried in thought. He ate but little . . . Before the dinner, the Emperor had wished to take a little sail on the Rhine to try a boat which the Prince of Nassau had given him. He got into the boat with the Prince of Nassau, M. Jean Bon Saint Andre . . . and his Mameluke, Roustan. Through a field-glass he examined a fine vineyard on the right bank of the Rhine, in

*From *Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire*, By Imbert de St. Amand; translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. A remarkably interesting narrative of the events of 1812-13, including the famous invasion of Russia by Napoleon and the regency of Marie Louise.



The Body of Mrs. Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," Lying in State in Congress Hall, London.

the middle of which rose the castle of Biberich. While the Emperor stood at one side of the boat, near the edge, lost in contemplation, Jean Bon Saint Andre said to Count Beugnot: "What a singular thing! The fate of the world hangs on a single kick, more or less." "In heaven's name, hush!" exclaimed Count Beugnot in terror. "Don't distress yourself," the old member of the Convention went on, "resolute men are rare." When the sail was over, the dialogue continued "Do you know that you gave me a real scare?" "Of course I know it. I am surprised that you recovered the use of your legs enough to walk. But you can be sure that we shall lament with tears of blood that this trip to-day was not his last." "You are a madman." "And saving the respect that I owe your Excellency, you are a fool."

His Parting from Marie Louise.

The officers of the National Guard formed in the Hall of Marshals. A few moments later, the Empress entered with Madame de Montesquieu, who held the King of Rome in her arms. Napoleon made his way to the group of officers . . . with a warmth and emotion which deeply moved his hearers, he uttered these solemn words: "Officers of the National Guard, I am starting to take my place at the head of my army. I confide to your protection my wife and my son, on whom so many hopes rest. I owe you this proof of my confidence. I leave in your care what, next to France, is the dearest thing I have in the world. . . . I entrust her to you, gentlemen; I entrust her to the affection of my faithful City of Paris."

His wife was in tears, and feared she would never see him again. She was, in fact, never to see him again, although the enemy's bullets were fated not to kill him.

"THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY."

BRIEF mention has already been made in these columns of the death of Mrs. Booth, wife of "General" Booth, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army. The accompanying illustration depicts the scene in the headquarters of the Army in London when her many friends came to look for the last time upon the face they loved so well. It was a most impressive scene. For four days—Oct. 7-10—



The Late Mrs. Booth.

the body lay in the large hall, and each day came a constant stream of visitors, many of whom were moved to tears as they gazed on the placid face. The fact is very significant; for this was a humble woman, the wife of a Methodist preacher, unknown twenty years ago outside a very narrow sphere. What had she done to induce popularity so unprecedented? She had simply helped her husband in an organized effort to preach the Gospel to the poor. There is no other explanation. They who sneer at the impotency of religion must wonder at that scene. Evidently to these people religion is no trivial matter. Their reverence and love for Mrs. Booth was not the result of gifts, for philanthropy was only incidental to her work; all their emotions—

they were deep and sincere—sprang from thought that this woman had taken part in work to which they owed, under God's blessing, the salvation of their souls.

How much Mrs. Booth did to help her husband in planning and executing the movement which has grown to such enormous proportions was not generally known until after her death. That she was always at his side shaping directing operations is now declared, and more than one person familiar with the history of the movement has said that but for her, the Salvation Army could not have become what it is to-day. A prominent journalist remarks: "To extreme shrinking from publicity was added physical weakness. It seems almost incredible to read what she accomplished with such a constitution. To rear eight children is in itself work of a lifetime, but she combined with an infinite amount of labor and private counseling, of which few have an idea. Frequently at a great public meeting she would spend hours laboring with penitents, and then come home to writhe in agony from spasms of heart. Always active, but never giving up, faint but pursuing, she was a brilliant example of faith that laughs at impossibilities, and it shall be done. There was an intense humility about Mrs. Booth. She could smite and sin, but when once he showed signs of turning from his evil ways, no one could be more compassionate or tenderly kind."

The funeral, which took place on Oct. 14, was a scene never before witnessed in London. The entire route from the Thames Embankment, where the Army mustered, to Abney Park Cemetery, where the interment took place, was lined with spectators. Only officers above a certain grade were allowed to join the procession. Many of these came from foreign countries. Every one wore a white band on the sleeve which harmonized well with the words in the announcement of Mrs. Booth's death made by her husband: "She has been promised to glory." The coffin was borne upon a gun-carriage, on which were also placed the deceased's bonnet and Bible. There were fifty bands in line. When the procession had entered the cemetery the gun-carriage was drawn beside the open grave, and the coffin was

ved by officers of the army and tenderly
ered into the earth. General Booth stood
the head of the grave and read the burial
rice. Officers of the army from various
ts of England, the British colonies, America,
ope, and Asia delivered orations.

THE BODHI PAGODA.

Ancient Buddhist Temple of Old Pagan, Burmah.

AMONG the most striking features that arrest
traveller's attention, as he passes up the
Irrawaddy, in Burmah, are the remarkable
is of the ancient Royal City of Pagan. These
ist entirely of pagodas, or temples, of all
pes and sizes, and in various stages of decay.
y cover an area of twenty square miles.
Burmese say that one cannot walk a yard
out treading on a sacred brick. Burmese
ndary history puts down the number of pa-
as as 3,376,444; but another account gives
9. Whatever be the actual number, the
tness of the ruins surprises the visitor.

Pagan was founded, in the ninth century, by
g Pyan Bya, who was succeeded by twen-
three kings, in regular order, till the
teenth century. During the reign of
se kings the whole of Burmah was subju-
ed by them. The religion of Buddhism was
ly established at Pagan in the
th century, and then the build-
of the various pagodas began. In
thirteenth century Pagan was at the
ght of its glory, but the most famous
odas—of which Bodhi, depicted
the illustration, is one—were built
out the middle of the eleventh cen-
y. They are still in excellent repair,
are still used for worship; they
indeed, considered by Buddhists as
y sacred shrines.

Traces of an old wall and moat which
rounded the ancient city still exist;
one or two ruined gateways—there
still a good many monasteries
tling among the shady groves. But
city of Pagan is now represented
a little village on the river bank, with
out two hundred inhabitants, mostly
goda slaves. At this village lacquer
re is manufactured, with which
arly the whole of Burmah is sup-
ed. To us in America the name of
mah will ever be a hallowed one,
ociated as it is with the life and
ors of the apostolic missionary, Dr. Adon-
m Judson.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 686.)

MRS. APPLETON had a warm heart of her
own. The story of Nora's griefs and
troubles, of the sorrows that had dark-
ened her young life, impressed her greatly.

"Come in, dearie," was Widow Appleton's
invitation to her youthful visitor one evening,
as she led her into the little room, half kitchen
and half sitting-room, where she and her son
usually spent their evening hours; "Come in,
dearie. I was just wishing that you would step
round a bit. George has gone to the Institute."
"Institute," quoth Nora. "He seems to go
there pretty often now. I'm sure he works hard
rough in the day time. He ought to rest when
his work's done."

"Why, you see," said the widow, with honest
pride in her tone, it's rare and fine, I think, to
feel that you are doing something good."

"Yes, no doubt it is," said Nora, emphatically;
then she added with a little sigh, "I wish I could
do good somewhere to somebody; but it seems
to me that I haven't got a mission, except it be
to think and think about the past until my
heart aches."

"Why, bless you, dear lassie, that's just the
trouble. That's the way folks make their own
miseries; and that's what makes them leave

other folk's miseries unmended and unremov-
ed," said the widow. "What do you mean?"
inquired Nora, lifting her dark eyes.

"Why, grieving about the past and dreaming
about the future. Past is gone and can't be
mended. The future is in God's hands and
can't be meddled with. But the present is our
own for us to make or mar, just as we've a
mind to. Are there not twelve hours of the day
in which a man ought to work? And if it's five
o'clock is it
thinking
happened
and wonder-
happen by
all the while
goes ticking
minutes and
slipping
never one
work for 'em
where they're
The old say-

wise to sit
about what's
since one,
ing what'll
it's nine, and
the clock
on, and the
hours are
away and
stroke of
to tell about
going to?
ing is true.



The Bodhi Pagoda, Burmah.

"Of all good sense, the best I trow,
Is to put to good use 'the golden now.'"

"Then that's where I am wrong," said Nora,
with frank thoughtfulness. "I do believe in
the past, and it's a land of shadows, except
when I try to creep into the future, and that's
a land of dark night."

"And the present, sweet Nora, is the land of
day, with a plough in the furrow, and a lark's
song up in the blue to help the toiler. Put your
hand to the plough, lassie, and don't look back
nor forward, neither, except just enough to
keep the share straight. Thank God, you can
look upward all the time."

"But what am I to do, dear Mrs. Appleton?"
inquired Nora, very earnestly.

"Do the next thing, as the old proverb says.
Duty always unrolls itself before our eyes. I
think you've had encouragement enough in your
conquest of Tabitha Crowle; and if your Uncle
Abram is a harder field to plow, try all the hard-
er, and remember, dear, who it is that sends
softening showers." When Nora Mansford
turned her steps homeward that night she
cherished a purpose, and she prayed for the
rain.

About a quarter of a mile from Settleworth
on the road leading to Towneley Chase, was a
small but thickly-wooded plantation. In the
centre of the hedge that bounded it by the road-
side, was a gate; the purpose of which was not
evident at first sight. If the passer-by, led by
curiosity, peered through it's close-set, moss-
grown lap-overs, he would see that it gave en-
trance to a shaded lane, hedged with mingled

holly and hawthorn, of such curved and sinu-
ous shape as to baffle the eye in its efforts to
descrie its termination. What he could see of
the pathway was covered with overgrown weeds
and tangled grass, this with the unkempt
boughs and rusty lock and chain, intimated
plainly that it had long lain untrodden and un-
used.

Should his curiosity lead him to commit tres-
pass he would find that the path led to a singu-
larly picturesque and unsuspected dwelling, lo-
cally known as "The Hermitage," a name well-
merited, both by reason of its history and po-
sition. A long untended garden, rife with
bushes, shrubs, and overgrown rose-trees, sur-
rounded it on three sides, as did also a veran-
dah, green with over-prosperous climbers, and
redolent at times with the almost overwhelm-
ing perfume of the jasmine bloom.

As the signs indicated, "The Hermitage" had
for some considerable time been without a ten-
ant. It was a beautiful spot. The old-fashion-
ed, low-roofed house itself was built much in
the fashion of a bungalow, and had been fitted
up by its original owner in a style in full keep-
ing with its surroundings. It had become thick-
ly covered with ivy, with which its very roof
was largely invaded; and for all seeming the
quaint chimneys surmounting the equally quaint

gables might well have been mere
masses of vegetation, so thorough-
ly were they hidden by the climbers
with which the whole building was
enveloped. The neat and spacious
verandah was the support of, and in
its turn was lovingly clasped by, an un-
told wealth of jasmine, honey-suckle,
guelder roses, and the Virginia creeper.
The small but sufficient grounds
and garden, by which the Hermitage
was surrounded, aided in the comple-
tion of as cosy and pleasant a nook as
could well be found.

Like many another old-fashioned and
solitary homestead, it had the reputa-
tion of being haunted. There was a
musty tradition to the effect that sad
deeds of darkness had been committed
there, and that a tell-tale record, in the
shape of certain dull, dark stains, was
upon the floor, witness of some tragic
crime. Strange sights, too, had been
seen, and strange noises had been heard
by belated passers-by, and by the most
daring youngers of Settleworth, who

had on rare occasions stolen a fearful peep
within its high enclosure.

Shortly after my story commenced, much to
the astonishment of the good folk of Settle-
worth, a new tenant came to the Hermitage. As
was very natural under the circumstances, he be-
came a subject of much more than the usual
nine days' wonder. This was doubtless aug-
mented by the fact that the stranger kept him-
self to himself, neither seeking nor giving con-
fidence. All that was known of him was that
he was a tall, fine-looking man, verging towards
the fifties; that he was the possessor of a bushy
head of iron-grey hair and a flowing beard of
the same hue; that from beneath a pair of bushy
eyebrows there gleamed a pair of kindly grey
eyes; and that his sole companion was a man-
servant whose brogue and build proclaimed
him every inch an Irishman.

In spite of his undoubtedly favorable appear-
ance, Madame Rumor, as is the wont of the
malicious dame, took a turn to his disparage-
ment. He soon became a pirate, a foreign
criminal, a plotter, and other disingenuous
characters in turn. The most tender and piti-
ful set him down as one who had become de-
mented by reason of the stress of an uncertain
"something on his conscience," which some-
thing was no doubt a very dreadful thing in-
deed. Still it was noted that whenever he did
break silence, or in any way come in contact
with the townsfolk, he was kind and court-
eous: and, indeed, in more cases than one
or two, certain seasonable gifts of charity,
which had mysteriously come to the poor and

needy, it was whispered must have come from "The Hermitage," for "who on earth was there in Settleworth who would do such things?" which was not a very high certificate in favor of local benevolence. It is evident that any information that we might get in Settleworth concerning the stranger would be most untrustworthy. We must, therefore, go elsewhere.

In order to do this we must turn aside awhile from England, and make our way across the sea to the Greater Britain at the antipodes.

In the oldest and most prosperous of the Australian colonies, and on one of its largest and most successful farms dwelt Richard Mansford. Long years had intervened since those hard and sorrowful days when, defrauded of his promised wife, he had fled, sad-hearted and self-banished, from his father's hearthstone and from his native land. Time and change, together with a manly independence, great native energy of character, and faith in the over-ruling Providence of God, had healed the wound that had hurt so keenly—all the more keenly that it was dealt by a brother's hand.

He had, what is much too rare, a strong sense of the sacredness of the marriage bond. He felt that only mutual affection ought to warrant anybody's taking such solemn vows. His love was dead, so he argued, dead to him for ever, and so he would not act a lie with any living woman in the world.

It seemed a pity. He prospered in all that he set his hand unto. His flocks of sheep whitened the surrounding hills, his cattle almost equalled in number those of the patriarchal herdsman in the land of Uz; and among the scattered colonists who were his neighbors in every sense but that of contiguity, he had gained both name and fame as an unusually capable farmer and a well-to-do man. His homestead situated at the head of a secluded valley, was an exceedingly pleasant spot, surrounded by tall pines, tree ferns, gum-trees, and other evergreens, whose foliage on plain and hillside gave grateful shelter from the heat of the sun. It was an inviting home, the very place for a home, a wife, a family of happy children, but in his case, as we have seen, this was not to be.

At the time of which I write, that far-off region, in which Richard Mansford resided, was a convict settlement, and the actual location of the convict establishment was much too near to be pleasant. Our English colonist, however, was himself a brave man, with all his wits about him. He had surrounded himself with shepherds, herdsmen, tillers of the soil, of strong build and good character—this latter desideratum not too easy to come by either then or now; and he had the character of being well able to take care of himself and of all that he had a right to call his own.

At times the miserable men, who had "left their country for their country's good," would escape from such ineffective durance as they were consigned to; and being thus outlaws in a double sense, were reckless, fierce, and desperate, a terror to the colonists, a well-founded cause of complaint against the mother-country that it should tranship its refuse

to the other side of the world and pour it on their shores. Richard Mansford's chief stockman was a shrewd Scotchman, who having been a kind of bailiff on a large cattle-rearing farm on the broad uplands and mountain moors of Sutherland, was thoroughly experienced, and, Scotchman-like, thoroughly clever in his peculiar walk of life.

Donald McLean was Richard Mansford's strong right hand. He was a tall, sinewy man, with muscles that gave him strong advantage over an obstreperous ram or bull, if once he got what he called "a gude grup 'o the lug." Had the said ram or bullock escaped from his hold, the "lug" must have remained with Donald as the only possible compromise.

Donald's hair had been a violent red, but time and events had paled the "roseate blush" by giving it a frosted look. It was cut exceedingly short, his chief reasons being that it was "sooner combed," and that if ever he and an adversary came to "close groups," grapping there would not do him much damage, nor give his opponent much advantage, "He'd get a neive-fu' o' naething," Donald would say, "like Sandy Skeldum when he fetch'd his fairin'!"

Donald's most constant, indeed, ever constant companions were a couple of remarkable collie dogs and his "mull." The former, he declared, were possessed of "mair than ordinary common-sense," and the latter was "just the ither thing that mak's ony ither gude thing pairfectly satisfactory."

The only additional fact about Donald McLean that calls for present mention, is that he had, in his employer's interest, a profound hatred for the convict establishment near by, and a suspicious and watchful eye on all loafers, bushrangers and prowling aborigines, and never either stayed at home or went abroad without weapons of defence. "They're an ill-faured crew," said Donald on this subject, "and the 'deevil' and the 'dingo' are by comparison weel-bred gentlefolk;" and yet the two sheep-harrying pests referred to were his peculiar abhorrence.

"I say, Maister Mansford," said he one morning to his employer, just as he was about to set out to a stockade on an outlying portion of the farm, "D'ye ken aught o' this clishmaclaver about the gold?"

"Why, what have you heard, Donald?" inquired his master, who had reasons of his own for treating the subject cautiously, for the present, at least.

"Why, Rab Muirfoot, o' Dingo Glen, tells o' gold bein' discovered thereaway, and he says that a chiel out beyond the river, by Kangaroo Fords, has happened on it amang the sand. If its a'true, this neebourhood 'll sune be more lively than pleasant, I'm thinking."

"Well, I have heard something about it, McLean, and I believe it's true. Indeed, I'm not sure that the precious metal is not nearer to ourselves than we imagine. When you come back from Gumtree Hill, I've something for your private ear." The stockman turned his grey eyes upon his employer with a searching glance, and with unusual seriousness, delivered himself of his opinion, an opinion characterized, as usual with him, by religious common-sense.

"Maister, baith you and me are ower weel seasoned, I think, to run flighting after ony will-o'-the-wisps and Jack-o'-lanterns. The 'precious metal,' as you ca' it, can be a precious humbug, and can be a verra lim' o' Satan if the glamour on it tak's possession of the mind. Gold or no gold, stock-farming and land-buying is the way in this country, baith to mak' gold and safe keep it; never forgettin' that when it is gotten it's a parlous sort o' property without something greatly better than gold to keep it company."

"Right, my friend," said Richard, warmly. "Gold and the blessing of God will do very well. The blessing of God without gold will do very well, too; but gold without God's blessing is a bad business, and if it be put in a bag full of holes, the bigger the holes the better for him that holds the purse."

Donald McLean's face lighted up with a gleam of honest satisfaction at these sentiments, and bidding his master "Good morning," he whistled up his collie dogs, regaled himself from his well-replenished mull, and rode off at speed in the direction of Gumtree Hill.

(To be continued.)

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GHT OF THE SOUL.

ment wide from side to side,
ght pass in a golden tide;
o-day in bright array,
of gold from its garment old;
ys from realms, untold,
al is passing away.

ht it plumes its flight,
ls divine bedazzle the sight:
ray of the sun's bright ray,
o bright in the passing light;
gold, embosomed in white,
rely at close of day.

wings and a song it sings;
easiness through it rings.
day that hath passed away;
e dead in the shrouded bed,
a halo o'er the head
silent moldering clay.

ar, and a falling tear
o a shining crystal, e'er
hes the earth; the immaculate birth
rare that stars of the air
n of light to their sister fair,
mile at her passing worth.

sings and its snowy wings,
th the dew of heavenly springs,
a ray of ethereal day,
es the face of the dead with the grace
hat lightens the gloom of the place,
weathens the lips of the clay.

I dove! The wonderful dove!
fulfilled on wings of love,
its away to endless day;
and a tear, to a brighter sphere
sketch of clay that cumbers it here,
ngs its starry way.

ANNA STEVENSON.

IND KILLED BY NOVELS.

ation of the harmful effect of
g upon the mind of the young,
at a recent religious gathering
The speaker said that a young
acquaintance became an earn-
inquirer during a revival. On
her young friends were coming
t she made no advance. Her
er friends were equally puzzled.
ffered for her and the plainest
given; but she remained un-
pting to regret that she could
a Christian. At last, after three
or and anxiety, her pastor said:
othing with Sophia L—; she
unmanageable. I doubt if she
ld to the claims of the Gospel."
he trouble? Can you not dis-
stacle in her way?" was asked.
is an inveterate novel-reader,
come to the conclusion that this
r out of the Kingdom." "Can
rsuaded to give up her novels?"
of the point entirely. She has
sensibilities over unreal objects
continually reversed right and
ing at vice in the garb of virtue,
e in that of unworthiness and
at she has destroyed her moral
assents to truth, but seems to
over to grasp it; she knows it,
but has no energy of will to
mind is diseased and enervated
helplessly so." Alas, when we
ng people daily flocking to the
aries for the latest novels, or
way their best hours over silly

and best imperial Photographs of
ge and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,
e-smile autograph, and also imper-
l of Rev. Henry Ward Beech-
stained from J. E. Jowett, 77 Bible
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ress on I Corinthians xiii.
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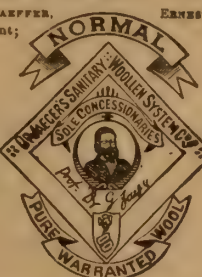
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THE LOVE OF GOD.

JOHN 3 : 16.

CAN I tell the wondrous fullness
Of His love, so rich and free ;
Or reckon the priceless value
Of the blood He shed for me ?
Ah, no ! 'tis beyond my telling,
Though its theme I fain would know ;
And my heart it fails to measure
The breadth of the love I owe.

Can I share the bitter anguish,
He bore 'midst the garden's gloom ;
When His soul passed 'neath the shadow
Of the coming judgment's doom ?
Ah, no ! 'tis beyond my sharing,
The weight of my Saviour's woe ;
And my heart it fails to measure
The length of the love I owe.

Can I grasp the mystic meaning
Of the cross with His nail-pierced form :
Where His heart for the sinner's ransom
Was crushed in the judgment storm ?
Ah, no ! 'tis beyond my grasping,
'Tis deeper than thought can go ;
And my heart it fails to measure
The depth of the love I owe.

Can I see with earthly vision,
The walls of my blood-bought home ?
Can I catch the matchless glory
That gleams from its golden dome ?
Ah, no ! 'tis beyond my vision,
Though it shine with fadeless glow ;
And my heart still fails to measure,
The height of the love I owe.

Soon, soon in glorious beauty,
I shall see Him face to face,
And read in the nail and spear marks
The story of saving grace ;
Ah ! then I shall learn the meaning
Of His life-blood's crimson flow ;
I shall measure the wondrous fullness,
I shall know how much I owe.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York,
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VOLUME XIII., No. 45.
BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

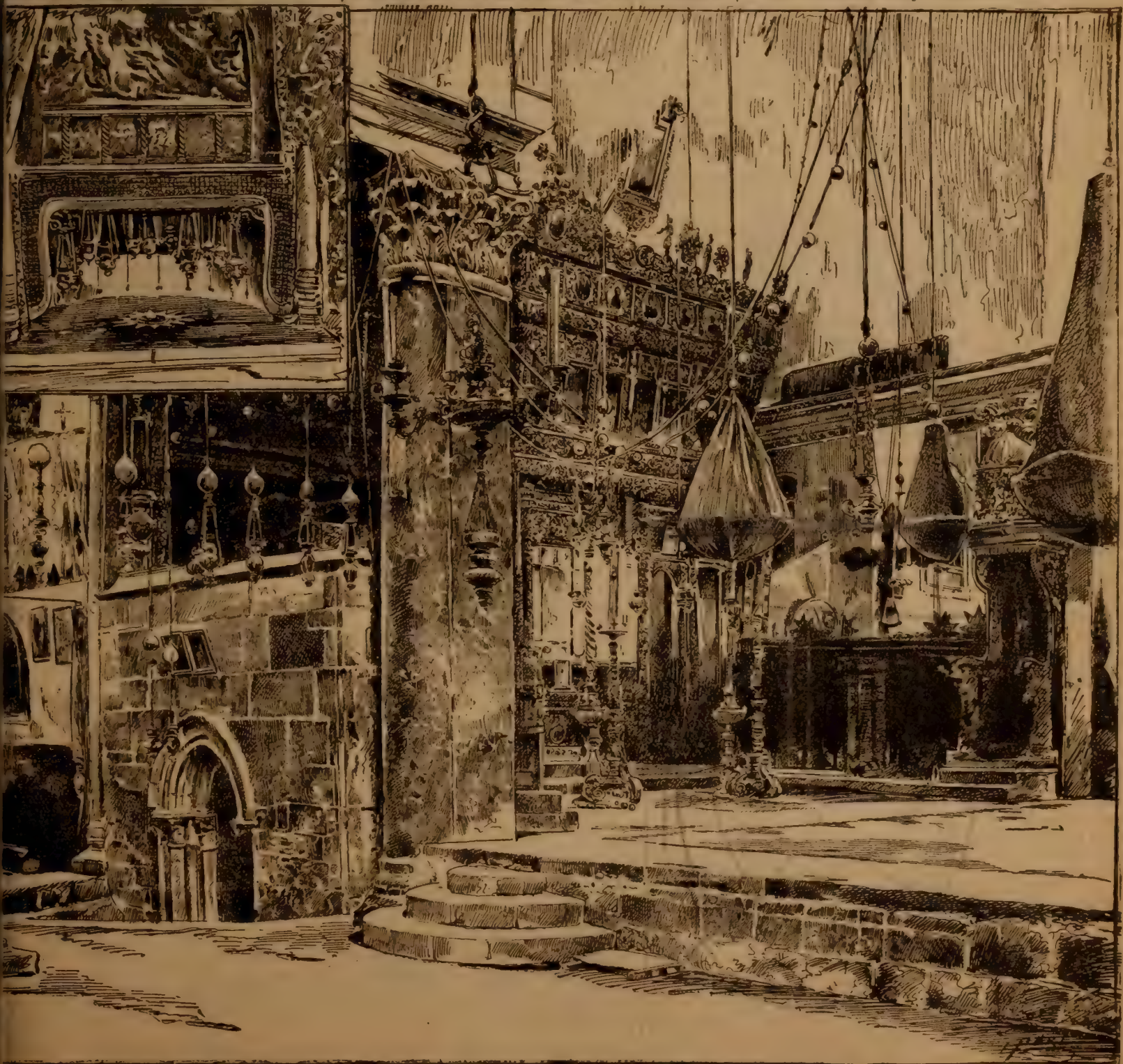
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1890.

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THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM—THE GROTO OF THE STAR. (See Dr. Talmage's Sermon on page 706.)

HORTICULTURE AND HYDRAULICS IN PALESTINE.

THE SIXTH OF THE SERIES OF PALESTINE SERMONS PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1890.

King Solomon's Drive—A Walk in the King's Gardens—The Three Wonderful Reservoirs—The Glorious Gardens—Their Unhappy Possessor—Elements of Future Fertility—The Ancient Civilization—Our Discoveries Foreseen—Exquisite Workmanship—The City of the Nativity—The Glory of the Cradle—Supper in an Oriental Khan—Christmas-Day in Bethlehem—What Helen Did for Christ.

"I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Ecclesiastes 2 : 4-6.

A SPRING morning and before breakfast at Jerusalem: A king with robes snowy white in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high-mettled, and housings as brilliant as if scoloped out of that very sunrise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horse-back with hand on gilded bow, and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold-dust, all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips, and the halloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast, from Jerusalem, to his gardens, and parks, and orchards, and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning, last December, going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten, we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pools, the ancient water-works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and



SOLOMON'S POOLS.

here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams, and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors, or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist, and the greatest scientist of his century.

Come over the piles of grey rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gathered from several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of the water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem, it has had three filterings, and is pure as when the clouds rained it.

Wonderful Specimens of Masonry are the reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir 380 feet by 229; the second, 423 feet by 160; and the lowest reservoir 589 feet by 169; and deep enough and wide enough, and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning, we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighbor-

hood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal gardens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikenard, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing, and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into His gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish-pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens, that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off, and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the

Memorable Words,

following my text, like a Dirge played after a Grand March, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, water and hill, clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth, that, whether one be physically or morally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction. But tradition says that when the "wise men of the East" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehem, they, for a little while, lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink, when looking down into the well they saw the star reflected in the water, and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey, and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp of surroundings may not afford peace, at the well of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness, and the plainest cup at the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

The Rare Exotics.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers and planted these exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam, a Christian Israelite, on the very site of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor eighteen hundred years after Christ, as it yielded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture, and agriculture.

Recent travellers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine, as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land, they would find that they are being skele-

tonized, and are being melted into the soil being for the most part limestone, they are waiting for that land what the American and English farmer does when at great expense and labor he draws his wagon-load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The great winters, the great mid-summer heat of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissolving the rocks are gradually

Preparing Palestine

and Syria to yield a product like the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms of New Jersey, and the magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California.



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

ism withdraw its idolatries, and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift, and followed by many riders so brilliant that it was for speed a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two feet wide, and times tunnelling the solid rock and then running its waters through stoneware pipes,

An Aqueduct

doing its work ten miles before it reaches to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bath-rooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Solomon and Hezekiah, and Bethesda, I find that the nineteenth century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live, had better take in some of the sails of pride when it remembers that it is hard on later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of the three thousand, at which modern machinery could lift blocks of like some of those standing high up in the towers of Baalbec, and that the art of printing, which for recent ages was practised by the Chinese, fourteen hundred years ago, and that our modern night lightning express railroads were foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways, they shall seem like torches, shall run like lightnings," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that may go and and say unto thee, 'Here we are.' What is that talking by the lightnings, by the electric telegraph! I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed may have been employed in ages extinct, and that the lightnings that are now running up and down the sky, have been running at times like lost hounds to find their former masters."

Discoveries Foreseen.

Embalment was a more thorough art three thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, and artificial teeth on gold plates found in the tombs of departed nations, have been taught that Harvey discovered

ation of the blood so late as the seven-
century. Oh, no! Solomon announces
Ecclesiastes, where first having shown
it is understood the spinal cord, silver-col-
it is, and that it relaxes in old age, "the
cord be loosed," goes on to compare the
to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals
heart to receive the blood like a
pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the foun-
What is that but the circulation of the
found out twenty-six hundred years be-
arvey was born? After many centuries
oration and calculation, astronomy finds
at the world is round. Why, Isaiah knew
round thousands of years before when in
Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the
of the earth." Scientists toiled on for
ies and found out refraction or that the
of light when touching the earth were
raight but bent or curved. Why, Job
that when ages before in the Bible he
of the light: "It is turned as clay to the

he old cathedrals of England, modern
rs in the repair of windows are trying to
something as good as the window painting
r hundred years ago and always failing by
an unanimous verdict of all who examine and
re. The color of modern painting fades
years while the color of the old masters
well preserved after five hundred years as
ne year. I saw last winter on the walls of
ed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh
ugh made the day before, though they
buried eigh-
hundred
ago. The
g of Tyri-
ple is an im-
ility now.
ur modern
ies we are
hard to
cups and
pers and
as exquisite
se exhumed
Herculan-
and our arti-
are at-
ting to make
y for ear
eck and fin-
qual to that brought up from the mauso-
of two thousand years before Christ.
ve in our time glass in all shapes and all
but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred
ago, described a malleable glass which,
own upon the ground and dented could be
ed straight again by the hammer or could
sted around the wrists, and that confounds
glass manufactories of our own time. I
in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus
one of those swords that could be bent
e or tied into a knot without breaking. I
not get one. Why? The nineteenth cent-
cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on
ing our cities we may after a while get
as large as Babylon, which was five times
ze of London.



THE POTTER.

se aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-
nding them in good condition three thou-
years after construction, make me think
e world may have forgotten more than
knows. The great honor of our age is
achinery, for the ancients had some styles
ore wonderful; nor art, for the ancients
rt more exquisite and durable; nor archi-
re for Roman Coliseum and Grecian
polis

Surpass all Modern Architecture,
ties, for some of the ancient cities were
than ours in the sweep of their pomp.
ur attempts must be in moral achieve-
and Gospel victory. In that we have
ly surpassed them, and in that direction
e ages push on. Let us brag less of
ly achievement, and thank God for moral
tunity. More good men and good women
hat the world wants. Toward moral eleva-

tion and spiritual attainment, let the chief
struggle be. The source of all that, I will show
you before sundown of this day, on which we
have visited the pools of Solomon, and the
gardens of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the
way to the cradle of Him, who called Himself
greater than Solomon. We are coming upon
the chief cradle
of all the world,
not lined with
satin, but strewn
with straw, not
sheltered by a pal-
ace, but covered
by a barn, not pre-
sided over by a
princess, but hov-
ered over by a
peasant girl; yet
a cradle the cano-
py of which is an-
gelic wings, and
the lullaby of
which is the first
Christmas carol
ever sung, and
from which all the events of the past, and all the
events of the future have and must take date as
being B.C. or A.D.—before Christ or after Christ.
All eternity past occupied in getting ready for
this cradle, and all eternity to come to be
employed in celebrating its consequences.



THE MANGER CRADLE.

I said to the tourist companies planning our
Oriental journey, "Put us in Bethlehem in De-
cember, the place and the month of our Lord's
birth," and we had our wish. I am the only man
who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem
looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists
and writers are there in February or March,
or April, when the valleys are an embroidered
sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and
ranunculus are flushed as though from at-
tempting to climb the steep, and lark and bull-
finch are flooding the air with bird-orchestra. But
I was there in December, a winter month, the
barren beach between the two oceans of red-
olence. I was told I must not go there at that
season, told so before I started, told so in
Egypt; the books told me so; all travellers
that I consulted about it, told me so. But I was
determined to see Bethlehem, the same month
in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dis-
suade me. Was I not right in wanting to know
how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to
it? He did not land amid flowers and song.
When the angels chanted on

The Famous Birth-night

all the fields of Palestine were silent. The
glowing skies were answered by gray rocks.
As Bethlehem stood against a bleak wintry
sky, I climbed up to it, as through a bleak
wintry sky, Jesus descended upon it. His way
down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to
barrenness, from everlasting June to a sterile
December. If I were going to Palestine as a
botanist, and to study the flora of the land, I
would go in March, but I went as a minister of
Christ to study Jesus, and so I went in Decem-
ber. I wanted to see how the world's front
door looked when the heavenly Stranger entered
it.

The town of Bethlehem to my surprise is in
the shape of a horse-shoe, the houses extending
clear on to the prongs of the horse-shoe. The
whole scene more rough and rude than can be
imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft,
genial place in which to be born. The gate
through which our Lord entered this world
was a gate of rock, a hard, cold gate, and the
gate through which He departed was a swing-
gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy
church built by Constantine over the place in
which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning
day and night and from century to century,
light our way to the spot which all authorities,
Christian and Jew and Mohammedan, agree up-
on as being the place of our Saviour's birth,
and covered by a marble slab, marked by a sil-
ver star sent from Vienna, and the words;

"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin
Mary."

But standing there, I thought, though this is
the place of the nativity, how different the sur-
roundings of the wintry night in which Jesus
came! At that time it was a Khan or a cattle-
pen. I visited one of these Khans now stand-
ing and looking just as in Christ's time. We
rode in under the arched entrance and dis-
mounted. We found the building of stone and
around an open square without roof. The
building is more than two thousand years old.
It is two stories high. In the centre are camels,
horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the
night or during a long storm. The open square
is large enough to accommodate a whole herd
of cattle, a flock of sheep, or caravan of camels.
The neighboring Bedouins here find market for
their hay, straw and meats. Off from this cen-
tre there are twelve rooms for human habita-
tion. The only light is from the door. I went
into one of these rooms and found a woman
cooking the evening meal. There were six
cows in the same room. On a little elevation
there was some straw where the people sat and
slept when they wished to rest. It was in a
room similar to that our Lord was born.

This was the cradle of a king and yet what
cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Lib-
erty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine!
Your peace and mine! Your heaven and mine!
Cradle of a universe!

Cradle of a God!

The gardens of Solomon we visited this morn-
ing were a type of what all the world will be
when this illustrious Personage now born shall
have completed His mission. The horses of
finest limb, and gayest champ of bit, and sub-
limest arch of neck that ever brought Solomon
down to these adjoining gardens, were but a
poor type of the horse upon which this Con-
queror, born in the barn shall ride, when, accord-
ing to apocalyptic vision, all the "armies of
heaven shall follow Him on white horses." The
waters that rush down these hills into yonder
three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in
marvellous aqueduct into Jerusalem till the bra-
zen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam
is full, are only an imperfect type of the rivers of
delight which, as the result of this great One's
coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst
of all nations. The Palace of Lebanon cedar from
which the imperial cavalcade passed out in the
early morning and to which it returned with glow-



THE BETHLEHEM KHAN.

Standing here at Bethlehem, do you not see
that the most honored thing in all the earth is
the cradle? To what else did loosened star ever
point? to what else did heaven lower balconies
of light filled with chanting immortals? The
way the cradle rocks, the world rocks.
God bless the mothers all the world over! The
cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten
thousand of them are, this moment, the hands
that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl
bolts of doom, the feet that will mount the
steeps toward God or descend the blasted way,
the lips that will pray or blaspheme. Oh, the
cradle! It is more tremendous than the grave.
Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth
century soon to dawn upon us? Are they on
thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits?

ing cheek, and
jingling harness,
and lathered
sides, is feeble of
architecture com-
pared with the
House of Many
Mansions into
which this One
born this winter
month on these
bleak heights
shall conduct us
when our sins are
all pardoned, our
battles all
fought, our tears
all wept, our work
all done.

No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting-houses! No. They are in the cradle. The most tremendous thing in the universe, and next to God is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said, "give me a generation of Christian mothers, and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out, that cradle may be standing in attic or barn, forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it.

The Glory of the Cradle.

Dishonor not the cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read, or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible, and light, and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wesleys, and the John Knoxes, and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all-conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept or woke, laughed or cried, was the cradle over which Mary bent, and to which the wise men brought frankincense, and upon which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross. Had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no Incarnation, there had been no Ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill khan of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what He did for us, I ask what have we done for Him. "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching the village church, a good woman said to a group of girls in lowly and straitened circumstances: "Let all now do

Something for Christ."

After the day was over, the good woman asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put that flower on the church altar." And another said: "I could not do much for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor, sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied: "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and I could think of nothing else to do, and so I went into the church after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I scrubbed down the back altar stairs." Beautiful! I warrant that the Christ of that Christmas day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as He may have given to the robed official who, on that day, read for the people, the prayers of a resounding service. Something for Christ!

A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night, and took off his coat, and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ, and said to Him: "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ, "this is the one you lent me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked, and ye clothed me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages empearled.
That song from afar
Has swept over the world.

THE GOSPEL IN THE DESERT.

MISSIONARY VAN TASSEL'S WORK AMONG THE BEDOUINS OF NORTHERN ARABIA.

The Station at Homs—In a Bedouin Camp—Hospitable Moslems—Oriental Superstitions—The "Jinn" and the "Evil Eye"—Good Sheikh Hamood—The Town-dwelling Arabs—A Great and Promising Field for Christian Effort.

(See Illustration on page 716.)

ONE of the most interesting of recent missionary experiences is that communicated to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. S. Van Tassel, who for several years past has been engaged in Christian work in North Arabia, in connection with the North Africa Mission. Mr. Van Tassel, who is now on a visit to this country, was born in New York City in 1857. He was converted at a Gospel service in 1883, and at once began preaching on the streets, in connection with the work of the Gospel Tabernacle of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is pastor. In 1884, he studied in the East London Training School for Home and Foreign Missions, and two years later was sent out to the North Africa Mission to establish a mission among the nomad tribes of Arabia. He remained for a short time in Beyrout and then went to a small village on the Lebanon Mountains, where he spent fifteen months in the study of the Arabic language.

During this time he made several journeys along the borders of the desert, east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and through the land of Bashan, as far as Damascus, looking for suitable headquarters for the mission. He had ample opportunities for observing the peculiarities of the Arab population. In 1889, he went to the town of Homs,

The Ancient Emesa,

about one hundred and twenty miles north of Damascus, and there he settled. Homs has a population of forty-five thousand, of whom thirty thousand are Moslems and the rest Christians (Greeks, Maronites, and Catholics.) It is a leading trading place for the Arabs at the northern extremity of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon Mountains.

At that time there were no missionaries among the wandering Arabs, and Mr. Van Tassel's work was largely that of a pioneer. He had the courage of faith to undertake what many had regarded a hopeless task. The nearest stations were those of Mr. Lethaby and wife, at Kirak (the ancient Kir of Moab), east of the Dead Sea, where there was a school for the children of the town, and the Keith-Falconer Mission at Aden in the South, where the slave children, rescued from the Arab dealers, have been turned over to the Mission by the English Government. The work at first was extremely difficult. A variety of Arabic dialects had to be mastered on the ground, all the previous tuition in that language which Mr. Van Tassel had received in London proving of little value. But he found a hospitable welcome, and many true friends, and under God's blessing, progress soon became apparent.

It was not long before the missionary won the hearts of the Arabs, and made many fast and devoted friends among them.

He was the Peacemaker

in many bitter quarrels, and his gentle influence and kindly ways were known not only to the dwellers in Homs, but to the herdsmen and shepherds of the desert, whose wrangles sometimes led to fighting, and even bloodshed. The "Bedaween" or nomads he found were by far the most interesting class he had to deal with.

"The Bedouins," said Mr. Van Tassel to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "are about 9,000,000 in number. They are pure Arabs and do not intermarry with other nations. They have always been supposed to be Moslems, but are not so in reality. When near towns or cities, they recite the Moslem prayers, and fast; but as soon as they get away in the desert, they throw off this cloak, and neither fast nor pray. Yet they are not without a knowledge of God and their reverence and fear Him. They are very hospitable, and always welcome a stranger, rich or

poor, and he can remain with them three days if he wishes. During this time, he is perfectly safe, and every Arab in camp would lay down his life for the guest, if necessary. They are glad to have one come to them who can teach them and teach them. Very few of the Arabs know how to read, although here there you will find a man who has been sufficiently educated to do the business of a sheikh. They are very intelligent, however, and have good memories. I have often heard them repeat the Gospel stories they had heard from my lips."

To succeed with these people, the missionary must travel with them, dwelling in tents and living as they do. They can only work the winter—from October to July,—the summer being very hot in the desert, while the winter is cold, and the spring delightful. In the summer season,

The Whole Desert is Covered With Grass or beautiful flowers, but after May 1st, no rain falls, and everything is parched and dried. The Arabs then camp along the rivers of the Euphrates and Orontes where verdure is abundant. The men are all shepherds and herdsmen and the women and girls do the work of the household. They live on the produce of their flocks and, as a rule, are long-lived, the women particularly so, very many of them living to centenarians. Their lives and habits are precisely the same as they were in the days of the patriarchs. A picture of domestic life and the Bedouins is shown in the illustration on page 716 from a photograph secured by Mr. Van Tassel. The simple ways of these wanderers in strong contrast with the more polished manners of the city Arabs, whose homes are characterized by comfort, and even luxury.

"These children of the desert have many peculiar superstitions," continued Mr. Van Tassel. "One is about the Evil Eye. If a person possessing this eye looks at any person or animal, some harm will surely come of it. They are careful, if they have a beautiful mare, the eye shall not light upon her, and to a mare this they keep the mare blanketed. A mother who thinks her infant is pretty, fears for safety, and she puts on its head a little decorated with wolf's teeth, coins and beads and she sticks a little tuft of feathers on back to divert the eye, and prevent it from looking straight into the child's face."

"Some of them people the desert with spirits, too, do they not?"

"Yes; all the Moslems believe in spirits. Bedouins

Believe in Genii or 'Jinn,'

and declare that they have been seen in different forms, sometimes like a flock of sheep, goats, or pecking their heads right up through the camp fire. When they see the whirlwind they believe it is caused by a Jinn. The sheikhs on the tops of the hills west of Homs, which they claim were built by Solomon, believe to be peopled by these spirits.

"Last winter there was a great drought and ten months we had no rain. The cattle died thousands, of starvation. Yet the Bedouins never complained. When I spoke to them of their losses, they only replied: 'Allah is reem,' (the Lord is generous.) Most of them fear God. Speaking of the Gazu thieves, robbers who frequently plunder them, they said: 'If these robbers knew God, and that He would judge them for their sins, they wouldn't do it.' The Gazu are met with south of Damascus. They trouble not only caravans, but villages and the people are in terror of them. They strip and rob; but a Bedouin is very careful about taking life, owing to their system of blood feuds under which every life taken must be avenged."

Every year brings increased encouragement in the good work among these wandering tribes. Lately Mr. Van Tassel made a journey into the desert east of Homs, with part of a large and friendly tribe of Arabs. Hamood Sheikh, gave him many facilities for his Gospel work. It was a journey full of discomfort

danger, for the intense cold and the heavy storms (lasting many hours) made it a horrible experience. Scores of dead sheep, camels and donkeys were passed by the sellers.

It is a curious and interesting sight to see "Arabs on the march," said Mr. Van Tassel. The flocks of sheep and goats start first—in the morning. These are followed by camels with their loads of tents, food, furniture, children, sick sheep, lambs, and the old people. The women, with the donkeys, all heavily laden, bring up the rear. The men are clustered about among the flocks and camels. As you can see, the desert is covered with moving flocks, hundreds of camels, mares, donkeys, and people, all moving in one direction, and scores of dogs race about among them.

In the evenings, during the desert march, the Arabs listened intently to the Bible readings and expositions and the story of Christ's life and sacrifice. Any attempt at interruption was promptly checked by Sheik Hamood. The journey was accomplished in safety.

Among the Bedouin women, especially, there

Crying Need of Gospel Influence.

Mr. Van Tassel has hopes that the needs of the long-neglected and semi-savage children of Abraham may attract more attention and elicit a keener sympathy in Christian lands heretofore. One missionary to 9,000,000 is a condition of affairs that leaves opportunity for the widest improvement. These millions are ripe for the Gospel. Mr. Van Tassel has lately been making known, at meetings in New York and elsewhere, the state of the mission field in Arabia and has met with much sin-encouragement. In the city of Homs, his immediate field of labor, there are two boys' schools, one for girls, and a small native Christian church. There are in all about forty Protestant families in the place. Aid is desired to extend the present limited operations and to do this very worthy and energetic mission in the Gospel work in which he is engaged.

INNOCENT SUFFERERS.

Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov. 16: "For the transgression of my people was He stricken." Isa. 53: 8.

SOME evangelistic meetings were being held in the neighborhood of a certain college. Among the students who attended the first thing were two intimate friends. One of them—Tom Willifer—did not go to a second meeting. His friend, Walter Burton, continued going, and was led to Christ. The first thing he did to go to his friend and say, "Tom, I want to come to those meetings, again. You'll get it."

"No," said Tom, "I don't care to go. The teacher talks just like our dominion at home. I can't believe in that kind of religion. I believe in doing the best one can and asking God's mercy for what's wrong. This idea of the innocent suffering for the guilty is all wrong. It is repugnant to one's sense of justice. God does not govern the world that way."

"Why look here, Tom," said Walter Burton, "I'm not sure of that. The innocent are always suffering for the guilty, one way or another. More often than not, it's involuntary; but they suffer. When a father does wrong and is sent to prison, his wife and children generally suffer more than he does, though they are innocent. The drunkard's family endure the privations that his sin causes. In a war the real sufferers are not the aggressors, but the peace-loving people whose property is destroyed and whose soldiers, who are often conscripts. Then the doctors say there are hereditary diseases. Many of abstemious men have gout because their fathers and grandfathers were fond of a living. Insanity and other afflictions can be traced to the sins of ancestors."

"Oh yes, you cannot escape cause and effect; that is a very different thing from a man

being deliberately punished for sins he did not commit."

"Well, there are cases of that kind, too. It is not so long since the Czar of Russia died a cruel death, though he was the liberator of the serfs, and a kind and considerate ruler who did more than any other Czar for his people. He suffered for the existence of a system introduced by his tyrannical predecessors, which he was trying to moderate. Louis XVI., of France died on the guillotine, though he was known to be an inoffensive, harmless man. The French regarded him as the representative of tyranny, and they killed him and his wife, in spite of his concessions. The sins of their predecessors were visited on them. It's the regular thing and no one is surprised at it."

"Those cases are not quite analogous. Nobody benefited by their death. The preachers argue that Christ's death saves other people from punishment."

"I think we have heard of something of that kind also. You remember that story of the siege of Calais by the English King, Edward III. When the town capitulated, he agreed to spare the people, if six of the best citizens came to him barefoot, with ropes around their necks. Six men volunteered to die to save their fellow-townsmen, and they went into the English camp, and were promptly ordered off to execution. They were not executed, because the English Queen interceded for them, but they expected to be killed, and in those times, their death would have been regarded as a matter of course."

"That story is apocryphal."

"Perhaps so, though we are not sure of that. It was so thoroughly in line with the ways of the time that it has been generally believed. Then there is another case well authenticated. That of the French father in the Reign of Terror, who answered to his son's name when he was called for execution, and did die in his son's place. There is the case of that miner, which Thomas Carlyle personally verified. He and his fellow-workman at the bottom of a shaft knew a fatal explosion must occur in a minute, and when he saw that only one could escape, he sent his companion up, and voluntarily stayed to die, because he was sure of heaven, and the other man was not. Oh, no, the world is not unfamiliar with vicarious suffering."

"But it's a vicious notion. It does not promote a high type of character. If you tell a man he will not go to heaven if he is not good, he tries to be good. If you tell him he can get to heaven because Christ died, he does not trouble about being good."

"Facts are against you, Tom. I cannot explain it and perhaps no one can, but I never wanted to be good so much as since I realized that Christ died for me. Everybody feels the same, when they realize it. It puts heart in one. Before, it seemed hopeless to try; one failed so often. Now, I struggle harder, and with confidence. When you see what suffering your sin caused your Saviour, you hate it more than when you think it will entail suffering on you. You remember that story of Adam Bede? The blow that crushed the wrongdoer, and made him miserable was the one that fell on his victim. The most bitter drop in his cup was that another was suffering for his sin, while he was free; and any man of spirit would feel that way. The Christian doctrine is not so unphilosophical as you imagine. Try it and you will find it sound. It works; and the proofs are all around you. The best men, the kindest men, the men of pure life, who are doing the most good in the world, supporting widows, and clothing and teaching the fatherless, and aiding by gifts and personal labor in every beneficent work, are men who are trusting in Christ's sacrifice for salvation."

"Well, I'll come to your meeting. There is sense in what you say."

Volume XII., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1880, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Bird's Appeal for Protection Surprised the crew of a ship on the East River New York, on October 29. Early that morning as a steamer was proceeding up the river on its way to the fishing banks, the crew became interested in watching the movements of a large hawk, which, for some months past has made its home on one of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. The hawk was chasing a beautiful pinkish white pigeon which was flying about fifty feet above the water. Suddenly the hawk made a swoop and tried to seize the pigeon. It did not quite succeed, but feathers flew out of the pigeon's left wing showing where the hawk had struck it. The pigeon dropped lower and the hawk followed. Then the pigeon made straight for the steamer, and alighted on the shoulder of a sailor. The man put up his hand and caught it. The bird was trembling and fluttering but seemed content to remain, and the man fed it and took it with him on the voyage. Ordinarily the timid bird would have regarded the man as its enemy and have avoided him; but to escape the hawk it was glad to take refuge with the man. It is so frequently in the spiritual life. Trouble and danger drive men to seek refuge in Christ, though in peace and prosperity they shunned Him. (Psa. 119: 67.)

The Hard Lot of an Aged Lady is Described in a press dispatch from a town in Connecticut. It states that the attention of the local authorities was recently called to a case of destitution in a suburb of the town. When they went to investigate the case, they were surprised to find the address given them was that of a nicely furnished villa residence. The sufferer was an aged lady, who was dying of starvation, and neglect. A year ago, she was the owner of the house and of an estate valued at \$20,000. Her niece, who was then living with her, coaxed the old lady to give her all the property, and had promised to care for her as long as she lived. As soon as the deeds were signed, the niece's behavior changed, and she cruelly neglected her aunt. The old lady could get neither money nor food from her niece. She had begged from the neighbors as long as she could get around, but of late she had been too weak to leave her bed, and was almost dead from want. The gross ingratitude of the niece in so cruelly treating the woman, to whose bounty she owed everything, has, it appears, stirred the indignation of the neighbors. And no wonder! But have we not heard of still more disgraceful ingratitude? Men for whom Christ laid down His life, who expect to have an eternal mansion through Him often refuse to give money to extend His kingdom on earth. (Philemon 19.)

A Farmer Made a Startling Discovery in Canada on October 28. Some years ago the wife of a farmer living near St. Laurent became demented and was sent to the Longue Point Asylum for the Insane. That asylum was burned last May and some of the patients were burned to death while others escaped. It was believed that all the latter were recaptured. As his wife was not among them, the farmer concluded that she must have been one of the victims of the fire. On October 28 the farmer was taking a wagon load of produce to market when he saw a woman lying beside the road. He roused her and asked her what she was doing there. She said she was hunting for the road to St. Laurent and had travelled for many weeks, mentioning places she had visited in Lower Quebec two hundred and nine miles from Montreal. The farmer asked her to get into his wagon and he would drive her to a hotel further on. As she stepped into the wagon he recognized his wife whom he supposed to be dead. He took her home at once and called in a physician. It is believed now that when she recovers from her fatigue and exposure, her mind will be fully restored. Something like this is the history of some Christians. When, "coming to themselves," they fled from a doomed world, they vainly sought the way to their heavenly home, and were found in their wandering by Him to whom they are espoused. (Psa. 107: 2-7.)

THE COMING ANTICHRIST.

HIS IDENTITY, DESCRIPTION IN PROPHECY AND HIS COVENANT WITH THE JEWS.

The Apocalyptic Vision of the Beast—The Holy Roman Empire—Succession of Emperors from Cæsar to Napoleon—The Deadly Wound—To be Healed—The Jews to be Restored—The Demand of their Restorer.

BY REV. ISAAC S. HENRY.

WE are soon to arrive at that epoch in history when some startling disclosures and most vivid fulfilments of prophecy may be looked for.

As a "Leopard," the wild beast with seven heads and ten horns was seen by John "rising up out of the sea" (the sea of revolution; waters in prophecy always having reference to peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues. See Rev. 17: 15). It had seven heads, representing the seven different forms of government through which it must pass before it could pass out of existence; and we find in Rev. 17: 11, that five of them had already fallen when St. John saw the vision. The sixth head, or Roman emperorship, took its rise B. C. 28, and continued in an unbroken line of succession, either in the eastern or western Roman Empire to A. D. 1805, when Napoleon Bonaparte at the confederation of the Rhine, leagued with the German princes, made war against Francis II., Emperor of Germany—who then held the reigns of government—and who, being overpowered, united with the other princes in signing over by a regular written compact their right and title to the Holy Roman Empire, in these words: "Considering the bonds which unite us,

The Empire is Dissolved

by the confederation of the Rhine, we renounce the imperial crown," etc. (See Sir A. Alison's History of Europe, chap. 42.) Thus ended the sixth governmental headship, of which the angel declares that "Five are fallen, and one is and the other is not yet come, and when He cometh, he must continue a short space."

Napoleon was crowned at Milan with the iron crown of Charlemagne (the crown of the emperors), King of Italy and of Rome, on May 26, A. D. 1805; thereby taking to himself a new official title, and thus bringing him in as the seventh head, which according to the affirmation of the angel, (Rev. 17: 10,) must continue "a short space."

This seventh head was seen by John (chap. 13: 3) to have been "as it were, wounded to death." Napoleon Bonaparte did continue only a short space, and the great Empire, under him, did receive a deadly wound at the battle of Waterloo. The headless state of the Roman Empire since 1815, defines beyond a doubt the fact that Napoleon I. was the seventh head that received a deadly wound.

But this deadly wound must be healed, that thereby all the world may wonder after the beast. And by whom is it to be healed but by

The Last Personal Antichrist,

the man of sin? The prophets of the Old and New Testaments concur in showing that the closing scenes of this dispensation will be at a time of great trouble—a time of leagues and intrigues, which will culminate in the manifestation of the man of sin, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders; and with all deceivableness and unrighteousness in them that perish." In reference to this man of sin, it is said (Daniel 8, 23-25.) "And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up. And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power; and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practice, and shall destroy the mighty and holy people; and through his policy also he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many; he shall also stand up against the prince of princes, but he shall be broken without hand."

The term "but not by his own power" is ex-

plained (Rev. 13: 3) by the fact that "the dragon gave him his power, his seat, and his great authority."

It is distinctly shown concerning the beast that was, and is not, that it is the one to heal the deadly wound, thus: "And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space," etc. (Rev. 17: 10.) The seven heads, therefore, represent seven forms of government through which the Roman empire must pass from its first rise to the end of its career. The five which had fallen when St. John saw the vision are these: Kings, Consuls, Dictators, Decemvirs, and Military Tribunes. The affirmation that five are fallen, renders it unnecessary to discuss the subject of these fallen ones. But when the angel declared that "one is," it becomes necessary that we understand what that one was.

The Roman emperorship took its rise B. C. 28, Augustus Cæsar was the first emperor. This head continued in an unbroken line of representatives, either in eastern or western Rome, and sometimes admitting of two reigning at once in accordance with the Roman law, until Napoleon Bonaparte arose, as has already been shown. The prophecy continues (V. 11.) "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." "Seeing that it goeth into perdition there can be no other after him, for its going into perdition refers to its Last Head, Napoleon, who then represents it, being cast alive with the false prophet into a lake of fire at the descent of Christ (Rev. 19: 20.) Thus it does appear that another Imperial Napoleon must appear upon the stage of political action.

In addition to the passages of Scripture which have already been quoted, to show that deception will be the mainspring of action that is to elevate the man of sin to so lofty a position of earthly power and grandeur as no mortal has ever yet attained, attention is specially called to Daniel 9: 23: "And after the league made with him he shall work deceitfully: for he shall become strong with a small people."

The Return of the Jews

to Judea is in close connection with the above event, and the prey, and "spoil, and riches spoken of, must result from the covenant that he is to enter into with the Jews, for he does not gain by conquest, but he enters peaceably upon the fattest places of the province.

It is very evident that the Jews are now beginning to return to the land of their fathers. A movement is on foot in Europe, having for its object the restoration of the Jews as a nation. It has the patronage of many influential men.

The Coming Napoleon will favor the schemes about the Jews, and show partiality to them, which will result (according to prophecy) in his confirming a covenant with many of them for one week (seven years). This covenant is termed (Dan. 11: 28-30), "the Holy Covenant;" from which it is evident that he will engage to protect them against their enemies, and uphold them in their religious worship, and for which in their turn they will make him large advances of money, by which he will again ingratiate himself into favor; scattering it among his subjects, he will enter peaceably upon the fattest places of the provinces (according to Daniel 11: 21-45).

But the Jews are doomed to disappointment. Having rejected the Messiah they are now to receive a mere man—"the man of sin." "If another shall come in his own name him ye will receive." And they are to receive a terrible scourging under him, for in the midst of the covenant week he breaks his covenant, puts down their renewed sacrifices, and sets up the abomination, which will be his own image (See Dan. 11: 28-39; Rev. 13: 14-15).

All the prophets say more or less concerning this time of great trouble: Zechariah gives a graphic account of it down to the time of the Lord setting His feet upon the Mount of Olives, for the destruction of the hosts of Antichrist. In Zech. 14: 4, 5, it is shown that the Lord shall set His feet on that day upon the Mount of

Olives, that the Mount shall cleave asunder become a very great and mighty valley. And concludes those verses by saying, "And Lord my God shall come, and all the sa with thee." When the covenant is signed, the descent of Christ on this earth can be determined almost to a day, because it will be at end of the stipulated seven years of the Covenant Week.

JESUS CONDEMNED.

S. S. LESSON FOR NOV. 16, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. LUKE 23: 13-25; GOLDEN TEXT, ISAIAH 53: 1.

Pilate's Dilemma—A Stultifying Proposal—No Compromise Possible on the Claims of Jesus—The Trial Before Pilate—What Acquitting Jesus Would Cost—The Death of Jesus Necessary to the World's Redemption—Death not Development the Hope of Race—Pilate's Choice—His Ineffectual Washing.

WE might our beloved Lord ask, in prophecy, "Who is he that shall condemn me?" (Isaiah 50: 9.) Annas Caiaphas, who, as representatives of the spiritual power and authority, had sat in judgment on Him, had signally failed;—Jesus had passed under their judgment, and remained yet undemned. Herod the king had done his best but with no better success. From the second tribunal, as from the first, Jesus returned condemned. And Pilate, the representative of the supreme power, that of Rome, to which He had thought to rid himself of the dreadful responsibility of condemning a man whom he knew to be innocent, and whom the Jewish rulers had delivered up from no higher motive than their sinful personal jealousy. But a man's own wisdom cannot deliver him at a crisis hour like this. It is an awful thing for a man to trifle with his conscience, and sin against his own soul. Pilate called together the priests and the rulers of the people, and unto them, "Ye have brought unto me this man, as one that perverteth the people; and behold I having examined Him before you, found

No Fault in this Man

touching these things whereof ye accuse Him, no, nor yet Herod: for he sent Him back unto us, and behold, nothing worthy of death hath been done by him." (R. V.) He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." (1. Peter 2: 22.) It was a hard task which fell to Pilate's lot when he undertook to substantiate a charge against the Son of God. He was dealing with the man in all the world "who knew no sin," (Cor. 5: 21,) who "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4: 15.) No wonder he shrank from the task as utterly hopeless, and said, "I have found no fault in Him." But Pilate feared the people, and feared to condemn an innocent man. It was a awful crisis for him. He must choose between his popularity and his prestige among the Jewish priests and elders, and that despised and rejected man, whose wondrous life and miracles, and whose lamb-like spirit, answering a word, made an irrepressible appeal even to his heathen heart and conscience.

He would make a compromise; "I will therefore chastise Him, and release Him." Chastise a man in whom no fault could be found? Why? Only to appease the people! And then he would release Him to satisfy his own conscience! But the manner of solving the difficulties did not answer. The rulers were bent upon the death of Him who had ever given life and healing to others—nothing less would appease them. Whenever a question arises in any human life or life between Jesus and another, no half measures can be resorted to. It must be Jesus or the world, Jesus or our will, Jesus or our actions, Jesus or our plans, Jesus or our own life. The death sentence must go out on one or the other—the life of the one is death to the other. The life of Jesus,

"Eternal Life,"

(1. John 1: 1, 2,) excludes all other life, it can only live where the life of the world, the flesh, and self die before it. Jesus must be condemned

everything but Jesus. If Pilate took part, he would be misunderstood by priests and rulers; Herod, whose friendship he had secured, would turn against him; he would value him upon the earth. The cost was too great for him, he shrank back. He brought up to the same point, counted it the while to suffer "the loss of all," and "count them but dung" that he might "win Christ," and though it meant fellowship with His sufferings, and conformity to death, the apostle of the Gentiles counted it the while. He had weighed all else against life—the world and all its advantages, ease and all its claims, all honors, ease, power, comfort, and had deliberately made his choice; "To me to live is Christ," and life had become his centre and no other meaning for him. He was but an instrument, to be used or ruled by God. But Jesus must be condemned. Of His own will, He took on Him the likeness of sinful flesh" (Rom. 8: 3); He became "the Man," including in Himself the nature of mankind. He must Himself execute His own teaching, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life in this world, shall keep it unto eternal life" (John 12: 24, 25). He was the Man who was ready to "make up the fence, and fill in the gap" before God for His people, for His land. (Ezek. 22: 30.) He took not the spirit of man, but "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1: 14), and in Him the sentence must be executed.

"All Flesh is Grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Even He could not remedy that; it must fade, it must die. Only through death could even Jesus Himself "destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil." (1 John 3: 8.) There was no other way. That is eternal life which flourishes on the earth of the flesh. We are called, not to be men of improved humanity, but in the deep senses, "children of the resurrection." (1 Cor. 15: 20: 36.) Oh, when we see, that through the man, even the sinless flesh of Jesus must be condemned and die. Oh how much more must the life of the flesh in us, fade and die, and be "always delivered unto death," for Jesus' sake that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (11 Cor. 4: 11.) Jesus was condemned by another tribunal, that of Caiaphas, of Herod, or of Pilate. The end of all flesh is come before Me" (Gen. 2: 17) was the judgment sentence of our God, before the flood, and it has never been re-

not in the improvement of what we are, the development of our natural powers, talents or virtues, that God is glorified, but in the giving up of all fleshly power or advantage, as our failure that we can by His blood obtain eternal life. But yielded, emptied, dead to it, God can use natural power and advantages for the sake of subjection to Him. It was thus with Paul of Tarsus, when he died to his aristocratic Jewish parentage, to his influence with the high priest, to his theological education, to his position in society, and took his place as the servant of One who passed among men as a condemned criminal. Paul hated all that went to make up his life in this world, because he sought the glory and the grandeur of the eternal which is in God's Son.

Pilate chose the world. His conscience condemned him. God did not use this man as the instrument by whom Jesus should be condemned without awakening his conscience mightily. He might have been spared the reputation which he has in the confessions of Christians throughout the world, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate," if he had chosen as Paul chose him.

Out of necessity, must release one unto another at the feast. He would take the opportunity of working on the sympathies of the people if they demanded the release of Jesus, he

could satisfy the chief priests by doing it under pressure from the multitude, and surely they who had received so many benefits from Him would demand that their beloved Teacher and Healer should be given back to them! But no; this time he had miscalculated; no device of his could rid him of the responsibility;

He Must Give Sentence.

To add to his anxiety, his wife sent to him that she had suffered much in a dream because of this remarkable prisoner, and urged him, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man." (Matt. 27: 19.) He put it to the people whether Jesus, or the robber and murderer, Barabbas, should be released unto them. To his surprise the popular cry arose, "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas," and when he murmured, they cried against Jesus, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" In his perplexity, the governor asked, "What evil hath He done?" I have found no cause of death in Him; I will therefore chastise Him, and release Him. The mob became violent, Pilate saw that he was losing hold of them; they perceived his weakness and indecision, and made gain of it to overpower him. "The voices of them, and of the chief priests prevailed."

"The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had not been born." (Mark 14: 21.) And woe unto that man by whom He was condemned! Pilate's uneasy conscience invented another device: "he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." (Matt. 27: 24.) But such an arrangement will never stand the test of the judgment seat. The washed hands wrote the death warrant, the lips which said, "I am innocent," gave sentence that it should be as they required. And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison; whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will. It was done, and all eternity could never undo it!

THE TEMPERANCE TEMPLE.

THE accompanying illustration shows the style of the imposing edifice which is being raised in Chicago, as the headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The corner-stone was laid on Saturday last, and the building will be ready for occupation in 1892. The entire cost will be over a million dollars. A stock company has been organized to raise this sum, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union is holder. The



ers to the company are friends of the work, and they have agreed to accept five per cent. on their capital, and to give the Union the privilege of paying off the whole at any period within twelve years. This is not an impossible undertaking as a large part of the

building will be let off in offices, the rent of which will leave a considerable margin over the interest on capital, and necessary expenses.

The site of the Temple is on the corner of La Salle and Monroe Streets—an excellent business location, where offices will command good rentals. It is to be thirteen stories high, and as near fire-proof as builders can make it. It has a frontage on La Salle street of 190 feet by 96 on Monroe street. The building is formed somewhat in the shape of the letter H, and consists of two immense wings united by a middle portion or vinculum. It has a court seventy feet long and thirty feet deep, fronting on La Salle street, and a similar court of the same length, and eighteen feet deep, fronting to the west. In the front court, facing the grand entrance, and formed in a semicircle, are eight great elevators, which will transport persons from the first to the thirteenth story. From this court also rise two grand stair-cases of marble, which reach to the roof. There will be a central hall on each floor running north and south, and a transverse hall in each wing running east and west. The lower court and halls will be paved in marble mosaic, the upper one in plain marble. The wainscot in all the halls will be of marble. The material used in the building, for the first two stories, is gray granite with a dash of pink through it; above that pressed brick and terra cotta.

At the tenth story the building line retreats, and the immense roof, which contains three stories, commences, breaking as it ascends into Gothic turrets, from the centre of which springs a *fleche* of gold bronze seventy feet high, surmounted by the beautiful form of a woman with face upturned, and hands outstretched to heaven in prayer. On the southwest corner of the building, on the street, there is to be a beautiful drinking fountain finished with suitable sculpture and inscription. Around the front of the grand entrance will be carved on the granite the coat-of-arms of the different states of the Union. Engraved upon the corner-stone is the National legend of the W. C. T. U. "For God, and Home, and Native Land. 1890." On the reverse side, is the W. C. T. U. monogram; underneath, "Organized 1874."

The glory of the Union hitherto has been in its beneficent work, which reaches out to every State; but its members will have reason to be proud too of their magnificent home, and will enjoy the prestige it will give.

A CONVERSION ON A TRAIN.

THAT eminent Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Charles Garrett, is said to have surprised a number of friends by the statement that he was unable to say precisely when and where he was converted. The Wesleyans, the reader is reminded, as a denomination not only insist upon "reading their title clear," but generally speaking attach perhaps, more importance than some other bodies of Christians, to the when and the where of the great change from darkness to light and from the power of sin and Satan unto God. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Garrett's hearers were somewhat puzzled by the minister's statement, more particularly so as he is one of their most earnest, positive and aggressive preachers, sympathetic and emotional in a high degree. The matter was cleared up to everybody's satisfaction, however, when he went on to tell that at the time when the Spirit of God spoke peace to his soul, he was on duty as conductor (guard, the English say) on an express train travelling at a high rate of speed. While, therefore, he might give approximately the time of his conversion, of the exact place he must remain in absolute ignorance. That matter, however, does not worry him and a similar ignorance need not worry others. The man who is trusting in Christ for salvation, who having "this hope in him purifieth himself as He is pure," who, like the apostle John, knows he has passed from death unto life because he "loves the brethren," (1. John 3: 14,) need not concern himself about the time and place of the great change,

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SHALL THE SABBATH GO?

THE wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of the seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven days than in six, and that the fifty-two days of the year devoted to rest are an addition, rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Castlereagh thought he could work his brain three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, but after awhile broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said of him: "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath." A celebrated merchant declared: "I should have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature, cry out for the Sabbatic rest. What is true of man is, for the most part, true of the brute. Travellers have found out that they come to their place of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath.

What is the matter with those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of our city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall? It is for the lack of the Sabbatic rest. In other days, when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the far West down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on, without the observance of the holy Sabbath. The fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland declared that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's-day. When I asked the Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said: "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off, or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday, they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some observing the Sabbath, and some not observing the Sabbath. Those who allowed the fires to go down, and the kettles to cool once a week, were compelled to spend only

a few pennies in the way of repairs; while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed, many dollars were demanded for repairs. In other words: intelligent man, and dumb beast, and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day.

While the attempt to kill the Sabbath by the stroke of axe, and flail, and the yardstick has beautifully failed, it is proposed in our day to drown the Sabbath by flooding it with secular amusements. They would bury it very decently under the wreath of the target company, and to the music of brazen instruments. There are today, in the different cities, ten thousand hands and ten thousand pens busy in attempting to cut out the heart of our Christian Sabbath, and leave it a bleeding skeleton of what it once was. The effort is organized and tremendous; and unless the friends of Christ, and the lovers of good order, shall rouse up right speedily, their sermons and their protests will be uttered after the castle is taken.

There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished; and it is becoming a practical question whether we, who received a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers, shall have piety and pluck enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will.

MUSCLE CONSECRATED.

THERE is just now an attempt at the glorification of muscle. The man who can row the swiftest, or strike a ball the farthest, or drop the strongest wrestler, is coming to be of more importance. Strong muscle is a grand thing to have, but everything depends on how you use it. If Sullivan should become a Christian he would make a capital professor in Polemic Theology. If the Yale or Cornell student shall come in from the boat race and apply his athletic strength to rowing the world out of the breakers, we say: "All hail" to him. The more physical force a man has the better; but if Samson finds nothing more useful to do than carrying off gate-posts, his strong muscle is only a nuisance.

By all means let us culture physical energy, let there be more gymnasiums in our colleges and theological seminaries. Let the student know how to wield oar and bat, and in good boyish wrestle see who is the strongest. The health of mental and spiritual work often depends on physical health. If we were not opposed to betting, we would lay a wager that we can tell, from the book column in any of the newspapers or magazines of the land, the condition of each critic's liver and spleen at the time of his writing. A very prominent literary man apologized to us for his merciless attack on one of our books, saying that he felt miserable that morning and must pitch into something, and our book being the first one on the table he pitched into that. Our health decides our style of work. If this world is to be taken for God, we want more sanctified muscle. The man who comes to his Christian work having had sound sleep the night before, and the result of roast beef in his organism, can do almost anything. Luther was not obliged to nurse his appetite with any strengthening tonic, but was ready for the coarsest diet, even the "Diet of Worms."

But while we advocate all sports, and exercises, and modes of life that improve the physi-

cal organism, we have no respect for bone, nerve, and muscle, in the abstract. Health is a fine harp, but we want to know what tune are going to play on it. We have not one day to put on the grave of a dead pugilist or a boat-racer, but all the garlands we can get for the tomb of the man who serves God, though he be as physically weak as Richard Baxter, whose ailments were almost as many as his books and they numbered forty.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Chinese Guild organized in New York, by Greer, Rector of the Church of St. Bartholomew, of which account appeared in a recent number of this journal, now has a membership of 465.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York, on Nov. 4, Mr. Lemuel W. Serrell delivered a lecture on "The Harmony of Science and Christianity."

Three Christian Endeavor Societies have been organized in Brisbane, Queensland. Rev. W. Scott saw the benefits of the work in this country, introduced it into a church in England, and has now planted it in Brisbane.

Mrs. Ada B. Cole, wife of Rev. H. M. Cole, past the Congregational Church of Lamar, Mo., filled her husband's pulpit, and took entire charge of the work for a month while her husband was on a business trip East.

A Belgian shipping paper states that a steamer bound for the west coast of Africa had on board fourteen missionaries, 460 tons of gunpowder, eleven cases of and 1,000 casks of rum.

The King of Samoa has recently issued a proclamation prohibiting under severe penalties any native from drinking, bartering, or giving spirituous liquors for use by any native.

Evangelist H. W. Brown, of Chicago, is holding revival meetings in Dayton, Ohio. The Linden Avenue Baptist Church in which they are held, has been the scene of wonderful awakening, and large numbers of people have made a profession of faith.

We are asked to remind our readers that on Nov. 10 the annual Convention of Christian Workers of the United States and Canada, will be held at Hartford, Conn. Full particulars may be obtained of Rev. C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

Rev. Dr. Pond says, that in seventeen years the foreign Chinese Mission has enrolled fully eight hundred converts, that nearly one-third of the members of any Church are Chinamen, and that they are as Christians as can be found anywhere.

The non-partisan National Women's Christian Temperance Union has issued a call for a national convention, to be held at Allegheny City, Pa., Nov. 10. Full particulars may be obtained from Mrs. H. C. C. Bell, Sandusky Street, Allegheny City, Pa.

In a communication to the *Leebury Commercial Florida*, a correspondent gratefully acknowledges spiritual benefits received while on a voyage to that port on the *Iroquois* of the Clyde line of steamers, from commander, Captain Pennington, whose achievement in bringing his ship safely into port in spite of the fiercest head wind, was mentioned recently in these columns.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., were densely crowded last week. The Music Hall in which the meetings were held could not contain nearly all who sought admission. Mr. Sankey, whose voice seems to have recovered its former power, was assisted in the musical part of the services by a member of a Buffalo choir.

Meetings held in Gloucester, Mass., by Dr. L. Munhall, during the past four weeks have been blessed. About five hundred persons have made a profession of faith. Many of these are young people of the Sunday Schools. From Gloucester, Dr. Munhall went to New Haven, Conn., where he preached in the First Baptist Church. He also gave an address to students of Yale College in Dwight Hall.

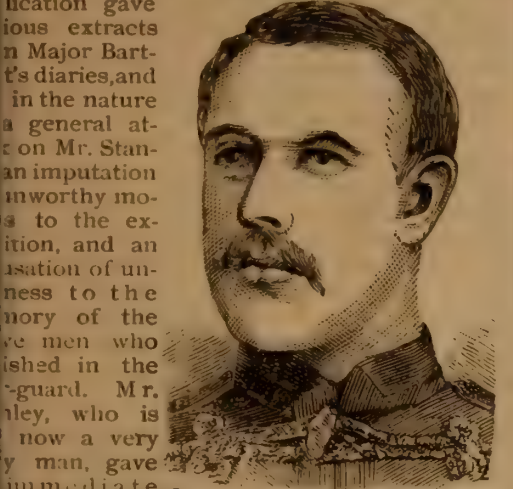
The New York State Societies of Christian Endeavor held their fifth annual convention at Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Over 1,300 delegates were present. The report stated that the districts of the State had been increased during the past year from 27 to 50: these contain 1,203 societies. Of these, 396 are affiliated Presbyterian churches, 286 with Baptist, and 120 Congregational. During the year 5,327 conversions were reported.

Bishop H. C. Riley will give four free lectures on Mexico and Central America, and show his stereopticon views on Nov. 3-6, in the Methodist Protestant Church on Fourth Street, corner of South Third Street, Brooklyn. Last week he delivered these lectures in the Congregational Church, Newark, N. J., to large and delighted audiences. The collections taken up at these meetings are in aid of the schools and Christian work which the Bishop is carrying on in Mexico.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ley's Ill fated Rear-Guard—Holland's King to Abdicate—A "Sugar Palace"—An Indian Messiah—Belfour's Ash Tour—A Memorial to the Arctic Heroes of 1881—An Ocean Horror off Barnegat.

Two Continents Have Been Stirred Up by the publication of a book by the brother of Major Barttelot, who commanded the ill-fated rear-guard in the Stanley expedition. The publication gave various extracts from Major Barttelot's diaries, and in the nature of a general attack on Mr. Stanley, an imputation of unworthy motives to the expedition, and an accusation of unfitness to the glory of the brave men who perished in the rear-guard. Mr. Stanley, who is now a very young man, gave immediate notice of the attack, but when it was followed up by statements from Lieutenant Troup, now in the country, and by others, the leader broke silence. Stanley says his orders to the rear-guard were disobeyed; the column was a disorganized mob. It was not immorality that led them to die as they did, but there were horrors yet to be revealed. He had seen men whose bodies were alive with maggots. They died in pairs, en route and in canoes. They allowed themselves to be deprived of rations, and medicines by Barttelot, who, being in command, was responsible for all that went wrong. Mr. Stanley stated that Barttelot's temper was the cause of his own death at the hands of a Manyema, named Sanga, who shot him when he heard Barttelot beating his (Sanga's) wife for making a noise with a drum. Lieutenant Baert, who was Tippoos Tib's secretary at the time, sets out Stanley's estimate of Barttelot's unmanageable temper, which resulted in estranging his own officers, and in exciting the anger of the blacks. At no time has Stanley ever impeached Barttelot's courage, although he blames the disaster to his command at Yambuya. Mr. Barttelot's portrait is given above.



An Indian Messiah is confidently expected the Sioux in the coming spring. Their "medicine men" have worked the tribe up to a high degree of excitement, and the Government agents are fearful of a serious outbreak as the result of the present craze. The story told to these credulous red men is, that the Great Spirit will shortly put an end to the domination of the whites over them; that all the Indians will return to earth, to swell the numbers of the living and assist in repelling the usurper; that they will bring back with them from the spirit-land great herds of buffalo and wild horses for the warriors; that powder and bullets will not prevail against the men in the coming warfare, and that that the whites will be snowed over for thirty days, all whites being frozen to death, except a few who will become fishes. Sitting Bull is the center in the new absurdity, which is believed to be simply a shrewd plan to stir up an Indian outbreak on a large scale in the spring.

Terrible Tragedy of the Sea Occurred on Friday, October 30, when the Spanish steamer *Corvus Hargraves*, a coaling-schooner, off Barnegat, was sunk by a collision with the *Viscaya*. Five hours before the disaster, the *Viscaya* sailed from New York City, with sixteen passengers, and a full crew under the command of Captain Cunill, one of the most experienced officers in the employ of the American branch of the *Compania Transatlantica*, bound to Havana and other West Indian ports. At seven o'clock, while the passengers were enjoying themselves in the cabin after supper, a frightful crash was heard. Owing to the spread of the steamer's foresail, the lookout had failed to see a big, black-hulled coaling-schooner coming at full speed and with all sails set, free before the wind and straight for the *Viscaya*. Suddenly, like a black ghost, her bow loomed up, and then came a crash, followed by another, and in an instant water poured into the steamer from a great gap opened on her starboard side by the bows of the collier, impelled by the battering force of 2,000 tons of coal. The Captain of the steamer, who was on the bridge at the time, was killed by the schooner's bowsprit, which nearly cut the *Viscaya* in halves. The collier's bows were torn open and her cargo of coal began to slide into the sea. The crew of the steamer were panic-stricken and her fear-smitten passengers swarmed the deck. There was no one to command. An attempt was made to launch the lifeboats, but before they could be loosened from the davits, the vessel began to settle. Seven minutes from the time of the collision, all save her top-rigging had disappeared. The collier had also sunk, but her rigging, too, was above water. To the masts of both vessels and to such spars as floated about clung scores of unfortunates, all through the terrible night. The women and children sank one by one, chilled and unable to hold on, although supported bravely by the men. By daybreak all but twelve men, who still clung to the rigging of the *Viscaya*, had disappeared. These were rescued by the steamer *Humboldt* which sighted them nearly twelve hours after the disaster, and brought them in safety to New York. The saved were, the first officer, engineer and several of the crew of the steamer. All the passengers perished, among them being two very wealthy Cuban merchants, one, Juan Pedro being a well-known millionaire. Another was Senor Calvo who, with his wife, daughter and maid, all went down together. Ten of the crew of the *Hargraves* and seven more of the crew of the *Viscaya* were picked up by the tug *Hercules*, and taken in safety to Lewes, Del. Seventy-four persons are believed to have perished. Barnegat, off which the collision occurred, is on the New Jersey coast, about half-way between Sandy Hook and Cape May, and only a half day's sail from New York.

The Sugar Palace at the Grand Island, Neb., Sugar Exposition (a picture of which is given below), is by no means the airy, delicate, and saccharine structure to imply. It is a massive pile of granite, the base being thirty-two feet long, twelve feet wide, and ten feet high, built of irregularly shaped pieces, and resembling as far as possible, the memorial of stone erected on the bank of the Lena by the rescuers who came all too late. The upper portion is of white marble. At the foot of the cross, which rises from the base, rests a bronze anchor. On each side of the monument are tablets bearing the names of the dead heroes. The men and officers of the United States Navy contributed the fund for the memorial.



in this country in the sugar industry, showing that our beet-root product possesses the largest average of saccharine matter of any similar product in the world. It has been shown that Nebraska beet-root is the best raised in any western State. State pride and enterprise have made the Sugar Palace Exposition one of the notable landmarks of progress in 1890.

Professor Koch, the distinguished German scientist, has made still further and more remarkable progress in his cure for consumption, and medical circles abroad are greatly excited over his recent experiments. He has discovered that the application of metallic salts in the preparation of the inoculating lymph, kills the consumption bacillus. The lymph is prepared by a long and extremely difficult process, and is not expected to be efficacious in advanced stages of the disease. Prof. Leyden and the Berlin Medical Society are actively interested in the experiments, which are conducted in the Charity Hospital in that city, and which go far to demonstrate that science has found means to combat the deadliest disease of the century.

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An Example of Remarkable Courage, if not of patriotism, is afforded by Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who is now making a tour of the western counties of that country, for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the truth of the stories of famine and suffering. He had been so bitterly criticised for his official course that, when he decided to start on the tour, his friends were alarmed for his safety. The result has proved, however, that he had chosen wisely. He has been everywhere courteously treated and was deeply impressed with the forlorn and wretched condition of the peasants, and with the prospects of famine. In many districts, he found them housed in hovels and literally starving by inches. One result of Mr. Balfour's tour (his portrait is given above), will probably be to introduce important relief legislation in Parliament.



The Old World Budget for the Week is full of interest. Mr. Gladstone has punctured the bugaboo about the American Tariff, as far as its deadly effect on British industries is concerned, in a speech at Dundee. Whatever benefit, Britain lost in the American market it would more than gain in other markets. A very serious revolt of peasants in Southern Russia has occurred, as the natural result of the brutal enforcement of the conscription laws. A strong force of troops has been sent to suppress it. Hungarian brigands have robbed and murdered a whole family at a railway station, at Lachaza, near Pesth. A movement has been started to give a salary to English members of Parliament of \$1,500 a year. The African town of Vitu has been burned by the crew of the British warship, *Boadicea*, and its inhabitants killed or dispersed, in retaliation for the massacre of a number of Germans by the natives some time ago.

The Poor, Old King of Holland, has Occupied his throne for several years past by the good-natured toleration of his subjects alone. At different times they have seriously thought of declaring him incapacitated, but consideration for his imperial consent, Queen Emma, who is very popular, restrained them. Now, however, they have decided that William III. is unfitted for the duties of government. The heir to the throne is a ten-year-old daughter by a second marriage. Queen Emma will meanwhile rule as regent. Temporarily affairs are being administered by the Council of State.

De Long and His Brave Fellows, who Perished in the Lena Delta, during the unfortunate *Jeannette* expedition of 1881, have been remembered by a monument erected in the Naval Academy of Annapolis, and which was unveiled on Thursday last, with appropriate ceremonies. It is a massive pile of granite, the base being thirty-two feet long, twelve feet wide, and ten feet high, built of irregularly shaped pieces, and resembling as far as possible, the memorial of stone erected on the bank of the Lena by the rescuers who came all too late. The upper portion is of white marble. At the foot of the cross, which rises from the base, rests a bronze anchor. On each side of the monument are tablets bearing the names of the dead heroes. The men and officers of the United States Navy contributed the fund for the memorial.

THE COST OF RANSOM.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Chapter of Comfort—Encouraging Promises—I. The Lord's Declaration of His Name—Jehovah the Self-Existent—The Holy One, the Saviour—Working Out Perfect Holiness in Believers—II. His Estimate of His People—The Literal Gift of Other Nations—The Gift of His Son—Of the Holy Spirit—III. The Outcome—God's People Secure—Made Honorable—Will Surely be Gathered—Ought to Help in His Work.

"I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." Isaiah 43: 3.

IN this chapter, the Lord comforts His people. By His divine foresight He perceives that there are great and varied trials a little way ahead, and therefore He prepares them for the ordeal. They are to go through rushing waters and flaming fires; and He kindly bids them not to be afraid. How often in God's Word do we read those tender, gracious words, "Fear not!" To encourage His people to rise superior to their fears, the gracious God goes on to issue matchless promises: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." The Lord proceeds, after giving those promises, to set before them what He Himself is, and what He has done for them, and what they are to Him. He is speaking of course, to Israel; and He says of Israel, His chosen nation, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." What cause for fear now remains? All believers are of

The True Israel.

Though after the flesh Abraham be ignorant of us, and Sarah acknowledge us not, yet are we the true seed of him who was the father of believers. The literal Israel was the type of those who by faith are born again according to promise. To these heirs according to promise the Lord saith, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee."

If you are a believer in Christ, you are of the true Israel. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God;" and being born of God, you are of the family of His love, you are heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ. If you are not believers in Him, what can I preach to you that can comfort you? The unbelieving, living and dying such, have no portion in the covenant of grace. If this day you become believers, you have, in that faith, the token and mark of the divine choice, and you assuredly belong to the Israel of God. Every heavenly blessing which God promises to Israel belongs to you who are in Christ Jesus, and so are in union with the promised seed.

I. First, I pray you, hearken to

The Lord's Declaration

of His own name. He says, "I am Jehovah thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." He gives His name thus at large to distinguish Himself from the false gods. Other things there were, which men called gods, and these had names; though, indeed, they had no being, but were the creatures of man's imagination and fear. God, the living God, the Creator of the heavens, and the earth, sets forth His own name and title, that there may be no mistake as to who He is. There is something in every name of God which may breed faith in our souls. Whether we know Him as Jehovah, Elohim, Shaddai, or Lord, or by whatsoever other name He has been pleased to manifest Himself, that title becomes the ground of our confidence, and is the means of fostering faith in His people's minds, when they come to understand its meaning.

Let us devoutly think of each of these names separately. First, the Lord speaks of Himself as "Jehovah, thy God." I need not tell you that where you see Lord in capitals, it should be Jehovah. Jehovah: "the God of the whole earth shall He be called." His kingdom ruleth over all: there is universality. But He calls Himself "Thy God": there is speciality. The goodness of God, surrounds all the creatures

He has made; but there is love which is peculiar to His own. To all the nations of the earth He was the only Lord and God; but yet He said of Israel, "You only have I known, of all the families of the earth." Thus, the one ever glorious Jehovah, while He is God unto the ends of the earth, is Israel's God in a sense in which He is not the God of Assyria, or Persia, or Egypt, or Ethiopia: He has made Himself over to His own people, saying, "I will be their God."

Jehovah, the glorious I AM, signifies self-existence. He borrows nothing from others; indeed, in a sense, there are no others apart from Him, since all live by His permit and power, He is as complete without His creatures as with them. When there were no heavens, no earth, no twinkling star, nor flying seraph, He was as truly God, and as complete within Himself, as He is now that He has made creatures innumerable. Yet, though He be thus

All-sufficient,

self-sufficient, and self-existent, still He deigns to link Himself with our nothingness, and call Himself "Jehovah, thy God."

Jehovah, again, is a name which means immutability. "I AM that I AM," was His name to Moses. God always is in the present. To Him there is no past or future.

*"He fills His own eternal now,
And sees our ages pass."*

This unchanging One here declares Himself to be the God of beings who are but of yesterday, and full of change. Yes, great Lord, thou wast my God when first my pulse began to beat; thou didst care for me when I lay upon my mother's lap. Thou hast watched over me when, in youthful days, I foolishly wandered; thou has called me back, and taught me to lay my finger in the print of my Saviour's wounds, and say, "My Lord, and my God." Yes, Jehovah has been our God—"The same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He never changes nor ceases as to His love to us. He cannot love us more; He will not love us less.

Now comes a second

Combination of Titles—

"The Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." It may not have struck you before; but what a New Testament combination this is—"The Holy One, thy Saviour"! It reminds us of the words—"Just, and the justifier of him that believeth." Here we have one so holy as to be separate from sinners, and yet the Saviour of sinners. "Holy, Holy, Holy," is the ascription which is justly due to Him; and yet He passes by iniquity, transgression and sin. "The Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," it is a commingling of attributes which only the cross can explain. Herein is a world of comfort. God's holiness appears to look dark and black upon a sinner; but when he believes in Jesus this attribute of holiness smiles upon him. Is God holy? Then He will never break His promise. If He declares men to be justified through faith in Christ then depend upon it, they are justified; He will not run back from the compact of His grace. Having exacted at the hand of our great Surety that which vindicates His justice, He makes that justice the guarantee that He will no more be wroth with His people.

Since "The Holy One of Israel" is our Saviour, we are confident that He

Will Save us From all Sin.

He has already saved us from the penalty and the defilement of sin, He will also save us from the disease of sin, that is to say, our tendency to evil. "They shall call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." The Lord will save believers from all inclination to evil. We shall be saved not only from sins committed, but from indwelling sin, from original sin, from the corrupt tendencies of our nature. "The Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," will save us until we become holy as God is holy; or as our Lord Jesus worded it, "Perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." My brethren, aspire to this salvation! Let this blessed name of God, "the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," encourage you to be-

lieve that you shall yet be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Remember also that this Holy Lord is working upon you still, that you may reflect His glory. He says in the seventh verse, "I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him." He has begun our new creation, He is carrying it on, and He is completing it. There is a new character forming in believers by God's own hand: a character which will be the image of the Lord Jesus. If I am a believer, despite depravities of nature, temptations from the world, and assaults from Satan, I must be, I shall be, perfectly transformed into the image of the Lord Jesus.

II. Secondly, let us note

The Lord's Estimate of His People.

Whatever we may think of the Israel of God, the Lord thinks more of it than words can express. He says, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." Let us turn that over in our minds. When the Lord chose a nation to be the depository of His sacred oracles, He might have selected Egypt, if He had willed to do so. Egypt was in the known world, the oldest nation, it was hoary with antiquity. Egypt contained the wisest and most civilized people of early times. Its very ruins are the wonder of the ages. Its records show an extraordinary progress in literature, architecture, and the arts and sciences. Egypt was also the most powerful of empires in the olden times. Before the banners of Assyria, and Babylon, and Medo-Persia came to the front, the dragon of Egypt was a mighty ensign. Yet the Lord chose the seed of Abraham, and the family of Jacob: He multiplied them, and instructed them, and made them to be His own peculiar people. In this sense He could say, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee."

Thus the Lord did of old on the behalf of His literal Israel; and what does this fact say to us? It means this—God's chosen are immeasurably precious in His sight. If I understand God's great project, it was on this wise: He had formed matter into a thousand marvellous shapes, and He had then created vegetable life in infinite variety and beauty. To this He had added animal life in all its differing degrees of intelligence; and then He made angels, who are pure spirit. These several creations He would link together,

Blending Matter and Mind,

the animal and the spiritual; therefore He resolved that He would make a being that should be nearer to Him than the angels, and yet should be akin to the rest of the universe, down even to the mere materialism of which its body should be composed. His Son was in His thought! Immanuel, God-with-man. He resolved that the eternal Son should be incarnate, should be the Adam of a chosen race, "the first-born among many brethren"; and that these brethren should be His Son's joy, and crown, and delight forever. The Word made flesh was to be the model and pattern for a generation of beloved ones, who should be "a kind of firstfruits of His creatures." These favored beings would be of earth, and yet of heaven, brothers to the worm, and yet partakers of the divine nature; lifted up into alliance with the Godhead through Jesus Christ, their representative, who is both God and man. This wonderful conception I can but dimly set before you.

This design would be costly, even to Jehovah himself. To carry out this purpose, men having fallen, must be

Redeemed by Blood.

The Lord gave Ethiopia and Seba for his people, but this was little. Would He give His only begotten Son? The ever-blessed Son of the Father was more precious than Egypt multiplied beyond all count; and Ethiopia and Seba were as nothing to His value. Would the Lord give His own Son? Yes, to carry out His divine resolve of magnifying Himself in the salvation of guilty men, He spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all. O miracle of miracles! Love beyond degree!

But even then men could not be saved unless

Holy Ghost, another blessed Person of the Three, should condescend to come and live in human flesh for thirty years; or the Holy Ghost to abide in our human form for thousands of years is an equal marvel. The indwelling of the Holy Ghost is true, the further miracle of love has been perfected in whom the Spirit abides. This is far more than giving Egypt for our ransom. God Himself to save unworthy man.

And now, beloved, shall He not with the Jesus also give us all things? Is anything too dear for God to make a sacrifice of it? Is there anything in heaven or earth, or even in the sphere of imagination, that God will not give for the accomplishment of purposes of grace to His people? Believers, do you now how great you are? Do you know, men and women saved by grace, what you are and where you are? If you did, I think you would begin to shout "Hallelujah!" and I never come to an end.

And now we shall close with a brief meditation. Let us consider

The Outcome

Is. If it be so, that the glorious God has made of a truth loved us, His people, and paid us at a mighty price, then see how secure we people are! I will not say anything upon the head, but the Lord Himself shall speak. It is not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When I pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the heat kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I have redeemed thee from Egypt, from Ethiopia and Seba. He has given so much for us that we will not now lose us. He values us too highly to let His enemy carry us away. Beloved, how secure they must be who are priceless in the esteem of God!

Next, the honor which God puts upon us. It follows upon the text, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. Thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable." God has put us poor sinners among His honorables. I know one who, in her inverted state, had fallen into sad sin, and remembrance thereof was painful; but the Lord removed the shame by laying home to her these gracious words, "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable." Oh, yes! the woman who was a sinner, washed our Saviour's feet with tears, and dried them with her hair, was honorable to her Lord. The thief on the cross, gibbeted though he was, was honorable before Him who is the fountain of honor. He was a peer of the realm, and in with Jesus into the palace; for his Lord said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Our ascending Lord entered paradise with this thief as His attendant. The Lord is the way of transforming

Dishonorable Into Honorables.

Again, from the high estimate which the Lord puts upon His people we conclude the dignity of the Lord's gathering together all His people. This is set forth from the fifth to the twentieth verses, "I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather them from the west"; and again, "This encourages me to preach with my might; for the Lord has a people whom He must and will gather to Himself. He bids His angels act as His servants in this matter. I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, my daughters from the ends of the earth." They may be up to their necks in the bogs of sin. But they are to be brought home, for the Lord will not lose His sons and daughters. When I come to preach in this great house, I will say within my heart, "Lord, thou hast much love in this city. I will seek for them. This love thou has bought for thyself, at an exceeding great price, and I would find them for thee." A controversialist once said, "If I

thought God had a chosen people, I should not preach." That is the very reason why I do preach. What would make him inactive is the mainspring of my earnestness. If the Lord had not a people to be saved, I should have little to cheer me in my ministry. Other sheep He has, whom He must bring in, and my hope is that He will bring some of them in by me. Beloved, God has a people everywhere, and we are sent to draw them to Him with

The Powerful Magnet

of the cross. This finds them out amid the ashes, even as Jesus said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." We preach Christ crucified, and, "to Him shall the gathering of the people be."

Here is another little bit for meditation. If God has determined to glorify Himself by us and in us, let us be in one accord with Him. Oh, that we could live wholly to His glory! Not only let us speak sometimes to His praise, but let us always be making known the exceeding riches of His grace. If we knew how much God loved us, we should love Him much more in return, and we should give much more to His cause and to His poor than we do. We are stewards, and not owners; and the least hint should set us inquiring as to what is needed in our Master's house. We should not need exhorting, much less to be begged of: we should be always crying to the Lord, "Show me what thou wouldst have me to do." He is Jehovah our God, the Holy One of Israel, who hath redeemed us at

A Measureless Price,

and the least we can do is by loving, cheerful working, patient suffering, and spontaneous giving, to show what we think of our Lord. If we are the sons of Jehovah, our joy, our hope, our recreation, our object in life, will all be among high and eternal things. Our affections are set upon things above, not on things on the earth. Try to live up to your destiny, ye heirs of God. May God the Holy Ghost help you!

What love we ought to bear to God! Does God give up Egypt for us, and shall not we give up the riches of Egypt for Him? Shall we go down to Egypt for help when God has already given up Egypt that He might help us? If we could have all the wealth of Ethiopia and Seba, what would it be in comparison with our Lord? Wherefore, let us love Him supremely, and count all things but loss for the excellency of His knowledge. Beloved, we must love Him: we do love Him. How can it be otherwise? "The love of Christ constraineth us." Madame Guion wrote of "torrents." Divine love, if truly felt, is a torrent, sweeping all before it, like that ancient river Kishon. Oh, for those torrents now!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Royal Sentinel.*

IT is said that the young German Emperor, wishing to know the experience of a common soldier on guard, put himself on duty for twenty-four hours in an extemporized guard-room in the garden at Potsdam, and stood sentry during the four spells of two hours each. He wore the uniform of a private soldier, carried a rifle, and ate of the soldier's simple fare. If the story is true I honor him for it. What many of our young men of the present day sadly want is to "endure hardness." They are in danger of taking things too easily. They wish to shirk real, solid work. Why, what is this I see in the morning paper? A young man advertises for "a light situation." I am ashamed of him! Remember, sirs, you have to work; be it with brawn or brain, you must work; whether you handle a pick-axe or a quill pen, whether you drive a wheel-barrow or edit a journal, success will be contingent on downright honest work. It is this that gives you appetite for your meals,

*From *A Good Start*. A book for young men. By Rev. J. Thain Davidson, D.D. All who have read any of Dr. Davidson's works will know the character of this, though they will have to read it to know its superior excellence. It is full of good advice and sanctified common-sense. A more valuable gift to a young man about to enter the business of life it would be hard to find. Pp. 283. Price \$1.25. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

and enjoyment of your night's rest, and full appreciation of your occasional holiday. There are young men who are never willing to endure any kind of hardness; but the world is not proud of them; they are born to be mere nobodies. Find out what your appropriate task is, and then off with your coat, and buckle to it with all the vigor you possess.

The Test of Amusements.

There are few things that occasion more perplexity to a certain class of well-disposed persons of both sexes, than the question how far they may, without sin, enter into the pleasures of the world. Some time ago the representative of a society of young men wrote me requesting an answer to this question: "How far may a young man, who is trying to lead a godly life, join in athletic sports and recreations?" My reply was to the following effect:—Generally every recreation is to be avoided by Christian young men, which (1), naturally leads them into evil or doubtful company; or (2), tends to produce reaction, either in the form of mental depression, or physical lassitude; or (3), is in any way associated with betting or gambling; or (4), disinclines or unfits for religious duties. I believe you may apply this four-fold test as rigidly as you like, it still leaves a wide range of out-door and in-door recreations and amusements, sufficient to satisfy the most high-spirited youth, and brace him up for his daily toil.

Luther's Missile.

I have seen a great deal of good done by private correspondence. Your brother John is careless about religion; your cousin William is getting into bad company; the next time you write, say something very pointed and kind; it may make more impression than anything he hears from the pulpit. If any of you ever visited the castle of Wartburg, you have doubtless been shown a great blotch upon the wall, which they tell you was made in this way: When Martin Luther was in this retired spot, he was so haunted by the devil, that at last, in a fit of righteous indignation, he took up his ink-pot and hurled it at the imagined figure which he took to be his adversary. The pot broke upon the wall, leaving an ugly splash behind; but the devil vanished, and troubled him in that fashion no more. I will not guarantee this story to be literally true; but I am pretty sure of this, *that a well-administered pot of ink has often put the devil to flight.*

The Methodist's Encomium.

Dr. Levi was Professor of Commercial Law in King's College, and the highest existing authority upon Statistical Science and International Jurisprudence. During nearly forty years it was my privilege to enjoy his intimate acquaintanceship, to mark his steady progress from obscurity to fame, and to admire, not only his intellectual gifts, but the modesty and simplicity of his character, especially as it was moulded by genuine piety. Like Hiram, he belonged in his youth to another nation and another religion; and like him, he steadily rose by dint of quiet energy and perseverance, till he occupied a high step of the ladder, and was received by potentates and princes. The enemy of all sham and pretence, he built up a European reputation on a basis of solid work and worth, and he was not without his reward. That was a red letter day when to his plain lodging there came a summons from the late Prince Consort to attend at Windsor Castle, and receive a royal acknowledgment of his work on international law. His fellow-boarders, he tells us, were a tall, lean Methodist minister, an Episcopal curate, small and very infirm, and one or two commercial travellers. When the day arrived for his going to Windsor, every one of them waited to see him off, each offering whatever service he could render; the good landlady and her servants adding to the group. When all was ready and the cab was at the door, the tall, Methodist minister, waving his hat, shouted out as the vehicle drove off, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." It



Bedouins at Supper Outside the Family Tent. (See page 708.)

may not be the destiny of any of you to be summoned before a monarch, but I trust that a yet nobler dignity is in store for you, even to stand before the King of kings in glory.

A MISQUOTED TEXT.

MANY preachers, in treating the text: "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," fall into the error of reading the passage, as if it were, "Thou persuadest me to be almost a Christian," which is manifestly the wrong way of regarding it. Agrippa was as far from being a Christian when he said the words, as he had ever been. The difference was aptly illustrated by the plain farmer who on Sundays was wont to talk with his neighbors from the pulpits of neighboring churches. Said he: "When I am at the market and see a cow I should like to buy, I say to the man who has her for sale, what will you take for that cow? He says, thirty dollars. I say no; but I will give you twenty-five dollars for the cow. He says, I won't sell her for less than thirty, and I won't give him more than twenty-five. We both continue in the same mind, and I am as far from buying the cow and my neighbor from selling her, as though nothing had been said about the matter. I don't almost buy the cow, and she is never almost my cow. Mere talking about becoming a Christian is as far from becoming one, as heaven is remote from hell."

A MISSIONARY'S PERIL IN FIJI.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most remarkable triumphs of Christianity which this century has witnessed is that to be seen in the Fiji Islands. There was no darker or more barbarous spot on the earth at the beginning of the century than Fiji; now, there is no place in the sphere of foreign missions where there are so many real Christians in proportion to the population. The story of the change is beautifully told in a book recently published—*the Life of Rev. James Calvert*—a man who not only personally witnessed the transformation, but worked zealously and fearlessly to promote it. Among the incidents recorded, is one that forms the subject

of the illustration on page 717. It describes a season of dire peril to the good missionary's life. Mr. Calvert says:

"As I proceeded up to my knees in water towards the shore, many persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me in two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted, to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near, with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled, but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death for them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognized, and hoped he was friendly. He took hold of me, recognizing me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them, and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamored for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me; but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged him not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labors in various ways, again and again, on their behalf. At length all consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up, and as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives. I refused to go, and persisted in walking toward the shore. As we still went on in the sea they commenced their death song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that this might increase their rage, and desired them to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood

still, and entreated them to desist. After short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed to their own town.

"During the whole of the attack on me the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed to dispute with them, and protest against the taking of my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my Help and my Deliverer."

REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

The Brilliant Preacher and Writer Stricken Down in the Midst of his Usefulness.

THE many friends in this country of Mr. J. Jackson Wray, will regret to learn that intelligence has been received of his very serious illness. He was stricken down suddenly at the close of a lecture he had been delivering, in aid of the fund for rebuilding his church. Prayers were offered for his recovery in the London churches, and it is earnestly hoped that his useful life may yet be spared. Mr. Wray, whose portrait is given on page 717, is fifty-eight years of age. For some years after the completion of his education he taught school in Yorkshire, England. Desiring more direct Christian work, he went to Africa where he presided over a school at Sierra Leone, for the training of native preachers. He toiled in that fatal climate until his health broke down, and he was compelled to seek renovation in his native air. As he recovered strength he began to preach and the Lord blessed his labors. The chapel in which the renowned George Whitefield once labored, was then without a pastor, and Mr. Wray was invited to fill its pulpit. He accepted, and within a year the historic edifice which was almost deserted, was filled with worshippers. After twelve years, labor there, the old church building showed signs of decay. It became altogether unsafe, and Mr. Wray and his church decided to pull it down and rebuild it. The work of collecting funds in the present depressed condition of business in England has been very arduous. But Mr. Wray labored with indefatigable zeal. With a se-

otion worthy imitation he actually earned large part of the money needed, by writing and writing stories. Indeed, he intimated that his present illness had been caused by untiring exertions in this undertaking. Mr. Wray had been a valued contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Several of his stories, pure, elevating, deeply interesting, have already appeared in these columns, and the one now running under the title *Old Crusty's Niece* is from his pen. We are sure Mr. Wray will receive the sincere, prayerful sympathy of many of our readers in his affliction.

Expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 702.)

AFTER parting with his chief stockman, Richard Mansford strolled off, thoughtfully, in an opposite direction to that taken by Donald McLean. As he passed along a certain hollow between two hills, where a fuzzy little brooklet ran chafing and rippling beneath the shadow of giant firs, his attention was arrested by a peculiar shining among the roots of a tree, from which the current had washed away the soil. Was that part of the soil of which he had just been speaking? He was about to turn aside to see, when his keen eye detected an unusual sound among the pine needles that clothed the slope above him. Lifting his eyes thitherward, he encountered the gaze of a stranger, wearing the well-known convict's dress. The gaze grew instantly intenser; he himself was sensible of a feeling of surprise, but at that moment the stranger disappeared, making a rustling among the brushwood, as he swiftly fled away. There was something in the convict's face that reminded Richard of a face he had not looked on in many years—the face of a brother who had robbed him of his bride. He had said that Richard Mansford was a brave man; I have intimated also that he was a man of peace, on the whole, was at peace with his conscience and his God; but he could not help a sensation of fear and dread, a sort of foreboding coming ill. He thought was borne in upon him that the tenor of his life on the Ooramarra was about to be rudely broken. He found himself wondering how Anice was getting on, and how his successful rival treated her. From all this it will be seen that, however fresh and green the memories of that sad event might be which had sent him half round the world, the grudge, the wrath, the sense of bitterness had largely died away. All that was best and kindest in Richard Mansford was mellowed and developed by time and the influence of Christ's religion. "Poor Rupe!" he said aloud, and gave much for a grip of your hand." The sound of his own voice startled him from reverie. Then he was aware of the presence of a companion. Close behind him, nay, at his elbow now, was a stranger. "Oh, no, Mr. Dick!" said the man, with a smile that yet had an unnamed misery in it—a grip of the hand is scarcely the thing you want now: is it? A grip on the throat would do you very much better, wouldn't it? And after all these years you won't refuse."



Fiji Savages Attacking a Missionary.

The man stretched forth his hand, a small, delicate, well-formed hand it was, almost like a woman's, and in the eyes of him some of his thing that



Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

bravado couldn't hide. "Why, who are you?" said Richard Mansford sternly, as a squatter might be expected to speak to a convict, but wonderingly and with a strange flutter at the heart. "Down there," said the man, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb towards the Ooramarra jail, "I was called No. 240. You knew me as Rupert Mansford of Hazelcroft—" "Oh heaven!" cried Richard Mansford, with an exceeding bitter cry, and in a moment the strong man reeled and sank to the ground. It was now the convict's turn to be alarmed. Kneeling by the side of the prostrate man, he loosed his neckerchief, and opened his shirt to let the cool air have access. He lifted him partially up, laid his head on his knee, and was at his wits' end to know what to do. To leave him to his fate never once entered the mind of the outcast, bad as he had become, and low as he had fallen. To go to Ooramarra farm, or to the creek, or to any more distant places for assistance was to ensure his own re-capture, and possibly enough, his death. For a long time he sat looking at the upturned face and at last saw the color coming to the cheek again. Placing his brother gently on the ground, Rupert Mansford went with all the speed he could to the brook, and filled his cap with water. Hastening back he found the

object of his anxiety seated on a projecting boulder. He was going toward him when his quick ear caught a sound ominous to him, and dropping his hat he crawled into the bushes.

Richard, meanwhile, was in the dazed condition of a person coming out of a faint and unable to realize what had deprived him of consciousness. He looked around and seeing no one thought that he had been seized with a fit of some kind, and while under its distorting influence, had seen the horrible vision which,

even now, had such a hold upon him that he covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the appalling sight.

When he came to the stream he bathed his hands and face in the clear waters, and then, refreshed and strengthened, proceeded on his way, resolved to say nothing to anyone of his strange experiences, but not without alarm as to the baneful effects of a possible repetition of such an attack upon his health.

At the door of his house he was met by a distant neighbor. Neighbors were distant in those days, for even squatters were few and far between. The arrival was a big, burly man, well booted and spurred, and in accordance with that eternal unfitness of things which seems to mark the nomenclature of places and people, was called Mr. Marcus Little.

He had just alighted from his horse, whose reeking flanks gave abundant evidence that its rider had travelled both fast and far.

"Hallo, Little!" said Richard, doing his best like the other Richard "to be himself again." "It's an unexpected pleasure to see you at Ooramarra."

In a hearty voice, which was quite as burly as his body, Mr. Marcus Little replied: "True, Mansford, very true; and I wish the neighbor had come on an errand of a more cheery sort. Have you seen or heard anything of the gentlemen of the bush, lately?"

"No," was the reply; "I was in hope that since the last gang was broken up, we shouldn't be troubled with that sort of vermin for some time to come."

"No such luck. Like other vermin they are a prolific breed; they are like wasps—if you kill one, twenty come to the funeral," replied Little.

"Are they out again?" asked Richard. "Worse than ever, I think," said Mr. Little. "This time they seem to have increased their numbers by an alliance with a squad of half-breeds. Fletcher's place at Wanaka has been broken into; so has Wilson's, at Manoora Bay, and not without blood-letting in both cases. This morning I received warning—and from a native, too, of all folks in the world—that they mean to 'stick up' my place to-morrow night; so I rode over to see if you would lend me a few of your fellows, that we may give 'em pepper when they come along."

"Certainly I will, and captain them myself," was Richard's reply. "But come in a little, and have some refreshment. Here Jack! look after the horse."

Nothing loth, the burly squatter followed his host into the spacious kitchen, saying, with a merry laugh, which showed that the impending attack on his homestead had not lowered his spirits. "Yes, I'll come in a little, big as I am; though I'm not likely to come out any less, however long I stay at your table. Ha, ha, ha!"

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Boston or St. Louis. MENTION PAGE

FACT SAVED THE SWEARER.

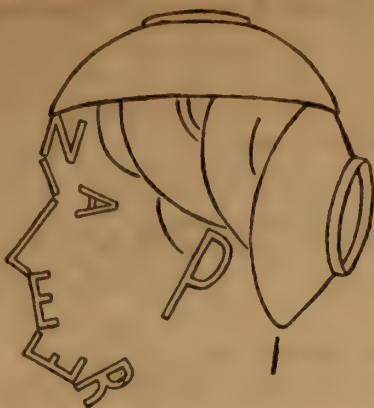
LEMAN while traveling in his car-England, purposely dropped some he rode along. A man passing contrary direction picked up one and had not proceeded far before another. He had not proceeded her when he spied a third, which and declared with an oath he take it up. Something, however, l his mind, and he turned about hat up also, when he found to his hat it was "The Swearers's Prayer," and while reading, it flash- tion on his guilty soul. He went at Whitby, where he heard the nd became a sincere Christian. e after this, coming again into the mood, where he had picked up he related what God had done for and on coming out of the place in y had been assembled, he beheld an riding past in his buggy, and ex- with emotions mingled with sur- joy, "See! see the gentleman who he tract that has been of such use

ER SPEEDILY ANSWERED.

nes Forbes states that in the High-Scotland, thewea ther one winter exceptionally severe, snow falling y that it reached to the roof, of all, one flat houses. One family shut up in this way for three or s. Their stock of provisions was e exhausted, and they did not e they were to obtain more, as it in death to venture out. The s gathered together and the father rnestly that God would send them as He had sent it to the children en the wilderness. While they were nees, there was a noise of some- ing. Starting up, they saw before anished eyes a very large hare d fallen down the chimney. It dily caught and with heartfelt God for His quick and merciful e their prayer, they prepared a al. "Call upon Me in the day of d I will deliver thee."

FINISHED HIM FOR HIS OATH.

time of the Reformation in Ger- the were many fierce opponents of of Christ. Among them was the Wurttemberg. He was specially inst the reformed followers of d lost no opportunity in persecu- Upon one occasion, when sitting in the town of Augsburg, with ther officers of the Emperor, the became the subject of conversa- the people were of one mind, that s should be swept from the face h with fire and sword. Wurtem- specially vehement, and swore e he died he would ride up to his he blood of the Lutherans. But e keep his oath. That same night a blood-vessel, from which he d is merciful and longsuffering, e comes when He must punish d, and close the mouths of the



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HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

"O Lord, open Thou my lips: and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."—Ps. 51: 15.

Have you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim:

He is listening; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth, Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? Ye who know and love His name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,

Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?'

'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!

'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow!

'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!

'Cannot!' though He stands beside you, though He says, 'Be not afraid!'

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,

Wait and weary for your message, hoping you will bid them 'Come';

Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door,

Longing for your hand to lead them into rest for evermore.

Yours may be the joy and honor His redeemed ones to bring,

Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.

Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,

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And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be:

In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above,

With Thy crimson name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name of Love.

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,

Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening 'little while.'

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And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy throne.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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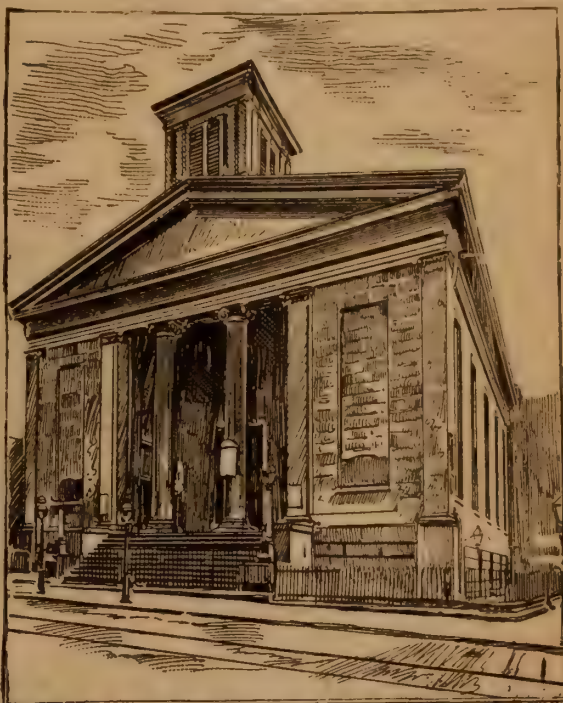
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GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK—REV. J. F. AND MRS. AVERY—THE MARINERS' TEMPLE—A GROUP OF SEAMEN.

OFF FOR NAZARETH.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1890, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Roads of Palestine—Christ's Weary Journeys—The Fatiguing Ascent of the Mount of Olives—The Last Look at Jerusalem—A Farewell to Sacred Scenes—The Scene of a Memorable Outrage—Awfully Avenged—Rizpah's Vigil—The Sad Watch of American Mothers—Mary's Search for her Boy—Missing American Boys—A Child Lost at a Preaching Service—The Children of Praying Parents to be Saved—A Robber Overcome by a Mother's Prayer—A Night at Bethel—The Hard Pillows of Famous Dreamers.

"So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north," Ezekiel 8: 5.

At one o'clock on a December afternoon, through Damascus Gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow, and Jacob's well with its immortal colloquy, and Nazareth with its Divine Boy in His father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed:

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee

The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In travelling along the roads of Palestine, I am impressed as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find Him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with Him into Jerusalem, very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally He walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ. We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is

Over the Mount of Olives,

and you will have to climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, before the railroad was laid, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and re-crossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Antony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads, and where there were no roads at all, Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus and, as our dragoman tells us that this

is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head towards the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time. On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieged armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we



DAMASCUS GATE OF JERUSALEM.

have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul, indescribable.

The Scene of a Tragedy.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages, mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at even-tide from his work in the fields, finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night, the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together, and surrounded the house and left the woman dead on the doorstep and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field, and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse to-day plants his foot, in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel

To Guard the Seven Corpses from beak of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day

sits on the ground in front of her tent, and a vulture begins to lower out of the noon sky seeking its prey among the gibbets, Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or sleep. But the step of a jackal among the leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, with the fury of a maniac, she rushes out on the rock crying. "Away! Away!" and then, aming the gibbets to see that they still bear their burden, returns again to her tent till the swooping wing from the midnight sky or the growling monster on the rock again wakes

The Tireless Watcher.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the thers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the

watching the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family dead and gibbeted upon the mountains? Go home, Rizpah! You are awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for them whom you can never bring back to your bosom. As I say that, Rizpah turns upon me and cries, "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. I might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I watch for those boys when they lay upon their breast in infancy and I am not going to forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle must drive back with my agonized cry. This is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our road in Palestine makes me think of? It is no usual scene. Right here in these three cases by the American sea-coast, there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum-saloon, that ar of hell, has

Gibbeted in a Living Death.

Boys hung in chains of habit they cannot break.



RIZPAH'S VIGIL.

when he comes staggering through the hall you say that young man is yet alive? No, dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family where he was reared. Dead to all the ambitions that once inspired him. Twice only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother watching him, watching him in the night. He has gone up to bed and fallen in

aken sleep, his mother will go up to his n and see that he is properly covered and re she turns out the light, will put a kiss n his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you o bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to I am Rizpah watching the slain!" nd what are the political parties of this try doing for such cases? They are taking ot to hurt the feelings of the jackals and buzzards that roost on the shelves of the p-shops, and hoot above the dead. I am oft-sked to what political party I belong, and I declare my opinion of

The Political Parties

-day. Each one is worse than the other, and only consolation in regard to them is, that have putrefied until they have no more er to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame e upon which Rizpah looked! She looked only seven of the slain. American herhood and American wifehood, this mot are looking upon seventy of the slain, bands of the slain. Woe! Woe! Woe! My consolation on this subject is that foreign talists are buying up the American brewer. The present owners see that the doom of business is coming, as surely as that God ot dead. They are unloading upon foreign talists, and when we can get these brewer- into the hands of people living on the other of the sea, our political parties will cease e afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their entions nominating presidential candidates put in their platform a plank as big as the est plank of the biggest ocean steamer, say- "Resolved unanimously that we always have , and always will be opposed to alcoholism." t I must spur on our Arab steed, and here come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the e where Joseph and

Mary Missed the Boy

s on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, g home now from a great national festival. here is my child, Jesus?" says Mary, "Where y child Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the sands that are returning from Jerusalem, thought that certainly He was walking on in rowd. They described Him, saying: "He is ve years old, and of light complexion and eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in he crowd: Nothing so stirs folks as the e that a child is lost. I shall not forget the e when in a great out-door meeting, I was hing and some one stepped on the plat- and said that a child was lost. We went ith the religious service, but all our minds on the lost child. After a while a man ght on the platform a beautiful little tot looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, said: "Here is that child." And I forgot hat I was preaching about, and lifted the to my shoulder and said: "Here is the child, and the mother will come and get ight away, or I will take her home and add o my own brood!" And some cried and shouted, and amid all that crowd I instant-ected the mother. Everybody had to get of her way e walked

Hats were ing and lders were ing and s were noth- n her path- nd I realized ething of must have Mary's anx- when she lost , and what gladness she found boy in the le of Jerusa- lking with

THE DIVINE BOY IN THE TEMPLE. old ministers of religion Shammai, Hillel, etirah.

ear down on you to-day with a mighty com- Mary and Joseph said: "Where is our

Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after awhile. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean: you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and you will find him after awhile in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say "I do not have any way of influencing my child." I answer you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marseilles," put on your wishes about your child, "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish



THE CONVERTED ROBBER. answered five minutes before ten. "Before they call I will answer" Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not, nevertheless I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory had not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say, "I forgot," but God has never yet once said "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers have greened the top of your grave, that

Your Son may be Found

in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now when, some morning, the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things He has positively promised in the Bible is that He will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that, He would wreck His own throne, and the foundations of His palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiation," would be written across the sky, and the Eternal Government would be disbanded, and God Himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the Western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother, and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him, and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed, and entered the cabin, and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond,

and from that hour he began a new life. Years after, that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time, a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers, and baggage-men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent,

A Theological Seminary,

where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "Sons of the Prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care. I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities, and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the Son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisedec *wasn't*. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time, as between an express rail-train and a canal-boat.

Theological Pin Making.

Several years ago, I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door, I saw the words "no admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words "no admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words "no admittance." Having entered this, I found the people inside making pins,



JACOB'S DREAM.

beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins! So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words "no admittance." Some have entered, and have come to the inside door, and found the words "no admittance." But persisting, they have come inside, and found us sounding out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story

and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such

A Hard Bolster

he would probably often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us, who have no wings, to climb, and encouraging us to believe that, if we will use what we have, God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot, He will furnish the ladder. Young man! Do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard for sickness or hard for poverty or hard for persecution, know that a hard pillow is the landing-place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of eider-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

Superb Dreamers.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it, he cried out in his dream: "I wished myself among them." The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillow-case of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutler's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England a-quake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, and

Took the Ladder Up

until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are to-day great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, whether in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom, nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradually going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel, I stood in front of my tent and looked up and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place, and I know it!

REDEEMING THE SLUMS.

THE NOBLE GOSPEL WORK THAT IS BEING DONE AT THE MARINERS' TEMPLE.

Pastor Avery's Call—A Strange Experience—How an Unruly Audience was Conquered—Worse than Heathendom—Outside Evangelistic Work—A Devoted Wife as a Fellow-worker—Carrying the Message of Divine Love to the Centre of Sin in New York.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

THE purification of the slums and the saving of the homeless and the castaways, is the great problem of mission work in New York. Much good has been accomplished, particularly within the last ten years; but a great deal yet remains to be done. Of Gotham's 1,700,000 of population, it is estimated that there are fully 200,000 souls who, attached to no religious denomination, and careless in their lives, have no means of hearing the Gospel message except through the city missionary. One of the most vigorous agencies of the Lord among the waifs and castaways in lower New York at the present time is the Mariners' Temple, of which the Rev. J. F. Avery is pastor. The temple is situated on the corner of Henry and Oliver streets, and is a substantial-looking edifice. It is in the heart of a thickly-populated section, and almost within a stone's throw of the Bowery, Chatham Square and the Five Points.

Mr. Avery came to this city from Halifax, N. S., in October, 1887. In the latter city he had been eminently successful as a pastor, having founded and for fourteen years occupied the pulpit in the Third Baptist Tabernacle Church. A business correspondent in New York, wrote him a letter which stirred up his Christian activities in a remarkable manner, by its vivid portrayal of the moral condition of the poor in lower New York, where the criminal, the castaway, the intemperate and the ignorant were in urgent need of Gospel workers, and especially of a leader who could organize and conduct a continuous campaign against sin at its very headquarters. The proposition was a startling one, as its acceptance involved the sacrifice of a prosperous pastorate, and other sources of income attached. Still, the godly preacher did not shut his ears to the call. He talked over it with his wife and with several friends, and was at times almost dissuaded from considering it further. His congregation, too, hearing of the matter, met and emphasized their devotion to him, adding the hope that he would remain in Halifax. But it rang in his ears; it sounded like a voice from heaven that outweighed all arguments, and he decided to go to New York and look over the ground for himself.

"If these things are true," he said to his wife, before starting, "it's a question in my mind whether I am doing right in staying here in Halifax."

His friends deprecated the step. It was a foolhardy experiment, they said, and he would regret the sacrifice.

"If the Lord so willed," said the sturdy evangelist, "in forty-eight hours my family and I would be ready to go to Japan in His service."

And so it was settled. The trip convinced him of the truth of the representations. But the field was a forbidding one. He would have to work among the very dregs of the big metropolis, the waifs and strays of the slums. For, in all the city there was not a more godless district than the neighborhood of Oliver and Henry streets, where he was called to hold up the Cross to the vile and miserable creatures, who filled the low lodging-houses and rickety tenements, swarmed in the alleys and staggered along the uneven sidewalks; the brazen and bloated, the vicious frequenters of such haunts as are constantly under the eyes of the police. His Christian heroism, born of faith in God and an intense desire to be the means of bringing his fellow-men to the Saviour, alone enabled him to take up the burden he had undertaken.

"I remember," said Mr. Avery to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "that at the first Sunday service we attended, there were only thirty-five persons present. There were more in the evening.

Next Sunday, a few more came. I had been foolish enough to expect a crowd to greet a new pastor, and I was discouraged. My wife cried quietly over it. There were very few men to be got at; the change in the Maritime laws and the decline in American shipping had made them scarce in the neighborhood. I tried the lodging-houses and with some success. With my wife and secretary, I visited many of these places, and after every such visit the occupants came out in good numbers to the services. There are few church-going families in this neighborhood, yet our little temple is crowded on Sundays. On Sunday last, we had over sixty at communion, and in the evening our out-door praise meeting was attended by hundreds. Our prayer meetings have averaged one hundred for months past and our Sunday School has doubled in numbers. We have a Band of Hope between seventy and a hundred strong."

These modest statements by the pastor convey but a faint impression of the great work that is going on in the district of which the Mariners' Temple is the centre. Many have been converted by his ministrations and under God's blessing are now living as Christians and women should live, "clothed and in their right mind." A great moral improvement is visible in the locality. The lodging-houses, which were formerly the haunts of the vicious and criminals, have united in thanking Pastor Avery for his glorious crusade against vice, and especially for the fact that their patrons are no longer drunken and quarrelsome.

It is an inspiring picture, on Sunday mornings, to see the crowds flocking into the temple while the strains of the cornet come from within to attract the passer-by. Oswald and Ernest, the two young sons of the Pastor, are the cornetists.

"I used to be always saying, 'I wished we had a cornet in the temple,'" said Mr. Avery. "I believed it would help to arouse the congregation. One day I saw a German musician on the street and asked him if he could play sacred tunes. He said he could play anything; so I took him in and started him with 'Hold the Fort.' It was such a success that I kept him right along. By and by, my sons learned to play and when the cornetist went home to Germany, they took his place. They were very enthusiastic about it and quite took me by surprise when I brought a cheap cornet they had purchased in the Bowery and went on to the roof of the house to practice. They were soon efficient enough to lead in the services."

"My first experience with a temple audience," Mr. Avery continued, "was one that I am not likely to forget. The crowd was tremendous to the verge of disorderliness. Roughs were out in numbers, and after the service had fairly begun, they stamped and thrashed on the floor, walked around and made much noise that was almost deafening. One of the deacons said: 'Let me go to the Oak Street Station for a couple of policemen.' 'What for?' I asked. 'To deal with these young fellows who have gone in to have some fun.' 'Well, little,' said I, although feeling somewhat nervous. 'Don't get a policeman till I tell you then spoke to the audience. 'My friend, I am here in the Master's name, and to do as He bids. Now, I shall treat you as gentlemen and expect to be treated as a gentleman in return. I am a Christian, and if I cannot rule you by the Gospel, I certainly shall invoke the law. Thou shalt not be as big as an elephant, if he is in my way. My God, I would walk down the hall and take him by the ear, and lead him out. You stand by me, wouldn't you? All who will stand by me, hands up!' Up went every hand in the hall, and peace and order were restored in the congregation. I had no more trouble after that."

A touching incident related by Mr. Avery was the funeral of Baby Ah Lone. "A messenger came to go to Mott Street. There, opposite the Joss house, the heathen temple, we saw on the door the white emblem that a little coffin was

be carried out. Up-stairs we came upon several Chinese families gathered in sympathy. The father we found was a Christian, in the little coffin lay a floral cross. Never has emblem look more beautiful, or speak such volumes as did that cross on the face of that dear little babe. The father told of his hope in Christ, and how two other ones had been called over there. He had said that Jesus was the resurrection and the life.

We longed for the gift of tongues as we Chinese, Italians, Germans, and others shed their tears of true neighborly sympathy. Avery finds time to devote himself to a great deal of effective outside work among the cabmen, the car-drivers, the homeless, the sick, the poor, and others. Many thousands of Bibles and other Christian publications are distributed monthly. An interesting field of activity is the Chinese Sunday School, connected with the temple. The record of his special mission work is published in *Buds and Blossoms*, a little periodical which the pastor edits. The course of his visits throughout the district meets many curious types: white women with Chinese or Japanese husbands, educated men and women who have fallen from respectability to the uttermost depths; starving families whom he supplies with bread and clothing enabled to do this by generous contributors, people who never saw a Bible, and who have heard it read. To these the Gospel message is brought with a sincerity that always secures a hearing. In this evangelistic work, Mr. Avery is greatly assisted by his accomplished wife, a most devout Christian lady, whose whole life, like his own, has been passed in the service of the Master. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Avery given on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with a picture of the Mariners' Temple, and a typical group of men who have been attendants there, and of whom have shown in their reformed and upright lives, the effect of the ministrations they have enjoyed.

Many of our readers who sympathize with this effort to reach, with Gospel influence, the outcasts of the city who drift here from all parts of the world, and who would like to aid Mr. Avery with gifts of money, clothing or literature, may send their contributions to J. F. Avery, Mariners' Temple, Henry street, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Preferred to Gold—Starving Little Heirs—What a Lawyer Saved in a Fire—A Romantic Story of a Picture.

Merchant's Dislike of Gold was Explained recently to a correspondent of an Indianapolis journal. He was complaining of having received payment in gold of \$3,000, and vowing he would not accept any such sum in that way again. On the respondent expressing his surprise, and saying that he had always supposed that gold was preferred as a medium of exchange, the merchant explained his objections. If he had the amount in greenbacks he could have put them into his bank, and received credit without delay. Not so with gold. The bank declined to credit him with the sum because a gold coin when worn may not be worth its face value. So he took it to the Treasury and asked notes for it. The Treasury officials made the same objection and the merchant waited until while each coin was weighed. Then three hundred dollars were handed back to him marked with a stamp to indicate that they were short weight. He was told to send them to the mint where they would receive their actual value. He added that business men generally are aware of the inconvenience and loss, and prefer paper money, as is not always so. Not many years ago the gold dollar was preferred by everyone to the silver dollar, and would purchase more. But now that business men are sure that the Government is able and willing to redeem the notes, they would rather have its promise to pay than actual payment. The fact is a practical proof

of their faith in the Government. Faith in God may be similarly tested. When men prefer present gain at the cost of religious principle we may be sure, whatever they profess, that their faith in God's promise is weak. (Mark 10: 29, 30.)

Three Children, Heirs to Little Fortunes, were found starving in the street in upper New York last week by a policeman. He investigated their case and took them into court where he told their story to the justice. He said they were the children of a baker who some months ago was doing a prosperous business. He had saved up \$15,000 which was in a local bank. A year ago his wife acquired the habit of drinking to excess and, after he had made many efforts to reclaim her, he gave way to despair. He became so miserable that he resolved to leave the neighborhood and go West. He wrote to the cashier of the bank where his money was, requesting that the \$15,000 be retained until his children came of age, when each of them was to receive \$5,000. In the meantime the interest was to be applied to their support. No one seemed to have known that the father had made this provision for the children and, as the mother had deserted them, they were turned into the street and left to starve. They were in a pathetic condition—lacking the necessities of life while an income sufficient for their support was provided for them. The children were not blamable because they did not know of the money; but the same excuse cannot be made for God's children who might receive riches of grace if they would claim them at His hands. They have not "because they ask not." (James 4: 2.)

A Lawyer Made an Amusing Blunder during the great fire at Seattle, Wash. A local journal says that when the fire was raging and it became evident that the building in which a prominent lawyer had his offices must be consumed, he ran up to his office to save what he could. He had a very valuable library and some manuscript volumes which represented the hard work of many years. He rapidly gathered some that he was most anxious to save, but there were more than he could carry and he picked up first one and then another only to discard them for some that were still more precious. While he was hesitating between them, the firemen raised a cry that he must get out of the building instantly or he would lose his life. In the excitement of the moment he seized the first book within reach and ran for his life. He rushed down the stairs and did not look at the book until he was safe on the pavement. Then he looked at it and found that he had saved the city directory! His chagrin may be imagined as he thought of the valuable books that could never be replaced, left to burn, while he had brought one of little value. What he did in those moments of terrible haste, men are doing all through their lives, in securing the world's prizes that are valueless in eternity, and this in spite of Christ's warning: Seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink neither be ye of doubtful mind. (Luke 12: 29, 31.)

A Romantic Story of a Picture is related by an art journal, of Boston, Mass. In describing the pictures in the last art club exhibition, it calls attention to one by Mr. J. M. Stone, and tells its history. It appears that in 1870, the artist was studying in Munich. He attended a great festival there, in which there was a procession of men and women in classic costumes. One of the girls made a deep impression on him. She was a Greek of remarkable beauty. Her costume was extremely simple, and she wore no ornaments, but a string of pearls around her neck. He made a hasty surreptitious sketch of her very roughly, but, as he supposed, sufficient to guide him in painting her picture. He set to work on the painting the next day, but he failed. Try as he would, he could not recall the peculiar charm of her beauty, and eventually he gave up the attempt. Late last year, to his astonishment, he recognized the original of his picture in a lady whom he met in Broadway, New York. He knew her in a moment and saw how his brush had failed to reproduce her features. It did not occur to

him then, though it did afterward, that nearly twenty years had passed and the lady could not be the one he had tried to paint. The mystery was soon explained when he succeeded in getting an introduction to her. His Munich acquaintance had married a Hungarian noble in 1870, and she and her husband were in New York on a visit last year. The lady whom he saw on Broadway was their daughter, and she was so like her mother that the artist begged her to sit for him that he might finish the picture so long laid aside as a failure. She consented and the picture is the one now exhibited. It must be very gratifying to the daughter, if she loves her mother, to learn that she is the exact image of what her mother was at her age. A similar joy ought to be the aspiration of every Christian. The world cannot see his Father in heaven, but He in whom the Spirit dwells may hope that "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord may be transformed into the same image" and so the world may see God in him. (II. Cor. 3: 18.)

A Man was Imprisoned in a Church at Utica, N. Y., last week. The sexton of a church in Columbia street was aroused from his bed after midnight by a young man in an excited condition. He said he had lost a friend and believed he was in the church. The sexton would not believe him; but the young man said that he and his friend had been drinking heavily, and were making their way home with difficulty when his friend suddenly disappeared. After going home and sleeping off some of the effects of the liquor, he became concerned about the companion of his debauch who lived with him. He searched for him but without success. Then he tried to recall the events of the evening, and remembered that the last he saw of the missing man, was of his trying to open the door of the church. The sexton knew that the door had been open late in the evening, so the story might be true. He went to the church and there they found the young man sitting on the altar steps. He had become partially sober and had tried to get out, but finding the door had been locked since he entered, concluded he would have to stay there all night. It cannot be said of him that he got no good by going to church; for he did get rest of body and the recovery of his senses from the stupor of intoxication, but it was not necessary to go to church to get those. As it is with so many others who do go to church decorously and at proper hours, the spiritual good which he really needed, he was not seeking and did not find. (Eccles. 5: 1.)

An Appeal by a Destitute Young Widow is under the consideration of a Baptist church in New Brunswick. About twelve years ago a deacon, who was eighty-three years old and a widower, made an offer of marriage to a young woman. As he was said to be very wealthy and had no children living, she accepted him with the expectation that she would inherit most of his fortune. She claims that she was a good and loving wife to him and during the past twelve years has waited upon him tenderly and devotedly, nursing him in his sickness and infirmity with the most patient kindness. Recently the deacon died in his ninety-fifth year and the widow expected to receive her reward. But the deacon had left no property at all. She was puzzled; but on examining the report of the Baptist church for the year 1889, she found an acknowledgement of \$70,000 received from him during that year. To a charitable institution he had deeded the home in which they lived, and he had given the last \$15 in money that was in the house to a charity a few days before he died. The widow contends that she is entitled to some portion of her late husband's estate and appeals to the church for restitution, as she is penniless and has received nothing for all her years of service. She has evidently been unjustly treated by the aged deacon and her appeal to the church will doubtless meet with a liberal response. Her situation should, however, be a warning to all who marry from sordid motives. Others, too, who need such a warning, are they who engage in the Lord's service in the hope of reward and not because they love Him. (Ezek. 33: 31.)

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

S. S. LESSON FOR NOV. 23, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 23 : 33-47 ; GOLDEN TEXT, ISAIAH 53 : 6.

What it is to be Crucified with Christ—Paul's Sole Reason for Glorifying—The Believer's Sins Borne to the Cross—Sin Condemned in the Flesh—Salvation from Sin Purchased—Salvation from Perdition Included—Christ's Companions in Death—A Deliberate Outrage—Magnanimity in Suffering—Pilate's Epitaph—The Last Agony.

"GOD forbid that I should glory," said St. Paul, "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Gal. 6 : 14.) "I determined not to know anything among you," he said, writing to the polished, æsthetic, cultured Corinthians, "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." (1. Cor. 2 : 2.) And yet, to human eyes, nothing could be more repulsive, more degrading, than to have any connection with a man who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and who died the death of a condemned criminal. Paul did not look at things from the outside. He spoke "not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (1. Cor. 2 : 13), and taught by the Holy Ghost, Paul esteemed that cross of Christ which awakened the scorn and derision of men, as

Worth the Sacrifice

of his position, as "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," his prestige, as a Pharisee, his very righteousness according to the law. What, then, was left to him? As Paul, nothing; as a member of Christ, more than a thousand worlds! Paul cast in his lot with a crucified Saviour, not in mere sympathy, but as being one with Him, a member "of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." (Eph. 5 : 30.) "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2 : 20.) But how could Paul be "crucified with Christ" when Christ was already dead, and risen, and ascended to the right hand of God? By virtue of his union with Christ, Paul took His place with Jesus on the cross, as though he had been crucified, and were now a dead man; and as though another life now breathed in his body, that of Christ, to whom he referred absolutely everything.

Our beloved Lord, in coming to the cross, first bore our sins in His own body to the tree (1. Pet. 2 : 24), that He might take them away, and we who are forgiven can never forget the moment when, for the first time in our lives, we knew we were "not condemned," but pardoned by our God. But He also condemned sin in the flesh, by yielding His flesh to die, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. 8 : 3, 4.)

Jesus was ever the example of all He taught. When another man, Simon the Cyrenian, was called upon to help Jesus to bear His cross, "a great company of people and of women," bewailed Him. But Jesus turning unto them, said,

"Weep Not for Me."

Every step he took was in His Father's will, and it was "meat" to Him to do the will of Him that sent Him, He needed no human sympathy. And just as soon as any of God's children know the luxury of a renounced will, human sympathy in any trial becomes not only unwelcome, but almost intolerable. Human sympathy appeals to the flesh, to the self-life in us; if that is crucified with Christ, there is nothing in us which responds to the human sympathy of others. "But weep for yourselves, and for your children." At such an hour, Jesus "knowing all things that would come upon Him," was quite free enough from His own sufferings to offer a sympathy which was not human to the daughters of Jerusalem, whose city was going to be destroyed some years later.

To add to the ignominy which they heaped on the Son of God, it was arranged by His bitter persecutors that two malefactors, real criminals, should be put to death with Him. How little they knew that, in their bitter hate, they

were only confirming the proofs to be found in their Scriptures, that He whom they thus dealt with was the Messiah, the Son of God. "The Scripture was fulfilled which saith, and He was numbered with the transgressors." (Mark 15 : 23; Isa. 53 : 12.) All that man could do to class Him with evil-doers was done, judged and unjustly condemned by the civil law, led out to execution with two thieves, put upon the cross in the very place where the bones of evil-doers were whitening in the sun, so that the very place was named "the place of a skull." He "truly made His grave with the wicked in His death." (Isa. 53 : 9.) Let us not be surprised if the enemy succeeds in making men class those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," with the worst and most evil of men. It is enough for the disciple that "he be as his Master." (Matt. 4 : 25.)

On His way to the cross, His heart, at leisure from itself, took part with the daughters of Jerusalem; upon the cross, His compassion flowed out towards those who murdered Him. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Intense as was His physical, mental, spiritual agony, He denied Himself even at that hour, resisted not evil, even when it had come to such a length, loved His enemies even when their enmity was taking His life of blessing from the earth. "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh" as He did with the affections, and lusts or desires. Oh, who can say in the light of the cross of Jesus, "I have done this?" It was a masterpiece of divine love when, in addition to His prayer, "Father forgive them," He could add, "for they know not what they do." He who was sinned against with this diabolical murderous hate, covets and obtains the death-blow which was due to His murderers.

"Herein is Love."

"They parted His garments," and so the Scripture was fulfilled again. "And the people stood beholding"—but not understanding. Perhaps they thought it did not particularly concern them. Oh, if they had understood they would never "have crucified the Lord of glory." (1. Cor. 2 : 8; Acts 3 : 14, 15.) The rulers spiritual and temporal were "willingly ignorant," they might have known, for they had access to the Scriptures. But they carried on their fearful game to the last, and "derided Him, saying, He saved others, let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the Chosen of God."

It was the strongest argument which the flesh could use. Every instinct of self tends to self-preservation. If this man assumes to have divine power, and a divine mission, let Him exercise it at this crisis. "But He came to practise and to teach self-renouncement. He was indeed a king, but a king of a self-renounced world, and self-renounced subjects. "My kingdom is not of this world." Flesh and blood could not inherit His kingdom, the weapons of its warfare were not carnal, and to save Himself would be to overthrow His kingdom. He could save His enemies, but not Himself. The very soldiers took up the cry, and urged it upon Him, offering Him vinegar, as though to assuage His pain, and give Him a chance to muster His strength for a mighty effort to disengage Himself. But they misunderstood Him, He tasted it,—even then He did not retaliate—but "He would not drink." (Matt. 27 : 34.)

The only accusation which Pilate would allow was the simple inscription, "This is

The King of the Jews."

His only condemnation was His just, but unacknowledged title. But it is this title which the world will never allow. What would become of the greedy selfishness of rich people's dinner-parties if Jesus reigned in the house? He would cast out the invited guests, like the buyers and sellers in the temple, and bring in the poor, the maimed and the blind. What would become of titles, places of honor, etc., in the Christian Church if Jesus reigned? Some there are who would have to take a back seat, and some little Samuel, or some Peter the fisherman, who was full of the Holy Ghost, would take the lead. What would become of the courts of law if

men learned to "resist not evil?" No, world and the flesh have gone too long hand-in-hand to let Jesus of Nazareth be king.

One of the malefactors "railed on Him," catching up the popular cry, said, "If thou Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man has done nothing amiss." Oh what an illustration of the truth, "What glory is it if when ye be buffeted for your faults ye shall take it patiently; but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto are ye called, because Christ was suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps." (1. Pet. 2 : 20, 21.) The thief was buffeted for his faults, and took it patiently. Christ endured grief, suffering wrongfully (19,) and took it patiently as our example. The thief turned to make one appeal to Him to whom he bore witness, "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." And He who seemed so powerless, exercised there upon the cross His royal prerogative, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." He exercised His priestly prerogative, and at the most unlikely of moments, when, to human eye all was lost, and He saved this precious soul.

Then followed those hours of darkness, darkest of all in the soul of Him on whom all our iniquities were laid, extorting from Him the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" But it came to an end, the tremendous transaction was accomplished, the Prince of Life yielded for a time, and for a purpose, death, "the veil of the temple was rent in the midst" by the hand of God, Jesus "gave up the ghost," and one more soul was won. The captivation, seeing what was done, "glorified God saying, Certainly this was a righteous man, truly this was the Son of God." (Matt. 27 : 54.)

KARL'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov. 23 : "The Law hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53 : 6.

ABOUT eighteen years ago a German emigrant landed in New York. He was a gloomy, taciturn young man, who had made no friends during the voyage. Usually the monotony of life at sea draws fellow-voyagers together, though they may have been strangers when they embarked; but this man avoided the passengers and crew alike and would sit silent and meditative apart. He spent but a few days in New York and then went West. He secured employment, but still continued morose and unsociable. No one knew anything of his past save the inferences they drew from his manual dexterity in his business. He lived alone and gave no one his confidence. A short time ago he died and then his secret came out. On his death-bed he sent for a Roman Catholic priest, though up to that time he had not attended church nor given anyone reason to suspect that he belonged to any church. To the priest he told the story of his past.

One night about two months before his arrival in New York he was hurrying through the streets of a town in Germany, when he heard his name called. He turned to see who spoke and was accosted by his cousin, Karl.

"O, Otto," said the latter, "I am sorry you are still visiting that house. Do, I entreat you, break that connection. Think of your aged mother and father. Disgrace is sure to come of it, and how they would suffer."

"Hush," said Otto, "you do not know that have been there. No one but you knows I have ever been. I hope you will never speak of it. I am not likely to go again."

"You have promised me that, before," said Karl, "but I am sure you have been there to-night. You would not be in this part of the town if you had not. I ought to have told your father about it, but I could not bear to see the pain it would give him. Otto, he is so fond of

and so proud of you, it would break his heart to know how you live."

"Tell you I am not going again, so you need say anything about it to him or anyone else." Otto hurried on, leaving his cousin standing alone in the street.

He stood meditating a few minutes. He loved his cousin dearly. Still more did he love the uncle and aunt, Otto's parents, who had been so dear to him in his orphanhood. He was years older than Otto and had taken an interest in his welfare. He had tried to see the young man treading a path of duty and had exerted himself to reclaim him. It was a useless effort, but he could not abandon him. He thought of that white-haired couple whose hearts were bound up in their handsome, bright boy.

But if he were to make an appeal to the woman whose lures were chains binding him to crime. Surely she would be moved by the picture he could draw of the home that would be his if she continued her connection with him. He would try, at all events, what an appeal he could make, and try it at once. He retraced his steps in the direction from which Otto was going when they met, and knocked at a door in a quiet street near at hand. There was no answer. He knocked more loudly and getting no answer he tried the door. It opened and he entered. All was silent and he went into a room where he saw a light burning. He fled from it in terror; for on the floor lay the dead body of a man. A ghastly wound showed that he had been murdered.

The first impulse was to give an alarm and call on the police; but how could he account for being in the house without putting Otto on his guard. That Otto had been discovered by the police, that they had fought and Otto had been killed, Karl felt sure. That would account for the embarrassment just now, and his repeated injunctions of secrecy. He had been making an appeal to the policeman at the corner of the street when these thoughts occurred to him; he turned aside. The officer, however, had seen him coming and waited. Karl passed on and the policeman wondered at his strange behavior and quietly followed him to his home. The crime was not discovered until the next day, but the policeman had not forgotten the circumstance. He reported it and Karl was arrested.

All who knew him expected that he would easily vindicate himself. No one but the police believed him guilty. His character was so good, there was such an utter absence of anything that his guilt was incredible. But why was he in that house? He must explain that. To the surprise of everyone, Karl would give no defence. He pleaded, "not guilty," and would give no explanation of his presence at the scene of the crime. His uncle, his father, went to see him in the prison and expostulated with him, but without avail. He began to speak of him as of one who had deceived them. He had been leading a double life, they said; his irreproachable character had only been a cloak to hide his vices. Heard of their words and his heart quailed, his lips were sealed. Better, he thought, to suffer than that he should save himself by telling all he knew, when the words alone could deliver him and would break the hearts of that aged couple whom he loved.

He opened manly bearing, his unflinching face impressed the judge, who suggested that he was shielding the real culprit. He told him to tell all he knew. But Karl was silent and he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Since that time he has lived in silence. Otto unable to bear the reproaches of conscience, yet lacking courage to throw himself up, and fearing that by some intimation he might betray his guilt, came to the end, leaving his cousin to suffer. His confession was not made until death was near at hand.

It has been forwarded to Germany in the hope that the innocent man may be released. These eighteen years Karl has borne the punishment of his cousin's crime. What the

aggregate suffering of those dreary years must have been, none but he knows. Yet even that could save Otto only from imprisonment. It could not save him from the tortures of remorse, and the judgment of God. It was a fuller atonement that was needed by a sin-burdened world. That, too, has been wrought, but what must have been the suffering it entailed upon Him of whom we read, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all"?

THE JUDGMENT OF THE LIVING.

A PREMILLENNIAL ASSIZE OF THOSE WHO WILL BE ALIVE AT CHRIST'S COMING.

Why Christ's Coming is Delayed—The Fruits of the Victory of Armageddon—A Multitude Divided Into Two Parties—The Throng Bearing Antichrist's Mark—The Test—The Reward and the Doom.

BY REV. W. EASLAW, M. A.

THE victory to be gained by the Lord over Antichrist and his armies at His glorious appearing will not be merely for just vengeance, but also for the establishment of His kingdom and His throne upon earth. Satan, as the god of this world, has for a long time been blinding the minds of those who will not believe. (See II. Cor. 4: 4.) Now his power is to be destroyed, and the Lord is to come as the Second Adam, to take to Himself His kingdom and to reign. For this He has waited; not because He could not have taken it before; but because in long-suffering and patience He delayed in order to give men time and opportunity for repentance.

The Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to be a King. To this end was He born: as He Himself said to Pilate, "For this cause came I into the world." (John 18: 37.) The great Lord is fully entitled to His kingdom and glory; therefore we see Him proceeding to perform

A Work of Judgment

before He sits down. Then He will reign, and not by Himself alone, but with His fellow-heirs, and others who are to be partners of His dominion. At the time of the Lord's victory at Armageddon, He was followed by the armies of heaven on white horses. They had no swords with them, neither did they fight; but were partakers of the victory which their champion gained. As David conquered Goliath, and the Israelites entered into his triumph—so these followers of the Lord Jesus overcome because He overcame.

Now we see the same Lord going forth to execute judgment. Again He is doing this work alone; His followers will partake of the triumph with Him; though subsequently, when His kingdom is established, some of them will sit upon thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. Some, we are told, will have rule over ten cities; some over five; and some over two. Next we have the Lord proceeding to the valley of Jehoshaphat, or the Valley of Decision. There He shall sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations.*

Be it observed that the numbers here assembled are called in Scripture "nations"; and notice also that there is no resurrection of dead to swell the number of this multitude. They are merely "the quick," that is, living persons who were there at the time. They no doubt witnessed some of

The Tremendous Signs

which were manifested on the great day of the Lord. They must have felt the solemn gloom of darkness which overspread the heavens when "the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." (Rev. 6: 12.) They saw the flashing forth of the glory of the Lord at His appearing over Jerusalem. Perhaps they had heard also of the sudden destruction which had fallen upon the armies round Jerusalem, and how Antichrist, the leader of them, and the

* All the nations were gathered to Armageddon by the imperial command of Antichrist. This great plain was not so much a battlefield, as a gathering-place for kings and nations. From these vast numbers we understand the military men were taken out for the siege and battle at Jerusalem. The remainder, whom we may designate as civilians, were still remaining there.

False Prophet, had been captured and cast into the burning pit. Solemnized and awaiting other ominous events, they must have remained in trembling suspense.

This multitude is composed of persons who under Antichrist's late rule were

Divided into Two Classes

of two kinds: those who were for him and bore his mark—and those who would not take his mark because they believed in the true Messiah. The latter were a remnant of believers gathered under the preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom. Multitudes of such believers had been martyred, it is true; but still it would appear that multitudes also remained through the days of the Tribulation, and through the solemn time when the Lord was pouring out His wrath upon Palestine and the Lands of the Gentiles.

Be this as it may, here are gathered two kinds of people—those who are on Antichrist's side and those who are for the true Messiah. The former took part with their master in persecuting the Jews; and the latter (on the Lord's side) protested against this tyrannical and unjust persecution. They either openly or secretly helped the people of God who were hungered, or sick, or in prison. These are the people who are summoned before the Lord when He comes to sit upon the Throne of His Glory.

This throne is not the same as the throne of David, which is to be in the temple at Jerusalem; nor is it to be confused with the Great White Throne, which will not be set until the end of the Millennium, or a thousand years after this time. It is a particular throne for a particular purpose, namely for judging the "quick;" and they are only Gentiles. They are readily divided by the all-searching eye of the Judge upon His throne.

We read that "when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and He shall set the sheep on His right hand; but the goats on the left." Etc. (Matt. 25: 31-45.)

The Test

The righteous here are admitted to the joy of the Lord; but not for His finished work upon the cross, as we are in our dispensation: but for works of kindness which they have done to the Lord's brethren, the Jews; and, in them, to Himself. They are saved by Christ for their work, and for enduring to the end. Those on the left hand are condemned for rejecting the true Messiah and following the false one, and, on his behalf, persecuting the Jews. The accepted ones on the right hand, like other believers under the Gospel of the Kingdom, enter into the joys of their Lord in the Millennium. Those of them who had been martyred will reign with Him; and the remainder will enter into this kingdom of joy and liberty as subjects, to behold the glory of their King.

The Sentence.

Those on the left hand are consigned to everlasting punishment in the lake of fire. The Devil himself is not yet cast into that dreadful place; neither do we suppose that those who are here condemned are sent thither at once. The sentence is final; but it may not be fully carried out until the Great White Throne is set when the wicked dead of all kinds are to be judged. In the meantime, those who are so condemned will be put to death, like the other rebels round Jerusalem. They will then be reserved in Hades, until the Judgment-day.

Such is the judgment of the "quick," as far as I have been able to gather from Scripture. The view I have presented of it may be new and strange to some of my readers; but I am sure that it will bear investigation and inquiry. Moreover, I am convinced that it will be found in harmony with the Word of God; though it may be different from what is generally accepted.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

FUNERAL OF THE FLOWERS.

IT was on a long slope, which at one side dipped into the warm valleys, and on the other side arose very high into the frosty air, so that on one boundary line lived Cactus and Orange-blossom and Camellia, and on the other resided Balsam-pine and Alpine Strawberry, and all kinds of growths between, that the Funeral of the Flowers occurred. Living midway in that slope of land there was a Rose, that in common parlance we called "Giant of Battle." It was red and fiery-looking, as if it had stood on fields of carnage where the blood dashed to the lip. It was a hero among flowers. Many of the grasses of the field worshipped it as a god; the Mignonette burning incense beneath it, the Marigold throwing its glittering coin of beauty before it, the Mistletoe crawling at its feet. The fame of this Giant of Battle was world-wide, and some said that its ancestors on the father's side had stood on the plains of Waterloo, and on its mother's side, at Magenta, and drank themselves drunk on human gore. But children are not to blame for what their ancestors do, and this Rose, called Giant of Battle, was universally adored. But the Giant got sick. Whether it was from the poisonous breath of the Nightshade that had insolently kissed him, or from grief at the loss of a Damask-rose that had first won his heart by her blushes and then died, we know not, but the Giant of Battle was passing rapidly away. There was great excitement up and down the slopes.

A consultation of botanical physicians was called and Dr. Eglantine came and thrust a thorn for a lancet into the Giant's veins, on the principle that he had too much blood and was apoplectic; and Dr. Balm-of-Gilead attempted to heal the pain by poultices; but still the Giant grew worse and worse. The Primrose called in the evening to see how the dying hero was, and the Morning-glory stopped before breakfast to see if he could do any good. Every flower or grass that called had a prescription for him that would surely cure. Neighbor Horsesorrel suggested acids, and Honeysuckle proposed sugars, and Myrrh suggested bitters; and Lady-slipper, having taken off her shoes, said that all the patient wanted was more quiet

about the room. But too much changing of medicine only made the Giant more and more sick, and one afternoon, while sitting up in bed with the cup of honeysuckle to his lips and with the fan of the south wind fluttering in his face, his head dropped and he died. As the breath went out of him, a Clematis that had been overlooking the sad scene, said, "What time is it?" and cluster of Four-o'clocks answered, "A little past the middle of the afternoon." The next morning the funeral bells all rang: the Blue-bells and the Canterbury-bells, and the Foxglove-bells and Hare-bells, and all Flowerdom, came to the obsequies of the Giant of Battle. He was laid out on a trellis and on a catafalque, such as dead monarch never had, of Dahlia and Phlox and Magnolia and Geranium and Gladiola. There was a great audience of flowers. Solemnity came down upon them. Even the Cockscomb stopped strutting, the Larkspur ceased her fickleness, and Snapdragon looked gentle, and Snowdrop seemed to melt, and Bachelor's-button wished it had some one to express its grief to. The Passion-flower came in and threw herself on the pale cheek of the Giant with most ardent demonstration of affection. Amaranth and Hydrangea and Daffodil and Spiderwort and Spirea, having come far through the night and dew, stood around with their eyes full of tears. The funeral services began. Rose-of-Sharon and Lily-of-the-valley took part in them. The Star-of-Bethlehem sang a hymn to the tune of "Bonny Doon." A Forget-me-not said a few words of commemoration. The Heartsease arose, with words of comfort, and read the lesson of the day: "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." And all the bells, Foxglove-bells and Blue-bells and Canterbury-bells and Hare-bells, prolonged the strain through all that day, tolling and tolling out, "No more!" "No more!" And thus ended the Funeral of the Flowers.

POOR STYLES OF HEAVEN.

WHERE is heaven? It is the question which every intelligent Christian asks, and he especially asks it in time of bereavement. When his loved ones go away from him, you say they are in heaven; but he says: "Where is heaven?" You know there are a great many theories in regard to it. The Mohammedans think that the good Moslems, as soon as they leave this life, come to a fragrant pool of water fed by streams from Paradise. They drink out of that fragrant pool, and their thirst is assuaged. Then they go into Paradise, and the trees have bells hanging on the branches, chiming whenever the air strikes them. They gaze upon the tree of life, which they say has so broad a shadow that it takes a swift horse one hundred years to race across it. They think that there is a river made up of wine and honey, flowing between banks of camphor, over beds of musk. They suppose that every spirit that goes into the future world has many attendants, with baskets and with chalices of pure gold. They suppose that the inhabitant of the future world sits down to a great banquet without any satiety, so that after a hundred years of eating and drinking the appetite is as good as at the moment the soul sat down. That is the Mohammedan heaven.

The Hindoo thinks that heaven is all about—merely a change of body. A vulture dies and his spirit enters a man. The man dies and his spirit enters the vulture; and so a great many transmigrations of the soul, absorbed in the spirit of the great Brahm.

The aborigines of America think heaven be situated beyond the great mountains. As you get beyond the great mountains there is a great river, and after you have passed that great river, there is a vast country, and as you have passed that wide country, there is a world of water, and in that world of water there are a thousand isles, beautiful with streams and trees, and there are buffalo and deer there; and all the departed red man has to do is to whip up his dogs, and go a-shooting to all eternity. The only kind of heaven worth going to, or to spend eternity in, is the Bible heaven. After reading the above account of the heaven guessed out by human ingenuity, turn to the Bible heaven, and read of the glorious destination of all those who love and serve the Lord. Through the pardon and mercy of Christ may all our readers get there!

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Bible Society has decided to issue New Testament in Hebrew for circulation among Jews.

The daily business men's prayer meeting, established in Bridgeport, Ct., last May is increasing in attendance and interest.

The cost of the liquor consumed in Great Britain during the past year was over \$600,000,000, an average of \$85 a family.

The first Protestant missionary landed in Japan 1854, and now the membership is over 25,000, with over 16,000 children in their Sunday Schools.

Sister Rapse Gertrude, the young Englishwoman, went to nurse the lepers at Molokai after Father Damien's death, has resigned. In a letter to friends, in Brooklyn she expresses disappointment at the failure of her mission.

The Chicago Christian Endeavor Union propose to have a building of their own at the World's Fair in 1896. This project was started by the Society connected with the Union Park Church, and receives the hearty approval of the pastor, Dr. Noble, and the other pastors of the city.

A Conference on Moral Instruction in Public Schools will be held in New York November 17, 18th, by about hundred accredited representatives of nine Protestant denominations. The object is to decide on measures to influence public opinion so as to lead to sound moral teaching being imparted in the common schools throughout the State.

A conference of persons favoring a Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution of New York, was called by the Committee appointed by the State Convention held in Syracuse in May last. The conference will be held November 11, in the Union Tabernacle Church, west 35th street, near Broadway. Church and Temperance organizations are requested to send delegates.

An English trading syndicate for Palestine has been authorized by the Sultan of Turkey who has granted a commission to a London syndicate, having at its head Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, for trading and constructing railway, etc., in certain parts of Asia, including Palestine. The development of the resources of Holy Land will form a prominent feature in the programme of the company.

There are now twenty-three bands called *The Excelsior Band*. The idea was started by Mr. F. Wilkins, of Newton Centre, Mass., with the object of helping the home and foreign work of the Congregational Church. He pointed out several ways by which one cent a day could be saved from ordinary expenses and persuaded about forty Christian people to make a band, each of whom was pledged to save a cent a day for a fund to be equally divided between the boards of home and foreign missions.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard and Mr. Augustus D. Shepard of New York, placed in the hands of the American Bible Society at its meeting on November 6th, bonds and other securities of the par value of \$52,893.64, intended to be the beginning of a memorial fund of \$100,000 in honor of their father, the late Fitch Shepard, income of which eventually is to be used to promote charitable purposes of the American Bible Society. Board of Managers passed a vote of thanks to the Messrs. Shepard for their generous gift.

CURRENT EVENTS.

November Elections—Gen. Booth's Reformatory Scheme—Secret Diplomatic History—Succi the Faster—the Pole by Balloon—A Negro Migration.

The Elections have been full of Surprises, all along the line, to the political parties. The House of Representatives is overwhelmingly democratic, that party having 154 majority, according to the latest calculations. A majority of the States showed democratic gains. Massachusetts elected Russell, (dem.) Governor; Pennsylvania elected Pattison, the gubernatorial candidate, of the same party. Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, New Jersey, Minnesota, Nebraska, Indiana, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, Connecticut, and New York, all show democratic gains in Congressmen. In Kansas in South Carolina the Alliance candidates Governor were elected. In New York, the legislature is now democratic. In the metropolis, Tammany triumphed over the Fusionist. Probably the most significant features of the contest were the defeat of Congressman McKinley, father of the new Tariff, by J. G. Warwick (see portrait in this column), by a very slight majority, and Delamater (rep.) by Pattison, for Governor of Pennsylvania by less than 5,000 majority. The vote in Illinois will send Palmer to the U. S. Senate to succeed Farwell. Nebraska gave a majority against Prohibition, the republicans losing all their Congressmen. Texas went to the front with the biggest majority of 100 for the democrats. The Speakership of the next House of Representatives will now fall to the latter party, and Lockwood (New York), (Texas), Bynum (Indiana), and McMillan (Tennessee), are spoken of in connection with office. In several eastern States the new law went into operation at the polls and proved satisfactory. Political observers claim the tariff had a great influence on the result all over the country this year.



General Booth of the Salvation Army has ended upon the greatest task of his life in the endeavor to redeem the unfortunate masses of England. He has purchased an old brewery at Redditch, London, and fitted it up as a school industry. He proposes to establish other centres of the work in different parts of the country, and afterward to extend it all over the United Kingdom. Funds have poured in upon him, together with valuable suggestions from friends of the poor and unfortunate and experiment has created a good impression the outset. The initial experiment has involved an outlay of nearly \$40,000.

Chapter of Secret Diplomatic History has come to light in Europe, revealing, if it be true, a dire peril to which France was subjected during the last decade, but which, fortunately the peace of mind of that nation, its people dreamed of. During a visit to Paris, while Mahon was President, the Prince of Wales informed him that it was the purpose of Germany to make a second war on France, with a view to reducing it to a condition from which recuperation was well-nigh impossible. This startling piece of news was entrusted to an envoy who carried it to the Czar at St. Petersburg, and that ruler succeeded in dissuading the Emperor from carrying out his plan. Still, although the peril was thus averted, France has not forgotten the incident, and whenever Germany has strengthened her armies, her rival has also added to her military strength. This rivalry between these two nations is now costing them over five hundred million francs annually; once believing herself bound to add to her armament so as not to be caught napping by her enemy. It is almost inevitable that such a rivalry of affairs must yet deluge both countries with blood.

A Plan to Enable Even the Poorest Preacher to eloquent has been suggested by Rev. Dr.

Parker, the celebrated pastor of the Temple in London. In an address a few days ago, before the London Congregational Union, he advocated shorter discourses and the employment of the sermons of such distinguished orators as Chalmers, Spurgeon and others, so that the people might not be wearied by tedious preaching, but might hear something that would command their attention. He suggested the formation of a National Institute, open to preachers of all communions, as a supplement to their college education. The subject is attracting considerable attention abroad at the present time.

A Very Extraordinary Migration of Negroes is reported from Brazil and Havana. Last August a delegation of West Indian negroes appeared unexpectedly in Lagos, West Africa, and informed the British Governor of that province that that country was the home of their forefathers who had been kidnapped and taken to the New World as slaves. They were there as a committee to arrange for the return to their native land of many of their people. They spoke the language of Lagos imperfectly, yet clearly enough to establish their origin. They represented that thousands of negroes were ready to migrate thither, and leave the land where they had been slaves.

To Reach the North Pole by Balloon is the programme announced by two well-known French scientists, M. Besancon, an aeronaut and M. Hermite, an astronomer. They propose to start early next May in an enormous airship that will carry four tons, and which will be fully equipped with scientific apparatus, besides eight dogs, a sledge, a canoe warranted unsinkable and an abundance of provisions. They will start from Spitzbergen, cross the Pole and expect to reach some point of safety in America or Asia in ten days. They will take photographs en route. The Paris College of Aerial Navigation is backing the scheme with a degree of confidence in its practicability.

There are Signs of a Coming War Between the Western Union Telegraphers' Brotherhood, one of the most powerful and best organized labor organizations in the United States. There are fully 10,000 members of the Brotherhood, in good standing, and it has branches in every city in America. Certain recent discharges of employees by the Western Union Company have given rise to the rumor that the company is endeavoring to break up the Brotherhood and this has aroused the operators to the necessity of action. Although the Brotherhood, as a body, is on record as opposing strikes except as a last resort, it is now said to be laying plans with a view to a strike on a most extensive scale, should the circumstances warrant such a course. Strikes have already taken place at a few points, but they were purely for local reasons, and the places of the strikers were quickly supplied.

A Test of the Validity of the New Tariff Law is now being made by the importers of New York city, many of whom assert that there was not a quorum present when the bill was passed in Congress. The suit is brought in the United States Circuit Court by Ballin, Joseph & Co., the immediate point in dispute being the imposition of increased duties on consignments of cloth from abroad, the tax on which is nearly 30 per cent. higher under the new bill. Importers are watching the suit with interest, although it is not expected that the objections to the Tariff Bill will be sustained by any of the courts.

One of the Most Important Discoveries of the age, in an industrial sense, has just been made by a Chicago chemist named Hirsch, who has found a method of extracting aluminum from clay, at an expense of fifteen cents per pound. Aluminum, which possesses the strength and durability of iron, and is only one-fourth the weight of that metal, now costs five dollars per pound. The discovery may revolutionize the world of mechanics, as the new metal would, owing to its wonderful lightness and flexibility, be preferred to iron for the fronts of buildings, suspension bridge cables, steamships, telegraph lines, and a thousand other things. At present,

iron costs something over four cents a pound; but aluminum, owing to its lightness and flexibility, would be as cheap for ordinary purposes.

To Live Forty-five Days without Food is what Giovanni Succi, the Italian faster has undertaken to do in New York City. He began his long fast on Wednesday last, and he is watched by physicians day and night to see that no food



passes his lips. All the nourishment he receives will be what is derived from water and a cordial of his own concocting, which the doctors have agreed is not in the nature of nutriment. Succi is naturally a hearty eater, although during a long experience in the African deserts he learned to go without food many days at a time—once, it is said, being sixty days without nourishment. He is tall and sallow and loosely built, presenting a rather weak appearance, physically. A portrait of Succi is given in this column.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Dr. Gregg, of Boston, Mass., has accepted the invitation of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, to succeed Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss has conducted a successful series of services in Moline, Ill. He is now preaching at Grace M. E. Church, Boston, Mass.

The China Inland Mission has now 383 missionaries in China, of whom 35 went out during the past year. The income of the society last year was \$257,420.

Forty-three young ladies of New Orleans, members of different religious bodies, are carrying on Christian work among the Chinese in that city.

We are glad to learn that Mr. James McGranahan, who has been so long disabled by sickness, is improving in health and that the prospect is good that he will be fully restored.

There is now a Christian Endeavor Society among the Dakota Indians. The name of the Society in the Dakota language is "Jesus Htakiniwacinskanpi Okokaciye."

Meetings held by Messrs. Stevenson and Bell in DuPage and Blendensville, Ill., have resulted in many conversions; thence they went to Sherbrooke, Canada, at the invitation of the churches of that place.

Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt has been holding meetings at Chicopee Falls, Mass., assisted by Professor and Mrs. D. B. Towner, thence they went to Scotch Plains, N. J. Afterwards they have promised to go to Howell, Mich.

The "Floating Society of Christian Endeavor" is doing good work among sailors. Many have signed the Endeavor pledge, slightly modified to meet the needs of the sailors, and the good effects of it are already seen on several of the revenue cutters and other vessels.

The next General Conference of Christians of all nations, convened by the Evangelistic Alliance, will be held in Florence, Italy, immediately after Easter, in April, 1891. The expenses, amounting to about \$5,000 will be defrayed by the British and American Alliance.

The Ninth Annual Baptist Congress will be held November 11-13th, in New Haven, Conn. Among the speakers are the following: Revs. C. D'W. Bridgman, D.D., T. T. Eaton, D.D., Francis Bellamy, Leighton Williams, E. A. Woods, D.D., Warren Randolph, D.D., Prof. S. Burnham, John Humpstone, D.D., and A. H. Strong, D.D.

Rev. Somerset Gardiner's services, at Paterson, N. J., are being much blessed. Dr. Thomas Hall, in whose church the meetings are being held, writes that they are growing in interest and in the number of hearers. "A number of persons have been deeply awakened, and there have been some decided cases of conversion."

Another Missionary Society finds itself crippled in its work in India, by the effects of the Silver Bill, passed at the last session of Congress. The Baptist Missionary Union, of Boston, will require \$53,000 more this year than last to do the same work. They get 2500 rupees for \$1000, whereas formerly they could get 2800 for it.

Mr. D. L. Moody will open a series of meetings in Chicago on November 23d, in connection with his Bible Institute work. He will be followed by Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, who is to remain through January, and possibly longer. Mr. Moody sends out a cordial invitation to all interested in Bible study and Christian work, who wish a new inspiration in the study of the Word of God to attend the Institute for such a period as they find convenient. As far as possible they will be accommodated in the Institute Buildings. Those who desire accommodations or further information should write at once to R. A. Torrey, Superintendent, 80 W. Pearson street, Chicago, or to Mrs. S. B. Capron, Superintendent of the Ladies' Department, 232 La Salle avenue, Chicago.

THE TEST OF TASTE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Peter's Personal Experience—Had Received Many Proofs
I. A Royal Dainty—How Jesus Displayed His Grace—
In Dispensing Salvation—By His Gifts—By Hearing
Prayer—By Restoring Backsliders—By Preparation for
Glory—II. A Special Sense—Faith's Eye and Ear—The
Taste the Prelude to a Feast—III. A Searching Question
—Elementary—IV. Practical Inferences.

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."—

1. Peter 2:3.

I THINK there can be very little doubt that Peter is here quoting from Psalm 34:8, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." The passage actually runs—"O taste and see that Jehovah is good:" and Peter does not hesitate for a moment to apply the passage to the Lord Jesus. Evidently to Peter the Lord Jesus was Lord and God. He remembered the voice which he heard in the holy mount, when he was an eye-witness of His majesty: "For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Let us continually pay divine honor to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Peter's Special Knowledge.

Peter had special knowledge of his Lord; for you remember that, on one occasion, he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 16:16, 17.) That he should speak of His graciousness is also very natural; for he had himself tasted of His grace. This same Peter had denied his Master with oaths and cursings; and when, after his Lord was risen, He sent a message to him by Magdalene, then he tasted that the Lord is gracious.

Taking these words out of the mouth of Peter, I shall ask you, my brethren and sisters, have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? No doubt is meant to be insinuated by Peter's use of the "if," for he believed that those to whom he wrote had feasted upon the love of the Lord Jesus. Assuredly I would suggest no doubt concerning my brethren by the use of the same words; yet I would put you upon a search, to make assurance doubly sure. Dear friends, have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? Is this fact past conjecture? Can you say positively, "We know in our own hearts the grace of our Lord Jesus?"

I. First, then, here is

A Royal Dainty.

"The Lord is gracious." Jesus is full of grace. in His person, nature, and character. He would never have been Immanuel, God with us, if He had not been gracious. What brought him from above to take upon Him our frail humanity? What held Him here while He endured "such contradiction of sinners against Himself?" What but His natural and innate graciousness as "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth?" What did He here that was not gracious? Was He not always feeding the hungry, healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, comforting the mourners, or raising the dead? If you read His life—take which you will of the four evangelists—you cannot help feeling that you have beheld the face of One who was altogether love, goodness, graciousness. "He went about doing good." From His lips poured gracious words, and from His hands streamed gracious deeds.

But, beloved, we have found Him exceeding gracious in the manner of dispensing his salvation. When we were His enemies, He reconciled us to God by His blood; and when we had neither thought nor wish to come to Him for salvation, He came to us with salvation. Many of us are living trophies of His conquering grace—grace unsought, and utterly undeserved. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Though we now

love the Lord our God, we cheerfully confess that "we love Him because He first loved us."

Since we have come to know our Lord, how gracious have we found him to be! "He giveth more grace." No word can express all that Jesus has been to us; but this word "gracious" goes some way towards it. We have had many inward struggles and conflicts, and much we have needed grace; but as our need such has been our supply. It has sometimes gone hard with us, my brethren, while pressing on to God; but whenever we have been ready to slip with our feet, the Lord has held us up, for His mercy endureth forever. Ay, and when we have stumbled, He has set us on our feet again, for He is always gracious.

The Lord is gracious, for

He Hears Prayer.

Our course is set with memorials of the Lord's answering our pleadings. That bedside of ours is a witness that the Lord is good. That old arm-chair, where you are wont to kneel, could tell strange stories of what you have sought and found. Everything has gone cross with you in business, but you have bowed the knee and found grace to help in time of need. You cried unto the Lord when the child was sick, and you were comforted. You sought the Lord when the dear one was dead in the house, and you found the living God to be your consolation as you went to the open grave. When your wounds were bleeding through bereavement they were stanching in answer to prayer. When your soul's windows were darkened, grace was the sun which came shining into your gloom. You have knelt before the Lord at times when you have been weighed down with a heaviness which you could not explain, and none could remove; but you have not knelt in vain. You came forth from the closet rejoicing, for the Lord was gracious to you, and had put off your sackcloth, and girded you with gladness.

Special Feasts.

I hardly need remind you of these things, because they must be ever present with your soul. The Lord has been gracious, very gracious to you. Beloved, some of you have been favored with choice times, "as the days of heaven upon the earth." You have climbed the mount and been alone with God; and there you have seen your Lord and heard His voice in your soul. Oh, the rapture of intimate fellowship with God! Those to whom the Lord is gracious often enjoy an experience which they would not dare to tell, lest they should seem too familiar.

But you do not know, and I do not know, to the full, how gracious the Lord is. Remember that He is preparing us for a glory inconceivable. Everything is working out His perfect design. Here in this world we look upon the wrong side of the fabric that is being woven in the loom of Providence. When we ascend to heaven we shall see the true pattern to which Christ is working by all His dealings with us, and then we shall perceive that He was carrying out a plan of grace by which we were made meet for glory.

II. But now let us think of

A Special Sense

which is exercised in tasting that the Lord is gracious. Faith is the soul's eye by which it sees the Lord. Faith is the soul's ear by which we hear what God the Lord will speak. Faith is the spiritual hand which touches and grasps the things not seen as yet. Faith is the spiritual nostril which perceives the precious perfume of our Lord's garments, which smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia. Faith is also the soul's taste by which we perceive the sweetness of our Lord, and enjoy it for ourselves. Taste is an inward sense, a private, personal appreciation. To taste is to know a thing in the essence, outcome and enjoyment of it. To taste is to exercise discernment, to make discovery, and to gain assured knowledge of a thing. Apply this to the fact that the Lord is gracious, and what a weighty matter it is to taste!

In order to spiritual taste, there must be apprehension. After apprehension must come appropriation. Martin Luther saith: "And

this I call tasting, when I do with my very heart believe that Christ hath given Himself unto me, and that I have my full interest in Him, that He beareth and answereth for all my sins, transgressions, and harms, and that His life is my life. When this persuasion is thoroughly settled in my heart, it yieldeth wonderful and incredible good taste." In order to taste we must make a very close appropriation. "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Take to yourselves the blessings of His grace. Appropriate Christ, I pray you. Let each one take Him to himself, and then you will know what tasting means.

But taste further means appreciation. Have you ever enjoyed the truth that the Lord is gracious? "Oh," say you, "not as I should like to do." You have well spoken; but I only asked about a taste, I did not inquire about feasting to the full. "To be filled with all the fulness of God" is our inheritance; but just now it will suffice if we so taste as to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Have you found all fulness dwelling in Him? There is no grace like the grace which comes from a dying Christ, a risen Christ, a reigning Christ, a coming Christ. Jesus is all in all to all who are in Him.

III. So, having considered the spiritual sense which tasteth heavenly meat, I now come to press upon you

A Searching Question.

"If so be that ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." Dear friends, this is a very simple elementary question. I may not know what a dish is made of; but I may have tasted it, for all that. I may be grossly ignorant of the mysteries of cookery, but I can tell whether a dish is sweet to my taste. Our self-inquiry is about a primary matter, in which even new-born babes in grace are concerned.

However simple is the question, it goes to the root of the matter; it takes in the whole case of a man's soul. If you only know the Lord Jesus in the book; if you only know Him by the ear through the preacher; what do you know to purpose? You are sick, and there is the medicine; you can interpret the doctor's Latin, and so you ascertain every drug in the mixture. Will this heal you? No; you must taste the medicine, you must receive it into your inward parts, or you will derive no benefit from it. Suppose you are hungry, and before you is spread a meal. There is the menu, and you read it through. Yes, you approve of every course. Will this satisfy you? No; you must sit down and handle that knife and fork and get to work, or you will remain hungry. I do not need to press you: you are a willing guest at the table. But when I set forth the truth that the Lord is gracious, many of you are content to hear about it, and do not proceed to make the test and taste that the Lord is good. Oh, that you would

Come to the Feast!

Those who rejoice that they have tasted that the Lord is gracious, yet confess it with a deep blush, because they have only tasted. Still there is a great deal in the tasting, for he that can taste will desire more. I fear the most of us must confess that we have only tasted that the Lord is gracious, whereas we might have been sitting in His banqueting-house, having our souls satisfied with the rich provisions.

Yet, blessed be the Lord, we have tasted. There is no getting this truth out of our soul's creed: we are sure of it. If a man has tasted a thing, he knows the flavor of it, and is not to be argued out of his knowledge. I have eaten sugar, and I find it sweet. Here comes a philosopher, and declares that it is sour. Go on, philosopher, and philosophize as long and as much as you like; but my palate defies your philosophy. When last I took quinine I held very dogmatic views as to its bitterness. Men who have tasted are inclined to be positive. But, cries one, "It must be wrong to be dogmatic." I care nothing about hard words: I will be dogmatic about what I positively know. When a man is sure of things, why should he pretend to be undecided? There are some matters about which I am past argument, past the power to doubt;

the graciousness of my God is one of these. This I have seen, and handled, and ; from henceforth let no man trouble me die is cast.

me tell you when we have tasted the busness of the Lord. When a man is ill, en loses his taste. The most delicious s nauseous to him. "His soul abhorreth inner of meat." But such is the flavor of uth that the Lord is gracious, that it is pleasant to us when we are sick than at other time. The love of Christ is a de-a refreshment for a sufferer. When our multiply and our spirits are depressed, s a gracious Christ more precious to us n the day of health and joy.

Lasts to Old Age.

en a man grows old he sometimes loses ower of taste. But the natural law is not e the spiritual world; for the older we get ore do we relish the grace of our Lord Christ. Believers grow more heavenly as get nearer to heaven; or at least, they d do so. As earth goes, Christ comes. t is very choice to us when we are young, hen we are gray-headed He is sweetness

We realize our Saviour more than ever, ve have a keener perception of the grace He has manifested towards us. Shortly all be with Him where He is, and shall be-and share His glory: then will He be sur-ingly delightful to our perfected taste. I put the question—Do you know any- about it? I fear that some of you are at sea as to what I mean. You know the of fine old port, or sparkling champagne; now the delicacies of the season: but you never tasted that the Lord is gracious, and mile as you hear the question; for it seems u too absurd. The Lord quicken you! ou this morning find Christ, who is the rection and the life!

So we come to a series of

Practical Inferences.

e text puts it, "Desire the sincere milk of ord." If you have tasted it, long for more Do not hanker after the dilutions and ctions of "modern thought," which you nd vended in many a pulpit. Beware of erous foods, compounded of speculations esies. If you have ever tasted the true of the Word, you will not desire any other; ere is none like it. When the other foods into the market, say to yourself, "The s good enough for me, and Christ Jesus is est of the best."

rt, expect to grow, and pray that you may You, dear friends, have tasted that the is gracious; and now you desire to be shed up in sound doctrine, that your e nature may be developed. How do Chris-grow? If they grow aright, they grow all Some grow in knowledge, but they do not in virtue: this is as if a child's head should gger and bigger, and the rest of his body d remain as it was: he will become a hid-creature, or will die of water on the brain. say they will make their hearts grow, and e mind their heads. This also will not do. ust grow up in Christ in all things. How? by drinking in the unadulterated milk of the l. The Gospel is

The Most Sustaining Food

ne soul; but if it is adulterated, it may con- spiritual disease and death into the soul. mischief can be done by the pulpit than by her agencies put together. Brethren, pray inisters; for if they preach the Gospel and , so that the Gospel loses its power; or if preach the Gospel and poison, so that it s to be pure truth, then the people cannot , nor even live.

xt, "if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is ous," abhor the garlic flavor of the world's I mean those alluded to in the first —malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies, and il speaking." If the Lord is gracious to be gracious to others. If you have tasted the Lord is gracious, do not carry about you the bitterness of malice, or the sour-

ness of envy. Have no savor of cunning about you, nor the least taint of hypocrisy, nor the foul fang of evil speaking. A man that has tasted that the Lord is gracious ought to have a sweet mind, and a sweet mouth; he should judge charitably, and speak kindly of others. If you do not do so, I advise you to taste again and again that the Lord is gracious, till the powerful flavor of grace shall abide in the mouth, and cast out all the noisome savors of hate.

A Purifying Taste.

I want you, also, dear friends, if you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, to lose taste for all earthy trifles. Some amusements we are supposed to condemn; but we have not condemned them indiscriminately. We have nothing to say about their suitability for those who can be satisfied with them. Many diversions may be suited to those whose natures can be gratified with them. As to the children of God, we judge for them by quite another rule. Let the ox have its grass and the horse its hay; but souls must feed on spiritual meat. A farmer takes me over his farm. I see that he keeps swine, and I see the men bring out for them barley-meal and wash. The farmer asks me what I think of it. I think it is capital stuff for those for whom it is prepared. I do not condemn the swine for enjoying it, nor the farmer for providing it for them. But if he asks me whether I will have some of the wash, I am quick at answering, "No, farmer, not I." "Why not?" "Well, I have other tastes. In your own house I have eaten bread and beef, and other foods are not what I hunger for." That is all I say. Those who want vain amusements may

Judge Themselves by Their Likings;

but if we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, our tastes are henceforth spoiled for the world's impure delights. To dispute about tastes is acknowledged to be unwise; and when sin and holiness become matters of taste with men, we shall soon see what manner of men they are. The taste of the world will never be our taste. If it were we should have grave cause to fear that we were of the world.

Lastly, if you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, *taste again*. There is no stint at my Lord's table, and you need not restrain yourself from fear of surfeit or sickness. You can never partake too freely of the grace of Christ Jesus your Lord. No man was ever made ill by feeding too freely upon heavenly things. No, the dainties of heaven create an expansion of soul, and as we receive, we gain capacity to receive yet more holy gifts. We feast on when once we have tasted that the Lord is gracious. The Lord feed you to the full, for Jesus' sake!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Consul Prebensen of Vardoe.*

TO chronicle all the arts by which Mr. Prebenson had risen to his present eminence, would make a considerable story in itself. Suffice it to say that he had not been scrupulous in his choice of means. Having secured the Lapp trade, he began to throw out his toils in other directions. The house of Vang, though greatly hampered by want of resources, had yet a considerable income from its ships that sailed every spring on sealing and whaling expeditions into the Arctic Ocean; but to equip those expeditions required capital and two bad fishing seasons brought Prebensen his opportunity. He rarely gave credit, except in return for a mortgage. If the mortgage was overdue, he foreclosed without mercy. The bad seasons, thus, instead of reducing his income, rather increased it; for it enabled him to sell out a lot of his customers, who henceforth became his tenants and depended upon him for their food and the roof over their heads.

Like a big spider, he sat in his office and threw his toils over the town, until there was scarcely anybody outside of the circle of government officials who was not more or less in-

volved in his web. For the members of the government he professed the greatest respect. When he had moved away from the back street and established himself in roomier quarters, he went south to Bergen, and returned with a wife whose family had extensive connections in the whaling and sealing trade.

He now began a social campaign, which ended with the surrender of the pastor, the major commanding the fortress, and all others who belonged to the official circles. They had formerly looked down upon him, and had taken the part of Mr. Vang, who was certainly a gentleman, and whose dinner-parties and balls had in earlier days, been the great events of the winter. But now Mr. Vang had all he could do to stand upon his legs. He could no longer afford to give balls and dinner-parties; and as Prebensen could, the people of quality who loved amusement, gradually deserted from the one to the other. . . . Prebensen was now the rich man of the town. He was richer than all the rest put together. Vang had been pushed to the wall; he had failed, lost every thing he had, and now carried on a modest little business as a junk-dealer and provisioner of ships.

Dead Among His Money-bags.

Prebensen saw in the distance the furious mob approaching. He grew suddenly pale as a ghost.

"Hansen! Jensen! Olsen!" he cried to the clerks; "bar the doors! Put up the iron shutters, quick! For God's sake, hurry!"

Swift as an arrow, he darted toward the money-drawer, which he pulled out, and rushed into the inner office, the door of which he closed behind him. The most conspicuous object there was a great safe, like that of a bank, which was built into the wall. . . . Emptying the contents of the drawer with nervous haste into a linen bag, and quickly collecting all papers of value on the desk, the consul, casting a terrified glance toward the window which the clerks were darkening with the huge shutters, unlocked the two heavily-bolted doors of the safe and stepped into the vault.

His son entered the room. Flinging himself against the huge door, with his whole weight, he slammed it and, beside himself with fear, yelled to the clerks to arm themselves with pistols and harpoons, or anything they could lay hold of. He did not hear the smothered shriek from within the safe; for he was about half way up the stairs, carrying an old rifle with a bayonet Prebensen had purposely had his safe so made that it could be hastily locked without the use of the elaborate combination. The inner bolts were supplied with springs Suspicious as he was, he had always been afraid that any one should discover how rich he was, and it had been his custom to quickly slam the door of the safe before admitting any one to the office. Now he stood within this narrow vault, numb with terror, pulling desperately at the heavy steel bars, which mocked his feeble efforts. The wealth he had labored for since his earliest years—for the sake of which he had sacrificed friendship, gratitude and affection, nay, his very soul—was round about him. Bags heavy with gold and silver coin, drawers full of precious securities—English consols, United States bonds, Prussian funds—all that was safest and best in the world of finance—all these things for which he had hungered, and for the sake of which he had loaded his name with curses, were within the grasp of his hand; but alas! how worthless were they to him now! A breath of vital air—would be a thousand times more precious . . . The consul, with a wild despair, grabs the steel bars of this door; but it is all in vain. A white mist swims about him; his blood throbs, and hammers in his temples; faint red flames dance before his eyes; an oppressive weariness steals over him; his limbs feel as heavy as lead. Wild, faint noises, through which pierce cries of terror: yes, he knows now what it means. His house is being plundered by the mob! So this is to be the end of all his ambition!

His faintness grew upon him, and out of it he

*Against Heavy Odds. A stirring tale of Norse heroism and Christian fortitude and devotion; by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; the well-known author of many Scandinavian stories; 277 pp.; illustrated; \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



Mr. H. M. Stanley and his Staff, at Bagamoyo.



Mrs. H. M. Stanley.

gradually glided into the deeper unconsciousness of the long, long night.

Facing a Furious Mob.

Tobias, at the head of the angry mob, was pounding with a sledge-hammer at the door of Prebensen's mansion. In two minutes the whole door was broken into splinters. Tobias burst into the house with the crowd following after him.

"Where is Prebensen?" they yelled. "Let's find Prebensen."

At the head of the stairs stood a tall young girl of sixteen with an old unloaded rifle, with a make-anet at the end.

"Stand back!" she cried. "The first one who tries to pass is a dead man!"

A chorus of jeers came from the crowd.

Tobias, judging from the bayonet that the rifle was not loaded, raised his sledge and was about to knock it out of her hands, when some one broke wildly through the crowd and shouted: "Don't dare to touch her!"

The next moment Ingomar, had wrested the hammer out of the mate's grasp and lifted it threateningly over his head.

"Fall back!" he commanded. "Which of you is such a coward as to molest a lady?"

"We want Prebensen! We want Prebensen!" yelled a hundred voices.

"I beg of you friends to leave this house and not disgrace yourselves by further violence."

He stood now at Ragna's side, barring the way, so that no one could pass. He was confident too, that no one would attack him and Tobias least of all.

Within an hour the crowd had dispersed, and the Prebensen mansion was saved.

MR. AND MRS. H. M. STANLEY.

HOW the citizens of this country value heroic achievement will be seen during the next few months in the reception that will be accorded to Mr. H. M. Stanley, who arrived in New York on Thursday last with his bride, a portrait of whom is here given. That his reception will be enthusiastic almost beyond precedent is certain. In this country we feel a part proprietorship in Mr. Stanley. Though born a British subject, he became early in life an American citizen, and it was here that he received the training which fitted him for the

magnificent work that he has done. As a soldier in the field during the war, and as the war-correspondent of a great journal, he proved his possession of the qualities which enabled him to carry out his formidable undertakings, and it was in that field that they were developed.

And what splendid achievements his have been! No man of our day has equal claims to the applause of the world. By sheer grit—the quality which we above other peoples admire most—he has overcome obstacles and pushed his way through difficulties that other men of no mean powers have deemed insurmountable. Taking up the work of exploration which Livingstone left unfinished at his death, he circumnavigated the great African lakes, fighting his way through hordes of savage cannibals and completing his work by a combination of the qualities of a military general with those of a scientific geographical explorer. He had to inspire his timid native followers with his own courage and with confidence in himself; to face the dangers of an unknown land peopled with unknown tribes, to navigate rivers in leaky boats, to shoot cataracts, to make a path through trackless forests, to conciliate savage potentates, to feed and control a large company of treacherous native carriers and to keep daily note of his observations. Beside these labors, incident to all his journeys, Mr. Stanley has founded the great Congo Free State in which he has displayed ability as an administrator and organizer of a rare order. He comes back to us now from the most difficult of all his exploits—the rescue of Emin Pasha. The thrilling incidents of that wonderful march and the new discoveries he made will probably be described in the lectures he will give during his visit.

The illustration on this page is from a photograph taken at Bagamoyo when Mr. Stanley had just emerged from the recesses of the Dark Continent and was approaching the civilization of the coast. It represents the explorer with four of his trusted companions. On his right are Captain Nelson and Mr. A. J. Montenegro-Jephson, and on his left, Surgeon T. H. Parke and Lieutenant Stairs, all of whom accompanied him on the Emin Pasha expedition.

Mrs. Stanley, whose portrait is here given, and to whom Mr. Stanley was married on July 12 in Westminster Abbey, is a lady well known in

England. She is a friend of the philanthropist Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and is herself distinguished as the friend and teacher of ragged, homeless children. She has also gained reputation in art circles as the painter of exquisite pictures which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.

(See Illustration on page 733.)

IN following the footsteps of Dr. Talmage to the Holy Land, as described by him in recent sermons at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD services in New York, we have published pictures of the various scenes in and about Jerusalem as he referred to them; we now give a picture of the city as a whole, as it appears from the Mount of Olives. From that vantage ground the spectator gets a panoramic view of the most interesting of all cities. Looking across the valley, he sees it spread out before him like a rug on the crest of the central hill. It was from that elevation that our Saviour looked upon the city and wept over it, as a mother weeps over a beautiful child persistent in evil courses. It was a fairer city than this that He saw in His childhood. Then the Temple was its most conspicuous feature, reflecting from its marble and gold the rays of the sun; now the mosque of the prophet rears its dome in its place and the Christian visitor, standing on the spot hallowed by our Saviour's tears, as he sees the profanation, has to weep, too. It was with pride that His disciples had pointed out to Him the beauties of the building, but the architectural grandeur could not blind His eyes to the unbelief, hypocrisy that made the Temple and its gorgeous ritual a mockery, nor shut out the scene that a prophetic vision spread before Him of the coming desolation, when one stone would not remain upon another. He saw the process of decay and its inevitable result, as He sees now under the decorous exterior of many a life the envelopment and result of a hideous moral deformity, and His gentle spirit still grieves though He would gather men together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings that will not.

There stands the city still, "beautiful for situation" as when the Psalmist wrote of it, and he bade her citizens: "Walk about Zion and

and about her; the towers reof. Mark well bulwarks, coner her palaces tell it to the genon following." the glory is deted; her proud ritual eminence the dwellingce of the living i is taken from; and she is trod under foot of n until the time nes when she all look upon Him om she pierced l mourn. Then all she hear the d words: "Comt ye, comfort ye people, saith ur God. Speak comfortably to usaleam, and cry to her that her rfare is accomshed, that her inuity is pardoned: r she hath receiv of the Lord's nd double for all r sins." "And esons of strangs shall build thy ills and their kings all minister unto ee: for in my ath I smote thee, it in my favor have I had mercy on thee. . . and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.
BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 718.)

RICHARD MANSFORD proceeded to gather all his available resources for the defence of his "castle," and every member of the little corps was armed in some fashion. The two quatters took possession of a couple of rifles; Donald McLean handled his favorite and familiar pistol a little too fondly and lovingly for his consistency as a man of peace; Loonie was armed with an old blunderbuss, unloaded for the sake of his own safety, but capable of being of some service if matters came to close quarters. Phelim McGrath disdained all weapons save and except a shillelagh of the true Tipperary pattern, which he had brought with him from "Ould Oireland," and two others of less scientific shape but sufficient weight, to be used in circumstances might direct and require. "Av ye can't get a chance to spake for yourself," said Phelim, as he handled them, "shure nd it's wise to send a messenger that understands your maning."

The little garrison waited with patience the coming of the reckless and daring outlaws, who, in their hunt for plunder, knew neither mercy nor compunction, but with ruthless hand made steel or bullet the swift henchman of grim death.

Around the homestead the stately pines stood tall and dense, at other times a shelter and an ornament, but now a too effective screen to guard and cover the advance of these evil pilgrims of the night. From out their recesses came now and again some night-bird's shrill and startled cry, all the more startling on account of the tight-strung nerves of the inmates.

A little past the "witching hour of night" the dogs upon the farmstead seemed to scent some mischief in the air, and first one and then the other woke the echoes of the night by a loud, sharp bark. The Scotchman, who was standing by an open jalousie, peering into the darkness without, could not repress a growl. "Noo for

it!" said he, looking to the priming of his pistol. "Dinna ye hear Douce and Pawkie? They wadna bark at auld Cloutie hissel' till they ken'd a glint o' his ee! Here they are!"

Sure enough they were, and a considerable gang of them, too. After a short survey, they proceeded to make arrangements for the attack in so calm and leisurely a fashion that it was evident that they thought their visit quite unexpected and unprepared for. Their illusion was rapidly dissipated, when at Marcus Little's word of command a smart fire was opened on them from the house. A rapid movement was made to the cover of the pines, and the consultation that followed was of such a length that Richard Mansford began to think they had retired for good. The gang was evidently dismayed by the presence of so large a force, but urged on doubtless by the bolder spirits among them, they decided to make one bold determined effort for the prize.

So a sudden rush was made for the door, and a desperate effort made to force it. The attempt was unsuccessful, and though it was rather awkward for the inmates to get a good shot at them, yet this position was altogether too warm to be pleasant. One of Phelim McGrath's supernumerary shillelaghs was flung at the head of a tall rascal who seemed to be the leader of the gang; at that moment Phelim himself got a smart crack from some missile or other to which he responded by howling such a marrow-piercing war-whoop as would have daunted and dismayed a whole faction at Donnybrook Green.

At length the attacking party had enough of it, and with a curse and a parting volley they gave way, and made off in anything but good order. The silence which immediately succeeded was broken by a deep groan from the lips of Richard Mansford, as he fell heavily to the floor.

Phelim, roused beyond all endurance by this sad catastrophe, leaped across the veranda and followed by Loonie and two or three of the men, gave chase, but the assailants, had cleared completely from the field. As they returned to the house, Phelim caught sight of a human form crawling along in the shadows of the garden palings, and pouncing on him as a cat springs at a mouse, he recognized the big ruffian whose

yere weecked face. Tak' gude care o' him, Phelim. It's mair likely her Majestie may want a word wi' him. Lock him up and gi'e him somatt to eat."

"An' shure your hanner, an' wouldn't it be better to string him up, an' save the mate for an honest stomach?" said Phelim.

Richard Mansford had received a severe wound in the shoulder, and was unable at the time to see the man; but on discovering that it was he whom the Scotchman had seen running away from the spot where Rupert lay wounded unto death, and that he had now been leading a gang of robbers, it is not to be wondered at that he was anxious to guard him safely. He was confined in a roomy building of framed wood, in which the squatter usually kept his supplies of seed grain. A deep, angry-looking cut just above the temple gave proof enough of the Irishman's strength of muscle and exactness of aim. That cut when healed would surely leave a notable scar for life. As he sat there, sulky and silent, upon a bed of straw, it was easy to see, from the set of his lips, the lowering brows which thickly shaded a keen and piercing eye, that he was a man of determined purpose and no small strength of will. His features were regular and proportionate, and had it not been for the ineradicable stamp of devilry on his face, he might have been called handsome. He wore a curly black-brown beard and whiskers, short, but dense as brushwood, and this added a look of ferocity to his appearance. He had a remarkably good forehead denoting considerable mental powers, but these must have been sadly prostituted during his career of wrong and crime that had brought him to such a condition.

This was the man at whose hands Rupert Mansford had met his death. They had been companions in a life of sin, and his murder was an instance of the old adage concerning "honor among thieves." When Rupert Mansford had discovered that the man to be attacked was his own brother, he remonstrated with the "captain," and when he found that Richard's identity had been known to him, he lost control of himself, and they parted in anger. Having failed to change the "captain's" plan, there



Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.
(From a photograph secured in the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

head he had broken with his shillelagh.

"By the bones of the blessed Patrick," said he, "he's understood the manm' I intended."

The capture was not made without much difficulty, for the fellow struggled hard, and it was not until one or two of Phelim's helpers had suffered in the strife that the man was brought to submit to the inevitable. No sooner had Phelim McGrath conducted his prisoner of war into the kitchen, where McLean was standing talking to Marcus Little, than he again attempted to escape, trying his best to keep his face away from the Scotchman's sight. This naturally aroused his curiosity, and after a careful look at the man he said, "Ah, I see, ye're the ugly varmint that did for that pair callant by the brook, nae wunner ye're shamed o'

was nothing left but to warn his brother. The result is known to my readers. The villain imagined he had effectually silenced Rupert's tongue, and hence his surprise when he found the farmstead armed and ready for his coming.

Mr. Little concluded to return home about sunset, as his stay overnight was altogether unpremeditated, and there was no telling what rumors of disaster and death might reach his place before him. True, he hardly expected that the bushrangers would try his place that night, as he had been led to believe, especially if their head man was in captivity. Nevertheless, he felt that he ought to be at home. He had some experience of gunshot wounds, and was of opinion that the one in Mansford's shoulder was not one to cause much anxiety. This opinion was not shared by McLean and the rest of them, and they waited in anxious dread the arrival of the prison doctor who had been sent for earlier in the day.

Now it so happened that the prisoner, thinking from what he heard that he had killed Mansford, and that his crime meant the rope for him without a shadow of doubt, set his wits to work to effect his escape. A search among the loose straw, which was strewed about the floor, was rewarded by the discovery of a broken scythe blade. He managed to get it between his teeth and then by dint of running his bound hands along the edge he eventually succeeded in severing the cord that bound them.

When his supper was brought, he still held them together, so as to elude suspicion; and at nightfall he employed the same weapon to saw a hole in the wooden wall of the granary large enough for him to creep through, and when morning dawned Phelim was aghast and speechless to find that the prisoner had fled!

"Misther McLean," said he "the murderin' spalpeen's made a big hole in the granary!"

"Weel, weel," said Donald, "and what then?"

"Why, then, yer hanner, he's just put his thievish carcase through it, an' gone off widout lave, takin' the mate in the inside av im!" the man replied.

Not long after the discovery of his flight, the prison doctor and a couple of officers arrived. While the doctor was attending Richard Mansford, the officers proposed to take the captive in charge, for they had recognized him as an escaped and much-wanted convict, from the description the messenger had given of him. Their chagrin may be imagined, when they were informed that he had again given them the slip.

As Mr. Little had imagined, the doctor was able to assure them that Mansford's wound was by no means serious, and that he would be about in a very little while. Before he left the house, McLean took him to see the dead body of Rupert Mansford, the stranger (for Richard had informed no one of the relationship), informing him beforehand how and at whose hand he had met his death.

The doctor recognized the corpse at once as that of convict No. 240, but was altogether at a loss to assign a reason for the crime, for, as far as he knew, the two men were friends,

had been transported and escaped together. He gave the necessary orders for his burial, simply putting another count in the indictment of the bigger villain.

Richard Mansford was longer in getting about than the doctor had led them to believe would be the case, but the doctor was not at fault. The fact is, that the intense longing for home, well called home-sickness, as only those who have suffered from it know, grew on him strongly day by day; so much so that the worry retarded his recovery. His desire was the more keen because of some broken sentences in which Rupert had revealed somewhat of his life-career to him. "I left them to starve," he had said, and those words rang in his ears night and day. Anice starving! Fighting the grim demon of poverty and want!

His thoughts at last became too much for him, and finally he determined to go, sick or well. "Donald," said he to the Scotchman, soon after he had come to this determination, "I'm off to England next week. It's no good pining away like this, and very likely the sea voyage will set me right. You must look after things for me, my good fellow, till I come back. I don't expect to be away long, that is, if God sets me on my feet again; but, in any case, if you don't hear from me or see me in the flesh within three years, then the place will be yours entirely; as it is, you must consider yourself my partner."

The honest Scotchman was greatly moved by this emphatic mark of the regard and confidence of his master and friend. He had not much to say; at such times souls that are good and honest and true do not deal largely in words; but the grip of his hand as he thanked Richard Mansford, was quite sufficient.

This decision seemed to work wonders for Richard Mansford. The work of getting ready and leaving things straight, took his mind away from his gloomy thoughts, and so gave the wound a chance to heal, of which it speedily availed itself, and thus it came about that the breezes of the sea had a fair opportunity of completing his recovery. He took Phelim McGrath with him, so that in case he should need assistance, he should not be dependent on the care of strangers, though, to be sure, if Phelim had conveyed his "manin'" as impressively as a nurse as he did at Ooramarra, I fancy the hands of strangers would have been preferable. Fortunately, his valuable help in this line was not called for.

After a very pleasant passage, Richard Mansford, browned by the sea-air, even browner than by the Australian sun, and Phelim, were safely landed on the shores of England.

Mansford started at once to pick up the forgotten clues that his youthful memory left him, in order to achieve his purpose. We, however, cannot follow him through his saddening visits to his old-time haunts. As my readers know, his search for Anice was of necessity fruitless. He learnt, however, that Nora, her only daughter, had gone to stay with Har-dale, her uncle, at Settleworth. That town lay nearest to Hazelcroft, his father's place, which, by the way, he remembered, ought to be his place now, if his father were not living. Who owned it now? Why hadn't he

heard from the lawyers? Of course they didn't know where he had gone to, but surely they might have found out if they had wanted to. He was not in hiding.

Then, too, he wanted to see what Nora was like; whether she resembled Anice at all. He was glad she was not likely to feel the pinch of poverty where she was. He concluded to make all his intended observations under cover; a well-to-do uncle from Australia might not see the genuine self—in fact, most likely otherwise. Thus it was that a stranger came to the Hermitage.

The place not only suited him in his plans, but had an added attraction in the fact that it was one of the few places that remained just as he remembered it in his youth and early manhood. So he took it in McGrath's name, and duly installed himself and Phelim therein. The latter was not to be despised as a general cook, and in this quiet corner we may for a while leave Richard Mansford and turn our attention elsewhere.

(To be Continued.)

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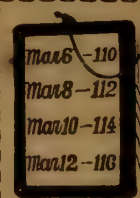
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long ago, a missionary on the great Congo had pushed up on a little river into a part where no white man had been before. The anchor was let and the steamer brought to. Food was sent for the men, and firewood for fires. The natives came crowding to the bank to look at this wonderful thing they were armed with arrows, and spears. The missionary tried to speak to them, and made signs of peace. But they were so suspicious, and partly afraid, that he could do seemed to touch it was plain that they were partly suspicious, and partly afraid, when savages are in that state, they are

very dangerous. What was to be done? A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had his wife and a dear little baby on board! he got the baby, took it up in his arms, and showed it to the people. Now, the baby was a really sensible one; it seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying, or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be, and when the poor savages saw it, they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms, and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."

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MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful, not to serve Thee much
But to please Thee perfectly

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me:
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

—Selected.

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JACOB'S WELL AS IT NOW APPEARS—A BEDOUIN WOMAN OF THE DESERT. (From photographs secured in the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1890, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Life in Tents—Scripture Imagery of Tent-Dwellings—The Howls of the Hyenas at Night—Hovering Birds of Prey—The Mourners Among the Tombs—The Most Famous Well in History—Jacob Digging His Own Well—The Advantage of a Man Having a Well of His Own—A Visit to Mount Gerizim—The Journey to Shiloh—The Meadow of the Feast—A Famous Battlefield—A Battle Yet to be Fought There.

"Forasmuch as thou knowest we are to encamp in the wilderness." Numbers 10:31.

NIGHT after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their places. Noah lived in a tent. Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk to make him soundly sleep, that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travellers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle-shout was, "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent-maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Ezekiah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you may have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinnying. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared and the lions that once were common all through this land and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing

by Lake Galilee)—with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead and, though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings, in five minutes after, the skies are black with eagles contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when He said: "Whosoever the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together." The longevity of those eagles is wonderful. They live fifty or sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he says, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward and I wondered what was



Jesus and the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well.

(From Dr. Talmage's new book: "From Manger to Throne.")

contained in that amplitude of apparel and I said to the dragoman, "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying, it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said, "There it is now, Isaiah's description of the tenderness of God—He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom."

Passing by a village home, in the Holy Land, about noon, I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman: "David, what is going on there?" He said: "Somebody has recently died there and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bereaved." "There it is," I said, "the old scriptural custom: 'And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.'" Early in the morning passing by a cemetery in the Holy Land, I saw among the graves about fifty women dressed in black, and they were crying: "Oh, my child!" "Oh, my husband!" "Oh,

my father!" "Oh, my mother!" Our dragoman told us that every morning very early for mornings after a burial, the women go to the sepulchre, and after that every week very for a year. As I saw this group just after break, I said: "There it is again, the same custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist where he says; 'certain women which came early at the sepulchre.'"

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named and for the wonderful things which Christ taught on this well curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzle, and our dragoman climbing up to the top over the slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from the edge. Some grass and weeds and fig growths overhang it. In one place the rock is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took possession and dropped them in, and from the time they clicked on the bottom you could hear how deep it was, though not as deep as once, for modern day travellers are applying the same test

though in the days of Maundrell the well was a hundred and five feet deep, now it is only seventy. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well that during the season a Captain of the army descended to this well, at one of the sides so close that he had to put his head over his head in order to get through, then he fainted and lay at the bottom of the well as the dead, until hours of recovery, he came to the surface.

It is not like the wells dug down to a fountain that fill but a reservoir to catch the falling water and to that Christ refers when speaking of the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply, he said that she would, if asked, give her "living water," that is, water from a flowing spring.

in distinction from the water of that well which was rain water.

But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and a dance of springs and fountains and seem no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob to the vast expense of boring and digging a perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off he could have water from other fountains at little no expense. Ah, Jacob was wise. He was his own well. Quarrels and wars might be cut off, so the shovels and pick-axes boring instruments were ordered and the work of nearly four thousand years ago was through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character. Independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent

thers. But if God has given you good
common sense, and two eyes, and two
and two hands, and two feet, He equipped
for independence of all the universe except
self. If He had meant you to be dependent
thers you would have been built with a
around your waist to tie fast to somebody
No ; you are built with common sense to
on your own opinions, with eyes to find
own way, with ears to select your own mu-
with hands to fight your own battles. There
ly one being in the universe whose advice
need and that is God. Have your own well

the Lord will
Dig it if
be through
hundred feet
solid rock.
with your
or dig it with
yard-stick,
lig it with
shovel, or
t with your

my small
I never ac-
plished any-
for God or
Church, or

world, or my AN ORIENTAL SHEPHERD.
ly, or myself except in contradiction to
an advice and in obedience to divine coun-
God knows everything and what is the use
ing for advice to human beings who know
ie that no one but the all-seeing God can
e how little it is. I suppose that when Ja-
egan to dig this well on which we are sit-
this noontide, people gathered around and
"What a useless expense you are going to,
a rolling down from yonder Mount Geri-
and down from yonder Mount Ebal, and
under in the valley is plenty of water!"
replied Jacob, "that is all true but sup-
my neighbors should get angered against
and cut off my supply of mountain beverage
would I do, and what would my family do,
what would my flocks and herds do? For-
ye brigade of pick-axes and crowbars and
own into the depths of these rocks and
e me independent of all except Him who
the bottles of the clouds! I must have my
well!"

ing man, drop cigars, and cigarettes, and cups, and the Sunday excursions and your own house and have your own ward-robe and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have five hundred dollars income a year!" says one. Then spend four hundred dollars in living and ten per cent. of it or fifty dollars in benevolence and the other fifty in being to dig your own well. Or, if you have a thousand dollars a year, spend eight hundred of it in living—ten per cent. or one hundred dollars in benevolence and the remaining hundred in beginning to

Dig Your Own Well.

largest bird that ever flew through the air
hatched out of one egg and the greatest es-
was brooded out of one dollar.

suppose when Jacob began to dig this well whose curb we are now seated this Decem-
ber, it was a dry season then as now and
none comes up and says: "Now, Jacob, sup-
pose you get the well fifty feet deep or two hun-
dred feet deep and there should be no water to
drink would you not feel silly?" People passing
by the road and looking down from Mount
Zion or Mount Ebal near by would laugh
and say: "That is Jacob's well, a great hole in
the rock, illustrating the man's folly." Jacob re-
plied: "There never has been a well in Palestine
or any other country, that once thoroughly dug
it would not sooner or later filled from the clouds,
and there will be no exception." For months
after Jacob had completed the well people went
out of respect for the deluded old man
to keep their hand over their mouth to hide a
laugh and the well remained as dry as the
bottom of a bottle that has been hanging over

the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water and the wind got round to the east and it began to drizzle and then great drops splashed all over the well-curb and the heavens opened their reservoir and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passers-by realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and He will do His part.

More is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self-denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug, and filled, it will be your turn to laugh.

Two Famous Mountains.

But look up from this famous well, and see two mountains and the plain between them on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side, and on the other, Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred thousand people on the plain cried Amen with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountains are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear, and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain as has been demonstrated by travellers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on, and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy bask-

glory, and dominion, and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an Amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride until now, we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on.

SHILOH.

head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed, take your feet off the sad hearts at the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get in purport, saying: "My son is in your cities; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear something is wrong; hunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers." But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have a

A Message from Home.

Your father is anxious about you, your mother is praying for you. Your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless, and the heart against which you lay in infancy ceases to beat? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her? My God! Avert that catastrophe!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys, and find close by, what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity, on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an Annual Ball where the maidens of the city amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets danced in a glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gaities went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, and by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose



prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized, and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey, to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven!

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdrael. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as He crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth! Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war-chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scything at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it, David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard, Cœur de Lion, and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions around in which the Holy Cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host: and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdrael—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war come before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, "Ho for Jerusalem! Ho for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of

Furious Mohammedans.

For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred" when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold of

the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and side hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle axe right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after, the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession

The Wooden Cross

on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and

iest army of the ages, are following it where that goes they will go, across the and up the mighty steep of the heavens. the twelfth century it seemed to go down,



THE KISHON.

in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and more than other standards whether inscribed with eagle, lion, or bear, star, or crescent. That Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdrael to-day for your marshall.

The cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, the out-spread beam of it like stretched arms of invitation to nations. Kneel at its foot, your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of power and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdrael reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waves of the river Kishon soothing me by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe here and Asia is here and Africa is here and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, I hear the roll of the drums and clear call of the clarions, and thunder of the cannonades. Then I hear the wild rush as of lions of troops in retreat, and the shout of victory as from fifteen hundred millions throats, then a song as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joined, clapping cymbals beating time—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

SINGING MOTHERS.

REMEMBER that the song you will be echoed long years hence writes Rev. N. D. Johnson, in the *Louis Observer*. Though almost fifty years have gone since the voice said, "How tedious and tasteless hours;" and "There is a habitation;" and "How firm a foundation,"

though many sweet singers have been listened to, there are none that linger in the memory with half the sweetness of that mother's set hum of these old tunes. I think it would make one of the sweetest choirs of the heavenly world if the mothers could get together and sing in that low, tone, some of the sweet songs of praise which they sang here to the little ones. Oh Lord, give singing and praying mothers, and our land shall



A Jewish Priest with Scroll of the Law.

(From Dr. Talmage's New Book: "From Manger to Throne.")

sword against javelin, and battle-axe upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye, begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzzah of the victorious Moslems. But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the might-

A Pension has been Granted to a Woman at Port Jervis, N. Y., on the presumption of her husband's death. He had served in a regiment of New York Volunteers in the war, and was honorably discharged at its close. He received his pension down to the year 1875. In September of that year he set out to visit a friend living about a mile away from his home. He was seen going in that direction, but he never reached his friend's house, nor was he seen afterward. After waiting some years, his wife applied for a pension, but her application was rejected, as she could not prove that her husband was dead. Now she has applied again, urging that the fact that he had not drawn his pension for fifteen years was a strong presumption that he was dead. It may be inferred that the Pension Office is of the same opinion, for she was notified last week that her name has been placed on the pension rolls. The same argument, however, would not be sufficient evidence of the death of some Christians. The blessings and graces which God pledges Himself to give to those who claim them are not sought though they are needed and the men still live. (Matt. 7 : 7, 8.)

JESUS RISEN.

S. S. LESSON FOR NOV. 30, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 24 : 1-12 ; GOLDEN TEXT, I. COR. 15 : 20.

The Christ Life a Resurrection from Death—The Death and Resurrection Sides of Christ's Life—The Women at the Cross—Joseph's Unshaken Faith—The Spices and Ointment Prepared—The Anticipated Difficulty of the Stone—The Pertinent Question—The Resurrection Process Begun in Life—The Women's Message Discredited.

"NOW has Christ been raised from the dead the first fruits of them that are asleep," (1. Cor. 15 : 20, R. V.) "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1. John 3 : 8), sin, sickness, sorrow, shame, death. If He was crucified that we also might be crucified with Him, He rose again that we also might "walk in newness of life."

The cross means death to self-life, the resurrection means not only justification, but also the power and presence of the Christ life. If the cross of Christ has not only been *for* us, for our sins, but also *in* us crucifying "the flesh, with its affections and lusts" (Gal. 5 : 24), so also the resurrection of Christ is not only *for* us but also *in* us, a new life, the Christ life, the very "eternal life which was with the Father." But

Death and Resurrection must Correspond ;

there can be no resurrection where there has been no death. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." (1. Cor. 15 : 36.) But "if ye, through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Just as death must precede resurrection, so surely resurrection follows death. "That which thou sowest thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain . . . but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." The Christ Himself was sown on this earth's soil as "a root out of a dry ground" having "no form or comeliness." There was restriction, subjection, a dying to His own will, all through His life. "I have not spoken of myself ; but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment, what I shall say, and what I shall speak. And I know that His commandment is life everlasting : whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." (John 12 : 49, 50.) Nothing could be a more real death and crucifixion to the pride and self-importance of human nature than this absolute dependence upon His Father for every word—this is

The Death Side ;

Where is the resurrection ? "They were astonished at His doctrine, for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." (Mark. 1 : 22.) "And all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." (Luke 4 : 22.) "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." (John 6 : 63.) His word quelled the storm, cast out the demons, healed the sick, brought Lazarus from his grave, etc.—no wonder the disciples said of it, "What a word is this, for with authority and power He commandeth the unclean spirits and they come out." (Luke 4 : 36.) This is

The Resurrection Side.

Yet only the first dawn of it, to be consummated, when, as the Word of God, followed by the armies of heaven, He will smite the nations by the sharp sword which goeth out of His mouth.

After Jesus had given up the ghost, commending His Spirit to His Father, and the centurion had borne witness to Him, the multitude dispersed, smiting their breasts, under the impressions of the hour, but understanding nothing of the wondrous transaction which had just taken place. There were interested spectators, also, the women that followed Him from Galilee, but they "stood afar off" with three exceptions, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. (John 19 : 25.) These had gone deeper with Jesus than the other disciples, and the world and they had nothing in common. But there was one man, Joseph of Arimathea, whose purpose in life was to look for the kingdom of God. He sat silent in the coun-

cil which condemned Jesus, and even now his faith was not shaken ; he came boldly and asked for the body of Jesus. His request was granted. He took down the lifeless body of our Lord from the cross, "wrapped it in linen, and laid it in" a sepulchre which was hewn in stone, wherein never before man was laid. Alone in His death Jesus must be alone in His burial, too. The women who had followed Him from Galilee truly followed after and beheld the sepulchre, and how His body was laid, but it was only to fall back upon their earthly conceptions and their earthly resources. They returned to busy themselves in preparing spices and ointments to keep the body of the Son of God from corruption !

Mistaken Women !

They did their best, but how little they had understood their Lord ! And *we* ? As we yield ourselves to our God, our life is one long disappointment on human lines, one death and resurrection on divine lines. All we are and all we have, all we do and all we think, has to pass through death, that the flesh may, like the corn of wheat which falls into the ground, die to its own goodness, and its own power, and that Christ may be formed in us, the Hope of glory. The women rested on the Sabbath, but very early the first day of the week they came to the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared. But early as they were, one had preceded them, who brought nothing in her hand. Mary Magdalene had waited neither for spices nor for the dawning of the day, she "came while it was yet dark unto the sepulchre." Was it she who anointed Him for His burial ? Was she the same with the sister of Martha and Lazarus ? This is not clear ; in any case, Mary had no interest outside Jesus' grave, until He made Himself known to her as the risen One. The women found to their amazement that the stone at the door of the sepulchre was rolled away. They had expected to find a stone between them and a dead Christ, and had said among themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ?" They entered in, but they found neither the stone nor the dead Christ whose body they had come to anoint. They looked for what they had left two days before, they were

On Human Lines Still.

We have to do with Him who is the First and the Last and the Living One. (Rev. 1 : 17.) If we can trust our Shepherd when He leads us through the valley of the shadow of death in our personal experience, in our work for God, in our family or social relations, we shall find we have no longer to do with a dead Christ but with a living, mighty One to whom all things are possible. It was no longer permitted to these women of Galilee to minister to Jesus as they had done, their spices and ointments, the doing and serving, the busy Martha spirit were all out of place. They were perplexed. God does not leave his true children long in perplexity. He sent heavenly messengers with a heavenly message, "Why seek ye Him that liveth among the dead ? He is not here ; but He is risen : remember how He spoke unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." And they remembered His words. Until now, those words of Christ had gone for nothing. Oh, are there not many who live in perplexity and poverty of soul, vainly seeking a dead Christ, to whom they fain would minister ? In the past, His word had come to them in power, but they were not obedient "to the heavenly vision" (Acts 26 : 19), the impression faded away, and for years they have walked afar off, mingling much of self-effort, much of the flesh, with their devotion, because they have not endured as seeing him who is invisible.

Why seek ye Him that liveth among the dead ? In resurrection everything is changed. Thou sowest not that body which shall be. Old experiences are not again to be repeated ; it is the change from corruption to incorruption, from that which can pass away to the power of an endless life, from the evanescence of things

temporal to the powers of the age to come, from human to divine. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. O with what intense longings do we look forward to the hour when Jesus shall come again, when we shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an eye, when "a spiritual body shall be a reality with us as with Jesus." His resurrection and the redemption of our body shall be a realized fact. Then shall the Lord have His true victory. But even now He is changing His own. He is conforming Himself to His own image, wooing her from absorption with things of time and sense, endearing with His spirit, making the resurrection reality in her spiritual experience. But there are many yet who seek the living among the dead. They want to revive former feelings of love to God, former consciousness of zeal, love to souls, just where the Spirit of the Lord has blown upon the goodness of the flesh, withered it. Many would revive that goodness, because a risen Christ in them is not understood, and they still expect from themselves what only His life in them quietly received, believed in and acknowledged, will produce. He is not here for He is risen. He is not to be found where nature would still seek Him, He is in "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible," (1. Pet. 3 : 4,) not in senses and feelings but in the spirit life.

The women returned from the sepulchre with their new heaven-taught light upon the way which Jesus had taught them when on earth, which they had so lightly heeded and told the things unto the eleven and to the rest. The Holy Ghost who teaches all things had yet obtained possession of the disciples, in words to them were as idle tales and they believed them not. So unpopular and yet so intensely important is the truth of resurrection.

LILLIAN'S EASTER HAT.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov. 30 : "Not Christ risen from the dead and become the first of them that slept." I. Cor. 15 : 20.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.

"CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!" the choir of the church were singing where Ell Buckingham worshipped. There were some of the best voices in New York City in choir and the music, one of Mosenthal's melodious Easter Anthems seemed to be filling their souls, both with the harmonies, the exalted sentiment of the words that they carried most of their hearers along with it and into that blest region—mysterious, always longed-for—known as "out of themselves." But, notwithstanding, Lillian usually takes more interest in the music than in other part of the church service, to-day it falls heeded on her ear. She evidently is oppressed with some weight on her conscience for stands thus cast down, perfectly motionless except when she puts her hand to her head to just her hat. And as we follow the motion her hand we cannot help observing what a simply perfect gem in the millinery line her hat is. Light ! why you could not imagine anything lighter, but there seemed to be something oppressive and heavy about that very hat to Lillian. What can be the reason ? Let us enter the young girl's reflection-chamber as she sits listening to (but not hearing) the beautiful Easter Anthem.

She is saying to herself, "Just a year ago I joined the church. I have never regretted one minute, but I wonder if all is right with me. On Sundays it seems so ; for I feel eager, Christ's work and full of joy and enthusiasm. It is the week that makes me doubtful. I am so different on week-days from what I do on Sundays. Why can I not feel this happy devotion in religion when I am at home ? I am afraid it is not right. 'What was it the preacher said now ? 'If Christ be indeed risen in our hearts, our lives will show forth His spirit.' We must live His life, follow His footsteps, do good to

whom we come in contact, sacrifice ourselves and desires if by doing it we can make us happier. Other people will see Christ in and be led to seek the same power that is us a blessing." Ah! it is not so with me. I cannot make any one happy and I am afraid I am very selfish."

"At this point the pretty hat slipped on the fair and Lillian's hand went up to replace it. There was a new current to her thoughts.

"Ah, this hat is a case in point! It looks very

"I know it suits me, but it proves my selfishness. It's true Uncle George gave it me, but I did not when I admired it so. 'Well, Lillian, I will give it you if you would like it, but you know I am not rich, and if I give you that hat it will cost me all the money I had laid aside to buy presents for your mother, your sister, and yourself for Easter. What do you say, shall I spend it on the hat?' I never said a word, I only looked on longingly at the hat. But, wicked girl! I knew I was all that was necessary with Uncle George. Of course the hat was soon mine. But I repise myself for getting it that way, and, too, Mamma worked so hard to finish this for me to wear on Easter Sunday; for she I could not wear such a hat as that with those clothes, and now she is sick in bed and is unable to stay at home to take care of her. I ought of course I ought to have done so, because it was working for me that made her ill. If I had thought as much of cultivating a self-like spirit as I did of my vanity I would have told my sister to wear the hat and instead of on her coming in my place. Oh dear! dear!" and as the anthem closed, Lillian, with her head in the closing prayer, weeping freely, but resolving by God's grace not to let her Lord's glorious resurrection be in vain, or as her remaining in a continued state of neglecting to cultivate His Spirit was earned.

The strength of her good resolutions was put to the test. On leaving the church she found the wind blowing in sudden gusts. A particularly strong gale took her beautiful dress as she was just turning the corner, and carried it from her head on to the dusty pavements, flying away at a great rate. A street arab caught he saw in this catastrophe a means of inflicting a malicious instinct for mischief, so he joined in the chase, and being more fleet of foot, captured the hat and placed it on top of a stick, and held it teasingly far above Lillian's reach. Imp that he was! He danced and jested around, enjoying her distress, and holding the hat on the top of the stick till the crowd showed through the crown. There stood an, with rosy cheeks and dishevelled hair, as the wind was tossing about her face, and tears began to run down her cheeks.

"What are you doing, you young rascal?" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who just then reached the corner and saw what was going on. He took the lady her hat directly," and he emphasized the order with a smart cut, with his cane. "I have a great mind to hand you over to the police. A week or two on the Island would do you good, and I'll do it, too, if the law says the word."

"Lillian had by this time fixed her hat on her head, and she looked appealingly to the old gentleman who stood with his hand grasping the arm of the boy, and punctuating his remarks with vigorous shakes. "Oh no, sir," she said, "you are very kind, and I thank you so much, but don't have the boy arrested; it might ruin him."

"Well, then he shall beg your pardon." He released his grip on the urchin's collar and said, "Now, you ask the lady's pardon for spoiling her hat that way."

"Shan't," said the boy, shaking himself and swinging well out of reach of the cane. "I'd do it in, if I'd the chance."

"There," said the gentleman, "You see kindness is no good with such boys. Why did you let me give him in charge of the police?" "I could not do it, sir. I have been reproaching myself all morning for my selfishness and

want of sympathy with others and, resolving to do better in future, I could not begin by sending a miserable little boy to prison."

"Oh you are too kind-hearted; but I never could understand you religious people. You are always forgiving, and such as he take advantage of you. Well I'm glad you are all right again. Good morning."

The old gentleman went on his way and Lillian resumed her walk toward her home. She had not proceeded far before the boy, who had kept safely on the other side of the street till her protector was out of sight, crossed over and addressed her.

"Say, Miss," he said, "You was good to me just now. I'd ha' got a week on the Island for that if you'd let the gentleman call the cop, I'm sorry I did for your hat now."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Lillian, "But you'll get into trouble if you do not behave better. Now run home and get yourself—"

"Haint got no home," returned the boy.

They were only a block or two from Uncle George's, who Lillian knew was looking out for a boy to run errands, and to wait on his office door; so she resolved to take the boy there and see what could be done.

Uncle George was not at all prepossessed in favor of the stranger, but again Lillian looked beseechingly and Uncle George said he would try him.

That was the beginning of a new and useful life for the street arab. It was the first time he had ever had a chance of employment and he made the best of it. Uncle George was delighted with his anxiety to please, his sprightliness and industry, and soon promoted him to a better position. Lillian did not lose sight of him. She persuaded him to go to Sunday School and the boy, remembering her kindness to him at their first meeting, was devoted to her. He had a large acquaintance among street-boys, and at a hint from her, he marshalled a class of a dozen for her to teach.

It was the beginning of a new life for the girl. Some of the boys had parents whom she got to know, and in whose homes there were plenty of opportunities for Christian work. In the school and in her visits to those poor homes the Christ-life grew. Her own spirit was blessed in blessing others, and she was no more tormented by self-questioning or self-reproaches, for she knew that in her, Christ had risen again and in her life His work and spirit were living on.

THE BROKEN SEVENTIETH WEEK

Who Will be on Earth After the Rapture of the Church During the Great Tribulation.

BY WILLIAM KELLY.*

AFTER the saints have been "caught up" to meet the Lord in the air, according to 1. Thessalonians 4., to subsequently appear with Him in glory—the intervening interval will be occupied by momentous events both in heaven and on earth. The course of these events are detailed in the Book of Revelation, from the end of chapter 5., in which the saints are seated around the throne of God, to chapter 19., where they are again seen marshalled as the armies in heaven, and accompanying the Lord Jesus on His march to judgment, as "King of kings and Lord of lords."

Often has the question been raised and discussed: "Shall the Church be on earth, to pass through these scenes of unprecedented tribulation and judgment, or shall it be removed ere then to heaven?" That there will be saints on earth in the midst of it all—suffering and slain, for their testimony is certain, and if they be not the Church, who are they?

In answer to this, we find first, that in Daniel 12 : 1, they are called "the children of thy people." Of those an election, viz., "Everyone that shall be found written in the book" shall be de-

* Part of his article in this month's *Prophetic News*, which contains other valuable articles on prophecy. Price six cents, seventy cents a year from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

livered. The whole Book of Daniel treats of the period of Gentile supremacy in the earth, of the time when Israel is captive and oppressed, and its prophecy goes on to "the time of the end"—foretells

The Final Tribulation

of Daniel's people, and their deliverance by the coming of the Lord to take vengeance upon their oppressors. The whole period from the cutting off of the Messiah till His coming again to reign is overstepped, so that this present parenthetic dispensation does not at all appear. The saints, therefore, spoken of throughout Daniel, as passing through these events, are not Christian, but Jewish: and as such shall be saved by judgment on their foes, and shall be blessed in the land of Israel. In perfect harmony with this are the words of our Lord in Matthew 24 : 15-31. The whole of this passage treats of a time of trouble in the land of Judæa; there also an elect remnant is seen, who cannot be deceived by Satan's imitations of Christ; for the false Christ cannot deceive those who know the true. This remnant shall be saved in the flesh, and to this end those days "shall be shortened." Such language is inappropriate to the Church—for we being destined for a heavenly and not an earthly inheritance, shall not be saved by sparing us in the flesh, but by death and resurrection, or by a changing of our mortal bodies equivalent thereto.

At no time does God leave Himself without a witness, and in the midst of those days of tribulation and apostasy, He will certainly have His faithful witnesses, but the character of their testimony will not be such as the Church is now called to bear, viz., of grace, but rather analogous to that of Moses and Elias,

A Testimony of Judgment.

Such is the character of the testimony of the two witnesses in Rev. xi. Fire proceeded out of their mouths and devoured their enemies. Again, the fact that an Angel flying in the midst of heaven, proclaims the everlasting Gospel to men (see Rev. 14 : 9, 7), is strongly presumptive evidence that the Holy Spirit in the Church had previously been withdrawn.

Some have maintained, that between the coming of the Lord for His Saints, and His return with them to judgment, there will be no interval, and based this conclusion upon the Second Coming of Christ being ever spoken of as one event. They argue that if there be an interval between, during which Antichrist reigns then there must be "two Second Comings of Christ."

This may appear at first sight conclusive, but a very slight reference to the manner of prophetic scriptures will show that, although plausible, the argument is fallacious. When viewing an extensive landscape, those objects in the foreground, which are a mile or less apart, are seen to be so. Distances are easily estimated by the eye—but in the far distance, mountain peaks that may be many miles apart appear as one or close together. Such is the manner of prophecy. In the old Testament Scriptures the "sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow" are almost invariably foretold, as though the glory would immediately follow the sufferings. No mention is made of

A Parenthetic Dispensation,

stretching out for well-nigh two thousand years between the rejection of Christ and His coming a second time in glory. Indeed, strange as it may seem to some, it is only from the New Testament that we know of any such distinction as a first and second coming of the Lord Jesus. As far as the Old Testament Scriptures are concerned, the two events appear as one. As to the "two first resurrections," this idea arises from not seeing that the "first resurrection" comprises all who rise to life eternal, including Christ as the first-fruits; some who were raised immediately after Him (Matt. 27 : 52, 53), the Church, the Old Testament Saints, the two Witnesses of Rev. 11 : 11, 12, and finally, the entire company of those who shall be slain under Antichrist, for the Word and the testimony which they hold. Then and not till then is the expression used—"This is the first resurrection."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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MARRIAGE STILL POPULAR.

SO much has recently been said about marriage as a failure, it is interesting to see that people do not believe a word of it. Recently in high life and common life, the altars have been surrounded by congratulatory groups. It is evident that all the talented things that have been said antagonistic to marriage have made no impression upon this divine institution. Never so many orange wreaths have been twisted—never so many wedding-marches played—never so many high hopes raised—never so many hearty congratulations offered. No one thinks marriage a failure unless he be a scoundrel, or he be chained for a life-time to a vixen, a termagant or a fool. God instituted marriage, and He never instituted a failure. The cases of unhappy conjugal alliance are as few when compared with the happy homes as the case of rheumatism when compared with healthy limbs, as the blind eyes when compared with the good eyes, as the figure one when compared with five thousand. You might as well denounce health as a failure because some people are sick, or honesty as a failure because some people are villainous. Just in proportion as the institution of marriage is honored in any community is that community prospered; and there is no exception. Just in proportion as men have loose ideas in regard to marriage are their lives corrupt.

And what is most beautiful about this heaven-descended institution is that its happiness depends not on worldly successes. Indeed, those are apt most to appreciate their homes who are maltreated of the world, and who fly to them as a refuge. The exquisiteness of the marriage-robe and the length of the white veil trailing through the church aisle are no surer prophecy of a happy life than the plain promise of that one in fustian and the other in calico. What multitudes of men and women have in this relation proved themselves heroes and heroines. Their unfaltering love turned the crust into a banquet, and the one room in a fifth story without an elevator, becomes an Alhambra. They started at the foot of the ladder together. Not dependent upon the whims of the world, which one day may blow from the west

and the next day may blow from the east, they were content with their own home. Upon it God came down in blessing, and their lives were hallowed. Though the outside world knew little about them, God knew; and when angel would point out to angel the happy homes of earth, the finger of light would sweep around that dwelling.

Oh, how much a man and woman can stand of trouble if they stand together!—to have some one always at hand to put the best face on everything, and, instead of saying, "I told you so," declare, "It might be worse." "It will be better," and "Who cares anyhow?" I was reading to-day in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* how, when an insurgent, after suffering all kinds of privation, surrendered to Belisarius, the captive was overcome with laughter at his own plight as he stood in the presence of his conqueror. And there is a way of laughing off many of the hardships of life, and blessed is that man, blessed is that woman, who has at home one who can make light of misfortunes and turn tragedy into comedy. But far better than the power of caricature and a natural disposition to make the best of things is religion dominant in a household. That explains and sanctifies and irradiates as nothing else can. May the divine Spirit sanctify all our homesteads. Mere sentiments of gallantry soon die out. The mounted knight who, in olden time, rode forth to the tournament and, with sword clashing against sword, won his bride, was often characterized by subsequent cruelties which quite equaled his prowess. The eloquence of Cicero was not greater than the meanness with which he cast off his wife, Terentia. Pompey's valor was not more remarkable than the dastardliness with which he turned from her whom he had promised to protect, and the learning of Cato was not more to be honored than his treatment of his wife, Marcia, was to be despised. But it shall be well with those who marry in the Lord. Happy in life. Happy in death. Happy forever. What more beautifully suggestive thing was ever said than that which aged Jacob said: "bury me with my fathers in the cave of Machpelah. There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

DELICATE HEALTH.

THERE is a constant sympathy expressed by robust people for those of slight physical constitution. We think the sympathy ought to turn in the opposite direction. It is the delicate people who escape the most fearful disorders, and in three cases out of four, live the longest. These gigantic structures are almost always reckless of health. They say, "nothing hurts me," and so they stand in the draughts and go out into the night air to cool off, and eat crabs at midnight, and doff their flannels in April, and carelessly get their feet wet. But the delicate people are shy of peril. They know that disease has been fishing for them for twenty years, and they keep away from the hook. No trout can be caught if he sees the shadow of the sportsman on the brook. These people whom everybody expects to die, live on most tenaciously.

We know of a young lady who married a

very wealthy man of eighty-five years, evidently on the ground that he was very delicate, and with reference to her one-third. But the age invalid is so careful of his health, and the young wife so reckless of hers, that it is now uncertain whether *she* will inherit his store-house or *he* inherit her wedding-ring.

Health and longevity depend more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit. Paul's advice to the sheriff is appropriate to people in all occupations: "Do thyself no harm!"

FRATERNAL GREETING.

WE can express our interest in other Christians by a simple nod of the head when we meet them on the street. You say, "There are Christians connected with our Church I cannot speak to, because I have never been introduced." You dare not accost them because of the conventionalities of society. We must come upon a higher platform than that. We must remember that we are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We must feel that as it would be a very strange thing for two brothers, born of the same parents and nurtured at the same fireside, to pass each other from time to time on the street without any personal recognition; so, and far more than so, it is outrageous when two men, children of the same Heavenly Father, having been seated at the same Communion table, and baptized in the same Holy Spirit, and on their way to the same home, do not recognize each other, whether according to the ordinary laws of society they have a right to express recognition or not. If you are sure that you are a child of God, and you are sure of the fact that the man you meet on the street is a friend of God, you have a right to give him your brotherly sympathy by a nod of the head. God made the muscle of the neck so pliable, and the bones of the neck so easily adjusted to a bow, that He intends we should recognize those who are our brothers in Christ Jesus. And when you go along the street, let there be a lighting-up of the face and a gleam in the eye and a congeniality in your manner for all those who love Christ. Let it not be an outward and hypocritical demonstration; but from a heart warmed up with love for God and love for His kingdom, bow to every Christian man you meet.

Another way in which we can cultivate Christian sympathy, and demonstrate it, and make it practical, is by a shake of the hand. We do not refer to an unmeaning touch of the hand, to an indefinite sprawling out of the fingers; but we mean one warm, decided, positive grip which seems to say, "Here is my regard—my help, you want it—my sympathy, my brotherhood. If secret societies have their signals—and it is stated that when one of their number gets into any trouble in any distant city, he gives some mysterious signal, and help comes; and our brother in the same Order recognizes another by some peculiar way of placing the fingers—shall not we have some grip by which a child of God who has with him the secret of the Lord shall recognize those who are of the same brotherhood, of the same secret society? For the secret of the Lord belongs only to those who fear Him; and whenever you find a man in the brotherhood, give him the grip.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Wave of Financial Panic Checked by a Sudden Death—The Central American Troubles—More Disclosures by Stanley—Koch's Wonderful Cures—A Week of Disasters Abroad—Canon Farrar's New Departure, Etc.

Wall Street Trembled on the Verge of a panic for a whole day last week. The Governors of the Bank of England had advanced the bank's minimum rate of discount from five to six per cent. unexpectedly, for the purpose of preventing speculators with interest on the Continent and South America from drawing gold from the bank for shipment to those countries, and in order to make the London market stronger. This was the signal for a rising movement in New York which was of the nature of a "silent panic." The London air, together with the fact that the American banks were shown to have lost in a single week \$100,000, caused a general decline in securities. Money was exceedingly scarce and loans difficult to get, and for a time it seemed as though one of the strongest and oldest firms must go down under the pressure. The entire list went down from one and one-half to two per cent. A disastrous break seemed inevitable when, without a moment's warning, James Struthers, one of the oldest members of the Stock Exchange, dropped dead on the floor from apoplexy. The Exchange was instantly hushed and a hundred heads were bared in the presence of death. A life was sacrificed in the wild excitement, but it stopped the panic. The associated banks then came to the rescue and by binding firmly together, averted further trouble. The North River bank was compelled temporarily to close its doors.

A New Revolutionary Outbreak has Developed in Central America. The Republic of Honduras convulsed by an uprising against President Bogran. Its first appearance was in Tegucigalpa, the capital. General Sanchez who was commander of the troops in the garrison headed the insurrection. The President, and the soldiers who were faithful to him, fought desperately and, after many were killed and wounded on both sides, succeeded in cutting his way out of the city. He made a stand at Tamara in the hope of gathering sufficient troops from the flying districts to recapture the capital and the government. The cause of the revolution is not stated in the telegrams describing the conflict. It is known, however, that Bogran, like Menendez, the late President of Salvador, is in league with Barrios, the former President of Guatemala, to consolidate all the Republics of Central America under one government. It is probable, therefore, that Bogran's fall like that of Menendez was due to that cause. General Sanchez, the insurgent leader, is a friend of Marco De Soto, the ex-president, who was a firm opponent of consolidation. Fears are entertained that Ezeta, the new President of Salvador, may go to the help of Sanchez, in which case Guatemala may be tempted to take a hand on the other side, and so the whole group of Republics may be involved. Late telegrams report that Bogran has made an attack on Sanchez, and defeated him, and has entered Tegucigalpa in triumph.

Explorer Stanley's Terrible Disclosures Concerning the causes that led to the disaster to the rear column of the Emin Relief expedition, have been the sensation of the week, both here and abroad. Corroborated by the statement of Dr. Bonny, who was one of the physicians of the expedition, and by the realistic affidavit of the interpreter Assad Farran, they have gone far toward refuting the charge made by Walter Barttelot, the brother of the late Major Barttelot, that Stanley had slandered the dead members of the expedition in publishing the statement that the rear-guard was wrecked through the irresolution and misconduct of its officers, and especially through the cruelty and reckless course pursued by Major Barttelot. Stanley and Bonny have revealed a state of affairs that has shocked the Christian world. It is asserted that Barttelot acted insanely, and

that his brutalities led to his murder; that Jameson, the second in command, instigated the murder of a slave girl, in order to satisfy himself that the stories of cannibalism in Africa were true, buying the child from the natives, and giving her over to his savage followers to do with as they pleased. The child was bound, slain and eaten, while Jameson drew sketches of the atrocious proceeding. The whole painful story will now be ventilated in the courts in England, and may also be made the subject of an official inquiry by the British Government.

No Life Elixir was Ever more Eagerly Sought after than the mysterious, transparent, yellowish fluid discovered by Professor Koch, and which the scientific men of Europe now seem to believe, is destined to revolutionize the medical treatment of a majority of the ailments to which humanity is heir. Emperor William has made the Professor a gift of two hundred and fifty-thousand dollars, and has besides, decided to endow a national institute for the treatment of consumptives. Dr. Koch still declines to publish the formula of this wonderful medicine so that it can be applied anywhere in the civilized world. Its success is said to be something marvellous, curing in a week or two, the lymph in the mixture enabling the patient to throw off the bacillus germs by the necrotic process and acting as a potent chemical reagent on tuberculosis. Invalids from all over Europe are flocking to Berlin for treatment.

The Cause of Social Reform Among the Lower classes in England has received a decided impetus from the action of Canon Farrar who in a sermon preached in his own church in London, lately, openly declared his unqualified approval of the Salvation Army, as a great and indispensable auxiliary in the religious



movement now agitating Great Britain. This unexpected recognition has attracted the widest attention in church circles in England. Canon Farrar's eminence as a preacher and author, his many labors in temperance and missionary work, and his personal experiences in dealing with the social conditions prevalent in the English capital, have already been reviewed fully in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A portrait of the distinguished divine is given in this column.

Disasters have Crowded fast Upon Each others' heels during the week abroad. On November 11th, a special passenger train on the Great Western Railway, England, was wrecked by collision with a freight near Taunton, and ten passengers, who had just arrived by steamer from Cape of Good Hope, were killed, and eight others seriously injured. A signal-man's carelessness caused the disaster. Thirty persons were badly injured by the burning of the Wellington Guards' Barracks, at St. James Park, London on the twelfth. There were five hundred soldiers in the Barracks when the fire broke out, and many brave rescues from death took place. The British torpedo boat *Serpent* foundered off the coast of Spain during a frightful storm on the night of the 9th. She had been partially disabled by a hurricane and her captain was trying to make the port of Corunna or Vigo, when the *Serpent* struck a reef, and almost immediately went to the bottom. Of the two hundred and seventy-six souls on board, only three are known to have been saved. The news was received in England, several days after where it excited a sensation, particularly as the *Serpent* is said to have been notoriously unseaworthy.

A Startling Charge, Affecting the Moral State of the alleged Catholics of Hayti was made by

the Right Rev. Bishop Coxe during an address before the Women's Auxiliary of the Board of Foreign Missions in New York City, a few days ago. He declared that two-thirds of the so-called Catholics were "voodooists" or heathen devil-worshippers. For four hundred years the island has been in the hands of the Romish Church, yet the men and women who pack the cathedrals are heathen cannibals and voodooists, who worship their idols within the very walls of the sacred edifices. People high in the offices of state follow the same dreadful rites. Sometime before January 1st, a child is taken and fattened, and about New Year's, it is sacrificed to Voodoo and its flesh eaten by those who want to propitiate the God. One president of the island, in trying to suppress the practice, had eighteen men shot, but he was forced to leave the island shortly afterward.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. F. De Witt Talmage, son of the editor of this journal, delivered an address to young men last Sunday afternoon in Association Hall, New York.

The Rev. C. P. Hard, of Bengal Conference, India, writes to the Missionary Office that there have been over 500 baptisms recently in the Central District.

Major Whittle, the evangelist, will soon commence a series of Gospel meetings in Wooster, O., having been invited to do so by the pastors of the evangelical churches of that city.

The revival in the First Place Methodist Episcopal Church Brooklyn, continues with unabated interest. The "Wesley Evangelists," are laboring nightly with crowds of anxious inquirers after salvation, and are reaping a glorious harvest of souls.

Evangelist Bliss has closed his meetings at Moline, Ill. On the last Sunday of his visit seventy persons were received into the various churches of the town, who ascribed their conversion to God's blessing on the revival services. Some of these were prominent business men.

Mr. E. P. Telford accepted an invitation to address the New York, M. E. Ministers' meeting on Nov. 2. He spoke on "Deep Sea Fishing." His remarks elicited warm thanks from the pastors present. Mr. Telford is being much blessed in his labors in Jersey City, N. J. The church is crowded at every service, and there have been some very remarkable conversions.

The death of the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., of Boston, Mass., occurred on Thursday last. He was sixty-nine years of age, and had been editor of the *Congregationalist* since 1851. He was the author of several scholarly works on historical and theological subjects. He was regarded as one of the best authorities in America on Congregational history and principles.

The Third Anniversary of the Berachah Mission in West 32nd Street, New York, was held on November 6. It was a time of thanksgiving, for the past year has been one of unprecedented blessing. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Naylor, who support the Mission and personally labor in it, have been much cheered and encouraged by the success that has attended the work, especially among the sailors in port.

The Baptist Ministers' Conference on the Second Coming of the Lord, and kindred topics, an announcement of which appeared a few weeks ago in these columns, was opened yesterday in the Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, Mass., presides. Among the pastors taking part in the proceedings are Rev. George C. Needham, F. L. Chapell, J. D. Herr, S. McBride and A. C. Dixon. The meetings continue until Friday night. There are three sessions each day.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor of the Hebrew Christian Church 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, had the pleasure on Nov. 9, of giving the right hand of fellowship to ten Jews, who, having been converted under his ministry united with his church. Mr. Freshman has since officiated at the marriage of two of his converts. The success of this work among the Jews of New York, is remarkable in view of the difficulties in the way of reaching them, and the social sacrifices which every Jew, who avows himself a Christian has to make.

Contributions to the fund for supplying Colored Ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgement, to the amount of \$26.50. They are from: Starview, Pa., \$2; Maherville, Kan., \$10; Winnipeg, Man., Can., \$1; Sandisfield, Mass., 50 cents; Tuscarawas, Ohio, \$1; Belvidere, Ill., \$1; Warner, Ill., \$9; Guinda, Cal., \$1; York, Minn., \$1. Readers contributing to this fund will be notified by mail of the name and address of the minister who will receive the paper through their donation. Anyone who has the welfare of the colored race at heart can find no better way of helping them at small cost, than placing this journal in the hands of one of their ministers every week for a year.

HE DOES NOT SEE DEATH.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Courteous Answer to an Insult—A Great Truth—I. The Gracious Character—Characteristics of the Man who Will Not See Death—He Keeps Christ's Saying—Trusts His Promises—Obeys His Precepts—II. The Glorious Deliverance—The Face Turned Away—The Influence Lifted—The Sting of Death Removed—The Passage an Unconscious One—III. The Great Quickener.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."—John 8: 51.

IN the previous part of this chapter, we hear the Jews, with malicious voices, assailing our blessed Lord with this bitter question, "Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" How very quietly the Saviour answered them! He did answer them, because He judged it needful to do so; but He did so with great patience, and with sound argument: "I have not a devil; but I honor my Father." Clear proof this! No man can be said to have a devil who honors God; for the evil spirit from the beginning has been the enemy of all that glorifies the Father. Paul, who had not read this passage—for the Gospel of John was not written then—was nevertheless so filled with his Master's spirit, that he answered after a like manner when Festus said, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." He calmly replied, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." This was

A Fine Copy

of our Saviour's gentle and forcible reply: "I have not a devil; but I honor my Father." Brethren, whenever you are falsely accused, and an evil name is hurled at you, if you must needs reply, "give a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." Be not heated and hurried; for if so, you will lose strength, and will be apt to err. Let your Lord be your model.

The false charge was the occasion of our Lord's uttering a great truth. On they rush, furious in their rage, but their deadly saying was met by a living saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Nothing so baffles the adversaries of the faith as to utter with unshaken confidence the truth of God. I pray that, this morning, we may be put into a gracious frame of mind, and may be so helped to keep Christ's saying, that we may inherit this wondrous promise: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

The Conditions.

I. First, consider the gracious character: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Observe, that the one conspicuous characteristic of the man who shall never behold death is that he keeps Christ's saying or word. He may have other characteristics, but they are comparatively unimportant in this respect. He may be of a timorous nature; he may often be in distress; but if he keep Christ's saying, he shall never see death. He may have been a great sinner in his early life; but, being converted, and led to keep Christ's saying, he shall never see death. He may be a strong-minded man, who keeps a firm grip of eternal realities, and therefore becomes supremely useful; but none the more for that is this promise true to him: the reason for his safety is the same as in the case of the weak and timorous; he keeps Christ's saying, and therefore he shall never see death. Divest yourselves, therefore, of all inquiries about other matters, and only make inquisition in your own heart upon this one point: do you keep Christ's saying? If you do this, you shall never see death.

Who is this man who keeps Christ's saying? Obviously, he is a man that has close dealing with Christ. He hears what He says; he notes what He says; he clings to what He says. We meet with persons nowadays who talk about faith in God; but they know not the Lord Jesus Christ as the great sacrifice and reconciler. But without a mediator there is no coming to

God. Jesus says, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me." You cannot trust God, nor love God, nor serve God aright, unless you willingly consent to His appointed way of reconciliation, redemption, justification, and access, which is only through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. In Christ we draw nigh unto God. If you reject the way of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, you cannot be keeping the saying of Christ; for He says, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

The Meaning of the Promise.

These people, next, making the Lord Jesus their all in all, revered His word, and therefore kept it: they respected, observed, trusted, and obeyed it. By keeping His saying is meant, first, that they accept His doctrine. Whatever He has laid down as truth is truth to them. A very important matter this: the foundation of our faith is even more important than the superstructure. Unless you ground your faith upon the fact that the Lord hath spoken, your faith lacks that worshipful reverence which God requires. Even if you are correct in your beliefs, you are not correct in your spirit unless your faith is grounded on the authority of God's own Word. We are to be disciples, not critics.

Next, the gracious man trusts Christ's promises. This is a crucial point. Without trust in Jesus we have no spiritual life. Say, my hearer, dost thou rely upon the saying of the Lord Jesus, "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life"? Dost thou believe in the promise of pardon to the man that confesseth and forsaketh his sin—pardon through the precious blood of the great sacrifice? Are the promises of Christ certainties to thee, certainties hall-marked with His sacred "Verily, verily, I say unto you"? Canst thou hang thy soul upon

The Sure Nail

of the Lord's saying? Some of us rest our eternal destiny solely upon the truthfulness of Christ. When we take all His promises together, what a fulness of confidence they create in us!

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!

Furthermore, the gracious man obeys His precepts. No man can be said to keep Christ's saying unless he follows it practically in his life. He is not only Teacher, but Lord to us. A true keeper of the Word cultivates that spirit of love which is the very essence of Christ's moral teaching. He endeavors to be meek and merciful. He aims at purity of heart, and peaceableness of spirit. He follows after holiness even at the cost of persecution. Whatsoever he finds that his Lord has ordained he cheerfully performs. He does not kick at the Lord's command, as involving too much self-denial and separation from the world; but he is willing to enter in by the strait gate, and to follow the narrow way, because his Lord commands him. That faith which does not lead to obedience is a dead faith and a false faith. That faith which does not cause us to forsake sin, is no better than the faith of devils, even if it be so good.

So, now you see who the man is that keeps Christ's saying. It is by Christ's saying, or by Christ's Word, that life is implanted in the soul: by the same word the heavenly life is fed, increased, developed, and at length perfected. The power and energy of the Holy Ghost which work through the word are used as the beginning, the sustaining, and the perfecting of the inner life. The life of grace on earth is the blossom of which the life of glory is the fruit. It is the same life all along, from regeneration to resurrection. The life which comes into the soul of the believer, when he begins to keep Christ's sayings, is the same life which he will enjoy before the eternal throne in the realms of the blessed.

II. Now we turn to the delightful subject of The Glorious Deliverance

which our Lord here promises: "He shall never see death." Our Lord did not mean that he shall never die, for He died Himself; and His followers in long procession, have descended to the grave. Some brethren are cheered by the belief that they shall live until, the Lord

comes and therefore they shall not sleep, but shall only be changed. The hope of our Lord's appearing is a very blessed one, come when He may; but I do not conceive that to be alive at His coming is any great object of desire. Is there any great preference in being changed beyond that of dying? Do we not read that, "We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep"? This is a great truth. Throughout eternity, if I die I shall be able to say I had actual fellowship with Christ in the article of death, and in descent into the grave, which those happy saints who will survive can never know.

Death or Rapture.

How dear will Christ be to us when, in the ages to come, we shall think of His death, and shall be able to say, "We, too, have died and risen again"! You that are alive and remain will certainly not have a preference over us, who, like our Lord, shall taste of death. I am only speaking now of a matter of no great moment, which, as believers, we may use as a pleasant subject of discourse among ourselves. We grieve not that our brother has fallen asleep before the Lord's glorious appearing, for we are sure that he will be no loser thereby. Our Lord has said, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death"; and this does not relate to the few who will remain at His second advent, but to the company of those who have kept His saying, even though they pass into the grave.

What does this promise mean? It means this, in the first place: our face is turned away from death. The awakened sinner is made to look at eternal death, which is the threatened punishment of sin. He stands gazing upon the result of sin with terror and dismay. While unforgiven, I cannot help gazing upon it, and foreseeing it as my doom. When the Gospel of the Lord Jesus comes to my soul, and I keep His saying by faith, I am turned completely round. My back is upon death, and

My Face is Towards Life.

Death is removed from us; life is received; and more life is promised. What has become of our death? Our Lord endured it. He died for us. "He his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." In His death as our representative we died. There is no death penalty left for the believer.

Then comes in another sense of the expression. "He that keepeth my saying shall never see death," means that his spiritual death is gone never to return. Alas, you ungodly ones! although you know it not, death is everywhere within you. You are "dead in trespasses and sins." Your sins are to you what grave-clothes are to a corpse; they seem your natural investiture; they cling to you, they bind you. As soon as ever the Gospel saying of the Lord Jesus comes to a man with power, what is the effect? He is dead no longer: he begins to see life. It may be, that at first it is a painful life—a life of deep regrets for the past, and dark fears for the future; a life of hungering and thirsting; a life of pining and panting; a life that wants a something, it scarcely knows what, but it cannot live without it. This man sees life; and the more he keeps his Saviour's word, the more he rejoices in Christ Jesus, the more he rests on His promise, the more he loves Him, the more he serves Him, the more will his new life drive death out of sight.

At the Coming of the Lord.

"But," cries one, "will not a Christian man die?" I answer, not necessarily; for some will remain at the coming of our Lord, and these will not die; there is no legal necessity that any should die, since the obligation would then rest alike on all. But good men die. But death is changed in its nature in the case of a believer in Jesus. Our death is a falling asleep, not a going to execution. It is a departure out of the world unto the Father, not a being driven away in wrath. We quit the militant host of earth for the triumphant armies of heaven by the gate of death; that which was a cavern leading to blackness and darkness forever, has, by the resurrection of our Lord, been

de into an open tunnel, which serves as a passage into eternal glory. As a penal infliction upon believers, death was abolished by our Lord; and now it has become a stairway from a grace-life below to the glory-life above.

"If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death," may further mean, he shall not be under the influence of it. He shall not be perpetually thinking of death and dreading its approach, and that which follows after it. I must admit that there are some

Christians in Bondage

rough fear of death; but that is because they do not keep their Master's saying as they ought to. The effect of His saying upon us is frequently such that instead of being afraid to die, we come to long to depart. We do not see death looming before us as a coming tempest; we do not gaze upon it as a fascinating horror which makes our faces pale, and casts a lurid gleam on all around. We see not the darkness, for we walk in the light: we fear not the rumbling of the chariot, for we know who rides to us therein. When the believer dies, he does not gaze on death. He walks through the valley of the shadow of death; but he fears no evil, and sees none to fear. Believers are so rejoiced by the presence of their Lord and Master, that they do not observe that they are dying. When they pass from one world into another, it is something like going from England to Scotland; it is all one kingdom, and one sun shines in both lands. Often travellers by railway ask, "When do we pass from England to Scotland?" There is no jerk in the movement of the train; no road boundary: you glide from one into the other, and scarce know

Where the Boundary Lies.

The eternal life that is in every believer glides along from grace to glory without a break. We grow steadily on from the blade to the ear, and from the ear to the full corn; but the black belt divides the stages of growth from one another. We shall know when we arrive; but the passage may be so rapid that we shall not see it. Like Peter, the departing shall scarce be sure that they have passed through the iron gate, which shall open of its own accord; they shall only know that they are free. Of each one of them it may be said, as of Peter, "He wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision." Fear not death; for Jesus says, "He that keepeth my saying shall never see death."

What a glorious word is this! Alas for you who are ungodly! you are made to look on death. It haunts you now; what will it be in the hour of your decease? "What will you do in the swelling of Jordan?" Nothing remains for you but the wages of sin, which is death. The ruin and misery of your souls will be your endless portion. You will be shut in with the finally destroyed, ruined, and wretched ones forever! This is a dreadful looking for of judgment. It ought to startle you. But as for the believer, surely the bitterness of death is past. We have nothing more to do with death as a penalty or a terror, any more than we have to do with spiritual death as the choke-damp of the heart.

III. This brings me to the third point—

The Great Quicken.

Those Jews—what a passion they were in! How unscrupulous their talk! They could not even quote Christ's words correctly. They said, "Thou sayest, if a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death." He did not say so. He said, "Shall never see death." We may be said to taste of death as our Master did; for it is written that "He tasted death for every man." And yet in another sense we shall never taste the wormwood and gall of death, for to us it is swallowed up in victory. Its drop of gall is lost in the bowl of victory. However, the Lord Jesus did not say that we shall never taste of death; neither did He mean that we shall not die, in the common sense of the word. He was using, to the Jews, words in that religious sense in which their own prophets used them.

"The soul that sinneth it shall die," relates to a death which consists of degradation, mis-

ery, inability, ruin. Death does not mean annihilation, but something very different. Overthrow and ruin are the death of a soul, just as perfection and joy are its life forever. The separation of the soul from God is the death penalty; and that is death indeed. The Jews refused to understand our Lord; yet they clearly saw that what Jesus claimed tended to glorify Him above Abraham and the prophets. Hidden away in their abusive words, we find a sense which is instructive. It is not the greatness or the goodness of a believer that secures his eternal life; it is being linked by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is greater than Abraham and the prophets. The man keeps Christ's sayings, and that becomes a bond between him and Christ, and he is one with Christ. Because of their Lord, the saints live; and the living of the saints by Him brings to Him glory and honor. His life is seen in every one of His people: like mirrors, they reflect

His Divine Life.

A sweet inference flows from all this, and with that I conclude. The glory of Christ depends upon the not seeing of death by all who keep His saying. If you and I keep His saying, and we see death, then Jesus is not true. If you, believing in Jesus, gaze on death, it will be proved that either He had not the power or the will to make His promise good. If the saint of God, who has won thousands for Jesus, should after all perish, what a failure of covenant engagements there would be! But that failure would be just as great if one of the least of all those who keep our Lord's word should be suffered to perish. Such a loss of honor to our all-glorious Lord is not to be imagined; and hence if one of you who are the least in your Father's house do really trust in Him, though encumbered with infirmities and imperfections, He must keep you from beholding death. His truth, His power, His immutability, His love, are all involved in His faithfulness to His promise to each believer. I want you to take this home with you, and be comforted.

Ay, and if I have some foul transgressor here this morning, the grossest sinner that ever lived, if thou wilt come to Christ, lay hold upon His gracious saying, keep it, and be obedient to it, thou shalt never see death. There is not a soul in hell that can ever say, "I have kept Christ's saying, and I have seen death, for here I am." There never will be one such, or Christ's glory would be tarnished throughout eternity. Keep His saying, and He will keep you from seeing death! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Boy's Appeal to an Infidel.*

ONE day, some seventy-five years ago, a little lad came out of the door-way of a low, unpainted house in Vermont, with a sorrowful, yet determined expression on his face. He trudged along the country road alone for a considerable distance; his countenance growing more and more troubled as he proceeded, till at length overcome, either by fear or distress, he turned and ran home, the tears coursing down his cheeks. After being comforted and encouraged by his mother, he started out again. On he marched to the house of a rather remote neighbor. It was Mr. —, an isolated, rough-mannered man, of whom the country people reported strange things: that he believed in no life apart from this earth, that he had been heard to say that he should come back as one of the birds, squirrels, or cattle, when done with this body; and, worse than all, that the Bible was not true, and that there was no God. Filled with concern by these reports, the little boy had for some days been thinking the matter over; had become oppressed with a sense of responsibility, and determined to visit the atheist. His mother had noticed his seriousness, discovered his plan, and, fearing that he

might encounter harshness or profanity, had tried to dissuade him from going, till, finding the idea was a fixed conscientious purpose, she had at length consented, and the child had set out on his errand. At last the two-mile walk along the hilly road was accomplished, and the house was reached. "Mr. —" said the child, "do you believe the Bible?" "No, no more than I believe in that dog's barking." Not daunted by the blunt negative the little missionary commenced trying to convince the unbeliever that there is a God. "Who sent you here to tell me that?" was the angry question. "Nobody sent me," returned the boy, "but I came to tell you that there is a God." He said it as he would have told a blind man that there is a sun; and then turned homeward, his mission accomplished, his mind at rest. That little boy was Nathan Brown who became Adoniram Judson's co-laborer in Burmah.

The Call to Burmah.

When appeals for reinforcements for the Burman mission reached America, Mr. and Mrs. Brown heard as those who are listening for their Master's voice. "What Christian," wrote the former, "can read the appeals from Mr. Judson, and not feel a desire to go and stand for the help of the Lord against the mighty? For one, I cannot think of staying back." He wrote to his parents expressing his desire, and asking their advice. The letter fell like a bolt on the old home in Whitingham. Deacon Brown replied: "We received your letter and read it with many tears and sighs, and much anxiety about your future prosperity. We should be glad to have you spend your days in this country, but if God has designed that you should leave your native land, I hope we shall not be found to fight against Him, nor murmur at His dispensation, but say as Paul's friends said when he was determined to go to Jerusalem: 'When he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying The will of the Lord will be done.'"

A Baptism in Burmah.

It was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed to see this old man, who had come some distance from the wilderness so blind and decrepit that he could not walk without assistance, openly renouncing his idolatry and bowing to the cross of Christ. Mr. Judson in his examination, asked him what he had been doing all his life. He said that he had never worshipped Gautama, except once, but had spent a great deal of time and money worshipping the Nats, or evil spirits, and they had never done him any good. Since he had heard about this new religion, and believed that Christ died to save all mankind from sin, he never had anything make him so happy in all his life.

In the Zayat, or native chapel, Mr. Judson preached every Sunday in the native language, to an audience seated on the floor upon bamboo mats, the men on one side, the women on the other, the preacher himself sitting on a chair during the discourse. You would be much gratified to see this veteran missionary with his band of Burman Christians around him. He appears rather young for a man of his years (forty-five), and enjoys good health, owing in a great measure to his daily habit of walking three or four miles before breakfast. He wears no hat on these occasions, and goes with immense rapidity. His manner of administering baptism is very impressive. The candidate kneels down with the water as high as his chin, when the administrator pronounces the baptismal formula, and, placing his hand upon the head of the candidate, gently bows him beneath the stream.

A Burman Funeral.

Mrs. Brown describes a Burman funeral procession which passed her veranda one day on its way to the neighboring burning-ground. The coffin was decorated with net, tinsel and paper of the most fanciful colors. The top was of an oval form, the whole ten or twelve feet high, placed on a sort of bier made of bamboos, and was borne on the shoulder of some twenty or thirty men. They went dancing, crowding, pushing, and hallooing through the street in the most ridiculous manner, stopping every few

*From *The Whole World Kin*, the life of Nathan and Eliza W. Brown, the pioneer missionaries among heathen tribes in Burmah, Assam and Japan. A narrative of thrilling interest of the work of two distinguished laborers in the foreign mission field. Pp. 600; Price, \$1.75. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.



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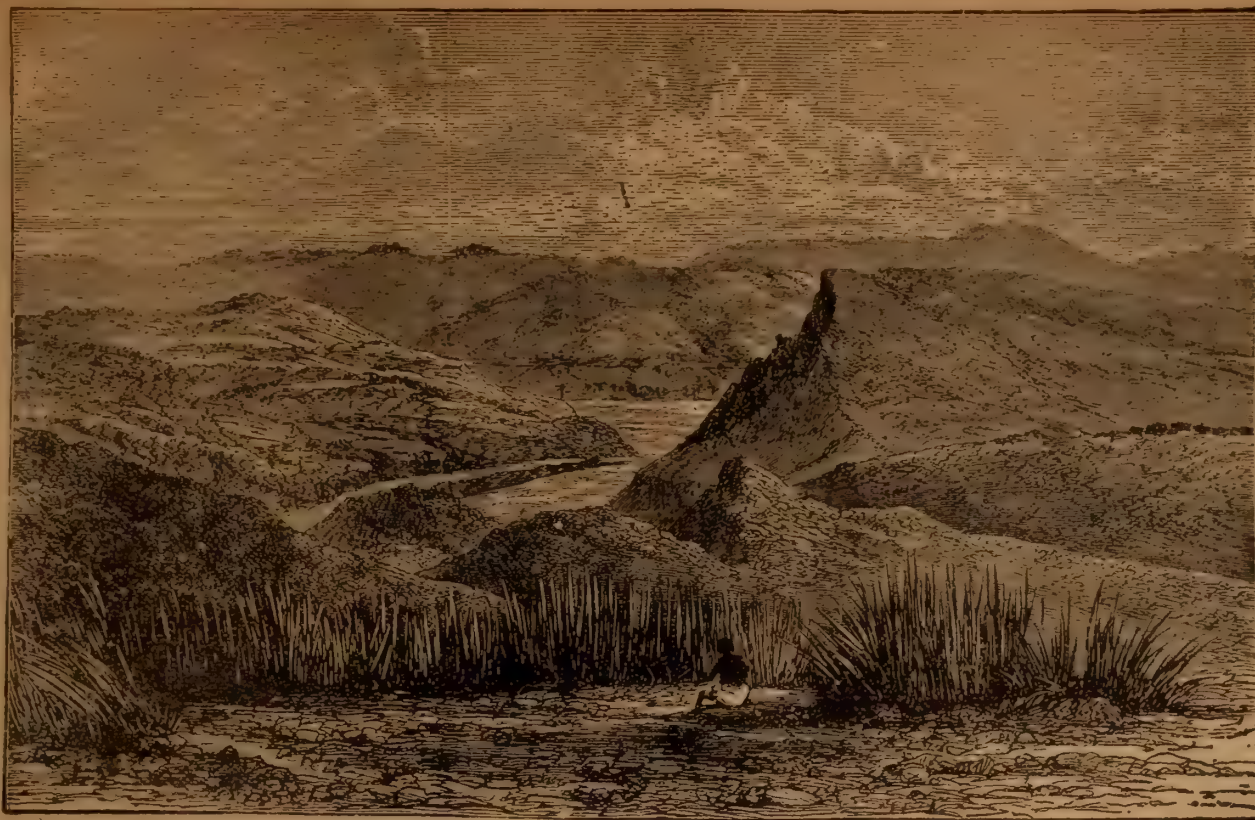
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Tabitha Crowle picked up the sprig of hawthorn, coolly pinned it on the bosom of her dress, briefly put herself to rights, and made her way homewards with a smile upon her face which said as plain as could be, "Full justice has been done."

The brief delay consequent upon this somewhat stirring episode had enabled the miller, who was coming to town, to overtake Tabitha. "Hello!" said miller Baskin, who was an old and familiar friend; they had been children together in the Settleworth parish school. "Hello! Tabby, why I thought you would have been home long before this. You must ha' been courtin'. Hev yo' seen your young man?"

"Why, yes," said she, laughing aloud. "There must ha' been something o' that sort. He gave me a smack, an' I gave him two; the ugly scamp." The last words were spoken in an impassioned style which showed that she would have been perfectly willing to make the two twosome.

Miller Baskin began to understand. "Why, you don't mean to say you've had a bout wi' young Towneley," said he. "I passed him a few minutes since, an' both his cheeks were as red as the wattles o' my old turkey-cock. He kept puttin' his palm first agin one an' then t'other—tenderly like, i' this way."

Here the worthy miller suited the action to the word, and nursed his cheek as people do when they are suffering from neuralgia. Tabitha was mightily amused. She indulged herself in a fit of laughter, and then told the miller of the whole affair. "When he heard of the way in which Gerald Towneley had been rewarded for the honor he had done her, he stood aghast. If it had been Tom Noakes or Jonathan Giles who had incurred so forcible a fine, why there would be nothing to be said except that it would have served them right; but the son of Squire Towneley, the lord-lieutenant of the county, owner of half the country side, chairman of quarter sessions, and goodness knows what else—for his son, Gerald Towneley, Esq., to be subjected to such an indignity! Miller Baskin was quite distressed as to the possible consequences of such unheard of audacity."

"Why, Tabby!" said Baskin, in surprise. "However durst yo' do sitch a thing to a gentleman like that! It's to be hoped that Squire Towneley won't get to know. He's Abram Hardale's landlord, isn't he?"

"Gentleman, eh?" said Tabitha, "gentle is as gentle does, I say, an' it doesn't matter a pin whether he wears kid gloves or hedging mittens; whether he's the owner of a penny or a parish. I thowt you had more sense. You don't call yourself a miller because your clo'es are covered wi' flour, do yo'? Then, don't you call anybody a gentleman because his isn't."

When Tabitha reached home, she was "a goodish bit flustered," as she confessed to Nora, when she related to her the experiences of the evening, "not so much," she declared, "wi' the tussle wi' my lord, as wi' that gowk of a miller. His face went as white as his jacket when I told him what I'd done; an' its my opinion that

he's just as white in his in'ards pretty well all the time, especially when a 'gentleman' comes nigh him."

Having delivered herself of this unusually strong opinion, Tabitha would have been content, perhaps, to lapse into silence on the subject, but that just then Abram Hardale drifted into the kitchen and caught enough to make him curious for more. Of course he would not ask any question, or let it be seen that he cared at all about the matter. That was not Abram Hardale's way. The old oddity knew that he could draw off any amount of information from Tabitha by just turning on the tap in the shape of the expression of a doubt, or of a contrary opinion, or, even by a little dry laugh that included both.

"Tabby Crowle," said he, with well affected surprise, "is that the way you speak of your betters?"

"Better, indeed!" said Tabitha. "What in, I should like to know? Is it because they've most money! Better, indeed! 'A man's a man for a' that'; an' one man's as good as another if he is a man."

"Right you are, Tabitha Crowle. Them's my sentiments," said Abram, effusively, slowly and drily tapering off with the Irishman's confirmation—"and a great deal better. That's where your 'betters' get the advantage, Tabby. Don't you see!"

"No, I don't see; an' I won't see, an' you may call me nothin' but a beetle-bat for not seein'," said downright Tabitha, a little bit confused by this peculiar kind of reasoning—"and there's an end on't, you may depend on't there!" This last half-sentence was Tabitha's formula of finality. It meant that the subject was dismissed. Abram Hardale knew it; Nora Mansford knew it; I am not sure the "young things" did not know it, too.

"I see Hazelcroft is going to change hands again," said Abram Hardale shortly after to his foreman, who was busy at a cart wheel, rimming it, as the process of putting new fellos on it is called.

"Indeed," said George Appleton, with considerable show of interest, "Why, Mr. Willoughby hasn't had it long, and there isn't a nicer spot within a hundred miles of it. He had it a bargain too, if all accounts be true. Nobody seems to care to hold it long. What can be the reason, I wonder?"

"Why, I've a notion," said Hardale, "that there's a bit of mystification about the title to it. If everybody had their rights, which they haven't, and aren't likely to have, Nora Mansford ought to be mistress there, according to my thinking. Her scamp of a father let it go to the dogs to pay gambling debts, though, indeed, the death of his elder brother, Richard, was never proved, and I know that old Squire Mansford left it to him. However, it's quite as hard, and harder, I should think, to prove him alive; and as possession is nine points of the law, one thinks that them that buys it, and holds it, wouldn't be very willing to let it go at less than a fancy price. However, it's changed hands again, and I've got to go and see Squire Towneley the new owner about some alterations that he means to make—pretty considerable, I imagine."

"Why, it's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," said George Appleton, laughing, "and as trade is

certainly rather slack just now, it is to be hoped the Squire will be free with his money."

"If he has any," quoth Abram, who was nothing if not sarcastic. "Squire Towneley seems to me to ha' gotten a bad attack of land-hunger, and he's been buying pretty fast lately. It's just likely he may be getting land poor, and have more on his hands than he can pay for. If it was Nora's, now, as it ought to be—"

"If what was Nora's? What ought to be Nora's, Uncle Abram" inquired that young lady herself, looking as fresh as a rose, as she brought to her relative a somewhat imposing letter.

Postal arrangements at Settleworth were not remarkably prompt or perfect, and although it was getting fast on to midday, the postman's knock had only just been heard at Abram Hardale's door. Nora was clad in a pretty-patterned and neatly-made calico dress, with her profusion of black hair coiled not too neatly, but quite too piquantly for George's equilibrium, above the white collar round her neck. It was quite an important missive which she now placed in her uncle's hand.

(To be Continued.)

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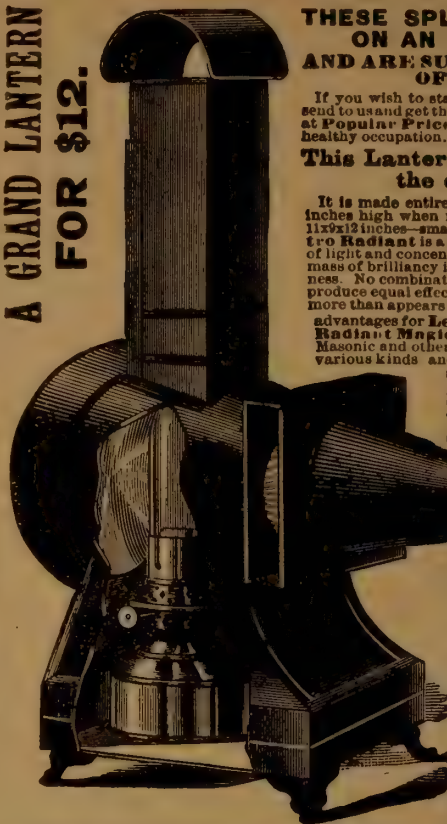
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THE VILLAGE OF NAZARETH.

THE SCENE OF JESUS' EARLY MANHOOD.
ABOUT sixty miles north of Jerusalem the traveller ascends by a steep and rugged path, one of the southern ridges of the Lebanon range of mountains. As the road winds onward and upward he suddenly comes upon a small sequestered hollow, nestling in which, is the town of Nazareth. It is still called *en-Nazirah*, and its identity with the ancient Nazareth is clearly established.

The town is completely cut off from the surrounding country by the encircling hills, the sides of which are covered with fig-trees and wild shrubs, while their tops of glittering limestone rise to a height of from 400 to 500 feet. It was a despised district, and of all its

towns, Nazareth seems to have been most despised. Nathaniel asked incredulously, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and it was as a mark of contempt that Jesus was spoken of as a Nazarene. It is a comparatively modern town that the traveller now sees there. The houses are of limestone and well built.

Nazareth is rich in associations. There the Virgin Mary was living when the angel visited her with his message from God. Thence she set out with Joseph, her husband, for Bethlehem at the census, that they might be counted among the descendants of David at the place of his birth. Thither they returned after Jesus was born. Thence they fled to Egypt to escape the murderous designs of Herod, and to Naza-

reth they went back to live when death had removed the tyrant. There Jesus spent the years of His youth and early manhood, about which the Gospels are silent. It was there, too, that the terrible outbreak of mob violence occurred in which He came near losing His life. The traveller can still see in imagination the crowd rushing out of their place of worship, dragging the Divine Teacher who had been preaching to them, hurrying Him up the hill-side that they might cast Him down headlong. It is only necessary now to look at those dizzy precipices, to realize the murderous malignity of those people and appreciate the hatred which the words of the Saviour had so stirred. "He went unto His own and His own received Him not."

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE LAST SUNDAY, NOV. 23, 1890.

The Village of Christ's Boyhood—Historic Associations of Nazareth—Napoleon's Sojourn There—The Scene of the Thirty-Years' Preparation—The Scenes Hallowed by Christ's Footsteps—The Village Well—Country Illustrations in Christ's Sermons—What the Cities Owe to Country Boys—A Boy Hero Sacrificing his Life on a Church Tower—A Carpenter's Shop in Nazareth—A Visit to Cana—The Lessons of the First Miracle—The View from the Mount of Beatitudes.

"He came to Nazareth, where he was brought up." Luke 4: 16.

WHAT a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening, the genial Sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the Convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or that they have seen. Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under axe, or down in the floods, or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablous is the filthiest town I ever saw although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for, as we rode into the village the afternoon before, the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under command of the clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Beside that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from the Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding. That greatest of Frenchmen walking these very

Streets Through Which Jesus Walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl, the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth, he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the Church or the

world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the dry-dock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a subordinate until you are thoroughly equipped. Be a good employee in your trade until you are qualified to be an employer. Be content with Nazareth until you are ready for the buffeting of Jerusalem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years, that you can do more in three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little suggestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepare for the next world.

The Well of Nazareth.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue, and scarlet, and white, and green, move on with water-jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave Him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, nor one species of bird flying across the tops that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna on those steeps that He had not recognized.

You see it all through His sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover

His Early Whereabouts.

What a boy sees between seven and seventeen, always sticks to him. When the Apostle Peter preaches, you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see

all the phases of village life, and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time He cries: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years He says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt." In childhood He had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree-tops, and no wonder in His manhood sermon He said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging

past Him so near as almost to flurry His hair, a partridge, and the hoopoe, and the thrush, and the osprey, and the crane, and the raven, and wonder afterward in His manhood sermon He said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and on the road to it there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory making their slow way up the zig-zag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar with Christ with their appearance, also with the small insect the gnat which He had seen in another strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder He brings afterward the large quadruped, and the small insect in His sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins, and reckless about large ones, cries: "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

Country Illustrations.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherd get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly

demands some of those sheep when he owns not one of the flock. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle that matter," and the shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer goes in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ yet after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "Who putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grape-vines. Clip, goes the knife, and falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendrill and the other tendrill. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in His sermon: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman: every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit I purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at His baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon He had seen. Then He has such wide sweep of discourse you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning He could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while to the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad in white robe of ascension, and yonder on the east and southeast Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor.



THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is Plain of Esdraelon over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of His boyhood in His memory, do you remember that Christ when He wanted a good pit, made it out of a mountain—"seeing the altitudes He went up into the mountain." I when He wanted especial communion with I, He took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

h, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth alone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world and to stamp out cruelties of the world and to illumine the blindness of the world and to transfigure the spheres! So it has been the mission of country boys in all ages to transform and fire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court-rooms and our healing and our studios and our theology. They died in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. I but for that annual influx our cities would be enervated and sickened and slain the late hours and hurtful apparel and over-digestive organs and crowding environments of city life, would have halted the world, the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have a fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and

The Country Saves the Town.
In the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia into our national eloquence the Websters the Clays and the Henry W. Grady. From plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland into our national charities the George bodys and the William Corcorans. From cabins of the lonely country regions come our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons the Abraham Lincolns. From plough boy's row and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem.

ut alas that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as old. On every street of every city

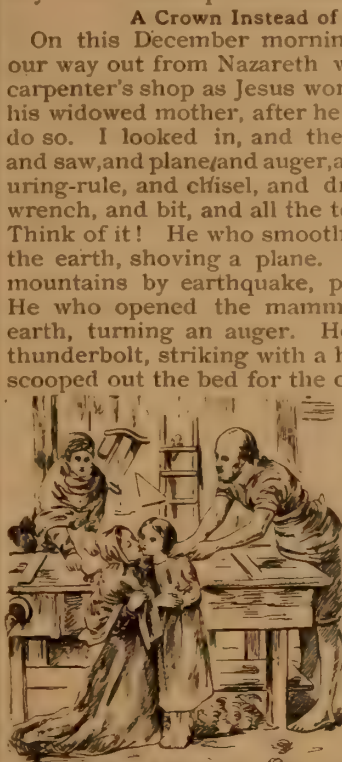
The Crucifixion Goes On.
Every year of our history shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them under what wheels, in what mills and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving in the country. They are worth saving. As grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower and, not seeing their danger, went outside on some beams when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the elder; the older could not climb up with the elder hanging by his feet, so the younger said: "I am going to let go; you climb out safely, but you climb up and I am holding you. I am going to let go; kiss me and tell her not to feel badly; good-bye!" and he dashed on the ground was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful to treat them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys and the teacher said: "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one



A HEROIC DEATH.

of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a door-step on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school!" "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem

A Crown Instead of a Cross.
On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and auger, and vice, and measuring-rule, and chisel, and drill, and adze, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shoving a plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake, pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth, turning an auger. He who wields the thunderbolt, striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed for the ocean, hollowing a



JOSEPH, THE CARPENTER.

ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. "I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A sceptic said to an old clergyman, 'I will not believe anything I cannot explain.' 'Indeed!' said the clergyman, 'You will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns, and others have no horns.' 'No!' said the sceptic, 'I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen!' 'Indeed,' said the clergyman, 'You will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?' 'Yes,' said the sceptic. 'How do you know?' said the clergyman. 'Have you ever seen it?' This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand, and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we knew everything here, heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people, those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does. A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A-B-C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million-fold and at the centre of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

In Cana of Galilee.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative and having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and He to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion, and out of a

cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet, in New York two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes. The difference between

The Wine at the Wedding

in Cana, and the wine at the banquet in New York being that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water-jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping, and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nux vomica, in that beverage, and, as

The Lord Made It,

it would keep. He makes seas that keep thousands of years and certainly He could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcoholism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I travelled through Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back. Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings.

The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban, and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the Oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band



THE FIRST MIRACLE.

of musicians with flutes and drums, and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids: flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelops her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those Oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damask rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the lustre of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in

their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of

The Bridegroom and His Attendants,

the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him." As the two processions approach each other, the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one, and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both the bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house, and the dance begins, and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when He comes garlanded with clouds, and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the Last Day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail Him, for I hear the voices of the Judgment Day sounding, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the Gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late.

The Door is Shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top, Lake Galilee, on whose banks, next Sabbath, we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the Blesseds—Blessed this and Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills, and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steepes." On and up over mountain sides where in the later season, hyacinths, and daisies, and phloxes, and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak, look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and rounded into valleys, and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail, hills of Galilee! Hail, Lake Genesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this

Mount of Beatitudes,

enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Aye, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin between here and Lake Galilee is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down, and hear Christ preach a sermon, in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot, His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; Blessed are the supercilious; Blessed are the tearless; Blessed are they that have everything their own way; Blessed are the war eagles; Blessed are the persecutors; Blessed are the popular; Blessed are the Herods, and the Cæsars, and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks, and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor, Blessed are the mournful, Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the hungry,

Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the pure, Blessed are the peacemakers, Blessed are the persecuted, Blessed are the falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with His left hand built Palestine, and with His right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past! Mightiest book of the future! Monarch of all literature!

The proudest works of Genius shall decay,
And Reason's brightest lustre fade away;
The Sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness, and conclude in night;
But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand;
Back to its source the heavenly gift convey.
Then in the flood of glory melt away.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

The Meeting of Baptist Ministers in Brooklyn Last Week to Consider the Second Advent.

AN evidence of the rapid growth and extended influence of "the blessed hope" of our Lord's coming is given in the important conference held last week in Brooklyn. As prophecy leads us to expect, these conferences will become more numerous in all lands as the



Dr. A. J. Gordon, President of the Conference.

multiplying signs of the close of this dispensation are recognized by the Church at large. More than two thousand years ago, the prophet foresaw these days and their strange admixture of worldliness, scepticism, eager scientific inquiry and, on the part of the few, unprecedented earnestness in evangelical missionary labor, and said: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Later, the great apostle had a prevision of the same time when believers would be mocked at, and asked: "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning," and bade us "comfort one another with these words," and assured us that "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness." So, the number of these conferences increases, and it is well that it should. They are a solace to those whose hearts fail them as they look at the comparatively meagre results of Gospel work. They give cheer as brother reminds brother of the certainty of final victory, when He comes whose right it is to reign, and directs his attention to the signs on every hand that "the night is far spent and the day is at hand." They are also an incentive to increased activity by impressing upon all who are present how brief is the opportunity left for gathering out of the world a people for the Lord.

Hitherto the conferences have been general, but now the number of those who are looking for the Lord's coming has so increased that a denomination alone furnishes more than sufficient studios believers to conduct a four day assembly. The Brooklyn conference last week was of Baptists exclusively, and it is hoped that other Churches will follow the example this year, and we may yet see in a Presbyterian, a Congregational, a Protestant Episcopal and other denominational conferences, clergymen of communions placing themselves on record on this all-important question. It would be an expression of faith in God's word much needed these unbelieving times.

The resolution to hold this conference was passed at a meeting of Baptist ministers held in Chicago on May 27, this year, and a regular society was organized to carry the resolution into effect. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, was elected President, and Dr. J. D. Herr, of Milwaukee, Wis., Secretary. Its object was avowedly to discuss and disseminate information concerning the pre-millennial coming of our Lord. An Executive Committee was composed of Samuel McBride, of Brooklyn; Rev. G. W. I. Well, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Rev. F. L. Chapell, of Boston, with Rev. George C. Needham, Secretary. The first conference met in the Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, on Nov. 18, and its sessions continued till Nov. 21.

The papers read were as follows: *The Dispensation of the Spirit*, by Rev. G. W. Folwell; *Enduement of the Holy Spirit*, by Dr. A. J. Gordon; *Secularization of the Church*, by Rev. F. Chapell; *Spiritualization of the Church*, by F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore, Md.; *Is the Advent Pre-Millennial?* by Rev. Alfred Harris, Waverly, Md.; *Pre-Millennialism Optimistic*, by Rev. L. M. Haldeman, of New York; *Testimony to the Power of the Advent*, by Rev. Clara Larkin, of Kennett Square, Pa.; *The Spirit and the Word*, by Rev. G. M. Stone, of Hartford, Conn.; *The Prophetic Significance of the Circumstances*, by Dr. J. D. Herr; *Gospel of the Resurrection*, by Rev. A. C. Dixon; *Gospel of the Blessed Hope*, by Prof. J. M. Stiffler; *Gospel of the Freedom of Christ*, by Rev. George C. Needham; *Israel's Future*, by Professor J. H. Gilmore; *The Relation of Baptists to the Doctrine of the Second Coming*, by Dr. A. J. Gordon. We expect to publish a full report of these addresses in future numbers of this journal.

MISSIONARY PERILS IN PERU.

ALTHOUGH our Government is at peace with the South American Republics, and the most amicable relations are supposed to exist, it seems that religious fanaticism and bitter intolerance have not yet been removed south of the Isthmus. Intelligence has been received in this city that Mr. F. Penzotti, one of the agents of the American Bible Society, an ordained clergyman of the M. E. Church, been lying in prison at Callao for several months past, for no greater offence than telling the story of the Gospel to a company of Christian believers and distributing copies of the Bible printed in the Spanish tongue. The ecclesiastical censors of that section denounced as "prohibited and immoral" efforts to secure his release through the influence of resident Americans have failed, and a case seems to have been made a test on the Jesuits who, it is said, instigated the arrest. Mr. Penzotti is a man of spotless character, a preacher of rare fervor and power. On a former occasion, says the *Bible Society Record*, he was arrested and sent to the common jail at Callao for a similar offence. After lying in prison for several days, he was liberated by the National Government. He is fairly well treated in the Callao jail; his church members visit daily and his relatives are allowed to see him often as they could wish. Threats have been made to arrest other colporteurs. Mr. Penzotti is greatly consoled by the reflection that his suffering makes for the cause of Christ, and there is a general agitation on the subject which may result in the Congress of the country legislating in behalf of liberty of worship.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Recovery of a Wandering Son—A Bride Restored by Habeas Corpus—A Curious Discovery of Hidden Wealth Grafting a Boy's Limb.

Prodigal Son was Found in a Cave, on Washington Heights, N. Y., on Nov. 8. For two years a wealthy jeweler doing business in Allegheny, Pa., has been searching for a son who mysteriously disappeared in December, 1888. He met with no success until Saturday week, when he received a dispatch from the police of Newburg, N. Y., stating that in answering his description was at police headquarters in that town. He had been found lying in a hole dug in the hill-side and had obtained food by begging from passers-by. The father did not wait to go home, but started at once for Newburg where he was delighted by finding that the boy was his long lost son. The father explained his freak by saying that he played truant from school on the day of his disappearance and was afraid to go home. He therefore ran away. For some months he managed to live by working on some farms in various parts of the county. Then he served as assistant cook on a steamer to New Orleans. On his return, having had enough of sea-life and being unable to obtain work, he had made his home in the cave and lived by begging. He was very thin and ragged and seemed to have suffered from the hardships he had endured. Probably, the father had known how gladly he would be welcomed home, he would have communicated with his father long ago. That is the case with wandering sinners, who need to be told that their Heavenly Father still loves them and is waiting to receive all who come to Him. (Ezek. 33 : 11.)

A Suit for the Recovery of a Wife was Tried before Judge Hare in Philadelphia on November 15. It came up on a suit of habeas corpus which had been sued out by a young man against his wife's mother. He said that shortly after their marriage his wife went to visit her mother and had not returned. He believed that she was being kept a prisoner. This was denied, and a Roman Catholic priest who was in court volunteered an explanation. He said that the wife was a member of his church and when he heard of her marriage to a young man, who was not a Catholic, he had informed her parents at the marriage was null and void. He had repeated the statement to the girl herself and on his advice she had voluntarily declined to return to the man who, in his opinion, was not her husband. The judge then called the wife to the bar and having questioned her as to the facts, told her that her marriage was perfectly valid. "If," he said, "you desire to break the contract and leave your husband, you are free to do so, but, on the other hand, if you desire to remain with him, you are also free to take that course. There is no one that has a right to interfere between you and sever your tie. Which is your choice?" "My husband," said the wife. The judge told her that she had chosen wisely, and the couple left the court together. It was thought that the girl's decision should be final as she was the one most concerned in the matter. It is much to be wished that a similar decision were given by every Christian when the temptations of Satan and the allurements of the world could separate him from his Lord. (Gal. 5 : 10.)

A Suicide's Letter Explaining His Reasons for his crime was found on November 11th in the cell of a Brooklyn jail, in which he had been confined. The man, who belonged to a much respected family, had been arrested for raising a fraudulent mortgage. Several years ago he was convicted of dishonesty while serving as clerk in the Brooklyn Post Office, and was sent to the penitentiary. Since then he had apparently been leading an honest life until he committed the mortgage fraud for which he was in prison awaiting trial. There was a strong probability that if he had lived and stood his trial he would have been acquitted, as his wife had effected a compromise with the complainant in the case and had notified him of the fact. His wife's devotion to him and her efforts on his

behalf seem to have made the man more wretched than he was before. He killed himself in his cell, leaving a letter behind him, saying he should have done so before but for the hope that if he lived he might in a measure make amends for the misery he had brought on his self-sacrificing, devoted, loving wife. It was evident that he had not been oblivious of the doom of self-murderers, for he referred to it in his letter, but added that he had decided to take his chances of its being worse than the hell he had suffered on this earth. Evidently this sinner did not belong to the class whom David described as flourishing like a green bay tree. He had tasted the bitter fruits of sin already in this life. Yet he had not learned the lesson his punishment should have taught him, for instead of abandoning the sin that had brought him so much misery, and humbling himself before God, he added to it the awful crime of suicide. It is a common perversion. If every man whose sin has brought him sorrow quitted it for the future, the world would be transformed. It is now as it has always been, God "has stricken them but they have not grieved." (Jer. 5 : 3.)

An Unexpected Fortune has Fallen to a lawyer in New York. In December, 1885, a letter reached ex-judge Leonard from a man who was confined in the pavilion for the insane, in Bellevue Hospital. It was a wild incoherent epistle, which many men would have thrown into the waste-basket as the production of a lunatic. But the judge reading it carefully thought it might be written by a man under the pressure of deep indignation at being confined among lunatics while he was sane. He decided to take up the case. The man said that he was from the far West where he had been successful in mining, and had come to New York to see the city. He had met with some men who had joined him in a prolonged dissipation. He drank so heavily that he did not know for several days what he did nor where he had been. All his money was gone and he was quite demented. He was taken to Bellevue and was there pronounced insane and confined in the pavilion. He could not get the doctors to release him and became so excited that it was natural to believe him really insane. The lawyer fought his case in court and after a three days' argument before judge Donahue succeeded in getting him liberated. The lawyer did not cease his kindness then, but helped the man to get back to his western home. His gratitude was boundless, and though he had no money, he assured the lawyer that he would never forget him, and if he made money again he would prove his words. The lawyer has now received notice that his former client is dead and has left a will making him his heir. The estate is said to be worth a quarter of a million. If a man felt so grateful toward one who had by a little labor rescued him from a lunatic asylum, what ought to be the gratitude and love of the Christian to his Saviour, who gave His life to save him from eternal death? (John 3 : 17.)

A Curious Discovery of Hidden Wealth is reported by the Paris correspondent of a New York journal. He says that an old lady, who was reputed to be enormously rich, recently died in the French capital. She left no will, and the property was therefore divided among her nephews and nieces. They were disappointed as to the value of her estate, for there was very little to divide beside her household furniture. No one knew what had become of her money. The relatives had paid her assiduous court in her lifetime, in the hope of being handsomely remembered in her will. When, however, it was found how meagre were the portions they received from her estate, some very disrespectful things were said of her. In the division of the household effects, only one of the family was willing to accept a large oil painting of the deceased lady as a part of her share. She was a niece who was attached to her. In hanging up the portrait in her room at her home, the niece noticed a rent in the canvas at the back, which she at once proceeded to repair. To her amazement she found it was not a rent, but a pocket,

in which there were bonds and securities to the value of fifty thousand francs (\$10,000). There was also a legal paper with them, signed by the old lady, giving the whole amount to that nephew or niece, who loved her well enough to have her picture. The hypocritical professions of affection on the part of the expectant legatees had evidently not deceived the eccentric lady who devised this ingenious method of testing their sincerity. Such hypocritical professions are often made of personal devotion to God. But though they may deceive the Church we are warned that a hypocrite shall not come before God. (Job 13 : 15.)

The Sickness of a Favorite Cat has been exercising the ingenuity of an aristocratic family in New York. The animal is a fine Angora who has gained a reputation among the fashionable callers at her owner's house by her beauty and intelligence. She has been ailing recently, and a prescription was written for her by some person learned in the diseases of cats. But the animal obstinately refused to take the powder. It was mixed with different kinds of food, of which she was fond, but she could not be imposed upon in that way. An effort was made to administer it by force, but though the powder could be put in her mouth the cat would not swallow it. The owner of the cat sorrowfully concluded that as he could not make her understand that the medicine would do her good, she must be let alone to die, as a victim of her own obstinacy. Just then an Irish servant was engaged, and she, hearing of the trouble, declared she could make the cat take the medicine. She mixed it with a little grease, and rubbed it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked them clean and swallowed all the powder. Apparently her concern about her personal cleanliness and comfort was stronger than her aversion to the nauseous medicine. Sometimes, men have been led to receive spiritual remedies in a similar way. Especially is this so with lessons of humility and self renunciation which are good for the health of the soul, but are extremely unpalatable. They are learned, not so often in a time of inward need, as in the day of adversity when outward circumstances are overcast and the personal reputation is smirched. (Lam. 3 : 17-20.)

One of the Most Remarkable Surgical Operations ever attempted, was performed last week in New York. It was nothing less than the endeavor to graft a dog's bone on a human limb. The patient is a boy who was afflicted with a congenital malformation of the leg. All the measures to straighten it having failed, the surgeons decided to remove the malformed bone, and introduce a piece the same length. This connecting piece must be "living bone" or it would not knit. Recourse was had to a living dog which was mercifully rendered unconscious by anesthetics during the operation. A piece of bone of the required length was separated from the dog's leg, care being taken to retain its connection with the artery which nourished it, and the bone was then placed in the gap in the boy's leg. A bandage held the ends firmly in connection and they were left to grow together. A strong plaster-of-paris band holds the dog close to the side of the boy and the former is kept unconscious, so that it may not feel pain, nor twitch the bone out of place. The animal will so remain, being kept alive by nourishment artificially administered, until the boy's leg is firmly united by the living bridge. The surgeons are reasonably proud of the operation, and, if it fulfils their hopes, as seems probable, the boy will have still more reason to rejoice over it. The dog's part in the case is not so satisfactory, but the value of a dog's life is held cheap if it can minister to human welfare. If human bone had been necessary, probably no one would have loved the boy well enough to become lame that he might walk. Such a sacrifice would have demanded superhuman love. That was precisely the need of the race when the Son of God came to its rescue, and gave Himself to become "a living way consecrated for us through His flesh." (Heb. 10 : 20.)

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

S. S. LESSON FOR DEC. 7, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 24: 13-27; GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 24: 26.

The Need of the Disciples—All their Hopes of the Kingdom Disappointed—The Women More Enlightened—The Risen Jesus Unrecognized—The True Redemption of Israel—The Blood-bought Bride—Her Risen Life—The Veil Taken Away—Christ's Exposition of the Word.

BEHOOVED it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?" (V. 26, R. V.) The words of the women to the Apostles "seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not." (v. 11.) Oh, how often an experience of Christ which was beyond our depth has appeared to us as vain, meaningless words! Let us beware of measuring others by ourselves. There may be depths of the knowledge of God in His word and by His Spirit that few of us have fathomed; therefore, instead of hastily condemning what we do not understand at first, let us, in holy reverence, and deep dependence on the Holy Spirit's teaching, search the Scriptures to see if these things are so. We have the promise of the eternal God that He shall guide us into all truth. But then we must be willing to be guided, and humble enough to learn how great is our ignorance that we may be led by the Spirit of God into all His truth.

Two of this unbelieving company "went that day into a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three score furlongs, and they talked together of all these things which had happened." Ever since the first moment of their acquaintance with Jesus, they had never so needed His teaching as now. If they had believed the message of the women they would have had a solution of all their difficulties. Why did they not believe? The women in their simplicity had "remembered His words," and all was clear to them. But the Apostles were

Religious Teachers,

not so simple as the women. All their preconceived notions of the Messiah must fall if this death of shame, and this resurrection from the dead, were the real thought of God. It meant the end of the hopes of James and John to have places of distinction in His kingdom; it meant for Peter to be a nobody still, although Christ had spoken of committing to him the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The women had nothing to lose, but everything to gain, in a risen Saviour; in their following Jesus, the question had never arisen, "What shall we have therefore?" It was their Lord, and not themselves, on whom their eyes were fixed.

And yet these two disciples could not be silent about the matter. As they "communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them." They wanted to know the truth, and Jesus wanted to reveal it to them. "The Lord is nigh unto all them which call upon Him, to all them which call upon Him in truth." (Psalms 145: 18.) He is more than ready to make Himself known to those who hunger after Him. But it was another Jesus who now walked with them and talked, "their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." Jesus, the Teacher of His disciples, the Healer, the Provider, the Master of winds and waves, was familiar to them; Jesus the crucified they had seen afar off, without understanding Him, but the risen One—no, they had no eyes which could discern Him.

Jesus says to all His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always," and yet how many of God's children take for granted that He is absent from them! How many require a stronger warrant for believing that He is present with them, than His word which says so! How many want some sensible proof, some feeling or a token of His presence! When we take for granted that He is with us

Because He Says So,

then we are able to take for granted that He is speaking to us by His Word and by His Spirit, we get into the habit of waiting upon Him, and our ear gets accustomed to the sound of His

voice; and no circumstance, however trivial, will happen without our being able to hear in it what He has to say to us, so that our whole being becomes a listening ear to hear, a ready hand to do, a living sacrifice to suffer His will.

But the two disciples went on talking of Him in His unrecognized presence; they did not expect His company just then. "He said unto them, what words are these that ye exchange one with another as ye walk? And they stood still, looking sad. And one of them, named Cleopas, answering, said unto Him, 'Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem, and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?'" (R. V. margin.) To these disciples, unbelieving as they were, no political or social event, nothing in the commerce of the day, and no other subject was of importance but Jesus. They thought everyone else must be absorbed as they were, in this one theme. He said, "What things?" And Cleopas, in his answer, showed how much of unbelief lurked still in his heart. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth," was his answer, "which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." Was this all which Cleopas had to say of his Lord? Had he forgotten Simon Peter's avowal, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" Must it be that only a dying thief and a heathen centurion should be the witnesses at this tremendous crisis that Jesus was the Son of God? True, He had charged them to tell no man that He was the Christ till the Son of Man should be risen from the dead. (Matt. 16: 20; 17: 9.) But their very disbelief in His resurrection shut out from them an understanding of all else which had happened to Him.

"But we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." Their thoughts about the redemption of Israel were other than their Lord's, they looked for earthly prosperity and political freedom; He came to redeem from sin and all its consequences. The great act of redemption had taken place, the life blood of the victim had been slain, and yet these men were as though they understood not. And who does understand in its fullness the mystery of Christ's redemption; what that precious blood has purchased for us? Not only forgiveness,—in deep adoration we praise God for that, but from His open side, Jesus forms a Bride,

A Blood-bought Bride,

bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh. Spirit of His Spirit, the Bride of the Lamb, with the nature and the Spirit of the Lamb, "dumb before her shearers,"—a bride who, like her Lord, resists not evil, loves her enemies, seeks not her own, lives not unto herself, but unto Him which died for her;—a bride who is "not of the world," even as He is not of the world. Separated from its spirit, rejecting its honors, despising its vanities, the world knowing her not, "because it knew Him not." As He came to be a new man, a second Adam, the head of a new race, so His bride walks "in newness of life." A life laid down by a cross taken up for His sake. His Bride follows Him in crucifixion. She is "crucified with Christ," that in His risen life,—a life of another order from that of man who seeks his own, and is a lover of his own self,—she may be of another order of being, living the Christ-life, not the fleshly self-life which men in general live down here. The Bride of Christ is "redeemed from among men," redeemed from the earth. (Rev. 14: 3, 4.) She does not walk on an earthly level or "mind earthly things," for her "citizenship is in heaven," and she counts all things but loss that she may win Christ, and be found in Him. Oh, it is another redemption of Israel, another redemption of the Gentiles, too, than that which Cleopas was looking for.

He could not but mention the assertion of the women, the vision of angels which they had seen, saying that He was alive, and the testimony of Peter and John that it was even so as the women had said, but that they saw Him not. And Jesus spoke severe words to them, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all

that the prophets have spoken! Behooved not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, He interpreted them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." (R. V.) Veil after veil fell from before their eyes, as the very Light of the world shed His beams upon His written Word. The presence of Christ while reading His Word, what is there like it! All the lungs of a spiritual man expand to breathe in the atmosphere of heaven! The old familiar words he breathed, spoke; the law, the psalms, the prophets, all told of Him. They had the key all in the wondrous Person who walked with them, and yet they knew Him not. Oh, let never come to the Word of God but in His presence—there it will be opened to us. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." It may not come to His Word as to another book. The Bible is a supernatural book, and only we yield to the presence and power of the living Word in the written Word can its truths be unlocked to us. This is why so many of God's children look upon the wondrous truths which God reveals to us as though they were mere possibilities, because they do not come with Himself to His Word in a yielded spirit ready to believe, to receive and to obey. He will "do His will shall know of the doctrine."

THE GIFFORDS OF ASTON.

A Story of the Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 7.

EVERY one for miles around Aston had heard of the Giffords. Long before the Revolution, a Gifford had lived in state in the great hall there, with a large retinue of servants, keeping open house and entertaining distinguished guests. The Hall and the large estates passed down from father to son through many generations, the old traditions of a family being retained, and respect for it grown through all the State.

It was in Reginald Gifford's time that a change came. The country people noticed that as young man he was "wild." They said they hoped he would sow all his wild oats before father died, for if he continued the life which the estate came into his hands not even the princely income of the Giffords could stand. They were disappointed, for the crop that came of Reginald's sowing was only wilder oats. Race-horses and gambling and fast life were his idea of happiness, and in a very short time he came to ruin. Within ten years of his father's death he was living in a small cottage on the estate the Giffords so long owned, a broken, prematurely aged man, with scarcely sufficient income to keep himself and his wife and son. He was no longer the brilliant, witty, genial man of former days, but gloomy and spiritless, with joy left in life.

Unhappily the mischief he had done was confined to himself. His example had done untold harm. For miles around, there were families mourning on account of his wrongdoing. Fathers and mothers had thought it honor for their children to be friends of young Gifford, and were now lamenting over sons and daughters ruined by his friendship. Directly and indirectly his influence had been pernicious and now, in his days of poverty, instead of kindly sympathy, which might have alleviated his lot, he encountered on the faces of men and women, who had looked up to him in former days, looks of hatred and resentment. The vacant chairs in many a home seemed to shout aloud to God for vengeance on the head of a man whose evil deeds had led to the despoiling of the home.

This result of his career of sin and sin added to the misery of Reginald Gifford's lot, he was a kindly man at heart who was so that any one should have suffered through him, but it was not the heaviest load—the most bitter drop of his cup—as it should have been. His grief was that he had lost his estate. As he stood at the door of his humble abode

might that all the land as far as he could see either side once belonged to him, and that stately mansion, whose chimneys he could see above the trees, was once his home and had been the home of his fathers, but had been sold to pay his gambling debts, he would turn into a little room and shed tears of mortification he cursed his folly. Folly he always called though he might more appropriately have called it wickedness.

One gleam of hope, and only one, there was, and to that he clung. It was too late for him to regain that lost estate; but his son, Herbert, might do it. He denied himself the commonest necessities that the boy should have the best education. He trained him with but one object of ambition—to restore the lost glories of the fiefs and to recover possession of the ancestral estate. He would take the boy through the fields, show him the beautiful mansion and the tears beseech him so to study and so to live that, in his manhood, he should go forth to the world to win a large fortune and come back to redeem the estate. "The hope of seeing that day, Herbert," he said, "is all that keeps me alive. Toil as I might I could never cover it; and, besides, I have not your abilities, nor did I use my opportunities of getting a first-class education as you are using them. It depends on you my boy; I have confidence in you."

This was the burden of all his talk with his son, and when Herbert was away at school and college, Reginald Gifford would talk to his wife the same strain, and try to inspire her with the same hope. She, poor woman, thought less of the loss of fortune than of the misery that had come on the homes around them through her husband's misconduct. If Herbert could redeem the estate even that would not undo the mischief that had been done to others. As she thought of the desolated homes she felt that her own restoration to wealth and luxury would only make her more miserable.

One day, entering her husband's room, she found him fallen back in his chair in a faint, with a letter clutched convulsively in his hand. It was some time before he recovered consciousness, and then she learned the cause of his attack. The letter was from Herbert, who had just graduated, and it announced his determination to become a clergyman. What a disappointment that career would be to his father! The young man was aware, but his letter showed that he had been led of God to his decision. Reginald Gifford swore he would never see his son again, would disown him, would curse him on his dying day. All his dreams had come to nothing; all his hopes were crushed.

It was in Aston that Herbert Gifford chose to labor for Christ. Years of self-sacrificing, consecrated work he gave to that district. In the homes of the poor, at the bedside of the sick, by the graves of the dead his voice was heard, directing the gaze of the burdened and the sorrowing to the one Source of comfort and joy and peace. How the people loved him! His name was a household word. Old men called down blessings on his head, and the young looked to him for advice and help. The name of Gifford was never so loved, even in the days of his family greatness. The stain which the father had brought upon it was forgotten in the dust, with which the son had covered it. But Reginald Gifford refused to be comforted, and would not realize that his son had done anything for him.

By none was Herbert more beloved than by the present owner of the estate, which was once the property of the Giffords. To the young clergyman's efforts, he owed it under the blessing of God that his only son, and heir had been rescued from a sinful life, and had become a new man in Christ Jesus. He loved Herbert as his own son, and it was with peculiar joy that he welcomed him into the family, when Herbert, some years later, asked him for the hand of his daughter in marriage. He insisted on Herbert coming to live with him in the house of his forefathers, and, when trouble came upon

the house, and the father stood by the side of his dying son, he leaned on Herbert as his comfort in his sorrow, and was cheered by the thought that so good a man would succeed him when he too should come to die. And all Aston rejoiced that again a Gifford would reign in the old Hall.

THE TWO WITNESSES.

Their Identity, Their Mission and the Effect of their Testimony.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE, F. R. S. T.

WHEN the Lord opens the seventh seal (Rev. 8: 1), "there is silence in heaven about the space of half-an-hour;" a silence of intense amazement and awe, and now the question rises in every heart, when and how is all this to end? And what is to issue next from the remaining page of that dread Book? But before proceeding to investigate this, we must try to ascertain

Who The Witnesses Are;

And what has been, up to this time, their testimony and their mission.

These Witnesses are two in number; no more; two persons; two individual men. No interpretation can be right which does not maintain strictly this duality. They are two prophets, ver. 10. They are clothed with sackcloth, ver. 3. They prophesy, ver. 3. They have power, like Moses, to turn the waters into blood, and to smite the land with plagues, ver. 6. They are slain, ver. 7. Their dead bodies lie three days and a half in the street of the great city where the Lord was crucified, ver. 8. Thousands see these bodies dead; exult over them, and refuse to let them be put in graves, ver. 9. These dead bodies rise on the fourth day; stand on their feet reanimated by the Spirit of life: they ascend to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies behold them descend, ver. 12.

It is impossible then, in the face of these facts, to doubt that these witnesses are two in number, and only two; not two bodies of men, not two testifying churches; but two individual men; men who speak, and act, and live here for a time; men who are slain here; whose bodies lie in the street dead and insulted, and are seen to rise and ascend at a call from heaven. They come from standing in presence of the Lord; yet are they men in the flesh. They have not as yet put on immortality. They can die.

But if individual men—prophets who as yet have not died, yet been absent from the earth for a time, and standing in the Presence above—can we learn from any Scripture intimation, or Scripture facts, who and what they are? Now the Scriptures do tell of

Two Prophets,

and only two—the one a Witness for God in the old world, the second a Witness for Him since the flood—who for some great end have been caught up to the Divine Presence; who have not as yet tasted death; and who may be, so far as we know, reserved for a death and resurrection that shall yet impress men and glorify the Son of God. As to the one of these is no room for doubt. We know that He is to come back. The Old Testament closes with the distinct promise and prediction that He shall come. "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me. . . . Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet" (the Sep. Arab. and Old Latin versions read, "Elijah the Tishbite") "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord"; (Mal. 3, 1; 4, 5, 6.) This is God's word; plain, definite, inevitable. And the Lord Himself when here renewed the promise, and confirmed the prediction.

It is before "the Great and Dreadful Day of the Lord" that Elijah is to come; but that day has not yet broken on the earth. When Elijah comes, he is "to restore all things;" but that restitution is not yet, nor will it be till the Lord Himself is descending; for "the heaven must receive Him until the times of restitution." (Acts 3: 21). Not till then will Israel be finally restored, nor this world be re-established from

the wreckage of the fall, and its devastation under the Man of Sin.

As to the second, the facts seem to point to Enoch. While he lived here, he was emphatically God's "witness" to that world that perished by the flood; emphatically God's "prophet," who spoke to that generation of judgment. We do not know one word he ever uttered save that prediction recorded by Jude: "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." (Jude 14: 15.) These words, it is plain, do not bear so specially on the near judgment of the flood, as they do on the judgment of the coming day, when He who is "the King of kings and Lord of lords" descends in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them that know not God, and when the "Armies of heaven follow Him." (II. Thess. 1: 8; Rev. 19: 14.) For what end then have the words of Enoch been placed on record, except to stamp him as the Prophet of the Coming Judge?

For one thousand two hundred and sixty days, and no more

Their Mission

is to last. During these days they prophesy clothed in sackcloth. They are resisted, hated, feared, by men and by the Man of Sin. But no fear can daunt, no opposition withstand them. They have come here to execute a mission, and, till that is finished, they are immortal. They are here not only to revive and sustain the faith of those who will be true to God; but to confront the reigning Power; and to prove to a deceived world that the day of the wrath of God and of the Lamb is come. As Enoch did once before stand up alone in that world so soon to perish, to testify of the coming judgment and the coming judge; to compel men to decision; to flee from the wrath, or to face the perdition; so now he testifies to the Gentile nations. As Elijah, when he stood on Carmel, in the face of Ahab and the priests of Baal, compelled his nation to decide:—"If Jehovah be God, follow Him; if Baal be God, then follow him." (1. Kings 18: 21). So it is now. They both speak with the tongue of fire; the one prophet to the nations, the other to the Jews. It is no longer a halting time; the decision must be instant, and it is final. If Jehovah be God, follow Him; if the dragon be God, then follow him.

And ere this mission is ended a great and glorious victory is gained for the Son of God. From the nations there is

Rescued a Multitude

that no man can number. Left behind, not ready when "the wise" ascended, they have had a message of mercy by these two celestial prophets from the Son of God; and so, raised by them from their desponding state, encouraged to wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb, their faith fed by the Divine oil, they have stood in life and death steadfast, and, having come through that time of great tribulation more than conquerors, it is they that now stand on the floor of heaven, dressed in white robes, with palms in their hands, and lift aloud their song of praise, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

And in Israel, as mighty in these days is the triumph of grace. The voice of Elijah is heard calling them back from every land to the Covenant of God, to their Redeemer and their King; and they come. This great awakening begins in Judah and Jerusalem; an opening of the heart, a true repenting and contrition, a reviving of the nation's faith, such as has never been since the day of Josiah's Passover. Then is fulfilled that promise; "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication: and they shall mourn for Him as one that mourneth for his only son. . . . And in that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. 12: 9-14; 13: 1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

MORALS OF DENTISTRY.

A CARD was published by a dentist some time ago giving the names of prominent persons, among others a list of clergymen, from whom he had excavated successfully and without pain certain diseased molars. The dentist, in making the operation painless, has spoiled a proverb—"It comes as tough as drawing teeth." Still we are glad that these clerical brethren, without suffering, have shed their masticatory instruments. We would have almost any one else hurt rather than they. They are not of the belligerent sort, who are constantly "showing their teeth," and we therefore could have no joy in their painful extraction. May the remaining incisors and bicuspid of these brethren be spared, and the time be long distant when Solomon's description shall apply to them: "The grinders cease because they are few." We now seriously call the attention of all young clergymen to the importance of ecclesiastical dentistry. When a minister's teeth begin to decay, his theology is apt at the same time to suffer. Poor teeth result in poor mastication; poor mastication in poor digestion; poor digestion in poor spirits; poor spirits in poor theology. Keep out of your mouth all poisonous dentifrices; do not wear off the enamel with pen-knife or pin; annually submit yourself to the inspection of a wise dentist; twice a day at least, with strong brush, keep your mouth as pure as the Gospel that drops from your lips. An untidy minister, neglectful of a full-length bath, his finger-nails unscrapped, his knuckles begrimed, his collar looking as if it had lost its way to the wash-tub, and his teeth tobacco stained, is as disgusting to us as the Egyptian mummies in the British Museum, which lie grinning with their decayed molars exposed, three thousand years of bad toothache. There might seem to be some excuse for the wicked postponement of dentistry if it were as excruciating as it used to be. In boyhood, after our crying all night, laudanum and camphor and everything else having failed, father took us to the village doctor. The doctor led us to the back piazza, and we sat down on the step. Whether we were promised candy, or a ride, or a new pair of boots, we do not remember, but suffice it to say the inducement did not seem ade-

quate to pay for the sufferings proposed. The doctor brought out a long pair of forceps. There were in its very looks twists and grips, and clutches that made the toothache instantly stop. Then we argued the uselessness of extraction, because it did not ache a bit. They did not allow us to finish the argument. We were never more logical in our life. We had laid down the two propositions of a syllogism. First, painless teeth ought not to be extracted; secondly, this is a painless tooth; but before we could draw the conclusion the doctor had begun to draw the tooth. We sitting on the step, and he standing back and above us, took our head between his knees, one knee tight against each ear. The memory of those knees will never fade away from us. They seemed to us the *ne plus ultra* of all knees.

He had hard work to get into our mouth, for it was so full of acclamation, or what boys call "holla," a word so expressive that we never found its synonym. But getting his hand on one side the unrestrained yell, and his turn-key on the other, he went in. But at last the cold steel was laid aside the sore gums, and while we were clutching the doctor's arm, and biting his fingers as hard as we could, and kicking indiscriminately in all directions, and giving him a look as much as to say: "Old fellow, if I live to get over this, won't I give it to you," the doctor, with knees still more tightly braced, gave one resolute pull, and it seemed as if the roots of the neck had given way, and the jaw-bone had forsaken its socket, and everything, down to the last joint of the toe, had been dislocated, grubbed out, smashed, caved in, and annihilated with a general convulsion. The operation was successful. The dentist only did his duty, and has been for some years in the good place where teeth never ache and they never use forceps; but my memory of him is not ecstatic. We do not take him into our hope of future recognition. We can think of five hundred people whom we would rather meet than he. But in this day things are made easy. According to the advertisement, tooth-drawing has passed into the luxuries, and the dentist's chair is almost as easy as the editor's.

SELF-TREATMENT.

THERE are books proposing that we all become our own medical attendant. Whenever we are seized with any sort of physical disorder we are to take down some volume in homœopathy, allopathy, hydropathy, and running our finger along the index, alight upon the malady that may be afflicting us. We shall find on the same page the name of the disease and the remedy. Thus: chapped hands, glycerine; cold, squills; lumbago, mustard-plasters; nervous excitement, valerian; sleeplessness, morphine powders.

This may be very well for slight ailments, but we have attended more funerals of people who were their own doctor, than obsequies of any other sort. In your inexperience you will be apt to get the wrong remedy. Look out for the agriculturist who farms by book, neglecting the counsel of his long-experienced neighbor. He will have poor turnips and starveling wheat, and kill his fields with undue apportionments of guano and bone-dust. Look out just as much for the patient who in the worship of some "pathy," blindly adheres to a favorite hygienic

volume, rejecting in important cases, medical admonition.

In ordinary cases the best doctor you can have is a mother or grandmother who has piloted through the rocks of infantile disease whole family. She has a salve for almost everything, and knows how to bind a wound or cure an inflammation. But if the mother be dead, you are afflicted with a maternal ancestor who never knew anything practical and never will be better in severe cases have the doctor, right away. You say that it is expensive to do this while a book on the treatment of diseases will cost you only a dollar and a half. We reply that in the end it is very expensive for an inexperienced man to be his own doctor; for in addition to the price of the book there are the undertaker's expenses.

THE OLD GOSPEL.

THE air is full of talk against catechisms and creeds and the theology of the past. One might be led to suppose that the loose theological talkers of the world were doing the good, upholding all the beneficent institutions, and that the men who believe in the Gospel out-and-out, in-and-in, were fossils on the shelf. Take out of the past John Calvin and John Wesley, and Martin Luther and John Howe, and Richard Cecil and Jonathan Edwards and the Scotch Covenanters, and how much the best part of the world's history would be destroyed. They all believed in a creed, whether written or unwritten; and adopted the whole Bible. All that the sceptics and loose religious thinkers have done for the Church and the world, you can put in a quart jug, and have room left for a full quart beside. While the men pass their time tinkering Christianity, hoping to repair it until it shall be fit for the acceptance of this enlightened age, the plain Gospel goes on making its grandest triumphs, building larger churches and more magnificent universities. If there were not calamity mingled with the farce, we should laugh day and night to see these mighty hunters shooting the Rock of Ages.

JOYOUS RELIGION.

Who are the happy Christians? The busy Christians. Who are the Christians in the slough of despond? The idle Christians. He is a wood and it is filled with Summer insects. An axeman comes along to hew fire-wood for next Winter. He throws off his coat and heaves mightily against the trees, and every stroke the axe makes the insects fly away, and the harder he works the less he is annoyed by the insects. Here is a man who comes and lies down in the woods, and he is stung and mauled by the insects, and he thinks it is a horrible place to stay in. The world is full of insect annoyances. Those are comparatively free from annoyances who are busy for God and busy in the Church. It is the man who lies down in the Church and lies down in the fields when he ought to be useful, and lies down in the forest of God's love, who is stung, and stung, and stung, and blotched all over with inefficiency and spiritual death.

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a binder in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers secure. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Launch of the Cruiser "Maine"—A Money Panic Averted—The Threatened Indian Rising—Death of a Noted Clergyman—A Royal Wedding at Berlin, Etc.

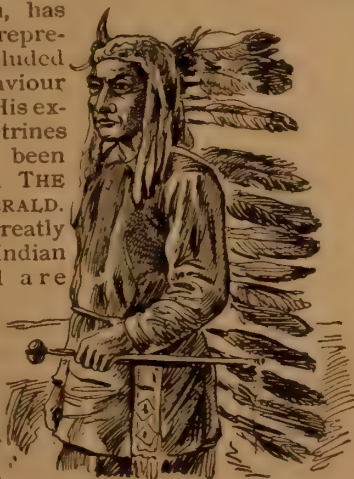
The Greatest and Most Formidable Warship ever built in America, the *Maine*, was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 18th inst. Compared with the other vessels of Uncle Sam's service, the new cruiser is a monster, being 324 feet 4 inches in length over all, 318 feet 3 inches on the water line, 57 feet in breadth, 21 feet mean draught, 6,682 tons displacement and with an estimated speed of seventeen knots an hour. Her engines are of the vertical cylinder, triple expansion type, and the total horse-power is estimated at 1,000. She will have twin screws and will be armed with 32 guns of various sizes and calibre and seven torpedo tubes. Some of her guns, experts say, will have a penetrating power at



4,000 yards that will pierce 20 inches of iron. All her armor or plated covering will be of nickel steel and this alone will weigh nearly two and a half million pounds, the side armor belt being 12 inches thick and extending over a length of 180 feet. She will also have a couple of turrets with protected guns. Such a vessel could have blown the *Merrimac* or the *Monitor* out of the water, yet, although strongly armed and very swift, she will hardly rank with some of the great ocean floating fortresses of the foreign powers, although her high rate of speed would certainly give her a powerful advantage over their heavier but slower naval vessels. Miss Wilmerding, Secretary Tracy's granddaughter, performed the ceremony of "christening the ship," at the launching, which was witnessed by thousands of spectators, including many high government officials. A picture of the *Maine* is given above.

The Great Agitation Over the "New Christ" among the Sioux Indians at Walker Lake, Nevada, has not diminished during the week. It now seems that Sitting Bull, (whose portrait is given in this column), is the instigator of the excitement, and that a Pah Ute Indian, named John Johnson, has been chosen to represent, to the deluded red men, the Saviour of the World. His extraordinary doctrines have already been outlined in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Settlers are greatly afraid of an Indian outbreak, and are flocking into the town of Mandan, in North Dakota. Governor Miller has ordered a large force of troops for duty.

The settlers believe that the religious craze is simply a cloak to cover an intended rising and probable massacre, and they are arming with the determination of killing all the Indians in the disturbed district, if found there after a certain date. Gen. Miles, commander of the United States, troops in the territory, says the military is able to cope with any disturbance that may arise. Meanwhile, great crowds of Indians are assembled at Standing Rock Agency, some 6,000 in all being there at the present time, and as they are known to be in possession of hun-



dreds of rifles and plenty of ammunition, their gathering is interpreted as meaning serious trouble. Sitting Bull and his band have left the agency, and are said to be on the warpath. There are already rumors of a fight having taken place between the Indians, and General Brooke's command near Pine Ridge.

Although the Spectre of Financial Panic has hovered over the country for a week or more, it is now generally believed that the danger of a serious money crisis is averted for the present at least. The embarrassment of the great banking-house of Baring Brothers in England, which was rescued from failure by the action of the Bank of England alone, naturally produced a depressing effect in money circles all over the world. The Rothschilds have guaranteed the \$20,000,000 interest on the Argentine Republic's loans. Now that the trouble abroad is substantially adjusted, apprehensions here are quieting down. There have been several small failures during the week in New York, the only one of consequence being that of Barker Bros. & Co., Philadelphia, with \$3,000,000 liabilities. Stocks are still very low, and money has been held tight. The banks have done much to relieve the situation by encouraging the taking out of loan certificates, authorized by the New York Clearing-house. This has relieved matters somewhat in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other commercial centres in the East. Besides, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury showing that the government has \$32,000,000 available for emergencies, and that the revenues for the year were \$105,000,000 more than the expenditures, has increased confidence in the situation, and allayed disquieting rumors.

Another Royal Wedding was Celebrated with great pomp in Berlin, on the 19th, being the marriage of the Emperor William's sister, Princess Victoria, and Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe. The civil ceremony took place in the palace of the Empress Frederick, in presence of an imposing array of royalties and at its conclusion the entire party, escorted by a body of cavalry, proceeded to the Imperial Castle where the religious ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Dryander, the court chaplain. Afterward, there was a grand banquet at which Emperor William was the principal speaker. The bride is a sweet-faced girl with an excellent disposition, very amiable and quite accomplished. She is said to inherit much of the fine diplomatic tact of her mother, the Empress Frederick. Her wedding-dress was of cream satin with lace and a train embroidered with wild roses and silver, and she wore a royal crown and a wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms. Prince Adolphus is said to be a prime favorite of the Emperor and is regarded as a rising man. His estates, however, do not yield him a vast income, by any means. Portraits of the bride and groom are given above.



A Hot Fight is Just Now Waging Among the Irish Nationalists over the suggested retirement of Parnell, in consequence of the recent disclosures affecting his reputation in the case lately decided against him by the English courts. While his usefulness as a leader of the Irish party seems to have been greatly impaired, the National League have resolved to stand by him, although there is a possibility that the pressure may become so strong as to force him out of active politics. Many of the newspapers which formerly professed a warm admiration for the "Uncrowned King," now urge his retirement as a duty he owes to his country.

Few Congregationalists Were Better Known in this country than Henry M. Dexter, who passed away at his home in New Bedford, Mass., last week. He was born at Plympton, Mass., in 1821, graduated from Yale and Andover and had his first pastoral charge in Manchester, N.H. He afterwards occupied the pulpit of the Berkeley Street Church, in Boston, for eighteen years.



For twenty years past he had devoted his wonderful energies largely to authorship, and as the editor of the *Congregationalist*, no less than as the writer of a large number of volumes on theology and Church matters, he became widely recognized as an authority on Congregational affairs. His most important work is: *The Congregationalism of the Last 300 Years as Seen in its Literature; With Special Reference to Certain Recondite, Neglected or Disputed Passages*. His other works include: *As to Roger Williams and His Banishment*; *The True Story of John Smith*; and *A Biography of the Church Struggle in England During the 16th Century*. Rev. Dr. Dexter was distinguished as a controversialist and his lectures in Boston and elsewhere attracted large and cultured audiences. In all the prominent Church controversies of the last thirty years he has been a prominent figure. His portrait is given in this column.

BRIEF NOTES.

General Booth of the Salvation Army announces that he has received \$100,000 toward the amount necessary to establish his scheme of social reform, outlined in these columns last week. He has received a letter from the secretary of the Queen, containing an expression of her Majesty's sympathy with his effort.

Christian business men are asked to aid in the effort to secure the closing of the Columbian World's Fair on Sundays by sending to the National Reform Association, 1520 Chesnut St., Philadelphia, letters written on their business letter heads, saying, "We join," or "This firm joins in the citizens' protest against the opening of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday."

Evangelist Ben Hogan and Lieutenant Thomas Lavery have been holding meetings at Spokane Falls, Wash. Concordia Hall in which the services have been held was crowded by the class the evangelists were trying to reach. Some of the conversions were of men previously most strongly opposed to religion. The pastors of the city are heartily co-operating and are trying to keep the evangelists there for another month.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is laid aside by a severe attack of his chronic malady, rheumatic gout. In former years he has left England for the South of France before the November fogs appeared, but this year being anxious to continue his labors he delayed his departure too long and this illness is the consequence. He desires the prayers of our readers for his restoration to health. During his illness we shall publish the sermons he has been recently delivering on Sunday evenings.

A wonderful outpouring of God's blessing has been experienced at Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, since Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., became its pastor. There has been a special work going on among the young men of the congregation with most interesting results. At the communion on November 16, no less than one hundred and ninety were received on profession of faith besides twenty by letter from sister churches. A picture of Bethany Church and a portrait of its pastor appeared in this journal on September 24.

Seventeenth Street M. E. Church, New York, was crowded on Sunday, November 16, by a congregation eager to hear Rev. Thomas Harrison, who, as had been extensively advertised, had promised to commence a series of services there. Mr. Harrison, however, did not come and the congregation went away grievously disappointed. This was the more keenly felt because on two previous occasions at that church the services had to be deferred for the same reason, though Mr. Harrison's presence had been confidently expected.

We regret to hear that the Rev. J. F. Avery, of the Mariners' Temple, New York, whose portrait and sketch of his work appeared in this journal on November 12, has experienced a serious loss. A fire in his residence has destroyed his library, manuscripts, and other effects. We are sure he will have the sympathy of our readers, and that they will be the more ready to help him in prosecuting his evangelistic work. We have learned since writing the sketch of him that he was trained for the ministry in Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' College.

THE TERMS OF BENEDICTION.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Aaron Authorized to Bestow Blessings—The Blessing Christ Gives—His Last Act on Earth—Will Come Again in the Same Attitude—I. The Character of the Blessing—Given Through a Priest—Partakes of Intercession—A Fiat as well as a Prayer—The Blessing Sure—II. The Blessing Itself—From the Father—The Grace of the Son—Fellowship of the Spirit—III. The Divine Amen.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, *Speak unto Aaron and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them.*" Numbers 6: 22-27.

THE Lord has blessed His people, and He would have them know it. To bring this blessing constantly to remembrance the Lord appointed a representative of Himself who should publicly pronounce His blessing upon the people. He chose Aaron, and He bade Moses instruct him. Aaron was not only to offer sacrifice, and to make intercession, but he was to take a higher stand, and bestow blessings, in the name of God, upon the assembled people. Those who are old may fitly pronounce a blessing upon their children, as Jacob did upon his twelve sons; and the minister of Christ may, in God's name, pronounce a benediction upon the people. Our God has appointed One above all others to bless His people, even our great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the antitype of Aaron and his sons; and in the exercise of His high office continually blesses His people. He began His ministry with the Sermon on the Mount, and the word "Blessed." His whole life was a stream of blessing; for "He went about doing good." When He rose to heaven, having completed His ministry, it was as "He lifted up His hands, and blessed them."

"He Shall so Come in Like Manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven," bringing blessings with Him, even gifts for men. The great blessing which our Lord Jesus Christ pronounces is for His people, even for those to whom He gives eternal life. Ask yourselves whether you are believers, as Jacob was? Are you pleaders with God, as Jacob was? It was through his triumphant wrestling with God that he won the princely name of Israel: have you ever prevailed in prayer? If so, though you may feel very feeble, and halt as you come from the scene of conflict, yet to you, even to you, as being spiritually of the seed of Israel, the Lord Jesus Christ, the "High Priest of our profession," has given the blessing. But if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ there is no blessing for him, since that awful text thunders at him: "Let him be Anathema Maranatha"—accursed at His coming. The Lord grant that such a curse may lie on none of us; but may we, as we hear the priestly benediction, be able by faith to receive it as our own!

I. First, then, consider the general Character of this Blessing.

It was a blessing, in the first place, *given through a priest*. Not every man might take upon himself to bless the people: it was Aaron—God's high priest, who offered sacrifice for the people—who was called to bless the tribes. The hands which had been stained with the blood of the victim, were outstretched in blessing. Once in the year the Lord's high priest went in unto God for the people, not without blood; and when his solemn duties within the veil had been duly done, he came forth, and put on those glorious garments which for awhile he had laid aside, and he blessed the people, as he was authorized to do. From which I gather that we can get no blessing from God, except through the priesthood of Christ. There must be the sacrifice, and the sprinkling of the blood, before the music of the blessing can sound in our ears. It is a priestly benediction, sealed with sacrificial blood; and it can only be bestowed by our glorious Priest.

Next, this benediction is of the nature of intercession. There lies within these words a prayer. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee" is the cry of the man of God to Jehovah, that He will bless and keep His people. We have a high priest, through whom all that come to God will be accepted, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." He is exercising that office now. How much we owe to His intercession no tongue can tell. Try to learn a little of it from these words, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

"I Have Prayed for Thee":

Here is safety. Believe, my brethren, that our Lord has prayed for us, is praying for us still. With His quick eye of love He has perceived our danger long before we have dreamed of it; and with His eloquent tongue of earnestness He has pleaded the causes of our soul at the throne of grace, before we were aware of our peril. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him"; and even so your heavenly High Priest perceives what you have need of, and asks for it long before you think of presenting such a petition.

But, next, this benediction is yet of a higher order than intercession. This benediction wears the form of a fiat as well as of a prayer. The priest here speaks the blessing for which he asks. Turning to the Father, our Lord Jesus cries, "Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me." Turning to us He says, "the Lord bless thee, and keep thee." What He prays for of God He distributes among men, by an authority vested in Him by the Father. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." My heart delights to think of the Lord Jesus Christ at this hour, not as a Gethsemane pleader, with groans, and agony, and bloody sweat; but as one who has finished His work, and who now reigns in the glory of the Father, having all power in heaven and in earth.

Notice, in the next place, that this blessing is sure. Aaron did not bless the people of his own will; he did not utter good words of his own composing; but there went forth a divine power which made the form of blessing to be a blessing indeed. There was

Power in the Benediction

because Aaron was appointed to bless the people, and when he pronounced the benediction over the assembled multitude it was not Aaron's blessing, but the blessing of Jehovah, who had sent him. The God who set him apart to bless the people in the divine name was, by that very act and deed, engaged to make good His servant's words. Even so our blessed High Priest took not this office upon Himself, but He was called thereunto; and His call is abundantly certified, "For Him hath God the Father sealed."

But there is another reason for being certain that the benediction is sure to all the seed. Not only was the person chosen to bless the people, but the very words which he should use were put into his mouth. "On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them." Here we have a fixed form of benediction, to which Aaron was to restrict himself. I like this; for if God Himself puts the very words into the mouth of his priest, then they are God's words. God Himself arranged the

Three Wonderful Stanzas

of blessing, and commanded Aaron to say so much and no more. Not according to his own mind, or wish, or tenderness, or narrowness, does Aaron bless; but according to God's own mind must the fixed and predetermined benediction be given forth. Blessed be the name of God; the benediction is thus assured to us, for the words are His own. Even so the Lord hath put into the Saviour's mouth the words of blessing for us. Jesus said, "I speak not my own words, but the words of Him that sent me."

I would add that this blessing came frequently. We do not know how often Aaron uttered this blessing upon the people. In this passage

it is left without any determination as to times and seasons. It is something like our Saviour's Memorial Feast: we are nowhere told when and how often we are to celebrate the Supper of the Lord. Although it seems to me to have been the practice in apostolic times to break bread on the first day of the week, there is no law laid down. It is put thus: "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." So Aaron is not told that on such a day, and at such an hour, he shall bless the people; but he may do as his heart dictates. The Lord Jesus is ready still to bless us. Have you few blessings? You limit them yourselves. You are not straitened in Him; you are straitened in your own bowels. There is for you a blessing every morning: seek it when you wake. There is for you a blessing every evening: rest not till you feel it. There is a blessing for you at midnight, when you keep the watches wearily; and there is a blessing for you at midday, when you bear the noontide heat of care and toil. Thy "blessing is upon thy people": that is to say, it is always upon them.

II. We will consider

The Blessing Itself.

Notice, carefully, that this benediction passes from the priest to God. It runs thus: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Every blessing must come directly from God. What an honor was put on Aaron, to be made the mouth-piece of God! What an honor is put upon the preacher when he becomes the instrument, in God's hand, for cheering His people! But, I pray you, never rest in the blessing of a man. Nay, if you were sure that such a man were sent of God, and he should, with all earnestness, invoke the best benison upon you, be not content with the man, but press on to the Master. Seek to have blessing first-hand from heaven. Covet a good man's blessing, and count it a treasure; but value it only because God speaks through the man.

This fact makes the blessing exceedingly precious. "The Lord bless thee." What a blessing the Lord gives! His benediction sheds joy and glory over our entire manhood. "The Lord bless thee"—what an ocean of blessedness is in it! "And keep thee"—what safe keeping is that! "The Lord make His face to shine upon thee"—what a shine is that! "And be gracious unto thee"—what grace is that!—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. "The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee"—oh, to be countenanced of God! what fellowship that means!—"And give thee peace." What a peace is that which God gives—the peace of God which passeth all understanding!

A Triune Blessing.

Taking the three sentences in the light now cast upon them the first sentence, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," may be regarded as the benediction of the Father. It is the preservation of love. It is God who has hitherto kept you from falling. We are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." "He will keep the feet of His saints." "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." To the Father's tender care I would, at this hour, commend each one of you: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." May He do this when thou art in great temptation, that thou yield not! May He keep thee from thine own evil heart of unbelief, that thou turn not aside. Contending with a sinful world, may He keep thee from its snare! Marching through a region full of seductions to error, may He keep thee from quitting the truth. The Lord bless thee with all good, and keep thee from all evil. They are well kept whom God keeps, and none are kept besides. There is no keeping like divine keeping. We pray, "Lead us not into temptation: but deliver us from evil," and the prayer is to "Our Father in heaven."

The next clause is the benediction of the Son, or the joy of grace: "The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee." This means the favor of God; may it be given to each one of you! You know where God's face

we read of "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." He that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father. When our Lord smiles on us, we see the face of God—that face not veiled with frowns, but bright with smiles: a face full of love and favor, a face which was once turned away, but is now turned towards us in peace. May we always walk in the light, as God is in the light; but that must be through the shining of His face. Through Jesus Christ we may enjoy in eternal sunshine.

To You That Are in Trouble

To-day, may He be gracious with His consolations. To you that are fighting for Him, may He be gracious in covering your head in the day of battle. To you that labor, may He put underneath you the everlasting arms of grace; and so may you have grace upon grace, and all the graces that you want till you enter into glory. Surely this second benediction is as full as it is brief.

The third blessing is surely that of the Holy Ghost. "The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Here is the fellowship of peace. I pray that you may say, "I have the countenance of God. No one applauds me: I am obscure. Many criticize me, and say that I am mistaken: others cavil and abuse. But, Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me, and it will more than suffice." To be countenanced by God is better than being commended by princes. Then follow the words, "And give thee peace": for when a man knows that God countenances him, then he enters into peace. Why should he fret when God smiles? What matters though all the world should censure, if Jehovah

Countenance His Servant.

But now, very briefly, notice that this benediction is all along in the singular. It is not, "The Lord bless you, and keep you;" but, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee." Why? Because the people of God are one, and He views them as one; and so the blessing comes upon the entire Church as a whole. But, next, I think it is that every individual believer may take the whole of this benediction home to himself. Dear brethren, I will not call you out by name, but I would say to each brother, "The Lord bless thee." I cannot, my sisters, name you in public, though you serve the Lord so well; but I will speak to you individually, and say, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; and make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; and countenance thee, and give thee peace." The blessing is meant for the appropriation of each one. While it embraces the whole Church in one word, it yet distributes a full portion to each individual. We may each one take to himself the whole of this great benediction.

III. More I might have said upon this Old Testament benediction; but time fails me and so I must conclude, by a word or two, in the third place, upon

The Divine Amen.

The divine Amen is in the last verse: "And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them." I will not attempt to preach from that little, great text—"I will bless them." I could enlarge upon it by the month. "I will bless them": they shall have their troubles; but I will bless them through their troubles. When they have earthly goods, I will bless them and make them real comforts. I will bless their basket and their store. If those earthly comforts are taken away, I will give them compensation a thousand-fold in myself. I, who gave the mercies, will allow no one but myself to take them away; and this shall only be done in love, that I may bless them still more.

Brethren the world may curse us; but if God bless us, the curse will be as the whistling wind. Friends may become enemies, or may forget us; but, if God blesses us, we can bear the wound. God blessed us when we were young, he kept us in the giddy paths of youth; he blessed us in our hale manhood, and helped us when our family cares were upon us; and He will still sus-

tain us now that we lean heavily on the staff, and find the grasshopper to be a burden. He will bless us when sickness lays us low; and when we come to die Jesus will bless us with dying grace for dying moments, and hand us out our best things last. We shall wake up in the likeness of Christ, and then we shall be satisfied with His blessing, being transformed into the image of Him by whom the blessing comes. The judgment day shall dawn, the earth shall pass away, but the Lord will bless us.

How much He will bless them He does not say; but the great I who makes the promise blesses like a God. God Himself will bless His people, directly, and personally. "I will bless them." Here is absolute certainty based on the faithfulness of the Lord: here is endless mercy certified by the divine eternity and immutability. Do you whisper,

"But the Lord Sends Us Trials"?

I answer, It is true. What son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But in this is a covenant blessing; for every twig of the rod shall bring forth to them the comfortable fruits of righteousness ere many days are past. You do not need that I should say another word. Go home with this celestial music in your ears, "I will bless them."

This blessed assurance does not belong to you all indiscriminately. We have no blessing for those who are not believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. O sinners, God make you conscious that you are outside of the blessing; and may that terrible fact create in you an aching heart, and a longing soul, which nothing can ever rest but the blessing of the Lord God.

You that are resting in Jesus, hear these words, which I have read you from the inspired Book, and may the Holy Ghost write them on your minds. Thus saith Jehovah of His people, "I will bless them." The Lord has caused His servants to bless us by the testimony of the Gospel, and now He Himself blesses us by His Spirit. He will Himself bring His precious things to our door. He will Himself feast us at His table, yea, He will Himself become our food, our bread, and our water. Come, let us bless the Lord. Since He has so blessed us, let us heartily bless Him. We will wind up our meditation by singing—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Building a Town in California.*

ONE day, driving along a country road about twenty miles from Los Angeles, I noticed about half-a-dozen well-dressed men resting under a tree. My companion informed me they were doubtless a syndicate looking about for a place to locate a new town. At Fullerton, a few miles from Anaheim, I saw one of these new towns. It consisted of the frame-work of a large hotel and of a few hundred yards of elegant cement sidewalk, not in front of the hotel, but in another part of the town. Elsewhere towns get pretty large before anyone begins to think of a side-walk, even of the most primitive kind; but the residents of Los Angeles County of course would not be satisfied with a side-walk in any way inferior to that in front of Mr. Vanderbilt's house on Fifth avenue, I may add that since then Fullerton has grown up into quite a little town. Having built his sidewalk and his large hotel (with real-estate office) in place of the saloon which usually is the pioneer building in Western towns, the Southern Californian begins to cast about for a supply of water; not so much for domestic use as for the irrigation of his garden and fields. If a river or brook is near by, a water company is formed, ditches are dug, and each shareholder, after paying his dues, may have his water on tap whenever he wants it. In the absence of a

river, wells are made to supply the water. Sometimes these wells are bored horizontally into the mountain-side, thus making an artificial spring; but as a rule, the wells are vertical, from eighty to five hundred feet deep, or even more, although at one hundred to two hundred feet the water is generally obtained in abundance. A windmill is then erected over the well, which pumps the water into a large, high tank, whence it is easily conveyed to the garden or field by hose. There is no lack of wind to drive these mills; for the charm of Southern California's climate lies in this, that although the sky is comparatively cloudless, and the sun warm, winter and summer, there is almost always a brisk breeze to temper the solar rays, and deprive them of their sting.

In Chinatown.

San Francisco has more than twenty thousand Chinese, hence it may be imagined that Chinatown is not a village. Blocks upon blocks in some of the best streets are given over to the Asiatic invaders; and while the large buildings formerly occupied by Americans have been left standing, they have undergone such a thorough metamorphosis that if the Chinese should ever be driven from the city (as they were from Tacoma), the simplest way to Americanize these streets again would be to blow them up with dynamite and re-build them—which would also perhaps be the best way for sanitary reasons. But while the main buildings and streets have been left as originally laid out, a number of side-streets, and narrow alleys—exact copies of those in China—have been made to connect them, and fill up every vacant yard and corner; for a Chinaman is not happy unless crowded as closely as salmon in an Alaskan creek. What adds to this effect of crowding is that all life and activity seems to be concentrated on the ground-floors, no business being apparently carried on in the upper floors, which look uninhabited and empty, without window-curtains, or shutters, or sign-boards, or other signs of habitation, excepting in the restaurants, whose outsides, from base to roof, are gaily and gaudily decorated, and illuminated at night with Chinese paper lanterns. The old stores with their large rooms have been subdivided into many smaller ones—some of them only fifteen or twenty feet wide or even less. The place of sign-boards is taken by the well-known wide scrolls of red paper with Chinese characters printed on them, and pasted vertically on the street side, while smaller ones are pasted on the windows, behind which wretched female slaves may be seen at work. In the gambling-houses domino-playing seems to be the favorite game. It is different from ours, though the blocks are similar, and some of the players are as expert in mixing and placing them, and as excited and flushed as the poker-players who monopolize the smoking-room on trans-Atlantic steamers.

The Opium Dens.

We follow the guide into subterranean haunts, down several flights of rickety stairs, to get a peep at the opium dens. It is estimated that there is only one Chinaman out of every five in San Francisco who does not revel in his daily opium debauch, and even that fifth man uses it occasionally as a sedative. Some manage on ten cents' worth a day, while others need as much as a dollar's worth of a superior quality. It was the ten-cent variety we saw on this tour. The guide occasionally drops a quarter in certain places and is in return allowed free access with his party. In a dingy little room, not much larger than the stateroom of a steamer there are several bunks, in each of which lies, or sits, a Chinaman, in varying stages of stupid intoxication. Some are already asleep, others are just lighting their pipes, and not one pays the slightest attention to the intruders, unless spoken to. One helpless old wreck lies on a bundle of rags, which the guide says he has not left for five years. His hands and feet are mere bones, covered with yellow parchment, but he has still brains and strength enough left to obey the guide when requested to show

* From *The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*, from Southern California to Alaska, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canon. By Henry T. Finck. With numerous illustrations. Pp. 305; price, \$2.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Ruwenzori, or "Mountains of the Moon" in Africa, Discovered by Mr. Stanley.

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us the process of opium-smoking, by holding a little lump of the drug in the flame of a small lamp, where it burns and is turned around like sealing-wax, and then stuffed into the small pipe and smoked, the fumes being inhaled through the lungs and puffed out through the nose. The only ventilation in these rat-holes is a little slit, six inches by two, above the door: yet here these Asiatics spend the whole night, the lodging being included in the price of the opium. The fear that Chinatown might become a breeding-place of bacterial epidemics leads the sanitary authorities to look well to their duties; and besides, San Francisco never has any hot waves, and its climate is in other respects unfavorable to pestilential diseases, so that Chinatown has not proved such a plague-spot as it might become under less favorable conditions.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON IN AFRICA.

The Ruwenzori Range of Mountains Identified by Mr. Stanley with the Mountains of the Moon.

MANY rumors have been current from early times of a range of mountains in Central Africa, which, though near the Equator, were so high as to be crowned with eternal snow. Ptolemy mentions them and there are many references to them by early travellers, who had heard of them but had never seen them. They were known as "the Mountains of the Moon." Mr. Stanley in his new book, *In Darkest Africa*, (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,) states his conviction that the Ruwenzori Mountains which he discovered (a picture of which is here given), were these much talked of mountains. This is in fact a double discovery, for Mr. Stanley adduces convincing proof that in those mountains is the true source of the Nile.

Others had traversed and surveyed the Lake Albert Nyanza, from the surface of which the snowy summits of Ruwenzori are occasionally visible, but the mountain hid itself from their gaze. This was because its deep gorges are the most gigantic factory of cloud and mist in the world. For this reason the mountain is invisible for about three hundred days out of the year, and it is quite possible that had Mr. Stanley not been compelled to stay so long on the plateau at Kavalli's, he might only have attained such rare and fugitive glimpses of the mighty mountain as would never have enabled him to realize its immense geographical importance.

The following passage from Mr. Stanley's book describes the geographical relations of the mountains to the surrounding river and lakes:—"The average European reader will perfectly understand the character of the Semliki Valley and the flanking ranges, if I were to say that its average breadth is about the distance from Dover to Calais (about 20 miles), and that in length it would cover the distance between Dover and Plymouth, or from Dunkirk to St. Malo in France. For the English side we have the Bategga Hills and rolling plateau from 3,000 feet to 3,500 feet above the valley. On the opposite side we have heights ranging from 3,000 feet to 15,000 feet above it. Now Ruwenzori occupies about 90 miles of the eastern line of mountains, and projects like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fortress, commanding on the north-east the approaches by the Lake Albert Nyanza and Semliki Valley, and on its southern side the whole basin of the Albert Edward Lake. To a passenger on board one of the Lake Albert steamers proceeding south, this great bastion on a clear day would seem to be a range running east and west; to a traveller from the south it would appear as barring all passage north. To one looking at it from the

Bategga, or western plateau, it would appear as if the slowly rising table-land of Unyoro was but the glacis of the mountain range."

"It is," says a geographical critic, "the snows of this great mountain that are the true and perennial sources of the Nile. Can we wonder that a discovery for the sake of which Julius Caesar, according to Lucan, would have abandoned the thought of empire has exercised so strange a fascination over Mr. Stanley's mind that his language in describing it becomes almost dithyrambic? Here, hidden away in the recesses of Africa, and constantly withdrawn from the gaze of men standing within range of its shadow, is the great mysterious range dimly imagined from time immemorial, and now at last shown to be a concrete scientific reality, enshrining within its midst-laden recesses the true secret of the perennial flow of the Nile, the true origin of the immemorial civilization of Egypt, and the true cause of the inexhaustible fertility of its soil."

A VICAR HIS OWN SCULPTOR.

An English Clergyman Acts as Amateur Sculptor in Re-building his Church.

MANY pastors know what it is to raise money for building a church, or re-building. It is generally a disheartening work. Some, who have encountered more than the usual obstacles, have given up in despair. It is of different stuff that a clergyman in England is made, who recently undertook the task of getting his very old church renovated. This clergyman (whose picture is here given) is the Rev. F. W. Ragg, and his church is at Marsworth, near Tring. Finding it next to impossible to raise the sum needed, and having a constitutional dislike of being defeated, he laid aside his dignity, and became his own architect, builder and stonemason. This is his history of the work:

the church," he writes "had ill-treated by contract before 1857, and was need-repair all through. The raised with difficulty, too small to admit of the yment of architect or r. I engaged a bricklayer mason, and worked with mason. Farmers carted tone procured, and the laborers sawed, both vol- ily. Thus the south side rebuilt externally and one ow restored. I had then t with the mason. I went ith the tracery of four windows. Helped by a nter and the bricklayer, I the nave roof four feet. I been beneath the crown ie tower-arch and let in ain. I then went on with arm-laborers alone, em- ing them when they were vanted on the farms. I out the string courses, a parapet to the chapel, made the tower good up he battlements. The cel had ended in boarding e its junction with the , leaving a gap through h the rain came in. I ed a chancel arch to con- this, and support a gable I was then laid aside rheumatic fever, brought y exposure. The laborers hed the wall between the and roof by such instruc- as I could give from my

After some months I began n, and built the gable end, had then to stop through kress. Another attempt to on had the same ending. bidden medically to do any e heavy lifting, I raised e funds and employed the on again. We completed windows and re-capped tower buttresses. Hav- finished the outside, I concreted the r under the seats, and rebuilt and repaired e dangerous parts of the inside walls. Dur all these operations the church has not n closed. The inside is not yet finished. e carving is still under way."

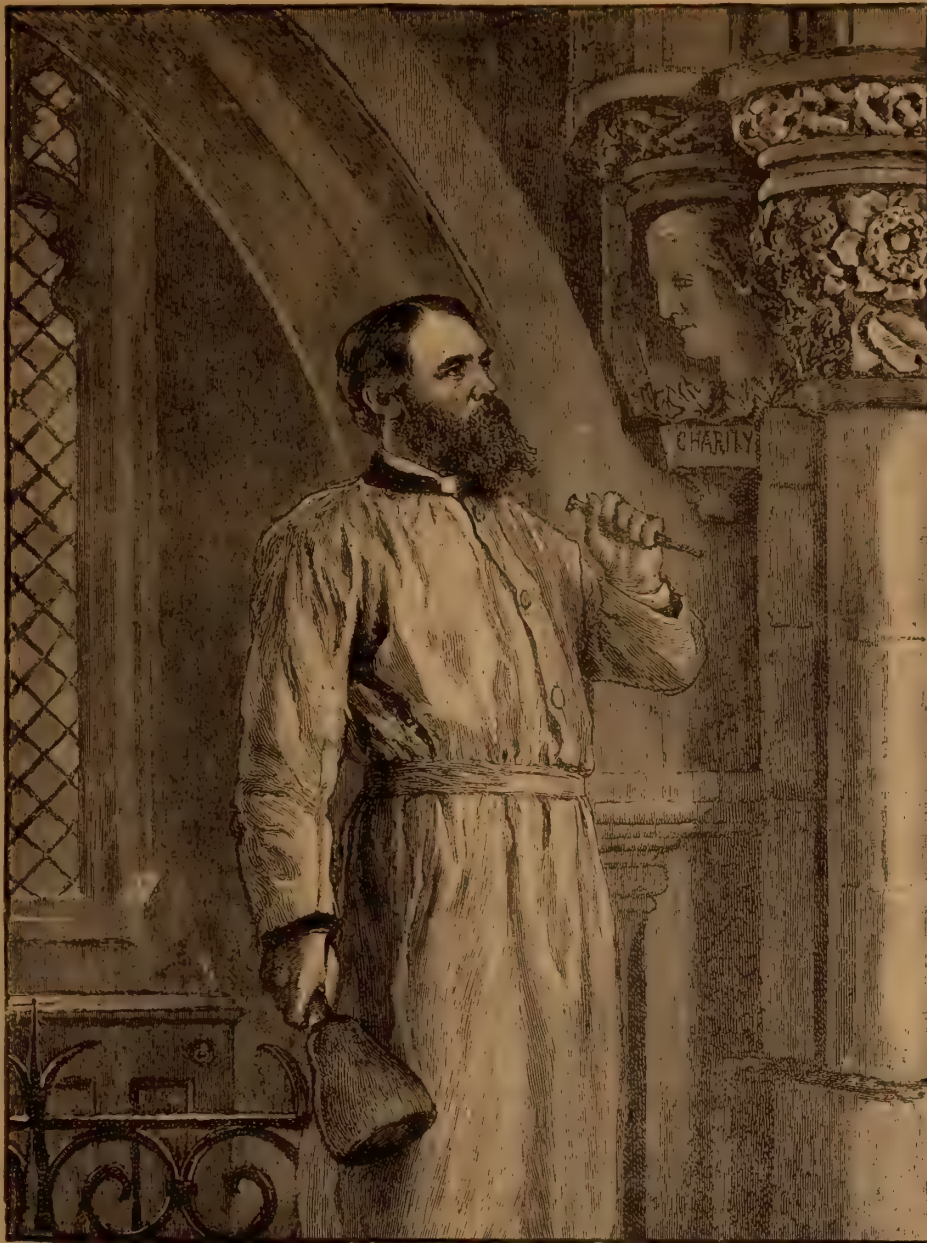
ten expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.
BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 750.)

"HE imposing and important letter, which Nora brought to her uncle as mentioned in the last chapter, was from Gabriel Grubb, the lawyer of Settleworth. Every one, in the children, called him "Gabriel." This all the more noteworthy for two reasons. First, he didn't look like a man who would willingly have submitted to such familiarity, second, he had been known more than once or twice to protest against it. "I don't like that Tom-Dick-and-Harry sort of notion," he would say, "It's all very well for my bosom friend (not that he ever had one), to take such a liberty; but for other people to do it is, I think, as unwarrantable as for anyone to take you by the nose." Whether this be true or not in his case, at any rate it was easier to take the liberty than to lose the nose, for Gabriel Grubb had not got any more, at least none worth speaking of. People would say—but then what is there that people will say?—that Gabriel had worn that feature of



Rev. F. W. Ragg, the Clerical Amateur Sculptor.

his face away by grubbing; and that as the mention of his last name always led the speaker to look at his nose, it really was a kindness to the owner both of name and nose to stop short at Gabriel.

It was noteworthy in the second place, because it was not by any means descriptive of the man. Gabriel is a good name, an exceedingly well-sounding name. It is appropriated in Scripture to one of the most elevated of created beings, and might well be supposed to have an elevating influence on those who wear it.

Gabriel Grubb was not in any way related to the archangel of that name, and it didn't seem to fit him. Hence as I have said it was noteworthy that people should so persistently choose to call him by it. I was about to introduce Gabriel Grubb to the reader, by an exact and unflattering description of his outer man, but he must wait awhile for his photograph.

"Ah!" exclaimed Abram Hardale, looking at the foot of a formidable document of blue foolscap: "it's from Gabriel Grubb."

Casting his eye over the legal penmanship, the old carpenter read the words, "The Hazle-croft Estate." With his accustomed caution, he refolded it, and put it in his pocket without a word; leaving his companions to wonder what the sly solicitor and Old Crusty, whose antipathy to lawyers was well known, could have in common.

In a little while Abram Hardale followed his niece out of the shop, after stopping a brief moment at the foot of the stairs, to listen to the merry song the young gipsy was singing, and ascended to a little chamber which he kept

private, and in which his business books and small library were placed. Then he shut himself in, and set to work to study the communication he had just received from Gabriel Grubb.

"Now then, Master lawyer," said he, apostrophizing his correspondent, "let us see what little game you are inclined to play. You've a pretty good notion of the party that will come out the winner, I'll be bound, whatever it is."

He read the letter through, and re-read it, and went through it a third time; then raising his spectacles so that they rested on the middle of his brow, he threw himself back in his chair, put the tips of his fingers together, and silently pondered on the situation.

"Humph," said he at last, "I wonder if it's true. 'It'll be a grand thing for the lassie if it is. But what's your secret, Gabriel Grubb?'"

Raising his lanky form from the chair, he pocketed his spectacles, and made his way forthwith, through a side street behind the Abbey Church to a dingy office suggestive of webs, spiders, and captive flies. On the window were inscribed in equally dingy characters the words—*Gabriel Grubb, Solicitor.*

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The Ruwenzori, or "Mountains of the Moon" in Africa, Discovered by Mr. Stanley.

(By permission of the Illustrated American.)

us the process of opium-smoking, by holding a little lump of the drug in the flame of a small lamp, where it burns and is turned around like sealing-wax, and then stuffed into the small pipe and smoked, the fumes being inhaled through the lungs and puffed out through the nose. The only ventilation in these rat-holes is a little slit, six inches by two, above the door: yet here these Asiatics spend the whole night, the lodging being included in the price of the opium. The fear that Chinatown might become a breeding-place of bacterial epidemics leads the sanitary authorities to look well to their duties; and besides, San Francisco never has any hot waves, and its climate is in other respects unfavorable to pestilential diseases, so that Chinatown has not proved such a plague-spot as it might become under less favorable conditions.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON IN AFRICA.

The Ruwenzori Range of Mountains Identified by Mr. Stanley with the Mountains of the Moon.

MANY rumors have been current from early times of a range of mountains in Central Africa, which, though near the Equator, were so high as to be crowned with eternal snow. Ptolemy mentions them and there are many references to them by early travellers, who had heard of them but had never seen them. They were known as "the Mountains of the Moon." Mr. Stanley in his new book, *In Darkest Africa*, (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,) states his conviction that the Ruwenzori Mountains which he discovered (a picture of which is here given), were these much talked of mountains. This is in fact a double discovery, for Mr. Stanley adduces convincing proof that in those mountains is the true source of the Nile.

Others had traversed and surveyed the Lake Albert Nyanza, from the surface of which the snowy summits of Ruwenzori are occasionally visible, but the mountain hid itself from their gaze. This was because its deep gorges are the most gigantic factory of cloud and mist in the world. For this reason the mountain is invisible for about three hundred days out of the year, and it is quite possible that had Mr. Stanley not been compelled to stay so long on the plateau at Kavalli's, he might only have attained such rare and fugitive glimpses of the mighty mountain as would never have enabled him to realize its immense geographical importance.

The following passage from Mr. Stanley's book describes the geographical relations of the mountains to the surrounding river and lakes:—"The average European reader will perfectly understand the character of the Semliki Valley and the flanking ranges, if I were to say that its average breadth is about the distance from Dover to Calais (about 20 miles), and that in length it would cover the distance between Dover and Plymouth, or from Dunkirk to St. Malo in France. For the English side we have the Bategga Hills and rolling plateau from 3,000 feet to 3,500 feet above the valley. On the opposite side we have heights ranging from 3,000 feet to 15,000 feet above it. Now Ruwenzori occupies about 90 miles of the eastern line of mountains, and projects like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fortress, commanding on the north-east the approaches by the Lake Albert Nyanza and Semliki Valley, and on its southern side the whole basin of the Albert Edward Lake. To a passenger on board one of the Lake Albert steamers proceeding south, this great bastion on a clear day would seem to be a range running east and west; to a traveller from the south it would appear as barring all passage north. To one looking at it from the

Bategga, or western plateau, it would appear as if the slowly rising table-land of Unyoro was but the glacis of the mountain range."

"It is," says a geographical critic, "the snows of this great mountain that are the true and perennial sources of the Nile. Can we wonder that a discovery for the sake of which Julius Caesar, according to Lucan, would have abandoned the thought of empire has exercised so strange a fascination over Mr. Stanley's mind that his language in describing it becomes almost dithyrambic? Here, hidden away in the recesses of Africa, and constantly withdrawn from the gaze of men standing within range of its shadow, is the great mysterious range dimly imagined from time immemorial, and now at last shown to be a concrete scientific reality, enshrining within its midst-laden recesses the true secret of the perennial flow of the Nile, the true origin of the immemorial civilization of Egypt, and the true cause of the inexhaustible fertility of its soil."

A VICAR HIS OWN SCULPTOR.

An English Clergyman Acts as Amateur Sculptor in Re-building his Church.

MANY pastors know what it is to raise money for building a church, or re-building. It is generally a disheartening work. Some, who have encountered more than the usual obstacles, have given up in despair. It is of different stuff that a clergyman in England is made, who recently undertook the task of getting his very old church renovated. This clergyman (whose picture is here given) is the Rev. F. W. Ragg, and his church is at Marsworth, near Tring. Finding it next to impossible to raise the sum needed, and having a constitutional dislike of being defeated, he laid aside his dignity, and became his own architect, builder and stonemason. This is his history of the work:

the church," he writes "had ill-treated by contract before 1857, and was need-pair all through. The raised with difficulty, too small to admit of the yment of architect or r. I engaged a bricklayer mason, and worked with mason. Farmers carted tone procured, and the laborers sawed, both vol- ily. Thus the south side rebuilt externally and one w restored. I had then t with the mason. I went ith the tracery of four windows. Helped by a nter and the bricklayer, I the nave roof four feet. I been beneath the crown ie tower-arch and let in in. I then went on with arm-laborers alone, em- ing them when they were vanted on the farms. I out the string courses, a parapet to the chapel, made the tower good up he battlements. The cel had ended in boarding e its junction with the , leaving a gap through h the rain came in. I ed a chancel arch to con- this, and support a gable I was then laid aside rheumatic fever, brought y exposure. The laborers hed the wall between the and roof by such instruc- s as I could give from my

After some months I began n, and built the gable end, had then to stop through kness. Another attempt to on had the same ending. bidden medically to do any e heavy lifting, I raised e funds and employed the on again. We completed windows and re-capped tower buttresses. Hav- finished the outside, I concreted the r under the seats, and rebuilt and repaired e dangerous parts of the inside walls. Dur all these operations the church has not n closed. The inside is not yet finished. e carving is still under way."

then expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.
BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 750.)

"THE imposing and important letter, which Nora brought to her uncle as mentioned in the last chapter, was from Gabriel Grubb, the lawyer of Settleworth. Every one, in the children, called him "Gabriel." This is all the more noteworthy for two reasons. First, he didn't look like a man who would willingly have submitted to such familiarity, second, he had been known more than once or twice to protest against it. "I don't like that Tom-Dick-and-Harry sort of notion," he would say, "It's all very well for our bosom friend (not that he ever had one), to take such a liberty; but for other people to do it is, I think, as unwarrantable as for anyone to take you by the nose." Whether this be true or not in his case, at any rate it was easier to take the liberty than to give it, for Gabriel Grubb had not got any more, at least none worth speaking of. People would say—but then what is there that people will say?—that Gabriel had worn that feature of



Rev. F. W. Ragg, the Clerical Amateur Sculptor.

his face away by grubbing; and that as the mention of his last name always led the speaker to look at his nose, it really was a kindness to the owner both of name and nose to stop short at Gabriel.

It was noteworthy in the second place, because it was not by any means descriptive of the man. Gabriel is a good name, an exceedingly well-sounding name. It is appropriated in Scripture to one of the most elevated of created beings, and might well be supposed to have an elevating influence on those who wear it.

Gabriel Grubb was not in any way related to the archangel of that name, and it didn't seem to fit him. Hence as I have said it was noteworthy that people should so persistently choose to call him by it. I was about to introduce Gabriel Grubb to the reader, by an exact and unflattering description of his outer man, but he must wait awhile for his photograph.

"Ah!" exclaimed Abram Hardale, looking at the foot of a formidable document of blue foolscap: "it's from Gabriel Grubb."

Casting his eye over the legal penmanship, the old carpenter read the words, "The Hazel-croft Estate." With his accustomed caution, he refolded it, and put it in his pocket without a word; leaving his companions to wonder what the sly solicitor and Old Crusty, whose antipathy to lawyers was well known, could have in common.

In a little while Abram Hardale followed his niece out of the shop, after stopping a brief moment at the foot of the stairs, to listen to the merry song the young gipsy was singing, and ascended to a little chamber which he kept

private, and in which his business books and small library were placed. Then he shut himself in, and set to work to study the communication he had just received from Gabriel Grubb.

"Now then, Master lawyer," said he, apostrophizing his correspondent, "let us see what little game you are inclined to play. You've a pretty good notion of the party that will come out the winner, I'll be bound, whatever it is."

He read the letter through, and re-read it, and went through it a third time; then raising his spectacles so that they rested on the middle of his brow, he threw himself back in his chair, put the tips of his fingers together, and silently pondered on the situation.

"Humph," said he at last, "I wonder if it's true. 'It'll be a grand thing for the lassie if it is. But what's your secret, Gabriel Grubb?'"

Raising his lanky form from the chair, he pocketed his spectacles, and made his way forthwith, through a side street behind the Abbey Church to a dingy office suggestive of webs, spiders, and captive flies. On the window were inscribed in equally dingy characters the words—*Gabriel Grubb, Solicitor.*

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in this direction, she could turn to the right through a wicket gate, and pursue her walk through a cool and shady lane—a lane much noted in the neighborhood for the song harmonies of the countless birds who nested there, and whose welfare was jealously guarded, greatly to his credit, by Squire Towneley, of Towneley Hall.

Nora was much depressed this evening, and as she sauntered across the green fields and along the woodland paths, her lonely and dependent condition seemed to come home to her with unusual force. The shameful history and the sad fate of her father over the sea, the sorrows and sufferings, the love and tenderness which she had shared with her sainted mother; the unsympathetic character and behavior of the relative who had given her shelter and home; and a certain shadow of impending trouble for which she was unable to account, oppressed her in such a fashion, that for a long time the cheerful sights and sounds around her failed to disperse the gloom upon her mind.

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Coming at length to a lovely glade, through which flowed a sparkling stream on its way to join the Settle, and crossing a rustic bridge, Nora stood and leaned her elbows on the rude rail that formed a part of it.

She gave herself up to melancholy musings; and the tinkle of the stream, and even the chirping of the birds among the bushes that fringed the brook, and the willows that overhung it, seemed to her to make a minor music in accord with her frame of mind. As her eyes were fixed on the flowing waters, she murmured aloud the words of Longfellow's poem, putting the words in the present tense, as if more greedily to appropriate them to herself:

"How often, oh how often,
I could wish the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide;
For my heart is hot and restless,
And my life is full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seems greater than I can bear."

Then the tears flowed freely, and she breathed a silent prayer to heaven for the promised grace to help her in time of need. And now, as aforesaid, she proved the truth of the ancient tender rhyme:

"For the orphan's tear, the orphan's cry,
God ever hath an ear, an eye;
And sendeth angels down to bless
The sad hearts of the fatherless."

In this case the angel had the wings and throat of a missel-thrush, which just at that moment piped a brief voluntary, and then straightway sang its vesper song, pouring a full flood of melody from overhead, so that it fell on the sad heart of the girl like a benediction from heaven. Looking upward—hers, you see, had been till then a downward look, such is the foolish way we have of wooing the sadness against which we should contend—she saw the chorister, perched on the topmost branch of a tall, silver birch, whose lace-like foliage was gleaming and shimmering in the glorious light of the setting sun.

Nora had failed to take note of time. The bird-song had held her beneath its spell longer than she thought. When she had passed through the wicket-gate, and entered the deeper shadows of the grove, she was a little alarmed to find herself so far from her intended goal at so late an hour. She determined therefore, to give up her design of visiting Mrs. Appleton and turned her steps homeward. She made what haste she could so as to reach the light again which still shone in the open. Before she reached the second gate she was met by no less important individual than Gerald Towneley, Esq., who was sauntering much at his ease, and who, bowing with an air that Beau Brummel might have envied, said, "Good evening, Miss."

It is not to be supposed that our young patrician was transgressing established rules of etiquette in addressing a lady whom he did not know, and to whom he had not been introduced. That rule was, of course, to be observed on all fitting occasions, and by all who could claim eligibility in the matter of rank; but Nora was only the niece of a country carpenter, and in such a case one need not be too particular about attending to the courtesies of well-bred life. Nora, who was a lady, though she did live next door to a carpenter's shop, politely responded.

"Good evening;" and quietly passed on.

"I'm sure you will excuse me, Miss; but I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at Old--ah'm--Abram Hardale's place the other day. I'm afraid you would think me dreadfully rude on that occasion, but the truth is I was so thoroughly taken by surprise, ah—lost in astonishment at the remarkable vision—"

"Oh, I beg to assure you there's not the slightest need for an apology," said Nora, with a most uncomfortable blush on either cheek, "I did not—I do not remember anything about it." So saying, she bowed, and with some additional speed resumed her homeward way. Mr. Gerald, however, was not likely to be shaken off. Putting a wonderful amount of tenderness in his tone, so that even his moustache appeared to droop under the intensity of his feeling, he said, as he turned to walk by her side,

"I'm glad to hear it, my dear young lady. I assure you it has distressed me very much. I have not been able to get the charming damsel that I saw in Hardale's doorway out of my mind, and I have been longing for an opportunity to make acquaintance with—"

"I am sure, sir, that you will see," said Nora, with much dignity, though for the life of her she could not help the blood mantling in her gipsy cheek, "that I cannot linger here, and must ask you to leave me to make my way home," and again she set off to walk faster than before.

"Well, good evening, then; but I hope you will not deny me an opportunity of telling you what is in my heart: I do assure you I never was in such earnest in my life. Shake hands with me to show that you quite forgive my intrusion;" and Gerald Towneley, Esq., extended his lavender glove for that purpose.

"Good evening, Miss Nora; shall I see you home?" said George Appleton, and between the gloved hand and the agitated girl there stood the stalwart form of Old Crusty's foreman, with white apron folded around his waist, and the semi-circular bag of tools, from which the blade of the hand-saw was peeping, slung across his shoulder and carried by the aid of his adze.

"What do you mean?" said the young gentleman, with a frown on his face and anger in his eye, and half lifting his cane in threatening fashion.

"I mean to take care of Miss Mansford," said George, coolly, and yet in such a fashion as to forcibly intimate his opinion of the young squireen, "if she will permit me that honor, and to bid you good-night."

Nora had taken advantage of this little episode to prosecute her journey; and as she was now far ahead, and George Appleton looked a trifle dangerous, the baffled exquisite contented himself with saying:

"Look you here, Mr. Carpenter, don't you interfere with matters that don't concern you. I can soon put a spoke in your wheel, so take care."

"I'm afraid there's no need to put a nave in yours; and I mean to be on the watch as to how you turn; so there," said George in reply.

It required all George Appleton's superior strength and length of limb to lessen the distance between himself and the young lady. The fact is

that Nora, though she was sufficiently thankful for George's timely appearance, had been so impressed with the unwisdom of being in that neighborhood at all at such an hour that she was anxious to escape companionship altogether.

She passed the gate of the Hermitage at a half run without noticing that its new occupant was standing, leaning on the gate, and enjoying the coolness of the evening air. He, however, was a remarkably observant character, and Nora's haste convinced him that fear of something behind, or apprehension of something in store was lending wings to her feet, and giving color to her face.

Those keen, though kindly grey eyes of his, belonged to one who was much in the habit of studying human nature. Still thinking of the flurried maiden, whom he had recognized, he saw the carpenter's foreman pass the gate at a pace which didn't comport very well with the close of a hard day's toil, and the carrying of a heavy bag of tools.

His grey eyes twinkled with additional interest now as he said to himself: "Ah ah, Master Carpenter; you're finding the truth of the old saying, I imagine, 'A stern chase is a long chase;' but is it a fair chase, I wonder. I must find that out. The lad's face is honest enough and gives evidence of mind. If I were a girl I should deem it handsome compared with the empty prettiness of that vacuous squireen—but I'll see."

(To be Continued.)

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ED OF HIS SINFUL CALLING.

gland recently a Baptist minister d to be travelling in a railway with some betting men, who at ned inclined to have some fun out arson. Presently he managed to one in a friendly conversation. me," said the minister, "I mean ce, but I presume you are a betting He replied that he was, and ag- ged that he had done nothing else n years. "Have you any chil- said our friend. "Yes," was the I have a lad of fourteen; as bonnie you wish to see." "Would you lo follow your occupation?" was question, and the big tears gath- the man's eyes as he replied, "I ther bury him." At the next sta- betting men all left the carriage; re the train started again the man I been addressed came back to the and said, "I would like to shake ith you; I shall not forget what you id. Nobody ever spoke to me as e done."

A SERPENT IN HIS HAT.

SIONARY to the Jews, when staying ascus, wrote: "I carried a venom- pment in my hat for more than an As I was talking to some Jews, I ething crawling on my ear, which I ot shake off. I looked into my hat, covered a serpent entwined between inner rims of my Indian pith hat. es fled in consternation, and as I ot get the creature out, I had to ck to the tent hat in hand. A der- eikh was sent for, and the reptile ed and killed." Here we see God's His servant, while he was treading h of duty.

GREAT WARRIOR'S PIETY.

of the many American ladies last in Berlin, hearing that Von Moltke sent at a regimental banquet in the where she and her daughter were sent the Marshal a note, enclosing graph of himself, which she request- to sign, adding that her daughter, seventeenth birthday it was, would e the autograph above all her earth- In answer there came a summons girl to go to the banqueting-hall, and le American soon found herself the of a brilliant company of officers. Von Moltke had questioned her her studies and favorite pursuits, he ly signed the photograph, but added fish the words: "I was young and un old, yet have I never seen the us forsaken." (Ps. 37: 25.)

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THE PATH FOR MY FEET.

I CAST a backward glance down life's rough road
O'er which my weary, earth-worn feet
have trod;
And, 'midst the dark, I see the pathway
strewn
With priceless blessings from the hand of
God.

What though sharp piercing thorns infest
my path;
Are there not here and there some rare,
sweet flowers?
God sends us good and ill in love—not
wrath;
We need some bitter in this life of ours.

Are shadows falling? There is light above.
Do storms descend? The sun will smile
again.

And so I recognize the hand of Love
That guides me gently through a life of
pain.

'Tis not all darkness. Some soft golden
rays
Have shed their radiance o'er my dark-
ened life.

And though I wander now through troubled
ways,
Their memory comes like blessing after
strife.

So I accept whate'er my Father wills,
Since He designs it for my highest good;
For what to our weak sight are seeming ills,
Are richest blessings if but understood.

God has been good to me. I cannot ask
For richer mercies than His love has
given,
Until my soul is freed, and I shall bask
In the broad sunshine of His perfect
Heaven.

O All Wise Father, I will not disown
The love which sends the bitter with
the sweet,
Nor will I murmur though I walk alone
The path Thou hast appointed for my
feet.

—Selected.

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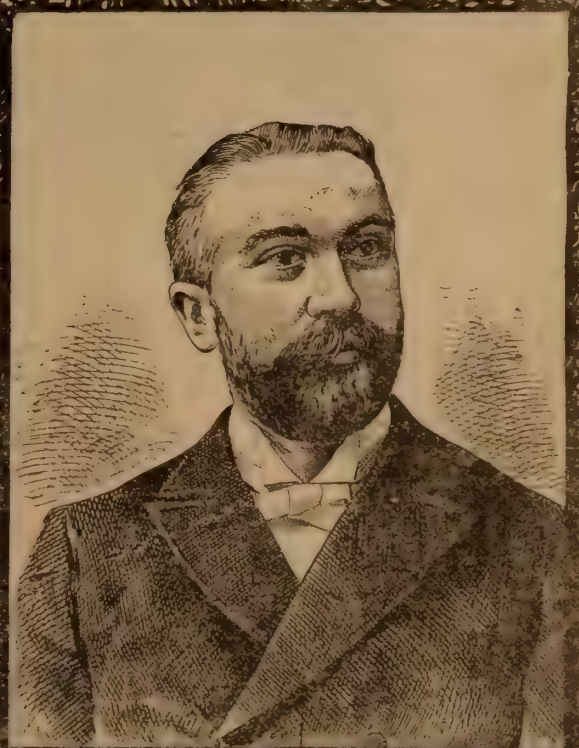
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A Pearl Among Lakes—Its Many Names—The Embarkation—The Cities on Its Banks—The Contrasted Characters of the Lake Region—The Cemetery of the Possessed Swine—The Battle of the Cages and the Caves—A Sudden Storm—A Christ for Rough Weather—The Landing at Capernaum—The Home of Chuza—The Restoration of the Child—Lincoln Praying for Wisdom—A Centre of Civilization—The World to be Won Through the Cities.

"He entered into a ship and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land." Mark 4: 1.

IT is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan widens and tarries a little, for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnepesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and, whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshipping at its crystal altars, or wading into its waves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing about, until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk, nor pray, nor sing.

As sometimes a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half-dozen pet names, and some of the neighbors call her by one name, and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a profusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by, what this sheet of water is, and he will call it Tabariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testament and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew and he calls it Sea of Galilee. Ask Luke and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Josephus and Eusebius, and they have other names ready. But to me it appears a child of the sky, a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in these waters, every kind of tree upon its bank, from those that grow in the torrid zone to those in the frigid, from the palm to the cedar,

Of the two hundred and thirty war-ships Josephus manœuvred on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by oars. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and axe many of you could make a better one. Four bare-footed Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon had enough of the clumsy

excesses, and Pliny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanic heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and at that moment long lines of pilgrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to step in the steaming restoratives. Let the boat, as far as possible, and not run aground, hug the western shore of the lake that we may see the city of Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture which a few mosaics, and fallen pillars and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze remain, mightily suggestive of the time when Herod Antipas had a palace here and reigned with an opulence, and pomp, and cruelty, and abomination that paralyzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to write it, and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose that was one of the worst men that ever lived. At what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveller in Palestine whether he walks the beach of this lake or sails in a boat as we now do on these waters!

Side by side are the two great characters of this lake region: Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites, Kindness and Cruelty, Holiness and Filth, Generosity and Meanness, Self-sacrifice and Selfishness, the Supernatural and the Infernal, Midnight and Midday, the fathoms of this Herod Antipas was a genius at assassination. He could manufacture more reasons for putting people out of this life than a man in all history. He sends for Hyrcanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made High Priest and slays him. He kills his brother-in-law while in the bath with him drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his wife and his wife's mother, and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled his volume of atrocities.



AN ANCIENT TOMB IN JERUSALEM.

(From a photograph secured in the Holy land by Dr. Talmage.)

oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat, when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild duck and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such seeming placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Pull away, oarsmen! On our right bank are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding, and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Volcanoes have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into two great swimming reservoirs. King Herod there tried to bathe off the results of his

ities, the last chapter of which was the massacre of all the babes at Bethlehem. With such a father as Herod the Great, you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now see was a combination of wolf, reptile and hyena. While the Christ who walked yonder bank and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and literature, and all art, and all earth, and heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely was, and is, and is to be. The Christly and Herodic characters as different as the two lakes we visit and not far apart, Galilee and the Dead Sea; the one flower-banked and the other bituminous and blasted; the one hovered over by the Mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God; the one full of finny tribes sporting in the clear depths, the other forever lifeless; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to the taste, the other bitter and disgusting. Awful Dead Sea! Glorious Gennesaret!

We will not attempt to cross to the eastern

of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those lions are inhabited by a thieving and murder- race, and one must go thoroughly armed, as I never shot anyone and have no ambi- to be shot, I said: "Let us stay by the west- shore." But we look over to the hills of Lara, on the other side, down which two usand swine after being possessed by the il ran into the lake, and bringing down on ist for permitting it the wrath of all the k-raisers of that country, because of this ing of the pork business. You see that n is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not : "Let me go into those birds, whole flocks hich fly over Galilee." No: that would e been too high. "Why not let me go into

sheep which nder over these ?" No, that d have been gentle. "Rath- et me go into e swine. I t to be with : denizens of mire. I want associate with inhabitants of filth. Great is d! I prefer stles to wings. ould rather t than fly. I snout better n wing."

nfidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine uld have run into the lake. But it was e natural that under the heat and burning hat demoniac possession, they would start the water to get cooled off. Would that all swine thus possessed had plunged to the e drowning, for to this day the descendants me of those porcine creatures retain the de- ns, and as the devils were cast out of man y them, they now afflict the human race with devils of scrofula that comes from eating unclean meat. The healthiest people on th are the Israelites because they follow bill of fare which God in the book of Leviti- gave to the human race, and our splendid nch Doctor Pasteur, and our glorious Ger- n Doctor Koch, may go on with their good rk of killing parasites in the human system; until the world corrects its diet, and goes k to the Divine regulation at the beginning, human race will continue to be possessed the devils of microbe and parasite. But I not mean to cross over to the eastern side Lake Galilee even in discussion.

The Caves of the Hills.
ull away, ye Arab oarsmen! And we come ng the shore near by which stand great ipices of brown, and red, and grey lime- ne crowned by basalt, in the sides of which vast caverns, sometimes the hiding-place of dits, and sometimes the home of honest shep- ds and sometimes the dwelling-place of eons, and vultures, and eagles. During one of od's wars his enemies hid in these mountain rns and the sides were too steep for Herod's y to descend, and the attempt to climb in face of armed men would have called down ermination. So Herod had great cages wood, iron-bound, made and filled them h soldiers and let them down from the top the precipices until they gave signal that y were level with the caverns, and then from e cages they stepped out to the mouth of the rns and having set-enough grass and wood ire to fill the caverns with smoke and ocation, the hidden people would come th to die; and if not coming forth voluntar- Herod's men would pull them out with long h hooks, and Josephus says that one father ier than submit to the attacking army, flung wife and seven children down the precipice, d then leaped after them to his own death. Now, ye Arab oarsmen, row on with swifter oke, for we want before noon to land at pernaum, the three-years' home of Jesus,



THE MASSACRE OF THE BÂBES.

But before arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up into roughness. The air which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes hold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft be- gins to roll and pitch, and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invita- tion to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet of water a be- stormed boat in Christ's time, did not put back to shore, when a hurricane was coming. I won- der no more. On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change we saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skillfully managed, when

The Tempest Struck It
and the importunate cry went up: "Lord save us or we perish!" I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on, and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fast, and wish for the land. If the winds and the waves had continued to in- crease in violence the following fifteen minutes in the same ratio, as in the first five, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching at the bottom of Lake Gennesaret instead of our being here to tell the story. But the same Power that rescued the fishermen of old, to-day safely landed our party. What a Christ for rough weather! All the sailor boys ought to fly to him as did those Galilean mariners. All you in the forecandle, and all you who run up and down the slippery rat- lines, take to sea with you him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mount- ain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely, and gain the heav- enly harbor. Belay there. Ready about! Helm's a-lee! Mainsail haul! You have too valuable a cargo on board to run into the Good- wins or the Skerries.

"Star of peace! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea."

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church, where he preach- ed again, and again, and again, the synagogue, whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others see it in spring-time covered with weeds,



BATTLE WITH CAVE ROBBERS.
and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commem- oration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt, Christ pointed upward, while he was preaching that sermon on this very spot, in which he said: "Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I find in Palestine, disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the

architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disci- ple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for him, and with what earnestness those can un- derstand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ: "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch says: "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever has broken; see the perspiration on his forehead; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and



RECOVERY OF CHUZA'S SON. one o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father, and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices: "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible?" says the father, "When did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock" is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock!"

As they gather at the evening meal what glad- ness on all the countenances in

That Home at Capernaum!
The affectionate mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful-unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an im- perilled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the Almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry dis- cussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sick-room of some hopeless case and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Chris- tian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a sceptic, said: "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's materia medica and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered

in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayers, myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how when at three years of age scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the forlorn case suddenly brightened and the prayer "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln, as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible. The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned toward me; for a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: 'Oh thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. O God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!'" You see we don't need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet he would not have done it, for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum, He did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the synagogue among whose ruins, I leaped from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or sick or so sinful, but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long, to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face, and look up to the stars the lighted lamps around the Heavenly Palaces from which he had descended.

All heaven and earth were still: from the high host of stars to the hilled lake and mountain coast.

All heaven and earth were still—though not in sleep, But breathless, as we grow when feeling most

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ coming to save the world should spend so much of his time on, and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing-huts on the shores of Newfoundland?" My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization, and art, and the centre of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day, stood nine great cities, Scythopolis, Tarichæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages the smallest of which had

circling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and reanimate its dead.

And let the Church and the world take this suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities, and one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities, and all the world will come. Bring London and England will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cairo and Egypt will come. Bring the near three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast, and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion! let us intensify our evangelism. Editors and publishers! purify your printing

presses! Asylums of mercy enlarge your plans of endeavor. And instead of this absurd belittling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to who happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and that a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census, and see how many good men and good women are leading forth how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves to holiness and to God. Oh thou blessed Christ who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee! come in mercy all our great cities of to-day. Thou who didst put thy hand to the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret, and make them lie down at thy feet, hush all the raging passions of this world! Oh thou blessed Christ who on the night when the disciples were trying to cross the lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles didst come stepping on water that at the touch of thy foot hardened into crystal, meet our shipping whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all the people now by whatever storm of tempest tossed or driven, thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone, "Be of good cheer. I am here. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this Lake Galilee in my Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last, sick days, and just before He crossed the Jordan, not the Jordan that empties into the Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "Sea of Glass mingled with fire;" these sweet words fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings of earthly lute, or by angel fingers on seraphic harps:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
O Saviour! gone to God's right hand.
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.



THE RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallop, or dreadful with all kinds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there, which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam, In her last throes Judæa fought with Rome. Upon those sea-fights looked Vespasian, and Titus, and Trajan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city en-

THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT.

Church in Washington, D. C., in Which the President and Several Members of his Cabinet Worship.

(See illustrations on first page.)

A CHURCH with interesting associations is that of "The Covenant," in Washington, D. C., pictures of the exterior and interior which, with a portrait of its pastor, appear the first page of this journal, this week. The church might appropriately be called at this time "the Church of the Administration," for numbers among its communicants more members of the Cabinet and leading statesmen are usually found in one Church during a presidential term. President Harrison is a member, and so are Secretary of State Blaine, Secretary Windom, Postmaster-General Wanmaker, and Senators Cullom, Hale, Dawes, and Millan. Among other distinguished members pew-holders are: General McCook, Admirals Alhoun and Carter, General H. W. Boynton, Samuel Shellabarger, and James E. Fitch. The church building is one of the most recent of Washington's ecclesiastical edifices. It was opened for religious services on February 1, 1889. There were more than a hundred churches already in Washington before it was built, but the need of a Presbyterian Church, in their own neighborhood, was felt by a large number of persons living in the north-western section of the city. Accordingly, in 1883, some twenty gentlemen met at the house of ex-Justice Strong and formed a church organization. They immediately took steps to secure a suitable site for a building. Among them were Mr. Blaine, the late Justice Matthews, Senator Cameron, and William Walter Phelps. They bought for \$8,000, the lots at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street. A first payment of \$10,000 was made and circulars were issued inviting subscriptions. Plans for the church were prepared; but under the circumstances then existing it was deemed advisable to commence on a small scale. A modest chapel was, therefore, erected on the rear of the lot, and this was opened for public worship October 1, 1885. The church, as formally organized by the Presbytery, consisted of fifty-three members, resident, then Senator, Harrison being one.

The first invitation to the pastorate issued by the church was to the Rev. S. S. Mitchell, D. D. of Buffalo, N. Y.; but this was declined. A few months later the attention of the church was directed to Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D., of Cincinnati, whose scholarly and evangelical discourses several of the members had heard. An invitation was sent to him and was accepted. Dr. Hamlin entered on the pastorate in March, 1886, and at once began his work with energy and vigor. He was in the prime of life, having been born, at Schenectady, N. Y., on May 31, 1847. His collegiate education had been received at Union College, from which he graduated in 1867, and at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, from which he graduated in 1871. The membership of the church had increased from the original fifty-three to ninety-nine when Dr. Hamlin was installed. Without neglecting the "ninety and nine" the new pastor labored so successfully that outsiders were brought in rapidly, and in a few months the roll contained two hundred and fifty names.

The chapel had by that time become too small for the congregation. More room was urgently needed, and as plans for the church were in the hands of the trustees, and the ground had been purchased, a vigorous effort was made to raise the necessary funds. The erection of the new building was commenced in April, 1887. It was expected that it would be ready for occupation by the fall of 1888, but in August of that year, an accident occurred which postponed the completion of the edifice. The noble tower, which is a prominent feature of the building, fell, crushing in the front wall and wrecking the body of the church. This was a disappointment as well as a serious loss, but there was no delay in beginning the work of reconstruction. All was finished except the

tower by February, 1889, and the building was dedicated. The entire cost was \$215,000. The enthusiasm and liberality of the congregation was proved on the day of the opening when no less a sum than \$22,000 was contributed.

The Church is a skillful combination of the Italian and Romanesque styles of architecture. It is built of creamy white stone, partly from the Potomac quarries, and partly from Ohio. The tower is twenty feet square at the base, and rises to a height of 148 feet. The church is a parallelogram in form, with the great tower on the left. On the right is a low, small-turreted tower flanked by a low-roofed projection forming the vestibule for an entrance, corresponding with another through the main tower. The lantern-sides and roofs are covered with dark, red glazed tiles. The interior is finished in light, tasteful style. Four flat arches, springing from four large pillars support the lantern with its domed roof. The pillars are bronzed, and the arches are finished in plaster, in low relief. A wainscot of oak rising to a height of thirteen feet meets the ivory colored walls, and matches the seats, which are also of polished oak. In an arch at the back of the pulpit is the organ, which has three manuals and thirty-nine stops. The pulpit and communion-table are made of olive, oak and cedar. The logs from which they were carved were brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Hamlin. The communion-table is a beautiful piece of work, being a miniature representation of Solomon's Temple. All the decorations are in exquisite taste and are harmonious throughout.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Exposure of Mr. Parnell's Immorality caused an exciting discussion last week on both sides the Atlantic. It was contended, on the one hand, that he ought to be deposed from the leadership of the Irish party in Parliament. On the other hand it was urged that he should be retained on account of his proved ability as a Parliamentary tactician, which was not impaired by his moral obliquity. The Irish members of Parliament evidently held the latter opinion, for on November 25, they met and unanimously re-elected him to his old position as their leader. Mr. Gladstone, however, announces that he will not act with him, and without the help of Mr. Gladstone and his followers there is no hope of the Irish party achieving the object of their efforts. Here, as in England, Mr. Gladstone's course has been severely criticized. As his relations with Parnell would be exclusively political, he is blamed for allowing the wickedness of his private life to disturb their public association. Christian men, however, ought not to be among those who condemn him. He deserves the moral support of every God-fearing man on earth, for his decision, the necessity for which he undoubtedly deplores, is in accord with the Apostolic injunction "not to keep company" with a man guilty of the crime proved against Parnell. (1. Cor. 5: 11.)

The Discovery of Charley Ross, whose Abduction sixteen years ago startled and perplexed the whole country, was announced by a New York news-sheet on Wednesday last. It will be remembered that on July 1, 1874, the boy, then four years old, was carried off from the neighborhood of his father's home in Philadelphia by two men, who drove away with him in a wagon. A thorough search was made for him without success. After a few days his father received a letter stating that the writer was one of the men who had stolen the child, and offering to restore him if the father would pay a ransom of \$20,000. It also stated that if the money was not paid the boy would be killed. The father after some negotiation promised to pay the money on the production of his son. This the thieves would not do, as they had good reason for believing that they would be arrested. They demanded that the money should be paid first, and promised that the boy should be restored within ten hours. As there was no security, apart from that promise, that the

thieves would fulfil their part of the bargain, the money was not paid. Though the detectives searched diligently, and large rewards were offered for the discovery of the boy, no trace of him was found. Now a young man has been found in a prison in Massachusetts who claims to be Charley Ross. He is confined there on a charge of theft, his age and his associations give plausibility to his claim, but the father is unable to recognize him. The unkind suspicion is entertained by some persons that Mr. Ross is averse to recognizing the youth as his son on account of his being in prison, preferring to be deprived of him rather than have him back with criminal propensities. It would not be surprising if in such circumstances a father did feel so; and the perception of that fact has sometimes prevented great sinners, from seeking reconciliation with their heavenly Father. It need not, however, keep them back; for God has explicitly declared that he will receive them however vile they may have become. (Isa. 1: 18.)

A Chinaman's Wedding in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, on Nov. 27, has occasioned some comment in society. Miss Lillian Roundey has taken an active part in the work Dr. MacArthur is conducting among the Chinese. Among the Chinamen who have been her pupils is Yoong Shing, a native of Hong Kong. His countrymen in New York regarded him as a somewhat disreputable character, and say that he was given to fan-tan playing and other bad habits. He proved an apt pupil and learned more than he expected. Under Miss Roundey's tuition he began to read the New Testament, and God blessed it to his conversion. After giving evidence in his life of the reality of his change of heart, he was received into Dr. MacArthur's Church. Since then his conduct has been consistent with his profession, one proof of the reality of his conversion being the concern he manifested for the Christian welfare of his countrymen in the city. His acquaintance with his teacher continued, but nothing was thought of it by her friends until Thursday last, when, to the surprise of all, they were married. Some of the bride's friends are speaking of the marriage as a misalliance, but as the bridegroom is intelligent and a Christian, there is no reasonable ground for so characterizing the marriage. No censure of the kind is heard when, as frequently happens, a Christian marries a worldlyling, though such a union is explicitly prohibited in the New Testament. (II. Cor. 6: 14.)

The Recently Discovered Process of Making aluminium, mentioned in this journal three weeks ago, is to be put to practical test. The announcement is made in a financial journal that a company has been formed to produce aluminium by the new process. The experiments so far made have satisfied metallurgists that the metal is in all respects equal to the best aluminium now in the market. Its superiority to iron for many purposes has long been recognized, but as it cost five dollars a pound its use was restricted. Now this useful metal can be produced for ten cents a pound, and even after the labor of hardening and strengthening it, the cost will not be more than fifty cents. As these processes do not decrease its chief advantages of lightness and pliability, the metal will probably come into common use when the company now organized produces it on a large scale. The surprising feature of the discovery is that by chemical agency the metal is produced from common clay. It would thus appear that we have always had close to our hand material, which we have deemed comparatively worthless, but which was capable of yielding results of inestimable value. It is so in society. The men whom it has been the fashion to speak of as the dregs of society and the lawless classes, might become the sons of God, and jewels in Christ's crown under the influence of the Holy Spirit if they were led to the Saviour. None know this better than those Christian workers who have learned the lesson which God taught Peter, to "call no man common or unclean." (Acts 10: 28.)

JESUS MADE KNOWN.

S. S. LESSON FOR DEC. 14, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 24 : 28-43 ; GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 24 : 31.

The Written Word Interpreted by the Living Word—The Meaning of the Symbols and Types Revealed—The Disciples' Hearts Burning—Their Appeal to the Master—Recognized in the Familiar Attitude—The Blessing of Personal Communion—The Glad News Communicated—Jesus Appearing to the Assembly—His Benediction.

TO the true disciple what is there nearer heaven than an hour spent over the Word of God, in the very presence of the Master, when the Holy Spirit, either through fellow-Christians, or by his own direct teaching in the Word, opens to his absorbed attention the things "touching the King!" We know no joy like it. Such must have been that walk to Emmaus! The old Book of Genesis in which the two disciples had read of the creation, the flood, the call of Abraham, the history of the patriarchs, now

Shone With a New Lustre.

The seed of the woman who should bruise the head of the serpent (Gen. 3 : 15), was a clue to all the rest. What! Was he, whom they knew only as the condemned and executed criminal in the eyes of the world at Jerusalem, the one centre on whom all the Scriptures hung? Was his resurrection told in the story of the flood? Did it live again in the sacrifice of Isaac, and the provided lamb of Jehovah? (Gen. 22 : 6-13.) Was Jesus the Shiloh of Jacob's blessing upon Judah? (Gen. 49 : 10.) Did they understand now his own word, "Before Abraham was, I am" (John 8 : 58), and did they know him as the "I am that I am" who was revealed to Moses when he was sent of God to be the visible representative of their hidden Deliverer? (Ex. 3 : 41.)

The old Scriptures were all new, Joshua and his victories, and the man with a drawn sword (Josh. 5 : 13), Gideon and his three hundred (Judg. 7 : 7), David's life, and the strongly accentuated teaching of Christ all through the Psalms,—O how it made them live before these eager learners! Jesus was the "beloved" of the Canticles, the Lamb, "dumb before her shearers," and the foretold sacrifice whose stripes healed, in Isaiah, "the Lord our righteousness" in Jeremiah 23 : 6, himself the vision of Ezekiel; the Healer of his people in Hosea 6 : 1 ; 11 : 3 ; 14 : 4, the coming Lord in Joel, who will dwell in the midst of his people (3 : 16, 17); In Nahum "he knoweth them that trust in him" (1 : 7), in Zephaniah, he is the King of Israel and the Bridegroom of his people (3 : 15-17), in Haggai, the Builder of his temple; in Zechariah, the Priest who bears the filthy garments of his people (3 : 3), the smitten Shepherd (13 : 7), and finally, the coming Conqueror in Malachi, he comes as a "Refiner" of his people, and then suddenly to take possession of his cleansed temple (3 : 4).

Was then all this unseen and unexpected glory lying dormant in that lowly man of Galilee, whom they had followed, and whose wondrous works they had witnessed, without recognizing in any fullness who it was that taught them? Their hearts began to

Burn Within Them.

But the truth they heard was clearer to their apprehension than the person of their Lord : truly "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." The clearness with which any of us may grasp intellectually any truth of God is no guarantee that that truth will have power in our lives. "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (John 6 : 63.) It is when that truth becomes a living, personal communication of Jesus to our souls, when he speaks it into our innermost being by the Holy Ghost, and will, idea, thought and prejudice fall down before it, it is then that it becomes a reality. A truth of God is never anything real to us

Until it Has Conquered Us.

The two disciples and their unknown companion drew near to the village, and "he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him saying, Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far

spent." Such an appeal from disciples, however dull of spiritual apprehension, never met with a repulse from the Master. His presence, although unrecognized, was appreciated. The Master is not only near to us, but within us ; and often we do not recognize him. But when we are absorbed by him and his Word, let our feelings be what they may, he is at hand. Let us own his presence, he dwells in our hearts (Eph. 3 : 17), and he loves to be recognized.

"And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them." The old familiar action, the voice, the movements, so recalled Jesus—it could be no other—"their eyes were opened, and they knew him." But before an exclamation could be uttered, he was gone—he had "vanished out of their sight." But the precious teachings he had given them remained. In the Scriptures, clearer and more valuable than ever before, they possessed the living, speaking Word of God. "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" O beloved reader, when in the quiet of your chamber, your heart burns within you as your quiet Teacher, the Holy Ghost, makes Jesus real to you in his own Word, don't be in a hurry to turn to something else. Let the Master have a Mary at his feet to whom he can be free to speak out all his heart. He loves to be understood, he seeks for receptive souls, and

Hearts Sufficiently at Leisure

from all else to give him the attention which his communications merit. Let anything wait rather than your Lord, let any one wait rather than he, and to this end, Oh, seek to have time alone with him when you are not likely to be interrupted; his own chosen time, the early morning, if possible.

The two disciples "rose up the same hour," their hearts were too full to keep the precious treasure to themselves; freely they had received, they must freely give, they must let the other disciples share their treasure; they returned to Jerusalem and "found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them"—probably much the same company who, a few weeks later, were gathered in an upper room to "wait for the promise of the Father;" the eleven, the women, Mary the mother of Jesus and his brethren, the number of the names being about one hundred and twenty.

Before these two disciples could tell their story, they were met with the glad tidings, "the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." Then they let out their full hearts and told "what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of bread." Surely more hearts must have burned within them now. The little band of believers was going through a crisis; all was so unlike what they had expected; they must have been like men in a dream. And yet, there was no other topic on which they could speak, the old strife as to which should be the greatest was done away in the light of their risen Lord; himself filled their thoughts, himself filled their horizon. While thus speaking of him, unannounced and unexpected, he "stood in the midst of them," with a word which he had purchased the right to say to them,

"Peace be Unto You."

He had made peace with the wronged, and broken law "through the blood of his cross" (Col. 1 : 20), and now, in the triumph of his love and justice, he brings the fruit of his sufferings to his beloved followers, and says to the Peter who had denied him, the disciples who had forsaken him and fled, the two who had walked with him, and been taught by him without so much as knowing their Lord—"Peace be unto you." But these disciples, men yet in the flesh, the Spirit of God did not yet possess them so as to make it possible for them to understand spiritual things as they did after the day of Pentecost. When the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon the flesh, it fades and withers like the grass. (Isa. 40 : 7.) Thus it is no wonder that

"they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit." A sudden appearance of Jesus, independently of doors unrestrained by human or material limits, was so new a thing that the flesh shrank back. And perhaps, if they knew him, the self-consciousness which the first sight of him they had so wronged would awaken, called to their minds how untrue they had been to him, so that they were ill at ease. And he said unto them, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself. Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet." "And while they yet believed not for joy," they were so overpowered with the revelation of their crucified but risen Saviour, "He said unto them, have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them." And so, in his own wondrous delicacy of love, he set them at ease in his presence.

PRE-MILLENNIALISM DEFINED.

An Address Delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference in the Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

By REV. CLARENCE LARKIN.

THE common belief to-day, which is the belief of Post-Millennialists, is that the Gospel is to be preached to all nations until the whole world shall be converted to Christ, and then shall follow a universal reign of righteousness and peace, called the Millennium, followed by a short season of awful wickedness and apostasy, to close which Christ shall come, and there shall be a simultaneous resurrection of the righteous and the wicked to be instantly followed by a general judgment, that the world is then to be destroyed by fire, that Christ shall then surrender up all to God, and that God shall then be all in all.

Pre-Millennialists, on the other hand, believe that the world, instead of growing better, will grow worse and worse, until

Christ Shall Come

and raise the righteous dead and translate the living saints, and having gathered them before his judgment seat in the air, reward them according to their works. The Jews are then to be gathered back to their land, along with the lost ten tribes, all in an unconverted state. Antichrist then sets up his kingdom, enters into a league with restored Israel, and, when he gets them in his power, acts the traitor and subjects them to such an awful persecution that it is called in Matthew's Gospel and the Apocalypse, "The Great Tribulation." After a short period this persecution is ended by the revelation of Jesus Christ with his saints, and the "Man of Sin" is destroyed by the brightness of his coming. The beast and the false prophet are cast into the lake of fire, and Satan is bound and cast into the bottomless pit. The living nations on the earth are then summoned to judgment. The "Goat" nations are destroyed, and the "Sheep" nations, along with Christ's brethren, the Jews, become the nations over which Christ establishes

His Earthly Dominion.

The government is a "Theocracy," with Christ as King and his saints as coadjutors. Then follows a thousand years of Millennial glory, after which, Satan is loosed from the pit, deceives the outlying nations, Gog and Magog, gathers them to battle, and they are destroyed by fire from heaven. Satan is then cast into the lake of fire, the earth is renovated by fire, God's people being preserved in some way during the operation, and then caused to inhabit the new earth. Then the wicked dead are raised, the fallen angels are summoned from Tartarus, the books are opened and the Judgment of "The Great White Throne" is set : ending with all those whose names are not

ten in the Book of Life being cast into the fire. Then follow the eternal ages. From foregoing it will be seen that Pre-Millennialism do not consider

The Resurrection and Judgment Days—days of twenty-four hours, but as periods, ending over at least a thousand years. They recognize at least two resurrections, those of the righteous and the wicked, a thousand years apart: and they expect four Judgments: first, the righteous in Christ, for their sins; second, of the righteous for their works when Christ comes and removes his Church; third, judgment of nations; and fourth, the judgment of the wicked dead, known as the "final judgment."

The Pre-Millennial view of the second advent is a new doctrine. It dates back to the days of the prophets, and is largely the subject of their prophecies. Particularly is this so of the prophets, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Zechariah and Malachi, who prophesied during the period from 700 to 400 B. C. It was clearly taught by Christ, and firmly held by the Apostles and the early Church. It is a common, yet wholly erroneous impression, that the Pre-Millennial faith is based mainly, if not solely, on a disputed passage of the Apocalypse. (Rev. 20: 4-6.) The fact that the main question at issue (whether Christ's return will precede or follow the Millennium) antedates the Apocalypse, and would have been a question of no less interest and importance through this dispensation if the Apocalypse had never been written. The Old Testament prophets, in plain language, and in living terms, foretold an era of universal righteousness and peace on this earth, under the reign of Messiah the Prince. (See Joel 2: 18; Amos 9: 13; Micah 4: 3, 4; Jer. 31: 34; Is. 2: 14; Daniel 7: 13-27.)

That the disciples were not mistaken in their idea of such an earthly kingdom, ruled over by the promised Messiah, is evident from the fact that Jesus never reproved them for holding such a view. And, after his resurrection, and previous to his ascension when they asked him he would at that time restore the kingdom to Israel (Acts 1: 6), he did not say, "You are mistaken in your idea of a temporal kingdom; the kingdom I came to set up as predicted by the prophets is a spiritual kingdom." But he said, "It is not for you to know the times and seasons." After Christ's ascension the disciples fully apprehended the matter of "the kingdom," and their sermons and epistles were full of exhortations to wait for his return. They lived and acted the firm conviction that he might return at any time, and establish his kingdom and until that kingdom was set up on the earth, they did not look for a fulfillment of the Old Testament prophecies, that promised a reign of earthly righteousness and peace. The Apostolic Church was Pre-Millennial in its teaching and belief.

The Origin of Post-Millennialism. For over two hundred years no other idea than that of the Pre-Millennial return of Christ was entertained by the primitive Church. The writings of the Church Fathers abound in evidence of the fact. But about 250 A. D., Origen, one of the fathers, conceived the idea that the words of Scripture were but the husk in which were hid the kernel of Scripture truth. At once he began to allegorize and spiritualize Scripture, and thus founded that school of interpreters from which the Church and the Bible have suffered so much. As time went on, the prophetic portions of the Word of God became a sealed book, and ignorance, like the gloom of night, settled down upon all Christendom, and innumerable errors prowled through the midnight blackness, threatening the utter extinction of the Gospel. But amid the gloom God was not without witnesses to the truth. The Waldenses, Paulicians and other sects, believed in the Pre-Millennial return of the Lord. But that doctrine was not the only one that was eclipsed during the "dark ages"; the doctrine of justification by faith disappeared in the thick darkness, and star after star went out, but the gloom was not eternal. When the full-

ness of time was come, that "Morning Star of the Reformation," John Wycliffe arose and was followed by Luther, and Calvin and Knox and with the resurrection of the doctrine of justification by faith, the doctrine of the pre-Millennial return of the Lord was revived. When the persecution aroused by the Reformation ceased, the time of peace and prosperity became as it always has been in the history of the Church, a time of peril. Rationalism refused to believe that the world was ripening for judgment and a new way of interpreting the prophecies appeared. The Rev. Daniel Whitby, in the early part of the eighteenth century propounded the theory which is generally held at the present time by those who are not expecting the Lord's return till after the Millennium. He taught that the Millennium was not a reign of persons raised from the dead, but of the Church flourishing gloriously for a thousand years after the conversion and restoration of the Jews to their own land; and then Christ would come the second time.

Thus, Post-Millennialism, as advocated in our day is not yet two hundred years old, while Pre-Millennialism dates back to the days of Isaiah and Daniel.

A RECOGNITION OF CHARACTER.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Dec. 14. "And their eyes were opened and they knew him." Luke 24: 31.

AN interesting story is told in connection with one of the regiments of the English Army, and has been embodied in a book by a famous author. Stripped of its voluminous details it runs as follows:

The most popular officer in the regiment was a certain Captain Eldon. The officers called him "the Chevalier," from his high standard of honor and his gallantry. He was known to be poor, yet it was to him that everybody went who needed help in a difficulty. Captain Eldon would deny himself any pleasure or luxury, if by doing so he could relieve another. Too often he forgot his own financial engagements, and lent a brother officer the money which should have been reserved to pay a debt of his own. This generosity involved him in embarrassments that distressed him greatly. He seemed to love everyone, but the chief place in his heart was occupied by his younger brother Hugh who was an ensign in the same regiment. Hugh needed all his elder brother's care, for he was fond of pleasure, was reckless in his expenditure and had not the same sense of honor that kept his brother upright in spite of his embarrassments.

One day Hugh went to his brother with an urgent request for money. Captain Eldon could not give it to him being himself absolutely without funds. Hugh did not explain his difficulty, but the pallor on his face showed how terribly he was disappointed by his brother's inability to help him. "I must have the money to-day," he said. "I cannot do without it. Borrow it, will you not? The Major would lend it you."

"No; I cannot do that, Hugh. I suppose he would lend it; but I am not sure. Anyhow I could not bring myself to ask him."

Hugh went away muttering, and evidently in great distress. The fact was that he had been gambling and owed a large sum, which it was impossible to pay. Probably Captain Eldon would have investigated the trouble had he not been just then so worried by his own affairs. He had, too, an idea that Hugh would be the better for knowing that he could not count on getting money from him, whenever he wanted it.

A few weeks later, the regiment being then stationed in Ireland, the Major went to Captain Eldon's quarters, and asked him if he recollected receiving a cheque from him. "I do not remember ever paying you anything," he said. "I do not call to mind writing such a cheque, but my bankers have received one, and have paid it. It is for rather a large sum, and they are in doubt now about the signature. It is made out to you and endorsed by you."

"No," said Captain Eldon; "It must be a forgery. I have never had money from you."

"I thought not. Then I shall tell the bank to look after the forger."

After the Major was gone, a horrible suspicion crossed Captain Eldon's mind. He remembered Hugh's distress that day when he came to him for money and the suggestion he made of applying for help to the Major; could it be possible that Hugh in his desperation had committed the forgery? He must see at once, and he strode off to Hugh's quarters.

Captain Eldon's face was ghastly as he came out after the interview with Hugh. He went to the proper quarter and obtained leave of absence and was soon speeding away in the fast express to London to see the bankers and try to arrange some way of rescuing his brother.

That night there was an appalling railroad accident. The train by which Captain Eldon travelled was wrecked, and many of the passengers were lying dead, at the bottom of a swift river, under the shattered cars. He was unhurt, and crawling through a window, he rose to the surface and stood dazed on the bank. A sudden impulse entered his mind. He was pressed with debts, this difficulty of his brother's would bring disgrace upon him; would it not solve all the difficulties if he disappeared. They would find his valise in the wrecked car and would think he had been killed. The bankers would think that it was he who had committed the forgery, and the Major would pay the money to save his friend's memory from stain. The plan seemed good; though afterward when he had more time to think of it, but when it was too late to retrace his steps, he saw its folly.

It turned out as he expected. His friends thought him dead. The bank succeeded in convincing the Major that Captain Eldon had committed the crime, and the Major, doubtful at first, thought it might be possible when he learned the extent of Captain Eldon's embarrassments. The whole regiment mourned for the officer and no one was told of the forgery.

Years passed, and nothing was heard of Captain Eldon. The Major quitted the army and was travelling around the world. Dining one day with some French officers in Algiers, one of them told a story of a soldier in his troop who was, he said, one of the most chivalrous men he had ever met. He had rescued an Algerian woman from a fate worse than death, and had displayed magnanimity toward a disarmed enemy whose malignity was notorious.

"By-the-way, Major," the French officer said, turning to the guest of the evening, "I believe he is a countryman of yours. He speaks excellent French, but I have thought several times, when he was off his guard, that I detected the English accent on his tongue."

The subject recurred later in the evening when the two officers were chatting together after the others had dispersed. The French officer was eloquent about the fine qualities of his trooper and told other incidents about his gallantry and generosity. "I knew just such a man once," said the major, "and in all my military experience only that one. I loved him like a brother. Poor fellow! he was killed in a railroad accident." He went on to describe Captain Eldon with much enthusiasm.

"I am glad," said the French officer, "to find a man who can appreciate such qualities, very few do admire them as I do. You must come to-morrow and see my trooper."

Thoughts of Captain Eldon kept the Major awake that night. The stories he had heard of the Algerian trooper were so like the actions of his old friend. Then he thought of the forgery and a clue to the mystery entered his mind. He was up early and at the parade-ground fully convinced that the trooper was no other than Captain Eldon in disguise. "I can recognize him by his character," he said. "He is not dead after all." And he was right. The Major would have passed the trooper without recognizing him, so much had the African sun and his hard life changed Captain Eldon; but the revelation of his character had put him on the alert and that day the two old friends were reunited and the whole story told.

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CHRISTIAN WORK.

A GREAT deal of the work we are called upon to do in this world is unsatisfactory.

It is so many pounds to be lifted, or so many miles to be walked, or so many wheels to be tired, or so many feet of wall to be constructed; and when the work is done, and we get our wages; or when the goods are sold, and we get our pay; or when the column is written, and we receive our compensation, our work seems there and then to end. But it is not so with distinctively Christian work. There the fabric is immortal, the tools are immortal, the results are immortal. If an architect constructs a bridge, or raises a secular institution, he has his name chiselled on the buttress of the bridge, and the elements may beat against it, but for scores and hundreds of years the words chiselled into that stone will last, and tell to coming generations who built the bridge and who reared the structure. But after the passage of a certain number of years, the bridge will fall, the secular building will crumble, and the name of the architect will be forgotten. He built with perishable material, and, of course, his name finally vanishes. But he who works in Christian departments inweaves his name into that which is imperishable, and there shall be no power in the roll of centuries of time, or cycles of eternity, to efface that word. Who will be the men that will be remembered longest? Those who have achieved the largest fortunes, gained the highest secular position, won the most resounding name, led the largest military host? or will it be those whose personal and high-hearted consecration to the service of God make their life parallel in all the future with the life of the everlasting God? Men sometimes build monuments for their fellows at large expense of hundreds and thousands of dollars, but how little satisfaction in the rearing of such structures that stand generally in the cemeteries! Only a few men pass them thoughtfully, and stop and read the inscription and learn the lesson of the life and death of the man whose departure is there announced. The vast majority go along, and they whistle and they smoke and they forget. Whereas the man who gives anything to the cause of Jesus Christ, who toils in religious departments, is building a monument that will last for eternal ages.

It is impossible that it be defaced; it is impossible that it ever crumble. That thought ought to give great satisfaction to Christian workmen. There is in the final reminiscences of

life a great thrill of comfort connected with the service of God. We have seen a great many people die. We have never heard one of them talk in this wise: "I invented a new sewing-machine. I built a large house. I gathered three hundred thousand dollars. I made a bid in the money market that shook all the cities." Men in their last hour never have any such reminiscence. The accumulations and emoluments and achievements of this world to the Christian man, in his closing moment, do not seem worth a single mention. But we have heard a great many Christians in their last moments express it as a matter of gratitude to God that they have been permitted to work in the Church, and consecrate their energies to religious uses.

There is also a heavenly-world reminiscence of Christian work that must be highly delightful and satisfactory. When we reach heaven we will have a great deal of time to think. How very small this world will seem when looked upon from that high residence, and all that we may have gathered up in this world will seem insignificant. But suppose that in this world we set our hand and heart to serve God, in that blessed land we shall see all around us the results of our work. Suppose, now, that in this world a man had given one hundred dollars to the cause of Christ, and that one hundred dollars went toward the building of a church, the construction of a pew, the fashioning of an organ which should sound forth the praises of God, the molding of a bell which should ring out to all the city invitation for worship. Suppose that through the contribution of one hundred dollars, he has been the means in this world of saving two souls, and that those two souls, have been the means of saving ten souls, and the ten of bringing a hundred into the kingdom of God, and the hundred a thousand, and the thousand a million, and the million still more millions, the tide of influence rolling on through all the ages of eternity. Now, I suppose the soul, rising up in heaven, will have the skill and acumen to trace out all those lines of influence, and trace them all back to one contribution which he made a thousand years before in a Christian church on earth. God will permit him to see that he did it—it was his instrumentality, starting that one contribution. We suppose that will be one of our sweetest occupations in heaven, if we have accomplished anything for Christ on earth, to count, measure it, weigh it, estimate it. Now, if there is so much satisfaction in Christian work, why not let all us enter it?

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

WE see frequent allusion to the hardships of ministers' wives. Indeed, they have their trials. They have not only to look after the congregation, but the minister. The pastor's wife has to be the friendly critic of the husband's sermon and its delivery. If the preacher come home with the suspicion that he has made a dead failure in his discourse, she has to persuade him that it was not as bad as he supposed; that he will yet hear of good done by it; that our weakest efforts may sometimes result in a great harvest; that she liked it better this time than when he preached it in the other settlements, etc. She has to stand between him and the door-bell;

suppress unpleasant things brought to the house by pestiferous gossips; tear up insulting anonymous letters; and often, on a small salary, navigate a household around the Cape Horn of large expenses. But oh, the joys of being a minister's wife! Is she not generally the pet of the congregation? If she have culture and disposition, she will have more attention shown her than any other lady in the neighborhood receives. She is sought after, bowed to, and consulted on all sides. She has an open door to all the confidences of the people. In a word, no one has so fair a chance as she. She may sometimes complain about the hardships of her station, but she is really so well satisfied with her place that she would not exchange with any one else. We can think of no position more desirable than that of a minister's wife except that of a minister. Trials—of course. What women are without them? Ever since Eve was down sick from eating too many harvest apples, woman has had troubles; but the parsonage is not the favorite place for the congregating. The merriest wives we have seen, all up and down the land, are minister companions. We congratulate the parsonage of Christendom!

WOMAN IMPROVED.

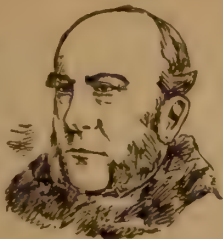
IT may be ungallant to suppose that there is or has been, any room for improvement but we venture the opinion that in the last ten years there has been a marked bettering of the physical condition of American women. Whether it is a result of gymnastics or the travelling of many of our girls in foreign lands where they have had an opportunity of admiring the superior physical qualities of English and German women, or the general discussion of the subject, we do not know. Perhaps the fact that so many of those females who pride themselves on their bewitching languors and fashionable invalidism have been passed by when our young men came to make selection of lifetime partners, may have helped to cure the folly. It has been found that doll-babies are of but little worth in the struggle of life, and capacity on the part of a woman to sweep out a drawing-room without fainting, and to make a loaf of bread not sour nor soggy, is of more importance than the satin in a cheek which the fingers of diphtheria may unravel, or the color of the hair which a strong grip of fever may pull out. We find cause for congratulation in the fact that woman's physical condition is rising, but there is room yet for higher stages of advancement. Turn the girls out of doors even chance you have. Let them, properly accompanied, botanize in the fields and geologize among the rocks. Deny them not oar or saddle. A race of weak women will make a race of puny men. We are not ambitious for Amazons, nor for women going through the land bawling about their rights, but out-and-out Christian women, who enjoy what rights they have and support great souls in bodies that contain them.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Famous Banker Dead—Brazil's Compliment to the United States—Ocean Post-Offices—Will Parnell Retire? Holland's Dead Monarch—A Missing Arch-Duke.

One of the Leading Bankers of the World, August Belmont, died suddenly in New York City, on Monday the 25th inst., of pneumonia. He was born at Alzei, in Hesse-armstadt, Germany, in 1816, his father being a small landed proprietor, and his mother a companion in the service of the wife of the founder of the famous banking house at Frankfort, Anselm Mayer Rothschild. He received a commercial education, and was taken into the employ of the great banker where he swept out the offices and studied hard to make himself valuable. His industry and carefulness were appreciated, and while still a very young man, he was entrusted by the firm with important duties as secretary and companion. He distinguished himself in certain large negotiations with the Papal and Bourbon Governments and in 1837, was appointed the Rothschilds' representative at Havana. He reached New York while the great panic of that year was at its height, and was ordered to remain there and guard the firm's interests. New York has been his station ever since. When our civil war broke out, on his advice, many millions of its bonds were purchased abroad. In 1844, he was appointed Consul-General of Austria to this country, but he relinquished the post in 1850 on account of his sympathies with Hungary. Under the Buchanan administration, he was appointed United States Minister to The Hague. He helped to raise the first German regiment in New York in 1861. He has for many years been an active factor in politics although never holding any office further than already stated. A social magnate, a great art collector and millionaire many times over, he had a warm heart for the poor and his private charities were numerous. His portrait is given in this column.



The Youngest American Republic Paid its respects to our government last week and presented to President Harrison a medal of gold and palladium, in commemoration of our prompt recognition of the new Republic. Two Brazilian warships, the *Aquidaban* and *Guanabara*, arrived in New York harbor on Wednesday, 26th inst., and were escorted through the Narrows and up the Bay by the *Dolphin* and *Yorktown*, amid the booming of guns and the usual exchange of naval courtesies, all the forts along shore joining the cannonading. The *Aquidaban* is a steamer very like the *Maine* of our own navy, recently launched, but smaller and with a lighter armament. The *Guanabara* is an old style wooden vessel. On landing, Admiral da Silveira and his staff were accorded a very imposing reception, at which many high officials were present. The visitors were entertained at a banquet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Admiral Walker, as the representative of the President. Next day the Brazilians left for Washington where the medal was presented to President Harrison with due formality. It bears the inscription "Estados Unido do Brazil, 15 de Novembro de 1890." On the reverse is an eagle, with the United States coat-of-arms, flying toward Brazil, and beneath it the motto: "A Republica dos Estados Unidos de America." The Brazilians will remain in Washington several days.

Strange Disclosures are now Made Concerning the Sioux "Messiah" Craze. It is said that there has at no time been any danger of a rising among the Indians, and that all the stories to that effect were telegraphed by interested speculators for the purpose of having the government send large bodies of troops to South Dakota. The dances of the redskins are over and most of the dancers have come into

the agencies quietly and disclaimed any intention of revolting against the government. They have been very badly scared by the presence of so many troops, hemming them in on all sides. It is likely that the War Department will order an investigation of this latest Indian excitement, for the purpose of learning the authors of the wild stories of incipient rebellion and massacre. There is talk of disarming the Indians and compelling them to go to work upon the reservation, but it is not expected that the government would sanction any course that would excite disturbance or deprive the Indian of his hunting weapons.

A Novelty in Our Foreign Postal Service has been devised by Mr. Wanamaker who, in his official report, recommends to Congress the inauguration of ocean post-offices. In other words, the Postmaster-General proposes to have all the outgoing and incoming foreign mails sorted on shipboard, by regular Postal clerks, in order that their delivery may be expedited both here and abroad. Germany has already agreed to the arrangement, and England and France have it now under consideration.

Mr. Parnell Has Surprised His Friends and Enemies alike by his determination to retain his grasp on the leadership of his party, in spite of the remonstrances of many of the ablest men in Parliament, and especially of Mr. Gladstone who, in a letter to Mr. Morley, declared that "Parnell's continuance in the leadership would be disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland." A similar letter was written by the ex-Premier to Justin McCarthy, but as the latter might under certain circumstances have been Mr. Parnell's probable successor, he could not act upon it as freely as Mr. Morley. Gladstone's unhesitating condemnation of private immorality in public men has produced a deep effect in Britain, although it was what might have been expected from such a quarter. The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland is said to have concluded that Parnell's retirement is necessary and this fact may decide what the politicians have failed to accomplish.

Less Than Ten Years Ago, a Young Austrian prince of the famous House of Hapsburg, threw rank, titles and decorations to the winds, and set out to make a new career for himself by his own unaided talents. He had come to see the vanity of earthly greatness, and to estimate at their proper worth the hollow honors conferred by the world upon its favorites. This prince was Arch-Duke John of Austria, who came of a line of monarchs who formerly ruled over the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, previous to the Italian Revolution of 1859. He was a



young man of strong character, and had already risen by merit alone to the rank of general, when his progressive opinions gave offence at the Austrian Court. He chose the life of a sailor, and assuming the name of Captain Johann Orth, took command of a merchant vessel, the *Santa Margarita*, trading along the coasts of South America. In London he married a poor girl, and they sailed together in July last for Montevideo. Sickness prostrated several of his crew, and, while in this condition he attempted to round Cape Horn in the face of a cyclone, since which time he, the *Margarita* and her crew, have not been heard of. This occurred four months ago and the failure to learn anything concerning his fate has occasioned great gloom at the Austrian Court. A portrait of this self-denying and heroic prince is given above.

The Commercial and Financial World Has once more quieted down, and, as was foreshadowed in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, the danger of panic has passed over. Now that the affairs of the Barings have been adjusted, facts are coming out which show beyond doubt that all the recent trouble was the direct result of over-speculation. The lesson of the failure has

already had a salutary effect in checking unwise investment and over-speculation on both sides of the Atlantic. Meanwhile a panic prevails in Buenos Ayres, being the reflex of the Baring affair, which has disturbed every money centre in the world.

Holland is Sorrowing over the Death of its monarch, King William III., on the 24th., of general paresis and softening of the brain. As



recently stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he was for many years in an enfeebled condition and toward the last, the governing power was placed in the hands of his consort, Queen Emma, as Regent. Princess Wilhelmina was proclaimed Queen by Parliament on the 24th inst. She is the daughter of the late King by his second wife and is still very young. The funeral of King William (whose portrait is given in this column), will take place on December 4th at The Hague.

BRIEF NOTES.

Helena, Mont., has decided by popular vote to have all the saloons closed on Sundays.

At yesterday's meeting of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which Dr. Charles F. Deems is President, a paper was read by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed of Chicago. Her subject was *Krishna*.

The revival services held by the Wesley Evangelists in St. Luke's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, were densely crowded all last week. On Sundays, Nov. 23, 30, the altar was thronged with seekers for the blessing.

The veteran Presbyterian missionary in China, Dr. A. P. Happer, is afflicted with disease of the heart, in consequence of which he has been compelled to abandon the work he has been doing for a new college in Canton.

A Sioux Indian and a Cheyenne Indian educated in Hampton Institute, addressed a meeting of the New York Indian Association, in New York, on Nov. 24. A delightful feature of the meeting was the singing of a choir of Indians.

Evangelist C. H. Yatman is having very successful meetings at Akron, O. Hundreds of young men have come forward as seekers, and the inquiry-room is the scene of many wonderful conversions. "We are looking," says Mr. Yatman, "for a regular Pentecost, which means three thousand converts."

Some remarkable meetings have been held by Mr. L. B. Heller during the past week in Bedford Ave. M. E. Tabernacle, Brooklyn. He has been assisted by Rev. D. Hancox, of Jersey City, N. J. At one of the services an address was given by a converted Mohammedan from Adrianople, Turkey.

The Union Revival Meetings, conducted by E. W. Bliss and Mr. Clark of Boston, at Southbridge Mass., are awakening a deep interest in the town and neighborhood. The *Journal* says that one hundred persons already have declared their determination by God's help to lead a Christian life henceforth. It adds: "The meetings will unquestionably give a great uplift to the moral and spiritual life of the town."

The second anniversary of the American Sabbath Union will take place in Philadelphia December 8th and 9th. The first public meeting will be held in the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, corner Eighteenth and Arch Streets, on Monday evening, December 8th. Tuesday, December 9th, at 10.30 a. m., the annual meeting of the Union will be held in the First Baptist Church, corner Broad and Arch Streets, and at 7.30 p. m., the closing public service. Among the speakers will be Rev. Dr. John Hemphill, Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, Gov. James A. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, Major-General O. O. Howard and Judge N. Russell Thayer, of Philadelphia.

The Baptists of the Northwest have wisely availed themselves of the uncopyrighted idea of Dr. Walker, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Dakota, and have had a rolling church built. The car is sixty feet long and ten feet wide. A space eighteen feet long is reserved for missionaries, and the remainder is fitted up as a chapel. The car is to travel over all the great Northwest, and services will be held in it at suitable points.

The annual meeting of the King's Daughters and King's Sons was held on Nov. 21, in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York. Mrs. Margaret Bottom, who presided, said that the Order had now about one hundred and seventy thousand members. She also made the welcome announcement that the dispute about the requirements of admission to the Order, which had at one time threatened to introduce doctrinal differences, was now happily settled.

RUNAWAY JONAH.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Sad Sight—A Servant of God Running Away from his Work—His Motive—He had Plausible Reasons—The Lessons of the Incident—I. Never Follow an Impulse to do Wrong—Impulses Always to be Distrusted—Though they may be to do Something Brave—II. Never do Wrong Because it is Easy—III. Never Plead Providential Arrangements as an Excuse for Wrongdoing—IV. Never Plead the Lawfulness of the Wrong Act—Right for one Man may be Wrong for Another.

"But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish." Jonah 1:3.

SAD sight! Here is a servant of God running away from his work. When we read that he fled from the presence of God, we do not suppose that Jonah thought that he could get away from God as to his omnipresence; but he wanted to escape serving in the divine presence: he wished to avoid being employed by God in his special service as a prophet. If he did not want to get away from the toilsome, and self-denying duty of prophecy, he did, at least, wish to avoid an expedition to the heathen of Nineveh—an expedition which, he foresaw, would not be for his own honor.

Now, why did he desire to get away from his work? Whatever reason he had, it must have been a bad one; for no servant of God ought, on any account whatever, to think of quitting the service of his Lord. We should not wish to avoid the doing of the Lord's will; but when we know what our duty is, we ought to follow it out with unswerving determination. We must not wish to leave our post, no, not even to go to heaven. We must not be crying, "Oh that I had wings like a dove!" What should we do with them if we had them? Such heavy mortals as some of us are had better keep nearer the ground.

What was his Reason?

Was it, in part, that he considered the work to be too great for him? Certainly he had a great task appointed him. "Nineveh, an exceeding great city of three-days' journey," how was one man to admonish and evangelize the whole of it? Preposterous! Might he not have been aided by at least one colleague? Even Moses had his Aaron. The odds were great against the lone man. Was that why Jonah ran away? I think not; but it has been the cause of the flight of many others. Is there a servant of God here who feels unequal to his work, and therefore wishes he could escape from it? My dear brother, you are unequal to your work, for you have no sufficiency of your own. I know also that I am, in and of myself, unequal to my own calling; shall we, therefore, run away? No, no; that is not the true line of argument; this is the reason why we should stick to our work all the more closely. With more prayer we shall have more power. I hardly think that fear of being overdone was Jonah's reason for deserting his Post.

Why did Jonah wish to run away? Because he did not like the Ninevites? I think that there was something of that kind on his mind. He was a stern old Jew, and he loved his race, and he felt no desire to see anything done for the Gentiles or for the heathen, outside the Abrahamic covenant; and therefore he had no passion for a mission to Nineveh. Is there anybody here who does not want to go to a certain service because he does not like the people? Will you flee unto Tarshish to get away from a dreaded sphere? Come, my dear brother, this must not be. If those to whom you are sent are greater sinners than others, they need Christ all the more; and if you have heard a very bad character of them, surely there is a call for you to elevate them. However, I am not sure that this was very much Jonah's case, though it may have been one of the many arguments that worked to produce his undutiful behavior.

Was it not, possibly, because Jonah knew that God was merciful? "Now," said he to himself,

"if I have to go through Nineveh and say, 'Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown,' and, if these people repent it will not be overthrown; and then they will say, 'Pretty prophet that Jonah! He is a man that cries "Wolf" when there is no wolf,' and I shall lose my reputation." Is there any servant of God here who is

Afraid of Losing his Reputation?

This reason will not stand examination. My brother, that is a fear which does not trouble me. I have lost my reputation several times, and I would not go across the street to pick it up. Here am I tied to a work I cannot accomplish—pastor to more than five thousand people! A sheer impossibility! How can I watch over all your souls? If a reputation gets one into the position I now occupy, it certainly is not a blessing to be coveted. But if you have anything to do for Christ which will lose you the respect of good people, and yet you feel bound to do it, never give two thoughts to your reputation; for, if you do, it is already gone in that secret place where you should most of all cherish it. The highest reputation in the world is to be faithful—faithful to God and your own conscience. As to the approbation of the unconverted multitude, or of worldly professors, do not care the turn of a button for it; it may be a deadly heritage. I think that there was a little of regard for reputation in Jonah; possibly a great deal.

But still there was a higher and

A Better Motive,

though even that was a bad one; for anything is bad however true and excellent in itself, that leads a man to run contrary to God's mind. It was this. He thought that the character of God himself would suffer; for if he went down to Nineveh and proclaimed, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," then the people might repent, and Jehovah would suffer them to live; and then, after a while, the people would say, "Who is Jehovah? His word does not stand fast. He does not carry out his judgments." That, I think, was the great fear that lay in the heart of Jonah; for he said to God, when God had spared the city, "I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil."

I have given too much time to these excuses of Jonah. If you have any excuses for not doing what you ought to do, turn them out of doors, and never let them in again. Away with them! Away with them! You need not even take the trouble to repeat them to yourselves, or to judge their comparative value; they are all mischievous. If you are a servant of God, obey him at once without question. Now I come to the text. Jonah desired to go away from his prophetic work by journeying to the out-of-the-way place called Tarshish; and when he came to Joppa, which was the port of Jerusalem, he found a vessel bound for the place which he desired to reach. May we be taught of the Holy Spirit certain practical truths from this incident! I would teach you four things.

I. The first is, that

We May Not Follow our Impulses

to do wrong. Jonah felt it come upon him, all of a sudden, not to go to Nineveh, but to Tarshish. "Tarshish! Tarshish!" was constantly whispered in his ear, till he had Tarshish on the brain, and go he must. Now, I very commonly meet with persons who say, "I felt that I must do so and so. It came upon me that I must do so and so." I am afraid of these impulses—very greatly afraid of them. People may do right under their power, but they will spoil what they do by doing it out of mere impulse, and not because the action was right in itself. People far oftener do very wrong under the impulse, and I feel it needful to give a warning to any here who are prone to be so led. You must never obey an impulse to do wrong.

Now it may be that the impulse is to do a very brave thing. To go to Tarshish was a daring act. Jews never took well to seafaring. They were

a land-loving people. Will Jonah go in a ship? We, nowadays, think little of it; but the Hebrews thought it a very terrible ordeal to go upon the sea. And then, to go to Tarshish—to the utmost ends of the earth: who but the men of Tyre would venture so far? These Hebrews did not know what kind of a place Tarshish was; but Jonah is bold to go. Some of you who are now in the Tabernacle ought to be on the Congo, or in North Africa, or in India, or in China; but you do not go from want of courage. Yet, you see, men are bold enough when bent on going wrong. They will take great leaps in the dark; whereas others are afraid to follow the right along a far safer way.

A Duty Laid Home.

It seemed also that he might have claimed liberty in the matter. Surely he might go to Tarshish if he liked. It is true he was a prophet; but could he not quit the service if he wished? Does God turn men into slaves that they may serve him? Surely, a prophet may make an excursion, and take a holiday! If he did not feel happy in going to Nineveh, was it right for him to go? Have you never met with this form of argument? I have heard people speak about sacred duties in this style. I have heard persons say, "No doubt it is in the Word of God; but I have never felt it laid home to me." What a wicked thing to say! If I had a boy, and I gave him a command, and he told me that he did not feel it "laid home," and therefore should not obey me, I think I should take care to lay it home very soon in a way which he might not appreciate. I believe that when Christian people trifle with known duties, their heavenly Father will soon find a rod to fit their backs. The Lord has given you liberty; not liberty to sin, but liberty to obey. Never talk

Freedom to do Wrong.

It is a most horrible thing for one to say, "God loves us to be free in our service of him; and therefore I shall not serve him, but follow my own impulses."

This pretence of impulses is what none of us would allow to be an excuse if it were made the rule of conduct towards ourselves. If any person had an impulse to knock us down, we would not see the propriety of it. If he had an impulse to rob us, we should feel an impulse to call in a constable. If any man had an impulse to wrong us, we should appeal to the law for protection. In the same way, if we feel an inward incitement to do what we ought not to do, let us not be so silly and so wicked as to imagine that the law will be relaxed because of the evil movements of our mind. I think it needful to take this text and speak in this way, because I have seen several examples of men following, not the Word of God, not the law of righteousness, but some idle movements of their own mind, to which they attached an authority which did not belong to them.

Choosing the Easiest Course.

II. My second remark is this: We may not take a wrong course because it seems easy. Jonah says, "I will go to Tarshish." And he goes down to the port of Joppa, and there he finds a ship just going to Tarshish. Remember that the way of destruction is always easy. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, and many there be which go in thereat." The way to hell is downhill; and this is easy travelling. Because it seems easy, natural, and almost inevitable for you to go along a certain questionable road, do not therefore dream that this gives you a license to follow it. You have reason to suspect a course in life in which there is no difficulty; for righteousness is by no means an easy thing.

Do not, I pray you, fall into the delusion that, because an evil act looks to be the next thing, the inevitable thing, therefore you may do it. The law is not, "Do the easiest thing," or some would be very virtuous. Would you excuse other people for injuring you on the ground that it was easy to do so? Somebody in your house pilfers, robs you of your trinkets or your cash; but you do not accept the excuse that such things were so readily got at, that it was natural

the thief to take them. A man only opens his mouth and takes away your character: is the use of slander an excuse for it? A person gives your name to a cheque, and gets the money for it: is it a valid excuse when he says, "I have a great facility in imitating handwriting: forgery is very simple and remunerative, and you can hardly blame me for trying it on"? No, friends, you denounce the thief, the slanderer, the forger; and even so will you be denounced if you fall into this sin.

III. Now, we will go a step further. We may **Never Plead Providential Arrangement** as an excuse for doing wrong. There could hardly ever be a more remarkable instance of apparently providential co-operation than we have here. Jonah wants to go to Tarshish; and having selected that place as the region of his hiding, he must needs go down to Joppa, on the Mediterranean Sea. He walks on the quay, and the first thing he sees is a ship going to Tarshish! Is not that a providence? This is often used as a cover for wicked actions. "I could not do otherwise," says one; "providence seemed to point in that way. I should have been flying in the face of God if I had not done as I have done." Ah, me! how base is man, to seek to saddle his sin upon God! How grossly he deceives himself!

If Jonah was so persuaded, he was soon cured of his error. Two or three hours after, when they awoke Jonah from his sleep in the sides of the ship, and he saw that awful storm, did he then consider that a gracious providence had led him into that tremendous tempest? He soon wished himself anywhere else than on the great sea. When they were about to throw him out to the fishes, he did not say much about providence; he was too much

Convinced of his Own Folly to blame his God. I have seen some man in trade doing certain tricky things, and he has tried to make it out that the circumstances compelled him thereto. "Such and such a person walked in just at the nick of time, and said certain things, and another event occurred so remarkably pat to the case, that it all looked like a providential arrangement; and everyone who saw it would have thought so." Nonsense; nothing can make it right to do wrong. I pray you, never blaspheme God by laying your sins on the back of his providence. This is an act of daring presumption and profanity. You will never see a providence more remarkable than that which occurred to Jonah; and yet Jonah, for all that, was rebelling against the Lord in going down to Tarshish. Providence or no providence, the Word of the Lord is to be our guide, and we must not depart from it under pretext of necessity or circumstances. It is very

Easy to Make Up a Providence when you want to do so. If you sit down and try to find in the ways of God to you an excuse for the wrong which you mean to commit, the crafty devil and your deceitful heart together will soon conjure up a plea for providence. The man who shot another in malice might say that providence led him to carry his gun that morning; the burglar providentially met with a companion, who wished to relieve a householder of his spare plate; the petty pilferer saw goods lying unprotected near a tradesman's door, and they providentially happened to be exactly what he wanted. It will not do. The pretence is too barefaced. Yet I fear that many, who think themselves Christians, are deluded by this wicked argument.

Such a method of reasoning would have led many into sin who are famous in history for their virtue. The three holy children would have escaped the fire, and Daniel would never have been in the lion's den, if they had been guided by what men call providences. Look at David. He is brought by Abishai upon the field at night. There lies king Saul, sound asleep; and Abishai says to David, "God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day: now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time!" What a providence, was it not?

The cruel foe was altogether in David's hands, and the executioner was eager to settle all further conflict by one fatal stroke! What could be clearer or simpler? Wonderful providence! Yet David never said a word as to providence, but replied, "Destroy him not: for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" He therefore came away, and left the king sleeping as he was. He would not follow opportunities, but would keep to the law of his God. I pray you, do the same; and if ever everything seems to lead up to wrong-doing, and many circumstances unite to steer you in that direction, do not yield to them. Your guide in life is not a so-called providence, but an unquestionable precept of the Lord. Do as God bids you, and do it at once.

IV. We may not excuse ourselves by **The Lawfulness of an Act** in itself. What is right in another may not be right in me. That which another might do without offence, may be a grievous wrong in a child of God. For the mariners to go to Tarshish was right enough. Yes, my dear friends, it may be quite right for certain persons to pursue a course which you must not even think of. For the Tyrian sailors to go to Tarshish was their business, their calling, their duty; but it was very different with the prophet. It was not Jonah's business, calling or duty; why should he go to Tarshish? Two men may do the same thing, and the one may be improving his grace by doing it, and the other may be increasing his damnation by doing it. After all, it is the motive that must rule our judgment of the action. Beware of defending your transgression from the fact that others may do it without being censured.

But might not Jonah be allowed to go to Tarshish if he wished? Yes, it might, under certain circumstances, have been right for Jonah. When he was off duty, it might have been good for his health for him to go to Tarshish; but it must not be so when God says to him, "Go to Nineveh." You may not do that which is contrary to the Lord's will, even though, in itself, the action may be innocent. We may not say, "I have a right to do it." We have no right to do otherwise than as the Lord commands. We have

No Right to do Wrong; and the more God loves us, and the more sure we are that we are his children, the more are we bound to follow closely in the way of truth and holiness. We are not saved by works; but because we are even now saved, we desire, in all our ways, to glorify him who has saved us by his most precious blood.

Thus have I shown you that there is teaching in the incident at Joppa. I think it is legitimate teaching, from the fact that, when Jonah wanted to do evil, everything seemed ready to his hand; and yet he was doing grievously wrong. May this warning be useful to some of you by God's grace! I do not know for whom this sermon is meant, but I have felt bound in spirit to deliver it. It is intended as a warning for somebody who is hearing it, or shall hereafter read it. Perhaps some dozen or two may find it applicable to their cases, and, if it comes home to your consciences, I charge you, by the living God, do not turn a deaf ear to it.

O man of God, run not away from your work! O sinner, lust not after vain and empty pleasure! Child of God, come back to him from whom your heart has wandered, and, henceforth, by his grace, be diligently his servant to the end. Sinner, thou that hast gone far away from peace and hope, hear thou the heavenly voice to-night which warns thee of thy danger. Cry, "I will arise, and go to my Father." He will come to meet you. On your neck he will fall. He will kiss you, wash you, clothe you, save you, and you shall praise him world without end. Happy, indeed, shall I be if I have taught some souls to give up their dissembling and excuse-making, and if I have persuaded them to make full confession of sin before the Lord Jesus, who will wash them till they are without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Making a Submarine Cable.*

LET us first see what a submarine cable is, and how it is made. To do this a visit must be made to the enormous factory on the banks of the Thames, a few miles below London. Here the birth of the cable may be traced through shop after shop, machine after machine. The foundation of all is the conductor, a strand of seven fine copper wires. This slender copper cord is first drawn through a mass of sticky black compound, which causes the thin coating of gutta-percha applied by the next machine to adhere to it perfectly, and prevents the retention of any bubbles of air in the interstices between the strands, or between the conductor and the gutta-percha envelope. One envelope is not sufficient, however, but the full thickness of insulating material has to be attained by four more alternate coatings of sticky compound and plastic gutta-percha. The conductor is now insulated and has developed into "core." Before going any further, the core is coiled into tanks filled with water and tested in order to ascertain whether it is electrically perfect, that is that there is no undue leakage of electricity through the gutta-percha insulating envelope. After the core has been all tested and passed, the manufacture of the cable goes on. The core travels through another set of machines, which first wrap it with a thick coating of tarred jute, and then with a compact armoring of iron or steel wires, of varying thickness according to the depth of water in which the cable is to be laid. Above the armoring, in order to preserve the iron from rust as long as possible, is applied a covering of stout canvas tape thoroughly impregnated with a pitch-like compound, and sometimes the wires composing the armor are separately covered with Russian hemp as an additional preservative against corrosion. The completed cable is coiled into large circular store-tanks, where it is kept for some time submerged in water and again subjected to an exhaustive series of electrical tests.

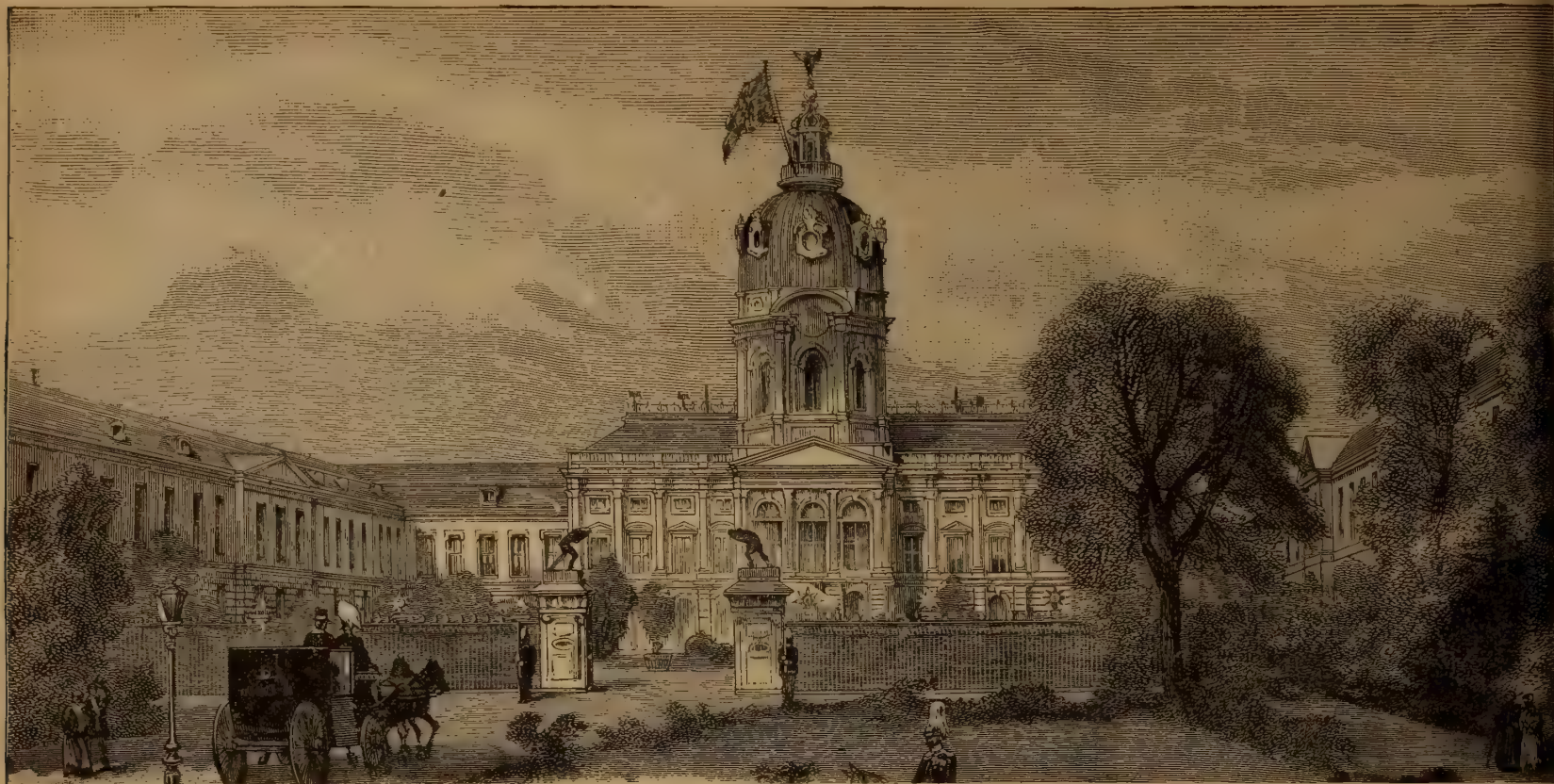
The Shipment of the Cable

Next claims attention. The cable steamer is lying at her moorings some distance out in the river taking in her priceless cargo. It is safe to say that the loading of no other ship presents such a curious and interesting scene. The cable is undulating in the air like an enormous eel as it emerges from the factory on the river bank, and travels on guides, mounted on tall, floating frames, until it reaches the ship's side, over which it glides and immediately dives down into the dark recesses of the hold, where a gang of men are busy coiling it away at the rate of four or five miles an hour, into one of the four iron tanks with which the ship is provided.

Paying Out.

During the operation of landing the shore-end, communication was maintained between the party on shore and those on board by means of flag-signalling, a small hand-flag being used to send messages in the Morse code. As soon as there was enough cable on the beach to reach to the site selected for the cable-hut, "Enough cable on shore," was signaled to the ship, and paying out was at once stopped. All being made fast on shore we weighed anchor and set out slowly toward the open sea. The cable needed no steam power to help it out of the ship; on the contrary, it ran out freely of its own accord, and it was necessary to apply the brakes to the paying-out drum to prevent the cable running out too fast. It was astonishing to see the great heavy iron-bound cable, a single yard of which would weigh over ten pounds, come swishing around the tank, up on deck and over pulleys and guides, take four or five turns round a drum, six feet in diameter, bob under the dynamometer, and up over the stern-sheave, and finally dive into the water

* From *Electricity in Daily Life*, a popular account of the applications of electricity to every day uses. This is given in a series of articles by eminent specialists who describe the electric motors, electric railways, electric lighting, telegraph, etc., etc., with numerous illustrations. Pp. 288; price, \$3. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Imperial Palace at Charlottenburg near Berlin.

with all the ease and pliability with which a silken cord might go through the same performance. One striking thing in cable operations is the hearty will with which every one works and the extreme anxiety evidenced on all sides for the welfare and safety of the cable. I have seen the engineer-in-chief, during the landing of a shore-end, up to his waist in the surf, cutting the lashings which secured the balloon buoys to the cable; and on another occasion, when the ship being hove to, the cable had got foul of the propeller, the chief of the expedition, after passing word to the engineers not to move the engines, took a header into the water, and, holding on to a blade of the propeller, succeeded in freeing the cable, to the great relief of every one on board, as all efforts from above had failed to dislodge it and a rupture seemed unavoidable.

THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG.

THE interesting ceremony, briefly chronicled in this journal last week, adds another pleasant association to the history of the famous palace, a picture of which is here given. The Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor, was married there on November 19, to Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. It is now the home of her mother, the ex-Empress Frederick, who is the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. It is situated in the western suburb of Berlin, where also is the new Imperial Mausoleum in which the remains of Emperors William I. and Frederick III., and the heroic Queen Louise are deposited. The palace was built by the Electress Sophia Charlotte in 1696, and greatly enlarged by Frederick the Great, and visitors are still shown the rooms he used to occupy there. On the north and east are extensive woods and grounds well laid out. Close at hand are extensive barracks, and around the castle has grown up a thriving little town of 12,000 inhabitants. The castle has a melancholy association with the illness of the late Emperor Frederick "the Noble," who spent there those terrible weeks during which the fatal nature of his malady was making itself known. His daughter, who has just been married, is reported to have been most assiduous in helping her devoted mother in nursing him and relieving the tedium of his confinements to the Palace. She is now twenty-four years of age and is said

to be a scholar of no small attainments, besides being familiar with all the details of household work, which her father and mother insisted on her learning.

AN UNEXPECTED PROTECTOR.

It is related of that eminent preacher and saint, the late Rev. Robert Newton, D.D., whom some of our oldest readers will remember as an honored visitor to this country, that his path of duty being through a district where he had enemies who intended personal violence to him, he committed himself to the care of God and departed to the performance of his allotted work. As he entered the place where mischief was threatened him, he found walking at his side a huge dog, the sight of which was an effective warning against molestation. His unknown companion kept closely by him all the way through the enemy's country, but disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come, when the chances of injury were past. Dr. Newton was far from being a superstitious man. He did not fail to recognize, however, in the presence of his magnificent companion a defender of God's providing. The promises: "He will keep the feet of His saints," "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in," were literally fulfilled in this singular providence.

A FORECLOSURE AVERTED.

A READER of this journal writes: "It may encourage some of your readers to take their troubles to the Lord, if I relate a recent experience. A few evenings ago my husband and I were in great trouble. It is not his custom to tell me his business affairs but this difficulty was so serious that he talked with me about it. Our farm has a mortgage on it, which we supposed would remain some years yet, until we could save enough to pay it off, if the interest was paid punctually, as we have always done. But the money was called in. My husband showed me the letter, which said that the money must be paid immediately or foreclosure proceedings would be commenced at once. I kept the letter and after my husband had gone to the city, I did as Hezekiah did with his letter—I spread it out before the Lord and prayed about it. I cannot tell you exactly how I felt, but somehow I arose from my knees with the conviction that in some way the Lord would

take care of it. There was no clear ground for any such conclusion, the way was as dark as before. We had not the money; we knew no way of getting it; and the threatening letter still stood; yet I did believe that there would be no foreclosure. And so it turned out. That night when my husband returned from the city, his face was radiant. 'That mortgage matter is all right,' he said, 'the people are willing to wait. So in my experience the promise was fulfilled: "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."' (Ps. 37: 5.)

TIBERIAS AND LAKE GALILEE.

(See Illustration on page 718.)

THE town of Tiberias on the shores of Lake Galilee is believed to occupy the site of the ancient Rakkath, which Joshua mentions (Joshua 9: 35), among the "fenced cities," of the tribe of Naphtali. It attained its chief importance under Herod Antipas, who is said to have rebuilt it and named it in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. Herod had passed most of his life in Italy, and brought with him a taste for magnificent buildings which he gratified in this new town, which he made the seat of his government.

Among its buildings was a stadium like the one in Rome in which the youth of the country were trained in athletic and warlike exercises. Herod also built a palace there and decorated it, as Josephus mentions with horror with figures of animals, contrary to Jewish law.

No mention is made of Jesus ever visiting the town, though much of his time during the three years of his ministry was spent almost within sight of it. An inference from John 6: 1, would lead us to suppose that he had been there, but it is vague and indirect. The fact that it was the residence of the man who had cast John the Baptist into prison, and subsequently killed him to gratify the caprice of a wicked woman, may have caused Jesus to avoid the town. That tragedy probably took place in Tiberias. The statement made by Luke (23: 8) that Herod was exceedingly glad when he saw Jesus having been desirous of seeing him of a long season, would imply that he had never seen him until Jesus was brought before him a prisoner.

The town, though still beautifully situated between the hills and the lake, has none of

DEC. 3, 1890.

ancient glory architecture. The little that remained to this century was destroyed in the earthquake which on January 1, 1837, levelled nearly every edifice in the town, and buried seven hundred persons in the ruins. Its present population is little more than three thousand, and one-fourth of whom are Jews. They regard it as a sacred city, one of the four in which prayer must be continually offered or the earth would revert to its original chaos. The other three are Jerusalem, Hebron and Safed. They have also a tradition that the Messiah will show himself there, and be enthroned at Safed on the highest mountain in Galilee. It was in Tiberias that the Hebrew Rabbi Judah Tak-Koresh, in A. D. 190, compiled the *Mishna*, or code of Jewish laws, which is the standard of appeal among modern Jews.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 766.)

THE Richard Mansford whom we know as the tenant of the "Hermitage" at Settleworth, and who as we saw, witnessed the flight of Nora from Gerald Towneley, Esq., was in many respects a different man to the pushing and prosperous master of Ooramarra Farm, in Australia. His hair, which at the time we first met him scarce showed a shred of grey, was now close approaching white. It had begun to turn rapidly on that never-to-be-forgotten day when his convict brother Rupert had revealed himself to him. Then followed the night attack, and his wound, and more than anything, perhaps, the changes that he found on every hand in and about his old home.

During the homeward voyage, too, he had had time for thought, and this resulted in a greater change in him still. He could not free himself from sorrowful thoughts about his brother's sad end and sadder life. He felt that though he had suffered cruel wrong at his hands, yet Rupert was his only brother, the companion of his boyhood and youth, and now he was lying in an uncared-for convict's grave—No. 240!

He could not help asking himself how far his own conduct had been wise and good in going away into unknown exile, breaking every link that bound him to his home—a break that was partly answerable for Rupert's subsequent downward career. His conscience condemned him, he felt that in truth he should have been his brother's keeper, though he had wronged him.

Then, too, he felt bitterly, sternly rebuked that he had deserted Anice. He had always felt that she had fallen from him greatly through his own fault, but now was the first time he had admitted it even to himself. Rupert was a fasci-

nating lad (and perhaps he hadn't meant to go so far), it should have been his duty to have held her, not only by his love—God knows that was deep enough—but by outward manifestations of it, that she could have felt more fully.

Then came upon him a spirit of heart-breaking foreboding. He had come to find her, and if need be succor her; but, what if she were dead, passed beyond his aid. The thought overwhelmed him, and drove him to his knees. Richard Mansford had been all his life a good man, and knew the power of prayer to a degree, and yet he had never prayed, never emptied himself before God, because he had never fully realized that, good as he really was, yet he needed the forgiveness of God as much as the vilest. Now his utter unworthiness came upon him as a flood, and in his cabin on the *Southern Cross*, he poured out his soul before God.

When he rose his soul was at peace. He felt convinced that he should never again see Anice in the flesh, but the heart-break had passed. God knoweth best. He was altogether a new man, a gentler spirit, and carried within his breast a chastened heart that, feeling too much its own sin, could no longer afford to sit in judgment on the conduct of others.

As my readers already know, he prosecuted his search for Anice or her children, and finally established himself in the "Hermitage" with honest Phelim for his serving man, having tracked his niece, Nora, to her home at Settleworth.

The bonnie face of his niece, which carried in it familiar dream faces now of Anice and anon of Rupe, took that citadel of his heart by storm, and his whole being went out towards her. Thanks, however, to mean and slanderous tongues of which there is always a terrible overplenty, Richard had heard the name of his niece coupled with that of Gerald Towneley, whom he had soon discovered to be all that he looked upon as undesirable and unworthy, and in his ignorance of the true facts of the case, he mourned that she should allow the young rogue to dangle about her, though his course of life was pretty widely known. This induced him to still lie quiet a little that he might the better



Tiberias and Lake Galilee.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

understand her, and moreover, he perhaps felt called on to play the part of Providence, the result of which, far from what he desired, caused much unnecessary pain and trouble to his niece.

It was at this period that the maiden in question was much beset by the unwelcome attentions of Gerald Towneley, and more than once or twice the unknown occupant of the "Hermitage" had seen the two together, and like a good many others had come too readily to his own conclusions, and they gave him serious pain of mind.

On one such occasion he returned home with this suspicion strong upon him, and quick-sighted Phelim Magrath soon discovered that something

had gone wrong with his master. With the boldness which was the result of long familiarity between master and man, peculiar to life in the bush, he said:

"Savin' your presence, sur. I'm thinkin' you must ha' seen a ghost outside the Hermitage."

"Why, Phelim, my dear fellow, what makes you think so?" inquired his master, listlessly.

"Because yer hanher looks as scared as the riptiles when the blessed Saint Patrick tould 'em to lave ould Ireland, an' nivver a wan o' 'em had so much as a plank to sail on. Let me get you a—"

"No, thank you. The fact is, I have seen something that has disturbed me a good deal. Lock up, and let us turn in," said the master.

The Irishman stood irresolute. His master's trouble was ever his own, and he would fain have said a word of cheer. "Well, good-night, sur," said he; "an' shure it may do you good to remember the old saying, 'No eyes are best in the dark; for the blind man can't be desaved by shadows.'"

So saying, honest Phelim retired for the night.

"I was not 'desaved,'" said Richard Mansford to himself, "I wish I had been." And yet the Irishman's old saying is well worth taking into account by those who make their observations in the dark.

Richard Mansford was not the only watchful observer of Gerald Towneley's effort to become acquainted with Nora. On the evening of that interview which George interrupted, Nora's agitation did not escape the eye of Tabitha Crowle when Nora arrived breathless at her uncle's door.

"Why, lawky me, dear lassie, whcrever ha' ye been, and what's fluttered your dear heart like that?" Such was the greeting of Tabitha, as Nora doffed her hat and shawl, and flung herself into a chair.

"Oh, I've had such a long walk, and am so tired," said Nora, in a way which she hoped might preclude the necessity of further inquiry or explanation; but in this she reckoned without her host, or, rather, without Tabitha Crowle. That brisk and sensible Abigail was too discern-

ing, and her honest love for the orphan girl too genuine to permit her easily to be deceived.

"Nay, bairn," she said, "there is no need to tell me no more than you feel inclined to. I've no call to interfere, but it's as plain as a pike-staff that something or somebody's bothered you, and I'd a good deal sooner they bothered me. I'd settle 'em, I would. But there, I've no right to meddle."

This, of course, tender-hearted Nora could not withstand. So she gave Tabitha the kiss of confidence and peace, and straightway told her how she had been entranced by the song of the thrush, and how she was belated in the grove, how Gerald Towneley pressed his attention upon her, and how George's timely interference had set her free to run home as fast as she could, "and—and—that's all Tabitha," she concluded, with a few unbidden tears.

"Ah, is it, dear lassie? and plenty, too, I think," said the sympathetic housekeeper. "But you don't mean to say that you ran away from our George; he would have taken care of you. I'm sure he would."

Nora did not doubt that, but she was not quite sure what the taking care might have included.

It will be noticed that Tabitha Crowle spoke of the young carpenter as "our George." She not only looked upon him as a vital part of the establishment, but honored him with a full measure of respect. More than once it had crossed her mind of late that Nora and he would make a capital pair, "if so be as they could be brought together," as she put it; though it did appear to her at times as though George, excellent as he was, was scarcely good enough to mate with her favorite, who was almost too good for anybody.

Now, however, she set herself to fish for facts. She even wept so far, for a passing moment, as to picture her as a member of the Towneley family. If he was rich and did belong to a family of great gentleness, why, Nora, God bless her, came of gentleness, too; for the Mansfords used to lift their heads quite as high as the Towneleys, and though their purse was never so long yet their blood was quite as blue. As to the matter of riches, why, Nora would be none so ill off when her uncle died, for she was sure of all he had—anyhow she was as good as gold and, in fact, the only genuine trouble was that he, Gerald Towneley, Esq., wasn't.

The young gentleman was evidently very much in earnest in his pursuit whether his motive was good or bad. He became a frequent visitor to Abram Hardale's establishment. All sorts of trifling matters were ordered in the way of business; all sorts of work needed to be done either at the Hall or at one or other of its outlying dependencies, and nothing would ever do but George Appleton must be the workman, who was told off to attend to them. On such occasions Mr. Gerald Towneley, as George discovered was generally at the carpenter's shop, and was often in the house itself for a drink of Tabitha Crowle's "delicious butter-milk;" though how he came to know that she had a specialty in that line it would be difficult to say.

That brisk and comely dame had come to have a more favorable

opinion of the handsome young gentleman who seemed so fond of Nora, and she felt strongly inclined to aid him in his suit. His captivating graces and winsome tongue had more than half enlisted her on his side: and the way in which he deprecated her anger in the matter of the kiss he had stolen from her own rosy lips, had impressed her with his kind and forgiving spirit, remembering how she had made his cheeks rosier than they had been for many a day. She had even gone so far as to give her opinion to George Appleton that the young squire was honestly in love with Nora, and that it would be a great unkindness to the girl to prevent her making so excellent a match.

"It doesn't need a Solomon," she said, "to see that he's head over ears in love with Miss Nora, and that he worships the very ground she treads on." That very night, Nora Mansford stole into her uncle's house like a thief, passing upstairs so silently as to be unnoticed either by the old carpenter or by Tabitha Crowle, neither of whom had retired to rest.

Quietly and noiselessly the girl bolted her door, and then flung herself upon her bed without undressing, and sobbed and wept in a very abandonment of misery and as if her heart would surely break.

The lonely and tedious hours of the night passed slowly by, and still she wept, and sighed, and turned herself upon her bed as one utterly distracted with grief, wailing ever and anon—

"O God, I am a-weary
I wish that I were dead."

When the first grey dawning of the morning cast its cold glimmer on the window-panes, she fell into a fitful and unrefreshing doze, from which she was awakened by her own involuntary moanings, exclaiming: "It cannot be! Oh, it's too terrible! O mother! mother! whatever shall I do?"

At length she arose from her sorrow-smitten and restless couch; and bathed her flushed face and aching brow with cold water; changed her dress, smoothed as well as she could her dark disheveled hair, and went downstairs to assist Tabitha and the apprentice lad in the usual morning duties of the establishment.

"Why, whatever's the matter with you, lassie?" said honest, hearty Tabitha in sympathetic tones, for Nora's pallid face, and the big black rings around her sunken eyes were index clear enough, and made evasion vain. "You look as if you had never been in bed. You are better there than up, I'm thinkin'. Go back, my darlin', and I'll bring you a cup o' tea."

"Oh, no, thank you, Tabitha. I've had a bad night, but I shall be better directly," she replied, but even as she spoke she had to lay hold upon the table to keep herself from falling.

"Come, Miss," said down-right Tabitha, taking her by the shoulder, and wheeling her gently round to the foot of the stairs. "If you don't go this minute I shall carry you, and that you'll see."

Nora felt herself quite unable to resist, and feeling thoroughly ill in mind, she suffered herself to be conducted back to her chamber.

Tabitha undressed her as if she had been a little child, and having

fairly put her into bed, she smoothed the coverlet over her, saying, "There, now, try to get a bit o' sleep; then you'll be better. I expect you'll have a visitor this morning, an'—"

"No, no, no," exclaimed the maiden, covering her face with her two hands, and beginning to sob hysterically, "I must never, never—"

"Hush, dearie, hush!" said Tabitha, and then wisely enough she kissed the white lips of the suffering girl, and quietly left the room, carefully closing the door behind her. Tabitha Crowle resumed her duties, but her heart was sad for her young favorite, and she greatly wondered what was amiss.

"If that there Mr. Gerald Towneley has been up to any hanky-panky trick, I'll give him a taste o' the mop handle, as sure as my name's Tabitha Crowle!"

From this it will be seen that the good-hearted house-keeper was far from being certain of that young gentleman's good faith. Of one thing I am certain, however, namely, that the mop-handle would be called into requisition if in the least degree she found that her darling had suffered any harm.

(To be Continued.)

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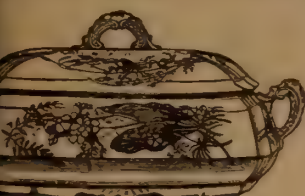
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FIFTY TIMES IN PRISON.

ED British convert, named Gipsy, relates the following: "On one occasion in the open air preaching, and spoke to a man about his soul. As I addressed him, he turned to me and said, 'use your speaking to me. I have been in prison fifty times. Do not tell me of his salvation, for there is none and with an angry scowl he turned away. Laying my hand upon his shoulder, I gently said, 'Not so fast, my friend, and then I told him the good news, and showed him that it was true, though he had been in prison all his life. Though his sins were as scarlet, I would make them 'white as snow.' At first the gloomy face brightened, and he looked at me with interest. I then told him of the finished work of salvation on Christ's finished cross, and holding out his hand to me as I said, 'I will trust him.' In his example and words made a deep impression on his three sons, and they were induced to follow in the steps of their father and come to Christ. Long after the daughter made her heart glad by completing the work of Christ. When I visited the household, who had long been an earnest worker, said, 'Before this great change there was not room at the breakfast table for my husband and our three children; they were continually quarreling, a day of peace; but now what a peace; all are quiet and happy.' Yes, and change is soon evident in the life, and Christianity becomes a gain and joy to ourselves and all us."

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THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D.

Dear, beautiful sight! Embosomed by hills,
How calmly reposes the Lake!
I gaze, and my soul with rapture thrills,
As the glorious scene my vision fills,
And holiest memories wake.
O lovely Sea
Of Galilee,
How oft my Redeemer hath looked on thee!

All other lakes in all lands are denied
The honors that thou dost know:
Blossoms as radiant may fringe their side,
Fountains as sparkling may swell their tide,
But thou hast the Jordan's inflow;
More sacred yet,
Gennesaret,
The sandals of Christ thy waves have wet!

How oft I have come, in wondering thought,
A pilgrim along thy shore,
Beholding the crowds that Jesus taught,
And the deeds His power and mercy wrought
As He walked thy margin o'er.
O hallowed Sea
Of Galilee,
The home of Messiah was once by thee!

And now, with thankfullest heart, I stand
Where Jesus so often stood;
I see the same stream, and rock, and land;
The same sweet Tabor, and Hermon grand,
And look on the same bright flood—
Tiberian Sea,
So dear to me,
Because my Saviour saw these and thee!

My feet have pressed the old paths He trod,
And crossed o'er the same clear rills;
I have sat me down on the grassy sod,
Where rested the weary Son of God,
Who bore our sorrows and ills.
In thee I take,
Gennesareth Lake,
Unbounded delight for His dear sake!

Nazareth's valley and hills are fair,
And lovely is Bethlehem;
Mount Olivet's scenes their glories share,
In the Garden shade and Bethany there,
With precious Jerusalem;
But, dearest Sea
Of Galilee,
How the life of my Lord is linked with thee.

No crowds along thy thoroughfares pour;
Silence and ruin are here to-day;
White sails on thy waves are seen no more;
The cities that flourished upon thy shore
Have passed in their guilt away;
But thou art yet,
Gennesaret,
A picture unchanged in thy hill frame set!

And Christ is the same, though ascended on high,
As when by this water He trod;
With the same tender heart, and pitying eye;
As mighty to save, as lovingly nigh—
O ever the same Lamb of God!
Adieu, sweet Sea
Of Galilee;
Thy image remains, and thy Lord, with me!

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for it is the only medicine of which can truly be
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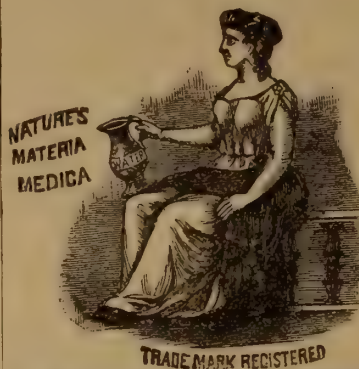
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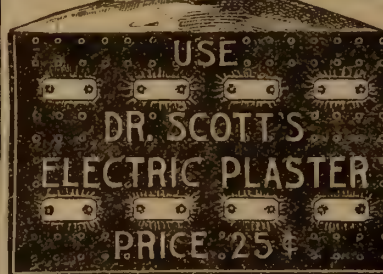
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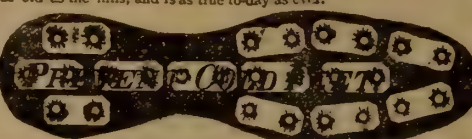
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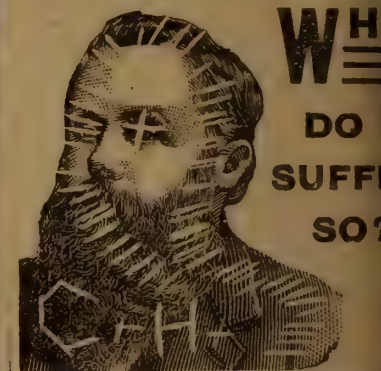
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VOLUME XLII., No. 50.
BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1890.

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A NATIVE BARBER AT WORK IN DAMASCUS.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1890, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A Storm by the Way—The Earthly Paradise—A Memorable Journey to Damascus—The Company Arrested by the Flash of Light—The Noble Rivers of Damascus—The Call of the Muezzin—Commendable Things in Mohammedanism—Abd-el-Kader's Rebuke of Murderous Intolerance—The Famous Manufacturers of the Ancient City—The Street Called Straight—Its Association with Paul—A Blind Child Recovering Sight.

"As he journeyed he came near Damascus." Acts 9:3.



Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, but camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay

in tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail, and snow, and rain, and wind, as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet, and evangelist, and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about one o'clock in the afternoon and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet benumbed, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way. While high up on the rocks, and the gale blowing the hardest, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen, and his rider must not be left alone amid that wildness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached, the tempest thickened, and blackened, and strengthened. Some of our attendants going ahead had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel I speak of. Our first duty on arrival, was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove without any top, in the centre of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor, Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march will bring us to that city, whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or the Christian without making the blood to tingle and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus!

During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that he never went. We lunch at noon, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill-top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel-driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow man to enter but one paradise and he would not enter this

earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide and seek with the traveller. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill-top and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens, and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road, for it has been the only road for thousands of years, the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, about 1854 years ago, in the midst of them a fierce little man who



Hotel at Damascus—The Headquarters of the Talmage Party.

made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and was the leading spirit and, though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than any one of

The Horsed Procession.

This man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature. The Frenchman who was sometimes called by his troops "Old One Hundred Thousand," was often styled "Little Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with, and one eye put out at Calvi and his right arm taken off at Teneriffe, proves himself at Trafalgar the mightiest hero of the English navy. The greatest of American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some especial mission of good or evil. The thunderbolt is only a condensation of electricity.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were halted quicker than

bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere is the brightest of the noondays and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly that noon there flashed from the heavens light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ, looking from the heavens, and under the dash of

That Overpowering Light

all the horses dropped with their riders in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed uttering the two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days the fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will sometimes extinguish the eye-sight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times but it never so impressed me before and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel: "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus and suddenly their shine round about him a light from heaven and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?' and he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.'"

But we cannot stop longer on this road so we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later.

Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of the cupolas of two hundred mosques we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks that the Mohammedan's heaven, was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus at the right season are cherries, and mulberries, and apricots, and almonds and pistachios, and pomegranates, and pears, and apples, and plums, and citrons, and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder that Julian called this city "the Eye of the East," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the lustre on the neck of doves," and historians said: "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of

the world together."

Many travellers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried on their minds from boyhood, the book which dazzles so many young people—the *Arabian Nights*, and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp, and Aladdin's ring, and the genii which appeared by rubbing them. But as I have never read the *Arabian Nights*, such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest* and D'Aubigny's *History of the Reformation*, Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular history have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to-night in the hotel at Damascus I hear the perpetual ripple and rust of the river Abana. Ah, the secret, is out. Now I know why all this flora, and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off, the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the

d who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts to the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And, as the rivers Gihon, and Pison, and Hiddekel, and Euphrates, made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That

what made General Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was sent for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan. The Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream and it is never so clear as this river Abana, that I hear rumbling under my window to-night nor as the waters of Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy, he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we, who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine, were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber. So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words, which every minister of the Gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are the waters of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Thank God they live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts.

Only those who have travelled in the deserts of Syria, or Egypt, or have in the oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bells of those who draw water, can realize what it is to have the divine beverage in abundance. Water gurgling over the rocks, turning the mill-wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the fountains, filling the cisterns of the household, rolling through the fountains or baptistries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of heaven to dip their wings, ascending in the mists and falling again in benediction of shower — water, living water, God-given water!

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird, and long drawn-out solo, compared with which a buzz-saw is musical. It makes you inopportunistly waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song, it becomes quite tolerable for they sing: "God is the nourisher; buy my bread," "God is the nourisher, buy my milk," "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window, you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if they were put to vote who should be king of all the

earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the house-tops, and on the streets, Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin or the officers of religion, who an-

toward heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshipper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

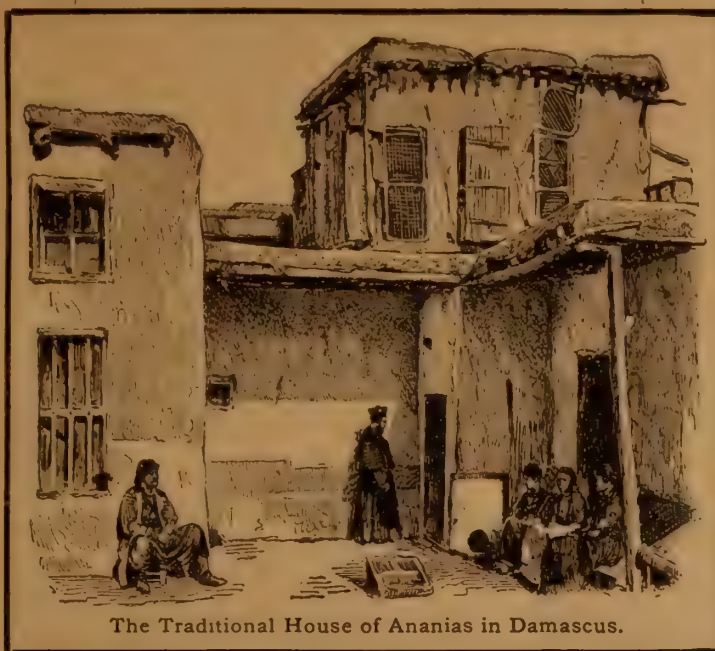
There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a Gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is, they don't care who is looking, and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many-wifedness of Mohammedanism has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks, the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration, is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the

Gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but woman free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which pervades the city of Damascus along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazaars we make purchases and in whose mosques we study the

wood-carvings and bedizenments, was demonstrated as late as 1860 when in this city it put to death six thousand Christians in forty-eight hours, and put to the torch three thousand Christian homes, and those streets we walk to-day were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier who in one war had with twenty-five thousand troops beaten sixty thousand of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damas-

cus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword and with a few of his old soldiers around him, charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire." Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled



The Traditional House of Ananias in Damascus.

nounce the time of worship appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, enclosed by a railing and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation!"



Mohammedan Caravan Approaching Damascus,

God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins, he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries: "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to thee, O God and praise be to thee. Great is thy name. Great is thy greatness. There is no deity but thee." Then the worshipper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand

back. Huzzah for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout on the shore of the Mediterranean to this city of Damascus, and, if ever again that wholesale assassination is attempted, French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down on this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples, the Gospel is not so appropriate as bullets or sabres sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not as absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazaars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the Orient to ride and pull, and baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and the homes of those bargain-makers of to-day, marbled, and divaned, and fountained, and upholstered, and mosaiced, and arabesqued, and colonnaded, until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling-places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs

Elysees, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations.

There is Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior, and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade with the interlacings of color changing at every new turn of the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in

twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain, a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street, damasks, named after this city, figures of animals, and fruits, and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first grained, and then the grooves filled with wire of gold—Damaskeening. But stand back or be run over for here are at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and from Jerusalem in another direction, and

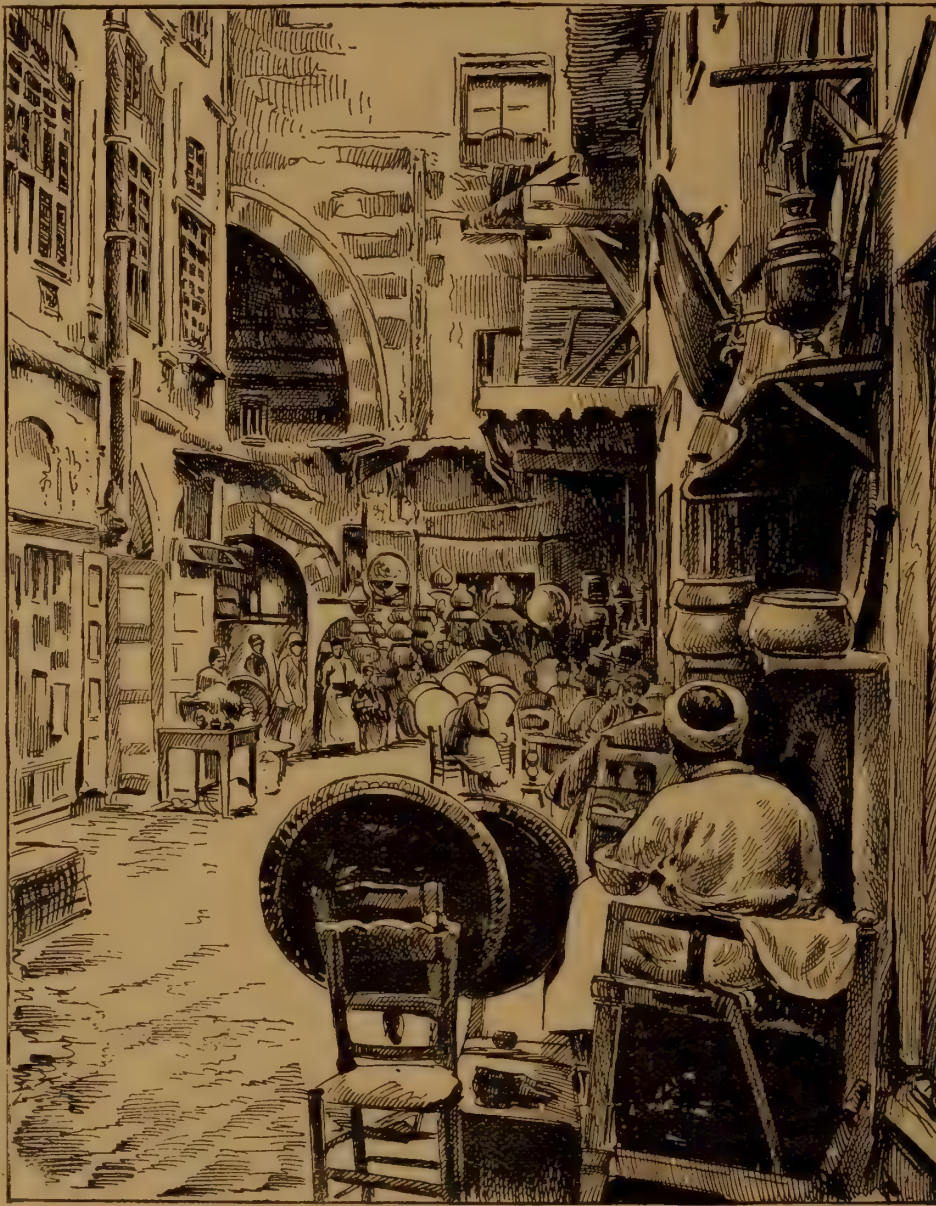
to this house of Judas on Straight Street, and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians, and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye, and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love, and faith says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayst receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like

scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for wide-spread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes, and we see things differently.

A Christian woman, missionary among a most degraded tribe, whose religion was never to wash or improve personal appearance, was trying to persuade one of those heathen women not only of need of change of heart, but change of habits, which would result in change of appearance, but the effort failed until the missionary had placed in her own hallway a looking-glass, and, when the barbaric woman passing through the hall, saw herself in the mirror for the first time, she exclaimed "can it be possible I look like that?" and appalled at her own appearance she renounced her old religion, and asked to be instructed in the Christian religion. And so we feel that we are all right in our sinful and unchanged condition, until the scales fall

from our eyes, and in the looking-glass of God's Word we see ourselves as we really are, until Divine grace transforms us.

There are many people in this house to-day as blind as Paul was before Ananias touched his eyes. And there are many here from whose eyes the scales have already fallen. You see all subjects and all things differently—God, and Christ, and eternity, and your own immortal spirit. Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy, at Mount Pleasant, one Sunday afternoon, reading *Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, that afternoon some of the scales fell from my eyes and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village parsonage reading the Bible story of the Syro-Phœnician's faith, other



Chasers and Engravers in a Damascus Bazaar.

caravans of all nations paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot, nor caravan, nor bazaar, nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes; we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas; not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias, not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian, is told by the Lord to go

scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Two Sunday evenings ago, while preparing for the evening service in New York, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconciliation to God I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes. Shall not our visit to Damascus to-day result, like Paul's visit, in vision to the blind, and increased vision for those who saw somewhat before.

I was reading of a painter's child who became blind in infancy. But after the child was nearly grown, a surgeon removed the blindness. When told that this could be done, the child's chief thought, her mother being dead, was she would be able to see her father, who had watched over her with great tenderness. When light came she was in raptures, and ran her hands over her father's face, and shut her eyes as if to assure herself that this was really the father whom she had only known by touch, and now looking upon him, noble man as he was in appearance as well as in reality, she cried out, "Just to think that I had this father so many years and never knew him!" As great and greater is the soul's joyful surprise when the scales fall from the eyes and the long spiritual darkness is ended, and we look up into our Father's face always radiant and loving, but now for the first revealed, and our blindness forever gone, we cry "Abba Father!"

To each one of this vast multitude of auditors say as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Dream Solves a Problem—Good News Kept Back—Narrow Escape of Ladies in Florida—A Dog's Sagacity.

The Solution of a Mathematical Problem was discovered recently in a dream, by a school-teacher in Boston, Mass. In the course of a psychological lecture in that city the lecturer stated that an acquaintance of his, a teacher in one of the schools, undertook the solution of a problem which was difficult, but, as he believed, was capable of being solved. He studied it for a long time but could not succeed. His failure piqued him, and one day he determined that he would not go to bed that night until he had mastered it. He worked on it late into the night and eventually fell asleep in his chair the problem being still unsolved. While asleep he dreamed that he was a boy again at school, and that the problem had been given him to solve. Failing in his dream as he had in his waking hours, he dreamed that he took it to his school-teacher who worked it out, and showed him the method of its solution. When he awoke he tried the method he had seen in his dream and, to his surprise, the problem was solved. The lecturer explained the strange phenomenon on recognized psychological principles. These, however, would not be sufficient to account for the light the Christian often gains on spiritual problems that perplex him. It is when he takes them to God in prayer, that "light is given to the man whose way is hedged in." (Job 3: 24.)

A Charge of Cruelty is Being Pressed Against the warden of a penitentiary in Ohio, by the local press. It is stated that on November 27, he had in custody a prisoner condemned to death whose execution was to take place the following morning. According to custom the prisoner was taken to the death-cell, which opens on the gallows. About five o'clock in the evening the warden received notice that the man had been reprieved. He did not, however, tell him the good news until nearly midnight. During those six hours the man is said to have suffered severe mental torture fully expecting that the next morning he would have to die. He sent for a priest, and put into his hands a statement which he wished published after his

death. In this paper he declared with all the solemnity of a man conscious that he was standing on the brink of eternity that he was not guilty of the murder for which he was to die and knew nothing whatever of the criminal. Shortly afterward, he was informed that the Governor had granted a reprieve: The warden is severely blamed for allowing the prisoner to suffer those six hours of misery. His defence is that he delayed giving the news in the belief that he would make a confession of his guilt. The people and the press, however, contend that the man ought not to have been kept a moment unnecessarily in ignorance of a fact so cheering. The same argument applies with still greater force to the preaching of the Gospel at home and abroad. It is emphatically good news which ought to be given without delay to every creature as our Lord commanded. (Mar. 16: 15, 16.)

A Narrow Escape From a Bottomless Pit is described in a Florida journal. It states that some young ladies from Georgia, who are passing the winter at Jasper went on November 22nd to visit a cave near that town. They were much interested in the strange place, and penetrated to its farthest extremity. It was thought to be an old lime sink, such as abound in Florida. The young girls noticed that the floor of the cave resounded to the tread, and lumps of earth would occasionally loosen themselves from the roof and walls of the cave and fall to the floor, but they thought nothing of it, and, when it began to grow dark, they left the cavern and started home. Before they had gone half a mile they heard a deep rumbling noise in the direction of the cave, but thought it was distant thunder, and paid no further attention to it. The next day, however, they heard that the floor of the cave had fallen in, leaving an awful chasm. Persons who have been to see it say that the walls are perpendicular, and that stones thrown in cannot be heard to strike bottom. Running water could be heard, however, as if a great distance below. The young ladies were prostrated with nervous shock when they heard what had occurred, and realized how narrowly they had escaped a terrible death. They had been unconscious of their danger while they stood over it, and would not have gone there if they had known it. But so much cannot be said of many who are in peril of a doom which in the Bible is compared to a bottomless pit, nor when they are warned, and the way of escape through Christ is pointed out are they moved to seek safety. (II. Chron. 36: 16.)

A Woodman's Experience While Lost in a forest in Maine, was described by a man who arrived in Bangor on November 27, from a camp on the west branch of the Penobscot. He says that a few days before he left camp, one of his men brought in a half frozen man whom he had found in the forest. It was thought he was dying, but under careful treatment he recovered and told his story. Some three weeks previous to his being found he was in Bangor, Me., drinking heavily. When his money was exhausted, he set out for the forest to get work in a logging camp. In some way he managed to get more liquor there, and became crazed under its influence. He wandered away into the deep woods and when he sobered sufficiently to realize his situation he had no idea of his distance from camp nor the way to it. His clothes had been torn to ribbons by the tree-branches during his crazy wanderings, he was bitterly cold and it was beginning to snow. Though weak and exhausted he dare not lie down, lest he should fall asleep and be frozen to death. All day and all that night he continued walking without food. The next day he found a bear trap and tried to eat the meat with which it was baited, but it was tainted and he could not touch it. A little later he found some mouldy biscuits in a deserted camp and ate them ravenously. The snow was now eight inches deep and he longed to lie down in it and sleep. He knew that to do that was to die; so he plodded on, shouting at intervals in the hope that some one might hear him. He wan-

dered on through the second night but in the morning nature could endure the strain no longer, and he threw himself down under a tree expecting to die. There the wood-chopper found him just in time to save his life. He had travelled away from camp in his efforts to reach it, and was then twenty miles distant. His experience is a type of that of many a wanderer from God. When a man realizes his state as a sinner he dare not rest, lest his soul be eternally lost. Yet his struggles to save himself are futile. It is when he ceases to struggle and trusts in Christ that he finds rest and peace. (Hosea 13: 4.)

An Extraordinary Instance of Intelligence in a dog is reported by a citizen of Newark, N. J. He has a fox-terrier, whose instinct seems to approach reason. He has learned readily to close a door, to turn on a faucet when he wants water, and—what is still more remarkable—he has been taught to shut off the water when he has done drinking. A few days ago the dog gave another proof of his sagacity. One of the domestics missed a shawl. She looked for it in every room, but could not find it. Happening to go late at night into the recess under the basement, where the dog slept, she saw him lying upon the shawl, which was spread in his box. She concluded to let him have the use of it for that night, as it was very cold. The next morning when she wanted her shawl, she went to the box for it, but it was not there. She told her employer and he watched the dog. When night came he saw the animal go to a pile of wood in a dark corner, scratch away some light sticks, and drag the shawl out and into his box. The shawl was again missing in the morning, but it was found under the wood, where the dog had hidden it. The dog's intelligence had evidently developed to the extent of knowing that the shawl would increase his comfort, that he would not be allowed to keep it if its owner knew, and that he could only retain it by hiding it. Remarkable as the dog's sagacity and its development are, his education must be defective while he uses it only to the detriment of others. Unhappily, much of the education that children receive will have the same result. They are taught how they may get on in the world and become rich, but of morality and the eternal principles of right and wrong they hear little or nothing. That is not the kind of education God desires children to have. (Deut. 32: 46.)

A Widow's Suit Against a Wealthy Citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., was tried in the City Court on December 4. She said that he had proposed marriage to her and she accepted him. He said, however, that for certain reasons which he gave and which seemed to her plausible it was necessary that the marriage should be secret. Believing that the man was honest and sincere she agreed and he took her to a house in a quiet street where he introduced her to a man who, he said, was a priest. He told the man that they had come to be married. The usual questions were asked and they were told to join hands. The priest then pronounced them man and wife and gave them his blessing. A year later her husband began to neglect her and finally deserted her. When she found him and insisted on his doing his duty as a husband, he told her that he was not her husband, and that the marriage was not valid, as the man who married them was not a priest, but a friend of his who had assumed the character for the occasion. The widow admitted that she had been very anxious for the marriage more on account of the man's wealth than because she loved him, that she had also suspected that the marriage was not "all right," but had silenced her fears. There is reason to fear that many are in a similar condition about their union with Christ, especially such as have made a profession from motives of worldly advancement or to please Christian friends. Some inexperienced or injudicious spiritual adviser assures them that they are converted, and though they are in doubt, may stifle the self-examination which would expose the delusion. A man cannot be born again without knowing it. (II. Cor. 13: 5.)

JESUS' PARTING WORDS.

S. S. LESSON FOR DEC. 21, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
LUKE 24 : 44-53 ; GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN 14 : 3.

The Dying Charges of the Patriarchs—Christ's Parting Words a Permanent Charge to His Church—The Opening of the Disciples' Minds—Sent Out as Jesus was Sent—His Characteristics Reproduced in His Followers—The Injunction to Teach—Power Promised—Were the Early Days of the Church Her Best Days?—Christ's Last Visible Act.

IN the Old Testament, we have on record the dying charges of Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Elisha, etc., when they left this world to be no more seen. But Jesus, our Lord, says of himself, "I am the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." (Rev. 1 : 18, 19.) The uncertainty and the mystery which hang about death, and which veil from us how much those who sleep in Jesus are conscious of what passes on earth, could not enter into the parting of Jesus with his disciples. He lived still, "in him was life;" death had done its worst upon him, but life had conquered death. He could go away, and yet be with them "always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28 : 20); even more, he could and would dwell in their hearts by faith (Eph. 3 : 17), and be in them "the hope of glory." (Col. 1 : 27.)

Thus the parting charge of Jesus to his disciples, his incipient Church, is as fresh for his people to-day as though it were being now delivered for the first time. The first necessity was that they should

Understand His Mission.

"These are my words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, how that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms, concerning me." (R. V.) It was the Living Word of God endorsing the written Word; his presence as conqueror over death making the prophecies of him in all the Scriptures such a reality. No wonder that when the Spirit of God came to give them the power of testimony, the very themes they had, had such difficulty in accepting and understanding—"Jesus and the resurrection,"—became the burden of all their preaching.

"Then opened he their mind, that they might understand the Scriptures; and he said unto them, thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer (or thus it behooved Christ to suffer), and rise again from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all nations." (R. V.) It was from the yoke of sin he came to free men of all nations, that they might live unto God. An unopened mind, the mind of the natural man, cannot receive the things of the Spirit of God. (1. Cor. 2 : 14.) Let us be patient with unspiritual men, and very tender, looking to the Holy Spirit that he may "open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light," as he has done us. Three years of teaching in the very presence of Jesus did not do for the disciples what one hour of the Holy Ghost's possession did on the day of Pentecost. It was outside of them when on earth, the Holy Spirit was in them after Pentecost. (John 14 : 17.)

With his last charge, he gave them an earnest of the Spirit. He breathed on them, and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." (John 20 : 22.) That which he had taught the two disciples on the way to Emmaus now became living truth to the "eleven and them that were with them" (V. 33); old prejudices gave way, the Christ of God stood revealed to them, outshining their carnal ideas of the Jews' Messiah

And Their Mission,

no longer to aid in setting up a temporal kingdom by earthly resources which should be helped out by supernatural power when the earthly failed—must have undergone a revolution in their hearts when he said to them, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you." (John 20 : 21.) His prayer would come back to them, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." (John 17 : 18.) What then? Must the kingdom,

the earthly glory, the prestige, the honor among men, the position, the influence of the Jewish nation, all of which they knew was pledged to them by the promises of God, must all this be abandoned for the present time, and only a spiritual kingdom established? Once filled with the Holy Ghost, and this apparently unreasonable anticipation became perfectly reasonable—time and eternity, the human and the divine, had become adjusted, and had taken their due proportions in their minds. "As my Father hath sent me

Even So

send I you." "Are ye able to drink of the cup which I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Are ye able to be in the world and the world know you not? Are ye able to be "despised and rejected of men," to be "hated of all nations for my name's sake," to be reviled, persecuted, your name cast out as evil for my sake, even though in your mouth shall be found no guile? Are you able to live a life of such fear and absolute dependence on me, as I have lived on my Father? I have emptied myself, and have been voluntarily unable to do anything of myself (John 5 : 19), to speak anything of myself, to judge until I have heard of him; the Father that dwelt in me, he did the works. Are ye able for such utter nothingness in yourselves, can you see the hidden glory which lies behind all this humiliation, and know that if ye suffer with me, you and I shall also be glorified together? Are ye able to deny yourselves, and all that exalts, gratifies, or glorifies you, to take up your cross and follow me? Can you "look not at the things which are seen," the present suffering and the seeming loss, "but at the things which are not seen," the wondrous glory of a life lived, not by you, but by an indwelling God, making you his temple and his habitation? Can you see the glory of your Lord using your lips to speak his words, your brain to think his thoughts, your heart to reciprocate his love, inviting you to him as he is one with the Father? What is any earthly kingdom in comparison with this? What earthly glory, position, riches, honor can compare with this reality of a life every throb of which is eternal, and which pulsates with the very being of God!

"Beginning from Jerusalem," at home, where you are known,

"Ye are His Witnesses

of these things." (R. V. margin.) "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, . . . he shall bear witness of me, and ye also shall bear witness;" "the witness of two men is true." Their mission must be world-wide, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel," repentance and remission of sins, "to every creature," and do not leave them with the mere knowledge of forgiveness, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore"—the power in me is your guarantee—"and teach or make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have said unto you, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28 : 18-20.) You go forth powerless, but I who have all power, go with you; even as I emptied myself, but the Father dwelt in me to do his own mighty works. But if you go thus self-empty, willing to have no name, position or honor of your own, you shall have my name, and a power of attorney to act for me. "These signs shall follow them that believe;

In my Name

shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark 16 : 17, 18.) Men try to get rid of these words to excuse their unbelief; they try to make them belong to the apostolic times, as though God ever meant the dispensation of the Holy Ghost to be other than apostolic! They talk of fanaticism, and designate as heretics those who reverently and obediently

credit their God with meaning all he says, and who have abundant and constant evidence that he has not withdrawn from his Church one of these promised signs. But this Word has stood through nearly two thousand years, and God preserves it still.

"And behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Perhaps it is the want of waiting upon God for power which has brought the Church of Christ into the anomalous position of taking for granted that the infant days of Christ's Church were to be the best days, and that the decline in her faith and holiness from the day of Pentecost is a necessary evil! If there were more often still waiting upon God for his all power and for his infallible leading, and more obedience to him in the life and walk of his people, the Church might have gone on from her infancy at Pentecost to a development in the likeness of Christ which might have made ready the wife of the Lamb long ere this. All power to follow Christ, and all power to witness for him is given to us in the gift of himself, but the power of the Holy Ghost to "know the things which are freely given to us of God" (1. Cor. 2 : 12), we need to wait for, to accept, and submit to very definitely. It is not a matter of emotions; the life of God in us is deeper and stiller than emotion, and possess "the hidden man of the heart." It is by an absolute surrender to, and an acceptance by faith of the Holy Spirit, that he takes possession of us, and then it is only as we yield to him day by day, and hour by hour, that he retains his hold upon us, and keeps us filled with God and emptied of our self-life.

Jesus, having delivered his charge to his disciples, "led them out as far as to Bethany." His

Last Visible Act

was to lift up his hands and bless his disciples. "As he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." And they, deprived of the visible presence of their Lord, but assured of, and believing in, his constant presence with them, "worshipped him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God," happier now that they understood their Lord than in the days when they followed him on earth.

THE ADVENT PRE-MILLENNIAL.

A Paper Read at the Recent Baptist Bible Conference in Brooklyn, N. Y.

BY REV. ALFRED HARRIS.

THE first proof we offer that the coming of the Lord will be pre-millennial is the significant fact that the Word of God does not place anything between us and that blessed hope. It never says the Lord shall come after such and such an event, date, or period. But let it be remembered that the Scriptures make a broad distinction between the coming of the Lord and the day of the Lord. The coming of the Lord is represented by the Morning Star, the day of the Lord by the Sun of Righteousness. Christ as the Morning Star has to do more particularly with the Church and the first resurrection: as the Sun of Righteousness he has to do with Israel and the nations. The Morning Star precedes the day: the rising Sun of Righteousness introduces the day—the day of the Lord.

We know of many things which shall take place before the day of the Lord. The same confusion that now exists in many minds existed in the Thessalonian Church. It had been reported among them that

The Day of the Lord

had actually come, and they were troubled about it, because, if this was a fact, they were left behind; as the Scripture says: "One shall be taken and another left." And there was another thing that troubled them: In the cemeteries of Thessalonica the graves of their loved ones, who had died in the Lord, were undisturbed. The trumpet of the first resurrection had certainly not reached them. If the day of the

ord was past and the first resurrection, and their loved ones were still entombed, they had no reason for being troubled. The Apostle Paul comes to their relief, and corrects their error in the second chapter of his second epistle. He assures them that the day of the Lord had not come and would not come until three events had occurred; I. The coming of the Lord, or the descent of the Lord into the air, and our gathering together unto him. II. The great apostasy, "A falling away." III. The appearance of Antichrist. "For that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition," etc.

These things were to precede the day of the Lord, but neither there nor in any other part of Scripture are we told of anything intervening before the coming of the Lord; so that if we have his appearing, we may look for it to occur any time even at the present hour.

The First Resurrection.

One of many convincing proofs that the coming of Christ will be before the Millennium is found in the accounts we have of the first resurrection. The characteristics of that first resurrection are: I. It will be a resurrection of the just. "Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." (Luke 14: 14.) II. It will be elective. "But they that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead." (Luke 20: 25.) III. A proof or manifestation of sonship. "They are the children of God being the children of the resurrection." (Luke 20: 36.) Now when will it take place? At the second coming of Christ. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's *at his coming*." (1 Cor. 15: 23.) Will that be before, or after the Millennium? The answer is unmistakable: "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy are they that have part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be the priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." (Rev. 20: 5, 6.) Thus the second or general resurrection comes after the thousand years, or the Millennium, and is a thousand years after the first resurrection which takes place at the beginning of the Millennium; as that resurrection is simultaneous with the coming of Christ, it follows that Christ will come before the Millennium.

The testimony of the Scriptures concerning the Kingdom also proves that the coming of the Lord will be pre-millennial. Christ will set up his kingdom in person. (Daniel 7: 13, 27; Luke 19: 11, 15.) But when will he do this? At the end of the times of the Gentiles. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The times of the Gentiles are the times of Gentile dominion and supremacy. They include that portion of history covered by the four universal kingdoms referred to in Daniel 2: 31, 45. What is to succeed the times of the Gentiles? The Kingdom of God—the kingdom of the Son of Man. "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people; but it shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." (Daniel 2: 44.) Christ is to sway the sceptre of unlimited empire over the nations for a thousand years of blessedness. Under his reign all things will be brought into subjection to God. His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. All the enemies of God shall be subdued. Death will be destroyed. And at the time when, as Post-millennarians say, Christ will come, he will have been here for a thousand years, subduing evil, and making all things according to God. He will then deliver up the restored kingdom in glory and blessedness to his Father. In all the earth there will be no unsubdued evil, no rebellious sinner, no enemy of God or man. And then God will be all and in all.

It may be asked, Must not the world be converted before Christ comes? The New Testament does not teach this, but the very reverse. "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" (Luke 18: 8.) In the last days there will be perilous times. (1 Timothy 4: 1-3; II. Timothy 3: 1-5.) "As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man." (Matt. 24: 37). Christ will come when the world will be in such a condition as it is now. It will be full of scoffers and unbelievers, asking "Where is the promise of his coming?" Iniquity will abound and the love of many will wax cold. There will be wars and rumors of wars at the very time that Christ will come.

Then some may ask, "How could Christ say three times in the last chapter of the Bible, Behold I come quickly, when he knew that he would not come at least for 1,800 years?" Our life is confined within the narrow limits of three score years and ten; but Christ works on a vast and eternal scale. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." On the dial-plate of the eternal future eighteen hundred years are but a passing shadow, a mere moment of time. From this divine standard Christ says, "Surely I come quickly." And let all the redeemed of the Lord say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

[This paper with the others delivered at the Conference will shortly be published in book form with a full and authorized report of the proceedings.]

THE WAITING FAMILY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Dec. 21. "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." John 14: 3.

A DREARY winter day with leaden sky and wind rushing and sighing, and moaning like a creature in pain and fear. A day when women stayed within doors and kept good fires going, and made things cheerful to welcome their beloved men-folk when they should come home after the toils of the day.

Two men who had been breasting the storm on the hill-side were stepping briskly toward the valley, where, nestling among trees, was an old-fashioned house covered, with climbing ivy. As they approached the gate, one of them said: "Now, I must say good-bye, Edward. You must give the last evening to your own people. They will want you all to themselves."

"That is very considerate of you, Paul," replied the other. "You are always thinking more of other people than of yourself. It would make my going away much more painful if I were not leaving you behind to comfort my mother and the girls. When the vision of their faces visits me in the far-away land I shall see your face among them. They will need all you can do to cheer them."

"It shall be done. Good-bye, and may God bless and prosper you."

The two men held each other's hands in a warm, lingering clasp and then parted, the one going his way farther down the valley, the other passing through the garden and into the house. It was a sad family circle that was gathered under its roof. Death had taken away its head some months before, and now Edward, the oldest son, was leaving it. The family was in straitened circumstances. Some addition to its income was necessary and Edward was going to England to represent an American business firm in that country and build up a connection there. It was the only thing that offered and though it entailed separation from all he loved, he had accepted it because of its promise of assured permanence and future prosperity. He was to sail the next day, and that evening was consequently a trying one for all.

"Mother," he said, after the avoidance of the subject of his departure, and the effort at forced cheerfulness had become too painful to be borne, "I hope you will not be too much cast down. Look forward to the time when we shall all be together again. It will not be long. I

am sure to succeed and then we will have a home across the water as beautiful as this and you will be queen of it. I shall write you sooner than you think to come out; or perhaps I may come and fetch you."

The mother tried to smile, but the effort cost too much, and she broke down in a fit of hysterical sobbing. She hurried out of the room and away to her own chamber, lest her daughters should break down, too.

"Annie," said her brother, "I am leaving my Sunday School boys in your care. You know what I have been trying to do for them. They are wild lads, gathered out of the streets, with all their home life against them. I hoped I should have been able to see them grow up with good principles, loving Christ and strong in him against temptation; but it is not to be. You will be patient with them and tell them I am thinking of them and praying for them."

"I will do my best, Edward, God helping me."

"I am sure you will and do not lose any time. You will be taken from them soon, if I succeed as I hope to do. Use your opportunity while you have it. And the poor people down in the village, Helen you will look after them. They will not expect money from you. I have never given them much. It is sympathy and comfort that they need most. Get them to look to God and they will be happy even in their poverty. If money is badly needed, write me and I will send you some; but they are not likely to need it; they are learning to help themselves."

Helen promised, as her sister had done, and their mother having rejoined the circle, they all knelt in prayer for God's blessing on the one who was leaving and those who remained.

The early days of Edward's absence were days of sorrow, for he had been the life of the family and his loss was sorely felt. But the girls became interested in their work, and their mother lived in the hope of reunion with her son, and they grew cheerful and happy, though he was never out of their thoughts. His letters told of his excellent progress, and were full of hope. After a time he expressed the wish that one of his sisters should come to him, as he had set up a little cottage and pined for a home face in it. Mary, the youngest, went, at his suggestion, because she could finish her education there better than here, and could be more easily spared than either of the others. It was a little circle now, but Mary's going showed that Edward must be getting on, and reunion seemed nearer.

"How like this is to the day before Edward went away," his mother said, one November day, three years after that terrible separation; "it is just as gloomy, but we do not feel so bad now as we did then."

They gathered around the table for the evening meal and talked of Edward's last letter, and Mary's account of the country, to which, after a year's residence, she was growing accustomed. Edward's friend, Paul, dropped in, as he frequently did at that hour, and joined them at the meal. He brought the good news that he had arranged to go with them whenever they should go. It was the best kind of news, for he had Helen's promise to be his wife, and his going would save her from the dilemma she would be in, with her brother in one country, and her lover in another.

They were talking gleefully of the future when a sharp ring at the bell startled them. Annie went to the door, and a moment later they heard a cry of joy, and then Edward and Mary with him, burst into the room. Never was there such a scene of joy as in that little home that night.

"No more poverty, mother, no more hard work, girls," Edward said. "I have a lovely home in the country, and Mary has made it as beautiful inside, as it is outside. There is a sitting-room for mother and a music-room for you girls; we have thought of all your tastes. There is a garden and a shrubbery, and all that is nice. We have come to fetch you to your new home, and we shall be all together once more."

"Thank God," said the mother reverently. "I knew you would keep your promise."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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DEFERRED HARVESTS.

ALL Christian workers are sometimes conscious of being discomfited. There is your Sunday School class that have not yet been brought to Christ. You say: "How strange it is that, after all my teachings, they have not submitted to the truth." You say: "There is my family, nearly all of them out of the kingdom of God's grace. How I have prayed for them; how I have counselled them; how I have tried to bring upon them all Christian influences; and yet they will not hear the voice of heavenly mercy." You can look out in the world and see scores of times in which you were working for Christ and in the right spirit; but you saw absolutely no result. And so you sometimes sit down in discouragement. You say: "It must be that I haven't the right kind of sickle; that I haven't gone into the right kind of harvest-field; that I don't know how to plow, and that I am entirely incompetent for the sphere to which the Lord has called me." Ah! Christian, in this sadness of heart you are only repeating the history of all who have gone before you; but remember this thought, that every effort put forth for Christ's sake will be successful, whether you witness the result or not. The seed of Gospel truth planted, will come up in a glorious harvest, may be twenty or forty years after you are dead. But the Lord gathers up all the tears of his dear children in a bottle, and he keeps them, and he remembers them; and no sigh over the obduracy of those who are around about you, and no prayer offered up for the redemption of the people, and no Christian counsel given on the street-corner, and no word of exhortation lifted in a prayer-meeting, but shall somewhere, somehow, at some time be gloriously successful.

A plain promise this—not a mere notion of ours: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Father met a black man along the road. The black man stopped him and said: "I wish to speak to you, Mr. Talmage. I suppose you don't know me?" "No," was the reply, "I don't remember you." "Well," says the man, "I haven't seen you for forty years; but, in the old school-house at Gatesville, I heard you say, about forty years ago, in one of your prayers, 'Thou God seest us,' and that thought I carried with me year after year. I couldn't escape from it. That sentence which I heard uttered by your lips, forty years ago, made me a Christian." And it

may be that the word of Christian encouragement that you spoke to-day, that the simple question that you asked some comrade along the street, will tell on eternal ages. Be not, therefore, discouraged. The day of reckoning will come, and all the greater will be the surprise if, having known nothing of our success in this world, when standing before the throne of God, we shall hear a great acclaim from a multitude who shall point to us as the instrumentality of their eternal salvation!

It is very different working in an enterprise where you expect to be defeated, from working in an enterprise where you know you are going to succeed. If we know we shall finally triumph, although there may be many disappointments and reverses, we keep our courage up all the way. Therefore, let us remember that we are going to be in the majority; that Christ is going to reclaim this world for himself; that all sin and darkness and suffering shall be done away; and that great procession will be formed in which will move the sons and daughters of light. The trumpet is only just beginning to marshal the Lord's hosts. The batteries are only just being planted. The war has scarcely opened. There has here and there been a little skirmish; but, after a while, God will mass the troops and bring on a general engagement, and then the victory will be decisive and universal.

SPIRITUAL ANÆSTHETICS.

SOME years ago, wandering through the streets of Edinburgh, Scotland, we were surprised to find photographs of the same face in almost all the public windows—the windows of stores and shops and hotels. They were photographs of the face of James Y. Simpson, the skillful physician, who had just died. Why was it that he was so beloved in Edinburgh, and honored through all Britain, and admired amid the most intelligent classes of the earth? It was because he had discovered the qualities and the adaptiveness of chloroform, and had found out the fact that men under that influence might be subjected to the severest surgical operation without suffering pain. All the hospitals and the sick-rooms of the earth might well thank God for that revelation. But long before Dr. Simpson revealed that medication as applied to physical disease, there had been found in the earth a spiritual chloroform that would put the Church of God into a sound stupor, under which it could have this grace taken away, and that attainment amputated, until it should be left a mere fragment of what God intended. The most important work now to be done is the rousing up of the Church of God from its state of somnolence and stupidity.

It must be a simple fact that multitudes of professors of religion in the churches to-day know nothing of practical religion. Among the original twelve who were around Christ there was one who came into condemnation and had no right to sit at the banquet—indicating that one-twelfth of those who profess the faith of Christ do not really possess it. Ay, we must go further with the statement, and say that if, in the times of trial, when the original disciples and apostles lived, and there was so much to test their faith; if, in the day of fire and sword, when it was such a hard thing to profess the faith of the Gospel—even then there was one-twelfth cast away, may we not solemnly

suppose before God and the Church that in this day, when there are no fires to test our earnestness, and it is comparatively easy to glide into the outside kingdom of God, there may be one-eighth or one-sixth professing the faith of Christ who do not exercise it. The subject is overwhelming, and leads each one of us to cry out, "Lord, is it I?"

There are reasons why it does seem that some who profess the faith of Christ do not really possess its power. If we understand the Bible aright it implies—yea, positively states—that the grace of God in the soul is a light, and we are told to let our light shine, and there is no indication that religion can ever be a dark lantern. If religion urges a man to active effort for the salvation of others, and a man having come into the Church of Christ shows no anxiety in regard the redemption of the people, there is not an awful suspicion against him?

BRIEF NOTES.

Last Sunday evening Dr. Talmage announced before beginning his sermon that the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had secured an extension of the lease of the Academy of Music in New York, for the Sunday evening services, as from present indications the New Tabernacle will not be ready for occupation before Easter. These services continue to be thronged with a crowd of people larger than the Academy will hold. Dr. Talmage has been in the habit of addressing those who cannot get in, from the Academy steps, after the usual exercises. As the weather has now become too inclement for him to do so, the publisher of this journal is trying to obtain the use of some public building in the neighborhood in which an overflow service may be held.

Evangelist Billings has closed a successful series of meetings at Ainsworth, Neb., and has begun work at Cowles.

Mr. Moody is spending several weeks in Chicago, preaching daily to crowded houses at his old-time "Moody Church" on Chicago Avenue.

The Russian epidemic, *La Grippe*, is again appearing in London. During the past fortnight four deaths have been directly attributed to that disease.

Mr. P. T. Barnum, of Bridgeport, Conn., on Thanksgiving Day deceded to the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, of which he is a member, a house and lot worth \$10,000.

Students from twenty-five New England colleges are to meet at Amherst during the approaching vacation for systematic Bible study. F. K. Sanders, of Yale, will conduct the classes.

Mr. Spurgeon has left London for Mentone. He had a smooth passage, and spent two days in Paris. When leaving London, he had not quite recovered from his recent attack of rheumatic gout, but is now decidedly better.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society on Dec. 4, it was stated that during the month of November grants of books had been made of the value of \$7,602. The issues from the Bible House during the same month had been 97,388 volumes making a total since April 1, of 676,956.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham, the Evangelist, has been called by earnest entreaty to accept the pastorate *pro tem.* of Dr. Lorimer's church of Chicago, for at least four months, when it is hoped Dr. Lorimer will be ready to occupy his pulpit. Mr. Needham will do Evangelistic and missionary work in connection with pastoral work in Chicago.

The Children's Aid Society of New York, reports an expenditure during the year of \$362,007. This includes among other items the expense of twenty-one Industrial schools, twelve night-schools, the support of lodging-houses in which 12,252 boys and girls were fed and sheltered, and the outfit and railroad fares to homes in the West of 2,851 children.

Rev. R. G. Pearson has concluded his Evangelistic services at Natchez, Miss. The *Daily Democrat* of that city says: "Natchez has never undergone such a stirring evangelical movement as has been witnessed since Mr. Pearson's arrival, increasing in interest from day to day, until the hours of service were looked for with eagerness by all classes."

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions announce that the advance in the price of silver owing to recent Congressional legislation will increase the expense of carrying on the missions in India, China, and Japan, by from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. For the coming year they will need \$548,000 to maintain the missions in the present state of efficiency without allowing anything for growth and development.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President's Message—Parnell's Great Fight to Retain his Leadership—Holland's Girl-Queen—The Copyright Bill Passes the House—Missionary Perils at Ponapi—Outrages in Armenia, etc.

President Harrison's Message to Congress was sent in to that body on the 1st inst. He announces that the country is at ease with all nations; congratulates it on its delegates being foremost in advocating measures for the repression of African slavery; reviews affairs in Central America and states that U. S. Minister Mizner exceeded his duty in permitting the surrender of General Barrundia, in the steamer *Acapulco*, while in the port of San Jose de Guatemala, and was therefore recalled. The message says that our relations with China have been a matter of much consideration and that a conventional regulation of the passage of Chinese laborers across our frontier has been proposed; it announces the ratification of the Samoan Treaty and its satisfactory workings; also the treaty of extradition with Great Britain. It intimates that the whole correspondence in the Behring Sea dispute will be shortly laid before Congress. The President declares that if the passage of the new Tariff Law has operated to the detriment of Hawaii, such a result was unintentional. He tells Congress that it will be asked to consider an extradition treaty with Italy. Turning to the finances of the country, he states that the surplus has been reduced to \$105,000,000, the revenues for 1890 have been \$403,000,000, and the expenditures \$15,000,000 more than in 1889. Our new navy, he declares, has made very satisfactory progress during the year. We should pay the Sioux Indians for the fourteen million acres of land ceded by them to the Government, as promptly as possible. Concerning the Tariff, he believes that the new law is entitled to a fair trial by the country, when it will be shown that it conserves the interest of trade and the workingman, besides enlarging our home market. He renews his recommendation for the establishment of an International Bank, and also for the passage of a Bankruptcy Law. He takes strong grounds in favor of an effective Election Law, fair to all sections, alike and says that legislation in this direction will not revive race animosities, as has been claimed. The Message was accompanied by the official reports of the various departments.

Parnell's Great Fight to Retain the Leadership of his party has become an international topic. Stirred to action by the clamor for his retirement, he issued a manifest appealing to the Irish people to sustain him, and criticising the policy of Home Rule proposed by Mr. Gladstone. He strongly resented the assumption of the Liberals in the British Parliament to dictate to the Irish members. The manifesto charged both Gladstone and Morley with bad faith, and was at once the means of drawing out letters from these gentlemen, repudiating Parnell's statements. The situation was further complicated by the action of the Irish envoys now in the United States, who, together with many other leading members of the Irish Parliamentary party in London, took action looking to the desertion of Parnell, or at least advising his retirement for the sake of their common cause. A stormy meeting of the Irish members of the House of Commons was held, Parnell being present. Although it was clear that the sentiment was against his continuance as leader, with the aid of his friends, he contrived to delay action. Parnell told them he had sent Justin McCarthy to Mr. Gladstone with an offer to retire, if Gladstone would give his written promise to support a true Home Rule Bill, when the Liberals returned to power, but this the ex-Premier refused to do, and would not recognize Parnell in the matter. The Parnellites next endeavored to effect a compromise by proposing again to approach Gladstone with an offer of Parnell's retirement, conditional on certain Home Rule pledges being given by Gladstone.

As the fight now stands, his opponents who are in his own party seem determined on his removal, and the selection of a new leader. Meanwhile, the Irish Envoys in this country have abandoned their tour and will return home, O'Brien and Dillon in all probability to cells in Clonmel jail, to serve out the terms to which they have been sentenced in their absence.

Over Two Thousand Doctors From All Parts of the world have arrived at Berlin, for the purpose of studying Professor Koch's method in consumptive cases. So great is the demand for information that the Berlin authorities have been compelled to notify new arrivals that it is impossible to accommodate them at the hospitals where they desire to study. Thus far, as Koch himself admits, there has been no positive cure following the application of the lymph. Dr. Levy, his first assistant, and Dr. Koeller, chief of the Berlin Charity Hospital, agree in the statement that the chief value thus far demonstrated has been its efficacy in diagnosing the presence of tuberculosis. Attacks have been made both in Germany, Austria and England on Professor Koch with the view of belittling his method, but the popular excitement over the discovery continues. Several packages of the precious lymph have already been received by American physicians who are now experimenting.

There are Now Two Baby Monarchs in Europe,



the King of Spain and the Queen of Holland. The former is now about six years old, while the latter (whose portrait is given in this column) is an interesting little girl of ten. On the death of her father, King William III., (chronicled last week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), the girl-Queen succeeded to the throne of the Netherlands, but until she is of age she will remain under the care of her mother, Queen Emma, as Queen Regent. The little Queen is a child of fair complexion and is said to be very amiable and sweet-tempered—a good augury for her subjects when she shall have begun to reign in earnest. She will be one of the richest women in the world, being heiress to \$4,000,000 left by her late brother, the Prince of Orange, and also to the possessions of her father, King William.

The Passage of the International Copyright bill by the House of Representatives last week, by a vote of one hundred and thirty-nine to ninety-five, is calculated to give the liveliest satisfaction to a very large class of publishers. It is what is known as the Simonds Bill, which was defeated by a very light adverse vote in the House last spring. It is now thought the measure will be favorably viewed by the Senate, when it comes up before that body.

A Man Who has Risen from Obscurity to a lofty position among his fellows is Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Fed-

eration of Labor whose portrait we give below. In something less than ten years, he has built



up by his splendid qualities of organization, a body of workmen which now aggregates little less than 600,000 members, representing every trade and calling in the Union. Purely a labor organization, the Federation has stood aloof from politics and has made its way by strictly refraining from meddling with slates and candi-

dates. Its annual convention shortly to be held at Detroit, will be very largely attended. One of the commendable features of the organization is its policy of opposing strikes, save as a last resort. Mr. Gompers is a native of England and a practical tradesman. He began to be known as a leading spirit in labor councils when fifteen years of age, and his progress has been constantly upward. He is about forty-five years of age, and is now serving his second term as President of the Federation. Like many other men who had few youthful advantages, he was taken from school at an early age and strove, by studying evenings, to acquire the rudiments of education. He strove to some purpose, for he has proved to be a capable writer, a strong debater and a sound orator.

Atrocities Almost Beyond Belief by Reason of their barbarity, are reported by cable from Armenia. Scarcely a day passes in which the Kurdish troops instigated by Turkish authority, do not let loose their fiendish passions on the helpless Armenians. Three of the latter were burned on grain-stacks at the town of Boulanuk; six were shot and robbed at Van, an Armenian, named Aletdjian was horribly tortured with red-hot irons and his tongue pierced with a dagger by these half-savage soldiers, who are encouraged in their man-hunting by the officials at Constantinople. Thus far, remonstrances from other governments have passed unheeded, but it seems incomprehensible that such offences against civilization can much longer be permitted by the European Powers.

Jesuitical Machinations in Ponapi, one of the small group of islands known as the Carolines, have stirred up the natives to hostility, and placed the lives of several American missionaries in peril. When the U. S. steamer *Alliance* called there lately, its commander found that a war had broken out between the natives and the Spaniards. The latter had craftily accused the American missionaries of fomenting the trouble, and as the missionaries were totally unprotected, the commander of the *Alliance* took them on board, and removed them to Oulan, another island of the same group. These islands are claimed by Spain, and the priests and Jesuits were embittered against the missionaries who had been received with open arms by the native population, being instigated in this opposition by the Spanish Government. The natives resented Jesuitical interference, and some three years ago, killed several Spanish officials, although the missionaries tried to prevent the attack. Mr. Doane one of the American missionaries, was arrested and placed on trial at Manila. The United States Government interfered and he was released, and returned to Ponapi, where he was welcomed by the natives. It now seems, from the latest dispatches, that the old strife has been revived by the Spaniards. The island has been the headquarters of the American missionaries for several years. At the time of the latest outbreak, there were besides Mr. Doane, Mr. Rand, Miss Fletcher, and Miss Palmer, engaged in missionary work.



THE BAFFLED ENEMY.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Job's Poverty and Bereavements—Blameless in Suffering—Sinless in Mourning—The Lessons of His Trial—I. The Main Thing in all Affairs—Not to Sin—Censure of Little Importance—Suffering Develops and Ripens—Satan Defeated—II. Fear of Sinning in Trial—Danger of Losing Patience—Of being Rebellious—Of Despair—III. Mourning Without Sin—IV. The Sin of Charging God Foolishly—V. The Honor of Victory.

"In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."
—Job 1 : 22.

THAT is to say, in all this trial, and under all this temptation, Job kept right with God. During all the losses of his estate, and the deaths of his children, he did not speak in an unworthy manner. The text speaks admirably of "all this;" and a great "all" it was. Some of you are in troubles many; but what are they compared with those of Job? Your afflictions are mole-hills contrasted with the Alps of the patriarch's grief. "All this"! He was suddenly reduced from a man of great wealth to a person in absolute poverty; from a happy father to a childless mourner. Who can measure or fathom "all this?" Yet, "In all this Job sinned not." Here was the triumph of a gracious spirit. Ah, dear friends! if God could uphold Job in all this, you may be sure that he can support *you*. Look to him for this divine support.

"All this" also alludes to all that Job did, and thought, and said. He was full of bursting with swelling grief, he shaved his head, and rent his garments, and he lifted up his voice unto the Lord his God; but "In all this Job sinned not." He rose up, for he was a man of action, a man of a sensitive and powerful mind, a man of poetic energy, who could not fail to express his emotions in striking symbols; but "In all this Job sinned not." This is a great deal to say of a man when you see him in the extreme of trial. If in patience he can possess his soul when all the arrows of affliction are wounding him, he is a man indeed.

I. Our first head shall be, in all our affairs The Main Thing

is, not to sin. It is not said, "In all this Job was never spoken against," for he was spoken against by Satan in the presence of himself; and very soon he was falsely accused by men who should have comforted him. You must not expect, dear friend, that you will pass through this world, and have it said of you in the end, "In all this no one ever spoke against him." I heard say of one man, "He was a man who never had an enemy." I ventured to add, "nor a friend." He has no friend who never had a foe. Those who secure zealous lovers are pretty sure to call forth intense adversaries. A man who is such a chip in the porridge that he never offends, is pretty sure to be equally flavorless in the other direction. The trimmer may dodge through the world without much censure; but it will seldom be so with an out-and-out man of God. Because he is not of the world, the world will hate him. To go through life without calumny is not a thing to be expected; but it is anxiously to be desired that we may go through every phase of joy or of sorrow without falling into sin.

Neither is it a chief point for us to seek to go through life without suffering, since the Lord's servants, the best of them, are ripened and mellowed by suffering. Amos, the herdsman, was a bruiser of sycamore figs—a kind of fig that never ripened in Palestine unless it was struck with a rod, and thus was bruised. I fear me, there are very few of the godly who will fully ripen without affliction. The vine bears but little fruit unless it makes the acquaintance of the knife, and is sternly pruned. I fear that much fruit will seldom be forthcoming without much tribulation. A high character might be produced, I suppose, by continued prosperity; but it has very seldom been the case. Adversity, however it may appear to be our foe, is our true friend; and, after a little acquaintance with it,

we receive it as a precious thing, the prophecy of a coming joy. It should be no ambition of ours to traverse a path without thorn or stone.

Remember, if the grace of God prevents our affliction from driving us into sin, then Satan is defeated. Satan did not care what Job suffered, so long as he could hope to make him sin; and he was foiled when he did not sin. He must have regretted that he tried him, when he found that he could not make him sin. I think I hear the friend muttering, "Give him back his camels; give him back his sheep; if by the loss of these his patience and resignation are made manifest." If he could not extract a rebellious speech from Job, the tempter had lost all his cruel efforts: his malice had spent itself without result. If he could not make the good man sin, nor charge God foolishly,

He Was Defeated,

and God was glorified. If in enduring your particular trouble, my dear friend, you do not fall into sin, you are more than a conqueror over him that hateth you. The arch-enemy will fly away confounded from you, if you are able to resist him while darkness covers your soul. If you conquer him in your hour of grief, you conquer indeed.

If you do not sin while under the stress of heavy trouble, God will be honored. He is not so much glorified by preserving you from trouble, as by upholding you in trouble. He allows you to be tried that his grace in you may be tested and glorified. When one Winstanley, years ago, built a lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock, he said that he was sure that it would stand any storm that ever blew, and he should himself like to be in it in the fiercest tempest that ever drove adown the Channel. It came to pass that he was in his own erection one night, and there came a tremendous blast, which swept him and his lighthouse clean away, so that he was never heard of more. He courted trial because he

Believed in His Work.

God permits trial because he knows that his grace has made us able to bear it. The lighthouse which was afterwards built on the Eddystone has had all manner of storms beating upon it, but it has outlived them all; and therefore its builder's name is held in honor. Even thus our God is glorified in every trial of his saints, when their grace enables them to endure with patience.

Remember, furthermore, that if you do not sin, you yourself will be no loser by all your tribulations. Sin alone can injure you; but if you remain steadfast, though you are stripped, you will be clothed with glory; though you are deprived of comfort, you will lose no real blessing. True, it may not seem a pleasant thing to be stripped, and yet if one is soon going to bed, it is no great consequence. It is no easy thing to part with wealth; but if thereby you are unburdened, the loss is a gain. A child of God may have the knife sharply cutting him, but if it only removes the superfluous wood, it may be of the utmost benefit to the fruitage of the tree; and that is the main thing. If the metal in the pot loses none of its gold, all that it does lose is well lost, and is, indeed, really gained. Though you be reduced in circumstances, what matters it, if you are enlarged in spirit? Though you be sick in body, what matters it, if the soul's health be furthered thereby? To sin would be terrible; in holiness is triumph. In all our affliction may there be no defection.

Danger of Sin in Trial.

II. And, now, a second thought arises out of the text. In all time of trial there is special fear of our sinning. It is well for the child of God to remember that the hour of darkness is an hour of danger. Suffering is fruitful soil for certain forms of sin. Dear friends, if you are approaching a season of trouble, watch and pray that, in entering upon trial, you may not also enter upon sinning. Many have sorely grieved their God by what they have said and done in the hour of sorrow.

For instance, we are apt to grow impatient. We murmur against the Lord. We think our

trial is too long, or that prayer is not answered when it ought to be. If God be faithful, why does he not hasten to deliver his child? In the olden time he rode upon a cherub and did fly yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; but why are his chariots now so long in coming? The feet of his mercy seem shod with lead. Petulance and complaining are sins which easily beset those who are severely tried. Men are apt to have bitter thoughts of God when he puts his hand into the bitter box, and brings out the quinine of sorrow.

Leads to Rebellion.

We are even tempted to rebellion against God. I have met with cases in which rebellious words have been uttered, and even spoken again and again. One said in my hearing. "God has taken away my mother, and I shall never forgive him. I can never think of him as a God of love as once I did." Such words will cause a child of God more pain than the loss itself occasioned. I heard one say of his dying child, whom I was called to visit, that he could not believe that God would be so unjust as to take his daughter from him. Indeed, he spoke so rebelliously that I, with all gentleness, but with deep solemnity of soul, admonished him that I feared the Lord would visit him for such proud speeches. It was clear that his child would soon die, and I feared that he would die himself, when the shock came, because he so stoutly quarrelled with the Lord. I said to myself, "A child of God cannot speak in this way about his Father without coming under further chastisement." It came to pass as I expected, and he himself was laid low. Grieved as I was, I was by no means surprised. How can we rebel against God, and hope to prosper in that rebellion? Oh, for grace not only to yield because we must, but because we trust!

May Cause Despair.

We may also sin by despair. An afflicted one said, "I shall never look up again. I shall go mourning all my days." Dear friend, why not be cheerful again? In the dark is the place for trust, not for despair. A child that is sullen will probably make for himself ten times more misery than the rod of itself would cause him. Who dares despair while God bids him trust? Come, if you are as poor as Job, be as patient as Job, and you will find hope ever shining like a star which never sets.

Men have been driven into a kind of atheism by successive troubles. They have wickedly argued—"There cannot be a God, or he would not let me suffer so." Beloved, you must not speak as the foolish do; and such speech is sheer folly. Your mouth would be greatly defiled if you were to vex the Holy Spirit. Has the Lord saved you, and will you speak against him? I have no time to say more where so much might be added. The Lord preserve us in trying times from sinning, either with heart or lip.

III. Notice, thirdly, that

In Mourning We Need Not Sin.

Hearken: you are allowed to weep. You are allowed to show that you suffer by your losses. See what Job did. "Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped:" and "in all this Job sinned not." The mother wept much over her child, and yet she may not have sinned: a mother's grief and a mother's love are sacred things. When a dear child is mourned over, those may have been not only perfectly natural tears, but even holy tears. The husband lamented sorely when his beloved was taken from him. He was right. I should have thought far less of him if he had not done so. "Jesus wept."

But there is a measure in the expression of grief. Job was not wrong in rending his garment: he might have been wrong if he had torn it into shreds. You may wear mourning: saints did so in other times. You may weep; for it may perhaps be a relaxing of your strained emotions. Do not restrain the boiling floods. A flood of tears without may assuage the deluge of grief within. Job's acts of mourning were moderate and seemly—toned down by his faith. I wish that Christians did not so often follow the

of the world at their funerals, but would try to make it clear that they sorrow not even as others that are without hope. You may wear sack so long that it becomes the ensign of rebellion against the will of the Lord.

Job mourned, and yet did not sin; for he mourned, and worshipped as he mourned. This is what I commend to you who are mourning at this time. If you must fall on the ground, worship there before the Lord. If your heart bowed down, emulate the holy ones who fall on their faces and worship God. I believe that none of the truest, purest, sweetest, and longest devotion has come to God from hearts that were breaking with grief. Remember, then, that in acts of mourning there is not, of necessity, any sin.

IV. But fourthly, in

Charging God Foolishly

We sin greatly. "Job sinned not," and the phrase which explains it is, "nor charged God foolishly." Here let me say that to call God to our judgment-seat at all is a high crime and misdemeanor. "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" Woe unto him that contendeth with his Maker. The Lord is absolutely sovereign, and he giveth no account of his matters. We are usurping fools when we pretend to sit in judgment upon the Judge of all the earth.

In the next place, we sin in requiring that we should understand God. Are you not content to believe him? The demand for explanation is unbelief. This is, indeed, making yourselves to be wiser than God. Let us bow before him without a question. He is Jehovah, and that ends the matter. He would have his children feel that what he wills is always best. Bow before God, and prostrate your desire and thought and judgment before his throne. What he does is wise and true and kind; and of this we are sure. We can very easily charge God foolishly, but we had better not charge him at all; for who are we that we should call the Eternal to account?

Some, however, will bring foolish charges against his love. "How can he be a God of love if he permits me to suffer so?" You forget that word—"As many as I tenderly love" (for that is the Greek word), "I rebuke and chasten." The more the Lord loves you, the more surely he will rebuke any and every evil that he sees in you. You are so precious to him, that he desires to make you perfect in every good work to do his will. God prizes you much, my sister, or you would not have to be so often ground upon the wheel.

To Take Away all Excrescences

and make the jewel of your soul to shine. "Oh," said a worldling to me when I was in great pain and weakness of body, "is this the way God treats his children? Then I am glad I am not one." How my heart burned within me, and my eyes flashed, as I said that I would take an eternity of such pain as I endured sooner than stand in the place of the man who preferred ease to God. Beloved, we are willing to take the divine love with every possible drawback that can be conceived: for the love of our Father is a weight of glory, and all the sorrows of time are but "light afflictions," and they last but for a moment.

Alas! At times, unbelief charges God foolishly with reference to his power. We think that he cannot help us in some peculiar trial. Throw to the winds such fears; they are unworthy of us, and dishonoring to our Lord. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Through flood and fire he will bring us in safety.

V. Lastly—as I must close in haste—to come through great trial without sin is the honor of the saints. If we are tried, and come forth from it naked as when we were born, we need not be ashamed; but if we come out of it without sinning, then the greatness of the affliction increases

The Honor of Our Victory.

"In all this Job sinned not:" the "all this" is a part of the glory with which grace covered him. Suppose that your life was all ease: suppose that you were brought up tenderly from a child,

well educated, left with a sufficient fortune to gratify every wish, happily married, free from sickness, lifted above care, grinding labor, and heavy sorrow: what then? Assuredly you could never be noted for patience. Who would ever have heard of Job, if he had not been tried? None would have said of him, "In all this Job sinned not." Only by his patience could he be perfected and immortalized. Suppose that your record should be: from birth a sufferer, throughout life a struggler; at home a wrestler, and abroad a soldier and a cross-bearer; and, notwithstanding all this, full of joy and peace, through strong believing: tried to the uttermost, yet found faithful. In such a chronicle there is something worth remembering. Discomforts and danger make men of us, and then we deal no more with childish things, but

With Eternal Matters.

The honor of a Christian, or let me say, the honor of God's grace in a Christian, is when we have so acted that we have obeyed in detail, not forgetting any point of duty. "In all this Job sinned not," neither in what he thought, or said, or did; nor even in what he did not say, and did not do: "In all this Job sinned not." We are apt to purpose that we will shut ourselves up in our own room, and never go out into the world again, or attempt to speak or act any more. Surely that would be a great blank, and a blot upon our lives. No! No! No! We must not say, "I will speak no more in the name of the Lord." Go on speaking, go on acting, go on suffering. Breast the wave, Christian! Swim to the other shore; and may God's infinite mercy be seen in bringing you there! Crowd your life with action, and adorn it with patience, so that it shall be said "In all this he sinned not."

I should like to say somewhat to some of you who are not God's people. Suppose I were to sum up your lives, and wrote it out in this fashion: "Was fond of gaiety; spent many days in frivolous amusement; was sometimes drunken; occasionally would use profane language," and so on. How falsely would I speak if I were to say, "In all this he sinned not!" Why, in all this you have done nothing else but sin. God has loaded your tables and clothed your backs, and kept you in health, and prolonged your lives, and in all this you have done nothing else but sin and act towards God foolishly. You have been the very opposite of Job. You have sinned in all your comforts and your mercies, and have never shown due gratitude to the blessed God, but have done evil against him. The Lord bring us all to his feet, and then may he help us in all future troubles to stand firm, and not to sin. Amen and Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Struggle With a Child.*

MERELY to force one will into subjection to the other is an injury both to the one who forces and to the one who submits. A hypothetical illustration may make this matter clearer. A father says to his strong-willed child: "Johnny, shut that door." Johnny says, "I won't." The father says "You shall." Johnny rejoins, "I won't." An issue is here made between two wills—the father's and the son's. Many a parent would suppose that in such a case the child's will ought to be broken, subjugated, forced if need be, under the pressure of the father's will; and the more conscientious the parent, the firmer is likely to be his conviction of duty accordingly.

It is such a point as this that the evil of breaking a child's will, instead of training it, finds its foothold in many a Christian home. The father is determined not to yield his will to his child's will. The child is determined not to yield his will to his father's will. It is the old conflict between "an irresistible force and an immovable body." In such a case, brute force

may compel the child to do that which he chooses not to do, just as the rack and thumb-screws of the Inquisition could compel the tortured one to deny a belief which he chooses to adhere to; but in one case, as in the other, the victim of the torturing pressure is permanently harmed, while the course of truth and right has been in no sense the gainer by the triumph. Oh, what if God should treat his children in that way!

What, then, it may be asked, should be done with such a child in an issue like this? It certainly would have been better, it would have been far better, for the parent not to make a direct issue by following the child's first refusal with the unqualified declaration, "You shall." But with the issue once made, however unfortunately, then what? Let the parent turn to the child in loving gentleness,—not then in severity, and never, never, never in anger,—and tell him tenderly of a better way than that which he is pursuing, urging him to a wiser, nobler choice. In most cases the very absence of any show of angry conflict on the father's part will prompt the child to choose to do that which he said he would not do. But if worst comes to worst (for we are here taking the extreme supposable issue, which ought indeed rarely, if ever to occur), let the parent say to the child: "Johnny, I shall have to give you your choice in the matter. You can either shut that door or take a whipping." Then a new choice is before the boy, and his will is free and unbroken for its meeting.

Be it understood, the father has no right to say, "I will whip you until you shut that door;" for that would be to deprive the boy of a choice, to deprive the boy of his will-power in the direction of his action: and that no parent is ever justified in doing. If the boy choose to be whipped rather than to obey, the father must accept the result so far, and begin again for the next time; although, of course there must be no undue severity in a child's punishment; even the civil law forbids that. The father as a father is not entitled to have his will stand in the place of his child's will; even though he is privileged to strive to bring the child to will in the same direction that the father's will trends.

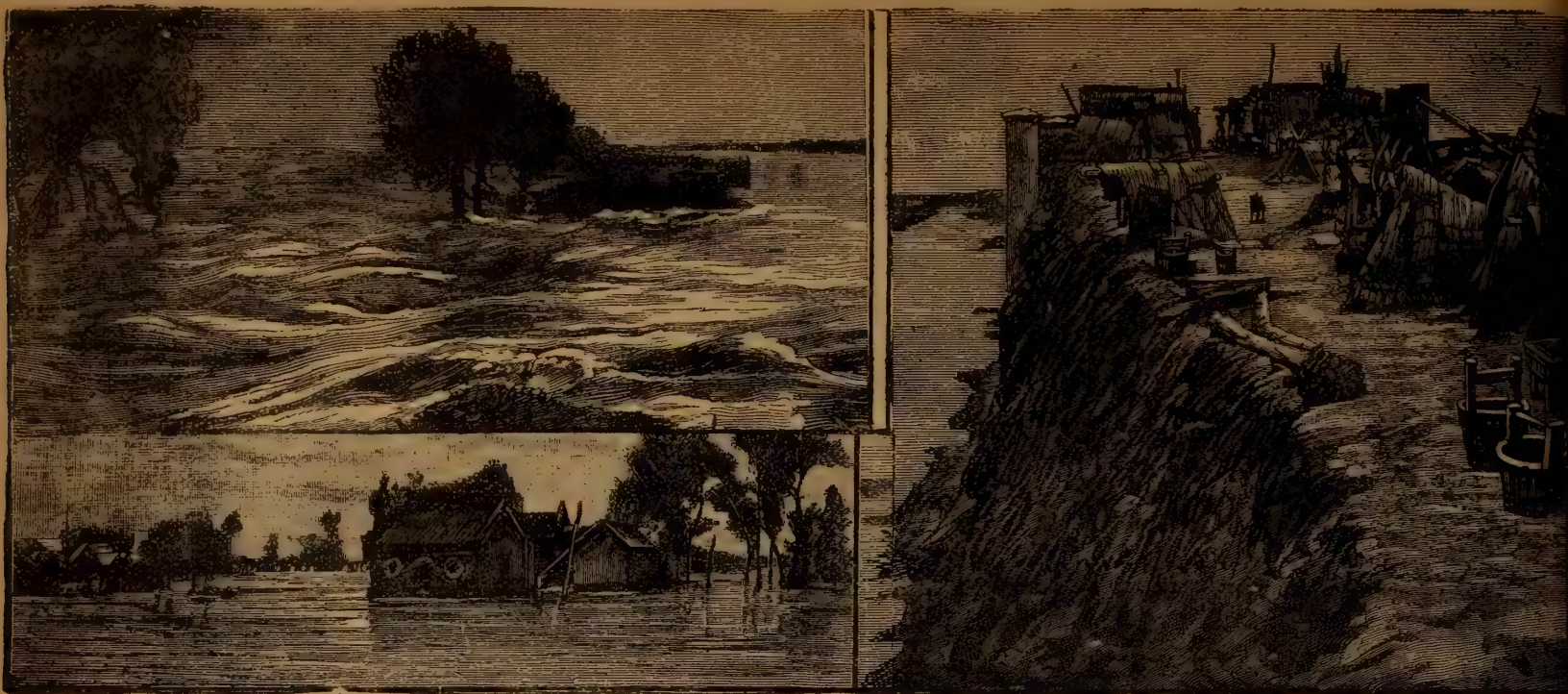
Children Who Tease.

Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley, was accustomed to say, of her children, that they all learned very early that they were not to have anything that they cried for, and so they soon learned not to cry for a thing they wanted. Who will doubt that John and Charles Wesley were stronger men, for this training, than they could have been if they were trained to look upon crying as a means of securing what was best for them? Who will doubt that Susannah Wesley was more of a woman, and more respected by her sons because of her unvarying firmness at this point, than would have been possible if she had frequently yielded to the pressure of their piteous crying for that which it was against her judgment to give them? Any parent who would apply this rule of Susannah Wesley to the matter of teasing, might be sure of a corresponding result in the children's estimate of the practical value of teasing. Any child who finds that he is never to have anything for which he teases, will quickly quit teasing. How simple this rule, for this department of child-training!

Trying a Temper.

A child knows when punishment is administered to him in anger, and when it is administered to him in a purely judicial frame of mind; and a child puts his estimate accordingly on him who administers the punishment. In a city mission school, many years ago, there was a wild set of boys who seemed to do all in their power to anger and annoy their teachers. Cases of discipline were a necessity there; for again and again a boy attempted violence to a teacher, and force was required to save the teachers from serious harm. But love swayed those teachers even when force on their part was a

*From *Hints on Child-Training* by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, a book full of excellent advice to fathers and mothers on a subject of immense importance to the welfare of the family, the Church, and the nation, by a writer whose ability and experience give him pre-eminent qualifications to speak on this matter. Pp. 311; price 5¢. Published by John D. Wattles, 1031 Walnut St., Philad.



The Floods in North China—Scenes in the Submerged Districts—"A Wall of Defence."

necessity; and the boys seemed to understand this fully.

There came a time, however, when the young superintendent of that school, who had often held a scholar in check by force, was made public sport of in such way, with the rude linking of a lady teacher's name with his in ridicule, that his self-control failed him for a moment, and he evidently showed this as he took hold of the offender with unwonted warmth. Instantly the boy started back in surprise, with the reproachful exclamation: "Trumbull, you're mad; and that's wicked." Those words taught a lesson to that young superintendent which he has never forgotten. They showed him that his power over those rough boys was a moral power, and that it pivoted on his retaining power over himself. It was theirs to get him angry if they could; but if they succeeded he was a failure, and they knew it. And that lesson is one that parents as well as superintendents could learn to advantage.

A DOUBLE CURE.

REVIVAL services were in progress in Kingston, Jamaica, and a gracious work was being done. Saints were edified, and many were added to the church. The services were conducted in the usual way, penitents being invited to the front of the auditorium after earnest exhortation. Scenes of excitement accompanied this special effort as a matter of course, and fastidious people turned up their noses at them, equally as a matter of course. Among the new converts was a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy and haughty woman, who forbade her daughter's attendance at the meetings, when she knew what had been going on and that her daughter had turned Methodist.

The young lady persisted in going to the meetings, however, and one night the mother started for the chapel with the object of bringing her home. Now it happened that the old lady was suffering at the time from a disease more or less common in the hot latitudes, the most distressing symptom of which is a great swelling of the lower limbs, which induces a very dignified carriage of the body, and is hence known as the "dandy."

With her dandified strut, the mother marched down the aisle of the meeting-house, "blood in her eye," intent only on compelling her daughter's return to the house, when the words of the preacher's exhortation arrested her attention, and she was overcome by conviction of sin. Dropping on her knees at the penitent form, she forgot her errand in her anxiety to find mercy, and before the service was concluded

ed she was numbered among the converts of the evening.

Simultaneously with the recovery of her sick soul, the new believer experienced a wonderful improvement in her health, and her song of spiritual rejoicing was accompanied with the glad shout: "Bless the Lord, He has cured me of the 'dandy!' He has cured me of the 'dandy!'"

THE FLOODS IN CHINA.

THE three pictures on this page are from photographs taken in the neighborhood of Tientsin, China, during the recent inundation. The two on the left are of scenes in the country near the Yun-ting River, and the Grand Canal respectively. That on the right represents "the defence wall" thrown up to stem the flood. On the top of it may be seen the huts in which some of the homeless people have taken refuge. These "defence walls" are generally doubled at the most dangerous points, one of them being nearly a mile farther from the river than the other, so that if the first bank is swept away by the current, the second bank may protect the country, after the intervening mile has been submerged. The banks are built of earth strengthened with piles and stalks. They are usually about eighteen feet high, eighty feet wide at the base, and twenty feet at the top. "They look massive enough," says Rev. Paul Bergen, a Presbyterian Missionary in China, "but when the water hurls itself against and over them there is nothing left but ruin."

The Hwang-ho or Yellow River is the one most dreaded. The vast low-lying plains on each side of it are inundated more or less every summer owing to the melting snows and the heavy fall rains. The most hopeless feature of the calamity is that the flood brings down sand and alluvium which it deposits in its bed and thus the channel is being gradually filled up. This increases the danger and protracts it. It is only a question of a few years when the bed of the river will be as high as the surrounding country, for the Hwang-ho firmly refuses to "scour its own bed."

In some districts the silt deposited on the submerged land is four feet thick so that after the waters have retired the houses, which have not been swept away, require so many changes to be made to them that they are almost valueless. The farms, too, are often spoiled. If the river deposits alluvium, they are improved, but if, as too frequently happens, it is a layer of sand two or three feet thick that is laid on the surface, the farmer is ruined. He generally

packs all he can save from the flood in a barrow puts his children on top, and followed by his wife, wheels it away to some place of safety, where he lives by begging until the flood subsides and he returns to his old home to find out what kind of farm the river has left him. Very often he dies from exposure and hardship. Mr. Bergen, the missionary before quoted, says that fifty refugees were frozen to death in one night near his station at Chinanfu. Some reach their destination, but are unable to make a living, and so beg their way back. Others return after having gone half way, and a majority succeed in establishing themselves in their new homes and make a living. The governors of Shanshi and Shenshi became alarmed at these ragged armies, desperate with want and weary of travelling, crowding over their borders, and so have prohibited further immigration. Multitudes of people remained at home, until land, houses, implements, animals, all and everything is sold for food, when they set out to beg, so that from Peking to Chining Chow, from Chefoo for a thousand miles west, the appearance of the Yellow River refugee is familiar.

The government is almost paralyzed by the extent of the calamity this year. Since August the number of homeless people is said to be counted by the million. They are found begging in all the surrounding provinces. Those who are content to remain near the scene of the calamity received from the Government a dole of bread and brown flour, and this encourages many of them to remain. The missionaries have made an appeal for help and a fund is being raised in this country and in England to furnish them with the means of aiding the unfortunate people. In the afflicted districts Christian work has had to give place to philanthropy; but there is reason to hope that the help now given will not be forgotten, but may lead to the missionary being as cordially welcomed in his capacity as a religious teacher as he is in his philanthropic character.

THE PALACE OF LOO.

(See illustration.)

THE death of the king of Holland, as already briefly mentioned in these columns, occurred on Nov. 24. He died at the Royal Palace of Loo, a picture of which is here given. It is one of the many fine buildings which are the boast of The Hague, the capital of the Netherlands. Its large library, its collection of archives, and its wonderful gallery of pictures, comprising some of the choicest works of the best Dutch painters, have made Loo famous throughout the world. But it is the historical

associations of the palace which have made its name familiar to all educated people. It was there that the great William of Orange, who became William III. of England, loved to dwell. There he laid his plans for thwarting his formidable enemy, the King of France; there he received the English envoys who entreated him to go and occupy the English throne, thither he went to consult his old friends of the States General, and there in the brief intervals of his troubled life, the great king, statesman, and general, recuperated his worn and feeble physical frame and his exhausted energies.

Lord Macaulay thus pathetically describes William's homesickness and his love of the old palace: "He saved England it is true; but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance, and quitted with delight. Whatever patriotic feeling he had was for Holland. There was the stately tomb where slept the great politicians whose blood, whose name, whose temperament and whose genius he had inherited. "In the gallery of Whitehall, he pined for the familiar house in the wood at The Hague and never was so happy as when he could quit the magnificence of Windsor for his far humbler seat at Loo. During his splendid banishment it was his consolation to create round him by building, planting, and digging, a scene which might remind him of the formal piles of red brick, of the long canals, and of the symmetrical flowerbeds amid which his early life had been passed."

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 782.)

WHEN Abram Hardale entered the office of Gabriel Grubb in response to the letter which had been handed to him by his niece, he found that legal individual absent on some errand connected with his craft. On the following day, therefore, he repeated his visit, and found on this occasion the man of law seated in his inner office, which he not inaptly called his "den." He was a short, thin man of middle age, wiry withal, like his reddish hair. The spectacles which bestrid his nose, or rather the place where his nose probably would have been if he had had one, were evidently constructed for very peculiar vision. When he had them on you could scarcely see his eyes at all, but only two discs of white light. These gave you the sensation of being looked into and read at sight, as though the glasses were magic crystals, and the eyes behind them belonged to a wizard of the olden time. He had a peculiar habit, this Gabriel Grubb, of listening with his head down, to what people had to say as though he was deeply engaged in pondering the construction of the floor; and then when the speaker paused, he would lift his head, fix on him the two white discs of light, pause full ten seconds, then say, "Just so."

On his lips those were two wonderful words. Sometimes they were a question; sometimes they were a sanction or endorsement; sometimes they were a sarcasm; sometimes they were the very dubiety of doubt; sometimes



The Palace of Loo Where the King of Holland Died.

they amounted to a flat contradiction. He did not seem to want any more words than those two for the expression of any opinion whatever; and when he wanted to say something without expressing an opinion he said "Just so," in a sphynx-like, inconsequent sort of way, that defied the cleverest listener to attach any meaning to it at all.

When Abram Hardale was ushered in by the lean, limp clerk, who opened the door, he at once disclosed his errand by saying, "You see I am not long in responding to your letter, Gabriel Grubb." The two white discs were fixed on the old carpenter's firm-set features, as he replied, "Just so."

"I came yesterday morning, almost as soon as I got your letter, but you were out—dunning some poor fellow for somebody else's money, most likely, eh?"

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb, holding his stubby chin between his finger and thumb, and thinking to himself that such an odd fish as Hardale was, was unusually ready to bite.

"Well, now that I am here—though why I should be such a fool as to come, I can't think, for I don't like your 'Won't-you-walk-into-my-parlor' kind of business—I should like to get by a short cut at what you want with me," said the carpenter.

"Just so," said the attorney, who was quite willing to be as waspish as his visitor. "And you would like to get by a short cut at what you want, Abram Hardale, or you wouldn't have come into 'Grubb's grab'em shop.' There, you see, I know whom I have to deal with, so we can come straight to the point at once."

"Right!" said Abram, with an emphatic nod. "Coming straight to the point is my way. What's this about Hazelcroft? That's the point, isn't it?"

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb. Taking down an imposing box of japanned tin, the lawyer took out a formidable-looking document and began to read: "The Hazelcroft Estate, situated on the North boundary of the Parish of Settleworth in the North Riding of the County of York, and adjoining the parishes of Thraffton, Snebworth, and Consterdale, and containing about 510 acres, 1 rood, 19 perches, be the same more or less—"

"Hold on, Gabriel Grubb, hold on. That isn't coming to the point; or if it is, you won't get there by Christmas. All that sort of useless gibberish is only an Abracadabra of mystification to impose on honest men. Cut it short,

tell me in a dozen words what Hazelcroft has to do with my niece and me. 'As the crow flies is much the nearest way to York.'"

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb, "only in this case it's Hazelcroft and not York, you want to get to; and between you and me, Abram Hardale,"—here the white discs were turned full upon him—"Hazelcroft ought to be in your niece's possession, and I can put her there. But she'll not get it as the 'crow flies.' The longest way about is often the nearest way home. You are fond of proverbs so I commend that to your careful study. A home like Hazelcroft is worth going to, even if you have to take a circumbendibus to reach it."

"Very well, then," said Abram, rising to his feet. "Our business is finished. Abram Hardale's coat-of-arms is a two-foot rule and his motto is straightforward. I go to my destination as the crow flies or not at all."

The carpenter took his hat from the dusty table—dust is closely allied with spider's webs—rubbed it off energetically, as if unwilling to take a particle along with him, and made for the door.

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb, oddly enough, "yours is a good road enough when there's nothing in the way, or when your wings are strong. I suppose you'll go home through the church." So saying he quietly arose as if to bid his visitor depart in peace.

"Through the church," said Abram Hardale, "what for? Besides, the gates are locked."

"Just so," said the lawyer, with a sly smile, "but that's the way the crow flies. A straight line from my office to your house passes directly through the church, and you don't go any other way, you know. I daresay a key would make it easy. Now there is, not exactly a church, but an obstacle, between your niece and the Hazelcroft estate. I say you can walk round it, but if you prefer to walk through it, Abram Hardale, I've got the key."

Here the two white discs were fixed again on the carpenter's grey eyes. The lawyer's hand was toying with a "charm" suspended to his heavy watch-chain, which he shook and fondled as if it were the key of which he spoke.

"Honor bright?" said Abram.

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb.

Abram Hardale looked steadily down on the white discs. They were steadily lifted to his face. He dearly wanted Nora to be mistress of Hazelcroft. He heartily disliked the thoughts of having dealings with Gabriel Grubb. "He who hesitates is lost." Abram was much given to proverbial philosophy; but that one did not enter his mind just then. He temporized, cogitated, and then resumed his seat deliberately, laid his hat once more on the thick coverlet of dust. What was the subtle influence possessed by Gabriel Grubb?

I think I can tell you what it was. It was Abram Hardale's pride and cupidity that led him to trust the lawyer after all his protests against "him and all his treacherous tribe." Abram was known to have a deadly dislike to all the legal race. And yet, here he was, vanquished by Lawyer Grubb's magic crystals and his wizard words—"just so." O dear, O dear, how easy it is to fool the wisest of us! The two conspirators remained closeted together for more than an hour. Whether the carpenter really knew much more

when he went out than when he went in may very well be doubted; but he thought he did; at any rate he thought that he thought so, and those of us who are not well versed in metaphysics may well rest content with that simple explanation of his frame of mind, after being under the influence of Gabriel Grubb's white discs for one whole mortal hour.

He seemed to have arrived at six principal facts. Fact first:—That the present proprietor of Hazelcroft had no good title to the estate. Fact second:—That the Mansfords were still the rightful owners of it. Fact third:—That all the Mansford family were now dead except his niece Nora. Fact fourth:—That Nora was the rightful heir to Hazelcroft. Fact fifth:—That Gabriel Grubb could prove all this to be absolutely and indubitably true, and, Fact sixth:—That being in possession of evidence that made her claim as clear as daylight, he, Gabriel Grubb, could put Nora Mansford in full possession of Hazelcroft, and so make her the mistress of a fortune that would bring her in a good \$3,000 a year.

Abram Hardale expressed his intention to gain his niece "her rights." "It is my bounden duty to attend to her interests, you know," said Abram Hardale.

"Just so," said Gabriel Grubb. "I think we have a clear case, don't you?" said Abram Hardale. "Just so," said Gabriel Grubb.

When the solicitor showed his new client to the door, the carpenter, anxious, perhaps, to have a legal assurance that should warrant him in burning his ships on the edge of the legal continent he was about to invade, asked the final question.

"Now then, honor bright, would you make this venture if you were me?" Then did Gabriel Grubb the little lift his crystal discs to the gaze of Abram Hardale the tall, and said emphatically, "Just so!"

The old carpenter carried his long, lean, stooping body home. As he went he thought of Hazelcroft, and of Nora and of George Appleton destined to be his successor in business and semi-destined in his own mind to take Nora as his wife. When his thoughts had reached this point his sardonic smile boded ill for that honest young fellow's prospects in the direction in which his heart would go.

Poor Abram! I am inclined to think that, with all his wisdom, he had never learned the proverb which saved the life of the Persian king. "Never begin that of which thou hast not well considered the end,"

The carpenter was too shrewd a man to speak of this matter of Hazelcroft to George or anyone else, but he was unusually thoughtful, and George had an idea that something unusual was on Old Crusty's mind. A few days after the talk with Grubb the young man was sauntering through the fields at eventide which was a favorite occupation of his, not only because of its restful influence, but because he was an earnest and even enthusiastic student of nature. But George was not studying nature on that day. He was thinking of Nora Mansford. More than once lately Old Crusty had spoken to him of young Towneley's evident partiality for his niece and with an absence of all sarcasm, vexation, or disapproval. Nay,

on one occasion he had gone so far as to say in a half-joking, half-serious way, "Well, who knows, Nora Mansford may one day prove as good as he."

Whereupon George said to himself with an extra heart-beat by way of emphasis:

"She is that now, and infinitely better than he can be, if he lives to the age of Methuselah."

And so George Appleton sauntered and chewed the cud of unpleasant reflection as he walked; and apart from any vain desires of his own, he wondered how he could circumvent the young gentleman, whom he knew to be unworthy, not of Nora's only, but of any other maiden's confidence and love.

All unwittingly, he paused, as he laid his hand on a stile he was about to cross, and heaved a great sigh, sad and heavy as the heart it came from.

"Strong language that!" said a clear and pleasant voice that had a kindly ring in it. Looking across the stile George found himself quite unexpectedly face to face with the mysterious stranger who had lately come to the "Hermitage," and who had been the subject of a good deal of gossip in the little country town. His friendly, grey eyes were fixed upon him, as he leaned with one hand on a trusty staff, and with the other stroked his beard, which was of considerable dimensions. He repeated the words, "Strong language that, my friend. One would fain try to change such a sigh into a song. Singing is better than sighing. Pity it is that so few of us know the way to do it."

There was something winning in the stranger's tone and mien, and George found himself smiling cheerfully as he responded, "Thanks, very many thanks, for your good will, at any rate. I'm afraid I was in the blues a little."

"Was eh? Well, then, that shows I have been of some service already. If you'll accept my company homewards, who knows?—the blues may give place to rose color or, what is perhaps better, to a sedate and sober grey," said the mysterious one.

Nothing loth, George Appleton turned to accompany him, and so it was that Richard Mansford obtained the coveted opportunity of putting the young carpenter under inspection for his niece Nora's sake.

"I say, young man," said he, striking the end of his stout staff upon the ground in his excitement, "What right had you to sigh as you did just now? What reason is there in it? How dare you? I should think the God of the daisies is equal to all your needs, eh? They are looking at you now by the thousand to suggest to you the Goodness that can hush your sighs and meet your needs whatever and how many soever they may be."

"True," said George reverently; "The Master himself taught the same lesson—'Are ye not much better than they?' My sigh, however, which seems to have impressed you was for another, and not for myself."

The shrewd stranger began to stroke his beard; a movement which seemed usual to him in his more thoughtful moments.

"Well," he said, genially, after a moment's pause, "Has God given us no warrant for hope and help for those in whom we are interested?"

Here his keen, yet kindly grey eyes were fixed on George's face; and when that young fellow met his gaze, his face involuntarily flushed a confession of the secret he would fain conceal.

Without seeming to notice his evident confusion, his companion continued:

"But here we are at my own gate. I don't often permit myself the pleasure of receiving company at the 'Hermitage,' but if you will come in, I shall be very glad."

"No, thank you," said George "I have already transgressed in staying beyond my usual hour. If I stay longer, then the best mother in the world would be making a moonlight excursion in search of a lost son, so good night, Mr.—?"

"Magrath," said the unknown with a smile, as he noted George's inquiring look. I forgot that we were not properly introduced. Out yonder in the b—. By the way," he said, shortly, as if unwilling to pursue that sentence further, "I did not catch your name."

"George Appleton," was the reply. "And now again good-night, with many thanks for a very pleasant walk, though a sigh brought it about."

"Mr. Magrath," as he had chosen to call himself, entered the gateway, saying to himself:

"George Appleton, you'll do."
(To be Continued.)

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BEAR ON, MAN! SWEAR ON!

Years ago the attention of the people was attracted by the drawbridge at Hull, England, which was raised by hearing a man on a barge in a most awful manner. A minister spoke to him, but without effect, and the bystanders waiting till he went down had to submit to the wounds. Presently a Quaker came with a loud voice called out, "on, man; swear on." The Minister expressed surprise that he should call a man who was blaspheming so to swear on. The Quaker said he had heard there was a great deal of bad language used by the man, and he wanted it to come from his mouth. Whether it was the oddness of the Quaker or whether the conscience of the man was touched, he was silent from that time. Instead of replying with abuse, he had been expected. Many months later one of the bystanders met the man at Hull, and asked him if he remembered when he was swearing to the drawbridge when the Quaker called him. "Yes, I do," he said; "and I have never passed my lips since." He had afterwards that the boatman had come an altered man, and the beginning of his change dated from the time the Quaker's strange advice arrested his attention.

FRANCE'S TREMENDOUS ARMY.

The total effective infantry of France consists of 162 active regiments or 486,000 men; 145 mixed regiments or 435,000 men; and 145 territorial regiments or 435,000 men. Added to these the Chasseurs, Zouaves, Algerian auxiliaries, Legion, and Marine infantry, it is estimated that out of the grand total thus far France can count not less than 1,000,000 men. That is, more than three hundred thousand men! That is, more than three hundred thousand men! That is, more than three hundred thousand men! Only five years after the war of 1870-71, and the recovery of France from that war, and the tremendous efforts which were then making to reorganize and retrain the army caused Bismarck and Moltke to say: "We shall have to be ready to despatch Lorraine for fifty years." And in 1890, this little sentence confronts the strategist, Moltke, the only one of the three since the death of the old emperor, and the political demise of Bismarck. A Political journal remarks on this matter: "There will be no Sedan six years after the beginning of the next war!"

CHILD SACRIFICED IN AFRICA.

McKITTRICK, a missionary at Luanda, writes: "While at breakfast a large party of mourners, going to a dissection to bury a child who died yesterday. The women were crying and wailing, and the continual noise on the drum was proclaiming to all the intelligence of the child's death. This of itself was only a small part of the sorrow. In the midst of the canoe was a healthy living child, and the dead body was laid, and as thus being taken to her own grave. To know what heathenism is in all its broad reality one must be brought in contact with it. The mere reading of the Bible is enough to awaken horror, and pity; but we realize the meaning of these terrible acts of cruelty when we see them perpetrated day by day before our eyes."



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We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

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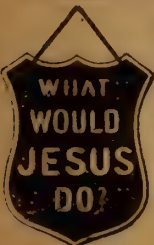
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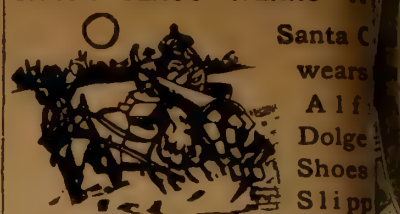
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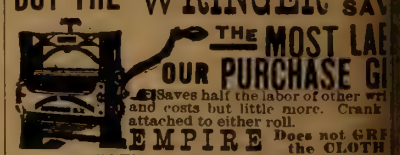
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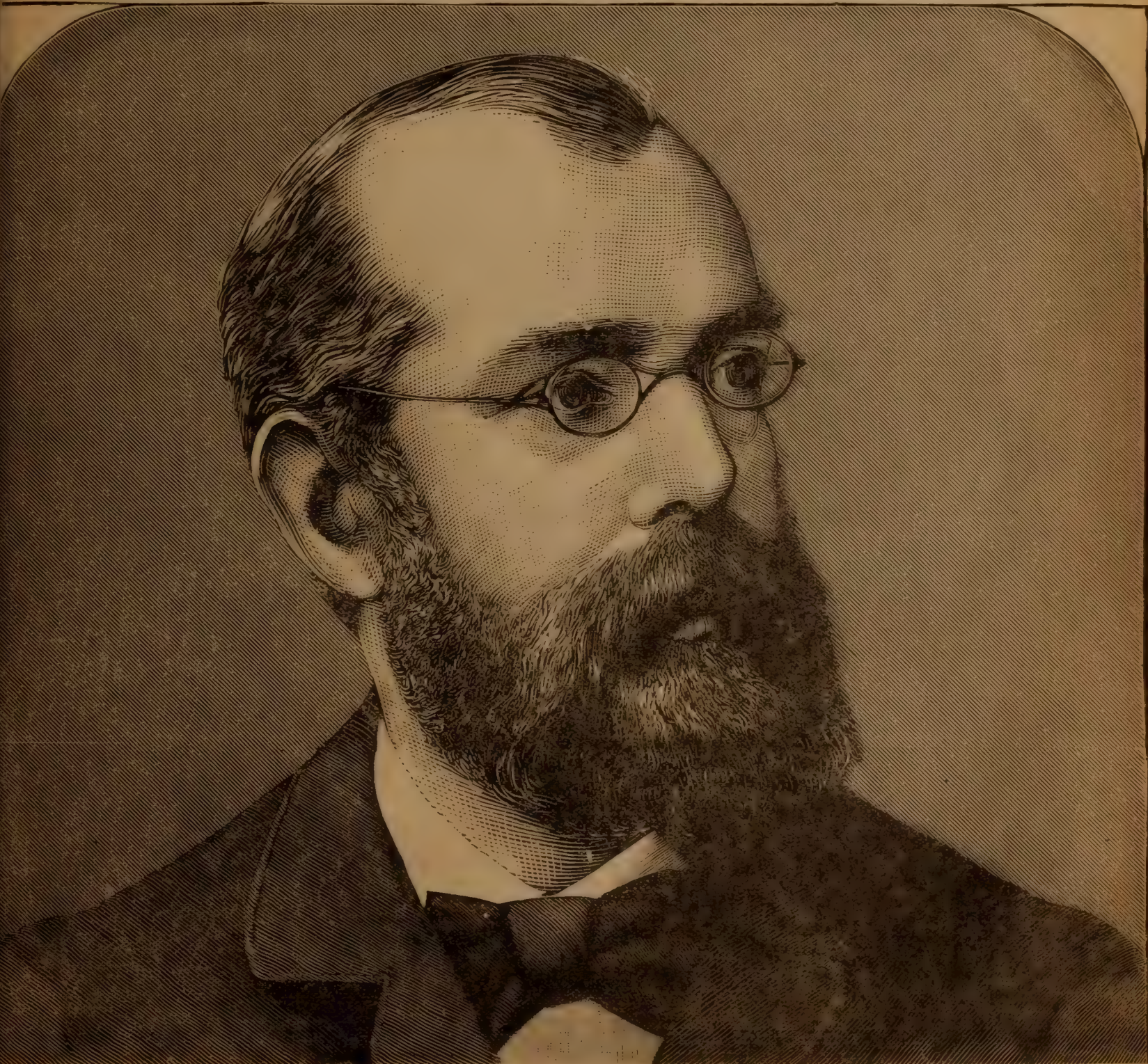
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PROFESSOR KOCH OF BERLIN, THE DISCOVERER OF THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

ACROSS MOUNT LEBANON.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1890, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A Stage Ride Up the Mountain—A Grove of Cedars—A Throne of Foliage Eighty Feet High—Punishment for Reckless Felling—Biblical References to the Cedar—Its Characteristics Typical—Deeply Rooted—Wide-Branches Christianity—The Growth in Bracing Air—The Hardships of Cedar-like Characters—The Fall of a Cedar—A Merciless Merchant—The Over-topping Cedar—The Tree of Life.

"The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." Ps. 104:16.



our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is four o'clock in the morning, at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives

on board within an apartment by themselves, and our party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half-strangled. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling on and out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down. We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy sceptre—the Lebanon cedar; a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The average height of this mountain is seven thousand feet, but in one place, it lifts its head to an altitude of ten thousand. No higher than six thousand feet can vegetation exist, but below that line at the right season, are vineyards and orchards, and olive groves, and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color, and fill the air with aromatics that Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cut his timber for the temple at Jerusalem, and where at one time there were one hundred thousand axemen hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed. But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, King of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the divine favorite. When the plains to be seen from the window of this stage in which we ride to-day are parched under summer heats, and not a grass-blade survives the fervidity, this

tree stands in luxuriance, defying the summer sun. And when the storms of winter terrify the earth, and hurl the rocks in avalanche down this mountain side, this tree grapples the hurricane of snow in triumph, and leaves the spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty feet high are they, the horizontal branches of great sweep with their burden of leaves needle-shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal, a throne of foliage on which might, and splendor, and glory sit. But so continuously has the extermination of trees gone on, that for the most part the mountains of Lebanon are bare of foliage, while I am sorry to say, the earth in all lands is being likewise denuded.

The axe is slaying the forests all round the earth. To stop the slaughter God opened the coal mines of England, and Scotland, and America, and the world, practically saying by that: "Here is fuel; as far as possible let my trees alone." And by opening for the human race the great quarries of granite, and showing



The Lebanon Stage Coach.

the human family how to make brick, God is practically saying: "Here is building material; let my trees alone." We had better stop the axes among the Adirondacks. We had better stop the axes in all our forests, as it would have been better for Syria if the axes had long ago been stopped among the mountains of Lebanon. To punish us for our reckless assault on the forests, we have the disordered seasons: now the drouths because the uplifted arms of the trees do not pray for rain, their presence according to all scientists disposing the descent of the showers; and then we have the cyclones and the hurricanes multiplied in number and velocity because there is nothing to prevent their awful sweep.

Plant the trees in your parks that the weary may rest under them. Plant them along your streets that up though the branches passers-by may see the God who first made the trees and then made man to look at them. Plant them along the brooks, that under them children may play. Plant them in your gardens, that as in Eden the Lord may walk there in the cool of the day. Plant them in cemeteries, their shade like a mourner's veil, and their leaves sounding like the rustle of the wings of the departed. Let Arbor Day or the day for the planting of trees, recognized by the legislatures of many of

the States, be observed by all our people, and the next one hundred years do as much in planting these leafy glories of God, as the last one hundred years have accomplished in their destruction. When, not long before his death, I saw on the banks of the Hudson in his glazed cap, riding on horseback, George P. Morris, the great son-writer of America, I found him grandly emotional, and I could understand how he wrote "Woodman, spare that tree!" the verses which many of us have felt like quoting in a belligerent spirit, when under the stroke of some one without sense or reason we saw a beautiful tree prostrated:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! The storm still brave!
And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

As we ride along on these mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches, and breathe their aroma, and cast their shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works, when he spoke of trees "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The psalmist says: "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," and in one of his magnificent doxologies calls on the cedars to praise the Lord. And Solomon says the countenance of Christ is excellent as the cedars, and Isaiah declares, "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon." And Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and Amos, and Zephaniah, and Zechariah, weave its foliage into their sublimest utterances.

As we ride over Lebanon to-day, there is a howling wind sweeping past and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest, which no doubt was suggested by what David had seen with his own eyes among these heights, for as a soldier, he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day on Lebanon. And perhaps while he was seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he wrote that wonderful description of a thunderstorm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

As the lion is the monarch of the fields, and behemoth the monarch of the waters, the cedar is the monarch of the trees. And I think one reason why it is so glorified all up and down the Bible, is because we need more of its characteristics in our religious life. We have too much of the willow, and are easily bent this way or that; too much of the aspen, and we tremble under every zephyr of assault; too much of the bramble-tree, and our sharp points sting and wound; but not enough of the cedar, wide-branched, and heaven-aspiring, and tempest-grappling. But the reason these cedars stand

ell is that they are deep-rooted. They run anchors down into the caverns of the mountain and fasten to the very foundations of earth, and twist around and clinch themselves on the other side of the deepest layer of rock they can reach. And that is the difference between Christians who stand and Christians who fall. It is the difference between a superlative character, and one that has clutched its hold deep down around and under the Rock of Ages.

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old, still standing, and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a staunchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity lead of being its demolition shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food, and then

ans for a long while to be thorough-sensible, there are some who will on Sunday such a religious sur- that the of the k, they em thor- hly dead all relig- emotion. ey weep church ler a char- sermon, t if on nday a bject of nt pre- its itself at door, the gar's safe- will de- entirely quick bs and an obstructed rway. It es all the ace they get to p them om com- ting as- lt and bat- y on those truders, to come

the pale faces and stories of distress and description papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A traveller measured the spread of the boughs of one of these cedars and found it one hundred and eleven feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen elders of Christian character that through their prayers, and charities put out one branch to the remotest parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying till all the earth is overshadowed with mercy. But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates and in the air, and in carefully watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight African to develop their arms. They must be the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted, and their forearms rightly lifted, and their arms rightly wielded. And if their be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it.

Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the Apostles, and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honeysuckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind. Men and women who hear this or read this, instead of your grumbling because you have it hard, thank God that you are in just the best school for making heroes and heroines. It is true both for this world and the next. Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned and canopied; graduate him from that into a costly high chair and give him a gold spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs enough for an arctic explorer; send him through a college where he will not have to study in order to get a diploma, because his father is rich; start him in a profession where he begins with an office the floor covered with Axminster, and a library of books in Russian morocco, and an arm-chair upholstered like a throne, and an embroidered

After a while a position on salary or wages small enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb. Starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while fairly on your feet, and your opportunities widening, and then by some sudden turn you are triumphant. You are master of the situation, and defiant of all earth and hell. A Lebanon cedar! John Milton on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy, must sell his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for seventy-two dollars in three payments. And William Shakespeare on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages, must hold horses at the door of the London theatre for a sixpence, and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality, and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Canova the sculptor must toil on through orphanage, modelling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble.

And the great Stephen must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments, and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and historians of the century. And Bishop Jones of the same church in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to



The Cedars of Mount Lebanon.

ottoman upon which to put his twelve-dollar gaiters, and then lay upon his table the best ivory cigar-holder you can import from Brussels, and have standing outside his door a prancing span that won the prize at the Horse Fair, and leave him estate enough to make him independent of all struggle, and what will become of him? If he do not die early of inanition or dissipation, he will live a useless life, and die an unlamented death and go into a fool's eternity.

But what has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness? "John get up and milk the cows; it's late; it's half past five in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth, and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes; it has been snowing and drifting again last night, and we will have to break the roads." The boys educational advantages, a long oak plank without any back to it, in country school-house, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat. Pressing on from one hardship to another,

America, and up to a usefulness, where in the bishopric, he was second to no one who ever adorned it.

While in banishment Xenophon wrote his *Anabasis* and Thucydides his "History of the Peloponnesian War," and Victor Hugo must be exiled for many years to the island of Guernsey before he can come to that height in the affections of his countrymen, that crowds Champs Elysees, and, the adjoining boulevards with one million mourners, as his hearse rolls down to the Church of the Madeleine. Oh, it is a tough old world and it will keep you back and keep you down, and keep you under as long as it can. Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!

Stand, as the anvil when the stroke of stalwart men falls fierce and fast.
Storms but more deeply root the oak whose brawny arms embrace the blast.
Stand like an anvil; noise and heat are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat, is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Thirty years from now the foremost men in all occupations and professions will be those

who are this hour in awful struggle of early life, many of them without five dollars to their name. So in spiritual life it takes a course of bereavements, persecutions, sicknesses, and losses to develop stalwart Christian character. I got a letter a few days ago, saying: "I have hardly seen a well day since I was born, and I could not write my own name until I was fifty years of age and I am very poor, but I am, by the grace of God, the happiest man in Chicago."



JOHN BUNYAN IN JAIL.

The Bible speaks of the snows of Lebanon, and at this season of the year the snows there must be tremendous. The deepest snow ever seen in America would be insignificant compared with the mildest winter of snows on those Lebanon mountains.

The cedars catch that skyfull of crystals on their brow and on their long arms. Piled up in great hefts are those snows, enough to crush other trees to the ground, splitting the branches from the trunk and leaving them rent and torn never to rise. But what do the cedars care for these snows on Lebanon? They look up to the winter skies and say: "Snow on! Empty the white heavens upon us, and when this storm is passed, let other processions of tempest try to bury us in their fury. We have for five hundred winters been accustomed to this, and for the next five

hundred winters we will cheerfully take all you have to send, for that is the way we develop our strength, and that is the way we serve God and teach all ages how to endure and conquer." So I say: Good cheer to all people who are snowed under. Put your faith in God and you will come out gloriously. Others may be stunted growths, or weak junipers on the lower levels of spirituality, but you are going to be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said of such as you: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

But while crossing over these mountains of Lebanon I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of the cedars does fall. It does not go down like other trees with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodsman look up, or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bough. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axemen fly. The wild beasts slink to their dens. The partridges swoop to the valley for escape. The neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch. The rocks are moved out of their places, and the earth trembles as from miles around all the ravines send back their sympathetic echoes. Crash! Crash! Crash! So when the great cedars of

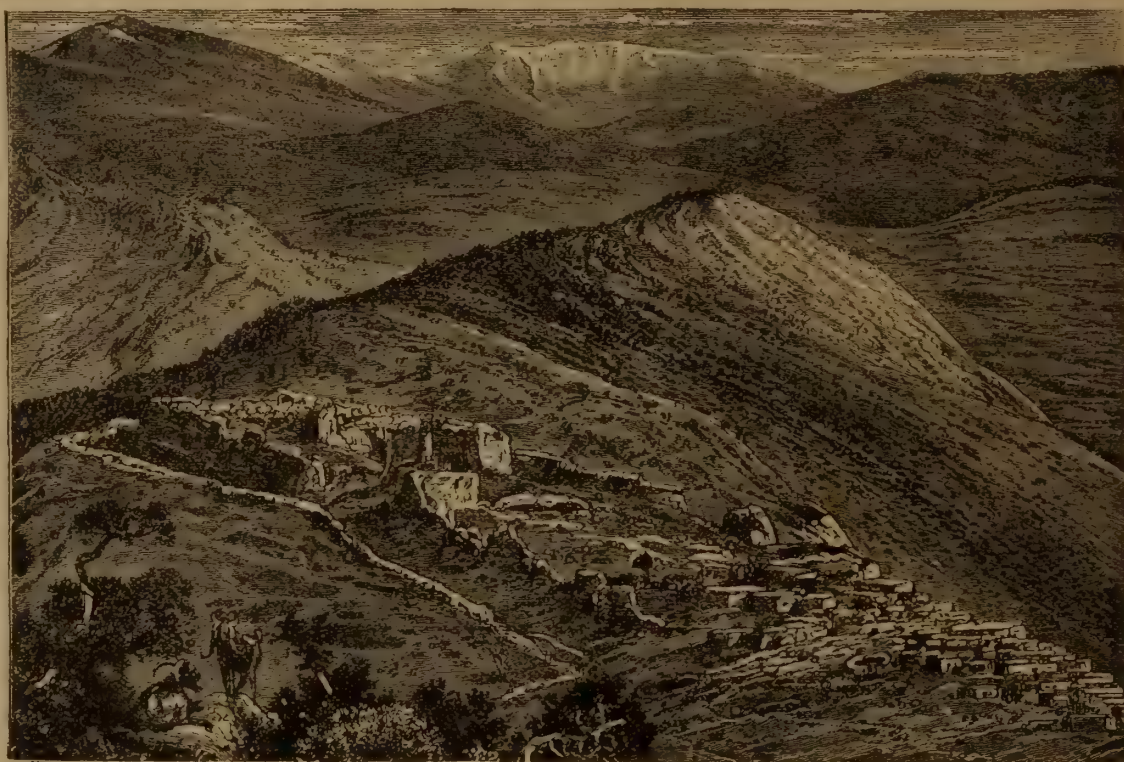
worldly or Christian influence fall, it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down. There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful. We are compelled to cry out with Zechariah, the prophet, "Howl fir-trees for the cedar is fallen!" Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down, the small dealers clap their hands and say "Good for him!" When a great political leader goes down the small politicians clap their hands and say "Just as I expected!" When a great minister of religion falls, many little ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved brethren, no one makes anything out of moral shipwreck. Not a willow by the rivers of Damascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive tree in all Palestine is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and tremble and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians when he

but poor family, a daughter was getting a musical education. She needed one more course



A WIFE'S APPEAL.

lessons to complete that education. The father means were exhausted, and great was his anxiety to help his daughter through her felonious act. He took some money from his employer, and going home to his daughter said, "There is the money to complete your musical education. The wife and mother suspected something wrong, and obtained from her husband the whole story, and that night went around with her husband to the merchant's house and surrendered the whole amount of the money. He asked for forgiveness. Forgiveness was denied, and the man was arrested. The judge, knowing all the circumstances and that the money had all been returned, suggested the merchant had better let the matter drop for the sake of the wife and the daughter. No! He would not let it drop, and he did all he could to make the case conspicuous and blasting. The judge says that afterward the same inexorable merchant was before him for breaking the law of the land. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. No congratulation, but tears when a cedar is fallen."



The Mountains of Lebanon.

says "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead, unless he be divinely protected. A greater thinker than Lord Francis Bacon, the world never saw, and he changed the world's mode of thinking for all time, his *Novum Organum*, a miracle of literature. With thirty-eight thousand dollars salary, and estates worth millions, and from the highest judicial bench of the world, he goes down under the power of bribery and confessed his crime and was sentenced to the Tower, and the scorn of centuries. Howl fir-tree for the cedar is fallen!

Warren Hastings, rising until he became Governor-General of India, and the envy of the chief public men of his day, plunges into cruelties against the barbaric people he had been sent to rule, until his name is chiefly associated with the criminal trial in Westminster Hall where upon him came the anathemas of Sheridan, Fox, Edmund Burke, the English nation, and all time. Howl fir-trees for the cedar is fallen! As eminent instances of moral disaster are found in our own land and our own time, instances that I do not recite lest I wound the feelings of those now alive to mourn the shipwreck. Let your indignation against the fallen turn to pity. A judge in one of our American courts gives this experience, In a respectable

him that standeth take heed lest he fall. No congratulation, but tears when a cedar is fallen."

Yet there is one cedar of Lebanon that always and always will overtop all others. It is the Christ whom Ezekiel describes as a good cedar and says: "Under it shall come all fowls of every wing." Make your nest in that great cedar. Then let the storms beat and the earthquake, and time end, and eternity begin, all shall be well.

In my journey up and down Palestine and Syria nothing more impressed me than the trees—the terebinths, the sycamores, the tamarisks, the oleanders, the mulberries, the olives, the myrtles, the palms, the cedars—all of them emblematic of so much of the Scriptures. At the time is coming when, through an improvement in arboriculture, the round world shall be circumsferenced, engirdled, embosomed, emparadised in shade trees, and fruit trees, and flower trees. Isaiah declares in one place "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," and in another place, "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree. Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Oh, grandest arborescence of a time. Begin! Begin!

I am so glad that the Holy Land of heaven like the Holy Land of Palestine and Syria, is

at place for trees, an orchard of them, a
ve of them, a forest of them. Saint John
them along the streets, and on both sides
River, and every month they yielded a great
p of fruit. You know what an imposing ap-
pearance trees give to a city on earth, but how
exalts my idea of heaven when Saint John
cribes the city on high as having its streets
its rivers lined with them. Oh, the trees!
trees! The jasper walls, the fountains, the
ples were not enough. There would have
n something wanting yet. So to complete
that pomp and splendor, I behold the up-
nching trees of life. Not like those stripped
es now around us, which like banished
astrels through the long winter night utter
ir dolorous lament, or in the blast moan like
t spirits wandering up and down the gale,
their leaf shall never wither. Whether you
lk on the banks of the River you will be
der trees, or by the homes of martyrs under
es, or by the heavenly temple under trees, or
ng the Palace of the King immortal under
es. "Blessed are they that do his command-
ments that they may have right to the Tree of
e." Stonewall Jackson's dying utterance was
autifully suggestive: "Let us cross over and
down under the trees!"

PROFESSOR KOCH.

Eminent Physician of Berlin, who is Believed to have
Discovered a cure for Consumption.

ON the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
this week is a portrait of the eminent
physician, with whose name all the civiliz-
world is ringing. As briefly mentioned
om time to time in our news columns, Pro-
fessor Koch has made a discovery which, he
s reason to hope, may prove an effectual cure
r consumption if applied in its early stages.
as now appears probable, his hope will be
alized, it will be a boon to the world which
ly those can fully appreciate, who have seen
me dearly loved relative fall a prey to the
ead destroyer. They have seen the physician
ake his head hopelessly and say, "It is con-
sumption," and when that diagnosis has been
oved correct, hope has been abandoned; for
e victim, no matter how wealthy or how pre-
cious, has been regarded as inevitably doomed
a lingering death. To such victims and to
ose who love them, the news of Prof. Koch's
scovery will be the gladdest tidings that could
e proclaimed.

Robert Koch was born at Klausthal, in Ger-
any, on December 11, 1843. He is therefore
ow forty-seven years of age. From 1862 to
66 he studied medicine at the University of
ottingen. On taking his degree he became
sistant-surgeon in the General Hospital at
amburg, and afterwards practised privately at
angenhagen, in Hanover, and at Rackewitz, in
osen. In 1872, having been appointed District-
urgeon at Wallstein, in Bomst, he began his
acteriological investigation, which soon made
m famous and led to his being appointed a
ember of the Imperial Board of Health. About
is time he discovered the "Farbenmethod,"
e color method of microscopical investigation,
y which he, in 1882, discovered the tubercle
acillus. This he was able to breed outside the
odies of animals, and by its means he produced
tuberculosis in animals. In 1883 he was ap-
ointed a Privy Councillor, and the direction of
e German Cholera Commission, which visited
gypt and India, was committed to his hands.
here, he discovered the so-called "comma"
holera bacillus, and was rewarded with a
ift of 100,000 marks (about \$25,000). Two years
ter he went to France to make further in-
estigations in regard to the cholera bacillus,
nd on his return was appointed Professor of
e newly-founded Institute of Hygiene in
erlin. Since then he has devoted himself
nceasingly to the study of bacteriology.

The science of bacteriology received its first
mpetus, if it did not originate, in the discovery
1850, of Dr. Davaine, a French physician, that
the blood of animals who died from certain

diseases there were "little sticks" or micro-
scopical algæ. Pollinder in Germany saw them
about the same time and published a descrip-
tion of them. Other discoveries soon followed:
many intellects were suddenly illuminated by
the wonderful key this furnished to the myster-
ies of disease, and the result was that different
microbes were successively discovered for the
different contagious diseases. The simplicity
and truth of the new doctrines quickly impress-
ed a large number of methodic investigators,
although at first many physicians opposed
the doctrine, denying the existence of microbes,
and subsequently, when they saw them for them-
selves, maintaining that they were not the cause
of disease, but were developed through disease
in the bodies of human beings or animals. The
fallacy of this argument was made apparent by
experiments which demonstrated that the pure
culture of the same microbe always brought
about the same disease, and this fact being in-
disputably proved, the ranks of the opponents
were thinned, and savants all over the world
began to study disease from the new standpoint.

Another step was taken when Pasteur dis-
covered the way to render these microscopical
germs harmless. He found that their power
could be attenuated by exposing them to the
air. The fresh microbes if injected into an animal
produced the disease and killed the animal, but
the attenuated microbe produced only a miti-
gated form of the disease, from which it recover-
ed. The thought occurred to him that the
principle of vaccination might apply in that
case; and he tested it by injecting fresh mi-
crobes which would kill, into an animal which
had undergone the injection of the attenuated
microbe. The animal bore the injection and
survived, though other animals which had not
undergone the prior injection were killed by the
same microbes. Thus the principle was estab-
lished which has been so successfully applied
by Pasteur to the prevention of hydrophobia.

Dr. Koch applied himself to the study of the
microbe found in the tubercles on the lungs in
cases of consumption, and in August last he
announced at the International Medical Congress
at Berlin that after repeated failures he had
found a substance capable of checking the
growth of the consumption bacillus in the hu-
man body. This is a lymph consisting of a
brownish transparent fluid, which is by its own
properties proof against deterioration. The
curative lymph does not operate through the
stomach, and therefore has to be applied by an
injection under the skin. The place selected
for applying the injection is the skin of the back
between the shoulder-blades and in proximity
to the lungs. The consumptive patient after
receiving the first injection has a shivering fit,
and the temperature of the body rises; there
are pains in the limbs and an increase of the
cough. After twelve hours these symptoms
subside, and the patient feels as well as before
the injection was administered. Other injec-
tions are made at regular intervals until there
is a prospect that the disease is eradicated.

Dr. Koch speaks cautiously of his discovery
and warns the public that a sufficient time has
not elapsed since it was made, to prove
conclusively that it does cure consumption
even in its earliest stage. He is sanguine but not
yet sure. Nevertheless the experiments so far
made have showed results so surprising that
physicians from all lands have flocked to Berlin
to study the treatment. There are nearly two
thousand foreign physicians now there accord-
ing to the reports. Some of the lymph has also
been brought to this country and several con-
sumptive patients have been treated with it.
Dr. Koch refuses to disclose his method of
preparing it lest unskillful or careless prac-
titioners may attempt to prepare it, and their
failure may bring it into disrepute. The an-
nouncement is made, however, that the secrecy
will not be kept up for sordid objects, but the
lymph will be sold at a price within the means
of the poorest sufferer. It is now to be obtain-
ed by physicians from Dr. Libbertz, 28 Luene-
burger Strasse, Berlin.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Woman's Sacrifice for her Country is De-
scribed in press dispatches from Russia. They
state that a girl named Sophie Guenzburg has
been arrested as a nihilist and condemned to
death. Her father is a large landowner in a
south Russian village. His daughter's unusual
beauty and brilliant talents suggested the ex-
pectation that she would marry some man of
high degree. He therefore gave her the best
education obtainable in his section. He intended
sending her to the University in St. Petersburg
to study; but just as she had passed the pre-
liminary examination and was ready to go, an
edict of the Czar closed the University against
women. Sophie was so grievously disappoint-
ed that she was sent to Germany to study. There
she distinguished herself. But she also imbibed
revolutionary doctrines and she determined af-
ter graduating to return to Russia to propagate
them. She obtained a position on her return
as a school-teacher believing that she could
serve her country in no more effective way than
promoting the education of the boys, and en-
couraging in them patriotism and aspirations
after liberty. The police soon heard of what
she was doing and she only escaped arrest then
by flight. She went to Switzerland, where she
was safe; but love of her country drew her
irresistably back into danger. She returned
and in order to divert suspicion, she made the
supreme sacrifice of her good name. She
registered herself as a vicious woman, though
she was pure and remains pure now. So brand-
ed she was an object of contempt and, not be-
ing watched, was able to disseminate her revo-
lutionary doctrines. After being at work a year,
she was detected and has been sentenced to be
hanged. It must have cost so noble a woman
a severe struggle to surrender her good name,
but she loved her country better than herself.
Her story has thrilled the whole world with ad-
miration of her self-sacrifice and moves even
men who hear with indifference the story of him
who "made himself of no reputation and took
upon him the form of a servant" that he might
save them from death. (Phil. 2: 7.)

A Tragic Temperance Lesson is Found in the
case of the inebriated wife of a hardwork-
ing farm-manager near Rahway, N. J., whose
inordinate love of liquor has sacrificed one life,
and brought herself to the verge of the grave.
The woman had three pretty children, and,
but for the slavish vice to which she was addict-
ed, might have had one of the happiest homes
in the State. After long terms of sobriety, she
would suddenly take to drinking, and while in
her cups, would wander away from home to the
neighboring woods. A few days ago she set
out to walk to Rahway, taking with her little
five-year-old Hannah, the golden-haired pet of
the family. The temptation returned to the
weak mother, and in Rahway she bought two
bottles of whiskey. These she began drinking
on the road, and in her stupid condition she
wandered off with the child from the main
highway. For three days she plodded about in
drunken fashion among the snow and ice,
never at any time more than a mile or two from
home. A search was made and the two were
found at last by the searchers, under a tree, a
short distance from the road, all covered with
snow. Little Hannah was dead, and the besotted
mother unconscious and badly frozen. She will
recover, but may lose the use of her lower limbs.
She is said to have been a kind and affectionate
mother when not under the influence of liquor
and the fact that she could be oblivious of her
child's sufferings and indifferent to her danger
and her own, shows how brutalizing that influ-
ence is. All the remainder of her life she will
have to deplore that she did not heed the
warning of the wise king. (Prov. 23: 29, 35.)

*The prayers of the readers of this journal are
requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor,
and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for
Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation
may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion
of sinners and the quickening of God's people.*

THE INSPIRATION OF THE ADVENT.

An Address by Rev. E. T. Hiscox, at the Recent Brooklyn Conference.

THE faiths men cherish mould their characters, and control their lives. Whether the object of such faiths be human or divine, they still work, with a silent pervasive force in him who believes, slowly but surely transforming the subject into the likeness of the object in whom that faith reposes. The transformation is in force and degree proportioned to the objective power of attraction which commands and holds them, and the subjective energy with which they work. A mere intellectual belief re-acts, and leaves its impression; the mind alone, or chiefly, directing its processes and fixing its habits of thought. But there is a deeper, more profound, more potent faith of the heart; "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." This faith, therefore, which through the operation of the Holy Spirit subordinates the heart, and brings the affections into the obedience of Christ, is the faith that works by love. Faith is no miracle, but it is a mystery in both its nature and operation. There is no saving efficacy in an act of faith, only as in it, the Spirit reveals Christ to the soul, and creates it anew in his image, giving it the ability to accept him, love him, rely on him, and obey him. Thus the saint and his Saviour are brought into a mystical, but vital union with each other, the divine making its impress on the human, through this subtle and sacred bond; while the soul, hid with Christ in God, lives its life in the flesh, by the faith of the Son of God, who loved it and died for it. By faith, Christ becomes "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." All this is

A Revelation to the Soul, and its transforming power works; for they all who contemplate the divine mystery of the new creation, realized within themselves, with open face, "beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

The faiths men cherish mould their characters and control their lives. This is particularly true as to their beliefs in the supernatural and divine. We grow toward our ideals. It is the constitution of our nature. Even friends in the intimacy of long-continued and loving fellowship, impress themselves on each other, till they become alike in thought and feeling, and manner and expression; almost in looks. The moral standards of the world are largely fixed by the character of the deities they worship, as they conceive them. It took the world four thousand years to learn that God was love, and only learned it then from him who came forth from the bosom of the Father to teach it and to preach peace on earth and good will to men. Then the moral code was changed, the world had a new ideal. Who can say that the reverential contemplation of that ideal shall not draw the moral instincts of unbiassed minds to an imitation of it? This ideal was realized in but one actual life in human history. Shall the world never have another? Shall that mystery of all ages, that marvel of the universe never be repeated?

Oh, That He Might Return!

Not shrouded in suffering mortality, but with unveiled glory, the glory he had with the Father before the world was. Shall the world never see that radiant form—that unveiled glory? Yes; every eye shall see him. The divine One shall come—is coming. That is fixed by the sure word of promise. On that rock rests our faith. He is coming to ransom his weary and waiting Church—to claim his waiting Bride. He is coming as a victorious chieftain comes to his courageous but exhausted squadrons, overborne by numbers, disheartened by treachery, as well as by deception and malice. His presence on the field of battle shall reanimate the fainting and the fearful. His trumpet-call shall gather the scattered forces and reform the broken columns; and the long-delayed victory

shall crown him, who in righteousness doth judge and make war, and on whose vesture and thigh are written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Who can tell what morning the white banner of the Coming King may be seen floating in the grey dawn of the eastern sky, bringing in Zion's long-expected day of redemption? Our eyes are yet to see the King in his beauty, walking the earth he came to save;

We Shall See Stranger Things

than the poet's fancy ever painted when this wrecked and wretched world shall receive its long-absent Lord. We shall see it, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth. We shall see his *parousia*; we shall see him, whom having not seen we love. He shall stand among men, not in lordly kingship only, but in loving fellowship as well. Now, if, as we have said, the faiths men cherish mould their characters and control their lives, what can make the soul more grand and lordly, what can fashion the character to a loftier type, of virtue, or shape the life to nobler deed, than faith in, and familiar contemplation of, these sacred and inspiring realities?

It is an inspiration to Christian endeavor after increased holiness, a more complete conformity to Christ in spirit and in life. By holiness I do not here mean that misty, subtle, intangible thing, which captivates the fancy and plays with the emotions, but that conformity to the divine standard of right which makes a man to be right and to do right—rectitude of character and of life. It is not possible that one can live in the joyful expectation of meeting his Lord and Saviour without an earnest endeavor to please him and be like him. "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." The saints shall bear his likeness when he shall be manifested, but in the meantime they are striving to become like him even here. "And now little children abide in him; that when he shall be manifested we may have boldness and not be ashamed before him at his coming." This is the first lesson which faith presents, "teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

It is also an inspiration to Christian endeavor for the promotion of

His Kingdom Upon Earth

before he comes to take possession of it. The kingdom of God is as a certain nobleman who went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. Delivering to his servants their commission and their capital to be invested, he said: "Occupy till I come." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Could there be any greater incentive to faithful obedience, to energetic activity than the knowledge of the fact that the absent Lord having received his kingdom would return and take account of his servants. It is the evil servant who says: "My Lord delayeth his coming," who becomes negligent of duty. While we arrogate nothing to ourselves, and claim no commendation for works of faith and labors of love, but rather sorrow that a faith so sublime has wrought so ineffectually in those who believe, yet we can appeal to the unanswerable logic of facts as to the power of that blessed hope. From the apostles down, all along the dreary track of the world's history, there has been one illustrious and unbroken line of workers and sufferers for Christ's sake, whose inspiration and comfort amidst their trials and toils has been the assurance of hope in Christ's second coming and personal reign with his saints on the earth. They did not expect that his coming would be welcomed in a Millennium accomplished, but that he would come to inaugurate it. And there are now on the world's great harvest-field, both at home and abroad, no more faithful and consecrated and successful Christian workers, than those who cherish

the hope of the Pre-Millennial advent of the absent, but surely coming Lord.

It is asked; "Then is not the Gospel a failure if it is not to convert the world?" Christ commanded the Gospel to be preached to all nations, but gave no promise of its immediate or remote result except that those who believed should be saved. It was to be preached among all nations for a witness and a testimony unto them. Every one who believed should be saved, and thus a people prepared for the Lord. The duty of God's people is plain, based on the unquestioned authority of his command and not on the possible or probable results of Christian labor. For the conversion of the world the Churches are not made responsible; that is the divine prerogative. But for the giving of the Gospel to the world they are responsible, since that they can do, and that they are commanded to do.

(To be Concluded.)

ROBERT OWEN'S PROBLEM.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Dec. 22, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Matt. 23: 20.

"I DON'T see that it makes any difference; none of the boys who have joined the church seem any better for it. They're just like they used to be." Robert Owen said this in answer to a teacher in the college, who was urging him to seek the salvation of his soul. Several of the boys in the same class with Owen, had been attending the meetings held in the town by a noted evangelist, and had made a profession of faith. Mr. Prior was anxious about Owen, and was having a quiet talk with him in his own room.

"If you could look into their hearts," Mr. Prior said, "you would see a great difference. When the Holy Spirit takes possession of a soul, whether it is that of a man or a boy, the change is so great that it is called, being born again. I wish you would pray for that change, Owen. It would be the making of you. Think what an awful thing it would be to be lost forever."

"Oh, yes, the minister at home used to try to scare me that way. I am not afraid. I know a man out in our town, who talked that all over with me. He says the boys who join the church are just as likely to be lost as anybody else. What you have to do, is to do right and then you won't be lost. That is what he told me, and I believe he is right."

"Well, do you always do right?"

"I try to."

"And do you succeed? I think I remember your being punished not very long ago, when you were clearly in the wrong."

"Oh, well, everybody does wrong sometimes. Those boys who have joined the church do wrong, too. Why, only yesterday, Evans—"

"Never mind others just now, Owen. Let us look at home. Why do you do wrong, ever?"

"I cannot help it. I mean to do right and that is a good deal. Sometimes you get provoked and sometimes you are off your guard. It is not often."

"That is to say you cannot do what you wish to do. It is a common difficulty. Everybody has to face it sooner or later. And there is not only the humiliation of failure, but there is the sense of wrong, the feeling that you might have done right if you had chosen; but you did wrong wilfully. Is it not so? Don't you feel to despise yourself when you have not come up to your own ideal?"

"Yes, that is so. But I shall get stronger. I am better now than I used to be."

"What is your standard, Owen?"

"Oh, to be fair and square, never to be mean, or tell a lie, or do anybody an injury."

"Well that is not a very high standard, though it seems to be higher than you can realize. Christ's ideal was a good deal higher than that. He said, for instance, we should love our enemies. Ever try to do that, Owen? Come, I know you have done as much fighting as any boy in the school—a little more than most. How do you feel to the boys who beat you?"

"Not very good. I don't love them; that's a fact."

"Then you see Christ's standard is a long way above the one you have set for yourself. Suppose you admit that we ought to attain it?"

"Yes; but it's awfully hard. It goes against the grain."

"You are right; and it is the grain that is the difficulty. Our nature is wrong and we are continually falling into wrong-doing, though I, and others of us, want to do right all the time. Think it over Robert, my boy. Solve the problem for me: How to do right when we are being drawn into wrong-doing continually."

The friendly teacher left the boy at this point, believing that the seed sown would bear fruit. A few days afterward he saw him again. It was a holiday, and the boy was going fishing. Mr. Moriah walked with him and sat beside him on the river bank. "Well, how are you getting on now?" he asked, "still trying to follow your friend's advice and do right?"

"Yes; it's the only thing to do; but it's hard. I don't succeed."

"And you never will, my boy; you are beginning at the wrong end. You have to get your heart right first. The conduct will come right then. If you *feel* right you will *do* right. Now, you are in earnest, as I think you are, try at way. Go to God and ask him to give you a new heart. He will if you ask him and you will be surprised to find how much easier your work will be. It is the only way to succeed."

"Is that what you call conversion?"

"That is it. When that change comes, in answer to prayer, and through trusting in Christ, you may hope to do whatsoever things Christ commanded, and that is the highest ideal we can conceive of."

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

S. LESSON FOR DEC. 28, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
REV. 1:8-20; GOLDEN TEXT, MATT. 28:20.*

The Effect of Adam's Fall—Consciousness of God Exchanged for Self-Consciousness—The Revelation to Abraham—John's Consciousness of Being in the Spirit—His Declaration of Brotherhood—His Vision of His Lord—The Anointed Senses—The Effect of the Vision—What Consciousness of God's Presence Produces.

THE presence of God! In the day that Adam fell, he surely died—his body and his soul lived on, but the Spirit which recognized the presence of his God, "the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible" (1. Pet. 3:4) died, and Adam became self-conscious instead of conscious of his God! The old oneness of interest, when God brought all the living creatures to Adam, that he might name them, was at an end; and a being intensely, painfully conscious of himself shrunk away from the voice of God among the trees of the garden! Self-life had developed with sin, and Adam was afraid of the presence of God! Self-consciousness blinds us to the presence of God; but nothing so delivers from self-consciousness as the known presence of God.

In the lives of an Enoch and a Noah, the reality of the presence of God became known again, they "walked with God." But in the life of Abraham we have a very practical illustration of the life to which God calls us in his very presence while we are here on earth. Abraham had been an idolater. (Josh. 24:2.) God revealed himself to him, and then called him to act as one to whom the presence of God was real, not a mere doctrine or article of faith. He must come out from country, kindred, and father's house, to a land which his unseen God would show him. Self-consciousness would have said, "I cannot act in a way which no one will understand; what will people say of me? How can I maintain my character as a man of common sense and business ability? How can I justify such a want of respect to the opinions of my relations?" God was real to Abraham, his

spirit was made alive, the presence of God was to him more overpoweringly real than all these human and earthly considerations; and so he proved his faith in God by

Acting Upon His Direction, leaving the consequences to him. By faith "he went out" from Ur of the Chaldees, "by faith he sojourned in the land of promise." Even when it came to the point of offering up his son Isaac, of whom God had said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called," Abraham was so sure that God could not fail him, that he "rose up early in the morning" to obey this inexplicable command, "accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead." If Abraham had yielded to self-consciousness, he could never have stood such a test. If he had looked at his own faith, he would never have found it equal to the task, if he had weighed his love for God against his love for Isaac, he would never have undertaken the journey to Mt. Moriah. If he had fallen back on his reason, and argued, "I am mistaken; it is a false impression, God never could have said such a thing," Abraham would have failed; but the presence of his God was so real to him that it silenced argument, and stilled all self-considerations. Abraham "believed God, who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." (Rom. 4:17.) He never considered what he was or was not. He "considered not his own body." (Rom. 4:19.) He was given over to God, that was enough; his work was to consider who God was, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:5.)

How do we come to God in our prayers? Is it with an attempt to feel that God is there? It is the Holy Spirit who makes us

Conscious of God.

No man can make himself feel the presence of God. We must "believe that he is," and then act upon that faith, putting off the shoes from off our feet, we must respect the presence of our God. A man who is conscious of the presence of God, to whom his presence is a reality, cannot just kneel down and utter a few words of prayer, and then get up and turn instantly to something else. He will wait upon the Lord to see if he has something to say to him. One who is conscious of God's presence in the Word, will pause in reading, that he who wrote may speak his words in living light into his soul.

The aged apostle John was in his presence. In the midst of his letter written to the Churches, from his Lord, he had just broken off to sing the wondrous song, "Unto him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Into a spirit thus absorbed by him, Christ comes abruptly, and declares himself, "I am the Alpha and the Omega, saith the Lord God, he which is, and which was, and which cometh, the Almighty."

John so lived in

The Presence of His Lord

that this was no interruption to him, just as his own song of praise made no break in his letter. The presence, the words of his Master could not interrupt him, he was always at his disposal. Oh, how real this letter must have been to its first readers when they saw from time to time the real sender breaking in with a direct word in this way! "The High and lofty One which inhabiteth eternity" covers all time, I am, I was, I come. In such a presence John speaks of himself, "I, John, your brother." All his past experience of his Lord gives him no higher place, he recognizes every child of God as his brother. Any little differences of progress, of experience, of usefulness, of position, where are they? In the presence of God, they sink into nothingness.

"And in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," John was a prisoner, but looking above the earthly authority which had laid violent hands on him to the King of kings and Lord of lords who had permitted it, he saw no other authority, recognized no other kingdom, dealt

with no other king. But in this kingdom, one characteristic was, above all, necessary—

Patience.

Paul teaches us to glory in tribulation because it "worketh patience." (Rom. 5:3.) James to "count it all joy" when we fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trying of our faith worketh patience (James 1:2, 3), and he tells us that patience must have her perfect work, "that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." There is no real patience where Christ is not recognized as King. When we consider what we are, what is due to us from others and how far we are of importance to the world or to the Church—the self-consciousness which makes such thoughts possible, brings us into another kingdom—that of self—and impatience and unbelief revive in such an atmosphere. John saw all things subject to him in whose presence he stood and lived, and what his Lord could permit, John could permit, too; as long as his Lord could wait, his disciple could wait, too, even though for his Master's coming.

"I... was in the isle that is called Patmos for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." He does not so much as mention that he was a prisoner, it mattered so little: bound or free, he was there as God's instrument. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet." John's were anointed ears. He had yielded himself to his God as one "alive from the dead," and his "members as instruments of righteousness unto God." By force of habit, heavenly sounds were more distinct to him, and more familiar than the sounds of earth; and the voice which, to one who did not know the presence of God, would have been inaudible, was to John as "a great trumpet." "And I turned to see the Voice." Eye and ear were alike anointed, alike at the disposal of his Lord. "And having turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one like unto the Son of Man." Christ and his Church filled the vision of this man who lived in the presence of his Lord.

John saw his Lord, no longer as the young man, crucified at the age of thirty-three; it was "the Ancient of Days," with hair as "white as wool," but his Lord, the same Jesus: "His eyes as a flame of fire." John could understand now how he could answer the thoughts of the reasoning Pharisees, and how from the mountain side he could see his disciples in the midst of the lake of Tiberias, "toiling in rowing." Nothing could be hidden from those eyes, and nothing is hidden now.

"And he had in his right hand seven stars, and out of his mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword, and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." To the eyes of a man in the immediate presence of God, the stars, "the angels [or elders] of the seven churches" (ver. 20) were all in the right hand of Jesus, held, kept, used by him to whom all power belongs. Was John puffed up by this revelation of Christ? No; he

"Fell at His Feet as Dead,"

"There shall no man see me and live;" the flesh, the human cannot stand before God, his glory withers self-consciousness. Only the dead, the crucified with Christ, the nothing in themselves, can exist in the presence of God. "And he laid his hand upon me, saying, fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore." (R. V.) The same presence which slays self-consciousness, dwells within us as the Living One, with us always, "even unto the end of the world." It is the presence of God and no power or experience of ours which is able to subdue the power of the enemy in ourselves or others. It was his presence with his people which conquered the enemies in Egypt and in Canaan, and it is only as recognizing and dwelling in his presence, free from the consciousness of self by his greater presence, that we can be ready for his appearing.

* This lesson is suggested by Mrs. Baxter for use in the Sunday schools in which the choice of a subject for Dec. 28 is left to the teachers.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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RECRUITS FOR THE PULPIT.

IN no profession or occupation has there been so marked a change during the present century as among the clergy. The old custom in New England was for a church to settle a minister for life. He came to it a young man, and he remained with it as he advanced through life to old age, until he died full of years and honors. His growth in experience was considered to increase the value of his services, both as preacher and as counselor, and his grey hairs were accounted a crown of glory.

All this has been changed. Go through New England now, and it is the rare exception to find an old clergyman who has spent his life in the same parish. What is more, it is seldom that one sees in the pulpit an old man. In the cities and large towns especially, the visitor is struck by the unusual proportion of cases in which the preacher is a man under forty, oftentimes apparently a man who has been but a short time out of the theological seminary. "What young men the ministers nowadays are!" one constantly exclaims; and then follows the question: "What becomes of all the old ministers?"

The question is answered in a recent communication, by "A Young Minister," in a religious contemporary of Boston. Quoting the remark of a deacon, that "we want a young man," and that "a man of forty would be of no use in this field—he is too old," the writer shows that this was no isolated case, by adducing the testimony of the manager of the Boston Ministerial Bureau, that "the churches now demand young men," and that "there are comparatively few chances to place ministers who are getting along in years, or even those who are in middle life." He also presents his own experience, which is a striking illustration of the tendency. He is a young man, just out of the theological seminary, and he has had calls from six churches. The reverse side of the picture is presented to us in the case of a minister about fifty years old, active and vigorous, a good preacher, in the full maturity of all his powers, who for a year and a half has been vainly seeking a church large enough to pay him a salary that will support his family—the sole trouble being that "he has passed the dead-line of forty."

It is not so in other professions. The young lawyer who averages a dollar a day the first year he hangs out his shingles in a lucky fellow. The young physician is fortunate if he takes in

enough the opening year of his practice to pay the cost of keeping his horse. On the other hand, the theologian of average ability can step from the seminary into a church that will pay him from \$1,000 to \$2,500 for his first year's services. But the lawyer or the physician finds his income swelling with his growing age and widening experience, while the clergyman too often finds himself virtually superannuated before he has reached middle life.

The change in the minister's tenure is accompanied by a falling off in the number of young men who enter the ministry. The percentage of graduates who enter the ministry has been for decades steadily and rapidly falling, not only at Harvard and Yale, but in smaller institutions of a more distinctively religious tone, like Brown, Amherst and Oberlin, at which last the ratio has sunk from two-thirds to below one-third.

Is it strange that such a state of things exists? Is it to be wondered at that college graduates look askance at a profession in which they see members held disqualified for service at an age when they should be just entering upon their prime? And can churches expect to attract young men into the ministry when young men see that a minister of forty is accounted "too old"? These are suggestive questions.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

MY pulpit table for the last two Sundays in Brooklyn and New York has been adorned with these queens of the floral dominion. For the past few weeks our public exhibitions have been ablaze with this foreign flower. Even people who had long ago decided that the Chinese must go, have generously decided that this Chinese plant may take possession of our gardens and hothouses. Thousands of citizens have paid for the privilege of looking upon these constellations of floral beauty. To walk among them has seemed like crossing a corner of heaven. We applaud this floral exhibition as indicative of elevated taste. He who in the Book of books compares himself to the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, no doubt approves of this decoration of our city. There is a possibility that the Rose, which has heretofore been considered the Queen of flowers, may be out-voted by the one thousand varieties of this Mongolian importation. Long live the Chrysanthemum!

Some fear that it will get to be a craze among our people, but there is no danger of that. If it were like wheat, something to eat; or like cotton, something to wear; or like coal, something to burn—it might get to be a matter of wild speculation; but as it is only something to look at, our practical people could not be frenzied with chrysanthemums. Yet it might be well to refer some of our floral enthusiasts to the tulip mania of Holland in the seventeenth century. A lawyer transplanted a tulip from Southern Russia, where it grows without cultivation, to Holland, and after the flower had grown in popularity for about seventy years, suddenly all Holland went into a botanical dementia. All classes of people began to speculate in tulips. Whole estates were invested in them. The Viceroy tulip, the Admiral VanDerey tulip, and the Semper Augustus tulip were the more valuable. Of this last variety one root was sold for \$1,840,000. The Government finally

passed a law forbidding the wild prices, but not in time to hinder the commercial ruin of all Holland. A sailor in Amsterdam one day picked up from a counter a tulip root; supposing it to be an onion, he ate it, and down his throat went a whole fortune, for which the poor man was seized and tried and imprisoned. The mania was so terrific that fragments of tulip so small that they had no vitality in them were bought and sold. An especial weight called the "perit" was established to settle the value of these infinitesimals. Nine great tulip exchanges were opened, and all the oil and *Morus multicalius* excitements of our own country put together did not equal that tulip mania which raged for three years.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Notwithstanding the improvements which have been made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the subscription rate remains unchanged. This applies to single subscribers, to clubs, and to ministers. In other words, the price remains the same as heretofore.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Thomas Needham is holding meetings at Warren, Pa. A deep interest pervades the town, and many conversions have been reported.

Rev. E. P. Telford's services at Century M. E. Church, Jersey City, have been much blessed. About two hundred persons have made a profession of faith.

The Societies of Christian Endeavor are arranging for the general observance of Feb. 3, 1891, throughout the United States and Canada as Christian Endeavor Day. Mrs. Bayeartz, a converted Jewess, has been doing evangelistic work in San Francisco, speaking nightly to crowded meetings at the First Baptist Church. She is now laboring at Sacramento.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth on Dec. 4th. He is still doing as much pastoral work and hard labor as at any time in his life.

Two million dollars have been bequeathed to various colleges in the will of the late Daniel B. Fayerweather, of New York, which was presented for probate last week. Bequests to the amount of \$95,000 were also made to the hospitals of the city.

Evangelist Charles Inglis has finished his work at Portland, Me. The large hall in which the services were held was well filled every Sunday. His Bible Meetings were especially well attended. He is now going to England for a visit, but expects to return in time for the summer work.

Dr. C. L. Mann, Chancellor of the University of the Southland, lectured on Dec. 11th in the 44th Street M. E. Church, New York, on an "Inside View of Southern Life." The audience listened to the lecture with deep interest, and, at the close, passed a resolution of approval on his work in Alabama, and commended it to the support of the Northern churches.

A union meeting will be held in New York at four o'clock each afternoon during the Week of Prayer, January 4-11, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. Announcements will be made of the church in which it is to be held. As but one meeting is to be held daily, it will not interfere with arrangements that may be made by any churches for the observance of the week.

Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Brownstone, Jamaica, W. I., passed through New York last week, on his way to Africa. He takes with him eight colored students from Jamaica, who are converted men and eager to engage in missionary work. He proposes to place them as volunteer helpers in regularly established mission stations, where they will be trained for independent work and be prepared to penetrate further and establish other stations. Dr. Johnston goes to Africa at his own expense. He is a regular physician with a good practice in Jamaica, and, in addition, does a great deal of preaching at various churches.

Rev. E. W. Oakes has returned from his evangelistic tour, in England. He has visited all the missions established in England and Scotland by Rev. M. Baxter, preaching a short time at each, and has also held conventions at central points for the promotion of holiness and the deepening of religious life. His success has been remarkable and God's blessing has attended his labors. His return has been hastened by an urgent call from his church at Manchester, N. H., the pastorate of which he resigned before going to England. They accepted his resignation with deep reluctance and have pressed their request for his return with an urgency he was unable to resist.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Will the World's Fair Open Sundays?—The Indian Messiah Craze—Aerial Navigation—Parnell's Desperate Fight—Missing Explorers—A Chinese Massacre, etc.

Will the World's Fair be Open Sundays?—This is a question whose agitation by all the Christian bodies in the Union seems imminent. At the recent meeting of the American Sabbath Union in Philadelphia, resolutions

were adopted endorsing many petitions for the closing of the Fair on the Sabbath. Des Moines was selected as the place for the next annual convention of the Union. Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, editor of the *New York Mail and Express*, was re-elected President. This mark of confidence in his administration was tendered although he announced that he did not wish the office again. Col. Shepard,



whose portrait is given above, is now in the prime of a most active and energetic career, and his wealth, social influence and personal activities are all enlisted in the cause of Christianity. He is a native of Jamestown, N. Y., about fifty-six years of age, and represents one of the richest families in America.

Parnell With the Desperation of a Drowning Man, still clings to his leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party. His persistency has split in twain what was, a month ago, a solid following and practically a political balance of power. Gladstone has thus far made no promises as to the Liberals' Home Rule programme. Meanwhile, there is no apparent possibility of a reconciliation between Parnell and O'Brien, Dillon, Davitt, and the anti-Parnellites who have accepted Justin McCarthy as their temporary leader. Parnell declares that the action of the forty-five members, in leaving the caucus of the Irish Parliamentary Party a week ago, makes reconciliation impossible, and that the next general election must decide whether he is to be sustained in the leadership. This may come in three months. At Dublin he spoke to a vast audience, urging them to stand by him in the fight. The forty-five seceders, who constitute the majority of the Irish Parliamentarians, issued a manifesto a few days ago, pronouncing the cause of Ireland lost if Parnell retained the leadership, and asking the country to decide. A somewhat similar manifesto has been issued by O'Brien and Dillon. One of the incidents of Parnell's Dublin trip was his visit to the office of *United Ireland*, where with the aid of a crowd of sympathisers, armed with crowbars, and the leader himself having one, he forcibly ousted the anti-Parnellite guard of eight men, expelled the acting editor, Mr. Bodkin, destroyed the articles in type, and seized the office. He then harangued the crowd from one of the office windows, declaring he would submit to no man's dictation, but would fight to the last.

Navigating the Air is To-day as Much of a matter for ridicule and scepticism as was the use of steam a century ago. Yet there are some hopeful, scientific souls who still dream of airships and a few of them have subscribed something less than twenty millions of dollars for the purpose of building a fleet of airships. The Mount Carmel Aerial Navigation Company is the title of the prospective conqueror of the upper element and E. J. Pennington is the inventor of a machine which will start in a few weeks on the first experimental trip from St. Louis to Chicago and thence to New York. The airship is two hundred feet in length and the cabin is of aluminum. Half a dozen of the stockholders will show their confidence in the

safety and reliability of the machine by ascending on the trial trip.

Fears are Entertained for the Fate of the Arkell Exploring Party now in Alaska. Over two months have elapsed since they had communication with the outside world from Nushagak, a remote station, which had been reached only after a toilsome and perilous journey of 1,500 miles in birch canoes, and miners' boats up the Yukon River by portages to the Kuskokwim River. At the latter point, the hope of getting transportation on some fishing vessel was disappointed. On this memorable trip the party visited innumerable Eskimo villages, mapped 3,000 miles of practically unknown territory and collected much valuable material. An attempt was to be made to reach Kadiak Island by crossing the Alaska Peninsula before the winter ice was formed, but the result is unknown.

News Comes Simultaneously of the Impending promulgation of the Anti-Jewish law by Russia next month, and of the great meeting in London in behalf of the persecuted Hebrews in the Czar's dominions. The new law forbids the leasing or mortgaging of any real estate to Hebrews, and compels them to sell all such property now held by members of that race. Jewish artisans are deprived of certain rights and kept strictly within fixed residential lines. At the London gathering the Lord Mayor presided and the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ripon and other notabilities spoke. A resolution was adopted petitioning the Czar in behalf of the oppressed race.

Although an Indian War now Seems a Very remote possibility owing to the formidable display of strength made by the War Department, which has inspired a wholesome respect among the dancing Utes and Sioux, there still is much agitation over the red-skin "Messiah" craze. It is now believed that the disaffection has spread to the Canadian Indians and that they will join in the dancing. General Miles will command the troops at Pine Ridge, where every-



thing is quiet and where a number of the Indian leaders in the agitation have been arrested. Meanwhile, the scare has had a lamentable effect on the settlers in many parts of the new Western Country, and they are banding together for defence, as in South Dakota, Oklahoma and elsewhere the Indians are threatening trouble. The Utes who have till now been quiet, have caught the Messiah craze, and are preparing to dance, the settlers near the reservation being equally determined to resent the first attempts at depredations or violence. Johnson Sides, the originator of all this tumult among the red men, and who is said to have been put forward by the trouble-making chiefs as either the Messiah or his forerunner, is a mild-looking, peacefully-disposed Indian of about 35 years of age. He was partly educated at one of the missions. His portrait, (in this column) shows a rather intelligent, somewhat heavy face, and the expression of anything but a "bad Indian." Sides, who claims to have been translated to heaven in a trance, has been merely a tool in the hands of cunning leaders, and through his visions, and his enthusiasm in telling of them, has been made the innocent medium of spreading an excitement which came very near embroiling the country in an Indian war.

Heathen Fanaticism in China has Resulted in another frightful massacre. According to the cable, the natives of Long Ting Tsin, in Chung, belonging the Lee Huy Ses Society, became incensed against the native Christians of the place, doubtless being instigated by the priests. They inquired of their "gods" if it would be safe to plunder the Christians, and the pagan deities, by the crafty lips of the priests, gave approval of the plan. Accordingly a raid was made which resulted in the capture of considerable plunder. Unsatisfied, the raiders again attacked the Christians in overwhelming num-

bers and this time left over twenty dead bodies as evidences of their hatred of the "new religion," and its devoted martyrs. An attack was afterward made on the Christians of another neighboring village, but the alarm had been given and the intended victims all escaped, with the exception of a single unfortunate, who fell beneath the swords and knives of his brutal assailants. China claims to be among the oldest of civilized nations; yet here is a record which even the savages of Central Africa could hardly parallel for bloodthirstiness and fanaticism.

One of the Few Men Whom Professor Koch has fully entrusted with the secret of his wonderful lymph preparation is Professor Von Bergmann, whose portrait is given in this column. Since



the beginning of these remarkable experiments Professor Bergmann has been the constant associate and helper of the great investigator at the hospital clinics and in the quiet study which the Professor calls his "workshop." He has had the duty assigned him of sending the lymph abroad and some of

the packages have already been received and their contents used on consumptive patients in this country, although it is impossible as yet to tell the result. Analysts everywhere are striving to ascertain the ingredients of the lymph. In Paris, it is confidently asserted that it has been successfully analyzed and found to contain the ptomaines of tubercular bacilli (a poison as virulent as the venom of a serpent,) cyanure of gold and glycerine. Prof. Koch, finding his own time almost wholly required in experiments, has entrusted to Professor Bergmann with Drs. Levy and Cornet as assistants, the army and pauper hospital wards where patients are being inoculated in large numbers.

Something Like Order has at Last been evolved from the somewhat chaotic condition of the World's Fair Managers' programme. Commissioner John Boyd Thatcher states that the two Boards are now working harmoniously. It has been settled that the art department, music hall, and spectacular features will go on the Lake front, and the Government, mechanical, horticultural, and live-stock exhibits in Jackson Park. The competitive system of premiums will be abolished in all except the live-stock department where \$250,000 in premiums will be awarded. Parchment certificates accompanied by bronze medals will take the place of premiums elsewhere, \$25,000 to \$50,000 being appropriated for the medals.

The Body of General Grant will Remain in its present sepulchre at Riverside Park, New York, the House of Representatives having rejected the resolution introduced by Congressman Plumb, of Texas, to remove the tomb to Arlington Cemetery. The concluding speeches which apparently decided the fate of the resolution, claimed that the General had made New York his home, had meant to live and die there and that it would be as much a desecration to remove his bones now as it would be to remove those of Washington from Mount Vernon or Jackson from "the Hermitage."

A Novel Method of Abolishing Titles has been suggested by a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Moreau. He has introduced a bill taxing very heavily titles of every sort. A Baron must pay 5,000 francs a year for the privilege of so signing himself; a Viscount, 10,000; a Count, 20,000; a Prince, 100,000, and any title with the prefix "Your Highness" carries with it a prohibitory tax of 200,000 francs. The scheme is amusing the French capital, but few people there seem to take it seriously.

"The Christian Herald" Binder.—Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar.

FEVER AND ITS CURE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Fever in Peter's House—The Lord's Coming—The Healing—I. Spiritual Fevers very Common—Begin with Restlessness—Sometimes Intermittent—Cause Thirst—The Fatal Brain Fever—II. Arise from Many Causes—From Dwelling in the Lowlands—From Stagnation—From Poor Diet—III. Mischievous in any Form—Bring Pain—Spoil the Beauty—IV. One Who Can Cure Them.

"And he arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house. And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought him for her. And he stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and it left her; and immediately she arose and ministered unto them."—Luke 4: 38, 39.

PETER was of Bethsaida; but yet he had a house at Capernaum. Is it not highly probable that he had moved there to be near our Lord's headquarters, to hear everything that he said, to see all his miracles, and to yield him constant attendance and service? I think it was so. In his house, Simon willingly entertained his wife's mother, which is presumptive evidence that he was a good man, willing out of love to run risk of discomfort. We have evidence that his wife's mother was a good woman; for the moment that she was healed, she arose and ministered unto them; whereas, in too many cases, an invalid and aged person would demand to be waited upon. She was a blessing to any house, for she evidently lent all the strength she had to the work of the family. I know just such women, whose very life is to minister to others. Happy Peter to have such a mother-in-law! Happy mother-in-law to have such a son!

Good as the tenants were, sickness came to the house. But then, it so happened—and it so happens always—that just

When the Trial Came, Jesus came, too. As our tribulations abound, so do our consolations. I have often noticed that when we are exceeding glad, some ill news will hurry up to calm our excitement. On the other hand, when we are exceeding sorrowful, the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, causes a sense of peace and rest to steal over us, and sustain us. How often have I found the divine presence more consciously revealed, and more sweetly sustaining in the hour of trouble than at any other season! I would not invite the fever to my house; but if Jesus would come with it, I would not be alarmed at its approach. If we do see our Lord riding on the pale horse, we will welcome the horse for the sake of its rider. Come, Lord Jesus, come how thou wilt; but suffer not the trial to come alone!

When Jesus came, they told him of her. Make a practice of telling the Lord about all your family concerns. Bring sicknesses and other troubles to your best friend. Do it at family prayer, but do it also at your bedside alone. If Jesus has come to stay with you, he will not hold himself aloof from your anxieties. He comes with his great sympathetic heart to be afflicted in your afflictions. So Peter and the rest told Jesus of the good woman who was bedridden with fever, and at once the Lord Jesus went into the room, and brought his divine power to bear upon the disease, that she might be at once restored. He stood over her; he rebuked the fever; he took her by the hand and lifted her up, and in a moment the fever was gone, and she was not only well, but strong.

I. Let me, first, remind you, that **Spiritual Fevers are Common.** A fever begins with a kind of restlessness. The patient cannot be quiet, nor be at ease in any position. He is not pleased with anything for more than a moment. He cannot help it; he is tossed to and fro, and is like the troubled sea. He suspects everybody, and has confidence in nothing. Are there not many who are in that condition with regard to spiritual things? Their religion is a question, rather than a doctrine—an experiment and not an experience.

This restlessness affects them with regard to temporal things, too; they are always anxious,

doubtful, timorous. There is that excellent woman, Martha. She is here to-night, but she has felt three or four times in her pocket for her keys. She is half afraid that an accident will happen to the baby before she gets back. She is anxious about everything she can think of, and anxious about some things she has not thought of. Evidently she has

The Domestic Fever upon her, and rest is completely out of the question. She must worry and fidget: there is no consoling her. I know what it is as a minister to feel very feverish about the characters and proceedings of the members of the church. I have been told that farmers are very liable to the weather-fever. It is either too wet or too dry. There may be good times for the root-crops; but then, it is bad for the corn. Merchants have the speculative fever, and workmen the strike fever. Some of you tradesfolk are wonderfully feverish in reference to your shop and your stock-taking. Will you, after all, have a good season, and make a fair profit? When a man falls into that state, although we do not call in a doctor, there is great need to call in the heavenly Physician.

The influence of fever is seen in other ways. It is intermittent, and makes the patient change from hot to cold. Feverish persons love a religion of excitement. They are eager and impatient, omit repentance, and leap into a false security. Their zeal is not according to knowledge; and so it is fierce as the blaze of thorns under a pot, and it dies out as soon. This fever heat soon turns to a chill; and they shiver with dislike of the very thing they cried up so loudly. They are

As Cold as They Were Hot; and they turn to be as hot as they were cold. A strange fever is upon them, and you know not where to find them. The steady warmth of vital principle, intelligent faith, true love to Christ, and zeal for the conversion of souls, has little in common with the fever of fanaticism. May God grant that we may always have the warmth of healthy life, but may we be saved from being delirious one day and lethargic the next! Religious inflammation is the dangerous counterfeit of holy zeal. Be as hot as you will; but do not turn cold directly, or else we shall tremble for you.

A worse kind of fever, perhaps, is that which shows itself in thirst of different kinds. Some suffer from the yellow fever of avarice: they thirst for gold-water, and the more they drink the more the thirst consumes them. They rise up early, they sit up late, they eat the bread of carefulness, and all they long for is to gain and hoard. They are all hack and hurry, toil and turmoil, woe and worry. The deadly yellow fever is upon them—they must lay up much goods for many years, and add field to field till they are left alone in the earth. God save his people from even a touch of this fever!

Alas, alas! I have to mention one other fever which is a kind of gastric fever,

A Fever of the Stomach! It always comes to men who have degraded themselves below the brutes by intoxication. When they seek to abstain and quit the cup, a drink-fever hinders them. Some imagine that it is an easy thing to escape from drunkenness; but it is not so. Those who are now true children of God have given us an awful description of the hankering which came upon them months after they had given up the drink. Often it seemed to them nothing but a miracle that they kept clear of the temptation: they felt as if they must drink or die. O dear friends, have great pity upon the drunkard in his struggle to escape.

Yet one more fever I would mention. There is one which I may call brain-fever—a very common disease nowadays. Persons cannot be satisfied with the old doctrines of the Gospel; they must have something new. They do not know that in theology nothing new is true, and nothing true is new. God has given us a faith which he once for all delivered unto the saints, with no intent that it should ever be changed. Do

you think that revelation is imperfect, and that we are to improve upon it? After all, then, it is not God's revelation that we are to believe but our own deductions therefrom, and our own improvements thereupon. God forbid that we should fall under such a delusion! If this fever is upon any one of you, may the cooling hand of the Holy Spirit, and the sobering influence of a divine experience, bring you back to spiritual and mental health again. These fevers are as common as they are fatal. If you, dear hearer, have not suffered from them, many others have done so, and we are anxious for their cure; therefore, we would bring them to Jesus, who can rebuke the fever, and heal them.

II. Secondly, these fevers

Arise From Many Causes.

Peter's wife's mother may have been smitten with fever through the undrained and boggy spots around the Sea of Galilee, especially where the Jordan makes a marsh. She dwelt in a low spot, where the air was full of malaria, and the fever pounced upon her. Ah, Christian people! if you live below your privileges, if you live in the marshland of worldliness, if prayer is neglected, if the Bible is not read, if the great truths of the Gospel do not fill your meditations, if you sojourn much among ungodly folk, and make them your companions, you are living in a low situation, where you will get one or other of these fevers before long. If you climb the mountains of confidence in God, and dwell near to God, and rest your souls upon him, the fever will soon vanish; but if you continue in the hollows of unbelief, and the damp places of worldliness, you will grow more and more anxious and restless, and will thirst for evil things.

A second great cause of spiritual fever is allowing things to stagnate. The moment the sanitary authorities cut drains, and let the waters run out of the land, and carry away the filth, the fever begins to abate. Stagnant water breeds miasma, and fever is sure to come. When the waters are no longer putrid, but have free course, then

The Source of Fever

is taken away. Many people get into a feverish state through having everything stagnant! You do not teach in the Sunday School: your teaching power is stagnant. You never go out to the village station to preach: your talking power is stagnant. You have nobody to pray for: your intercessory power is stagnant. Everything about you is still and stale. You have nothing to live for, nothing to do; and therefore your whole being is shut up within itself, and this breeds mischief. The Lord help you to cut a good wide drain, and let your life run out to some useful purpose, instead of hoarding it up by selfishness. Spiritual fever soon disappears before holy, unselfish activity.

But, worst of all, fever is often born of filth. I suppose that even excessive heat would not produce it, if it were not for decaying matter which, in rotting, gives out evil vapors and deadly gases. There is nothing more putrid in the natural world than sin is in the moral world. I charge you, children of God, be clean in yourselves and your surroundings. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." It is hard to

Avoid Contact with Evil

in these days; but yet we must aim at it. Our public walls disgust us with indecencies of the most staring kind; they make us blush for the times. We can, however, keep ourselves from the resorts of the frivolous, the vicious, and the drunken; and I beseech you, as you love the Lord, and as you desire to be healthy in his sight, stand not in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scorners. Run not with the multitude to do evil. Come ye out from among them: be ye separate: touch not the unclean thing, for then God will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be his sons and daughters. The corruption which reeks around us has the dread tendency to breed fevers in our minds of the most perilous kind; we must, therefore, use our utmost endeavors to keep ourselves disinfected by the grace of God.

Not to leave out any one thing which may instruct us, I would remind you that fevers are often caused by poor diet. Persons have not enough to eat, and the fever germs fructify in their weakness. With many Christians the meal seems to be one spiritual meal a week. Every morning is the occasion for baiting the religious horse. Your very respectable Christian person goes out to worship on Sunday morning; but at no other time. What does he do on Sunday afternoon? This deponent sayeth nought. What does he do on Sunday evening? He is at home taking his ease. At a prayer-meeting, some time ago, one brother prayed that the Lord would bless those who were at home "on days of sickness and on sofas of well-ness." The last words were unexpected, but very edifying. Certain of our friends practice the art of tarrying at home; but I fear they do not provide the spoil. They

Live on One Meal a Week.

Would any of you, who are doing this, oblige me with a trial of this regimen in reference to your bodies? Will you only eat on a Sunday morning? You shall take what you please at that one meal, and consume as much as you wish of it; but you must have only that one meal till next week. Do you decline the experiment? I think you are wise. I should not expect to see you here often to report your experience. I feel sure you would break through the regulation before it had reached its full result. Therefore, I pray you, do not carry out the experiment of spiritual starvation, lest you die the operation. This neglect of heavenly food brings many Christians into so low a state that spiritual fever readily fastens upon them.

III. Thirdly, and as briefly as I can, this fever, in any of its forms,

Is Mischievous.

What does it do? Well, fever puts you altogether out of order. You cannot precisely say where a fever begins or ends, or in what organ it operates most powerfully; for it puts the whole system out of gear. Nothing is right. You feel as if you could not sit, or lie, or be quiet in any position. You cannot do anything, and yet you must be doing. Now, when a soul gets into the fever of unbelief, and fear, and anxiety, the system is in general disorder. The prayer is fevered; the song languishes; the patience fails; the service drags. The mind is like a harp whose strings are out of tune. It is a mischievous thing, this fever—mischievous to every faculty. And then it brings pain and misery. In the commencement of a fever, pain is usually felt in the joints and other parts of the body. If I am fearful and anxious, I am in mental pain. If I am doubting and dreading, I am in pain. If I am fretful, irritable, petulant, murmuring, I must have pain; and hence it is an evil thing to be overtaken by a spiritual fever.

Mental fever takes away his beauty from the Christian. A man who has a fever has his features pinched and drawn. A practised doctor can tell when a patient has the fever by the very look of his face. Looking at his eyes, and other features, he says, "This man has a typhoid fever upon him. I am sure of it." Are there not some Christians who do not look as they used to look?

They are Ill-humored,

or timid, or fretful, or hasty, and all through the inward fever. Their voice has lost the joyful note it used to have, and their whole deportment is dreary. The hallelujahs have gone; the hosannahs have died out. The Lord would have his people beautiful and glad. He made them that they might show forth his praise. It is no small evil when the heat of spiritual fever dries up the moisture of our graces, and turns comeliness into corruption. If by God's grace we are delivered from this fever, it may leave behind it sad remains. Any doctor will tell you that fevers are not only to be dreaded for what they are, but for what they leave behind them. When a man is cured of fever, he may yet be injured for the rest of his life; and if you and I do not keep quiet before God, and calm and happy, but begin to get

anxious, and wilful, and avaricious, and ambitious, we may hurt ourselves seriously for all time; and, it may be, even on our death-bed we shall look back with sorrow to that day of unbelief when we grieved the Lord and lost his presence. The Lord keep us from these fevers in every degree!

I must also remind you of one thing more, beloved: this disease, as I have said, is catching. If some of you could fret, and trouble, and worry yourselves, and did not at the same time injure others, it might not so much matter; but the sad fact is, there are some Christians who drag others down into their own wretchedness. You spoil the joys of the saints. They are willing to comfort you, but you ought not to be so ready to cause them disquietude. Some of you are enough to give the fever of despondency to a whole parish. God's ministers are willing to comfort you; but they ought not to be called upon to spend so much time in entering into your case. I am content to be a nurse, but I had rather be winning souls.

IV. Lastly, there is

One Who Can Cure the Fever.

I am afraid that I have given rather a sad description, and I am sorry that some of you have been obliged to say, "However sad, it is true of us." But observe, dear friends, the cure, which is not wrought by medicine, or surgery, or any profound system of the doctors. The cure lies here. The poor patient lies flat in her bed. We read, "She was laid, and sick of a fever." She could not therefore sit up, much less rise from the bed. When she opened her eyes, and looked up, she saw the Lord Jesus Christ standing over her. O fevered soul! open thine eyes to-night, and see Jesus standing over thee. With tender love and infinite compassion he looks down upon thee; he shields thee, thinks of thee, and watches over thee for good. He will help thee; therefore, fear not. Over thee to-night he broods, as doth an eagle over its young. Jehovah-Jesus bows over thee with fullness of love and power. In thy present trouble, fear, and depression of spirit, Jesus stands over thee, and his eye and his heart are upon thee.

We read that, when our Lord had touched her, he rebuked the fever. Your feverishness deserves his rebuke.

Oh, That He would Bid it Begone!

Oh, that he would say over you to-night, "Begone unbelief! Begone anxiety! Begone fretfulness! Begone doubt and fear!" The winds and the waves heard his rebuke, and from their noise and clamor they hushed themselves to a great calm. Oh, that Jesus would come now, and speak to your feverishness, and you shall be as happy as the birds of paradise.

The next thing Jesus did was to raise her up. You must have felt, when lying very ill, as if you were buried in the bed. So the Saviour gave his hand to her, and he lifted her up. She did not think that she could rise, but with his aid she sat up. Then he gave her an instant cure, and at the same time renewed her strength. No trace of fever remained. She was perfectly well. Her instinct, as a matronly woman and head of the household, was to rise at once to prepare a meal for her Benefactor and his disciples. Oh, that you doubting ones, you fevered ones, might at once be cured and lifted up, so that you would immediately set about serving the Lord, and ministering to those around you. Come let us be as happy as ever we can be, and as useful as it lies in our power to be, and may the fever never visit any one again! On the contrary, as you go home take with you a sense of spiritual health; and when you get home, say at once, "I must minister unto Jesus." God bless you, for the Saviour's sake! Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Inventor's Birth.*

JOHN Ericsson was born at the opening of this century of mechanical achievement, on July 31, 1803. He was a native of Vermland, a division of Swedish territory, nearly equivalent in size to British Wales or the American State of New Jersey. Vermland is one of the seven "lans," into which Central Sweden is divided, and follows the plan of Stockholm in the order of importance. On its easterly boundary lies the mining district of Nordmark, and here, at the time of John's birth, resided his father, Olof Ericsson, Inspector of mines at Langbanshyttan. As far back, certainly as the seventeenth century, John Ericsson's ancestors were miners in the district where he was born. Sir John Sinclair, who visited Sweden shortly before John's birth, describes this class of Swedes as tall, robust, active and good-looking; loyal to the death. Nils Ericsson, born in 1747, advanced the family one step beyond their ancestral employment as laborers in the Nordmark mines. He was a mining proprietor and accumulated some property. This property was transmitted to his son Olof, the father of John, but Olof's inability to keep it returned the family to its original condition of poverty; so that among John's earliest recollections was the appearance of the sheriff selling the family furniture to satisfy the demands of importunate creditors.

The Boy Inventor.

While only a boy, the future engineer astonished the local gossips with a saw-mill, pumping-engine and a set of drawing instruments which he had made "all out of his own head." Certainly, he had no other tools than a gimlet and a jack-knife. The saw-mill and pump were not childish attempts at imitation; they were practical working models, needing only to be repeated on a larger scale to be useful machines. The boy was then only nine years old, and we may imagine the delight which transported the youthful inventor when he saw the water actually turning the wheel he had attached to this mill and setting its miniature machinery in motion. Half a century later, when John Ericsson was asked to prepare a list of his most noteworthy mechanical achievements, the construction of this saw-mill headed the list of inventions, the pumping-engine and the drawing instruments coming next. The mill was neat and tasteful in design and in every way a most remarkable piece of work for one so young. In a square wooden frame was set a watch-spring, transformed into a saw by the aid of a file borrowed from a neighboring blacksmith. This saw was moved by a crank cast from a broken tin spoon. The rest of the machinery was of wood, and was complete—the bed carrying the log and moved by a cord wound on a drum; the ratchet-wheel and lever to turn the drum; the crank-shaft and the handle for turning it. Encouraged by the success of the venture, the next year this lad of ten undertook to design a pump for clearing the mines of water. The motive power was to be obtained by the use of a windmill. Such a contrivance the youthful inventor had never seen, yet he succeeded in drawing designs for his mill after the most approved fashion of skilled engineers, by following a verbal description given by his father of a mill he had just visited. But alas! he could conceive of no way of adjusting it to the changes of the wind. Again the father visited the mill and, in describing it, referred to a "ball-and-socket joint." The boy seized the idea at once, and with his pencil joined the connecting-rod to the pump-lever with a ball-and-socket joint.

Paddle Against Propeller.

On Oct. 19, 1843, there was an exciting scene off the Battery, New York, when Ericsson's propeller was pitted against the famous paddle steamer, the *Great Western*. Describing the

* From *The Life of John Ericsson*, by William Conant Church, a deeply interesting history of a man of world-wide fame, a man of genius, patience and untiring industry; describing his early struggles, his achievements and his private life. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Missionary Majaliwa, formerly a Slave.



Miss Bashford's Girls' School at Mbweni.

scene Mr. Sargent says: "The Battery and the piers were thronged with an expectant multitude. At her appointed time the *Great Western* came plowing her way down the East River, under circumstances which manifested more than ordinary effort. She was enveloped in clouds of steam, and of dense black smoke; her paddle wheels were revolving with more than usual velocity, leaving a white wake behind. As she passed the Battery she was greeted with hearty cheers, and a fair field with no favor was all that she seemed to challenge, and the least that all were willing to allow her.

A fine model of a ship, frigate-like, appeared gliding gracefully down the North River, against the tide, without a breath of smoke or steam to obscure her path, with no paddle-wheels or smoke-pipe visible, propelled by a noiseless and unseen agency, without a rag of canvas on her lithe and beautiful spars, but at a speed which soon convinced the assembled thousands that she would successfully dispute the palm with the gallant vessel, celebrated throughout the world, and everywhere admitted to be the queen of the seas. Such is the march of improvement in the arts. The new-comer was the United States war-steamer *Princeton*. The agent by which she was moved was Ericsson's propeller. She soon reached and passed the *Great Western*, went round her and passed her a second time before they had reached their point of separation. In a moment, men began to speak lightly of their hitherto favorite paddle wheel, and the propeller that they shrugged their shoulders at, and amused themselves with for some years of doubtful experiment, rose into altogether unexpected favor."

Of the number of steamers built by Ericsson, the *Princeton* was the only one built under his superintendence. He was extremely particular about the quality both of material and workmanship, and his thoroughness of inspection is shown by a story told of him. On one occasion during the construction of an engine at Delamater's, a certain casting appeared to him doubtful as to soundness and he ordered it broken

up. Suspecting that the casting might be made to do duty in some way, he insisted on having it broken on the spot. The workmen tried to break it up with their sledges, but failing, said, "We will put it under the drop by-and-by." His quick temper rose at this and, snatching the sledge from the nearest man, he whirled it like a meteor before the eyes of the astonished spectators and with one blow drove its head through the shell of the dubious casting, making it a hopeless wreck.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

TWO interesting features of missionary work are illustrated on this page. The picture on the left is of Cecil Majaliwa, a colored man with his family, who is a successful missionary at Chilangali, near Zanzibar. Twenty years ago he was stolen from his native village in the interior and carried off for a slave. With a number of other boys he was taken to the coast and shipped on board a slave-dhow for the Island of Pemba. It was intended to make them work on the plantations there. The dhow was, however, driven out of her course. She was sighted by a British cruiser, pursued and captured. The slaves on board were liberated and were distributed among the mission stations to be educated. Cecil Majaliwa proved a most intelligent boy. He learned quickly and gave evidence that Christian influence had not affected his mind only, but had touched his heart. Having expressed an earnest desire to become a missionary he was sent to England, where he studied at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. His conduct and progress there were remarkable. He was ordained deacon in 1885, and after completing his course of training he returned to Africa. The station at Chilangali is now in his sole charge, and the work is prospering in his hands.

The picture on the right is of a mission school at Mbweni. It belongs to the Universities Mission which grew out of Mr. Moody's last visit to England. It is one of the most extensive and hopeful missionary enterprises in East-

ern Africa. It comprises a home for eighty girls, a separate institute in which twenty girls are receiving an industrial training, and a day-school for girls in which some twenty or thirty pupils are in regular attendance. Close at hand is a village of three hundred released slaves who are being trained in the arts of civilization, cultivating the land, working in blacksmith's shops, in a limekiln, and in other enterprises. They have a church in which there are regular services, schools, etc. The lady in charge of the girls' schools is Mrs. Halliday, who commenced work in that region in 1879. Her name was then Miss Bashford—a name which her eleven years of labor have made famous in missionary records, and beloved by the women of this section of Africa, many of whom, thanks to God's blessing on her labors, are now living civilized Christian lives.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.
BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 798.)

THE young carpenter felt all the better and all the brighter for this pleasant ending to his evening walk; but it must not be imagined that he did not revert in the course of his homeward walk to the subject that was just now giving him such distress.

George had witnessed the self-same suspicious meetings between Nora and the young squire which had caused Richard Mansford such distress; and he had come to the conclusion that matters had gone wrong to a very dangerous degree when the handsome girl could meet young Towneley at such times and in such places as demonstrated most clearly that clandestine methods of meeting were preferred.

It was with much heaviness of the heart, and with a cloud upon his brow that the young carpenter went about his daily duties. His usually bright and cheery temperament having

been quite a matter of remark by all and sundry—the change that had come over him was quite as general a subject of local comment.

One day, George was busily engaged in the carpenter's shop, shaping and smoothing a new shaft for somebody's crippled cart. There was no customary song or merry whistle issuing from his parted lips. His face could scarcely have worn a more dolorous look if he had really been making a coffin for some of his kith and kin.

Nora Mansford entered the shop, and bade the wheelwright a kindly "Good morning." She looked sadly worn and wan, and George's heart was full of sorrow to see the change.

"Good morning, Miss Nora," said he, his heart leaping to his lips at the sight of her, so as almost to tie his tongue. "It doesn't seem, though, to be a particularly good morning to you, judging by the color of your cheeks and the tone of your voice. Can I do anything for you to make it better?"

"Yes, you can, George Appleton," said Nora, with a little laugh, that had no ring in it. "You can mend the color of your own face, and alter the tone of your own voice, for they need brightening quite as much as mine do."

George laid down the tool which he had been using, looked straight at the girl out of his two honest eyes, and said, speaking slowly and mournfully, "Nora Mansford, 'Is there not a cause!'"

The girl started, and turned white and sick as with fear. She grasped the bench at which George stood to keep herself from falling, and looking at him with eyes that were gleaming with a nameless fear, she said, "What do you know?"

George was almost startled by the effect which the bolt he had suddenly shot had produced, and hastened to reassure her. "Nothing that will ever leave my lips to living mortal, except yourself," he said, "unless my conscience should some day compel me, and then only to save you from that which is worse than death."

There was something so solemn and yet so resolute in George's words and tones, that Nora's terror was increased. She laid her hand upon his arm. Her very touch made him tremble almost as much as she did. "I will know what you mean," said she. "Tell me, what you know! You have always professed to be my friend—"

"Professed!" said George, with overpowering emotion. "O Nora, you know that I could die to do you service, but—"



A Scene in a Ute Indian Camp. (See page 809.)

"You'd better live to do my service while you're in it, which won't be long, my friend, if this goes on."

The speaker was Abram Hardale. He had entered the shop just in time to see Nora's hand on the arm of his journeyman; to see her pleading eyes lifted to his face, and to hear what certainly was as plain spoken a declaration of love as Abram Hardale had ever heard in all his life. Nora had quickly vanished from the scene. George, calling up all his self-command, quietly replied to his angry master.

"You misunderstand the matter, Abram. I can't explain, but it wasn't what you think it was. It is very natural for you to misread me under the circumstances; but, I tell you, you are quite on a wrong track. If that is not satisfactory, I can't help it; and I can't alter it; I can leave your service whenever you think fit."

"The sooner the better," said the irate Abram, not one wit convinced by George's disclaimer.

"Very well," said George, calmly. "I can finish the work I have in hand by Saturday night. Then I shall take my tools and go."

Now Abram Hardale was a long-headed fellow, especially when his own interests were concerned. George Appleton's dismissal, in all likelihood, meant a serious loss to him; particularly so if he should set up business for himself and become Abram's rival. Just now, moreover, after his compact with Gabriel Grubb, and

with the probable costs of litigation staring him in the face, he might well have paused longer and pondered more before he parted with such a valuable servant. But Abram Hardale was in a passion; Abram Hardale was proud and masterful and self-willed; and so, as that kind of people so often do, he "put his nose to the grindstone," and turned the handle himself. To his own detriment.

George had received his dismissal, and meant to hold by it; his chief regret being that it might prevent him from keeping effective watch over the interests of Nora, who, as it seemed to him, was putting herself at the mercy of an immoral and unprincipled scoundrel, who possessed an unusual share of good looks and had money galore.

Nora had escaped to the privacy of her own chamber, and there, as on the night of her last clandestine visit to the paddock, she flung herself upon her bed, and wept and groaned in the bitterness of her soul. Could George Appleton have seen her then, he might have come to the conclusion that any interference of his own must be utterly helpless now.

"He would die to do me service! I know it; I feel it," said the poor girl, sobbing the while as if her heart would break. "But if he knew! If he knew! Oh, that I might die! O mother, mother, how I need you now!"

Then she remembered that sainted mother's latest words: "Nora, my darling, when you are motherless, remember that he who has been a husband to the widow, is still the Father of the fatherless. In all your troubles, go and talk to the orphans' Friend."

Here Nora sank upon her knees by her bedside, buried her face in the coverlet, clasped her hands over her head, and prayed and pleaded with heaven for help in this terrible hour of need.

That evening George Appleton found an opportunity to speak to her before he left his work. He was just "straightening up a bit," putting the bench and tools to rights, and making all ready for the morning. When Nora, sad, pale, red-eyed and silent, came into the shop. "Forgive me, Miss Nora," he said "I'm afraid I caused you trouble with your uncle. Miss Nora, I must speak. Don't, don't for the sake of your good name venture to meet that man again. Don't misunderstand me, I will not press my attentions on you. But I would warn you as if you were my own sister. There is awful peril in it—wreck and ruin in it. Don't meet him so again."

"George," said Nora, and she looked as though she could have bent her knee to him, "it seems, though I can't understand it, that some knowledge of my secret has come to you. You have promised to keep it secret. I wish I could follow your advice. But I cannot. I must see him."

He ventured to detain her, as she turned away. "Just one word, Miss Nora, please! If you are in trouble, there are two to whom I counsel you to tell it. Tell it to your God, and then go and tell it to my mother. You can trust her?"

"Yes, George, with my life and soul. But in this matter, I cannot, I dare not speak."

Nora broke away, and carried her load, whatever it was, into her household tasks. It was heavy, for it seemed to bow her even down to the ground.

George Appleton locked up the shop and took the key into the kitchen, to hang it up on its own especial hook at the end of the dresser in the kitchen. Tabitha Crowle was seated near the window with her darning materials, and sundry imperfect stockings waiting for hospital treatment, at her side.

"Tabitha!" said George, for it seemed as though he had room in his mind for only one subject just then, "Tabitha! what is the matter with Nora?"

"Matter! Goodness knows," said Tabitha, "I've asked her to tell me; but bless you, I can mek' oot neither head nor tail of her meanin'. I'm beginnin' to think that she's over head an' ears in love wi' the young squire, and if he's all square an' straight with her, I say let him hev' her, especially if she's goin' to eat herself away and cry her bonny eyes out about it."

"But do you honestly believe she loves him?" said George, with a plaintive eagerness that quite touched Tabitha's tender heart.

"Nay, nay," she said, "who knows? I should have said not, myself. I should have said that there was another young fellow with a good deal more gumption than young Towneley that had a good deal better chance—but there, there's no tellin'. One thing's plain enough, an' that is that she's pinin' herself to fiddlestrings for something or somebody. I say, George," she continued, looking up as if a bright thought had struck her, "Couldn't you get your mother to come and see her?—kind o' casual like, you know. I know, Miss Nora is fond of her, an' your mother's gotten a good heart an' a wise head a-top of it. Ask her, will you?"

"Thank you, Tabitha," said George, heartily, "thank you. You are quite right. I'll tell her what you say."

"Do," said Tabitha, "an' there's another thing, George Appleton, you might sound Old Crusty—"

"Old Crusty and I are going to part, Tabbie."

"What!" quoth Tabitha, suspending her darning in her astonishment. "What for?"

"Incompatibility of temper, I suppose," said the journeyman.

"Incompat' my gran'mother!" exclaimed Tabitha. "Is it your fault or his? If it's yours, you're doin' your old master an ill turn: for the whole business 'll come to grief without you; an' if it's his fault, then he's an old fool that doesn't know

on which side his bread's buttered. When are you goin'?"

"On Saturday night. It isn't pleasant to hang around where you aren't wanted."

"A couple of nincompoops!" said the uncompromising Tabitha with severity. "What was it all about?"

Here honest Tabitha fixed her eyes on George's face as with a resolve to get to the bottom of it, with a view probably to an offer of mediation. George blushed like a school-girl beneath her steady gaze. He could not say that it was about Miss Nora; still less could he say that Abram was vexed because he had declared himself willing "to die" for her.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" quoth Tabitha. "I might ha' known if I'd given it half a thought. I can see a hole through a ladder as well as the sharpest eye in Settleworth. He thinks you're not good enough for her, and no more you arn't!"

Here George Appleton thought it advisable to depart. He was quite of Tabitha's opinion as to that point. Had he stayed a little longer he would have heard the conclusion of the sentence.

"Or you would ha' put the question to her yourself, you timorous gawkie."

For a while Tabitha Crowle sat in silence, conducting the process of repair on Abram Hardale's stockings; but her feelings ran high. The darning-needle moved in lunges, and the worsted was twitched after the passage of her weapon, so that the result was somewhat unsatisfactory, and lacked the smoothness and finish which generally marked Tabitha's performances of this kind. She might have been darning Abram Hardale's cuticle rather than his stockings, so vigorously and emphatically did she carry on the occupation.

As the twilight deepened towards darkness, Old Crusty, returning from a business engagement at Towneley Chase, which had occupied some hours, entered the kitchen.

"Well, Tabbie," he said lightly and deprecatingly, as one who would rather be friends than otherwise, for somehow or other he felt that the air was ominously agitated. "You're bringing in blindman's holiday. Mind you don't prick your fingers."

"Never mind me," said Tabitha emphatically, "You're the blind man, an' you never do take a holiday. What post ha' yo' been running your head against, now? You'll be knockin' it clean off one o' these days; and the sooner the better, for if you carry it about wi' you much longer, you'll come to grief as sure as ever my name's Tabitha Crowle."

"Hello! What fat's i' the fire now? Don't boil over so, or you'll put the house in a flame."

"Why it wouldn't much matter if it was, nor the shop neither," said Tabitha, with a noble contempt of grammar, "for you'll ha' precious little need either o' the one or the t'other, if you turn George Appleton away."

"Oh, the pea's under that thimble, is it?" said Abram, who jumped to the conclusion that his refractory journeyman had enlisted Tabitha to arbitrate on his behalf, and was very wrathful at the idea that the establishment would so utterly fail to get on without him that it might as well be

burnt to the ground. "George Appleton can be spared so long as Abram Hardale's to the front; tell him to put that in his pipe an' smoke it, Tabitha Crowle. I shall find his room better than his company. In saying that, Abram Hardale was lying, and he knew that he was lying, and Tabitha Crowle knew that he was lying, too. She was not slow in telling him so."

"Abram Hardale!" said she, "You would give your two thumbs to call back the word that sends him going; an' I tell you that if you can't have his 'company,' there will soon be 'room' enough in your shop to set up another business in it, a rope-walk or a coal yard which you like, you foolish man."

"Are you going to marry him, Tabbie?" said Abram, slowly, reverting to his most sarcastic word; "I've often thought you threw your handkerchief at him, but I didn't think he was fool enough to pick it up. Now there'll be two fools joined together, I suppose, that no man can put asunder."

"O no!" said Tabitha whose temper was now thoroughly roused, "all the fool-stuff was used up when you were finished. There was a bit more than was exactly needed, but not enough for another, so they dumped it in, an' there you are!"

Abram Hardale was worsted in the fight, and retired from the field.

(To be Continued.)



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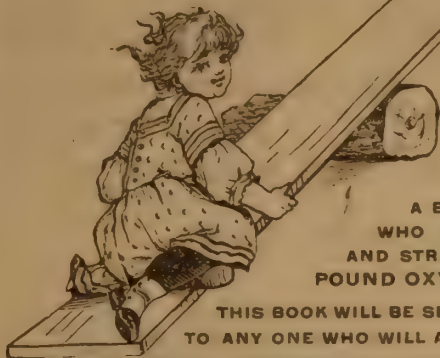
who lived in a city came back from the country with a basket of roses. As she drew near her home, a dirty little boy followed her with wild eyes that she took a rose out of the basket and gave it to him. He ran after her, but before her door was open, she came back again with two other grimy boys. "Please ma'am, have you got one more?" pointing to his companions, who had been begging for bread," she said, "they could not have more eagerly. I gave two more roses to the boys and they dashed off. In fifteen minutes the steps were covered with children, pale, ragged, starved creatures. I do not know where they came from, they seemed to swarm out of the ground. I gave them all my roses, and the flowers in my garden, too, feeling ashamed to think how many I had. Little I valued them, while to the poor they were such priceless treasures. The children ran home with their roses as if it had been a rare jewel. Later on a little waif rang the bell to ask for the house where they gave away the roses. I made up my mind then that it was a flower mission of a great city. I put many happy hours into the raising of such a number of little children.

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For the bright hope left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake,
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When man to man united,
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'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
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THE CHRISTIAN FERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

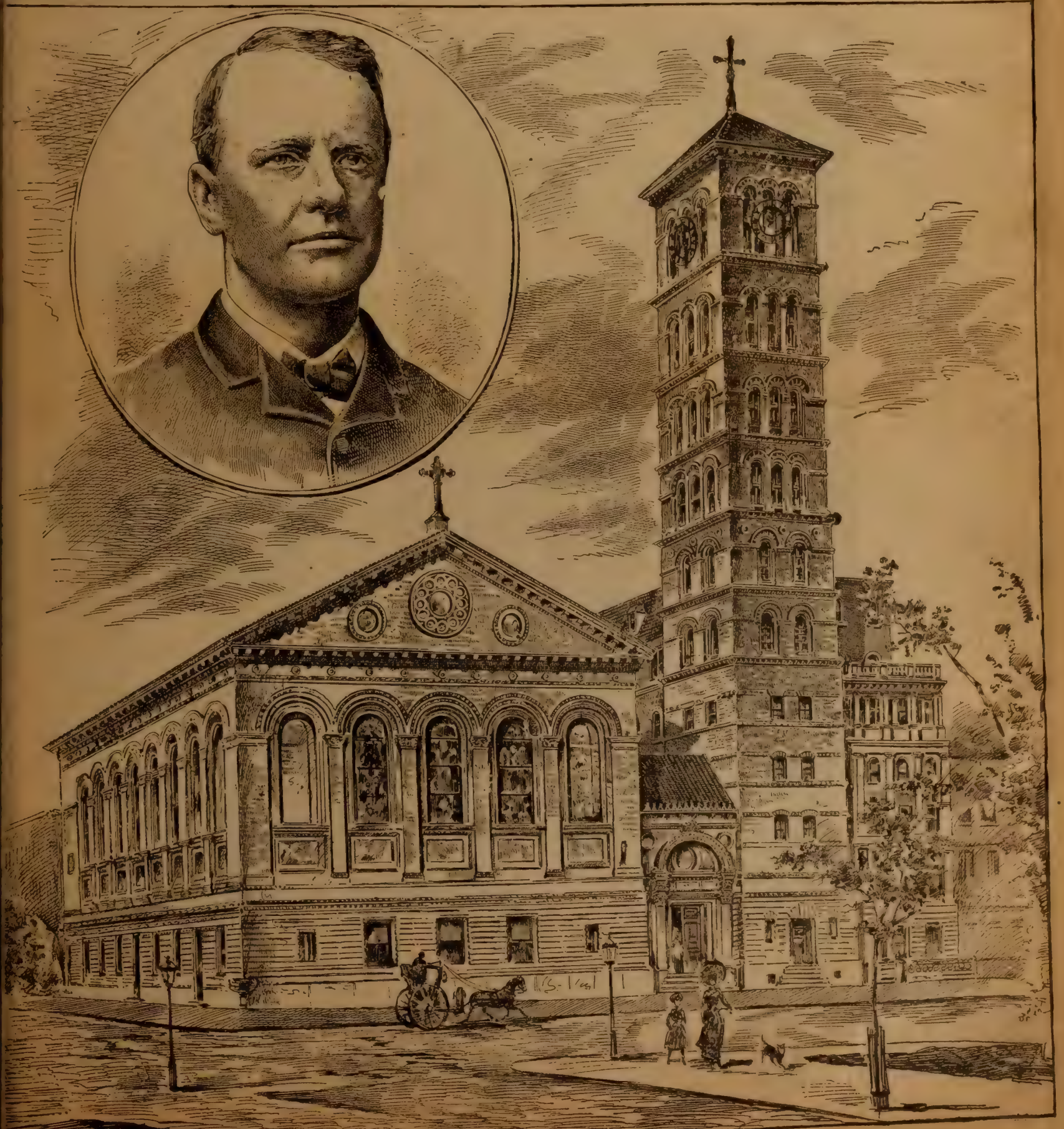
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THE WATERS OF MEROM.

DR. TATMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1890, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

An Ancient Battlefield—Joshua's First Battle—Overcoming the Spring Freshet—No Way Left for Retreat—The Marvellous Siege—The City Surrounded—The Philosophers Criticizing—The Triumph of Faithful Obedience—One House Spared—The Token of the Scarlet Cord—A Defeat—The Mistake of Over-Confidence—Victory by Stratagem—The Conflict at Ajalon—The Prolonged Day—A Consecrated Christian Woman—Five Slaughtered Monarchs—The Last Enemy—Joshua's Dying Testimony.

"And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight against Israel," Joshua 11:5.

WE are encamped to-night in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched,

our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. We detain only two mules carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noonday luncheon. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. Indeed it is time that we more minutely examine this Joshua of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land.

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but he has some one ready. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start: "There shall not

any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against

undertaking of Joshua was greater than the levelling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua the chieftain looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the Ark of the Covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders, and tamarisks, and willows, and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles of distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say, "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we

are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To



Women at Home in Jericho.

darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of terrors, Death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first

back is to die. The same gatekeepers that ing back the amethystine and crystalline gate the Jordan to let Israel pass through now ing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going ck. I declare it in your hearing to-day, vic- y ahead, water thirty feet deep behind you, ath and darkness and woe and hell. But you : "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they d such a splendid chance—standing on the o of the bank thirty or forty feet high, com- pletely demolish those poor Israelites down in e river?" I will tell you why. God had made promise and he was going to keep it. "There all not any man be able to stand before thee e days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" the distance there is a long grove of trees, d at the end of the grove is a city. It is a y of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is e great metropolis that commands the moun- n pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward ptured by Pompey, and it was afterward cap- tured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward ptured by the Mohammedans; but this mpaign the Lord plans. There shall be no rds, no shields, no ttering ram. There all be only one weap- of war, and that a m's horn. The horn the slain ram was metimes taken and les were punctured it, and then the mu- sian would put the trument to his lips, d he would run his gers over this rude usical instrument, d make a great deal sweet harmony for e people. That was e only kind of weap- . Seven priests were take these rude stic musical instru- ents, and they were go around the city ery day for six days once a day for six ys, and then on the vventh day they were go around blowing ese rude musical in- truments seven times, d then at the close of e seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the vventh day, the peroration of the whole scene as to be a shout at which those great walls ould tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical in- truments pass all around the city walls on the st day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece f plaster broke loose from the wall—not so uch as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece f mortar lost from its place. "There," say e unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of ing around the city with those musical in- truments and expecting in that way to destroy ! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because e has overthrown and destroyed the spring resh, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no elation between the blowing of these musical truments and the knocking down of the wall? isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were any wisacres who stood with their brows nitted, and with the forefinger of the right and to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing all out, and showing it was not possible that uch a cause could produce such an effect. nd I suppose that night in the encampment ere was plenty of philosophy and caricature, nd if Joshua had been nominated for any high ilitary position, he would not have got many otes.

Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a



The Battle of Ajalon.

voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises; making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The

command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people—"Fall back, O Church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, O Church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back." Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and

there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the Creation. Fall back!" Friends of the Church have never had any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our

name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before, it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and



MOSES CONSECRATES JOSHUA.

therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down, and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of

Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops

around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai: let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and



are in pursuit of these scattered, or seemingly scattered regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while they see the curling smoke of that destroyed city in the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua utters something louder than it all, ringing and going through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has at itself under the protection of Joshua. They find word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; and us help right away." Joshua has a three-days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua; that is

The Man Who Conquered
The spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host ring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as the Canaanites retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon. "Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us. See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by reflection of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun stand-

ing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street Church, in Brooklyn, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York, pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no! He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian Church.

McCheyne's Death.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached, he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the Church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

A long time ago there was a Christian woman very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her



THE FALL OF JERICO.

soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble, and darkness, and sorrow, and sickness were illumined by the grace of the Gospel; and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a Christian could be sick and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the Sun of Righteousness. In the last hour of that night—that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper—for she wanted to live on in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon, stand still in the valley of Ajalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Five Hateful Despots.

But before you fasten up the door, I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in: *King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity*. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king, who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives

His Valedictory

and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

A Dying Parent

cannot be reckless or thoughtless of his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah-Jireh, we take thee at thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The Splendid Edifice in Memory of the "Apostle of Burmah" Reared by his Son.

WASHINGTON Square, long a social and historic landmark in New York, has in late years undergone many changes. New buildings of a modern style of architecture have superseded the old-fashioned mansions that once were the residences of the leading families on Manhattan Island. Most striking of all the recent changes in the Square is the splendid new church edifice a picture of which appears on the first page.

The erection of the church is due to the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, the son of the "Apostle of Burmah," as the famous missionary was called, in recognition of the great work he had done in that heathen land for the Gospel of Christ. Two years ago, in August, 1888, on the centennial anniversary of the birth of the missionary, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The building now almost completed, will represent a cost of \$188,000, and the site a sum of \$132,000—a total of \$320,000. There is a prospect that the whole will be raised and that when the edifice is opened, it will be free from debt.

The architecture of the Judson Memorial Church is of the Italian Renaissance style, the materials being yellow pressed brick, white marble, and terra-cotta. The design is as unconventional as the purpose and method of the founder, and it will be the first experiment of its kind in this country. Thus the son, like the venerated father, carries into his work the spirit of the pioneer and a zeal and energy directed by high moral purpose.

There are two fields of Christian work: the one is the ordinary field in which all the influences converge to the advancement of religion. The people have had Christian parents. Their associations are with Christian people. Their mental tendency is in a religious direction. All the minister has to do is to perform his pastoral duties, visiting, etc., preach two sermons on the Sunday and an able mid-week discourse, and the Church grows naturally. Its finances keep up and there is no deficit at the end of the year. The minister looks around and is satisfied with the growth of the Church. Like a well-gathered flock, everyone bears the distinguishing marks of the religious influences of previous generations.

The other field of work is very different. It is that of the highways and the hedges. Members of the flock have not the Christian brand upon them, but their predisposition and surroundings have all tended contrary to religion. How are we to reach these? The two sermons—the mid-week discourse and the pastoral visits—have no influence there. A Church planted among such people inevitably tends to decay, under the ordinary methods. They may come to a first or a second service, but they do not come again. The Church must not change its location but its methods. It must adopt earnest, persistent aggressive tactics. Then enters the question of funds. Aggressive work costs money. In Thompson Street or any of the back streets, it costs from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month to hire a common dive in which to hold the meetings for the rescue of these outcasts. Teachers are needed for each grade of the school Dr. Judson wishes to establish. There must be a Secretary for the work which is analagous to that the Young Men's Christian Association is doing amongst other classes. Money is required for all these things; and that is the problem Dr. Judson is attempting to solve.

As one means toward solving the problem the idea of the apartment house, shown on the right of the picture, has been suggested. It will be conducted on purely business principles. Its location in the neighborhood of the large dry-goods district will make it a desirable residence for clerks and the better class of employees. Excellent rooms will be provided as in a first-class hotel, and Dr. Judson expects that it will

be a source of considerable revenue. This revenue will be rigidly excluded from the current expenses of the church—the church must support itself. He will devote the income from the apartment house to the aggressive work he contemplates and is devising other means of adding to that revenue, on the same principle, to form a permanent endowment. His one aim and supreme desire is to obey the Master's injunction to go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the outcasts. He proposes by schools, by reading-rooms, by amusements, to attract the young people, who would otherwise be allured by the saloon and vicious haunts of the neighborhood—to win the men and women for Christ. He does not propose to abandon the preaching and the ordinary pastoral work; while from the location of the church the aggressive part will be its main feature, he will not do that and leave the other undone.

Adoniram Judson, to whose memory this splendid pile is now reared, was the son of a Congregationalist preacher of Malden, Mass., where he was born in 1788. He entered college at sixteen, taking high honors while yet a mere lad. In 1808 he was converted and dedicated himself solemnly to God. Some months later he felt himself called to go as a missionary to the heathen, and in 1811 he set out for Calcutta. He depended solely for support on the Baptist Churches at home. He was peremptorily forbidden to labor in India by the agent of the East India Company, who at that time was in supreme control. After making inquiries he set out for Burmah, in 1813. At that time there was not a single Christian in the country.

The history of the next thirteen years' work forms one of the most thrilling stories in the record of Christian labor. Amid danger from the barbaric king, and discouragements from the natives, he labored on, and partially translated the Bible. It was six years before he baptized a single convert, and then the number slowly increased to ten, including one woman and a man of distinguished learning. In 1824, when he was making better progress, war broke out between Burmah and England, and Dr. Judson was arrested on suspicion of being a spy. He was imprisoned for twenty-one months in a wretched hovel with his ankles chained together by heavy fetters. During that time the invaluable manuscript of his translation of the Bible was saved from his enemies who would have destroyed it, by being sewn up in a dirty pillow on which every night the doctor gratefully laid his head. When he was released, he found his wife prostrated by the efforts she had made to mitigate his sufferings during his imprisonment. She died the same year, while he was bringing her home to recuperate her strength. He remained in Burmah till 1845, and then, after thirty-three years' absence, paid a brief visit to America. He returned in 1846, and commenced the arduous labor of preparing a Burmese dictionary, preaching and teaching with all his former vigor, though he was then nearly sixty years of age. In 1850, he was prostrated with fever and died at sea on April 12th.

The Rev. Edward Judson, founder of the Memorial Church, is a man in the prime of life and full of vigor and earnestness for the great work in which he is engaged. About nine years ago he resigned the pastorate of the large and wealthy Baptist Church at Orange, N. J., and came to New York. He became pastor of the Berean Baptist Church at Bedford and Downing Streets, and at once addressed himself to the task of city evangelization. There he has carried on for several years a kindergarten, Sunday School, tract repository, lodging-house, coal-and-wood yard, young men's club, and a fresh air and flower mission in connection with the church. The new work on which he is now about to enter is therefore only the broadening of a field in which he has already been laboring diligently and conscientiously. With the divine blessing, he will make the Judson Memorial Church and its institutions a light-house on the shoals of the sinful metropolis pointing the wanderer to Christ.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Widow's Suit Against an Insurance Company was decided by Justice Parker in Albany, N. Y., on December 11. Her deceased husband had during his lifetime effected an insurance for ten thousand dollars on his life. When it was written, through inadvertence, the space for the beneficiary's name was left blank. The man paid his premiums up to his death, in January last. The company refused payment on the policy because of the omission of the name. Judge Parker directed that the ten thousand dollars with interest from May 10, 1890, and costs of action be paid by the company to the widow. It is strange that the company should have required to be sued if, as may be inferred, the widow could prove that she was the heiress of her husband. She very naturally took legal steps to compel payment and has been successful. She did not act as many do about the promises of God's word. It is often difficult to convince them that the promises are for them, though the word "whosoever" includes them as plainly as if their names were written (Rev. 22:17).

A Compromise Dollar is Proposed as a Solution of the vexed question of the silver and gold standard. Gen. Berdan, whose suggestion it is, states in a letter written last week to the chairman of the National Silver Executive Committee, that it has the approval of a large number of prominent men, both in Congressional and financial circles. The scheme is to make a dollar of gold and silver, mechanically combined, by first making a silver coin worth twenty-five cents, with a hole in the centre, and then pressing in the hole a plug of gold that is worth seventy-five cents. The number of grains of silver employed is to be fixed by Congress. Such a dollar would not only do away with the serious objections raised by all to the weight and size of the present silver dollar, but the smallness of the gold dollar also. The General points out that, by putting a rim around the gold centre, the coin would be distinguishable from a quarter, even in the dark, by the sense of touch. Whether this suggestion will share the usual fate of compromises, and be offensive to the advocates of both the rival standards, remains to be seen. Should it be adopted, the coin for which our people will struggle will be much like the prize that Christian workers toil to win. The soul, like the gold in the centre of the coin, is what gives value to the man, not the inferior metal surrounding it. As the apostle said, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." (II. Cor. 4:7.)

A Churchyard Eviction was Executed in New York last week. Workmen were busy for several days opening the vaults under old St. Luke's Church in Hudson Street, the site of which has been sold for building purposes. Over six hundred coffins were taken out and removed to the cemeteries of Woodlawn and Mount Hope. The names on the coffin lids were those of old New York families, some of which are now almost forgotten. In the vault of the Ten Broeck family there were twenty coffins. Many of them were decayed and molding away, but the older coffins which were made of St. Domingo mahogany were still stanch and strong. One old man came to look at the remains of his departed relatives. He found the coffin containing his mother's remains. It was opened, and there lay her long, shining hair, undisturbed and uninjured. He took a lock of the hair and put it away in his pocket. When he reached home and took it out, it was crumbled and broken, and scarcely recognizable as hair. They came upon the coffin of a clergyman and opened it. There he lay stretched out in his silk surplice, the body being only a skeleton, but the silk was unchanged. It was a strange, weird sight, that of the pile of coffins interred so long ago. To the reflective spectator the thought was suggestive of the difference between this disturbance of the graves and that which is coming. Now the bodies are insensible and unconcerned, but then, they "that sleep in the dust of the earth will awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (Daniel 12:2.)

THE INSPIRATION OF THE ADVENT.

An Address by the Rev. E. T. Hiscox at the recent Brooklyn Conference.

(Continued from Page 806.)

THE work of the preaching of the Gospel to all nations as a witness to them, and enlisting an advance column from all lands to meet the Master at his coming, is being done with a good degree of success. Considering the worldliness of the Churches, and the prevailing apathy of Christians—that both the wise and the foolish virgins sleep together, waiting for the midnight cry to announce the approach of the Bridegroom—the work that has waited two thousand years goes on with a degree of hopefulness not witnessed before since the ascension of Christ. It is wonderful how, within the past half century, the world has been opening to a broader fraternity than it ever before knew. The kingdoms of the earth are rapidly becoming one great family of nations; not without jealousies and suspicions, it is true, but mutually tolerant and peaceful from policy. Philanthropic effort, scientific research, commercial enterprise and greed for gold are opening highways through all the dreary deserts of the globe. Along these highways the kingdom of Christ is marching. Not a few of them it has made for itself. Behind and beneath all these moving forces of nature and Providence is the hand of God, unseen save by faith, silently directing and controlling all in the interest of his ultimate designs. The world is open to the Gospel; let the Gospel be given to every creature. And then shall the end come.

To Consecration of Wealth.

It is marvellous to consider how much wealth Providence has placed in the hands of Christian men within the last fifty years. Many of them are liberal in the use of their means, that is, liberal according to the popular standard, and the measure of other men's giving. But what they give is only as the dust of the balance compared with what they have and do not give. The rich givers are lauded much, and the poor who give at a sacrifice are not noticed save by him who sits over against the treasury and observes how men cast in their gifts. Now as then, the poor widow who casts in her two mites, which were all her living, is observed and commended above the rich, who give of their superfluity. The world is not to be converted by gold; but gold is needed to furnish many of the appliances for the universal spread of the Gospel. When Christian hearts are consecrated to Christ, Christian wealth will be consecrated to a preparation for his coming and kingdom.

Then there arises the question of the application of the funds that are given. Can it be a right division of the ten million dollars raised by one denomination in our country that apportion only one million to missions and all the rest to salaries and home services? Our churches are reported to have not less than fifty-eight millions invested in

Church Property.

While the great majority of these edifices are, no doubt, plain enough, yet can it be a wise disposition of property to invest so much in brick and mortar, wood and stone, while the world waits for the bread of life, and Christ stands before the door? Every place of worship should be neat, attractive and commodious, but the disparity seems great between what we do for ourselves, and what we do for the world for which Christ died. Let us decide all questions of conscience and conduct, "that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

If again it be asked, by those who disbelieve or those who doubt, how the personal presence of Christ among men should tend to more rapid conversion of the world since now we have the same Gospel truth, and the same Omnipotent Spirit to give it efficacy, it may be answered: is it conceivable that "the Lord whom ye seek could come suddenly to his temple," and not

quicken all the pulses of Christian life and activity? If that event, should occur to-day, there would be ten thousand Christians in these great cities, leaving the marts of trade and their ordinary pursuits, threading the thoroughfares, visiting the market-places, unabashed, announcing the presence of the King, and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. If it were known that the Divine One was among us, and that he might at any time appear unannounced to his people, as he appeared to Mary and the women, as he appeared to Peter, to the two disciples as they journeyed, to the seven on the shore of Tiberias, or to the more than five hundred at one time—and no man could know when or where, he should reveal himself—what a revolution would it produce in Christian society! When he might appear suddenly in the pastor's study, the doors being shut—when in the prayer meeting—when in the public congregation of worshippers—when in the huts of the poor and the lowly—when an uninvited guest in the palace home of the rich—when with the humble, heart-sick and discouraged workers, and when with the vain, worldly-minded disciples, none could know. It would be

Christ Immanent.

Would not the minister preach differently if he thought it possible that august auditor might be present, even though his eyes were holden that he should not know him? Would not the people hear differently, and the old, tame and insipid truths, take on new life and beauty, while itching ears should lose taste for inane travesties, by courtesy called sermons, now so much in demand to attract curious auditors, and please a carnal taste?

With such inspirations to holy exertion, can we fail to "watch and be saved; putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation;" watching before God who quickeneth all things, "keeping the commandments without spot, unrebukable until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

It is, moreover, an inspiration to patience amidst the toils and trials of Christian service in a life like this. "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye may receive the promise." "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." The currents of this world set against godliness. He who would live godly in Christ Jesus, must encounter much opposition, and perhaps suffer persecution. How shall the devout and godly attain and maintain the loftier standard of Christian morals, as against the lower and more prevalent standard of secular morals, so largely apparent in Christian society? It cannot be done without a struggle; without a constant conflict.

To Personal Consecration.

All this, of course, is well understood. The theory is admitted and familiar; nevertheless practical godliness is not an easy task, against all the opposing forces. Faith falters, the spirit faints, the flesh is weak, the burden is a heavy one to bear, the heart grows sick with discouragement, hands hang down and feet grow weary climbing the rugged heights, even though it be towards purer air and cloudless light. How can the saints endure the discouragements, and not utterly faint? Cannot the very stringent conditions of discipleship be modified and made more easy? Some seem to be trying the experiment. Has not the world grown good enough, by the pervading influence of Christian civilization, for the saints to cease fighting it? One would suppose that thousands of professing disciples had come to such a conclusion. Has Christ's army of conquest become simply an army of occupation? Has it agreed upon a truce, gone into winter quarters for rest and recreation, while the hosts of darkness lie entrenched on every side, in front and rear, alert and vigilant to maintain their ground? Such seeming facts, though they be not altogether real, make those who hope for the triumph of the right, and long for his appearing, sad and heavy-hearted. The terms of discipleship are all unchanged. Jesus said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow

me." "And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. Simply he cannot be my disciple!"

But in all these conditions "tribulation worketh patience, patience worketh experience, and experience hope." "And ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God, ye might inherit the promises." The trial of faith worketh patience. "Therefore be patient, brethren unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient; establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." With such great and most blessed things in view, assured by faith, and God's most faithful Word, his tried and discouraged and even suffering people can well afford to wait, and patiently to hope until the end, for the fulfillment of the promises. "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ. And so the certainty of the advent and the signs of its near approach, become the supreme inspiration to watchfulness and prayer.

THE FALL OF A STATESMAN.

A Story of the Golden Text for Jan. 4. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. 16: 18.

A STRANGE and suggestive story is that which history gives us of the wonderful man who in the reign of Henry VIII., of England, rose to supreme power in that land. It is a period worthy of study. The feudal system was nearing the end of its long life. But it still had in it the vigor of its earlier years; though not the vigor that could resist the growing power which was to undermine and overthrow it. The great nobles still lived like kings, exercising regal powers over their retainers, but they were now held accountable for the manner in which they exercised those powers. Henry, the much abused king, was a better man, with all his faults and undoubted shortcomings, than we were taught to believe. He was concerned for the welfare of his people and saw to it that they were not crushed by the powerful lords. It was at that time, when the lords were on the alert to grasp their vanishing power and to maintain their old time privileges, that they saw with mortification and chagrin the real power in the kingdom vested in the hands of a man whom they despised as much as they dreaded.

The chancellorship with all its emoluments, and all its powers was held by Wolsey. We, in our democratic time and country cannot conceive what that meant to nobles whose ancestors had stood by the Conqueror when he landed and to whom other kings since then had turned for advice and help. Birth counted for much in those days. This Wolsey was a man of the common people. The son of a butcher, some said. A man outside and beneath the privileged ruling class. They felt as the officers of a regiment might feel if the command of the regiment were given to a man who had been employed in waiting at table, or in performing menial offices about the stables. That the king should entrust the great offices of state to this low-born man, should consult with him about the policy and government of the kingdom, was a personal affront to every man of noble blood in the realm. True, he was a man of singular ability, and a man of great learning, according to the standard of those times, while their merits consisted chiefly in their prowess in arms and their skill as soldiers. Henry was shrewd enough to realize that in the rapidly changing social order he needed a statesman, rather than a soldier, as his chief adviser.

Wolsey might have vanquished his enemies had he been prudent. He might have disarmed their animosity by serving his king and country humbly; for he could render service to both which the nobles could not render. But, as with many other men, his elevation made him proud and arrogant. The magnifi-

of his private life was equal to the king's. He treated the Lords with contumely, scorned them as ignorant bores, and repaid their hatred with contempt. It was charged that he had ten "I and my king," on certain documents, though even the king came after him in his estimation. He insisted on precedence, retaining all the pomp and circumstance of power as well as its substance. The nobles might have been sure to see one of their own rank and order so honored, but that they should have to wait his summons for audience with their king, that they should have to ride in procession below "the head of the Ipswich butcher," was unendurable. They knew what they suffered, and he made his burden more bitter by his sneers, his insults and his patronage. Strong in the king's favor or he defied them with insulting defiance. It was a perilous position. "Put not thy trust in princes," was the counsel of the Book, but he, as a cardinal of the Church, was supposed to have studied. When he came to the throne in his public life where two ways met, and he chose the way that appeared to him the way of his interests, yet the way involving the king's resentment, he stood alone. Of all the men who might have helped him in that extremity there was not one who did not rejoice in the prospect of his downfall. Not one of the great men and nobles, would say a word in his favor; for every one had been alienated by his pride and arrogance. His fall was sudden and dire. The great dramatist represents him old and sick and despised, as saying in his misery, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in my old age have left me naked to mine enemies."

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

8. LESSON FOR JAN. 4, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
I. KINGS. 12 : 1-17 ; GOLDEN TEXT, PROV. 16 : 18.

Solomon's Example More Potent than His Counsel—Rehoboam's Observation of his Father Detrimental to Him—Opportunities and Gifts Increasing Responsibility—The Warning to Solomon—The Coronation—Popular Discontent—A Petition for Reduced Taxation—Conciliation Advised—Rehoboam's Arrogant Answer.

THE greatest blessing for which the Lord Jesus could pray for his disciples before he was taken from them was unity; "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou has sent me." (John 17 : 21.) The Godhead consists in infinite unity. Self divides; God unites; and when he divides, it is in judgment. It was so in the time of Rehoboam.

A father's example has more weight with his son than any amount of exhortation or preaching. The book of Proverbs is full of the wisest, most comprehensive and detailed exhortations to Solomon's son how to direct his life. But when that son, who was exhorted to keep himself "from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words" (Prov. 7 : 5, 27), saw that his father "loved many strange women," and that "his wives turned away his heart" (I. Kings 11 : 1, 3), is it to be wondered at that the father's words fell powerless on the ear of the son? When Solomon would have had his son "trust in the Lord with all [his] heart, and lean not to [his] own understanding," and said, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," and yet that very father's heart was "not perfect with the Lord his God," he "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and, although he did not himself sacrifice to idols, he facilitated his wives' idolatry by building high places for their gods (I. Kings 11 : 4, 10),—is it to be wondered at that Rehoboam heeded not such exhortations? Solomon could say to his son, "Receive my instruction, and not silver, and knowledge, rather than choice gold" (Prov. 8 : 10), but when he saw on his father's table, and all around him in "the house of the forest of Lebanon," every vessel of gold, and when he watched the unloading of his father's merchant ships,

bringing gold and silver" (I. Kings 10 : 21), the wholesome exhortation could not outweigh the natural self-importance of a foolish young man who saw himself heir to all this wealth.

"The world by wisdom knew not God." (I. Cor. 1 : 21.) All Solomon's wisdom, truly God's gift to him, did not procure the conversion of his son. "The unfeigned faith" which dwelt in the aged Lois, and in her daughter Eunice, (II. Tim. 1 : 5) descended to the youthful Timothy, just because it was "unfeigned," and because these two holy women lived in the

Real Oneness With God

which their faith taught them. Timothy saw and felt the presence of God in the house, while Rehoboam could exult in the wonderful wisdom, riches, and power of his father, but the presence of God was not brought to bear upon him.

Many a son who has nothing himself to boast of, is inflated with pride by reason of some family distinction. Either he is the son of a bishop, or perhaps of some well-known preacher, and values himself on that account, or he is descended from the aristocracy, and this is the ground of boasting, or perhaps he is the son of a famous author, or some relation of a noted politician. Many of those who seek for distinction by holding on to the skirts of wiser, better, or more talented men than they, are the most conceited of men. Rehoboam was probably of this class. He seems to have in no way inherited his father's wisdom, but to have been a remarkably foolish young man. How far this is attributable to his father's declension only eternity will reveal.

Solomon's Privileges.

When Solomon was born "the Lord loved him." (II. Sam. 12 : 24.) He was born at the time when David was deeply humbled, and broken before his God because of his terrible sin. And God said to David : "Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts, for I have chosen him to be my son, and I will be his Father." (I. Chron. 28 : 6.) Yet the grace of God could not excuse Solomon from responsibility. It rendered him all the more responsible, for "to whom much is given, of him shall much be required." God is much more exact with those who have great opportunities for usefulness than with any other. A Moses who had twice spent forty days alone with God, face to face, and who was called to be the leader of the people of the Lord, could not be excused an act of unbelief, and an outbreak of temper. Solomon had been permitted privileges which were not allowed to David his father—he was a man of peace, he was permitted to build the temple of the Lord. But Solomon's prosperity was a greater test to him than his father's adversity had been to him. Nothing is so dangerous or so great a test to human nature as ease, success, and fame. Let us not think it is accidental when something occurs to thwart us,—the hand of our God is in all that happens. Earthly things exist only to "work together" for the education of God's children, they are only

A Scaffolding

which must come down when the work is accomplished. Grievous and disastrous as it was, Israel must be divided rather than Solomon's pride go unrebuked. We may not, with our narrow sight, understand God's divine economy. But what we know not now we shall know hereafter. God promised Solomon that the kingdom should not be divided in his days, but in his son's days. Yet, in the end of his reign, this greatest and most glorious of earthly kings had the mortification of seeing enemies rising up against him, his popularity declining, and his son unsatisfactory, everything to humble him and make him feel the transitoriness of all earthly glory and distinction, so that he who had put to the test all the resources of earth to satisfy, was impelled to come to the sad conclusion, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Rehoboam's coronation was a success, there was a large and universal gathering of the people to Shechem, to make him king. But danger-

ous elements were at work in the kingdom, and through them the purposes of God would be carried out. There was a party which despised the weak son of the mighty Solomon, and they were set upon a revolution which should place the government in the hands of the more manly and capable Jeroboam. They sent and fetched him from his exile in Egypt. They must find some pretext for a political movement, and they make it take the form of a petition to the king headed by Jeroboam, "Thy father made our yoke grievous," they said, "now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us lighter, and we will serve thee." Rehoboam did wisely in taking three days to consider the matter that he might take counsel. But there was

One whose Counsel he Sought Not, the God of his grandfather David, and no other counsel could stand when his was ignored. He counselled with the old men who had stood before his father, and they answered, "If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants for ever." It was good and wise counsel, but there was nothing in it to flatter the pride of a vain young man. "A servant indeed! I mean to let them know I am their master." Such is the heartless spirit which turns good servants into bitter enemies, and good workmen into dissatisfied strikers. "By love serve one another" is the Gospel rule which applies as much to masters as to men, to mistresses as to servants.

Rehoboam, instead of acting on this wise advice, called around him the company of silly flatterers who had grown up with him, and who had been what those young men are who hang on to a rich friend, and make the most they can out of him. Of course their advice was apart from all other considerations than how to maintain their parasitical hold on the young prince. They knew well how conceited he was; to them the loss of the kingdom was nothing, but the loss of a seat at his table, in his carriage, was everything. They advised him to give answer, "My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins." It was a vulgar, heartless, senseless boast, and Rehoboam had to pay dear for it.

The Insurrection.

The insurrection was ripe; the people only waited for the king's decision, and while he yet gave them audience it broke out, and they replied to the boasting young king who had insulted them, "What portion have we in David, and neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel, now look to thine own house, David." Rehoboam made a feeble effort to collect the taxes, but his emissary was stoned, and Jeroboam was made king by mutual consent of all the tribes but Judah and Benjamin. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It was time that Rehoboam should know and find his level. He attempted to gather his army, and fight for his rights. But another appeared on the scene, and God sent a prophet to tell him that this thing was of him. And this was love on the part of God. How much more of love is there in God's rebukes than in man's flatteries? God shows us ourselves and others in a real light. Rehoboam in his misfortune was, no doubt, a really happier man than when surrounded with his creatures, he imagined himself to be a man of power and influence. He learned his lesson, and his reign was not altogether devoid of wisdom; he learned and made the most of what remained to him, and encouraged the priests and scribes to settle in his land, when Jeroboam encouraged idolatry in Israel. Thus God overrules. He made even the division which was so humbling in itself a blessing to Rehoboam and his people just in measure as they submitted to him under it. And thus will it always be in every circumstance of trial. The recognition of God lets in the sunshine and so he brings good out of evil as far as the waywardness of man will let him.

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A WORD WITH HOUSE-KEEPERS.

WHILE in the regular harness of city life the sitting-room is so far from the kitchen that we have not much understanding of its toils and perplexities, we have not much to say save when there has been an accident, and the pudding comes in burned or the coffee has not been settled. But house-keeping sometimes in the country, and during vacation, we have more time to consider; and we wander into the culinary department to see when dinner will be ready. We then bethink ourselves of the grace necessary for the kitchen.

First: There is the grace for managing a balky stove. You, being in the hardware business and interested in certain patents, may begin to rattle over the names of stoves which never flinch, which do things brown at the right moment, which never take up the habits of our human race and begin to smoke, and never let the fire go out. But we do not believe you. Stoves belong to a fallen race, and the best of them sometimes prove tricky. Sometimes they fly into a hot temper and burn things up, and sometimes they will pout for half an hour because a green chip or unseasoned stick of wood is thrown at them. The best dispositioned stove will sometimes refuse to broil, or stew, or bake, or frizzle. You coax it in every possible way. You reason with it and tell it how important it is that it do its duty, for company has come, or a departing guest must meet the train, or you are too tired to bother any longer, and all it does in reply is to sputter. Here is a place for Christian sympathy and help. For lack of this Martha of Bethany acted precipitately, and many a good woman has lost her equilibrium.

Secondly: There is a grace needed for the pantry. Somehow cups and glasses and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. Knives will disappear, and no one has taken them. An old saucer that was given to your grandmother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The tea-caddy has been despoiled, or flour unreasonably failed, with no miracle, as in Zarephath, to replenish it. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china set gets broken. To study economy for a month, and to find the result of this unusual carefulness has leaked out at some mysterious spigot; to have a whole mess of milk soured by one thunderstorm; to have the washboiler boil over and put out the fire; to

have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or Narcissus blanch-mange; to have the servant make up her mind she don't like the place, and leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are all peeled and cut that the brass kettle has been borrowed—all this demands grace for the kitchen.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum-pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmanageable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, storehouses, legislative bills, and the destiny of empires. What if Bismarck had been seized with a long fit of indigestion about the time of the breaking out of the last French and German war? What if, when Plimsoll was trying to raise an insurrection among the sailors of Great Britain, Disraeli should have been overcome of the gout? The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.

Let no housekeeper therefore, despise her occupation, but rather pray for grace to fulfil her mission. The toils and fatigues and vexations of such a sphere may be unappreciated by husbands and fathers and mothers, but God knows and sympathizes. If according to the Bible, God puts into a bottle his people's tears, he will count the number of sweat drops on your forehead while bending over the stove. By the potential way in which you perform your duties you may make the rolling-pin a sceptre. Be faithful! There will be a grand supper after a while for the preparation of which you will have no anxiety. It will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and you will be one of the banqueters.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old school-mates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scene of your boyhood." "O yes," I replied, "I was looking

out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table—most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years, smile—not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THE editor of this journal wishes it understood that the article in last week's number entitled "Recruits for the Pulpit," and ascribed to him by mistake was not of his authorship, but a quoted article.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Francis Edward Smiley has been holding evangelistic services in Jamesburg, N. J., with excellent results.

Mr. Trow Ahok, a prosperous merchant of Foo Chow, has just given \$10,000 to found an Anglo-Chinese college in that city.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for November were \$24,179, against \$39,800 for the same month last year.

A letter has been received from Rev. W. L. Whipple announcing his safe arrival at Tiflis, whence he will proceed by caravan to Tabreez, thirteen hundred miles away.

The New York City Mission Society has now charge of three English Churches, two German and one Italian Church. A Chinese Sunday School has also been added during the year.

Father Ignatius, the English monk of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been conducting religious services in this city for the past week. Large crowds have attended his services.

The receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for the months ending the first of November, amount to \$200,194, a gain of \$66,785 over the receipts for the same period of the previous year.

At the Grand Ligne Mission, near Montreal, there are now thirteen Protestant Missionaries and teachers. Five missionaries are supported for \$1,200 a year. A new wing has recently been added to the buildings at the cost of \$25,000.

The total population of the United States according to the census, counting 315,000 Indians and whites in the Indian Territory, and the estimated population of 38,000 in Alaska Territory, is 63,000,000 in round numbers, which shows a numerical gain of 13,000,000 in the last decade.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss is holding meetings at Rock Island, Ill. The *Argus* of that town says that they are crowded and the whole neighborhood is stirred. The Central Presbyterian Church in which the meetings are held is crowded daily, and large numbers throng the inquiry room.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, has issued again this year its valuable little work which in past years has been found helpful to pastors. It contains a list of topics for prayer meetings for the year with suitable Scripture readings. It may be obtained by sending five cents to Mr. Richard C. Morse, 40 East Twenty-third street, New York.

The results of God's blessing on the work of the Rev. B. Fay Mills at Plainfield, N. J., were seen on Sunday, December 14, when eighty-six new members were received on profession of faith into the Trinity Reformed Church, forty into the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, twenty-two into the First Baptist Church, and many others into other churches. Mr. Mills' subsequent work at Syracuse, N. Y., has been similarly blessed.

A valuable acquisition to the resources of the New York Young Women's Christian Association, will soon be in operation. It will be a temporary home for young women who come as strangers to the city. It is an elegant building well furnished throughout with baths etc., a restaurant in the basement and a laundry on one floor. It is the gift of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, who has defrayed the entire cost of building and furnishing. It is to be called the Margaret Louisa Home, so named after Mrs. Shepard's two daughters. The gift will supply a want that the Y. W. C. A. has long felt.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Death of Sitting Bull—Fighting in the Bad Lands—The Irish Faction War—A Great Woman Philanthropist Gone—The Hero of Fort Fisher—The Money Stringency—A Great December Storm, etc.

The Death of Sitting Bull, the Famous Sioux chief, removes the prime cause of the recent disturbances among the Indians in the Northwest. It had been discovered that he had planned a general Indian war for next Spring, and had sent couriers to all the tribes, even to Canada. Events hastened the crisis sooner than was expected, and the wily chief decided to begin the war at once. Indian police were sent to his camp forty miles from Standing Rock with orders to arrest him. A sharp fight followed in which Bull, his son Black Bird, and several of his warriors, as well as seven policemen, were killed. The dead chief was



one of the worst Indians in a generation. From his boyhood he was a malcontent. He was born in Dakota in 1837, was concerned in the Minnesota massacre of 1862, and soon after set up as a tribal leader of the Sioux, frequently attacking his own people when his supremacy was threatened. In 1876, his Sioux warriors, twenty-five hundred strong, slaughtered General Custer's brave little force of four hundred infantry and a handful of cavalry at the Little Big Horn River. Bull afterwards escaping to British Dominion. Since then he has been constantly fomenting trouble, although of late years his influence has declined. A portrait of the renowned chief is given in this column. The remnant of his band has been reinforced and is now in the Bad Lands, 1,000 strong, and resolved to avenge his death. General Miles is preparing to advance against them.

Factional Warfare and Dire Confusion Have characterized the situation in Ireland during the week. Parnell and his political foes have each taken the stump and wherever the former goes the latter are found closely on his heels. Killenny has been the scene of a series of campaign disturbances. One township, Ballynahill, had a Parnell and an anti-Parnell meeting simultaneously progressing, when the rival factions rushed at each other furiously. On the side of the anti-Parnellites were several priests who are said to have fought as sturdily, with stick and fist, as any man on the ground. Parnell occupied a stand not far from Michael Davitt, and in the course of his remarks called Davitt a "jack-daw." The latter leaped from the platform and with the aid of a hazel stick, amid blows and clubbings, fought his way to Parnell, whom he roundly denounced, and called his followers blackguards. In the melee a number were more or less injured. Later on the same day both factions met at Castle Comer, where a row ensued. Stones and mud filled the air and there was a perfect forest of blackthorn shillelahs in sight, all the leaders having cudgels. Several bags with lime were flung, and a mass of lime struck Mr. Parnell full in the face, completely blinding him. He almost fainted with the intense pain. It was feared for a time that he might lose his eyesight. He has since attended several meetings, leaning, blind-like, on the arms of friends.

Since the Days When the Old Spanish Galleons sailed across the seas, laden with gold and silver treasure, few vessels have come over the Atlantic with a richer cargo than that

carried by the steamship *Majestic*, which reached New York on Thursday, the 18th, with over two million dollars in gold in her hold. The metal was in five strong wooden boxes, and these were kept in an iron compartment, the door of which was sealed. When she was unloaded, the five boxes were hoisted by means of canvas slings and placed in a truck, where two armed guards sat beside the driver who took the treasure to the offices of different bankers in Wall Street. This was the first instalment of gold which, with others soon to follow, is expected to help turn the financial tide and relax the present stringency in the money market.

A Furious December Storm, Amounting in many places to a cyclone, raged throughout the Eastern States on Wednesday, the 17th. Three days earlier it had swept the territory between St. Louis and Chicago, and then took a northeasterly course, bringing with it torrents of rain and heavy snow. Along the Atlantic coast much damage was done by the violent wind. In New York harbor the shipping suffered; in the city itself hundreds of signs were torn down, and many trees uprooted. In Brooklyn, portions of three unfinished buildings were levelled to the ground. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, and adjoining States, heavy snowfalls occurred, the heaviest being in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, which city was almost snowed under, local travel being temporarily stopped. The gale blew down the White House flagstaff in Washington, and a portion of the roof of the Pension Office was torn off. Altogether it was the windiest December gale in several years. Fortunately no loss of life is reported.

Signor Succi, the Italian, Completed his forty-five days' fast on Saturday, December 21st, when he indulged in the luxury of a solid repast. His vitality has astonished the physicians. Little doubt is expressed concerning the genuineness of the fast, for the man was closely watched by relays of reputable physicians. He was sustained by an elixir of his own compounding which he keeps a secret. This condensed nutriment, together with ice-water and seltzer, was all that passed the Italian's lips during the six and a-half weeks of his fast. A portrait of Succi has already appeared in these columns.

The Hero of Fort Fisher, Major-General Alfred Howe Terry, whose brilliant assault, aided by Commodore Porter's fleet, carried that stronghold in January, 1864, expired at his home, in New Haven, Ct., of heart disease, on the 16th inst. General Terry was educated for the law, but joined the army when the war began, serving with Sherman, and being on the field at Bull Run, Fort Pulaski, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Deep Bottom, and also in the actions of Newmarket and the Williamsburgh road. He was made Brigadier-General in 1865 and Major-General in 1886. General Terry's sister is Rose Terry Cooke, the to succeed in any enterprise.



How to Relieve the Prevailing Monetary stringency is one of the questions now under consideration in Congress. A few days ago a number of Senators held a consultation with Secretary of the Treasury Windom, and Mr. Leech, the Director of the Mint. The Secretary approved the proposition to purchase the existing surplus of silver bullion now in this country as a positive means of enhancing the price of silver, and thus relieving the stringency. He also believed the compulsory holding of U. S. bonds by National banks should be reduced, and that two per cent. bonds should be issued. The Senate Sub-Committee in charge of the measure will report a bill favoring the

purchase of the \$12,000,000 surplus of silver at the rate of \$3,000,000 a month, and the purchase of silver bullion to make good, by means of treasury notes, the deficiency in the National bank circulation when it falls below \$180,000. The President is said to be satisfied that these measures will prove sufficient.

One of the Kindest and Best of Women Philanthropists, the Countess of Rosebery, died in England lately of typhoid fever. Hannah de Rothschild was the only child of the late Baron Meyer Amschel de Rothschild, and when she



married the Earl of Rosebery in 1878, she brought him a great fortune. The wedding was one of the grandest social events ever witnessed in London. The Prince of Wales and other royalties attended, and the Earl of Beaconsfield gave away the bride. The Countess' whole life was devoted to doing good. She was a "Lady Bountiful" indeed to the poor of a very large

district, and her charities became almost a household word throughout England. She took an active part in the promotion of the Women's Industries Section at the Edinburgh Exposition and was a leading organizer in over a score of charitable associations. The poor Hebrews of the East End of London, especially, will miss her, for she was more than kind to many families and stood between them and starvation. In every movement for the amelioration of the distressed throughout the kingdom she was to be found actively working at all seasons of the year, denying herself many pleasures usually enjoyed exclusively by the class to which she belonged, for the sake of the good work she loved so well. A portrait of the Countess is given in this column.

One of the Oldest of New York's many Sacred edifices, Christ Church, on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 17th. No services had been held there since May, and the congregation had moved to their new building farther up town. The church was situated almost opposite the St. Nicholas Club, which, by a strange coincidence, caught fire the same afternoon and sustained considerable damage. The owner of the church, Lewis Samuels, three weeks ago advertised it for sale and J. D. Bentley, an artist, put his famous painting of "The Ideal Head of Christ" on exhibition there temporarily. The picture, which was valued at \$50,000, was consumed in the flames. The loss on the church building, about \$60,000, falls on the congregation.

A Trainload of Canadians, Homeward Bound for the holidays, met a frightful mishap on the Intercolonial Railway at St. Joseph de Levis, on the 18th inst. There were two hundred passengers on board, and the train was going at the highest rate of speed, when the express car left the track and in an instant the entire train followed down a twenty-five-foot embankment. Five passengers were taken out dead.

American Physicians, Just Returned from Berlin, speak enthusiastically of the cures accomplished by Professor Koch's lymph, under their own personal observation. One New York physician alone brought back with him enough of the liquid to inoculate 5,000 persons. Three others are known to have it in much smaller quantities. Almost fabulous prices are offered for it, and the craze threatens to become very general, among those affected with tuberculosis or lupus. The returning doctors report that Koch is now experimenting in the Berlin hospitals for lymphs that will cure diphtheria, scarlet-fever, small-pox, and leprosy, and that he has stopped his investigations of the tuberculosis lymph, convinced of its efficacy.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Declaration of Experience—I. The Qualifications of a Teacher—Should Know His Subject—The Conversion of a German Preacher—Mr. Haslam's Experience—Firm Conviction Necessary—Good-will to Hearers—II. The Argument for the Hearer—A Personal Testimony to Fundamental Truths—Sin is a Bitter Thing—The New Birth Genuine—Prayer is Heard—The Power in the Gospel—III. An Exhortation to the Inquirer.

"Lo this, we have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know thou it for thy good." Job 5: 27.

THUS closed a forcible speech by Eliphaz, the Temanite: it may be called his "summing up." He virtually says, "What I have testified in the name of my friends is no dream of theirs. Upon this matter we are specialists; and bear witness to truth which we have made the subject of research and experience. "Lo this, we have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know thou it for thy good." By this declaration he sets forth his teaching with authority, and presses it home. He persuades Job to consider what he had said, for it was no hasty opinion, but the ripe fruit of experience. When we speak what we know we expect to be heard. I shall not follow Eliphaz: I am only going to borrow his closing words, and use them in reference to Gospel testimony; which is to us a thing known and searched out.

I. These words may well describe

The Qualification of the Teacher.

He will be poorly furnished if he cannot run in the line which Eliphaz draws in the words of our text. He should have, first, an intimate knowledge of his subject. How can he teach what he does not know? When we come to talk about God, and the soul, and sin, and the precious blood of Jesus, and the new birth, and holiness, and eternal life, the speaker who knows nothing about these things personally must be a poor driveller. Without personal experience you will speak riddles of which you do not know the answers. The blind will lead the blind, and both will fall into the ditch. There is a German story of a minister who had delivered himself very earnestly upon a vital theme, and after the service he was waited upon by one in great distress of heart, who was peculiar in his use of language. He generally said "we" when he should have said "I;" and so he said to the minister, "Sir, if what you have been saying is true, what shall we do?" He did not mean to bring the minister into it, but the use of the word "we" implicated the pastor so much that he began to search, and searching, he found that he had no part nor lot in the matter, and that he had been preaching what he himself had never felt.

Have I anybody here who is doing this every Sabbath day? A blind man, who is teaching others about color and vision? A preacher of an unknown God? A dead man sent with messages of life? You are in

A Strange Position,

dear friend. The Lord save you! I wish that it might happen to you as it did to my dear friend, Mr. Haslam, whom God has blessed to the conversion of so many. He was preaching a sermon which he did not understand, and while he preached it, he converted himself. By God's grace he began to feel the power of the Holy Spirit and the force of divine truth. He so spoke that a Methodist in the congregation presently cried out, "The parson is converted;" and so the parson was. He owned it, and praised God for it, and all the people sang—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

His own utterances concerning Christ crucified had been to him the power of God unto salvation. O beloved, no man has any right to teach in the Sunday School, or preach, or pretend in any other way to be sent of God, unless he has been so taught of the Holy Spirit that he has an intimate acquaintance with the Gospel.

It strikes me, next, that what is wanted in a successful teacher is a firm conviction of the truth of these things, growing out of his having

tested them for himself. He must say, with emphasis, "So it is." When I had found Christ, and joined the church, I began to teach in the Sabbath School, but my class of boys taught me more than I taught them. I was speaking to them one day about "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and one of the boys said to me, "Teacher, have you believed?" I answered, "Yes." "And have you been baptized?" "Yes." "Then," said he, "teacher, you are saved." I said, "I hope so." Years ago it was a kind of fashion to say "I hope so;" and I followed my seniors in this modest talk. The boy looked me straight in the face, and said, "And don't you know, teacher?" Well, I felt that I did know, and that I ought not to have said "I hope so." So I replied, "Yes, I do know it." "Of course," said the boy, "the text says so. If it ain't true, well, of course, it ain't true; but if it is true, well, it is true, and nobody need hope about it." So it was. The boy used

Good Logic.

The Scripture saith, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" therefore, he that believeth and is baptized is saved. The Lord's Word must be true. Why do you "hope" about it? Believe it and enjoy it. But people will go hoping and hoping, and hopping and limping; as if to be lame were the proper thing. They had better put both feet to the ground, and cry, "God has said it: I believe it. Glory be to his name, he shall have all the praise." "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart." When we teach others, we ought to have a firm conviction that what we teach is true beyond question.

Once more: a needful qualification for a teacher of the Word is earnestness and good-will to the hearer. We must implore each one of our hearers to give earnest heed. We must cry to him with our whole heart, "Hear it, and know thou it for thy good." Without love, there can be no real eloquence. A preacher had managed somehow to offend one of his hearers, and the angry man kept away from the place of worship for many a day. The preacher was not in the least aware that

He had given Offence;

but when the matter came out, he went at once to set it right. The offended person had become settled in unbelief. The preacher went to him, and said that he had been sorry to miss him; and that he had been made ill by learning that he had become an unbeliever. Tears were in his eyes, and his voice was half choked, as he said, "Do you know, friend David, I cannot sleep at nights for thinking about you? I am so concerned about your soul that I cannot rest unless you are converted." The man had grown into the habit of blasphemy, and if he had been addressed in any other way he would have cursed the minister, and told him to go about his business; but that touch of real affection did it. "You concerned about my soul! Then it is time that I became concerned about it too:" that was the reasoning which passed through David's mind. Oh, let us love our hearers! Let us love them to Jesus.

II. Secondly,

The Argument for the Hearer:—

"Lo this, we have searched it, so it is." The argument directed to the hearer is the experience of many, confirming the statement of one: "We have searched it, so it is." Bacon has taught us from a mass of agreeing testimonies to infer a general truth. We are not now so selfish as to set up a theory, and then hunt for facts to support it; but we gather the facts first, and then deduce the theory from them. So here the three friends have made ample researches, and have arrived at certain conclusions; and they urge this reasoning upon Job. Without further preface I should like to bear my own personal witness to a few things about which I am fully persuaded. I am not afraid of dogmatism, but I shall speak very positively, since I can say, "Lo this, we have searched it, so it is."

And my first witness is that sin is an evil and a bitter thing. We know of ourselves, and in ourselves, that sin is a serpent, whose teeth in-

fuses poison into the wound it makes. Sin brought some of us very low, and nothing but almighty grace restored us. We get neither pleasure nor profit by sin, though it may dupe us with the name of both. Sin is "evil, only evil, and that continually." This we have searched, and so it is. We wish that others who are beginning life would accept our testimony, and withhold their feet from the paths of the destroyer. It cannot be needful that everybody should taste the poison cup: may not our mournful experience of sin's evil effects suffice for you? Sirs, you may search the purlieus of sin, from end to end, but you will never find a living joy therein. Wherefore, flee from it, by God's grace.

I wish next to testify to the fact that repentance of sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, bring a wonderful rest to the heart, and work a marvellous change in the whole life and character. There is such a thing as the new birth, for we have been born again; and this not in mere fancy or sentiment, but as a plain matter of fact. I speak for thousands in this place to-night when I say that repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ bestow on men a wonderful delight, and transform their characters by the Holy Ghost. That is worth knowing, is it not? Believe for yourselves, and realize personally the power of faith. "We have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know thou it for thy good."

A Test of Prayer.

Next, we beg to bear our witness to the fact that prayer is heard of God. If it were possible for me to tell you the many instances in which God has heard my prayers, you would, in your kindness, follow me a considerable way, but I should have to draw so largely upon your faith, that before I came to the end, you would feel compelled to doubt. Nor should I blame you. Truth is stranger than fiction, and if you are not familiar with prayer, you would think me a mad fanatic. In matters in reference to the Stockwell Orphanage, I have seen the Lord's hand very conspicuously in times of need. When money has run short, and there have been hundreds of children to be fed, faith and prayer have filled our coffers. Well, sir, men of the world may say it is all fancy, and laugh at it as a spiritual dream; but fancies do not load tables, and feed children, and supply thousands of pounds. Will one of you make the attempt? Will you provide for our five hundred orphans for a month by dreams and fancies? We have known times of close pinching, and have waited upon God, and in a short time he has sent us abundant relief, whereof there are brethren on this platform who would willingly bear witness.

An Attack on the Preacher.

I wish that anybody here who is in doubt about it would try the power of prayer. Go to God in prayer—ay, even you that are unconverted—and see whether the Lord will not hear you. Somebody says, "Surely that is unsound advice! How can the unconverted pray?" Let me tell you a story. I was preaching, years ago, to the Sunday School children of a certain country town, where the people were Calvinistic, and a point or two more. They received sixteen ounces to the pound of the Gospel, and they liked an ounce or two above full weight. I made the observation to the children that before I had been renewed by grace, I, as a child, was in trouble, and I went to God in supplication, and he helped me. I need not repeat the circumstances; but it seemed to me that the Lord heard my childish pleading, and helped me.

When I came out from the chapel, where I had mentioned this circumstance, a number of grave persons who were both sound and sour in the faith, beset me round about like bees. They began asking, "How can a natural man pray a spiritual prayer? How can God accept a prayer which is merely natural, since he is a Spirit? If prayer is not wrought by the Holy Ghost it is an idle form"; and so on, and so on. It is difficult to conceive how many quibbles can be made upon one point. I was about twenty years of age, but I did my best to defend my-

for I had stated a fact, and a fact is a stubborn thing. At any rate, I held my own; but I did not know that I should have won the victory if I had been left alone. *A grand old woman in a black cloak* pressed forward into the middle of the throng, and addressed the doubly-sound-breathed whom she knew better than I did. With an almost prophetic air she looked on them and said, "O fools and slow of heart to come here and cavil with this young servant of the Lord. Harken to me, and be convinced, and go home in silence. Does not the Lord hear the young men when they cry? Do they pray spiritual prayers? Does the Holy Ghost work prayer in them? If God hears the natural prayers of young ravens, will he not hear the cries of children?" This was fine. The adversaries vanished out of my sight.

The Reward of Service.

Another testimony we would like to bear, namely, that obedience to the Lord, though it may involve present loss, is sure to be the most profitable course for the believing man to take. You will serve the Lord Jesus Christ, you will find your road all smooth; but you will find it more pleasant than serving the devil. Satan said of Job, "Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about all that he hath?" It was most true, but the Lord God might have answered the devil, "Would you have my servants unrewarded? Is from you that service meets no reward but death. Do you think I would have you able to do? God's servants serve him for nothing. When Job gets no return for his faithful obedience?" Beloved, we may not expect immediate success in business because we walk in the path of integrity. We may for a time be losers by being honest, and may miss many a chance by abhorring deception. But we do not measure things by the inch and by the ounce, when we come to deal with eternal matters.

Power in the Old Gospel.

I have many things to say, but our hours are like the cherubim: each one hath six wings. We beg to say that the old-fashioned Gospel is able to save men, and to arouse enthusiasm in their souls. Here—here is the best proof! Look around upon this vast assembly. Have we any music, any candles, any millinery? Have we anything here to attract people but simply the preaching of the old, old Gospel? Our service is so severely simple as to be called bare. Have I not kept to the Gospel, and set it forth in simple language? Lo, here I come to the end of thirty-seven years, and before me are the same multitudes of people as at the first. Young preacher, you will not need anything but Christ Jesus, should you be spared to preach as long as I have done.

III. I close now with our third point: we have here the exhortation

To the Inquirer.

What do we say to him? "This, we have searched it, so it is, hear it." Life is a poor thing if it ends here. Do you believe that all you can possess is to be had on this side of the grave? It is a poor look out. Do you fancy that your life can be nothing better than an endless turning of the grindstone? Were you born merely to toil for daily bread? Is there nothing higher and better? If you say that you will die like dogs, I dare not think so meanly of you as you think of yourselves. You have only begun to exist. You have to live forever. You will exist in eternity as surely as God shall live, world without end. Shall it be an immortality of happiness, or an eternal existence of woe? Do, I pray you, think about this: and if there be a Gospel (and you believe there is,) then hear it, hear it, hear it, till by the hearing of it God sends you faith, and faith grasps salvation!

The next thing that he says is "*know it.*" Our text means—know it in a particular way. "Know thou it for thy good." The devil knows a great deal. He knows more than the most intelligent of us; but he knows nothing for his good. All that he knows sours into evil within his rebellious nature. You may have all the knowledge of Solomon, and yet you may know nothing for

your good, but end your days with the terrible wailing, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

How is a man to know anything for his good? This knowledge must first be a practical knowledge. Does the Word say "Repent?" If you want to know what repentance means, repent at once. You need not go to the Catechism or to the Creed for a definition; repent, and you know what repentance means. Be changed in mind, confess your sin, and forsake it. Be sorry for sin; see the wrong of it; quit it. You will know what repentance is when you have repented. If you want to know

What Faith Is,

believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and when you have believed, you will know what believing is. The best way to know a virtue is to practise it. We get confounding and confusing ourselves with trivial distinctions, whereas we had better throw distinctions to the dogs, and get to soul-winning. You will never catch hares with drums, nor souls with controversies. Come to Jesus, sinner! Come to Jesus! believe in Jesus at once! "He that doeth his will shall know of the doctrine."

Now I have done; but I should like to say this: If there is nothing in religion, why do you come here? If there is salvation in believing in Christ, why are you not saved? You say there is a hell. Why are you going there? You know that there is a heaven. Why are you not preparing for it? You know that there is a Christ, whose wounds bleed salvation; why are you not looking to him?

Is it all to be Play,

this religion of ours—going to meetings, sitting in your seats, and listening to the preacher? I would rather be silent than be fiddling to your dancing; or go through the service merely to spend a Sabbath in a decorous manner. Sirs, if you are not saved, what shall I do? What shall I do? If you are saved, we will meet in heaven, and we will praise God for ever, each one of us, and our Lord shall have all the glory. But if you are lost—if you are lost—I cannot come to you, nor can you come to me. Let me do what I can for you before the great gulf divides us. O souls, why will you die? Why will you keep on procrastinating and crying "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow?" Why should it always be to-morrow? Trust yourselves to Jesus now. By that dreadful doom which will surely fall on every man who dies rejecting Christ, I beseech you flee from the wrath to come. Lord, grant that it may be so, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

John Quincy Adams in a Ditch.*

THE following is an anecdote that John Quincy Adams loved to tell: "When I was a boy, the study of Latin was dull and irksome. Going to my father one day, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. 'Well, John,' said he, 'if Latin grammar does not suit, you can try ditching. My meadow yonder needs a ditch.' To the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin. The first forenoon was the longest I ever spent, and I was glad when night came. I worked the next forenoon and wanted to return to Latin at dinner. At night, toil conquered pride, and I told my father, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have gained any distinction, it has been owing to those two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

Alexander Hamilton's Death.

After the duel with Aaron Burr the Rev. J. M. Mason had an interview with Mr. Hamilton, which he thus describes: "On Wednesday morning, shortly after the rumor of the General's injury had created an alarm in the city, a note from Dr. Post informed me that he was

* From *American Christian Rulers*, compiled by Rev. Edward J. Giddings, comprising sketches in American history, of men of Christian faith and experience, who have had connection with the National and State Governments and the judicial department; embracing Colonial, Revolutionary and later periods; alphabetically arranged, with chronological index of early State Governors; with numerous portraits. Pp. 590; Published by Bromfield & Company, 658 Broadway, New York.

extremely ill at Mr. William Bayard's, and expressed a particular desire to see me as soon as possible. I went immediately. . . . I reminded the General that he was not to be instructed as to the moral aspect of the duel; that the blood of Christ was as effectual and as necessary to wash away the transgression which had involved him, as any other transgression; and that he must then seek peace for his conscience. He assented with strong emotion and declared his abhorrence of that whole transaction. "It was always," said he, "against my principles. I used every expedient to avoid the interview; but I have found for some time past that my life must be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take *his* life." He repeated his disavowal of all intention to hurt Mr. Burr, and his humble hope of forgiveness from his God. I recurred to the topic of the divine compassion, and the freedom of pardon in the Redeemer. "That grace, my dear General, which brings salvation is rich, rich!" "Yes," interrupted he, "it is rich grace!" "And on that grace," continued I, "the sinner has the highest encouragement to repose his confidence." Here the General, letting go my hand, which he had held from the moment I had sat down by his bed-side, clasped his hands together, and, looking up toward heaven, said with emphasis, "I have a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ."

President Lincoln's Inquiry.

During the war, a lady connected with the Christian Commission had occasion, in the course of her duties, to have several interviews with the President. On one occasion, after business was finished, he said to her: "Mrs.—— I have formed a high opinion of your Christian character, and now I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience." The lady stated that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and personal need of the Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might, and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was evidence of his having been born again. Mr. Lincoln was thoughtful for a few moments, and at length said: "If what you have told me is a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say that I hope I am a Christian. 'I had lived' he continued, "until my boy Willie died, without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a test, I think I can safely say that I know something of the great change of which you speak; and I will further add, that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity to make a public religious profession."

Chief Justice Parsons.

Mr. Theophilus Parsons tells this incident of his father, who was Chief Justice of Massachusetts from 1806 to 1813: "An eminent merchant of Boston told me that he once had a very important question, in which foreign correspondents were interested to a very large amount, and upon which he needed immediate advice, and he determined to ride to Newburyport to see my father, whom he always consulted. He rode there on Sunday, changing horses at Ipswich, that he might return at night, as he must act on Monday upon the advice he received. He found my father in his study, and began to state his case. 'Stop there,' said my father, 'I will not hear another word to-day. But I must go back to Boston to-night.' 'Very good, you can go and get the advice of some one else, I will not attend to business on Sunday. The merchant pressed and urged him, but to no purpose, until my father said: 'This much I will say to you without knowing your case, or charging a fee: Do you want to know about the law of it, or the justice of it?' 'About the law of it only; for the moral right and wrong are plain enough.' 'Then,' said my father, 'I will an-



A Tonquinese Girl Weaving.



Explorers of Tonquin on the March.

swer you thus: if you will take upon yourself the responsibility of deciding what course is just and right, I will take the responsibility of holding that course to be the legal one.' The merchant retired, acted upon his counsel, and found himself in the right."

A Sentence of Death.

The following remarks were made by the famous Jacob Rush, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania in passing a sentence of death on a convict murderer: "As you have but a short time to live in this world, and there is no hope of pardon from any earthly hand, let me urge you to seek pardon from above. It is the consolation of the wretched and the guilty that God is infinitely merciful. But it should be remembered that he is merciful, not to him who continues in the practice of sin, but to him only who repents of it and utterly forsakes it. Be assured that the question is not, whether you must repent of your sins. That is certain, sooner or later. But the question is whether it is not better to repent in this world, where your repentance may be attended with the happiest results, than to repent hereafter. You have imbrued your hands in innocent blood, and though the water of the mountain washed the stain from your garments, and from your hands, yet oceans of water can never wash away the stain of guilt from your conscience. Nothing can do this but the efficacious and all-cleansing blood of the Saviour. . . . Let me earnestly advise and beseech you to send for some pious clergyman, and to converse freely with him. And who knows but through the blessing of God, you may be presented without spot or blemish, before the throne of the Lamb, and shine hereafter among the spirits of just men made perfect, in the realms of ineffable glory and felicity."

UNKNOWN TONQUIN.

Strange Scenes and Sightings Encountered by Explorers in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula.

EVEN in these days of railroads and telegraphs, there are still some corners of the earth about which very little is known to civilization. One of these districts is the territory in the upper part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, the country of the Tonquinese. Tonquin is now, as China formerly was, practically a closed land against white exploration. It has only been with the greatest difficulty that the English and French have been able to open up even a small portion of the country to commerce, and much remains to be done before the barriers can be broken down that now conceal from the world the true character and history of this wild, picturesque and courageous people.

At the present time, several exploring parties are pushing their way through this unknown land, and the pictures we give on this page of

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are taken from drawings made by a member of one of these parties. They are interesting as disclosing a type distinct from the Mongol and Indian, and yet possessing many of the peculiarities of both. The explorers find great difficulty in pushing their way through the almost impenetrable forests in which the tropical grasses are often as high as the backs of their elephants. Tigers and wild elephants abound, and in the marshes and along the rivers are many crocodiles. These wild people—the Moi, the Stieng, the Kouys, the Benong, the Rhodi, and other tribes, have



A Woman of Tonquin.

generally curly hair, skins varying from light to dark-brown, well-shaped noses and lips, and horizontal eyes. Even in the larger towns or settlements, the people are wholly ignorant, they know nothing of the outer world, cannot read or write, live from day to day, work only when they are compelled to, and support themselves principally by hunting and by raising a species of half-wild potatoes, and of few simple cereals and herbs. Like all wild people, they are inordinately fond of ornaments. The picture of a Tonquinese woman on this page shows the fashion in ear-rings, those worn being in the shape of a cup, which, in all probability, is utilized for drinking purposes when occasion demands. The illustration of the girl-weaver shows the primitive method of making cloth, which is used only as a hip covering. The cottages—of which half a dozen form a village—are made of bamboo and thatched with seaweed. They are large enough to allow a whole village to assemble within.

One of the saddest features of this wild life

is the constant kidnapping that is going on among the natives, who are periodically raided and their women stolen by Chinese brigands and sold into slavery. The freebooters suddenly appear in a peaceful village, seize the women and drag them to the mountains, where they are sold to Chinese merchants who take them to China and put them on the slave market—a horrible custom sanctioned by the laws of the Flowery Kingdom, but which must, sooner or later, yield before the advance of Christianity and civilization.

THE GIRL QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

(See Illustration.)

THE death of the king of Holland, as reported recently in our news columns, leaves the throne of that kingdom to his young daughter, the Princess Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie, whose picture, representing her by the side of her little pony, appears on the next page. She is now a little over ten years of age, having been born August 31, 1880. With the exception of the king of Spain, who is four years old, she is the youngest monarch in Europe. The late king, who was twice married, had two sons by his first marriage. The elder, however, emulating the vices of his father and even exceeding them, difficult as that must have been, paid the penalty of his dissipation by his death some ten years ago. The younger, who was a weak-minded recluse, died soon afterward. Their mother, having died in 1877, the king married again in 1879. He was then sixty years of age, and his bride was only twenty. She was the Princess Emma, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, whose sister married the youngest son of the Queen of England.

The union, unpropitious as it appeared, proved a good thing for the king and the nation. The young queen was a highly intelligent lady remarkable for tact, courage and energy. She gained complete ascendancy over her erratic husband, and was able to divert him from the eccentricities which latterly, but for her intervention, might have involved his government in difficulties. She has for some time been practically the ruler of Holland, and so thoroughly has she gained the confidence of the people that they have invested her with the regency during the minority of her daughter. During the next ten years, if she lives, she will govern the four and a-half millions of people which is the population of Holland besides the thirty millions in the colonies over which Holland holds sway. These are Java, Sumatra, parts of Borneo and of New Guinea, and the Moluccas; also some islands in the West Indies, and Surinam in South America. Luxemburg, which also formerly formed part of the kingdom of Holland, will not be under the Queen's rule. The Salic law prevails there and conse-

rently its throne passes to the rarest male relative of the late king. He is the duke Adolph William of Nassau who is seventy-three years of age. Luxemburg is a population of only a quarter of a million, but it occupies a position of immense strategic importance between the borders of Germany and France.

Queen Wilhelmina's education and training will be one of the most important duties devolving on the Queen Regent. She appears to be acting in a very sensible way in that matter. By her express orders the little queen is to be treated by her teachers as an ordinary pupil. She is never to be addressed by any title, but is to be called simply "Fraulein," and is to be thoroughly disciplined and taught without any consideration of her rank. "The royal road to learning" is thus to be in her case the same as that trodden by girls of less august station. The sentiments expressed by her mother in undertaking the charge will commend themselves to the Christian people of her realm. Queen Emma says in her proclamation; "May her throne find solid support in the fidelity and devotion of the people to the House of Orange! May the Almighty hear the prayers for the new Queen, and take her under his holy protection! Appointed Regent during the Queen's minority, I accept the task, confiding in God, and praying that its accomplishment may assure the welfare of the country and people and the consolidation of the kingdom."

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 814.)

IT is sometime since we had occasion to occupy our attention with that young scion of the aristocracy, Gerald Towneley, Esq. I don't know that it has been any very great loss either to myself or my readers. He is not at all the kind of character that I delight to write about, nor is he likely, I imagine, to fascinate other people to such an extent that they cannot bear him out of their sight. Yet like many other things one does not have any great fancy for he has his uses, and I must bring him and his behavior forward again and again in the development of this narrative of rural life.

True to his latest device for finding a "Sesame" into Nora Mansford's good graces, and for setting up a ready and convenient system of communication with her; and magnanimously ignoring the liberties Tabitha Crowle had taken with his cheeks, he paid special court to that sonsy body. Such an experience as he had had of her pugilistic abilities was likely to cultivate prudence on his part, and so his "lines of circumvallation," as military men say, were both numerous and subtly drawn.

What woman in the world, so famous for and so clever in her poultry management, could resist the gift of a splendid pair of Muscovy ducks on one occasion, and half a dozen eggs of "silver tuffs" for hatching on another?

One muddy day, after the rain had been falling in torrents, and Abram Hardale's shop-yard looked as if it were going in for competition with the duck-pond, Gerald Towneley, who had made business there about some new stable fitting, managed to tumble against an upreared plank just as Tabitha was passing with her milk-can, dressed in her after-work attire. The plank fell with a splash, and of course a good many splashes



Wilhelmina, the Girl Queen of Holland.

made mischief with Tabitha's gown. His courteous regrets, his painful distress, were something piteous to hear and see.

But what shall I say concerning that lovely "dress piece" of ever so many yards, with trimming material, and with such a nice letter in which Mr. Towneley's "respectful compliments" accompanied the gift? Seeing that he had "utterly spoiled" the dress she looked so well in, he could not in common honesty do other than send her another, etc.

Tabitha was not slow in showing her prize to Nora, and was not over well-pleased with the quiet, sober, and matter-of-fact way in which Nora looked at it and spoke of it. She blushed when Tabitha, with a meaning look, told her from whom it had come, but she said but little, and that little had but little heart. Poor Nora! It was enough to look at those pale cheeks, those dark rings around her sunken eyes, that drooping head that used to be lifted so roguishly for every little chance of fun; it was enough to listen to those sighs, so long, so tremulous, so deep, to know that she had little heart for anything, and least of all, for dress.

Tabitha was confirmed in her idea that Gerald Towneley had to do with Nora's trouble; and in view of that lovely dress and Nora's symptoms Tabitha felt that the gentlemanly young squire might perhaps be favored in his suit, for surely the open way in which he was trying to gain Nora's affections could mean no harm. Suffice it to say, that she did not seem to be able to resist his allurements, and seeing what she thought to be Nora's pining on his account, must therefore be considered on the whole as an ally, with young Towneley in his wooing.

"I do think you care a little for him, dear," she said, one day when she was trying to crack this difficult nut. To which Nora replied, blushing red at the same time: "No, indeed. I suppose I ought; and if I ought, I wish I could."

This was even more enigmatic than usual, and Tabitha began to have some very serious doubts as to whether she knew what she did say.

"What do you mean?" said downright Tabitha, wonderingly. "Surely you —"

"Oh, dear, dear, what am I saying?" said Nora, using a form of speech which seemed to come sadly familiar to her lately, and which was always uttered in a sad, despairing voice, as if the speaker were half dazed. So there came to be a sort of mute wonderment on the part of Tabitha, and a growing silence on the part of Nora, that had one happy effect, at any rate—it kept Tabitha from doing any great amount of mischief. She sought to put Gerald Towneley in the way of easily obtaining interviews with Nora, and when she heard whispers, rumors, reports that they had been seen together, she smiled and kept her counsel, coming to the natural conclusion that she had served Mr. Gerald and her Nora that far at least.

"Tabitha," said Nora, one day, when the two were sitting together busy in the kitchen in the repairs of some household linen, "If one tries hard to do what is right and best, and doesn't know the way, do you believe that God will show us what to do if we ask him?" She closed the question with a long, deep, heavy sigh.

Now, to tell the truth, this was a subject with which honest Tabitha had the smallest possible acquaintance. Honest as the day according to her lights, and thoroughly dependable and trustworthy in all the common duties of life, she was not at all acquainted with that higher love which opens up our communica-

tion with "Our Father which art in heaven." Probably she did "say her prayers" at set times—I am not sure; but if she did it was only a mechanical process, which was not even expected or supposed to have any influence on life and conduct. The wind-mill prayers of the Kalmuck Tartar would have served her purpose to much the same degree. She looked up from her needle wonderingly, and said nothing.

"My dear mother," continued Nora, "loved to pray. From my earliest childhood she taught me how to ask of God, and she said that many and many a time her Heavenly Father had heard and answered her, and that through all my life he would hear me, too. I used to think he did, and I did trust in the Saviour, and was happy in the confidence I had. But now I can't help doubting if it's true. I pray and ask, and ask and pray, Oh, how hard! I want to see the way. I'm a poor, weak, helpless girl, and am so wretched, and—" Here the girl, whose face had been quivering with suppressed feeling gave way, and burying her face in her hands, broke into a very passion of tears.

"Nay, nay, my poor bairn," said good-hearted Tabitha, drawing her chair to her side, and gently drawing the tearful face towards her, first to kiss the tears away, and then to lean the forlorn little head upon her own breast. "Tell your Tabbie all about it; mebbe I can help you, dear."

"No, Tabbie, dear;" said poor Nora, to Tabitha's approaches, "none, none can help me but God; and if he won't—"

That supposition meant blank despair, and that despair brought silence, choking silence once again.

"But he will," said Tabitha, emphatically—the religious instinct was only latent, not absent—"if he tells us to say, 'Our Father,' it won't be for nothing will it? It can't, you know; he wouldn't be a father if he could do like that. Try him again."

"I want you to ask him for me, Tabitha," Nora replied, putting her hand lovingly on her cheek.

"Me?" exclaimed her friend in amazement. "Yes, I know you love me, and I do need a

friend, more than ever I did in all my life, a friend who will talk to God for me," said Nora, tremblingly.

"But what must I say?" queried Tabitha.

Nora arose, quietly took Tabitha's hand in hers, led her to her own room and made her kneel by her side. Then she poured her soul out to her Heavenly Father. Tabitha listening, awed, touched, and tearful. Having come to a conclusion, she said, Tabitha, say 'Amen' for me."

"Amen!" said Tabitha Crowle with a hearty emphasis. It was probably the first real prayer that had left her lips since her childhood.

"Amen!" she said again of her own accord. "O God, you are Nora's Father, an' she has no other. Do as she asks you; do!"

It was a very unconventional utterance. I am not quite sure that it would be accounted orthodox; but it was prayer, very real, and offered in spirit and in truth.

Tabitha was about to question her companion concerning the secret sorrow that was eating her heart out, and as it seemed to her eyes was sapping her weary life away. But she was cut short—

"Don't ask me, Tabbie, don't ask me anything," Nora replied, decisively, "I cannot tell you. Oh, how I wish there was naught to tell." Then she covered her face with her hands as if to hide it from the sight of all. Poor Nora! Tabitha forbore further question, but what she heard and what she saw gave her a sad sinking at the heart. She must leave it for the widow Appleton to do, and she hoped that George would not forget to get his mother to come, and that soon.

George was little likely to forget. He was too much concerned himself on Nora's account for that. "Mother" he said that night when he reached home, "I've been dismissed. Abram Hardale has told me to leave. I'm to bring away my tools on Saturday night."

"Is that what makes you look so down-hearted?" his mother asked. "You need not trouble. It wasn't for any fault of yours he discharged you, I'm sure of that. You'll soon get some place as good or better. We shall manage somehow. But is that all? Is there something else?"

"Well, yes, there is, mother," said George, frankly, "I'm afraid that Nora Mansford is getting sadly entangled with the wiles of young Towneley, and my heart aches for her a good deal."

Mrs. Appleton paused a moment before she replied. Her first thought was as to how far her lad was himself "entangled" with regard to that fair maiden. She had come to know Nora sufficiently, however, to enable her to face any possibilities of that kind with much serenity. Then she said with a smile, and firmly:

"Nora Mansford is too pure a girl, too true a woman, and too trustful a Christian, to be in danger of any entanglement, as you call it, either from that quarter, or of that kind. Be sure of that."

Now George Appleton told his mother much that he felt she ought to know—I don't think he told her about his willingness to "die for" the dark-eyed maiden—but the conversation ended with the understanding that Mrs. Appleton was to seek Nora's trust and confidence as to the

heart-grief which threatened to sap her life, and to be, as far as she could be, mother to the orphan girl in the stress of her great need.

George did not see Nora the next day which was Saturday, but he thought of her continually, and as "he mused the fire burned"—the fire of indignation that Gerald Towneley should have made her miserable. That evening as he was returning home, his soul still hot within him as he thought of Nora Mansford's pinched and pallid features, he was rounding the corner of a fir plantation that edged the road, when he came plump upon the young squire himself. In the impulse of the moment, and in obedience to the dictates of his feelings, which the thoughts within him had worked up to fever heat, he slung the tool basket from his shoulder to the ground, let it drop with a heavy thud upon the grass, and stood upright in presence of the startled Gerald, with clenched hands and flashing eyes. His speech just then had little prudence in it: "Gerald Towneley!" said he, pale with passion. "What's your game?"

"Mr. Carpenter," said Towneley, loftily and scornfully in reply. "Pray, what's yours?"

George felt that he was putting himself at a disadvantage, that he had acted unwisely, and had spoken unadvisedly, and that in the interests of Nora herself he had better recede from an untenable position.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but there is a thing or two about which I want a word with you." To this Mr. Gerald, of course with an added loftiness, responded "Mr. Carpenter, say on."

George had to make a rush for it, or he would certainly have been driven completely off the field.

"In a certain sense," said George who had not time to choose his words, "I am in trust for Miss Mansford, (I thought so," said Gerald Towneley to himself,) and I want to know what these constant interviews and secret meetings mean? If they are honorable on your part, then why are they secret? and if they are not, then I give you fair warning that there will be a quarrel between you and me. And now again I ask you, Gerald Towneley, what's your game? If it's honorable, if you mean fair and square by the girl, I'll stand aside, though I've no faith in you, and I have every fear for her, but if—here George clenched his fist and stammered and flushed a fiery red, and was silent, as though the very thought of harm to Nora drove him wild.

"And pray, Mr. Carpenter, who gives you the right to interfere?" If Hardale's charming niece has had the sense to choose me instead of you, how in the world could she do otherwise if the chance was given her? who are you to say her nay? and if she chooses to meet me in the—"

The sentence was not completed. George's blood mounted to his cheek; the centre of his muscular force was transferred to his hand and arm, and in another moment the cowardly insinuation was avenged. Unlike Tabitha Crowle's mode of warfare when she did such doughty deeds with her open hand, George had made a hard ball of his, and lodged it with the precision of a crack shot right on the orifice from which the lie had come. A very small amount of that

kind of thing goes a long way with the Gerald Towneley type of individual. That fine young English gentleman all of the modern time, avoided further difficulty by pushing the aggressor backward with open hands, and taking his immediate flight, vowing in passionate language, the revenge he meant to take.

George Appleton, not by any means content with his own behavior, lifted the tool-basket to his shoulder, and resumed his homeward journey, with the strong conviction that so mean an antagonist was sure to devise some means of retaliation, and that it was needful for him to be on his guard.

Usually, George made his mother his full confidante, and through all the years had had but few secrets from her. He did not, however, say anything to her of his interview with young Towneley. The truth is, that he felt somewhat ashamed of himself because of his loss of self-command and could not bear the thought of meeting that peculiar look out of those beloved and eloquent grey eyes, that to him meant more than any form of words ever put together could express. Moreover, he did not care to arouse any fears for his own safety, that, he knew, would be sure to trouble her, from the young squire's threats of revenge.

(To be Continued.)

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Who heard them ran to bring her something from the world's great store; as needless, died she saying, "I have Christ, what want I more?"

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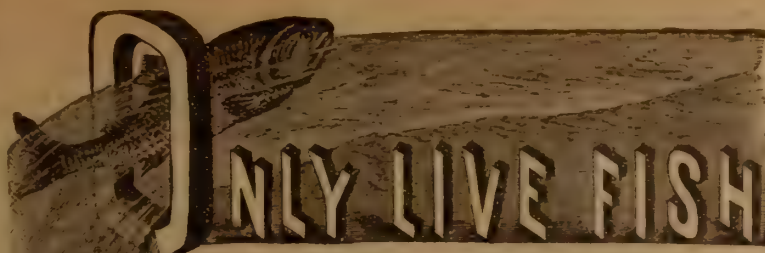
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And the father had made them a promise
In the morn when he went away:
A promise that he would bring them
A present of goodly things;
So they wait for his coming footstep,
And the gift that his strong arm brings.
We wait for our Father's promise, too,
For we know that his faithful word is true.

We wait for the Father's promise!
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He has planted it deep in our bosom,
For its blooming we ever plead.
We watch for its first upspringing,
Expecting a flower fair;
But, childlike, are sometimes impatient,
When finding no bright budding there,
Yet we wait for our Father's promise still,
For the seed he soweth no frost can kill.

We wait for our Father's promise!
We wait as for some dear friend,
Who comes from a distant country
With gifts that his love will send;
With smiles for his waiting children,
A kiss for the babes in grace:
We wait for the coming loved One,
And look for his sunny face.
Our Father's promise is on the way,
Let us go and meet it in hope's bright day.
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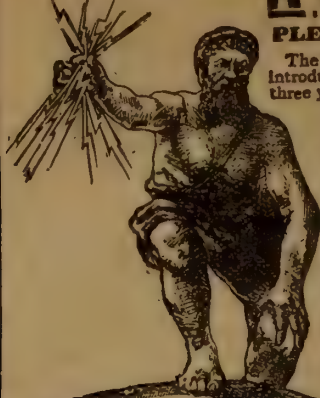
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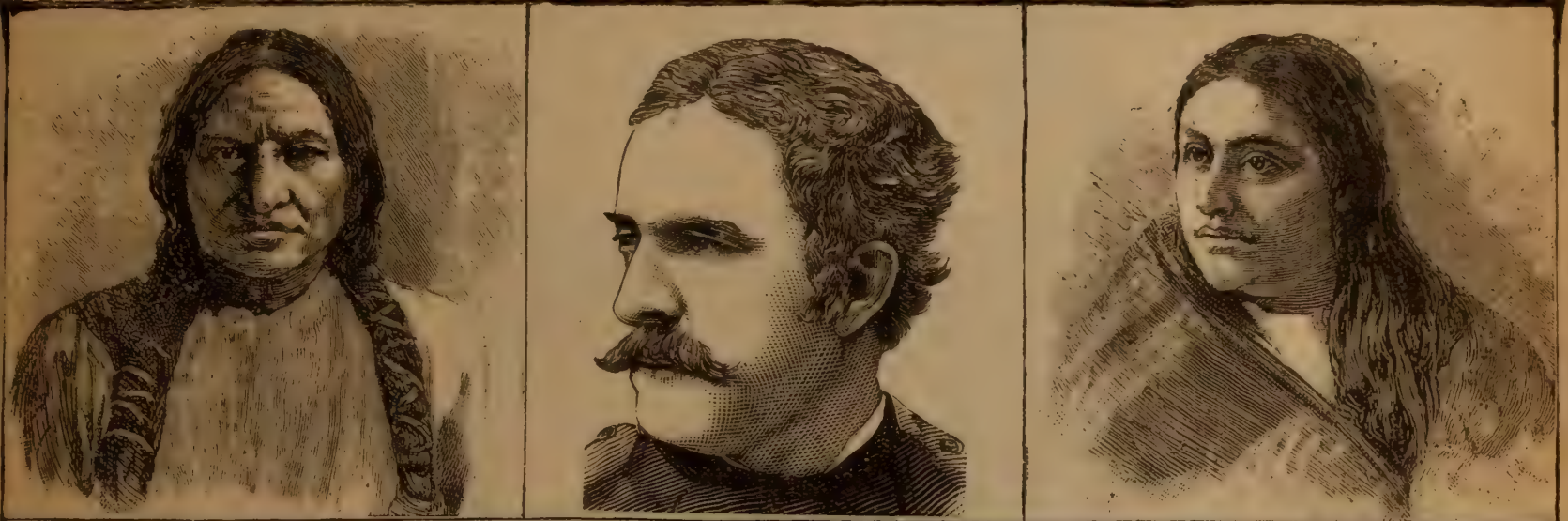
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MID a thousand mercies we give each other holiday congratulations. By long established custom we exhort each other to healthful merriment. By gift, by Christmas-trees which blossom and fruit in one night, by early morning surprise, by clusters of lighted candles, by children's procession, by sound of instruments sometimes more blatant than musical, we wake up the night and prolong the day. I wish you all in the grandest, noblest, and best sense, a merry Christmas. The event commemorated is the gladdest of the centuries. Christ's cradle was as wonderful as his cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out.

I was last winter at the house where Jesus lived while he was in Africa. It was in Cairo, Egypt, the terminus of that terrible journey which he took when Joseph and Mary fled with him from Bethlehem to Egypt to escape the massacre of Herod. All tradition as well as all history point out this house in Cairo as the one in which these three fugitives lived while in Africa. The room is nine steps down from the level of the street. I measured the room and found it twenty feet long and seven and a half feet high. There are three shelves of rock, one of which I think was the cradle of our Lord. There is no window and all the light must have come from lantern or candle. The three arrived here from Bethlehem having crossed the awful desert.

On the Mediterranean steamer going from Athens to Alexandria, I met the eminent scholar and theologian, Doctor Lansing, who for thirty-five years has been a resident of Cairo, and he told me that he had been all over the road that the three fugitives took from Bethlehem to Egypt. He says it is a desert way and that the forced journey of the infant Christ must have been a terrible journey. Going up from Egypt, Doctor Lansing met people from Bethlehem, their tongues swollen and hanging out from the inflammation of thirst, and although his party had but one goat-skin of water left, and that was important for themselves, he was so moved with the spectacle of thirst in these poor pilgrims that, though it excited the indignation of his fellow travellers, he gave water to the strangers. Over this dreadful route Joseph and Mary started for this land of Egypt. No time to make much preparation. Herod was after them, and what were these peasants before an irate king? Joseph, the husband and father, one night sprang up from his mattress in great alarm, the beads of sweat on his forehead, and his whole frame quaking. He had dreamed of massacres of his wife and babe. They must be off, that night, right away. Mary put up a few things hastily, and Joseph brought to the door

the beast of burden, and helped his wife and child to mount. Why, those loaves of bread are not enough, those bottles of water will not last for such a long way. But there is no time to get anything more. Out and on. Good-bye to the dear home they expect never again to see. Their hearts break. It does not need that ours be a big house in order to make us sorry to leave it.

Over the hills and down through the deep gorge they urge their way. By Hebron, by Gaza, through hot sand, under a blistering sun, the babe crying, the mother faint, the father exhausted. How slowly the days and weeks pass. Will the weary three ever reach the banks of the Nile? Will they ever see Cairo? Will the



No Room in the Inn.

desert ever end? When at last they cross the line beyond which old Herod has no right to pursue, their joy is unbounded. Free at last. Let them dismount and rest. Now they resume their way with less anxiety. They will find a place somewhere for shelter and the earning of their bread. Here they are at Cairo, Egypt.

They wind through the crooked streets which are about ten feet wide, and enter the humble house where I have been to-day. But the terminus of the journey of these three fugitives was not as humble as their starting-point at Bethlehem. If that journey across the desert ended in a cellar, it started from a barn. In and around that barn in Bethlehem we tarry to day.

Everything humble around the barn but everything glorious overhead. Christ's advent was in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest

doorstep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good will. Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star: the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repetition? Oh, yes. Know in the first place, it was a sidereal appearance that led the way. Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted no more destruction.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defence, for did not the stars fight in their courses against Sisera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As the transit of Venus in our time was foretold many years ago by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward; and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year one there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year one there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens.

But it may have been a meteor such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. I saw a few years ago in the northern sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable, the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed and swayed and swung and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ in haste to save our world had rushed down without his coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after him!

Not a black cloud of threat, but a gleaming star of hope is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student until the words flashed from his pale fingers and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote:

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark to God! the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind that tossed my foundering
bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Notice also in this scene, that other worlds seemed to honor our Lord and master. Bright star of the night, wheel on in thine orbit! "No," said the star, "I must come nearer and I must bend and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus." Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made a bow of obeisance. I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and the quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make, and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton, and Kepler, and Herschel only went on Columbus voyage to find these continents of our King's domain.

I think all worlds were loyal but this. The great organ of the universe, its pedals and its pipes and its keys all one great harmony save one injured pedal, save one broken stop—the *vox humana* of the human race, the disloyal world. Now you know that however grand the instrument may be, if there be one key out of order, it spoils the harmony. And Christ must mend this key. He must restore this broken stop. You know with what bleeding hand, and with what pierced side, and with what crushed foot, he did the work. But the world shall be attuned and all worlds will yet be accordant. Isle of Wight larger in comparison

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not

you do not despise the mother. It was the life-long business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born, the wise men knew the precession of the equinoxes and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the distance of the sun from the earth. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study. Then, the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came from the East, and tradition says the three wisest came, Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man in mid-life, and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger.

So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, the brainiest men come to the manger. Who was the greatest metaphysician this country has ever produced? Jonathan Edwards the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest writer on law? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship. Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter.

In post-mortem examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest

brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. Here it is, the brain weighing sixty-three ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment, that man said: "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in light and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the west.

Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for his Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms.

Had he been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses. Had he been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had he been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had he been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But he was born in a winter month,



The Angelic Messenger to the Shepherds,

imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were



The Wise Men Guided By the Star.

and that God is Christ, and that Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, does it not enlarge your ideas of a Saviour's dominion when I tell you that all the worlds are only sparks struck from his anvil? that all the worlds are only the fleecy flocks following the one Shepherd? that all the islands of light in immensity are one great archipelago belonging to our King?

the astrologists, and we say it with depreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother

It was in closing December that he was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero. That is the reason he is so often found among the destitute. You can find him on any night coming off the moors. You can see him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see him putting his hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and he is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the *Mayflower* wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by, the graves digged were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you, we want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide-open graves. Not a spring-time Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ. Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed, and soothed, and rocked, and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence. No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and he rocks it into placidity and quietness as he says: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was born among the sheep, and the cattle, and the horses, and the camels, in order that he might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for overdriven, underfed, poorly sheltered, galled and maltreated animal creation. Hath the Christ who compared himself to a dove, no care for the cruelties of the pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared himself to a lamb, no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with his own hand the nerves of dog and cat no indignation for the horrors of vivisection? Hath the Christ who said, "Go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfixed insects? Hath the Christ who said, "Behold the fowls of the air," himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation. In the glorious millennial time the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle-pen. The first bleat of the lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn.

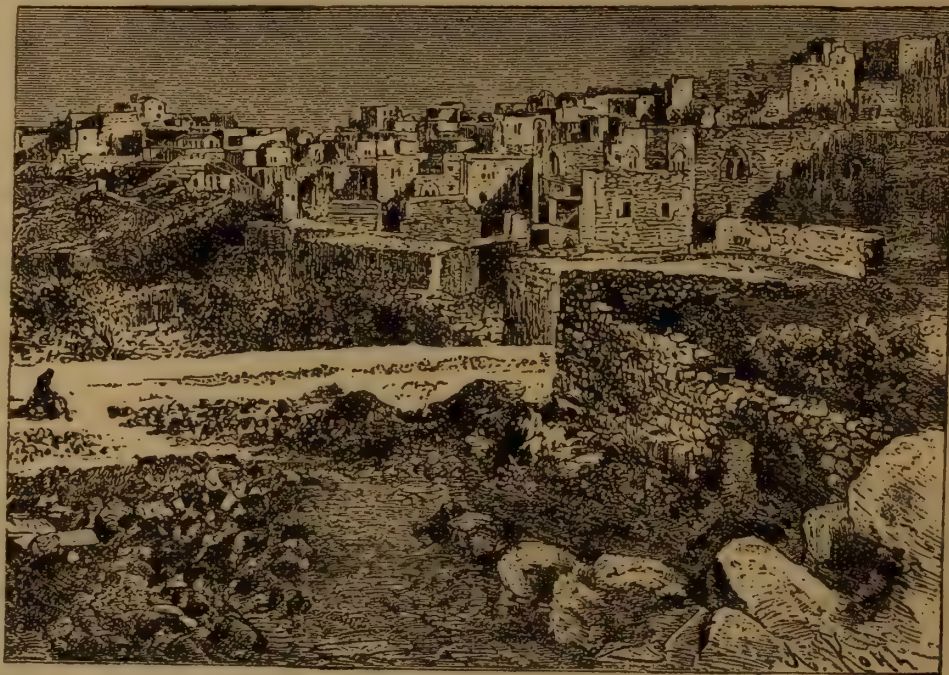
But notice also in this account the three

Christmas presents that are brought to the manger. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold to Christ—that means all the affluence of the world surrendered to him. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders and governed by Christian directors and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabody and Abbott Lawrences, and James Lenoxes no rarity. Bank of England, Bourse of France, United States Treasury, all the moneyed institutions of the world for Christ. The gold for Christ. Gold not merely paid the way of Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paid all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Australia, Nevada and Golconda for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ.

But I notice that these wise men also shook

cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts to-day, so that the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song, and sermon, and offertory, and handshaking, and decoration. Praise him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign, morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset. Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden time, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship, then the cover was lifted from this censer and from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke

arose until it hung amid all the folds, and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God. So we have two censers to-day of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreath all these pillars, and hover amid all these arches, and then soar to the throne. But here is the other censer of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs



The Village of Bethlehem.

out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and they snuffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into his cup when he was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under his head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewed his path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum at Joseph's country seat. Myrrh. Yea, says the Psalmist, "All thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

But I notice also from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the furthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out upon the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster. Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes, and all the churches, and all the capitals, and all the nations, from cellar of stalactited

and the seraphim theirs and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clash them together in one great Hallelujah unto him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh and the frankincense. Blessed be his glorious name forever!

THE following programme of Christmas music was rendered at the services in the Brooklyn Academy in the morning, and at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD services in the Academy of Music, in New York, in the evening, with special orchestral accompaniment:

"Sacred Chorus,"	-	-	Mercadante.
"Agnus Dei,"	-	-	Haydn.
"Ave Maria,"	-	-	G. E. Conterno.
Solo,	-	-	Prof. Ali.
"Sancta Mater,"	-	-	Rossini.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE SIOUX INDIAN TROUBLES.

Congress Probably to Investigate the Death of Sitting Bull.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

THERE now seems to be little doubt that Congress will fully investigate the Indian troubles in South Dakota, and the exciting series of events that terminated in the death of the famous Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, as related in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A resolution, looking to an official inquiry, has been introduced in the House of Representatives, providing for the appointment of a Commission to visit the scenes of the recent troubles and to inquire more particularly into the causes that led to the killing of the famous hostile by unfriendly Indians in the guise of Government police.

From his earliest boyhood, Sitting Bull was the enemy of the whites. When he grew to manhood he was involved in almost every disturbance or "rising" in which the Sioux nation took part, frequently as a leader. But the claim is made—and with what amount of truthfulness may appear on the coming investigation—that these Indian wards of ours were shamefully treated by conscienceless Government agents, being swindled in their supplies and frequently reduced to the point of starvation. In 1868, after many vain attempts to bring the powerful Sioux nation into subjection, a treaty was made by a Special Government Commission, under which these Indians agreed to sell the tract of land west of the Missouri River and north of the Platte, and to restrict themselves to the reservation assigned to them.

Several roving bands, however, never acknowledged the concession, and committed depredations upon white settlers from time to time. Sitting Bull was the most aggressive of the malcontents, maintaining his hostile attitude not only toward the representatives of the Government, but toward those tribes of his own people who rejected his rule and his policy with the whites. In 1874 he drove the Crows from their reservation, and next year attacked the settlers of Montana. Finally the Government ordered him to move with his band to the reservation by January 31, 1876. He did not obey, and on February 1, the Interior Department turned him over to the Department of War. In March, an expedition under General Crook destroyed the village of Crazy Horse's band in the Yellowstone Valley. On June 25, General Custer, with six hundred men of the Seventh Cavalry and four hundred infantry met a force of 2,000 or 3,000 Sioux at the Little Big Horn River. Custer and four companies under his command were butchered, and the remainder of the force put to flight. General Terry advanced upon the hostiles, who fled northward, Sitting Bull with a part of his band making his escape into British territory. He surrendered on a promise of pardon in 1880.

Again, in July, 1888, he influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish the Indian lands. After that time he remained defiant, although the majority of his people repudiated him and accepted the Government's terms, agreeing to live peaceably on the reservation. Sitting Bull, despite his lost leadership, still claimed to be the head of the great Sioux nation of 35,000 souls, as firmly as when its warriors roamed across the 108,540 square miles of territory they possessed before the treaty of 1868.

Discontent at the repeated failures of supplies, the imminent danger of starvation in the winter months and the recent "Messiah" craze, all operated to bring about the recent troubles. The "ghost dances" at Pine Ridge and elsewhere, the summoning of the tribesmen, the final open defiance of Government authority in refusing to come into the Agency, and the retreat of Sitting Bull and his immediate followers to the "Bad Lands," have all been fully described in these columns. These "Bad Lands" are rocky and almost inaccessible fastnesses, destitute of soil and herbage, and affording a secure retreat for the hostiles, who cannot be followed there by white troops except at great peril to the latter.

The death of Sitting Bull, which formed the dramatic climax to a stormy career, occurred on December 15. With the remnant of his followers, he had retired to the Bad Lands, forty miles northwest of Fort Yates, in Southern Dakota, and joined the contingent of bad Indians already there, under chiefs Start Bull and Crow Dig, who were there entrenched with about two hundred Ogallala bucks. It was his intention to make a stand there and draw on the troops for a battle. Efforts to induce him to come to the Agency had proved abortive. Finally, as a last measure, Gen. Carr's command at Rapid Creek was ordered to advance and bring him in. About this time it was learned that Short Bull and Kicking Bear, two very bad Indians—the former said to be the murderer of Agent Appleton, who was killed at Pine Ridge sometime ago—joined the hostiles and there was danger of the rebels securing enough reinforcements to make dislodgment a difficult task. A force of Indian police was sent forward on a forced march, with orders to bring in Bull at all hazards. Following them came United States troops and a Hotchkiss battery. They reached the camp in the early morning, and a hand-to-hand fight took place, in which Sitting Bull and seven of his warriors were killed, and four Indian policemen were killed and several wounded. Among the dead was Crowfoot, Sitting Bull's son. The troops then came up, and the hostiles fled west up Grand River. At latest accounts, many of the disaffected had surrendered. A company of the Eighth Cavalry, under Captain Fountain, were in a perilous position at Cave Hills, in the Bad Lands, being surrounded by Indians, but it was hoped that they would be able to keep the hostile Indians at bay till help arrived.

One of the pictures on the first page shows the last camp-fire of the Sioux Chief, before his fatal encounter with the Indian police. A portrait is given of Brig.-General Nelson A. Miles, the greatest of Indian fighters since the death of General Crook. The type of a Sioux squaw is interesting, as showing a strong and unusually intelligent face, while Sitting Bull's features reveal to some extent the craft and cunning of the man, who will doubtless long be revered by the Sioux as a patriot and martyr to the cause of Indian freedom.

A PEARL MERCHANT'S STORE IN JAFFA.

(See Illustration on page 845.)

ONE attraction which the visitor to Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) generally sees is the store in which pearls are sold, a picture of which appears on page 845. It is a noted place in the old town and its fame has spread to other lands. From ancient times pearls have been favorite articles of decoration, and tradition says that this famous mart for them dates back many centuries. Here they are still seen in great profusion in all sizes and degrees of purity. Most of them are of the variety found in the Red Sea which surpasses others in size and lustre.

Pearls are the concretions of shelly matter deposited within the valves of certain bivalve mollusca. It is generally believed that the cause of the formation of the pearl is the presence between the shells of a grain of sand, which, irritating the exceedingly sensitive body within, leads it to protect itself by enclosing the grain of sand in a thin layer of calcareous matter. This gets new layers as the thickness of the pearly lining of the shell increases and so the jewel is formed. The layers are so inconceivably thin that they cannot be detected by the naked eye. Their edges do not always end evenly and it is this which determines the value of the pearl, those of the finest water having them closest. The size of an Oriental pearl varies from that of a pea to three times that size.

Pearls are frequently mentioned in Scripture as a type of precious things. "The merchantman seeking goodly pearls" (Matt. 13 : 45), the woman "decked with gold and pearls" (Rev. 17 : 4), and "the twelve gates which were twelve pearls" (Rev. 21 : 21), are some of these.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Remarkable Case of Suspended Animation is reported from St. Paul, Minn. The *Globe* of that city states that an iron-worker on returning from work on December 10, complained to his wife of irresistible drowsiness. He said that all day he had been only half awake and at times he had almost fallen down in slumber among his tools. He went to bed immediately after taking his supper and slept heavily. In the morning his wife was horrified on going to wake him to find him cold, rigid, and apparently dead. She sent at once for a doctor, who at first believed that life was extinct, but after a more careful examination, he declared that he was still alive. All efforts to arouse him proved futile until an electric battery was brought and an electric current applied to the soles of his feet. Then his limbs began to twitch, and after a minute he drew up both feet and opened his eyes. Gradually he recovered the use of his limbs and, before night, he was able to get up. Physicians who have examined him, believe that his case is one of the many varieties of epilepsy, though it is a very rare one. Similar symptoms are not so rare in spiritual maladies. Every clergyman has mourned over men who seemed dead while living and irresponsible to all efforts to arouse them to a sense of their condition. (Eph. 5 : 14.)

A Train Was Stopped by Weeds in Oregon, Recently. The *Portland Oregonian* says, that the engineer of a train proceeding along the Oregon and Washington Territory line, when near Pendleton, noticed that a strong wind was carrying into the cut a quantity of tumble-weeds. They flourish on the lands on each side of the railroad cutting. The farmers had sent harrows over the land, which tore them up and left them, not much injured, on the surface of the land. The wind rolled them over the edge of the cutting on the tracks. The engineer knew what they were and passed over them without stopping, but presently he found his train slowing up. The wheels went round, but the train did not move. An examination showed that the weeds when crushed had greased the tracks with their sap. Looking along the line the weeds could be seen lying more or less thickly on the tracks for a long distance ahead, and, they could not clear them away. Accordingly the train remained in the cutting till morning. It was apparently a very slight obstacle, but it seems to have been sufficient to hold the train. The progress of the Christian in the divine life is often hindered by obstacles as trivial. The small temptations which he feels able to deal with in his own strength are often those which overcome him and lead him to the sin that cripples his usefulness. (Prov. 28 : 26.)

An Impecunious Immigrant was Refused Permission to land in New York on December 23. He was a steerage passenger on the *Spre* which arrived from Germany on that day. When the passengers were examined at the barge office this man acknowledged that he was absolutely penniless. He said that he formerly lived at Pittsburg, Pa., but last spring he went on a visit to his mother who lived in Germany. He spent all his own money and was unable to pay his way back to America. His mother gave him two hundred and fifty dollars for the purpose, but he spent all of it but just enough to buy a steerage ticket. The immigration commissioners said he must be sent back to Germany, but the man declared that he had lost his German citizenship during his residence in this country. He omitted to naturalize himself here, so that he was in the unpleasant position of being a man without a country. He pleaded hard to be allowed to remain, but the commissioners were inexorable and he was ordered to return on the ship. There is reason to fear that many will be in a similar condition when Christ comes. Having connected themselves with a Church the world casts them off, yet they have not united with Christ by a living faith and therefore have no citizenship in heaven. To all such in spite of their pleas of church-membership Christ will say, "Depart from me." (Luke 13 : 25.)

IDOLATRY IN ISRAEL.

S. S. LESSON FOR JAN. 11, BY MRS. M. BAXTER.
I. KINGS 12 : 25-33; GOLDEN TEXT, EX. 20 : 4.

What an Idol is—God's Rival—Jeroboam Informed of the Reasons for his Elevation—The Conditions of Prosperity—Jeroboam's Indifference to the National Idolatry—His Countenance of the Sin—His Measures to Consolidate his Kingdom—Anxious Christians—Peace from Confidence in God—Jeroboam's New Theology.

"LITTLE children keep yourselves from idols" (1. John 5 : 21), was the word of the aged apostle John to his children in the faith. "My dearly beloved, flee from idolatry," was the exhortation of Paul to the believing Corinthians. (1. Cor. 10 : 14.) Everything which takes the place of God is an idol. The tendency of the natural heart is to be independent of God, and as man is not self-existing, the place in his confidence and his affection which God claims is given to earthly things and persons, and thus man becomes an idolater.

Nothing is so simple, and nothing so great and dignified, as a life really lived with God. "Enoch walked with God," he was no idolater. Between him and his Maker there was a perfect, unbroken understanding. Such a life implied a separation from the earthly circumstances, the opinions of men, his own experience, and all those things which men ordinarily put in the place of a simple dependence on, and obedience to, God, had no voice in the life of Enoch. Unclogged by the clay of this world, he was more heavenly than earthly, and the result of his life is summed up in the grand but simple words "and he was not, for God took him." (Gen. 5 : 24.) God has made it possible for man, who has heard the Gospel and who knows his Bible, to walk with him as holy men of old did. But the larger number of God's children need, as much as did the Corinthians of old, the exhortation, "My dearly beloved flee from idolatry."

When God had sent the prophet Ahijah to apprise Jeroboam of his purpose to trust the government of the ten tribes of Israel into his hand, he first told him that his reason for doing so was the idolatry of the people. "Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee . . . Because that they have forsaken me, and have worshipped Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, Chemosh the god of the Moabites, and Milcom the god of the children of Ammon; and have not walked in my ways, to do that which is right in mine eyes, and to keep my statutes and my judgments, as did David his father." (1. Kings 11 : 31-33.) Is it conceivable that this man, in whom God placed such confidence would actually institute a national idolatry of such an order that he earned for himself the enduring and world-wide reputation of "Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin?" Every man is either

A Worshipper or an Idolater, either possessed by God, or by something which takes God's place. God had declared to Jeroboam that he chose David "because he kept my commandments and my statutes," and he appealed to Jeroboam to follow in the same path: "And it shall be if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways and do that which is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did; that I will be with thee, and will build thee a sure house, as I built for David, and I will give Israel unto thee." (V. 38.)

Jeroboam came to the throne. He fully understood the communication of the prophet, but idolatry was in his heart, and his first act as king was to look after his own interests. Raised up by God in consequence of the departure of his people from him in the time of Solomon. Jeroboam made no move towards the suppression of idolatry, but occupied himself in his own aggrandizement, in building Shechem and dwelling there. Self was his idol, his position as king was more to him than God who had given him his kingdom, and the idolatry which broke out later in his kingdom was already set

up in his heart. From Shechem he went out and built Peniel. All for Jeroboam, nothing for the Lord. And meanwhile the people were indulging in idolatry unrebuked by the king, and his guilty indifference went to countenance them in their sin. "He that gathereth not with me scattereth." There is no middle course,

No Neutrality

in the kingdom of God; every hour of our lives we are bearing witness for God or against him, helping souls into oneness with him, or in some way scattering them from him. Selfishness prepares the way for further transgression. Jeroboam, having begun by considering himself before his God, goes a step further. O child of God, beware of the deadly nature of selfishness, or the idolatry of self. All self-consideration gives the lie to the life of Christ who "pleased not himself." It claims life for that "old man" which is crucified with Christ. (Rom. 6 : 6.) Jeroboam truly lived under the old dispensation, in which the Christ-life was unknown, but obedience was as much required then as now, and his yielding to selfishness led on to disobedience and unbelief. "Jeroboam said in his heart, now shall the kingdom return to the house of David: if his people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people return unto their Lord, even unto Rehoboam, king of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam king of Judah." Where was God in all this reasoning? Nowhere at all. It was rank idolatry. The promise of God to him was ignored, as though God were no more than one of the false gods of the heathen; Jeroboam acted as though God were powerless and as though he could care for himself, his throne, and his people better than God could.

Is this an Unusual Thing

among the children of God? What is it which causes the sleepless nights and the anxious, worn look by day? What causes the depression which drives many into asylums, and which brings so many to burden others with their troubles? Is it not unbelief in the immediate first-hand intervention of God in all things? Is it not distrust in him and his fatherly love and wisdom? Who can believe that God is doing right, and yet continue oppressed under that which he believes is working out blessing for him? Who can be filled with alarm and apprehension of evil at the same time as he believes that infinite wisdom is guiding everything which happens, and infinite love is caring for his interests? Yet how often we hear Christians say, "If I witness faithfully for God, and give up that in my business which is not thoroughly straight, I am sure to be a loser, everyone does as I do, I can't help it." This is idolatry, it is making business immorality to be a stronger power than God, it is to argue as though there were no God to come in and undertake for his faithful children. What is it but idolatry? Again, how many argue, I cannot live in such a place, or exist on such and such a diet; my health requires a better atmosphere, or more nourishing food, or lighter work, etc., etc. Where is

God in the Matter?

Is it his will you should live where you do? Are you satisfied with his will? Can you trust him that that will is "good, acceptable and perfect?" Then, trust him to make it the right thing for your health, or, by his own control of events, to remove you elsewhere, and be satisfied where you are until he does so. The very kicking against your circumstances is idolatry, you are treating them as mightier than God.

Jeroboam failed to reckon that God had perfect power to maintain his authority over his people when they went up to Jerusalem to worship. But the king's conscience was not at ease. How could he expect God to uphold his authority when he had not been witnessing to the authority of God? He could not. Faith and disobedience cannot exist together. Thus Jeroboam "took counsel." It goes without saying that God was not his chosen counsellor.

Like many a man who will not bow to God, he chose his counsellors from those whose interest it was to agree with him, and he repeated the sin of Aaron in the wilderness, by making two golden calves. Then he made an appeal to the people whose unrebuked idolatry had prepared them for further sin, and, like himself, he

Appealed to Their Selfish Instincts.

How could a selfish man take them on higher ground? Although it was a matter which immediately concerned the glory of God, Jeroboam did not so much as mention his name. He said, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem." Mean man, currying favor with the people, and serving his own selfish purpose, at the expense of God and the souls of the people who were entrusted to him. "Too much for you;" the very words with which so many are hindered by worldly relatives from a life of devotion to the Lord; the very plea which self brings up against the call of Jesus, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Jeroboam, having got the people on his side, instituted a new theology, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." The very history of God's deliverances of old was ignored, and the golden calves which demanded no circumcision of heart, no confession of sin, no restitution, no obedience to the law, became the idols of Israel and the worship of Jehovah went out of date.

And now Jeroboam, having got rid of God from the religion of Israel, had everything his own way and Dan, on the extreme north, became the rallying place for worshippers. Bethel was too near Jerusalem. His priests were chosen, not from the tribe of Levi, but from the lowest of the people; they served his purpose better; and the feast, which was a substitute for the holy Passover, Pentecost, and the feast of tabernacles, was held "in the month which he had devised of his own heart." Thus idolatry became a national institution in Israel, and the people of the Lord ceased to be his witnesses among the nations.

A LOST IDENTITY.

A SINGULAR case of spontaneous hypnotism was described last week in the New York Sun, by Dr. Hodgson of the Society of Psychical Research. He says that a clergyman in a town of Rhode Island suddenly and mysteriously disappeared on January 17, 1887. He went to the bank that morning and drew out a sum of money to pay off the mortgage on his house. Then he went to his son's home, where he dined. He said he would go to his sister's while he was in town and he set out in the direction of her house, apparently in his usual health and spirits. Nothing more was heard of him for three months, and his family after making thorough search for him, concluded that he must be dead. What he really did was to go to Philadelphia where he remained a week. Then he went to a village in the neighborhood, where he hired a store. He stocked it with goods, and it was a success from the first day. He slept in a room in the rear of the store and behaved like other men, but he gave a name not his own. Three months from the day he left his Rhode Island home, he awoke one morning in a state of excitement calling out that he did not know where he was. The other tenants in the house went to him and told him he was in his own room at the back of his own store. He said he had no store, but was a clergyman and told them his right name and address. As they laughed at him he begged them to telegraph to his Rhode Island home for confirmation of his statements. His son came on promptly in response to the telegram and was delighted to find his father still alive. He sold out the store and took his father back with him. The strangest feature of the case is that the clergyman's mind was a perfect blank as to the events that occurred during the three months of his absence. He recollected leaving his son's house in January, but could remember nothing afterward till the time of

his awakening that morning in March. Indeed he was with difficulty convinced that three months had elapsed. Yet the people with whom he had come in contact declared that he had acted rationally all the time. Dr. Hodgson says that his conduct was so like the conduct of persons when under hypnotic influence that he believes the man unconsciously hypnotized himself. The case is extremely mysterious and will form a problem for scientists and physicians. In this it differs from that species of double life, unhappily too common, of outward respectability, and secret sin, and that other double life which is still more common, the conflict of the two natures, in the agony of which, the Apostle cried out, "What I would that do I not; but what I hate that do I. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. 7: 15, 25.)

ADVENT SIGNS AFTER APRIL, 1891.

BY REV. M. BAXTER.

THOSE who accept the chronological conclusion from Daniel's dates that the final Ten Jewish Years of this Age will be precisely from the end of Passover week, April 30, 1891, to the end of Passover Week, April 11, 1901, will look forward with expectant vigilance to May-day, 1891, and the months that immediately follow it, as likely to witness the commencement of those decisive Second Advent Signs, which are indicated in Christ's Eschatological predictions in the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew to be progressively fulfilled during the final Ten Years of this age.

None of those Special Signs which Christ then foretold to be the immediate forerunners of his Second Advent, and to cause the wise virgins to raise the Midnight Cry, have yet taken place. He specified them in Matthew 24, and Mark 13, and Luke 21, in answer to the inquiry, "What shall be the Sign of Thy Coming and of the End of the World?" (or Age) to be as follows:

"Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilence, and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven . . . There shall be Signs in the Sun and in the Moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity: the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." In Mark 13: 8, the same prophecy reads thus: "There shall be earthquakes in divers places, and there shall be famines and TROUBLES" — *i. e.*, social commotions, strikes, democratic disturbances, etc.

These particular prophetic wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, troubles, atmospheric and celestial phenomena have not yet taken place because when they do occur, they will be such peculiar and extraordinary wars, troubles, etc., as to be recognised by the Wise Virgins, according to Matt. 25: 1-10, as Distinct and Definite Signs of the Speedy Advent of Christ. But hitherto there have never been any such prophetic wars or troubles so as to be identified by the Wise Virgins as indicating the Advent of Christ to be at hand. No past wars have been signs of Christ's Advent. But if between Passover Week, 1891, and Passover Week, 1892, the greatest European War ever known shall break out, and presently change the existing twenty-three Kingdoms or States into Ten Confederated Kingdoms prefigured by Daniel's Ten-Horned Wildbeast, such an event will be recognised by the Wise Virgins as the Prophetic War predicted by Christ in Matthew 25, to be a sign of His speedy Advent.

The Ten Final Years of this Age are mystically indicated by there being Ten Virgins and Ten Horns on the Wild Beast and Ten Toes on the Prophetic Image in Daniel 7: 24; 2: 38, to be the Prophetic Period during which the predictions connected with those Ten Virgins and Ten Horns and Ten Toes will be fulfilled, just as Seven Years were mystically indicated by the

Seven Kine and Seven Ears of Corn: and three days by the three branches and three baskets in Genesis 40: and 41.

The very fact that 1890 has passed so quietly without any of these Signs in Europe, may be accounted for by the circumstance that they are indicated not to commence until after April, 1891, as being the commencement of the Final Ten years of the prophetic period of the Ten Virgins being aroused by startling events to look for Christ's Advent.

It is noteworthy that May 1, 1891, is fixed as the Great Labor Demonstration Day in the principal cities of Europe, when vast numbers of laborers are to parade and hold mass meetings, thereby giving a great impetus to Democratic agitation. And May 1, 1891, is the first day of the Final Ten Years which will be from the end of Passover Week, on April 30, 1891, to the end of Passover Week, April 11, 1901.

The reasons why Passover Week 1901 is the Last Week of this Age, are fully set forth in the book of 600 pages, *Forty Coming Wonders* (with fifty pictures—75 cents), and the pamphlet, *Coming Wars and Great Events, and the End of this Age in 1901* (20 cents, from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.) It is there shown that Daniel's 2,300 years began with "the Command to rebuild Jerusalem" on Nisan 22, B. C. 445, and ended on Nisan 22, 1856, when the Crimean War Treaty of Peace was signed, which commenced the cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land. The 1,290 years also ended at the same point of time. Then the 1,335 years, which are 45 years longer than the 1,290 years, end on Nisan 22, 1901, which is 45 years beyond Nisan 22, 1856, that is, on April 11, 1901, as the time of full blessedness. "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years." (Dan. 12: 11, 12; 8: 14; 9: 25; Neh. 2: 1.)

THE IDOLS OF THE MARKET.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Jan. 11. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Exodus 20: 4.

"GLAD to see you looking so well, brother Mills," said Deacon White, addressing a young business man, who was standing in front of his dry-goods store, superintending the unpacking of some goods.

"Oh, yes, my health keeps good. I have a splendid constitution. Never sick, though I get run down sometimes with business worries."

"I was afraid you were sick yesterday, not seeing you at church."

"No, I was tired out; had a very hard week. These holiday times one has to be at it early and late to keep up with the work, and on Saturday night I was about done up. I had a good day's rest yesterday and I feel a new man."

"Yes, we would all be worn out if it were not for the Sunday," said the deacon. "It is one of God's best boons. If we had nothing else to thank him for, we owe him gratitude for that. The pity of it is, we are so apt to forget that we do owe it to him and do not use it as he meant us to do."

"I wonder if Deacon White meant anything by that speech," Mr. Mills said to himself, after the deacon had gone on his way to his office. "I made a rest day of my Sunday and that was intended, surely. If I did not go to church, I did not do any work. It was a temptation to post up the bank account, but I did not do it."

The young man was uncomfortable. He insisted that his conscience did not upbraid him, and the deacon certainly had not done so, but his words had sounded like a gentle reproof. Mr. Mills fretted under it; if his conscience was at ease, it did not save him from attaching a meaning to Deacon White's words, which under other circumstances would not have disturbed him. "I'll ask him what he meant," Mr. Mills said.

"Don't you think what I said was true?" Deacon White rejoined, when, a few days afterward, Mr. Mills asked his question. "You agree with me I am sure. What made you think I meant anything personal? Your conscience reproach you?"

"Why, no; I needed rest, and Sunday is for

rest. Business takes a great deal out of one these days. You cannot succeed unless you put all your mind into it."

"That's so," said the deacon. "We must be on our guard, though, against forgetting the second commandment."

"The fourth you mean, Deacon. The second is, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.' That always seems to me a superfluous commandment to read to American citizens."

"You think there is more danger of their worshipping no God at all, than of multiplying objects of worship? Yet the second is the commandment I mean. I have known men to worship the graven image Uncle Sam makes."

"Oh, you mean the dollar, well, I am far enough from worshipping it. I only want to make my business a success. When I took hold of it, I was not so well prepared as most young men are when they start. My capital was too small. I am making up for it by running short-handed and doing a good deal of work myself. A man had better work when he is young than when he is old, eh Deacon?"

"Yes, I believe in that. The dollar is a useful thing," the deacon added sententiously. "The mischief is that we get so much attached to it that we are apt to make too many sacrifices for its sake. It is worth a good deal, but not everything. We sometimes come in business to a place where two roads meet. On one side there is the way in which we will please God; on the other, the way to make the dollar. When a man hesitates he is in a bad way."

"Yes, but you cannot call him an idolater."

"Oh, I don't know. When a man thinks more of the dollar than of his God, I think he deserves the name."

"That is not my case. I care nothing for money itself. It is only so far as I need it to keep my credit good and make a provision for old age, that I care for it."

"That is legitimate," said the deacon, "only let God be first in all." And with that they parted.

Mr. Mills made a successful business man. The goal of his ambition—a provision for his old age was secured. He was not seen so often in church as before, and he found himself obliged to relinquish his Sunday School class and all other religious work; for his energies were absorbed in business. He kept up his contributions to the church and even increased them, feeling that they in some measure atoned for his lack of personal service. He had intended to take up his religious work when he had reached this financial position; but he postponed it as he made a new goal for his ambition. He wanted to see his business the largest in the city. He believed that with a few more years of work he could take his place among millionaires. He redoubled his efforts, took advantage of every opportunity for buying cheap and, people said, he drove bargains that were sometimes very hard when sellers were in need. He cut down wages, so that his employees could barely live. But, as he said, if they did not like to work for such sums they could leave. There were plenty ready to supply their places. Business was business.

Deacon White had occasion to call upon him in these days of prosperity. A new church was in contemplation and Mr. Mills was ready to do his share in the work. He wrote a cheque for a large sum and said, as he handed it to the deacon, "You see, I do not worship money as you thought some years ago I was in danger of doing. I give freely. I expect that is the largest sum on your list."

"Money is not the only kind of graven image there is, my friend," the deacon answered. "I would not like to say that your reputation among financial magnates is not an image that you have graven for yourself. Could you bear to give all you have away and become a poor man if God asked you to do it?"

"That is a foolish question, deacon."

"You are not required to do it; but as you cannot avow yourself ready to do it, I am afraid I cannot acquit you. Your position is dearer to you than your God. You worship a graven image."

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A WORD WITH TEACHERS.

PROMPTNESS is absolutely necessary. A punctual teacher makes a punctual class. Washington said to his secretary, who was always excusing himself for being late because his watch was not right, "Sir, you will have either to get another watch or I will get another secretary." With wonderful regularity the world moves. Hundreds of years before, the astronomer will tell you what time the sun will rise and set. The comet has a law, so that the philosopher will tell you what night it will first appear. At just the right time the bud bursts and the leaf unfurls, and yet there are thousands of people in our Sunday Schools and Churches who are always behind. If you should happen to see them prompt on any one occasion you would think it a wonder; you would have to look again and again, lest it were an optical delusion. The fact is they are always too late; and they will die too late, and they will get up in the resurrection too late, if it is possible for them to sleep over time. Be prompt—not only prompt at the beginning, but prompt at the close. A Sabbath School that lasts more than an hour and twenty minutes injures the child and hurts the cause of Christ. Out of twenty schools in the United States nineteen keep in too long. Children get worn out, and Christian workers get worn out, and they are unfit for the other duties of the holy Sabbath day. Begin promptly at the right time. Close promptly at the right time.

Then, be industrious. There is no railroad on the road on which Bunyan's pilgrim travelled. If you are going to get the truth of God's Word for the children you will have to dig for it. You will have to "double the Cape" if you want to reach this land of gold. There never will be an overland route. It is by the sweat of your brow that you are to get this divine bread. You will have to sharpen and scour up the sword of truth if you want it to flash and cut. As much depends on the way you present the truth as upon the truth itself. The best food may be spoiled in the cooking. Do not spend the whole afternoon in telling the child something he knows, or in trying to count the teeth in the jaw-bone of the ass with which Samson smote the Philistines. Talk not about

non-essentials and nonentities. You have a half hour or an hour to do the work for eternity. Be busy. You have no right to be dull; it is a crime to be dull in your class. God has filled the world with music and with illustration, and the plainest brook will tell you of the fountain of living water, and the smallest flower will speak of the lily of the valley, and the faintest star will point down to the manger; and while Sabbath School teachers are watching their flocks, as did the Bethlehem shepherds, the air will be full of angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." And then, be cheerful. Never scowl or scold in the Sabbath School. You cannot catch children with the vinegar of a sour visage; you may catch them with Gospel honey.

NO SINNERS.

THERE was a Church reported in a Presbytery as being all saints and no sinners. There were no sinners converted, because there were none of that kind to be had. Oh, why did not that Church go outside and see if in a city of several hundred thousand there were not some who ought to be converted? The truth is, we are all busy polishing and splicing and adorning a few Christians who are already saved, rather than going out to work in the forests of Lebanon, all the axes ringing on the cedars. We are so anxious to raise six or seven hills of large corn that we let fifty acres go to waste by sheer neglect. Prayer-meetings, Sabbath Schools, and Churches are no better than a literary society or a social club, unless it be to lift men out of sin into Christ. One year after all the Christian Church wheels into line with that idea, we shall have the millennium.

MEETING AN EXIGENCY.

WE give it up. People will take trouble by the forelock. And so we propose to show that the most of our troubles have nothing but forelock. You say, "How if I should get sick?" God will not forsake you then. In those times of darkness, the Saviour will be especially near to you. When all worldly sympathy fails, you will feel the need of a divine arm to lean upon, and in the hour of pain and distress the Saviour will be more to you than he is now. There may come days of poverty. Those who are now pleased with your association may turn their backs upon you. You may have to move out of the pleasant surroundings in which you are now settled. Do you think you will be able to endure the stress of these adverse circumstances? Yes, you will. When earthly treasures fade from your soul, you will feel the need of heavenly treasures. God will not forsake you in those times. There may come days of bereavement upon you. You look around upon your household and say: "How could I spare one of these loved ones?" Perhaps you think now that you would not be able to go through such sorrow; but God would not forsake you. He would help you through that trouble as he has through all the trouble of the past. There may be in your future life days of satanic assault; do you think you will be able to endure them? It seems sometimes as if the powers of darkness come down upon a man's soul when he is least able to combat with them. Will you be able to stand them? You will. Satan has been disputing your path heavenward ever

since you have started. He is no stronger now than he was in the past, and he will be no stronger in the future. Christ has bruised the head of the serpent. God is mightier than all your foes. The hour of death is coming; many in that exigency fail. There is a deep darkness that comes down upon the pillow that no earthly light can scatter. Alas for anyone that comes to die without the grace of Jesus! But having put your trust in the Redeemer, that final hour will be an occasion of joy. He will not bring you all through your life to that last moment and then fail you. Upon your pillow there will dawn the brightness of heaven. You can say now, without any boasting, without any egotism, without any rashness: "Nothing shall separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus; neither things present nor things to come."

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills expects to commence a series of evangelistic meetings in Evanston, Ill., on January 22. Rev. C. S. Billings has been holding services in Ainsworth, Neb., with blessed results. During his twelve-days' mission at Verdon, Neb., there were many conversions.

Major Whittle hopes to have the assistance of Rev. W. F. Barnett of Newark, Ohio, in his evangelistic work this season. Mr. Barnett is a singer of singular sweetness and power.

The Christian Endeavor movement is spreading rapidly in Australia. Though the first Union is only a year old, there is now a sufficient membership to form a United Society.

Major Cole's work in Arkansas is being much blessed. His meetings at Fayette were attended by vast numbers, and there were many remarkable conversions. Mr. F. S. Jewett conducts the musical part of the services.

Rev. Alexander Patterson's course of lectures to Bible Students at the Bible Institute, Chicago, were productive of so much interest that he has since delivered them at Hannibal, Mo., and Peru, Ind., with much success.

Count George Waldstein, who died within three months of the death of his young wife, Countess Pasqualine Metternich, has left his whole fortune, which amounts to about half a million florins, to the poor of Vienna, for whom a home is to be founded with the money. The young couple were married five years, but left no children.

At the celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the founding of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Boston, Mass., recently, there was a union service of congregations worshipping in the vicinity. The meeting was held with the church on Dartmouth Street, of which the Rev. J. M. Gray is rector. It was stated that there are now over one hundred churches of that order in the country.

Arrangements are nearly perfected for the World's Council of Congregational Churches to be held in London next July. It is proposed that there shall be three hundred delegates. One hundred from the United States, one hundred from Great Britain, and one hundred from other countries. Among the American delegates are Dr. William Taylor, of New York; Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn; and Rev. C. F. Thwing, of Minneapolis.

Major-General O. O. Howard has undertaken mission work in New York since he was stationed at Governor's Island in command of the U. S. troops. He and his son have been teaching Bible classes in a miserable room over a stable in Elizabeth Street. He is now trying to buy a deserted church in Chrystie Street for the use of the school and for services for adults. The General contributes \$1,000, and asks the Christian public to help him raise the balance—about \$17,000.

The Chicago Tract Society is doing a hopeful work among the foreign-born population, which is notorious for its dangerous proclivities. Recently three hundred Poles were assembled and heard the Word of God. A large parcel of Polish tracts was distributed. As soon as it was known that the papers were in the Polish language, the eagerness among the adults to obtain the tracts was wonderful. One old man followed the wagon fully a mile to the stopping place, and when asked what he wanted breathlessly replied, "Give me a Polish tract."

The Northfield Training-School, opened by Mr. Moody last October, now has thirty-four students preparing for home and foreign mission work. Besides religious and theological instruction, these ladies are taught dressmaking, cooking, and other arts likely to make them useful in the homes of the poor and in heathen lands. The next term opens on January 6. Mr. Moody has a few scholarships for disposal, which cover the tuition for the coming term. Any one desiring further information may address Miss Gertrude Hulbert, "The Northfield," East Northfield, Mass.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Mormons to Migrate—An American Damascus—Another Church Burned—Emperor William to Visit Paris—The New Supreme Court Justice—Victimized Congressmen, Etc., Etc.

Since the Passage of the Anti-Polygamy Bill, the Mormons have begun to recognize the fact that they are out of place in this country, unless they are willing to abandon their unlawful practices. Although the present head of the Mormon Church some time ago issued a pronunciamento assuring the nation that his people were law-abiding, and that they had permanently surrendered their plural marriage system in obedience to law, it has been known that the system is still secretly in force, and that nothing short of the total removal of the Mormon hierarchy and its subjects from United States territory would eradicate the foul blot on our civilization. This conviction seems to have become settled in the minds of the Mormons themselves, for within a few weeks, John W. Young, the oldest son of Brigham, is said to have concluded the purchase of three million acres of land in Mexico, to which it is his purpose to emigrate, with all his followers. These lands are among the finest in Mexico, and the grant will allow the colonization of 10,000 people. A number of Mormons have already settled in the vicinity of the new location. Should the exodus take place, the Mexican Government will find its new subjects industrious and peaceful, as long as they are free to pursue their own practices, but liable ultimately to prove a thorn in the side of any nation that affords them shelter.

Some Forty Members of the august United States Senate and a number of other politicians have been victimized by a clever sharper named William Duvall, of East Baltimore. Duvall wrote to each a letter announcing the birth of a son and heir, who had been duly named in honor of the distinguished recipient of the letter. He enclosed a neatly engraved baptismal certificate, attesting this fact and also sent half a dozen tickets to an entertainment to be given in honor of the occasion, for which tickets the god-father was of course expected to pay. The good-natured statesmen—among whom were Vice-President Morton, Senators Manderson, Dolph, Everts, Higgins, Carlisle, Paddock, Squire, Wolcott, Edmunds, Pettigrew, Sanford, Sawyer, Stockbridge, Blair, Hoar, Hale, Washburn, Vest, and Hisecock—almost all responded by sending silver rings, spoons, cups, or crisp bank bills of various denominations, to the parent of the numerous named Duvall, who, in this way, received nearly \$2,000. The fraud was discovered when Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, showed his letter to a fellow Senator who happened to have a similar missive in his pocket. Governors of several States have also been swindled in the same fashion by the astute Duvall, who is now eagerly sought after by the police.

Emin Pasha has lately Encountered a Series of misfortunes in his African explorations. Ever since his mishap at Cairo, when his leg was broken, the veteran explorer has experienced little else than trouble, and now the climax comes in the news that Gen. Wissman, the German commander, in Equatorial Africa, has resolved to keep Emin out of that country altogether, the Pasha having, it is said, conceived the idea of returning to his province and establishing himself there, in violation of the Anglo-German agreement.

One of the Most Extensive Labor Strikes of the closing year is now in progress in Scotland. Five thousand men employed on the various lines of railroad have struck for better wages and shorter hours, paralyzing traffic by rail throughout a very large section of the United Kingdom. At Glasgow, the centre of the strike, few trains are running. Pickets are stationed at many points to prevent new hands from taking the places of the old operatives. It is expected that within a week ten thousand men will be idle, including nearly all the operatives of the Caledonian, North British, and South-

west Companies. A few trains are running four hours behind time. The strike threatens to spread to the collieries, the furnaces, the sewing-machine shops, and other large interests, which may unite through sympathy. The condition of the labor market on the Continent is also causing much uneasiness. In Paris the season has been an exceedingly dull one, and in Berlin there are 60,000 laborers of both sexes idle, many with families dependent upon them. The activity of the Socialists in Berlin makes the situation there all the more discouraging.

The Supreme Court Vacancy, Caused by the death of Justice Samuel F. Miller, has been filled by the appointment of Henry Billings Brown, Judge of the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Michigan. (See portrait below.) It was thought that Attorney-General Miller would



have been chosen for the post, and Judge Brown's appointment was somewhat of a surprise. The new Associate Justice has lived nearly all his life in Detroit. He was appointed to the Eastern District Judgeship by President Grant,

in 1875, and is over 54 years of age. In his own State he is very popular, and has the reputation of being both able and upright. Two years ago he mortally shot a burglar who entered his house at night. The man died in prison a few months later from the effect of his wounds. **The Establishment of an "American Damascus"** is the project which just now engages the attention of a large majority of the 18,000 Armenians in this country. Most of them are engaged in trade, and have their headquarters in New York, while the whole are controlled by a sort of patriarchal government, peculiar to the East. Some have grown rich by the importation of Oriental goods. A syndicate of Armenian capitalists has been formed for the purpose of buying several thousand acres of land near the sea coast where silk culture, fruit growing and farming can engage the labor of the Syrian immigrants who are arriving in increasing numbers. Capital will be loaned to them by their prosperous fellow-countrymen, and they will be helped ultimately to buy the land for themselves. The location will be either in the South or Southwest.

After Two Years of Intermittent Warfare, Peace has been concluded between the Arab traders and the missionaries and agents of the African Lakes Company on the northern shores of Lake Nyassa. This section was formerly the greatest slave-hunting ground of the Arabs. The white station at Karonga on the northwest coast of the lake interfered with the traffic, and the Arabs made numerous attempts to destroy it. It was a heroic defence on the part of a mere handful of white Christians against several thousand fanatics, but so bravely was it conducted that the whites finally triumphed. The white leader, H. H. Johnston, with a single companion, lately met the Arabs by agreement and a treaty of peace was signed, under which the Arabs are bound to engage only in legitimate trade hereafter.

The Tide of Polish, Italian, and Hebrew Immigrants, which for the last fifteen years has steadily flowed to this country, has now turned, and is setting in toward the new republic of Brazil. Within a very short period 10,000 of these immigrants have settled in Brazil, and

there is a prospect that during 1891 several millions of Italians, Poles, and Russian Hebrews will migrate to the same attractive country where many inducements are held out by the Government to newcomers. Their glowing letters to friends in Poland have started a great wave of immigration, which has seriously alarmed the landholders there, but they are unable to prevent the wholesale exodus of their people. Baron Hirsch, the millionaire banker-philanthropist, has offered to transport 500,000 Russian Hebrews to South America, and it is thought that Brazil will be their destination. Much of the finest territory of the new republic is in the hands of an idle and half savage population, partly Indian, and it is to replace those with an industrious and desirable class of citizens that the new immigration is encouraged.

Following Hard Upon the Destruction by Fire of Christ Church, in New York, a week ago, the Roman Catholic Church of St. Bernard's, in West Fourteenth Street, was almost wholly consumed by the same element on the night of the 23rd inst. Evening service had concluded and the doors of the edifice had been locked several hours, when one of the assistants, who slept on the third floor of the church, discovered flames in the basement. A number of priests hurried out of the place in time to save themselves from suffocation. Firemen turned on heavy streams of water, and battered down doors and windows in an effort to save the building, but the interior was gutted and little else left standing besides the walls. The loss will be about \$100,000. St. Bernard's was the first church consecrated by an American Cardinal. Its pastor, Father Healy, has been connected with it since it was built in 1872. It was a massive structure of Ohio freestone, and contained several handsome memorial windows.

Emperor William Believes in Being Talked about. It was announced lately that he had decided to visit Paris, that he would go incognito and would not stop at the residence of the German Ambassador. This set the European press agog. The French officials were apparently mystified, as it would never do, they concluded to let so distinguished a visitor pass unnoticed, nor would it be wise to permit him to wander about the capital making observations which, to his practical mind, would be almost certain to be made strategically valuable in the event of trouble with France in the future. It was declared by the ministerial party that the presence in France of the ruler of the country that had torn Alsace and Lorraine from their allegiance would hasten a crisis which the friends of peace were anxious to avert. The German and French Chancellors have discussed the Emperor's project and it is not at all improbable that the French Cabinet may finally put a diplomatic veto upon it.

William J. Walter, One of the Survivors of the Sir John Franklin Search Expedition in the Fox, recently died at Strood, near Rochester, England. Mr. Hampton, a relative, also one of the crew of the *Fox*, wrote to their old Commander, now Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, who thus replied: "Dear Mr. Hampton, I had not heard of the death of Walter, and I thank you for having written to tell me of it. It has pleased God to spare us hitherto, and in this we see his continuing mercy still overshadowing us. May we employ extended opportunities in serving him before all men, openly and fearlessly. I think Dr. Walker (surgeon of the *Fox*) is still living, in the United States. He served for some years in the United States army. I will send your letter to Sir Allen Young who is, I believe, quite well. With every good wish, your friend, F. L. McClintock."

Russian Movements near Gallica on the Frontier of Austria, where a large Russian army has been massed for some time, are occasioning some anxiety in Austria. The number of surgeons with the Russian infantry has been greatly increased, many being sent from other regiments in the interior of Russia.

FAITH'S BAROMETER.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Even Feeble Faith Saves—Should Become Stronger—Teaching of the Two Narratives—I. Little Faith Gently Censured—Found Where We Expected Greater Thir—Too Eager for Signs—Affected by Surroundings—Speaks Unreasonably—Often Gets a Wetting—II. Little Faith Commended—True Faith if it is Little—III. Great Faith—Found Where Least Expected—Prays and Prevails—Brings a Blessing to Others.

"O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Matthew 14: 31.

"O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matthew 15: 28.

BETWEEN the very lowest degree of faith and a state of unbelief there is a great gulf. An abyss immeasurable yawns between the man who has even the smallest faith in Christ and the man who has none. One is a living man, though feeble, the other is "dead in trespasses and sins;" the one is a justified man, the other is "condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." The weakest believer is on the road to heaven; the other, having no faith, is going the downward road, and he will find his portion at last among the unbelievers—a terrible portion indeed.

Although we thus speak of believers as all of one company, yet there is a great distance between weak faith and strong faith. Thank God, it is a distance upon the one safe road—the King's highway. No gulf divides little faith from great faith; on the contrary, little faith has only to travel along the royal road, and he shall overtake his stronger brother, and himself become "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." I want to quicken some of the tardy travellers along the sacred way.

I have read in your hearing two stories in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of this Gospel according to Matthew. It is memorable that the incidents, illustrating little and great faith, come so closely together. I shall take it for granted that you have the stories of Peter and the Canaanitish woman clearly before your minds.

I. First, we have

Little Faith Gently Censured.

What shall I say about it, to begin with, but this?—that it is frequently found where we expected greater things. This man who is chided for little faith is Peter. Peter to whom the Lord had communicated a very clear knowledge of himself; Peter the foreman of the twelve; Peter, in after-days the great preacher of Pentecost. It is Peter, to whom Jesus says, "O thou of little faith." And, my dear brother or sister, may it not be true that you have obtained great mercy, enjoyed high privileges, received gracious protection, and been eminently favored with fellowship with Christ, most near and dear? By this time you ought to be strong in faith. But yet you are not so. These things ought not so to be. You and I, who are no children now; you and I who are no longer coasters, but have launched out into the deep, and have had experience in many a storm: you and I, ought to be ashamed if we are still lamenting our little faith. It is an infirmity in which we cannot glory, for unbelief is exceeding sinful. Well might the Master lift his finger to some who are sitting in these pews this morning, and say to us, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Continuing our very gentle censure, we note that little faith is far too eager for signs. I do not think that Peter's faith became suddenly little: it was always little, and the sight of the boisterous wind made its littleness apparent. When he said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water," his faith was weak. Why did he want to walk on the water? Why did he seek such a wonder? It was because his faith was little. Joyful meditations, remarkable dreams, singular providences, choice answers to prayer, special fellowships—little faith must be having something out of the common, or she collapses. The perpetual cry of little faith is "Show me a token for good."

Weak faith is apt to have too high an opinion of its own power. "Oh," says one, "Surely you are wrong. Is it not

The Error of Weak Faith

to have too depreciating an opinion of its own ability?" Brethren, no man can have too low opinion of his own power; because he has no power whatever. Just in proportion as faith in our Lord is weakened, our idea of ourselves will be strengthened. Peter has an idea that he can go upon the water to his Master; he is not so sure of the others, but he is clear about himself, and he hurried to the front, as usual; hastened into a pathway that was quite unfit for his trembling feet to tread, and before long found out his error. It is weak faith that allows of high ideas of self. Great faith hides self under its mighty wings.

Note another point about weak faith: it is too much affected by its surroundings. Peter went on pretty well till he noticed that the winds tossed the waves about tremendously, and then he was afraid. Are not many Christians too apt to live by what they feel and see? Do we not often hear a young beginner say, "I know that I am converted for I feel so happy?" Well, but a new frock will make many a girl happy, or a few shillings in the pocket will make many a youth rejoice. Is this the best evidence that you can bring? Happiness is a thing that depends upon how things happen. It is too often hap-ness, and nothing more. It is too much a hap-hazard thing. But faith rests in Christ whatever hap may happen; and so it is happy in the happening of sorrow and grief, because it relies wholly upon God. Faith rests upon the Lord's faithful word and promise, come what may.

Much Rain.

"Ah!" says another, "I feel very low and dull. I am heavy even when I try to pray; I cannot pray as I would like." And so you doubt your salvation because of that, do you? Does your salvation depend upon the liveliness of your prayers? It is the mark of weak faith, that it is all up and then all down. God save us from being like the barometer, which at one time is "set fair;" but "set fair" with the barometer does not last long, it is back again to "rain," and it drops down to "much rain," before we know where we are. Strong faith knows where its true standing is, and, perceiving this to be unchanging, it concludes that its foundation is as good one day as another day; for its standing is in Christ. But poor weak faith is always looking out to see whether the wind is in the east; and if it be so, down she goes. Is the wind quiet? Peter walks on the wave. Does the wind howl? Peter begins to sink. This is weak faith all over. It pins us down to its environment. God help us to rise out of it!

Weak faith, when conscious of her danger, swings as a pendulum to the opposite extreme, and in an instant

Exaggerates Her Peril.

One moment Peter walks upon the sea; the next moment he is going to be drowned. It is a curious thing that he never thought of swimming. When the soul trusts Christ it is spoiled for reliance upon self. Self-confidence goes when confidence in Christ comes in. It was the Lord's will that Peter should know his weakness, and should most clearly see that his standing depended upon his faith, and that faith found all its strength in the Lord Jesus. Down goes Peter; and now it is, "Lord, save me." I have been foolish enough to feel that I should sink under trouble and need. It is folly. Having mixed up our confidence in brighter days, when dark days come, a large part of our confidence is gone, and we fear that we shall perish. In this way little faith forgets her Lord. She is too bold one day, and too timid another, and all because she mixes up her confidences.

Little faith speaks unreasonably. Notice how our Lord puts it: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Faith is spiritual common sense; unbelief is unreasonable. You cannot say of a man, "He is a faithful man, for

you may at times rely upon his word." That qualifying word, "at times," is fatal to his character. Unless he is always to be relied upon, he is not an honest, true-speaking man. And if you say of God's promises, "I can believe some of them, and therefore I expect him to help me under certain difficulties," you are accusing the Lord of unfaithfulness. O sir, you are cutting away the foundation of what little faith you have. Your Lord might ask you, "Why do you believe as much as you do believe? Having gone so far, why do you not go on to the end? The reason which makes you believe as much as you do believe, should make you believe to a still greater degree. O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? If thou hast any faith, why dost thou doubt? If any doubt, why any faith?" The two things are inconsistent with each other.

One word more about our trembling apprehensions. Weak faith

Often Gets a Wetting.

Though Peter was not drowned, yet you may be sure he was soaked to the skin with the water. If you have strong faith you will often escape a sea of troubles, which weak faith will be immersed in. Weak faith is a great fabricator of terrors. I know friends who have a *trouble factory* in their back garden, where they are always making rods for their own backs. They disbelieve God about this and about that, and hence they are always fretting and worrying, and getting wet through with trouble. I have heard say that home-made clothes very seldom fit; and certainly, home-made troubles are very hard to bear. I have also heard that a home-made suit will last longer than other garments, and I believe that home-made troubles stick to us far longer than those which God appoints for us. Shut up that fear-factory, and make songs instead!

Thus have I very gently censured weak faith, I did not mean to hurt a hair of its head. It is a blessed thing, this little faith—not its littleness, but its faith. If I could kill the weakness, and quicken the faith; if the littleness could be removed and the faith could be increased, how glad should I be!

II. Now, little faith shall be

Tenderly Commended.

I shall praise it, not because it is little, but because it is faith. Little faith requires to be tenderly handled, and then it will be seen to be a precious thing. For it is true faith. Faith which begins and ends with Jesus is true faith. The least faith in Jesus is the gift of God; and it is "like precious faith," though it is not like strong faith. A drop of water is of the same nature as the sea; a spark is fire as assuredly as the flames of Vesuvius. Nobody knows what may come of a spark of faith: behold, it sets a thousand souls on fire! O my hearer, "If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, thou art born of God." If thou dost feebly cast thyself on Christ's finished work, thy weakness in the act of reliance does not alter the fact that thou hast fallen into strong hands, which will surely save thee.

Next, notice that little faith obeys the precept, and will not go a step without it. Peter's little faith did not try to walk upon the water until Jesus gave the word of permission. Peter asked, "Bid me come." Oftentimes have I noticed men and women much despondent, greatly fearful, and yet they would not do anything for the life of them,

Until They Heard the Voice

behind them saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." They hesitate till they have consulted the map of the Word; they dare not go at a venture, but they kneel and cry for guidance, for they are afraid of taking even a single step apart from their Master's will. They have a holy dread of running without warrant from the Lord. Little faith, if this be thy mind and temper, we commend thee much!

And next, little faith struggles to come to Jesus. Peter did not leave the ship for the mere sake of walking the waters; but he ventured on the wave that he might come to Jesus. That

was the one point he aimed at—to get to Jesus. Some of you, I know, have but little faith; but you long to get nearer to Jesus. Your daily panting is, "Lord, reveal thyself to me, reveal thyself in me, and make me more like to thee." Well, though thou be little in faith, yet I am glad thou art struggling, despite thy feebleness, to reach thy Lord. Struggle on, for Jesus comes to meet thee; and when thou dost begin to sink, through mistrust, he will set thee on thy feet again. Wherefore be of good cheer!

Little faith I must commend yet further; because when it finds itself in trouble it betakes itself to prayer. Peter begins to sink. What does Peter do? Peter prays: "Lord, save me." Little faith knows

Where Her Strength Lies.

When she is in trouble, she does not then turn her face to human confidences, or natural forces; but she turns immediately to prayer. Little faith pours out her heart before the Lord. I love to see a man, in the hour of his distress, begin to pray at once, as naturally as frightened birds take to their wings. Some of you run to your neighbors, or hold a council with your own wits: but the profit of this course has never made you rich. Let us try a surer method. Instead of stopping to turn over all the old stock we have, let us go at once to Jesus for new help.

Once more, I commend little faith because, though it may sometimes sink, it recovers itself, and does its old wonders over again. Peter is ready to sink; but when his Master has caught him, what do you see? There is not one person now walking on the water; there are two. Christ is there, and Peter, too. Peter, my man, you walk on the sea as one to the manner born! Oh, yes; his little faith has learned, by a touch from the Lord, to do what it did at first: he walked the waves at first, and now he does it again. See! he comes up with his Lord into the ship. You that used to have good times, and at this hour look back upon them with deep regret, may have the like again. You that have grown despondent and sad, be of good courage; you shall have your festival days back again, and much brighter than they.

III. But now I want to say a few words to finish with; and this is the motto of them.

Great Faith

is much more commended. It is sometimes found where we least expected it. Our Lord beheld it, not in the manly Peter, but in the tender woman who pleaded for her child. She was a woman; but she had faith which put the men to shame. She was a woman who had great discomfort at home; for the devil was there, tormenting her daughter. It is a dreadful thing to have the devil in your husband, or a devil in your daughter, when you go home; yet many a Christian woman has this to bear. Notwithstanding this grave trial, though there was nothing to comfort her at home, she was a woman of great faith. And why should not we be like her?

Next, great faith is to be commended because it perseveres in seeking the Lord. This woman came to Jesus to have her daughter healed; and at first he answered her never a word. Oh, the misery of silent suspense! Next, he speaks coolly of her to his disciples; but she seeks on. She has come for a boon, and she so believes in the Lord, the Son of David, that she will not take "no" for an answer; she means to be heard, and so she presses her suit with importunity even to the end. Oh, for a strong,

A Persevering Faith!

Great faith also sees light in the thickest darkness. I do not think Peter was half so tried as the Canaanite was. What was it that frightened Peter? The wind. What might have frightened her? Why, the harsh words of Jesus himself. Who is afraid of the wind? Who would not be afraid of a rejecting Christ, speaking hard words? "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Why, if our Lord had spoken thus to any one of us, we should never have dared to pray again. We should have said, "No, that hard

sentence shuts me out altogether." But not so strong faith. She pleads with him as readily as if he had given her a promise instead of a rebuff. Such a faith as this deserves to be commended, and our Lord himself praises it. "O woman, great is thy faith!"

She Prevailed.

Great faith prays and prevails. How she did prevail! Her daughter was made whole, and she received a broad grant of whatever she willed. "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." I wish we had this mighty faith in connection with prayer. One man praying with faith will get more from God than ten men, or, for the matter of that, ten thousand men, who are unstable and unbelieving. Believe me, there is a way of praying in which you may have what you will of God.

I commend strong faith, because Jesus, our Lord, was delighted with it. What music there was in his words, "O woman, great is thy faith!" There was no smile on his face when he said to Peter, "O thou of little faith:" it grieved him that his follower should have such little faith in him. But now it gladdened him that this poor woman had such splendid faith. He looks at her faith as jewellers do at some famous stone worth more than they can tell. "O woman," said he, "great is thy faith." How enriched that woman became! She had pleased her Lord, and then her Lord pleased her; "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." She went away the happiest woman under the skies.

A Blessing to Others.

What benefits we could confer upon others if we had strong faith! Her daughter was made whole. Mother, if thou hadst more faith, thy child would soon be brought to Jesus. Father, if thou hadst more faith, thy boy would not be such a plague to thee as he now is. Have more faith in thy God; and when thou dost treat thy Father better, thy children shall treat thee better. If thou wilt dishonor thy God by doubting him, do you wonder your children dishonor you by disobeying you? O preacher, if thou hadst more faith, thou wouldst have more converts! Sunday School teacher, if thou hadst more faith, more children would be brought to the Saviour out of thy class. Whosoever thou art, and whatever thou art, bring your burdens, and lay them at his feet, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you:" and henceforth may he never have to say to you, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Oh, may he often exclaim, with joy, of you, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" May the Holy Spirit bless these simple words to your edification? Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Ericsson's Inherited Talent.*

THE transmission by Olof Ericsson of qualities that produced two such engineers as Nils and John Ericsson, is an illustration of the law of heredity, finding further examples in the department of engineering, in the German brothers Siemens, the French Brunels, Anthony Bessemer and his son Henry, the English Stephenson, father and son, and in the American family of Stevens. Nils, if less original, imaginative, and erratic than his brother, was hardly less able as an engineer within the lines of precedent. He was a man of industry and energy, of sterling integrity and public spirit and an excellent organizer, while his conservative and cautious temperament, and his skill in bending others to his purposes, enabled him to make the most of his opportunities. He retained his position on the Gotha Canal, when his brother left it in 1820, and gradually won his way to fame and fortune. He rose to the head of the canal corps, and after completing his work upon the water-ways uniting the Baltic and the North Sea—the "blue ribbon of Sweden"—he was called upon by the king to take charge of the construction of the system of government railways. This great work com-

* From the *Life of John Ericsson*, by William Conant Church, illustrated; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Vol. II.) A biographical work of remarkable interest, covering an important period of American history and invention.

pleted, he finally retired in 1862—the year in which his brother reached the culmination of his fame—with the title of baron and a pension larger than any before bestowed upon a Swedish subject.

Nils sought to persuade John to follow his example in withdrawing from active work, and urged him to return to dwell near him in the fatherland.

His Kind-heartedness.

When, in 1867, a terrible famine afflicted part of Sweden, Ericsson's generosity was without stint. Contributions were solicited from all countries and out of a total of nearly half a million crowns, the gifts from the United States amounted to \$5,620. Of this Ericsson gave all but the odd twenty dollars, promptly sending a draft for £1,120, or 20,216 Swedish crowns. It was no perfunctory gift; his heart went with it. A Swedish traveller who visited him at this time tells how his voice choked, and tears filled his eyes as he spoke of the distress in his native land in tones that thrilled the listener. "It was like an orator, electric with inspiration, or a volcano seething with internal fires." With wise forethought, he stipulated that his gift should be devoted to the purchase of barley seed for distribution among the poor farmers of Norrland, choosing this as a grain best adapted to their soil and other conditions. "In case the sum should not be sufficient to pay the freight," he said in sending his munificent contribution, a fortune in Swedish eyes, "the relief committee is hereby authorized to draw a bill on me at sight to meet the deficiency." He urged that supplies be sent forward without delay, lest the frozen sea should shut out approach, and added, "Let us not be content with giving assurance that life can be sustained on herbs not intended by nature for the food of human beings. Bags of meal will be more welcome among the unfortunates, than good advice as to gathering coral-moss for winter food."

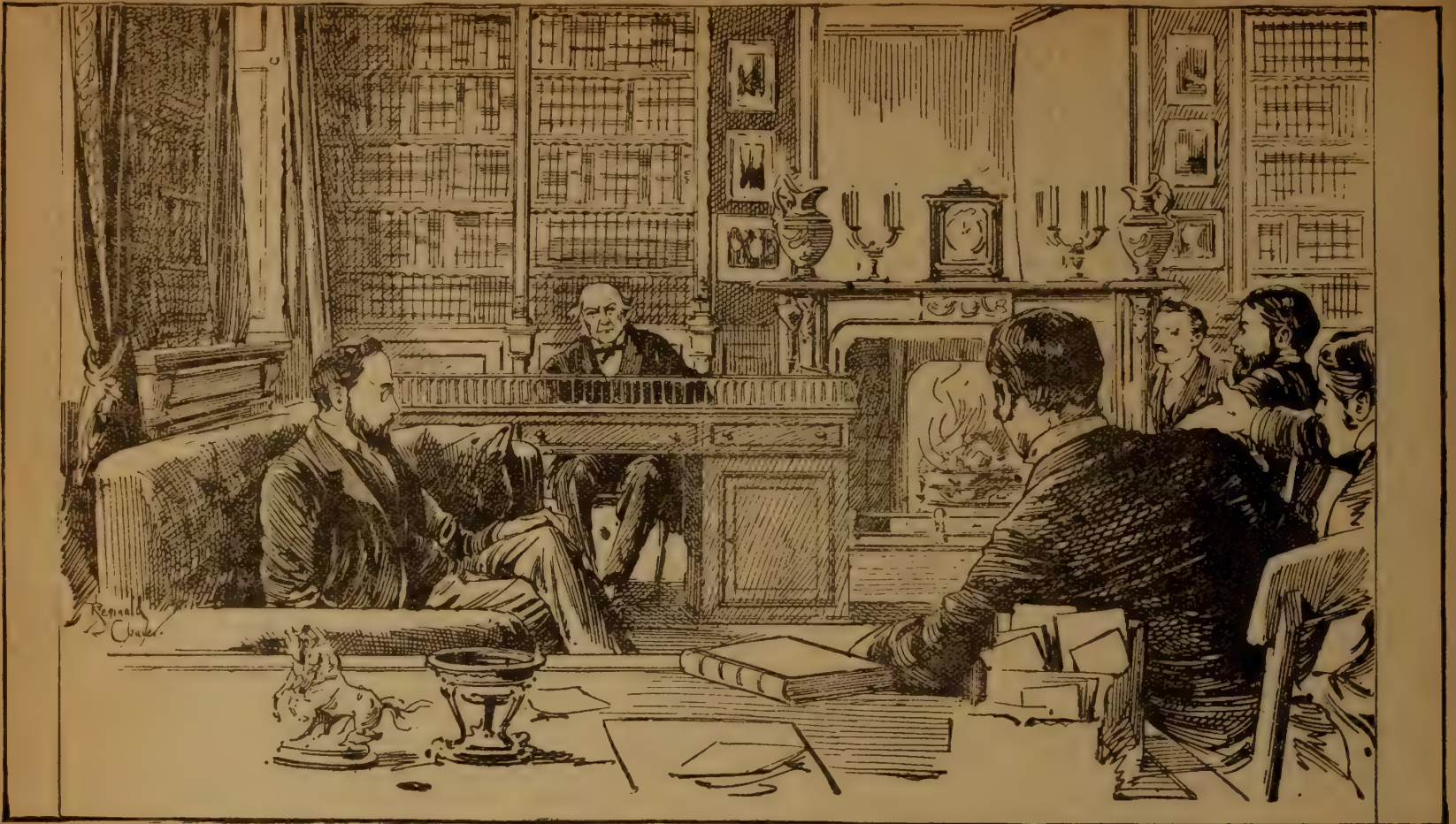
Ericsson and Ole Bull.

In his way, Ericsson was fond of music, and would whistle at his work like a black-bird. A street organ that had a musical note in it could not pass his window without calling him from his work. On one occasion his attention was arrested by musical sounds. Supposing them to come from some vagrant violinist, he went to his window; no one was to be seen. Suddenly the truth dawned upon him, and with characteristic impetuosity he exclaimed, "It is Ole Bull!" and rushed downstairs, two steps at a time, and into the arms of the great performer, to whom he administered a hearty Norse hug.

Then Ericsson discovered that he was the victim of an amiable little plot. Mrs. Bull, it appears, had sought an introduction, and as Ericsson had never found leisure for this, she had enlisted on her behalf one of his few intimate friends, Mrs. E. H. Stoughton. The two ladies persuaded their husbands to join them in their little scheme, and the quartette went to Ericsson's house. The door was opened by a faithful housekeeper, Ann, who had been carefully trained to stand guard over her master's privacy. Mrs. Stoughton, who was well-known to her, hurried the bewildered servant into a back room, where Mr. Stoughton and the two female conspirators hid themselves, while the sweet strains of Ole Bull's violin enticed Ericsson from his seclusion.

A Heroic Discipline.

Until within a few days of his death, he followed a rigid regimen. The food and drink constituting his simple diet, were chosen with care and measured with exactness. The window of his sleeping-room must be open just so many inches, summer and winter; he must have his calisthenics for two hours each morning, followed by a sponge bath and vigorous rubbing; as plumbing was one of the antipathies, there was no bathroom in the house. "I have important work before me," he wrote, after he had passed his eighty-second year, "and hence I live like a man training for a fight. My reward is unbroken health. I digest my food as well now



A Deputation of Irish Leaders Conferring with Mr. Gladstone.

I did at thirty. Nor is my muscle less tough and elastic than at that age." This view of his bodily conditions was, as I have said, somewhat optimistic, although true as to the general fact.

Captain Ericsson abandoned the use of intoxicants when he was fifty years old, as he once told me. His usual beverages were water cooled in summer with ice to a temperature of 15 to 20 degrees below that of the air, and hot tea made very strong. While he lived in England, he followed the custom of the country; this he describes as at that time a continuous round of eating and drinking. He seems, later, to have acquired a prejudice against drinking habits.

A Christian's Death-bed.

At nine P. M., Wednesday, March 6th, I took the housekeeper to his bedside, to bid him good-night, as she had never failed to do for thirty years and more. I imagine that blindness was coming on, as he could not see her uplifted hand. He gently squeezed her finger and said, "God bless you, my child!"

Thursday, March 7th, Dr. Boulee reported that when he felt it to be his duty to inform the Captain of his very precarious condition, he merely remarked, "Then give me rest!"

At 11.30 P. M., I arranged his pillow and spoke to him. He gazed into my face and said:

"I am resting. This rest is magnificent; more beautiful than words can tell."

I am positive that he was absolutely without pain, and perfectly conscious, when I left, a minute later. At 12.30 A. M., I was called to see him breathe his last, and at 12.39 A. M., with just three gentle movements of the lips, the noble friend, and good man, ended his life.

IRISH LEADERS CONSULTING MR. GLADSTONE.

NO foreign topic has been so prominent during the past few weeks in the minds and conversation of American citizens as the Irish difficulty. It has engrossed public attention and has given rise to no little dispute. Our people have a warm sympathy for Ireland of which, time and again, they have given substantial proofs. The present dissension among the Irish leaders, and the calamity it involves are, therefore, acutely deplored here. The

solid phalanx of Irish members of Parliament struggling to obtain redress for the grievances of Ireland commanded our admiration. We admired the skill with which they had been so manoeuvred as to hold the balance of power between the English parties, and we hailed with joy the brighter prospects which came to them when Mr. Gladstone championed their cause. Now, all those bright prospects are overcast and the hopes of achieving success are blighted. And the cause of the catastrophe is so miserable, so shameful, so disgraceful! One man's sin has blighted the hopes of a whole nation.

The Irish leaders have acted in a characteristic manner in the difficulty. They have fallen out among themselves, and there is an amusing significance in the fact that the first bitter fight should have taken place in Kilkenny. The Irish members apparently saw no reason in the scandal in which Mr. Parnell played so disgraceful a part, for deposing him from the leadership. They re-elected him, knowing all the facts. When, however, they found that Mr. Gladstone declined to act with him, they appealed to him to retire. They wanted him to sacrifice his position for the sake of his country's interests. They realized that without the help of Mr. Gladstone and his followers they could not hope to achieve Home Rule for Ireland and they begged Mr. Parnell to remove the hindrance to their gaining that help. He refused, and bluntly declared that he knew what Mr. Gladstone would do for Ireland and it was not worth having. If Mr. Gladstone would undertake to advocate a scheme of Home Rule satisfactory to the Irish people, he would retire. Thereupon a deputation waited upon Mr. Gladstone to inquire what he would do. (See illustration.)

Mr. Gladstone undertook to advocate such liberal concessions as Ireland has long been asking, but not all that she wants. The majority of the Irish members thought this promise sufficient, but Mr. Parnell would not yield. He contended that he had led the Irish forces with such ability that he had made the Irish party a power in Parliament. He had done this without Mr. Gladstone's help and he was ready to continue

the fight. He appealed to the people of Ireland. At this opportune moment there was a vacancy to be filled. A new member of Parliament was to be elected in Kilkenny, and to that district the fight was transferred. Mr. Parnell and his friends nominated Scully; Mr. McCarthy, the rival leader, and his friends nominated Hennessey, and the people of Kilkenny were invited to express by their votes their judgment of Parnell's position. The voting took place on Dec. 23, after scenes of outrageous violence, and ended in the signal defeat of Mr. Parnell's candidate, who polled but little more than half the number of votes cast for his rival.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.
BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 830.)

"GEORGE," said his mother, as they sat at tea, "I am sad at heart about Nora Mansford. I have done my best to trace her trouble to its cause, but I cannot say that I have succeeded. She is sad and sorrowful; she is sick, too; every day, as it seems to me, she visibly declines. And yet she makes no complaint; and in answer to my sympathetic question she has nothing but thanks for my interest in her, and that she is bound to carry her burden alone. My fear is that she will sink under it. I saw her and spoke to her in the High Street to-day, and I declare she looked more like death than life."

George listened in silence, and sat for some moments as if intently listening still, with tea and toast untouched; then speaking suddenly and earnestly, he replied:

"Mother, if you can't influence her—if you can't help her, nobody can. She loves you, for she told me so. She says she could trust you with her life. What keeps her silent, she says, is that someone else is involved—and that she must not, dare not speak. Then a wild, dazed, hunted look settles on her face, as she says, 'O, dear, what am I saying?' And the impression she makes on one would lead one to fear the

worst. Oh! I could smite the mean cur—"

What else he could do he had no opportunity to say. He was evidently getting excited. His mother laid her hand upon his arm. It silenced him. It always did.

"George, who is the cur, as you call him? Is he a cur? And why should you haste to do the smiting?"

Awkward questions these to ask of a man who has been doing the smiting, and to some purpose, too, as a glance at the lower part of Gerald Towneley's face just at that moment would have shown.

"Whom do you suspect?" persisted Mrs. Appleton.

"Why, young Towneley. Who else can it be?"

"That I can't tell, George," said his mother, seriously, "but I do not believe it is he."

George looked at her with wonder, and then away from her with a frown.

"I shouldn't have thought there was room for two opinions about that, mother. Both facts and appearances are dead against him," said George, who refused to conceive himself mistaken.

"Facts may be misinterpreted," said Mrs. Appleton, quietly, "and appearances are deceitful. You can't talk five minutes with Nora Mansford without being struck with the candor of her words and tone, and, as I think, the transparent innocence of true girlhood on every feature of her face. I, for one, fully and finally refuse to link even the possibility of aught unwomanly with Nora Mansford's name. Even if it should be Gerald Towneley who is involved in this mystery, it is possible that the vital interests of some innocent third party are concerned—in short, call Nora Mansford unfortunate, unwise, imprudent, if you please, it may be true—but—"

"A woman's instincts are seldom wrong," said George. "But, mother, if it be so, then it is more than ever incumbent on you, for Nora's sake, to reach the truth. She must be saved from the perils of her own imprudence, for her good name is at stake; and if her sorrow can be lessened by being shared, you must share it; and if we can end it, we will: won't we mother?"

"I'll do my best, George," said his mother.

"Thank you, mother; so will I," George answered.

Mother and son thoroughly understood each other, and George Appleton found more pleasure in his books that evening than he had done for many a day.

The next day was Sunday. Mother and son sat at their morning meal. Each had thoughts in unison with the morning, though they were mingled with the disturbing thoughts with which they parted yester-even. The compact had been prayed over; both felt the presence and the power of a benediction; both saw the gleaming wings of hope in the Sabbath heaven. Peace came to mother and son. Then the sound of the "church-going bell" called them



Pearl Merchants of Jaffa. (See page 837.)

to the house of God, and there as aforetime in their private chamber, prayers for Nora, as for themselves, were sent up to heaven. In this they were not alone, for half screened by a massive pillar from the public view, sat the stranger tenant of the "Hermitage," and he, too, knowing full well how to call upon his God, and knowing, too, that heart-prayer for the sad and sorrowing, the erring and needy, always wins the ear of heaven, asked that Nora's stumbling feet might be strengthened and directed by a Father's hand.

In the quiet afternoon George betook himself to the fields on which the mellowing sunlight brooded, to ponder, as his wont was, on high and holy things, with Nature for a book and the Spirit for a teacher. Strolling slowly along the meadow path, he came to a place where lay athwart the trunk of a fallen elm. Three companion trees had resisted the storm that had laid their prostrate comrade low, and now formed a grateful shade to any who chose to find on it a temporary resting place. It was to George a favorite resort, and here many a time he had sat for hours. The tenant of the "Hermitage," Mr. Magrath, as he was called, had already taken possession of the prostrate trunk, and, having managed to dispose himself between two dead boughs, was seated with very much comfort to himself. Since that memorable occasion when George and the stranger had communed together in green fields of God and nature, with a daisy as the text, Mr. Magrath seemed very willing to cultivate the young man's acquaintance. He had met him, casually as it seemed, in all sorts of unexpected places, had even visited the class of which George had charge in the Literary Institute of the town, and more than once had heartily invited him to his own house. He therefore welcomed George's approach and motioned to him to take a seat beside him on

the fallen trunk, saying he wanted a talk with the young man. "And so at last you and Abram Hardale have parted company," said Magrath. "Well, I imagine he's rather a cantankerous individual to get on with."

George looked at the speaker with some degree of wonder. It was not the first time that he had been surprised at the amount of information the stranger possessed about matters that were far from being generally known.

"May I ask how you came to be informed of that? I have only known it myself a day or two," said George.

"Ha, ha! You forget that a little rural townlet like Settleworth is so perfect a whispering gallery, that news arrives fast. Besides you know that the 'Hermitage' is 'haunted'; and if I give free lodgings to the ghosts, it is but fair that they favor me with a little information about my neighbors. Well, you have left the old cynic's employment. What next?"

George was instantly reminded of his own question to that effect only yesternight. He was in of mind now than then. Content and hope were in the ascendant now, so he hastened to reply, "The opening of another door by him who holds the keys."

He spoke reverently but confidently, for unlike many, whose creed includes full faith in Providence, he took God at his word, taking no "anxious thought for the morrow," simply trusting, that is all.

The heart of his companion warmed to the sterling sentiment. "Right," said he. "He knows which door to open, and at what time to lift the latch. I am thinking of making certain considerable alterations and repairs at the 'Hermitage.' If you will undertake them, I shall be heartily obliged to you, if you will."

"I thank you heartily," said George, "but I do not propose to take any of Abram Hardale's work from him. On the whole he has been a liberal and considerate employer, and I will not work him harm."

"That is spoken like yourself," was the reply. "I should have expected no other course of conduct from you. In this case, however, you need have no scruples, for I should not have given him the work or had it done just now but for this. I think it is the 'Open Door,' and if it is, you must enter in. Come to me to-morrow and let us talk the matter over."

George agreed to this; the conversation turned into another channel, and of so pleasant and profitable a nature, that it was not till the gathering dark and the chill of the evening air reminded them of the lateness of the hour that they bent their steps homeward.

"The door is opening, mother, I think. I shall know to-morrow." That is what George said when his mother and he were seated by their cosy fireside. "To-morrow" proved the truth of George's intention. The alterations

were undertaken; but George Apple- was not aware of the still larger and more serious task which his new friend proposed to entrust to his charge.

While George was at work at the Hermitage, Gerald Towneley was busily plotting revenge for the blow he had received. But first he must see Nora. He set out towards Hardale's house intending to wait until he caught sight of Nora or Tabitha. But he was on the wrong side of the house; for presently Nora came out and walked briskly in the opposite direction. Towneley followed her as soon as he could, but did not overtake her till she reached Mrs Appleton's garden gate, opened it, and closed it after her without one look at the astonished and disappointed Adonis whose flattering words of greeting were already trembling on his tongue. "Sold!" said the young exquisite. For a moment he paused as if he were debating whether or not to follow her. Possibly the fear of George Appleton's digits decided him, for he gave his mustache a vicious twist or two and turned away.

Nora Mansford had not visited at the cottage just lately for reasons of her own. Whatever these were, we may be sure that any lessening of her regard and love for the excellent and kindly widow was not one of them. Widow Appleton was a good deal startled by Nora's sudden and unceremonious entrance. The girl was red and flurried, and sank upon the nearest chair without a word. Then she turned pale and faint; Mrs Appleton opened the door to give her a little air, and took that opportunity to look down the lane for the reason of the flurry. She saw Gerald Towneley strolling towards the town. For a moment her face was clouded. Forgetful of her noble vindication of the girl before George, she really did fear that all was not right. Nora and the young squire had a secret between them, she thought, and her soul was grieved within her. The next moment, true to her faith in the sad and lonely orphan-girl, she banished the idea, and asked her God as she re-entered the cottage to give her power with the maiden for her good. "Are you better, dear?" said she, smoothing the girl's jet black locks from her brow, which was all but marble white. "What's the matter, darling? Tell me."

"O, it's nothing, dear Mrs. Appleton. I've not been well lately, you know, and I felt faint. I shall be better directly;" and making a strong effort as if to shake it off, she looked in the widow's kindly and sympathetic face, and tried to conjure up a smile.

It was a sad failure, and there was no answering smile, only a look of love and pity beaming through a cloud that betokened disappointment and pain. The widow's heart was sad; Nora's answer was evasive to say the least of it, and having seen what she saw at the garden gate, she asked herself, was it intended to be deceptive? "It's nothing," the girl had said, and yet she herself had certainly seen the young squire, with whose name Nora's was harshly coupled by public rumor, passing away from the door!

Nora saw the cloud and felt it. Now, she feared, as she looked at the widow's half reproachful face, that

by some means, she, too, had gained an inkling of her secret, as George had seemed to have, and that the knowledge was making a gap between them never to be bridged again.

"Nora," said the widow, taking the girl's listless fingers in her own, while with the other hand she pressed the fair young head against her heart; "I am very sad for you; God knows it is in my heart to suffer with you, to soothe you, to help you as a mother would. You are nursing some secret grief, and it is draining all your life away. If it is something wrong that you have done, can't you trust me so far as to tell me, that I may pray for you, advise you, help you? Nora, dear, tell me; what is the matter!"

"O, I wish I could! I wish I could!" said the poor girl hysterically, "You are right, it will kill me. It is killing me: and O, how I wish it would!"

"Hush dear, hush. That you must not wish; but think of me as your mother, darling, and tell me as you would have told your own," pleaded the widow.

Nora was silent, she half lifted her face to Mrs. Appleton's as if about to speak, then buried it again in her hands, saying in a perfect agony of distress:

"O, Heaven, what must I do? I would rather tell you than anybody in the world; but I have promised, I have taken a vow to keep it a secret. What am I saying? Let me go! I must go!" And pushing her true friend away from her, she rose to her feet as if to rush to the door; then suddenly she threw her face downwards on the sofa, clasped her hands over her head, and lay still as a stone, stricken, tearless, speechless, almost dead.

Mrs. Appleton stood by the girl's prostrate form; with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. She prayed aloud to God that he would graciously and in pity undertake for the orphan, unlock her torturing secret, and show to her who dearly loved her how to help her in her desperate need.

By-and-by the tension of Nora's nerves relaxed and she wearily moaned as she changed her position a little on the couch. Then as if possessed by a sudden thought, she sprang up, sat upright, smoothed her disheveled hair, dried her eyes, looked with intense affection, at the kind-hearted widow, and said:

"Mrs. Appleton, I did wrong to come here. I did it because, because George advised it. But I ought to bear my burden alone. It is shameful and wicked for me to make *you* suffer. My lips are locked, or I would pour my whole soul out before you. Pray for me. Dear, dear friend, pray for me. See," she continued, with a forced smile, "your prayer has helped me. I pray for myself, but it is of no use."

"It's always of 'use,' Nora; and where it's offered in a right spirit, it gets its answer somehow, though we may have to wait for it. But I am afraid that you yourself are the cause of your own prayers remaining unanswered. God in his goodness has put it into our power to help each other, and to put a blessing on the doing of it. Whatever you may think or say, there are those who would be glad, very glad, to help you. But you never give us the chance. You keep your cares to yourself even while

they are eating your heart out, and the claims of other people to sympathize with and aid you, you coldly put on one side. Nora, dear, it is not kind to them, neither is it fair or wholesome for yourself."

Nora listened to all this in silence. She knew that it was true; she knew that George Appleton and his mother were both true and kind—of single eye and heart in all love and duty. She was beginning to ask herself the question, "Shall I tell?"

Widow Appleton seemed to perceive the advantage she had gained, for she followed it up instantly.

"I am going to ask you a question, Nora," she said.

Nora flinched; made a sort of deprecating motion with her hand, and lifted appealing eyes to the face of her friend. "Of course you need not reply to it unless you choose," said Mrs. Appleton, who was not going to spare her now; "But I tell you plainly that if you don't it will sadden and grieve me more than I can tell."

Nora's lips whitened; her fingers began to move nervously, and in a tone that went straight to the widow's heart, she said, "O, how I wish I may!"

"Has your secret—the thing which is giving you so much pain and grief, and which is making us all so sad for your sake—tell me, has it anything to do with young Gerald Towneley, of the Chase?"

(To be Continued.)



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HOUGHT THE MISSIONARIES WERE GODS.

LAST summer, Mr. and Mrs. McKittrick, two missionaries in Africa, sailed in a small river steamer, the *Henry Reed*, up the Zambesi in search of a suitable site for a new station, the third of the Balolo Mission. Mrs. McKittrick says: "This afternoon we voyaged in our steamboat to a landing-place in the forest, and in a few minutes three or four figures emerged from the woods. The number gradually increased, and we rejoiced to know that we had arrived at the district of Bougondanga. Our reception by the natives was friendly. No white man has ever visited Bougondanga; no wonder then if our sudden coming startled and amazed the inhabitants. They could not understand who we were or where we came from. Our men had told them that we were not the dreaded Bula Matadi, and they concluded that we must be some kind of supernatural being, and called us 'God' or 'the younger brother of God.' Poor creatures! In a very short time friendly relations were established between ourselves and the natives, they went off to the towns near to bring us food, and we held a market on the beach. Provisions seem to be abundant, and we bought fifty or sixty fowls in as many minutes. Fear once removed from the minds of the people they became very bold, and gave us no peace until darkness came on and a few drops of rain warned them that storm was at hand. Then they dispersed rapidly, and sitting on the beach we sang the familiar evening hymn, 'Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.' The words 'Angel guards from Thee surround us' seemed in our circumstances to possess much force, and came to us as a sweet and comforting assurance. Here in the midst of savages we are compassed about with heavenly hosts. The king, in common with his followers, was greatly pleased when we suggested that a white man should come and live among them."

A DOG WATCHES OVER HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

A MONUMENT has just been erected on Helvellyn, in Wales, to the memory of Charles Gough, who, in the year 1805, was killed by falling from the high crags on the ridge that joins Striding Edge to the summit; and of the faithful dog who for three months watched over her master's remains. Sir Walter Scott describes the event in the poem, "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," and Wordsworth records it in his lines on "Fidelity." The young man was returning to Wythburn, where he lodged, from a fishing excursion in Patterdale. The accident was probably caused by a false step, during a binding hailstorm or a dense fog that day.

It happened on April 18, and on July 20 his bones were found, still watched by the starving dog, a little yellow rough-haired female terrier. She had given birth to puppies, which were found dead by the side of the corpse. It is believed, though unable to secure enough food for milk for her young, she maintained life by bits of carrion sheep which are not unfrequently found on the hills; but she might have had to range far and wide during her three months' watch. The mere fact that the bones were found intact serves to prove the assertion that the dog did not touch the remains of her master, for dogs break the bones to suck the marrow. The animal died a few years afterward at Kendal.

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